

The Choices

by Winnie Madoro

Good or bad, wrong or right?
Right is perceived to be right, but wrong just feels right,
Good leaves our hearts heavy, for we can never be right!
But evil? We do not need to try so hard to prove to the world that we are right,
We join those who are unapologetically wrong, for their deeds are right to our sight.
Choices and Chances,
We choose not to follow belief, we risk just so we can see,
We imprison old-fashioned knowledge and toss away the key,
We bow, to the deeds of the crowd, we bend our knee,
Hail Queen! Hail King! their words of praise our ears flatter,
We swim in wrong waters but to them we matter,
See, choices have choices that have other choices,
That make us think we have options, so we take our chances.

Chance A:

Last night I tried it with him, And it tasted just like you said it would,
Hands touching, lips squeezing, when he finally went in, it felt so good!
I have tried reaching him today and he keeps telling me he is busy,
He must have decided to attend those classes, he never does.

Chance B:

Last month I tried it with him, and it tasted just like he said it would,
The roar from his voice as he drilled me raw kept me begging for more,
He turned me, upside down, he turned me when he promised he had pulled out,
Why then I'm I stuck debating whether to spit or swallow this vomit in my mouth.

Choice A

Last year I tried it and it was as easy as they said it would be,
Just a couple of notes, and I kissed that embryo goodbye,
My body shed tears of blood but that did not matter to me,
My mind tried playing tricks on my conscience, that was already dead,
My nurse was so generous, contracts of privacy do not apply,
Streets filled with details of my act, every whisper hit my back,
My eyes met eyes saying words that caused my self-esteem to die,
School was my hell, burning me up yet never turning me to ashes.

Choice B.

Last year I tried it, and it was just as you said it would be,

Mornings of weakness and nights of terror..

Swollen bellies are beautiful, they carry angels who carry blessings,
Swollen bellies are beautiful, they carry news to feed the village ears for days,
Women will not just sit telling tales of lies, swollen bellies carry proof,
Swollen bellies are evil, they carry magic strong enough to turn friends to strangers,
Relatives to bitter foe, but how else would I know, I think swollen bellies carry wisdom,
No swollen bellies are beautiful, they create an image wide enough to make billboards,
They are the winds of the Harmattan, bringing every hidden sand to sight,
No, swollen bellies are scary, they chase men away,
Men strong enough to lift over 50kgs of weight, while pumping harder, faster,
Breathing and squeezing, and spanking, and, lifting and turning, and sucking,
While commanding to be called 'Dzadzy',
No, these men choose to run away, swollen bellies are harmless,
Or so they say.
Birth.

Choice C.

Last year I tried it, and it was just as you said it would be,
The pit latrine was not large enough, plus I thought it cruel,
So I wrapped him in clothes, though ragged, I wrapped him in love,
And placed him along the path leading to heaven.

Last year I tried it, and it was just as you said it would be,
Went to his father's home, and they were crowning him king,
I thought why not just leave him? our son will be a Prince,
So I handed him the child, and went away to find my peace.

Choice D,

Last decade I tried it, and it was just as you said it would be,
Took my goods to the dogs of the streets just so we can feed,
Many insisted on raw, so I had to constantly get rid of their seed,
It did not take long before my health status got rid off me,
Now my son forcefully takes goods from the dogs of the streets,
I cannot stop him, he might know no morals but he knows he has to feed,
I cannot stop him, for my spirit writes this piece.

Choices and Chances,

We choose not to follow belief, we risk just so we can see,
We imprison old-fashioned knowledge and toss away the key,
We bow, to the deeds of the crowd, we bend our knee,
Hail Queen! Hail King! their words of praise our ears flatter,
We swim in wrong waters but to them we matter.
See, choices have choices that have other choices,
That makes us think we have options ,so we take our chances.
But after making the first choice, do we really have other choices?

Winnie Madoro is a 22 year old Kenyan poet. She has been writing poetry since high school and uses poems to express her deepest emotions. Through her work, she hopes to inspire, motivate and challenge existing beliefs as well as shed light on different aspects of life. She has written over 100 poems and performed in various spaces including the No Glove No Love campaign, Gender Based Violence campaign, Kenya Institute for Public and Research Analysis - event held at the Bomas of Kenya and East Africa Poetic Hour. She is in her final year at Kisii University, having pursued a degree in Human Resource Management. She hopes to publish her first anthology soon.