



THE EAGLES FOR LIFE KENYA
(TEFL-K)

HEINRICH BÖLL STIFTUNG
NAIROBI
Kenya | Uganda | Tanzania

Different Colors, One People



Invalidating Identity

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The Eagles for Life Kenya

FORWARD

Global controversies on sexual orientation exemplify a long-standing and deep-seated misconception on the acceptability of LGBTIQ+. In much of Africa, the Middle East, and parts of Asia, sexual orientation especially in relation to LGBTIQ+ remains illegal and unacceptable cultural and religious behaviour thus, stigma and discrimination of the LGBTIQ+ persons.


Despite the advancement in attaining human rights for the LGBTIQ+ individuals, controversies about sexual orientation in Kenya, have often taken a Political, Cultural and Religious route that has continued to promote punitive laws on the LGBTIQ+ community and as such, it remains a less popular topic of discussion.

Art allows for expression of an individual's inner feeling in the relation to norms, culture and self-identity. Poetry for instance echoes emotions that find little expression in the everyday life.

The Inter Universities Poetry & Spoken Word Competition, provided a platform through which young professionals participated in not only creating LGBTIQ+ awareness among peers but also echoing these emotions in an artistic manner.

In the words of Bob Holman, a poetry activist, this event may as well be regarded as “the democratization of verse”. One whose objectives is to challenge the Social, Cultural, Political and Religious norms that have engulfed our society and created a chasm in self-identity and sexual orientation debate. It is our belief that with concerted efforts from all sector players, we shall win the war against stigma and discrimination of LGBTIQ+ persons.

Enosh Abuya



Executive Director
TEFL-K

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THE LOVE I BECAME

By Teresia Wairimu

I was taught love. I learnt love. I grew up in love.
And eventually, I became love. I loved regardless for we're
all a beautiful people.

I'm not a sinner or a monster for choosing to
love the way I do.

I'm just a human being trying to
live my life and love.

Live while loving. At the same time
learning to live.

For I have learnt to look past
tribal lines, religious and gender
differences.

I choose to love people for who they
are not because they are male or female.

When you look like I do, you don't come out of the
closet like a revolving door.

Coming out and being pushed back in so many
times a day that you're nearly suffocating.

But I'll always remember how I fell in love
with her.

I didn't mean to. I just did.

I liked the way she walked. Upright,
poised like the queen. I loved that.

And I didn't mean to memorize it.

I didn't mean to want to make her
laugh, warm and

I clearly didn't mean to fall in love
And the society to build me up only to
tear me apart.

When I kissed her, it was soft, gentle and
kind.

I didn't mean to cry but I felt loved.

And I didn't mean to, but I fell in love with
her.

And I didn't mean to, but sometimes I just
want to kiss girls. I didn't mean to, so I'm not a lesser human.



I'M DIFFERENT

By Nyaata Brian

Yes, I'm a rainbow boy,
They say I'm weird, yes i's a rainbow coloured boy,
I'm a little weird, R.I.P off the dark clouds of restrictions,
A rainbow with grace shines in my
spirit, Yes, I'm rainbow boy,
a rainbow coloured boy,
I'm a little weird,
neither green nor
red,
Am a mixer
of all
colours, In
the midst
of a

colourless
world, I
feel myself
a rainbow
colour,
Yes, I'm a
rainbow coloured
weird,



boy, I'm a little

weird,
I have taken a lot of love in my heart, my own people reject
me,
Strangers shout me, I am immersed in my own search,
Yes am a rainbow coloured boy! I'm a little weird,
My way of love is unique and different from others,
Just wait for this world to adopt it, Yes, I'm a rainbow
coloured boy!
I'm a little weird, I'm a bird tied by the chains of tradition,
The dreamer of the sky, Am a rainbow coloured free bird,
Yes, I am a rainbow coloured boy, I'm a little weird

I AM WHO I AM

By Brenda Mageka

Allow me to speak, Speak on behalf of
Those who have shut their beaks
As the society has, labelled them weak

It's too much for me, to bare this pain
For at the end, there is no gain
My name has been stained, esteem drained
And potentials curtailed

Does my happiness, distress you?
Does it make you feel, upset that I am at peace
Loving myself, that I, a woman,
Am in love with her?
Does it make you feel upset?
That am living a life, without regret?

I seek freedom and liberation,
From deceitful foundations of this nation
That infringe on my rights, and expose me
To discrimination, execution and violation
Just because of my
Gender identity, and sexual orientation,
Where is my protection?

Am sorry if I don't, impress you
Am sorry if I don't, match your belief
Am sorry but, I AM WHO AM!

CALLING

By Brenda Sonnia Kibagendi

Call me human, Call me gay,
Call me homo, Call me fay,
It doesn't matter what you say
All I need is just a simple hey
Then be on your merry way

Call me he/her/she/him/they
It doesn't matter anyway
All I want in this earth is a way
To live life like y'all everyday
Stop stripping me of my will to be
Part of a world that needs not to be
Cruel to my kind and me

You accept your shortcomings and wrongs
But not me who has done nothing wrong
But be different from you all
My difference isn't evil or unnatural
It defines me after all
Am a meat sack like y'all
Love live fuck eat and fart like y'all

I call on you to open your hearts mind and eyes
To the truth that lies...before you
Am here to stay and never gonna run away
So will you spend your frail time minding what's mine
Being cruel and judgy gaining nothing

I will leave this earth proud
For I spent my precious time
Fighting for my kind
And so, head the calling
World try to be kind
Accept all the colors of the rainbow

DIFFRENT PEOPLE

By Austin

I found out yesterday
Of who I am
Of who I love
Relief and love I hope
Is all I will receive
When I tell you
Tell you the truth on how
How I love you
How I have always had
Back then I thought I was
Weird, crazy, mad, I don't know
Know which one make's sense
Because all your friends shunned
They would stare as well spoke
How I would stare at you
Oh! You with gorgeous brown eyes
Now I found out this morning
That you also hide
Hide the contempt and hate
You have always had
I thought it was okay
To be the crazy kid
But so were you
I would like to help you
Show you how to go
Remind you that love exists
I own a piece of it
Oh! You with brown gorgeous eyes
Come and you will see
That our love is good
Not crazy or abnormal
As well Always thought

BLACK AND WHITE

By Echesa Shadrack

I met him by the bus stop
In his white T-shirt, long sleeved
The T-shirt was running down the waist
So white was his skin, no difference with his T-shirt
I looked at my hand and moved away the crowd
Assured of no idlers, I pulled up my blouse
No difference of my hand and my tummy
All black as sooth
Turning to face the crowd, I saw a shadow
Becoming smaller every second I stared at it
The white man, in his bright skin smiled at me
And I awkwardly returned the gesture
Worried that he will speak through his nose
My English skills had barely been tested
"Hallo!"
"Hello", I quietly replied
Realising how perfect my English sounded
"I am looking for a lavatory"
"That way", I pointed
Lost in thoughts, as he hurriedly moved past me
I wondered if it was real
A white man being so stupid
To embarrass his color by running to the commode
"Thank you pretty girl"
I turned, and there he was, standing tall before me
I nodded after countless trials
To cut lose my heavy tongue
I pried his fingers and then my face down my mind
The meaning of "pretty" trailing off
"It was pretty helping me"
"You much welcome"
I managed to look up his face
After conceptualising the ideal meaning of pretty
Heading the same locale
I sat close to him
Opening the bus window to let in fresh air
As the music slowly sank my mind
From the black speakers embedded in the bus
Different colors, one people-



COLOUR BLIND

By Jactone Etemesi

What a world it would be, if we were all color blind
A world in which humanity was one,
A world in which no child is condemned to suffer because of
their skin color
A world in which black and white would only matter on
canvas and screen, a world in which the color of your skin
says nothing about you,
A world in which the police protected the rights of all people
equally,
A world united to create a better future for its coming
generation, A whole in such black, white and brown all look
the same to us,
A world of peace and love, a world in which we will all be
color blind.

DARK HEART?

By Daniel Okware

Stares gnares.
I stride overseas.
Not caring.
Not daring.
To look around.
Shackles apprehend.
My innocent state.
In this new state.
Looking for a lifeline.
To change my storyline.
You are a fugitive.
Their stares speak.
To my heart's peak.
Because am black.
In a sea of white.
But my heart is white!
They call it black!

ONE COLOUR, ONE PEOPLE

By Marion Omenyi

Am a lady,
He is my best friend,
We met by the city,
In an umbrella,
The rains were heavy,

I owned the umbrella,
The rains were impromptu,
Our friendship,
It's thriving,

I saw them in a field,
Playing together,
Kids of the same age,
With one teacher to teach,

Their song was common,
Their families different,
Their qualities different,
Their game the same,
They all fit in the game

He, they and I,
All as human,
Different in color,
One people

HUMAN RIGHTS

By Yvonne Okuluma

It is written

We should not be beaten

We deserve opportunity

The right to respect and dignity

The right to fair trial

Justice to one and all

We write in full insights

Writing our rights

The freedom of expression

It should be given without oppression

This rights you can breach

The freedom of speech

The right is not absurd

The right to be heard

We write in full lights

Writing our rights

We work for success

With the liberty to own and posses

To everyone without disparity

The right to own property

To every Jane, Joyce and joy

The right for us to enjoy

To every Tom, Dick and Harry

The right to merry and marry

The rights so universal

Give them to us all

In all fairness and equality

Education of the highest quality

We stand in solidarity

To pursue gender parity

The rights so conjugal

From here to Portugal

To every husband and wife

And the greatest above all

The right to life.

IS IT RACE, GENDER OR LOVE WAXING COLD?

By Dorothy Nyabonyi Onger

When I look at you,
I see my mom and dad, when I look
at you, I see black and white, when
I look at you, I see male and female
Is it race, gender or love waxing
cold?



Time and again you tell me, you are
a product of our love, Time and
again you tell me, your skin color is a product of our love,
Time and again you tell me,
Not the gender, you're our child. Is it race, gender or love
waxing cold? As you stand there, you yell at each other, as
you stand there,

You judge the other shade, as you stand there,
You ridicule the other gender,
Is it race, gender or love waxing cold?

Do you even care?
That we are standing here, do you even care,
That we can hear, do you even care?
That we are torn asunder,
Is it race, gender or love waxing cold?

All I ever wanted,
Was to have my mom and dad, All I ever wanted,
Was a family with a love bond, all I ever wanted?
Was to be color blind,
Is it race, gender or love waxing cold?

Yet all you ever did, Deprived me of parental love, Yet all
you ever did, Implored, skin colour to cleave, Yet all you
ever did, Implanted disparity in the gender curve, Is it race,
gender or love waxing cold?

IS IT YOU OR IS IT THEM?

By Nyaata Brian

Is it you or is it them?
The clock strikes midnight
The clouds floating in the darkness
Walking down the streets, nobody in sight, Invisible to the
humans and their rights,

Is it you or is it them?
Maybe equality might not exist after all,
When other people could run,
And all you could do is crawl,

Is it you or is it them?
Everyone deserves respect,
Oh, how it is so easy to say
Sometimes too easy, it becomes worthless

Is it you or is it them?
If we could choose who we were going to be,
Everyone might be a millionaire, living a dream
Same skin color, same culture, same race,
Of what could be described as "Perfect"
But isn't it good to be different?

Is it you or is it them?
If you face it yourself
It might make you think, Is it their fault?
Your answer is no, but every time,
You chose to stare, judge and look away,
Disgusted like they are no longer human,
Just because of their race!

IT'S WHO I AM

By Alex Mageto

I heard you
I heard you speaking in the shadows,
As I walked in silence
I would feel your voices pierce my back
And if that's backbiting well, it is painful
Coz it leaves scars, wounds as reminders
That I am not like you, and you hate that
You even make sermons on it
Then preach how this love is sin

I could feel those eyes brand me shame
They called this lame, those stares mock me
The glares choke me,
So I decided to bow my head and assumed,
I would still walk on the road of culture unjudged,
That I would talk you all see me human,
I imagined that perhaps hiding would be safety,
Perhaps being a silent rainbow would be better,

I masked facts, tried to fit in to be normal,
But the truth beneath, is am not,
I don't love as I should,
But can't you see? That I did not choose?
I did not want this but it is who I am,
And daily I try to forget,
How you hate to love us,
Yet we can't just hate you!

NOR DO I KNOW ANYONE AND VICE VERSA

By Centryne Adhiambo

Nor do I know anyone and vice versa,
Because my fan base is not seen,
So how great I am,
How will they know?

Nothing changed in my life,
But people think that am,
Dirty and wasted,
But, do you think that I am?

No big banner knows me,
No real famous people know me,
Because, I am not listed among them,
Among' the people' officially,
So everyone thinks am dirty and wasted.

Every day I wake up sad,
Because no one is there to support me,
Even if there are, they may even be stoned,
But the world should know that it is not my fault anyway.

I don't know how to prove myself,
As every door seems locked,
And they all think that am dirty and wasted,
When it is not even my fault.

I hope things will change for me soon,
I do not want to be famous either,
But at least they should accept me,
Just the way I am, that's also more than enough,
Oh wait, I am also human!



DON'T JUDGE
By Centryne Adhiambo

Let them know that I, we, them should not be judged,
For them, they will judge us wrongly,
They wouldn't understand why,
They wouldn't get to know the reasons behind.

Listen to this greater voice out there, I would boldly stand
and say it right here
For there is a place in heaven for people like me,
The happy side of me is what they wanna see.

I would not blame them,
Why then should we point fingers at them?
Are they not human?
Are they not beings?
We despise them and shun away from them,
It's so unfair how we treat them.

Let's live together as one! Peace!

ONE FOR ALL. ALL FOR ONE

By Effie Vidah

My soul is black
As yours is white
Born of the same womb
But different breast to suck
Bond of love

One same people
We are colors
Will you please hold me?
So that I can let go
Please hold me close
To be held in the arms of love
Is it too much to ask?

Soothe my abuse soul and heart
I am so frightened
The unexpected dawn might end
Ending the discovery and rapture
But I refuse,

I refuse to fight this threat
This threat I understand
Is love and hot blood on my belly?
I cherish this threat
I, foolish guardian of my black norms.

Through the rules of unity
Still togetherness is worth
Neither bronze nor silver compares
More than any complied rule
Above all love and respect
Are the unity golden rules

SIGH
By Ebby Ototo

sigh

Do they not see how beautiful I am?
Do they not see that all the beautiful colors?
I have on me make me different?
Do they not like different?
How did they know I'm different?
Without seeing me?

Do they not see how beautiful I am?
Why see me as a fiction? Mere hypothesis?
Why take my beauty away
Why say I'm just a phase, just a season?
Yet I have been existing all their lives?
Do they not see? That I shine my own light?
Do they not see how beautiful I am?

Do you not see how beautiful I am?
Do not shade my perfect to fit your light.
You see how beautiful I am?

Smiles

STORIES ARE GOOD

Anonymous

Stories are good of people, straight or so called
But as my story unfolds
I'd like you to know that I too am equal
LGBT...I too deserve a shot
Am I any less for I'm more boy and less feminine?
What if I'm lesbian?
Does that mean I'm less human?
My gender and sexuality just didn't align, that's where my
family drew the line
My mother thought I'm weird so I faced discrimination when I
failed to live up to their expectations
But your hatred and discrimination are misplaced i should
say
I just want to experience love and in return feel the same
Say hypothetically I'm gay, I tried being straight and failed so
I turned
But gay is beautiful when I stare at the sky
So no more closets!!
I too want to come out and shine
Enough with the stares when I walk by
Isn't it enough that I'm bi, and love girls and boys alike?
It's not fine that you say I'm broken
It's because of you that at times I can't keep it together
But what's equality if you can't look at me fairly just because
I'm different
I'm not a mistake, I'm queer
My cry, the society wouldn't hear but I'm still here
So if I make you uncomfortable, because of you I'm
uncomfortable
Your harsh words cut through my heart
And for what? All because I'm Trans?
Freedom and you are one and I also deserve a cut
For I see no heroes or villains, just man and I need the
liberty to choose my sexuality and the gender I want

BEND THE RULES

By Tete Mulandi

We bend the rules, trying to walk in our shoes.
They look for clues, trying to pry in our truth
Let's change the pace, and break the blues

Take time in space
Take a pause, take a snooze
It's about time for much

Bigger news
It's about time for you to choose you
No time to waste in case you didn't listen
You are unique at the same time different
Every time you blink it's a magical moment
Every time you think there's another thing
Coming

TIME WILL TELL

By Solomon Ombati

Together we smile and laugh
But inwards we are fighting our shadows
We are traveling a road rough
Not knowing the ordeals of tomorrow

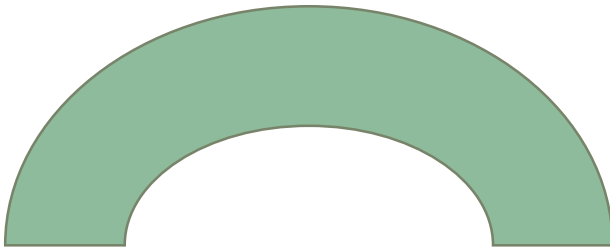
Everyday situations are tough
Living a life that's hollow
High hopes is what we have
That our pain will be forgone

Soon we'll be in Nirvana
We'll no longer have to hide
The world will change and we be together
It's going to be a place of harmony

TRAIPSING THE TAGS THAT BLIND

By Bonface Isaboke Nyamweya

Of course, he now knew it
He knew that the moment he permitted himself
To feel to the fullest who he was
And what others knew him to be
And his fate as a 'fake' man and woman as a few called him,
Ah, the shame and misery
As the ordinary people thought
Of not being called a 'Mr.' or a 'Mrs.'
He would be swept out of himself
With puffy fear and giant molecular despair
So he etched an imaginary iron membrane between him and
them
He seemed to be a 'he', but he was not a 'he'
Nor at all was he a 'she', but both
He learnt this when he was denied the Olympic medal, When
he was classified as an intersex
And not a 'she'
Hence denied the trophy as the best among women, for he
was proved to be not a woman
He later eroded his braids and faked being a man
But people called him a 'fake' man, despite him being in
trousers
And mimicking bass and walking as if with springs in the legs,
He lived with them, but behind a citadel, a translucent
curtain of everydayness
Even today, Matogoro always wonders: Who I'm I? And, Why
I'm I me?
Deep down in his heart, out of the depths of flesh and blood
and bone, He believes that one day; even people of his
nature will be respected
As full human persons, without intimidation nor any tags,
that blind humanity from seeing other people, outside the
'he' and 'she' lenses of oversimplification.



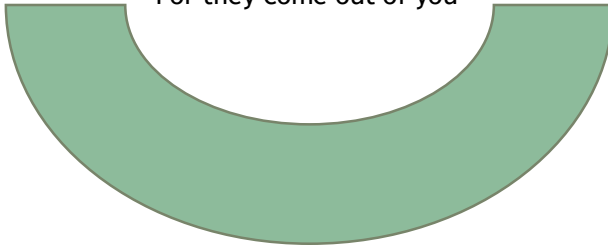
THANK GOD FOR BOYS

By Kevin Kidavasi

Thanks God for boys
Thank God for girls
Thank God for human beings

In the world
Boys can wear pink
Girls can wear blue
Your reaction is up to you
When someone is proud
Let them be them

Let boys be girls
Let girls be men
Don't hate because they are different
And that is still up to you
In fact you should be proud of them
For they come out of you



FIRST MET YOU

By Nicholas Wekesa

When I first met you,
I knew you were the one,
Countless times you convinced me,
That your heart I won,
With your glowing skin,
Your radiant smile as bright as the sun,
I never knew that a day will come,
A day that changed my joy into tears.

On your Bossom I took rest,
Your kisses and caresses to me were the best,
With your countless demands you put me to test,
To fulfill your unique taste,
You always welcomed me like a guest,
Especially one from West,
And those were maybe experiences and tastes.

To make you happy I will accept change,
Even for demands that seem so strange,
I promise that my feelings for you will not change,
Probably the chain you have used on me is so
strange,
It always makes me tense
Sometimes I sit and think of revenge.

I still wanna hold you in my arms,
I still wanna call you my price charm,
Because I am lost in your charm.

WHO SAID IT WAS SIMPLE
By Christopher Wachira

There are so many roots to the tree of anger
That sometimes the branches shatter
Before they bear.

Sitting in Nedicks
The women rally before they march
Discussing the problematic girls
They hire to make them free.

An almost white counterman passes
Awaiting brother to serve them first
And the ladies neither notice nor reject
The slighter pleasures of their slavery.

But I who am bound by my mirror
As well as my bed
See causes in colour
As well as sex

And sit here wondering
Which I will survive
All these liberations.

ONE PEOPLE

By Rey

Am this Lucky to begin with a phrase from Lucky Dube, That
different color equals one people
The oneness is at threat, Private parts are been made
public, at first I wanted to be neutral
But am human enough,

Human to know, Life is above every other difference, we are
different at choices
We speak in the same voice of humanity
We didn't choose a different direction
The compass is spoilt, maybe we are all losing direction

Inflicting pain, pain on fellow human
Isn't correction enough, what do we lose so much when
...when someone makes their private their business, how
much loss do you make?
What stains you in someone's madness?
Let privates be privates.

We already have too many dividers
Don't make privates draw a line between,
Who is human and who is not
Or maybe switching sides is ideal?
If not then what's the deal
Let privates be privates.

I want to live not exist, I want to be given a chance, a
chance at making a choice
A choice that sets me free, in some bonds am at bondage,
Judgmental eyes leave a wound beneath this bandage, this
bandage of a face I wear
Am already at tear, Let privates be privates.



IDENTITY

By: Edith Wandolo

I've counted days for it to end
Nights have gone but still no change
For how long will they be on my neck?
Before they let me be myself

Being afraid to disclose myself
My actual wants buried under sand
For a fear that they would say
What kind of monster did they make?

The wise already said
Our fears we must face
I decided to end the phase
Of being sad behind a smiling face
With hopeless hope of better days

I am now an abomination
In the eyes of society
Revealing my identity
Has made me an enemy

Exhausted of the shaming
For identifying differently
I may not be what society expects
But I am who I want to be
And equally deserve respect

It isn't supposed to hurt
Having my *gender's heart
So society please end this hate
And the thinking we are in a haze
For we know who we are
We are LGBT

Being me comes with pain
Children told to look away
I'm pointed on as a disgrace
For being this other type of way

What happened to preaching love?
To exist among all of us
Aren't we part of the human race?
Don't we as well deserve embrace?

Male, female, black or white
What sense does it make to identify
The world being diversified
Is the purpose to discriminate?

Growing up we're taught to love
Our neighbors as well as everyone
But the society is first to shun
People of my very kind
Are they being hypocrites?

Who makes things as they are?
We don't choose what to be
So why does it have to be hard
Existing with other families

We are no less humans than you are
So please consider before you act
The effects of your hurtful words
On the person you will be about to hurt

HOMOGENEOUS

By Ishuka Bukhala

You tell me I cannot love a man,
You say, "It was Adam and Eve, not Steve."
You shout that I shall go to hell
For my love to you is perversion
You laugh and scorn at my love
You call it unnatural, sin, abomination.
You want me to love a woman as you do
You want me to sire kids as you do
You want me to speak as you do
Play football, check out girls -as you do
You harbor my makeup,
You hate my heels and skirts
You want to change my walking style
You say "I'm not manly"
You call me crazy
You think I've gone gaga
"Why do you love women's, things? "You scoff

You want me to live in pretense.
"At least, cover it up,
Do not be obvious" you advise.
Well, I am gay.
I cannot cover up my gayness
Gay is my name
I didn't choose to be gay, I am gay!
I don't need you to accept me
I do not need your sympathy
I do not need your validation.
Provided I have the one I love.

We cannot get proper medical care
You stigmatize us.
We cannot get lube as we need
You scorn at us!
You say we are devil worshippers
That we belong to a certain cult.
When the earth quakes
You quickly heap blames on us
When floods come
You say, "It's because we have gays!"
When unexplainable diseases emerge,
"Gays should repent"
You condemn us, saying
We caused the Sodom and Gomorrah destruction!
You pass laws that oppress us
Your speech is overflowing with hate
As you hide in a forest called culture.
You kill those who dare shine
You burn those who live their truth
Remember Kakuma Refugee camp?
Why?
They are gay you say
You are cleansing the society.

Who told you we are mud that need cleansing?
Who told you that we are some kind of dirt?
Some kind of a stain in a fabric?
We are part of that fabric!

We are afraid of pushing beyond our limits
We would rather stay behind closed doors
We'd rather not sing
Not author,
Not model
Not act
What if we are ousted?
What if our secret goes out?

The judgment shall be harsh from you
The trolls, memes and gifs
The trending topics.
We shall have no place to call home
No people to call family
No one to call friends.
So we closet ourselves in another closet.
We become secretly bisexual to please you.
We become what we have never been.
The hate, pressure and violence
Has made us restless,
Depressed and addicts
We try to suppress,
We smoke, drink and inject.
When we cannot take it no more,
Suicide is all we think of.

We cannot hold hands in public
We cannot give a speck, smooch or a kiss
For we fear lynching
We cannot approach anyone physically
We dive into grinder,
We risk meeting blackmailers
They extort us, maim us, and kill us.
We can't come out to anyone
Our parents would take us to the pastor,
Who shall exorcise us, they shall anoint us,
They shall offer counseling,
They shall try to match make
Why can't they understand that this is me?

Our politicians shall shout themselves silly,
Explaining,
LGBTQ is imported culture,
Unafican,
How it's used by the west,
To control population in Africa,

How we are the reason for AIDS,
How we shall never have a voice,
How we shall rotting prison for the "unnatural act"
The judiciary rubberstamps the barbaric laws
The obnoxious laws, it tows in the line
Claiming to be "dispensing justice"

What justice can be served, if we are still slaves to
repugnant colonial laws?
What justice can be served, if we do not follow the
precedent of our colonizers?
Who have realized how much bigotry they had?
And they changed their laws?
For they knew that love is love.

What holiness are you preaching and you are the ones
molesting our young generation?
What integrity are you screaming for as you pocket millions
of dollars from donors?
We need to know that we are different,
We have different finger prints,
Different pupils in our eyes
But then we are one
We are a people
We share love
We share pain
We share sorrow
We share happiness
We share weaknesses and strengths
Victories and failures.
Let's embrace each other.
We are people.

HUMANITY IS MY DNA

By Grey

Today was blurry just like yesterday,
It felt like walking inside a big bubble ball that bumped into everyone and made them uncomfortable and irritated no matter what I did,

Today felt just like the other days, existing and not living,
Everyone celebrates my pain because they think I 'deserve it,' I don't agree with them because,
My origin is mankind, and my DNA is humanity

My smile hurt this time round, it seems like I would make the worst clown,

Everyone considers my existence compromised because of who I am, because of my choices,

I've been screaming and begging for understanding but everyone is carrying a gavel,

Everyone is a judge busy reading my life while holding the book upside down, I try to understand them because

My origin is mankind, and my DNA is humanity

Despite it all, I'm a vision bearer of a world full of acceptance, peace and beautiful hearts,

But I can't share my vision with anyone when the judgment has already been issued in their heads,

It would be a task in futility

So yes, I will not push conversations, but I will still try and speak when I can because,

My origin is mankind, and my DNA is humanity.

In this universe we are different and have different colors
which makes us find the equilibrium of our existence,
Differences bring out the adventurous sides of us but
sometimes as I have learnt, they bring discomfort,
Supporting different colors or being part of them still feels
wrong to others,
They say that differences break unity, but I don't believe
they break anything because,
My origin is mankind, and my DNA is humanity.

I had a dream in which I saw the world happy, everyone
loved each other,
I saw the LGBTQ people free to live, saw LGBTQ parents no
longer struggling with parenting,
I saw a world full of disagreements that led to negotiations
and not arguments,
Because we had finally learnt how acceptance and love for
all colors, despite our differences,
It was so beautiful in my head and how I wish I could wish it
all true, because
Our origin is mankind, and our DNA is humanity.

STAY STRONG

By Rose Ontuga

Proud to be African, Proud to be Black, but I can't take pride
in being me.

Bruises, scars, emotional and physical torture in the name of
"We are Africans, We are Blacks!

My heart bleeds every new day for this path ain't an easy
one in my own country!

It is full of thorns every time I walk on it, but well
STAY STRONG

Our anointed religious leaders always preaching and
condemning the LGBTQ

Ignoring the commandments "Do not commit adultery, do
not steal, do not lie"

But when it comes to homosexuality, they'll vividly state
every God inspired line,

The old and new testament put together
Dear pastor, sheikh, priest your God is my God!
Preach love and I will
STAY STRONG

My fellow countrymen and women, holding on our colorful
African flags on every Independence Day
The different colors represent the different citizens in the
country!

But you belittle my equality and rights, stripping off my
identity!

My heart bleeds in my own country as I take in all the insults
and discrimination

We are equal for your rights are my rights.
In my own country, I will
STAY STRONG

I choose to be me
I choose to be happy
I choose to be different
I choose to embrace my sexuality
I am queer
I am gay

It is a curse blessed upon me but I will
STAY STRONG!

DIFFERENT COLORS, ONE PEOPLE

Anonymous

We are tired of pretending all is well in a war that does seem to have an end. You know I used to wonder but I don't any more, this time round, the wound is deeper, the scars are bleeding because we are not only needing love, affection and attention but we need protection from humiliation in this nation. We one people but different colors.

So they sit around and watch, I have no problem with them watching us but how I wish they watched in silence, without bringing us pain, frustration, discrimination. They act like actors always there to watch us and condemn us for being ourselves. They choose to put us in one group far away from them, they call us the LGBTI.

They proudly and rudely shame us, and say how Lesbians, Gays, Bisexuals, Transgender, Intersex lack moral values, how we deserve to be judged harshly by the society, community, religion and the law.

Have they ever put it into account, or count the number of things that make us fall among the LGBTI, OOOH, it is so surprising on how human beings forget so easily and act so inhuman, yes they are countless reasons on why we choose to fall among this group, maybe it is because some of us felt a sense of belonging, we felt at home we felt accepted in this group they call un-moralised. We felt appreciated, cherished, and loved.

So today I choose to boldly highlight some of the few reasons. Some girls, ladies, women were born very unique without the big bum bum and big breasts and with different voices and some hormones that make them so different from every normal girl in the society. So instead of actors appreciating the appearance, accepting and encouraging them, they laugh at them, they act like hypocrites, they even attack some to see what they are made of.

Maybe I don't know the real definition of being human and fair to one another, but it is never their fault must they be made to feel less of a woman or a girl. So the shame and the pain makes them to look for the people who would accept them and this people fall in this group, that people discriminate.

How I wish that feelings were tangible in a way that. They can be molded and folded and forced to just love or get attracted to someone else. If I am gay and I feel happy, loved and at peace with my mate I don't see the reason as to why I should be condemned, yet I am comfortable with my partner.

If I am Bisexual, I find it meaningless to be forced to become straight, yet I am truly happy and at peace with who I am. If I find it appealing to myself why should I be judged harshly?

Be it a transgender or an intersex, we all are human beings, we one one people, we all have blood flowing deep inside our veins and not water. And the only thing stronger than hate is love, so this time, we tired of being called criminals and accused in every crime.

Yes it is true that our sexual orientation differ from majority of the surrounding society.

But we want to have chances as other people. We tired of being referred to as black as coal, we tired of actors around us seeing us as monsters, sinners saying that our sins are red like scarlet yet they are not God to Judge us. We tired of being seen as less human beings, we tired of the giggles, the laughs, the discrimination, the violence. We tired of always being the victims on the story, the vilens on the stories. And how I thank the organisation for coming up with such events because from today.....

Enough is enough so this time round we stand firm, because we not damn no, we deserve the same chances as everyone else, we have the right to pursue health and happiness, earn a living, be safe in communities, serve the country and take care of our loved ones.

It is all about us, as one people without discriminating regardless of the colors. Because we are hardworking, responsible, committed and very human like so we deserve to be treated as family and as a part of the one people.

So let us drop the act, do away with the hypocrisy, accept each other and stay united as one, even though we are of different colors we should be one.

JUST ACCEPT ME

By Otila Titus Odhiambo

Stigmatization I do face,
My identity not being embrace,
Making me have biphobia,
And my friends facing transphobia,
Because people sees us as a curse.

Why can't you accept my sexual identity?

This my nature of heterosexuality,
And not making us face homophobia,
And I having internalized homophobia,
Because people sees us as a curse.

Class I can't attend,
Friends I can't have, only those that pretend,
Trying to come out and heal from pain,
The pain in my heart but in vain,
Because people sees us as a curse.

Being treated equal is my right,
Because my future is also bright,
And I can also read and nurture talents,
This identity shouldn't be an issue to parents,
And people should stop seeing us as a curse.

DIFFERENT IS BEAUTIFUL

By Antonela Akiru Hadas

To express yourself freely is true freedom,
To love whoever you want to love is power,
Boys can like pink, Girls can like blue,
They are beautiful just like rainbow,
Where there is love there is full life,
Everyone deserves a chance to love,
Regardless of what others think of them,

This is their truth and not a phase,
So many colors and they are the face,
This umbrella is what we need to embrace,
This candle is what we need to blaze,

Love is too beautiful to hate,
You don't need to push them away,
Forever let the colors stay
And we can start it today
Love, comes with peace and happiness
Love, always wins over violence
Love, can beat discrimination
Love, is the answer we all need

You don't need to fit in, you don't need to blend with everyone,
and that is your superpower
Being different allows you to be yourself, and unique
For some, the closet is what they need for them to breath,

Others, the closet is getting stuffy,
they need to breath,
When scared to grow,
they need someone to nurture them,
And when they finally find their way,
please support them

This community is global,
This community is not cursed
This community is not confused
This community is love and proud

We need to stick together to push the peddle,
We need to celebrate pride, diversity and style,
Commit ourselves to justice and equality,

Safe space is a priority to this community
I must say I'm proud this community is powerful, they survive
despite the challenges.

BE PROUD

By Norah Kipkirui

Who said it was simple??
One planet, different races, tribes nations, religion, but they
rarely mention sexuality.

They conclude with disgrace before
you even mention,
I stumble through my mind, and contemplated human kind
With their so called "civilized nature"
Yet really judgmental

The closet doors never open,
Who wants to come out?
Who is next? No one is ready to face it harsh.

This same world,
Uncomprehend by you, it must remain,
Uninfluenced by you, it won't stop,
Keep the door close, and be safe.

Out of the closet, is a rough path,
Mental health, rejection, isolation,
One gets to start questioning,
Who am I? Because they'll make one question themselves,

And sometimes one doesn't get a solid answer,
One has been there for their entire life,
But still they don't know who they are,
Whatever you are, however you are,
That's you, embrace it!
Be proud!