

Poetry Series

Kpatakpa Alphonse Delali
- poems -

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Kpatakpa Alphonse Delali()

Kpatakpa Alphonse Delali known in the poetic world as " Poet Dela" is currently a student of the Ghana Institute Of Journalism with specialization in B.a Communication (Public Relations option) .

He is past student of Saint Thomas Aquinas Senior Where he read General Arts.

Faith (Asore Ba)

FAITH (ASORE BA)

Religion

Pride of a believer

Opium of the masses

Way of life

Purity reigns in the heart of a believer

Faith becomes the foundation of spiritual growth

With faith, mountains can be moved

Obstacles can be avoided

Bonds can be broken

And the impossible can realized

What baffles me is

Does being a believer mean you have faith?

Then who then is a believer?

A regular church goer?

Or

One who actively part takes in activities in

The Lord's vineyard

Or

The individual who is a doer of the word?

Our society still has evil

Regardless of our believes

The Asore ba is well known

For donations to church projects

Participating massively in harvests

And even getting up to give offertory

From the first to the last

But in our society

The poor still remain poorer

The handicapped still remain in trouble

And the oppressed remain oppressed

Does the Asore ba take delight in seeing this?

What does the faith of the Asore ba teach?

What is the Asore ba also lacking?

Is the Asore ba lacking?

Teachings about giving widely?

Or

Morals?

Or he or she takes delight in seeing society poor.

For the seek of our faith and religion

Let giving be a habit

Humanity become a priority

Togetherness become an aim

And act according to the Lord's word!

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Music

Music is blood that runs through the veins of a lyricist
Music is that sound that doesn't live in the heart of a racist
Melodies that puts the soul at rest is music
These melodies brings joy which the soul cannot resist
A human who makes good use of wordplay full of good melodies is called a
rapper
Don't mistake this for someone who produces and aims for legal paper
A good voice which echoes powerful melodies is termed as a vocalist
An interview with such an amazing talent would require a stylist
Rap, RnB, Reggae & Country music's are all termed as genres
You can enjoy any of such sweet genres even under the hot sun rays
Music is food for the soul
So feed it before it goes sour!

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Negativity

Success

Aim of a hustler

Reward of dedication

Merit of patience

Just as flies revolve

Around faeces

Success also draws

So many faces

Accompanied by the

Most powerful Monopoly

Fake and weird smiles

Come around to jolly

They sip with a

Bitter tongue

Intoxicated by

Finest Chunes

Their bad conscience gets interactive

Hate changes the taste of the wine

Envy draws comparison

Negativity is given birth to

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Pen Game (By Poet Dela)

Out of a mess
Came a message
Out of my pen
Came an adage
An ink can either
create or destroy
It either scribes or floats
reputations are slaves
to that ink

Out of a match comes
a scoreline
Out of my struggle comes a result
Success and failure
Casted in one dice
Words and expressions soaked
in an ink

At the sight of a pen
White papers get stained
My dark thoughts become inerasable
Knowledge and wisdom get scribed
Minds shiver at the sight of my tactics

If a pen can sketch a game
Then a game can as well mimic
a pen
If my pen scribes an average of
4500 words
Then my bag should be the second
national library.

but well
Doubters and naysayers
failed to admit that
I'M INDOMITABLE!

By: Poet Dela

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Sallycious Ohema

The sight of her
Makes me believe
Black is beautiful ampa
Grandma always used to say
The beautiful ones are not yet born
But I get tempted to call her a liar
Anytime I see her

If beauty lies in the eyes of the beholder
Then I should be intoxicated by her beauty
Just because I'm a beerholder
Blessed with an amazing smile and well endowed
I stay glued to my window anytime I perceive her sweet perfume from afar

Her smiles keeps me motivated
Fingers crossed
Hoping she could be
Be My Woman one-day
The sound of her voice
Reminds me of Madonna
The sight of her lips makes me lick mine
Feeling how soft and sweet they are becomes a craving

Seeing her body sets mine on fire
The only remedy is getting close to hers
HmMMM
What a feeling it would be
I get on my knees every evening
Praying she is Booless
So Sally could be my Ohema
My Sallycious Ohema I mean!
Love.

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The Family Knight

'THE FAMILY KNIGHT'

?The root of a giant tree

Branches depend on

A rock to stand on

The king of the jungle

The lion roars

At the sight of danger

The shield of the knight protects its people

Thickness of its roots builds a strong foundation

Not only for its branches,

But its leaves as well

The knight fights not for his life

But for the lives he shields

The battle field becomes his home

Wounds become a source of motivation

The sword his aid

Success and defeat his merits

At sunrise

He hears the daily mass

He prays for his own

The Quintain and Pell become a source of strength

Issues of warfare become his headache

He lives according to the chivalry rules

Time is spent on mastering the dance

The dance to the tune of death

His skills in horsemanship eases

The stressful journey

Hunting and hawking become a responsibility

Jugglers, acrobats, and jesters become his muse

At dusk

A toast to the family knight is made

A great feast is held

Prayers are said for him

In life

He is worth celebrating

And in death

He is remembered and emulated.

Cheers! !

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