So it was not true  
That they hated getting wet  
In the torrential rains of dzinja  
As they followed the Lion  
To the four winds  
To inspect crops  
While receiving forced gifts  
From the poor he spoke for  
When he broke the stupid federation?  

So it was a lie  
When they claimed  
They were fed up  
With buying cards for the unborn,  
Going to dancing rehearsals daily,  
Travelling on open lorries to rallies,  
Sitting in dizzying heat all day,  
Leaving sick children behind,  
Sleeping in classrooms for days?  

So they were bluffing  
When they grumbled about  
Their disappearing sons  
Who never returned  
To tell the tale of their plight  
Their Nyakula - wearing husbands  
Who were dragged to death  
By red - shirted men  
Called youth leaguers in their forties?  

Brother they should have known  
That the dissenters at Nfikuyu  
were no mad men  
But prophets who saw beyond tomorrow
They were thinkers
who knew when to say
Enough is enough
They were pathfinders
of a better tomorrow.

Sister they should' have seen
The writing on the wall
when our brilliant cousins fled home
In search of peace elsewhere
They should have listened to the tenor
of poets communicating in riddles
The baritone of prose writers
Turning symbolism into a guerrilla's landmine.

(For J.T and G.C)