

Poetry Series

**Desmond Eklu**  
**- poems -**

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## Desmond Eklu(4th May 1995)

Started school at the Amen Basic School in 2003 while staying with his grandmother in Tema Newtown. With his grandma, he lent a lot about life that has motivated his style of poetry. He later moved to Ashaiman Where he lived with his dad on the 14th of February 2008 at age 13. Experiences at his new home have been a tool to most of his poems. The atmosphere around him always asked for love from neighbours and friends. He has a soon to be published book titled &quot; Inspired by Love&quot; .

He is a friend to all. Desmond enrolled at the Oxford International School in 2008 where he graduated with The Basic Education Examination Certificate. He was the best graduating student in his class. He was also the senior school prefect of the school in 2011/12. He then moved on to The Sogakofe Senior High School in 2012 and graduated in 2015. He served as the Worship prefect. In 2016, he gained admission to the University of Cape Coast where he studied Communication Studies. With his love for leadership, he served on the publicity committee of the Faculty of Arts Students Association in 2018 and later serving as the public relations officer in the 2019/20 academic year.

Desmond is a PR person, an author, poet, a public speaker and a philanthropist. Connect with Desmond through e-mail: ekludesmonds@

# Blind Of Success

slowly I moved  
to and fro to and fro  
then faster and faster  
then saw I a golden opportunity  
beside it layed an inevitable ironic decay  
the lake upon which I lay danced  
as it gave me a joyful heart  
but the lake beside which I lay danced and gave me a jumpy heart  
the waters from the lake beside which I lay said to me  
'no you can't make it, it is but a waist of time' but  
the heart of the determined kept pressuring  
&quot;move on&quot;;  
the four cardinal points met in my head  
as it jumbled upon the inner mind  
then  
the heart dangled again and said  
&quot;leave them behind, move on&quot;;  
as I moved the next mile  
I heard the singing of the Euphrates in the blood of my human vain rejoicing for  
victory  
when at once I heard the rings  
&quot;YOU ARE A CHOSEN GENERATION&quot;;  
my heart was full of glee  
for oft, where on my heart  
I lean as I lands filled and killed the voices of &quot;no you can't make it&quot;;  
now let me do the undone years  
for an inevitable master awaits at the END OF THE TUNNEL

Desmond Eklu

# Calls Of Yearn

gently through the night  
with calls of yearn  
for a word of lights  
for a sight of agreement.  
your refute, my disgrace.  
your influx, my wish.

all day, all night  
with yearns for sight  
an image of hope  
but non I found

with never ending bonds  
but lonely in attachment  
for calls of yearn that never was  
in prayer, for request in answers  
for what never was, is, and will be.

Desmond Eklun

# I Love To See You Dance

I love to see you dance  
Moving your legs in bliss  
Wishing to have they stare  
Your love is rare

I love to see you dance  
Out of the woods they run  
Chasing the dreams of my youth  
To your untamed bed  
Your love is rare

I love to see you dance  
Against my parents wish I come running  
Longing for the adventures of your love  
On the blink of their stare  
For stares have caused differences  
Your love is rare

I love to see you dance  
A day out alone  
Till I hear the voice of your acceptance  
Will the honour be mine?  
I love to see you dance.

Desmond Eklun

# Life's Support

Clear views of awe  
Making one for a Popinjay  
For the admired to admire  
The support of life

Breathing sites of health  
Now burning sites of death  
My heart felt sorrow  
As I witness the destruction  
Of the once admired

Life could be seen dying  
Breath gave up a fight it never started  
Man wished it never begun  
Creation admired, Yet Creation destroyed

Continuing, Let's remember yesterday

Desmond Eklun

# Masked

In the hint of time I stare  
Looking beyond walls with fear  
That I may not see the fare  
Representation of my dare

Coughing out in muff  
A sight made out of death  
Little songs of birth  
To quench the years of breath

Alas I asked  
Why my nation sucked  
To the wild breed that killed  
And it all comes back to the masked

Desmond Eklun