**Poetry Series**

# Asante Louis Agyemang

## - 7 poems -

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## Asante Louis Agyemang

Born in the woodlands of the Eastern Region of Ghana, am always versatile and the art of writing short poems have always been a pleasure to me.Influenced by the literary works of many renowned poets.

## A Woman of Dignity

A woman of dignity is a woman of substance.She is more than worth of jewelleries.She is in no position to allow anyone to make her feel inferior.She is courageous, principled and skillful.She perseveres to achieve her ambition.She has the heart to withstand all hardships.She is indeed a woman of dignity.She is hardworking, modest and pure.She makes her house a home.A woman who has'life is war'as her motto.Is a true woman of dignity.

Asante Louis Agyemang

**Best Times**

Rivers of tears and sorrow, Seldom visits me on th' morrow.Burning desires springs up to glow, As a clown on a stage performance show.Why all these treachery and tribulations! Are they incarnations or manifestations? .When poverty visited the homes of the poor, I laid oo the ambassador's grass floor.It was no better but the more, Which I abhor has ruled round my jaw.Oh! what an injustice world to live, When the creator is just about to give, Us the unchanging days of cheese.Such a world is what I expected to see!

Asante Louis Agyemang

## Blessed Bless

Blessed be the Name.That gives me fame.I've always tried in pain.Sometimes even in vain.But that has always been the cradle of fame.Which keeps existing the same.Blessed be the Name.That always keep me in the game.My struggles has always kept the pace.And have achieved everything I want to embrace.Legacy I will one day leave behind.And shall treat others with kind.Blessed be the Name.That makes me not a lame.The crooked wranglings of life.Sharpened my edges like a knife.Oh Blessed be the Name! For it is a great good Name.That rescued me from the shackles that came.

Asante Louis Agyemang

**Love**

The numeration of memories are sorrow.In a dilemma, restrained paths to follow.All hopes and happiness has come to a mellow.Eyes gushed out tears into the night pillow.In the dim of darkness, sorrows are in its apex.To comfort my mood, the choice is the rose flowers.Every now and then, I swim in the pool of tears.A thought of it engulf me with fear.I wish to cling to you when the night is near.

Asante Louis Agyemang

**Love II**

Like a broken winged bird that cannot fly, Such is love when it dies.Love must be treated with care.Love must not be laid bare.Where there is care, Love is certainly there.Love, we must all share.Love shouldn't be like a flare.Diagrammatically, it is like a pear.Without love, nature cannot bear, The uncertainties that may appear.Love must be exhibited to the core.Love mustn't be seen as a whore.For if love dies-It's like a broken winged bird-That cannot fly.

Asante Louis Agyemang

**Oh Ye Women**

Lust, the antidote of sexual pleasure.The pleasure that seeks to destroy the heart of great men.Great men with high and intellect brains, Have backsliding in the confines of life.Life that sour the happy man's life.Why can' t we resist the sexual pleasures of today.And embrace perfect rosy in future.The ladies are nothing but agents of destruction sent to ruin the life of the ruler(man) .Fortunately, their cardinal aims have boomeranged.Like lions tamed in the heart of the savanna grass.Oh! poor you, women of destruction.Your aims have boomeranged, I mean backfired!

Asante Louis Agyemang

**The Unknown**

Let me live unknown.If possible alone.So that when I die, Or even pause to sigh.Not even a stone, That surmount a throne.Can tell where  I lie.When I bid the world good bye!

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