

Poetry Series

Aziz Baako
- poems -

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Aziz Baako()

A Note Under A Book

Freedom with
A half wet paper
On a beer littered
Table
Wrote

Twelve o clock
I will
Be with Clara
Tell Sweetie

I will
Be with her
When I return.
From the hassle

Her rose

Is with
Me, I am
Keeping it close
To my heart.

As long as
It beats

But remind her
Life is
Mysterious.

He hurriedly
Left the table
And grabbed
A passing taxi

(Despair Of A Displaced Person series)

A Pub In Dc

In our hang out in DC
The post office rockets in the skies
Whiles the Police station tower
Counting the hours of crime
In our time like a fine rhyme.

The DC Pub stretches towards
A snaky road that connects
The community market's annex.

In this Pub, DC brags about
Being the best among the rest
Of neighborhoods in the city.

Inside this Pub some days
We perch
To take some reasons,
And some other time
To make some decisions.

One Sunday
When everybody
Who is somebody
Was right in there,
A group of glittering
Teenage girls trooped in,
At the same time a rhyme
Invaded the speakers.

Hip Hop souls was playing
The fouls of DC.
I was praying for Musah
Who was shot dead by a Police
Man sitting behind me and
Acting like a nice man.

"What helps the youth to cope the Herb,
"What gives the youth the hope the Herb"

The teenage girls were singing
Along side the DJ,
Most of them blinking.

An Elderly man in a spiral
Of his own smoke,
Whiling away time
Got caught in the rhyme.
This is DC he puffed out.
Smiling.

Then Clara cat-walked to him
"Teddy is been killed in Iraq."
His smiles faded out and
Walked out of The Pub in DC
Not the happy man
He was a moment ago.

Aziz Baako

Beeps!

The sun masked in the roar
of the Atlantic Ocean,
whiles.
Freedom and I were discussing beeps:

"Beeps alarms us out of bed, "
I said.
But they are a discomfort sometimes
Joe bust out laughing and kicking
The shore sand mixed with water.

"Pipipi-piipi, Pipipi-piipi"

A message tone interrupted,
On the screen, my phone's
Battery is a bar to bow.

The message read

"It comes in diverse names;
Cyclone, Hurricane,
Immense terror-it's a typhoon.

Menace on this side...
The babble and jumbles of the tide
Is immeasurable.
Our Sight and Sound are blared with
Twinkling lightening and growling thunder,

We're uncertain, it's unbelievable...

"Piii! "
A beep:
Warning my battery is low
"Poof "
Blackout;
darkness enveloped both our worlds.

Big Cities Breathe

Big cities have a reputation of upholding
A miserable history.
The mystery about them is they could
Hold a man's heart stone cold.
No matter how bold or old.

Cities breed slums son,
The bigger they are the
Greater their tragedies.
And in their heart, men strategize
To make ends meet.
Life is too fast to consider
The commandments

The City walls have Literati's
Art work of Graffiti,
Praising gun bungers
On the number of times they elude
Death narrowly.
Boys are constantly in baggy
Pants which were a necessity
Yesterday
But fashion today.

"Enye wo krom, inti wo kwa
bra fie".

But trust me those brothers hustle
Their way to battle
Segregation.
Our people call
Them acartta;
(THE WILD ANIMAL)
Writers have written
About them,
Don't take it for a fake
Harsh verbs penetrate
Every of their poetic lines.
They have numerous

Boast in several
Of their hip hop albums
Describing their heroism,
Their financial empowerment,
And the hustles of becoming.

“Wo kwa eya kai fie.”

Weak minds don't understand.
Benny Eggs had the key.
It is also known as the Vega
Of Henry's “The Last Leaf”.

Men ko di agro wo ho. Ye ajuma.

Then Freedom hopped into a taxi
With his bag around his neck
And his baggy jeans in full effect
Dreaming of how he would hustle
His way in New York City.

Aziz Baako

Black History Month

After being the cradle
Of human kind,
After being the host
Of the greatest civilization
And serving the whole Planet
With its blessings.
Africa is lessoned
To numerous meetings
To repair the fall
Of the Prime Race.

Africans are wasting away
In a way beyond reasons.
AIDS is killing the people
And the Western aids
Are corrupting
The governments,

The wars are causing
Psychological
Effects on the Continent.
The second hand cars
Are chocking the public
To death with mono toxins.

The continent is at the mercy
Of greedy Industries out there
Dumping the waste
Of Industrious nations
In our disastrous nations.

After boasting about some of the
Earliest educational centers
Africans are now following
A curriculum
Design by our rivals
To mould us into the dollars
And cents we are to the
System.

Our greens have begun
To grow again,
We have survived
After the decision and indecisions
Of Governments, scholars, the elite
And the hungry hustlers like Freedom
Roaming the desolate streets,

We have began to realize
The source of our fall

The epitaph of
Our Heroes are now
Illuminating
Our dreams- like
The sun. It is delegating
The fairness that contrasted
The foulness of a system that
Lead us astray.

We are building
Again the pillars that held
The ruins of our old cities,
The ruins of our distorted history.

I can hear a wake up call.
Can you hear a wake up call?
It is blustering in a distant
Distance. It says:

I am black...
I am the ages of man.
I am Djoser, are you aware I am?
I am Imhotep, I design the days,
Of your framed years,

A time that once housed fear.
I am, the head that created
And bargain the Idea
That is running the Western
Ideology..

Listen; listen attentively
To these distant voices,

They are still singing the teary
Tunes of our Independence:
Listen attentively,

“We are the world,
We were the yester-years
Of the world.
We are the today of the world
And we will be
The tomorrow of these
Our world,

We are in the sky reaching
For the brightest star.

We are the energy that holds
Our cold world in its whole.

Our
History’s glittery days are rushing
Back finally, leaping
To take the shroud from the face
Of our dying Race.

After years of being the bread
basket of the earth,
After years of fusion
With the confusion
It has began to rain again,
We have been born again.
And we will remain
There to protect our gains.

(Despair Of Displaced Person series/2007)

Aziz Baako

Cobby Is Gone

Frown cloud was moving with the crowd
Outlined the casket as the hours fly
To fifteen hundred; the fifteenth of MAY.
It was clear that Cobby is truly gone

Six feet was ready and the Amen's ray penetrated,
Into the chamber of my emptiness.
Dirt dropped on the casket, an emotion
I couldn't mask so i clearly displayed.

The crowd began shrieking; "Amazing Grace."
Whiles broken dreams were wandering the Havens,
Spent days of the old opposed dead young ones;
One breathes the other bleeds
But both floating on the ticket of a bad day.
The eyes of Esi and Paa Kwesi defined it more

Their faces crowded the images on my mind;
A day so scary I couldn't take, so
I left behind and I trod away with
The hurt days of my mortality

This awakening page is what I read that MAY.

Aziz Baako

Days Of Our Lives

Dear Aziz

After many years of walking the streets, viewing
And reviewing the everyday happenings
Of people like Freedom world wide, I am done
With the writing Tears of The Dead and
Dying Species. It hasn't been an Easy task
Aziz. I have been to hell and back.

Let me tell you some thing that happen within
The process of writing "ABOUT AFRICA"

I was dressed up that day to attend an African Union
Summit after a long night of drafting
And redrafting the Piece.
It was a summit that is intended to unite Africa.
Then Clara came to me crying. She said
It was so hard for her to sustain her eleven
Year old son. Freedom's son.
She now understands
Freedom's anger. She admires him more now
Than ever for going to jail for what he believes
In. She hates the way the system is run so much that
She sees Tupac as an Icon of freedom.

Clara is yearning for a descent
Family life now Aziz. But life has become
So difficult to live in Ghana.
The Street has become so violent that
The blood thirsty Police have been
Given the license to kill.

I sorted Clara out with some few
Cedis I made at a reading at the British
Council. I am still relying on the legacy
Of colonialism. No option Brethren.

We went to the summit any way.
At the summit names were mentioned
Every hero was mentioned.

The notion was to draw some attention
To the struggles of our Ancestors.

Names like Emperor Haile Salassie,
Mandela, Nkrumah,
Lumumber, Shirin Ebadi,

Hossu Bowelle, Jomo Keyantta,
Albertina Sisulu,
Bob Marley, Bambaata,
Talib Kweli, Martin Luther,
Malcom X, Ebb Cobb,
Rosa Parks, Maya Angelo and
Gwen Brooks were mention.

The Agenda of the meeting was almost
Theme of my book. Some of the topics
Were even pieces in the book.
Do you remember
"WILL FREEDOM BE FREE? "
It was mentioned by Mohammed
Quadafi. Not in exact words but he spoke
About a lot of things that will make
Some one like you realize
He is talking about Freedom.

You know that man
Is bent on seeing Africa unite.
It is interesting how the streets
Write the stories and the homes
Narrate them. Anyway, it has
Always been like that.

Something close
To WESTERN AID was recited
By one Nigerian Poet. I wonder
If someday they will give me
The platform to read some
Pieces from my book
At a summit like this,

A day when I will
Read Tears of the Dead and Dying Species
To give the world a gist of what Freedom
Stands for, his dreams about how humanity,
And his view about sharing the benefit
Of our resources equally by our Leaders.

The summit ended with a little
Progress. Africa is going to have
A common negotiation for the worth of
Our resources with the outside
Market. At least that is how the
News read the night of the Summit.

Bro I am still meditating on when
I will be able to lunch the book.
It is so stressing especially when
There is no motivation,
No role model out there
To make us feel we are on the right track.

.
Do you think the people
Would look at the world
With our spectacle for a minute
One day?
I hope so.

Even if they do
They might not like
Freedom, But I bet if they
Meet him in person they will
Understand the situation.

Do you know how much
Colonialism is affecting
The older generation?
They abide by the difference
The Colonial masters
Put amongst us. The barriers
That made some Ghanaians
And others Nigerians.
Those forced barriers.

I think those forced barriers
Created around
The time is heavily
Affecting Africa.
That is what I think is generating
The petty conflicts
On the Continent.
I think the divide and rule policy
Have worked well for Europe
And America. The strategy is now
Called the enemy within.

I heard our people are tricked
Into buying arms from China
To kill ourselves.

I initially thought the Chinese
Were going to be angels,
But I am certain now that it is the battle
Of wits and logics.
The battle between the gods of the earth
The war between the East and the West
About who controls the South

We have to be smart now
They need us as much
As we need them. We have
To strike a fare deal for our
Resources; mineral, human etc
I hope our leaders are able to
Take the right decision
Or even catch the tale of the light.

Africa has become so difficult
To live in or leave out,
Well the whole World's
Economy is giving up now, but in
Africa it is worse. It is a big prison

The women can't keep a single
Boyfriend because it has become

Very difficult for the men
To meet their needs.
The bleaching creams are expensive,
The wigs are in different
Brand names. The university girls
Are playing advanced games with
The men in Power.

The youth are now glued to
Voodoo. They call it sakawa.
Papers reported some news
About a guy who turned into
A dog, a girl who turned into a hog
Some others turned into snakes
And even snails.
Just like
The Ancient Babylon king
Turned into a Pig.

Forget to say I got jailed
I fell into a setup and got
Imprisoned. I should have
Upset the set up.

.
I was in the big house.
I uncovered something
Interesting.

You remember
That movie on slavery?
That scenery that had people
Lying leg first head next?
That is precisely how the
Prisoners are arranged in
Our prisons. James fort prison
To be precise. Thank God
It has just been closed down
And Prisoners transferred.

What about your Prison?
The Dansoman Police killed
Malam Musah after my rap show

"IN A PUB IN DC".

A lot of our friends are still in jail,
They have nobody
To plea bargain on their behalf.

Aziz these days I don't know who to trust I am
Living in a lone world but with the extreme
Protection of the Most High.

You Know we are not ordinary mortals,
May be some day these People
Will understand who we truly are.
But I know it will be too late for them
To reconcile with us.

The BLACK HISTORY MONTH
Might create some controversy
I still have my hideout ready.

I am now looking out to publish my book.
I am facing some serious obstacles.
But soon I will be out there reading
My works to the whole world.

Aziz, I just had a girl friend called Kessy,
Some time I see her for a blessing
And other times for some sort of curses.
She is a wonderful girl, she gives me
Insight into the world of the present
Generation. The present generation
Are messed, they are missing out
On the true meaning of life.
Families are breaking up,
Morals don't simply exist.
It is Sodom and Gomorra
Down here. But you know one cant still
Judge. We leave that to the Creator.

.
Clara says hi, she wants to have your pictures.
She is still a Waitress "IN A PUB IN DC".

HIV is still reaping the world open,
Its worse in Africa.
These days I turn to think
It is a biological
Weapon against the poor.
The South African President
Said a similar thing.
I could be wrong.
Do you think these chaps
Would be able to clear our Race?

I don't think so. Many genocides
Have surfaced our part of the world
But I don't think they will be able to
Clear us. Wipe us from the surface
Of this Planet.

The last time, I was explaining
To that Old Lady in our hood
About Laboratory Babies.
But you know THE GRACE
OF MY RACE is laced in the
Grace of God the creator.

I am not scared,
We are a strong race.
We are even about to rule the world.
Ghana has oil now.

The irony is the mother harlot
Still has her children breeding.
I guess you know what I am talking
About.

Churches have taken over now.
They are the biggest business
In town. Most of the elderly people
Are giving their lives to Pastors.
How strange? I think it is the sign
Of the end time.

Have you seen what I told you before

You moved? Way before you got jailed
About the slave masters god?
It is still worshiped
In Africa.
The renaissance artiste have given
The World their representation
of the Creator. The Michealangelo painting
Of Christ is in every home now.

Well, maybe some day they will realize
These Religious tricks.
Have you read
Tears of the Dying Species’?
That piece is so real bro.? I hate
That news these days. A Reporter
Got fired for talking About
“OUR SONS IN THE DESERT SANDS”

Aljazeera is in Ghana now.
Freedom has not replied my letter in
Eight months. I don’t know if he
Has been sent to one of those secret
Detention camps they are talking about
On radio these days.
I hear they are scattered
Around the world. It could even be
Next to your window.
What a strange universe?

Do you know our conversations are tapped
These days? The world is not a safe place
Anymore, I wonder if it will ever be again.

I think is high time we are taught our history
In schools, not the one that says Columbus
Discovered Us. I want us to be thought
The history that will make us the civilized
People that we were, not molded fools we are
Forced to believe we are.

I mean the history that would tell our children
That we had people trooping to Africa to learn

For many centuries;
From 2000 BC to the Socrates.

I have to go now. I am going to begin
My movie project soon. I hope it comes
Out successful. My new title is Engata.

Say a prayer every day before you sleep

Safe Aziz. I hope we meet someday.

Your Partner in crime,

Ancestor.

Aziz Baako

Escaping The Landscape

Two Young couple race
As if to embrace
A speeding van racing
On a desolate street in Liberia.
Racing away from the effects
Of the war which had no respect
For human being.

Dead bodies lie by the sidewalk.
And the walk of town is death talk,
Death, death and hawks eating death.
Blood has flooded the streets
And the elite are bent on the diamonds.

The blue van halted around the Almonds.
This couple jumped into the van to escape
Evils of the devil.
But instead bumped into a landscape
Full of soldiers.
Few older ones,
And the others
Young with bigger guns.

.
A patrolling soldier strolled forward
With an oozy in one hand, face covered
With what looked like a hood,
The devil was peeping
Deep inside the windows while sipping
Liquor with bottle equal to the size
Of Monrovia. Olivia's
Frightened gazed seized
The moment, A comment triggered
A rage and the soldiers waged war
On this decent and innocent people.
The couple's terror
Was displayed in this horror.
The bullets kept racing into the van
Again and again till the remains
Went limp.

Their spirits faded into the skies
Waving the wicked world a bad bye.
Their dreams merged with the smog
That transformed into the crowded clouds.
The wind got wilder then in a sudden
It began to rain.

This couple truly escaped the war,
They lied hopelessly like
The economy of Sudan,
Partly wet in traces of tears
But mostly covered
In their own flood of blood.

A car drove from behind
While I perched under
A dripping Almond tree
With guilt, struggling to be free
From the scenes of war.
Whiles my inner man was
Quizzing God why the world
Is not sane, why humanity is reduced
To this bits and pieces of ruthlessness?

This part of the world has the greed
Of the Few overshadowing the goodness
Of the whole population. It was hard to say
But an obvious fact that there is always
A part that is not said or written and
Mostly left behind. When it comes
To happenings in the world.

This sin remain on my mind,
Always reminding me of the love scenery
Of those lovers I saw escaping the
Landscape.

Oh Lord! Please come and liberate the world.

Aziz Baako

Eve Of The Event (31st Aug)

Like the eve of every event
The preparation to prevent
The preparatory school
From burning wasn't cool
Enough to prevent Emily's
Family and other families
From watching the Russian
Children burn in that confusion.

Emily on the eve of the event
Was six and ready to fix
A future she never know
Could feature the atrocity
Of September 1st in that city.

It was her birthday on the eve of the event
Emily was happy on the eve of the event.
She snapped many photographs
And even sign an autograph
For her Daddy near an oven
Not aware of the coming event.

On the morning of the event
Emily's family were happy
Emily was going to be happy
In her new school
And that is so cool.

Emily was six years and one day
That very day.
That same day
Her daddy was reading
A poem by Ancestor titled
'What a Day, What a Day'?

Take a deep breath and listen
To what happened on that day.

Do you remember the Russian kids?

Do you remember?
Where you were when,
The TV displayed the screams
Of bewildered mothers
Who were shouting the names
Of their Innocent children?

You should remember,
It was live on TV.

Do you remember?
Do you remember
The voice of the voiceless
Mentioning
The names of the Men in power
At that hour
To do some life saving magic?

Yes that is the day I am talking
About. That same event that
Happen with a lot of confusion
In between Europe and Asia.
In a place in Russia
On first September?
Yes, yes that day

Emily got burnt on that day
Dear reader.
TO DEATH.

Aziz Baako

Humanity?

The Dead were all over the place
The dread was all in our face.

But the dread in the fire fighters case
Looked intense than their base
Can handle.

The windy night couldn't
Handle a candle.
And this made the night
More darker than usual.

It was so dark that
We needed a bright spark
To see that kind of images
That inspired Michealangelo
In the painting of
'Head Of the Lost Soul'
This is clearly the wages of
Sin.

Do you call this Humanity?

The kids were in a blaze
And what amazed
Me was, it was all in the name
Of Religion.
The Leaders are claming
The region should be controlled
By one of the religions.

May be humanity.

Bewildered hearts were in search of
These victims of religion
Whiles the Churches and Mosques
Were hailing God with the blood
Of the weak and the innocent

Hu-ma-nity huh?

The Risk Taker was still wandering
the flames. It was a shame
That authorities watched the flame
Dissolved life of these pure souls.
The world is full of games.
Games that boosted the fame
Of the people that came
Before us.

This kids were
Paying for the decisions
Their Grand Parents
Took in their days.

HU-ma-ni-ty huh?

The fire fighters were still
Sprinting to and fro with
Or without the wailing kids,
Attempting to calm down the
Nerves of the millions of people
Watching this live on TV.

I was wiping tears and this
Fear I believe is still perching
In the mind of the Russian kids.
Who watched their colleagues
Burn to ashes.

And I know is the same fear
That intruded the spirit
Of Spain's Innards,

This same terror entered
Into the Americas,

The same kind of dread that mailed
"that letter" to Liverpool (Ken's Home)
Pleading to be saved from the
Dread of violence in Iraq.

What kind of humanity is this?
The Who! How? and What?
Have never been answered.

The goodness of religion is infesting
Lively hood of stainless souls,
What is happening to the world today?
Well, probably fulfilling the Prophecies.

Aziz Baako

In A Hospital Of Disaster

These days hospitals
Are not hospitable enough.
To host the victims
Of hostilities rough enough
To tear our world apart.

Dear Lord be a part
Of The world's affair.
Our hours today in the world
Are full of the miseries of the politics
And policies Of leaders who
Are not interested in the best
For the world.
The world created as a gift for mankind.
The world created for the beauty of humankind.
Today we are living in a hospital of disaster.

While the rest
Of the world is consumed in the assumptions
That humans still posses that hospitable earth.
(That hospitable host of birth)

Our leaders are either in an Ideology, Race,
Or Religious war whiles our hospital can't place
The victims of malaria, cholera or the tremors
Of the recent wars on terror
Nowhere, but in a cluster of Jails
Scattered in the world with no bails.

The world is full of disaster.

In Iraq bombs and hunger.
In Congo AIDS and hunger
In Somalia Pirates and hunger
In America Katrina and hunger
We are in the hospital of disaster.

Aziz Baako

Laboratory Hobbies

Laboratory babies are the hobbies
Of The mad scientist.
I hear their strategies
Work well
In the course of years
For the pharmaceutical industries.

It is a kind of hell
When the media report the ailing
Of the African child wailing
With these infections.

My reflections
Of these scenery reminded
Me of an infested
Family who were questioning
Me what H1N1 was.

I told them it is a game to defame
Us. Whiles I was talking
The TV had HIV patients
Flashing on the screen
And with patience
I was explaining
To the family that

They are Laboratory Babies,
A scientific hobby
Of creating a virus
And recreating an anti virus.

Akos got so alarmed.
H1N1!
Mma struggled to get closer.
With Her shaky
Wrinkled hand
But not shaky
Enough to miss
A grip on the wall.

O mu si dien?

The Laboratory Babies
Are Scientific Hobbies,
Experimenting with
The lives of men
In the third world
With viruses
And anti viruses

The people on the screen
Continue covering and
Masking faces to safety?
Death is an obvious journey
And sincerely
It so plain that humanity
Will be a history soon.

I am a brave man,
But fear stabbed
The core of my spirit.
I am terrified we will
Not be able to realize it when
It intrudes into our part
Of the world in Africa.

H1N1?
What could this be?
Is it another Laboratory baby
Or another Scientific Hobby
Of creating viruses
And anti viruses
For the benefit
Of pharmaceutical
Industries?

Akos and Grand Ma began
Thinking deep
About the bleak
Future of the world
If scientist are creating

Viruses and anti viruses.

Aziz Baako

Prisoners

Dear Freedom,

Ghana has changed the ruling
Administration.
And I am consumed in the darkness
Of a darkroom as I write
To you right now.
I assume you are doing well
Out in the walls
Of the big prison built
By the architects of hell.

Booms of stressed expressions
Is still oozing from my JVC
Speakers reminding me of
The thousands of us scattered
Around the world in different
Continents, countries, Cities
And communities..

I still listen to Hip Hop Freedom.
Have you listen to Talib's
Beautiful Struggle?
You should do. It is almost
Dedicated to you.

My windows to the world
Has a view of
Moving cloud racing
Westward toward nowhere
As I pen these pain down
With traces of my blood
Flooding the paper.

I wish you were here
To see. It is about to rain again.

Lightening has just lit
The darkness outside like the

Art of a dead branch
In the sky.
Do you remember the
Day before you left, when
Clara said a lightening
In the sky
Wrote the name of God?
Yes that kind
Of illumination is the kind
I am experiencing.

The Market women on that
Dusty streets we use to play
Are stretching
Their necks east and west
As if examining the excel
And failure of the sun.

The drug hawkers are still
Wandering the streets
Wondering when the rains would
Fall to wash down centuries
Of chains at the core
Of our minds.

They don't want to remain
That way all their lives.
May be when it rains
There will be a change.
May be our God would
Relieved us of these insanity,
And free us from years of
Drugs, stealing and sleeping
On those dirty streets
Created by the conditioning
And reconditioning of our
System.

Freedom,
We still have the younger

Generations trooping
Every split second to the new
Jails that are design with
Us in mind.

The system has only few
Enlightened people, which
Is making development
Very difficult.

The plastic
Companies have littered
The whole of the capital city.

We can't go to beach
on Sundays

The Government is still allowing
The West to dump in our sea.

I sometimes think about
The type of Prison Uncle
Sam has tricked our people In.

Have you heard Aziz is not
Allowed free movement?
His visa has been revoked
And his entry denied,
BLACK MAY BE OR MAY BE
WHAT HE STANDS FOR.
Or What do you think?

I lately had an American friend.
Who told me my
President is a puppet,
I told him about you
And what you think about
The system. He said he will
Like to meet you when you are out.

Oops! forget to say, Clara
Had a baby boy,
Our generations are still
Breeding for the system
To waste in street corners,

Do you think we will
Be proud fathers some day?
Keep ya head up.
We still do what we
do best.
Tell the world
We are not staying down
Forever.

Respect.
Ancestor

Despair of a Displaced Person series

Aziz Baako

Tears Of The Dying Species

Anytime I am in the gray side of my mind
I think about the kind of world
We will be living behind.
I think about the headlines in the news
I think about the Politics and Religion,
I think about Freedom and the likes of him.
I think about the year of birth and tears of death
But what intrigued me the most is the Dynasties
Of Men in Power.

Anytime I am in doldrums and I think about
The Political Parties, Gangs and organizations
Dominating the headlines.
I think about the Freemasons
And the Security Council.
I think of organizations
Like CHECHEN SEPARATIST,
JAISH AL MOHAMMED, ALQUAEDA
And so on and so forth.

What are they fighting for?
Is it The Policies? Is it Ideology? Are they the terrorist?
Or just people like Freedom who would do anything
To defend them selves when suppressed?

I think about the laws and their effect.
I think about the rivalries between parties
Between nations and between continents.
I think about terms like terrorist and nuclear
And when they entered our dictionaries.
I think about the UN. EU, AU
And all the other U's that spell unity or union.

It feels like they are just in the front for dubious
Reasons, I don't want Freedom to know about
This, but has it ever strike you that the political
Parties are also gangs?

Well this is just my thought.

It feels to me that they are a group of families
At a certain height in the social ladder
With like interest who invest in their ability to rule
The few voiceless people wandering the streets.
These are just my thoughts anyway.
I get so confused
When I think about the last names
Of people in Power like Kabila and Kabila,
Bush and Bush, Yademah and Yademah
The repetition is amazing.
And the system is still call democracy.

Could it be the reason
For the evolution and revolution
Of opposing groups? I mean groups
Like HEZBOLLAH, REAL IRA. ETA
TAWID W'AL; JIHAD.

Could it be the reason why dudes
Like Freedom are so angry
At the system? So hungry
That they will address the President
As if they have nothing to loose?
Asking question that would end
Them in Jail? May be just a May be.

May be it is people like
Freedom who grow up and form
These groups called the terrorist.
Or May be they are the followers
Of the groups that the troops
Are hunting in the dessert.

It feels like that sometimes
I don't know what you feel
Though, but these are my feelings.

I feel depressed about how
The twenty first century
Is full of the depressions
Of lost wars and violence, with industrial
Greed taking advantage

Of the unfortunate situation.

It looks like a big lie when
I think about who starts the
Wars, who funds the wars,
Who manufacture and market
The weapons?
It feels crazy when I think about
who repairs after the damage is done.

It feels like a blame game
Sometimes, it feels like
A network of friends with
Common interest and are bent on
Creating the wars at the same
Time trying to prevent them
But this is still only in my naïve mind.

But wait a minute, have you heard
Of JAMAAISLAMIYA, ELN and FARC?
What do you know about them?
Is it what the media says about them?
Or is what they say about themselves?
What do they stand for?
Freedom stood for his right
But lost the fight.
Could they be in a similar situation?

What if the reporters sides
With a side? What if the
Governments are controlling
The media? What if theses groups
Are friends and playing games
With our minds. Yes I mean
If Bin Laden and Bush are friends?

What if they conspired to put money
In individual accounts after the wars.
I am scared of what the truth is.
If it turns out that it is all a game.

What do you think will happen

To the world?
What if all is one big setup?
From the assassination of Archduke
That sparked world war one.
To the Iraq and the African wars.

I hope I don't provoke Freedom, but
In Freedom's continent many are dying.
The effects of colonialism
Is still in full effect.
The youth are still hanging
Cheap second hand clothes around
Their hollow shoulders.
The graduate are still migrating
To the Western cities.

This is what life means to them
And this is why Freedom is angry
With the President, this is why
He will go the extra mile to reside
In the home of the 'Dead President'.
This is why he is not replying my letters.

When I think about the situation in
RWANDA, SUDAN, SOMALIA
LIBERIA And recently KENYA
I wonder how much the devil
Is in control of this world.

When I think about how many mothers
And children have lost their lives
In these atrocities, it confirms to me
How much money the gun factories
Are folding in Africa, How much
The media makes in Freedom's continent.

Does Human race think they can cheat life?
Has humanity forgotten the rule
Of cause and effect and sometimes
Even repeal effect?
Look at the response of these actions.

'A group called the DAGGER MEN
Emerged from nowhere and did
What they did.
Incidents like the DEADLY GAMES
Surfaced, The SIXTEENTH STREET
Incident came to pass, the OKLAHOMA
BOMBING did its bit in the news.
AIQUAEDA crushed the WTC
And THE PENTAGON.
This is the effect of the Leadership
Of our current crazy world'.

When these events unfolded
The Earth growled in pain,
Rage clouded the way people think.

The streets remembered the horrors in
Seeing AMERICA burn,
God witnessed souls moving
With broken dreams in the
Skies of NEW YORK city;
This is a crazy puzzle.
Tears of the dying species poured.

Revenge flew big boys to
AFGHANISTAN and Teddy
And many young men
Lost their lives there.

Then the Iraq drama erupted.
Is it an oil war or weapons
Of mass destruction?
And if it is oil
Does IRAQ have to pay with oil to
Refill LOUISIANA wet land?
That is what it looks like.

Violence has engulfed our world.
And the gulf is fueling it.

The effects of these actions consumed

The city of BALI. It took Indonesia
By surprise and strangled the London
Underground train in July
Who says it never poured?
Tears of the dying species poured
Everywhere on the surface of the earth.

Despair of the Displaced Person Series 2008

Aziz Baako

The Grace Of My Race

The pace of black race is laced with God's grace,
It is amazing how we escaped disgrace
And years of degrade of our race.
I was near tears when I reflected the years of fear
In our minds that kept us behind and blind.

One time in a multiracial community
I was consumed in a fine rhyme
Of Hip hop lines filled with crime
Scenes created by the system.
Miming some of the fine
Lines that told our stories in anthems.

Then a young blonde woman looked at me with remorse
As if what she heard about our bonds are just rumors.
I am an American I hear The African has no honors?
She said with the sympathy of an ignorant being.
I decided to aid her with the information of our being.

I told her about how long we have been here,
I told her about the great years of Imhotep,
I told her about Memphis being the name
Of an old city in Africa
Before she was called
An American and way
Before I was called
An African.

I told her about Ethiopia and the Arch of the Covenant
I told her about the cold years of Alexandra the Macedonian.
I reminded her about the effects of slavery
And told her finally that
The pace of the Black race
Is laced with the Grace
Of God the Creator

Aziz Baako

The Sole Search Of Our Soul

Like a Remain, I perched by a riverbank,
Close to a blustering class room
Taking the breeze
On a February first, seventeen
Hundred GMT.

Intellectualizing deep about
The reasons the black man is
Far away from himself

Terns took my attention,
This migrant birds sliced
Deep into the skies.
And reminded
Me about news I heard
On radio earlier that day
About a group of black youth
Who died walking the deserts
Of North Africa,
Struggling to enter Europe.

Then in a sudden I heard
A teacher reading
To the children in the classroom
Near where I perch
Still intellectualizing.

It broke my concentration but its worth
Listening to;

"Ben Franklin seventeen fifty four dream;
Drawing of the severed snake that called for unity
Among the colonies who with the British
Confronted France in the French and Indian war."

"Before the war of seventeen seventy..."

Here in Africa
Our minors know more Western history than theirs,

They are more Western than the Westerner.
Could it be the reason our youth
Are struggling to migrate even on foot
To Europe and America? A thought crossed.

The Terns' circle the gray skies
Again and again
And took my attention once again.
I gain back my concentration
And came up with the answer,

Until a man learns about what
Befell him yesterday
He will not be able to walk
His tomorrow.

This I am sure it applies
To everybody sole
Searching the soul

We will have to find ourselves
To see our God. Amen

Aziz Baako

The Sons Of The Desert Sands

Freedom and I were by a phone
Booth waiting for a bus home
At 04: 00 GMT.
After hours of hanging
Out with hustlers
And thieves of the city of
Accra all night long.
We were about to join
A bus when

Freedom drew my attention
To the third phone booth
On my right. A woman
With an American
Accent was speaking on the phone.

Listen, Freedom said to me
Then I began listening.
While the American woman
Continued talking.

...For many years now
Many parents have lost
Their children to numerous wars
Fought all around the world.

My son Teddy is breaking
The ten commandments
On the Arabian Desert.
Killing and murdering
The Sons of the Sands.

And this is all based on
The decisions of Powerful
People of the world.

Their decision
Are nursing our seeds in
A harsh environment,

Breaking Gods
rule in the Gulf.

My son is murdering
The son of the Afghan woman
As I talk to you now.

The Afghan woman,
Me and many others
Are trapped in the mystics and
Miseries of these horrible wars
Fought around the world.
Who wins a war?
When our sons
Are on the desert
Sand killing or being killed.

The radio announced
This morning
The mourning
Of the young Americans
Who died bringing pain home
And honors to America.

When do you think
The men of POWER
Will send their children
To War Fronts?

The woman went quite listening
To the other side of the line.

She sighed and continued

I read yesterday that the Sudan war
Has intensified and one can't identify
The rights from the wrong any more
I heard that Charles Taylor
Has moved out of Liberia
Into Nigeria.

In Sierra Leone also, whiles the Rebels

Are recruiting child soldiers
The army is recruiting young
Angry-hungry men.

What kind of world are we leaving in?

She paused for a minute, coughed
And began talking again.

When I get on radio today.
I will announce to the world
How fed up I am with
The politics and policies
Of Politicians around the world.

I will tell them how fed up
I am with reporting
Wars and death on radio

I know my Boss will fire me
For that, but I still want to remind
The world that Teddy is dreading
In the suns of the desert sands.
She said, hanged the phone
And moved on alone.

(The Despair of a Displaced Person series)

Aziz Baako

The Teenager

I once saw a teenage girl prowl the streets
With pride and energy.
She strolled into a salon.
She modeled by piles of cosmetics
To a large mirror.
Turning left and right
As if checking for errors.

I tapped her and chipped
In. She smile and said she is
Clara, Ancestor I mentioned
My name. Ancestor! She exclaimed
Yes Ancestor I claimed.

After a lengthy chat,
I told her about everything I know
About the news that day.
I told her about Aziz
And she told me about Freedom
I told her everything new today would be old
Tomorrow and asked her what she thinks
About the world today.

She sounded so ignorant
So I realize how much she needs
Me. I asked her what she does
And she said she is a Waitress
In A Pub In DC.
I asked her where she stays
And she said the streets.

Keep away from the street,
It's not safe I said.
She looked deep in side me.
Her gaze pierced deep inside
My soul till I can feel our spirit
Together at once. And she said
Nothing's safe.
I met Clara another time

Wiping tears and cursing
The years of hassle.
She said in between tears
That Freedom
Has been jailed.

I told her
Time conquers everything,
She asked why and
I said to her with a wavy voice
That there is no explanation to that.

I told her
The test of time is one
Big examination. I mentioned
To her that one day we will
All be matching
Our souls in gray,
I told her life is a play
And the actions are buried in days.

I told her someday we will write or read
The pages of these plays.
I explained to her the reason
Why the world is so violent,
I reminded her there is hope
Because most of the African Leaders
Have studied in some of the
Finest universities.

She told me she is pregnant
And that do I think she would
Be able to take of the child after birth?
I realize her intention of an abortion,
So I told her yes with a lot of confidence.
But scared of what she will uncover
At a later age because her wage will
Definitely not sustain her child
I wonder what her rage
Will do to her age.
When reality sets in.
I wished her all the best in the journey

Of her life and strolled away in deep thoughts.

(Despair of a Displaced Person series/2005)

Aziz Baako

Western Aid

Barbarous, monstrous, heartless
Is how the West refers to the Continent.
Black, dark and the third world
Is what we are referred to oh! Lord.

Wars funded by aids are still blazing
Fire on the streets. It is amazing
How the world's Organization
Is matching just to watch
And the rest of the world
Watching in the eyes of the media
Men trained to see the evils
Sponsored by the devil
Oh! Lord.

They refer to us as deformed
Continent of abused men,
We are on our knees now oh! Lord
Praying YOU reform
Somalia and Liberia
It can't be called HOME.

We are on our knees
Observing people being
Killed in Ivory Coast,
The madness in Zimbabwe and
A racial war in the heart of Sudan.

Dear God organizations have created
Greed in Africa, It's defamed
Us, scatter our rights in ruin sites,
Denied us our just...
Pronounced us failed men of crumpled
Economy.

Pastors and Politicians
Are breeding hunger with their dirty lust.
In first case to be worshiped
And in the next to be gods on earth,

The Sons of the Sun
Are so confused
At the Slave Master's trick.
Rasta is still burning some herb
To keep the faith, hope and believe on.

Donor agencies have promised our
Arms loyal economy
Advance weapons to kill our selves.

We have always expected good trade
Not the treachery they call aid.
Oh Lord!
Pressure is still mounting on the minds
Of frustrated youth all over Africa
Searching for a reliable future.

The Western tricks don't care
If we are Doctors or Architects,
They have one option for us; scrub America
Or mop London after building them.
Oh Lord!

Our graduates are
The burden bearers in the Western cities,
The situation in Africa is creating a new kind
Of slavery called Brain drain.

The remaining dropouts back home?
Drugs. And others are rebelling the system
Controlled from the outside.
When scarcity of food sets in,
Then BOOM!
Civil war creeps in
Then The Organs Aid rush in.

Despair of a Displaced Person series

What A Day?

Tourist touring the country
Were pouring into my pantry
Looking good and eating good
Food from the belly of my hood
In Dc

This reminded me of good old days
When Joe and I would stroll
On the street
For some good Fufu and tofu.

These days I can't stroll for fufu
Especially As Joe is gone
And gone for too long.

Joe said he was going
To come back to Ghana
With honors of a doctor

Hmm what a day
What a day?
Today's date is 9/11
And tonight at nine
Joe is dropping to my
Pub In DC

The light-skinned girls are still
Strolling my Pub, still
Eating and drinking
without
Thinking about anything.
GH is a free place to
Hang out.

Joe is going to see these girls in short
Skirts with no shirt.
With braziers of different color
Embracing some good
Looking boobs.

Joe is coming home
After a long roam
In the West. Fighting
The cold
Weather, finding
The goal
Or may be
The gold.

Joe is going to like these girls.
He said in the good old days
That there is nothing as cool
As the boobs of girls
In our hood.

What a day, what a day
And it was weekday.

That day I was holding
And folding
The bed sheets.
Those best sheets

Joe would
Be using to wrap
Or cover him self
When the world is asleep.

Joe likes those aspects
Of life,
He hates to keep
A wife

A phone call
Came through.
And the message was:
Joe died in the terrorist
Attack on United States.

What a day, what a day
Joe would never see

The tourist pouring
Down wine in my Pub in DC.

What a day what a day?

The Despair of a Displaced Person series

Aziz Baako

What Do You Know About Africa?

What do you know about Africa?
Is it the news, the views or the review
Of news paper overviews.

Is it the Aids patient or the patience
We have with Western Aids?
Is it the grain of wheat
Or the gains of the elite.

What do you know about Africa?
Do you know the media exaggerates
The stories to sell their views.
Do you know we don't sleep on trees?

I heard in the West the pictures
Shown on TV is only on HIV.
I also heard that the perceptions
Out there is that there is no reception
Because they say the whole Africa
Is in big confusion.

Let me tell you something today,
Mercedes is selling at Silver Star,
Shell is refueling the used cars
Uniliver is distributing provisions
And The American Air line is making
Millions of Dollars. All in Africa.

I guess you think there is only
Poverty but some of us are living
In mansion only own by stars
In the West. Africa is also blessed
With resources as a continent and
Humans with High Culture

Let me tell
You what I know about my continent
It is not the hell they spell
In their news, their views or review

It is the lies and assumed commitment
Of the called first world economy
On my resources and economy?

The human resource,
The mineral resource
And the influence on Puppet
Leaders who are victims
Of colonialism.

That is the reasons
Our seasons are not at a height
And our reasoning always in fight
With our very being.

But don't get caught up in the hypes
And jives of the News Makers.
They are only creating a world
For your minds.
They are creating perception
Not perfections

That is what the people like
Freedom will call Mental Slavery.
From today on,
Learn more about Africa
From the African.

Dansoman Accra Ghana 2004

Aziz Baako

When Ever

This is 'whenever'
When ever I sit to contemplate
With the me in me
I see
The results of a desperate
Attraction of a force that is a part
Of our lives.

I see
The conjunction and conjecture
Of thought and Ideas
That led to the touch and spasm
That becomes
OUR BIRTH ON EARTH.

When ever I halt to reflect
On what kind of an accident
Life is, the revolution
And the evolution
Of the earth that I am a part
Of pops out of my Spirit,
I wonder within hectic
Days and blinking nights
Scouting for that one truth;
OUR PAST, OUR PRESENT
AND OUR FUTURE.

Whenever I bow to give thanks
For creation, I bump into an accident
With THE CREATOR- of the thoughts
The Ideas, the touch, the insertion
The revolution binding that evolution,
And then THE EVENT OF MY DEMISE.

But in eternal distance
I feel the comfort I call God
Weaving through life
As my spiritual enlightenment
Hoover beyond this material

World giving thanks for the passage
Of time.

(Despair of A Displace Person collection/2005)

Aziz Baako

Will Freedom Be Free?

Freedom is a an African youth
Enrolled in the school
Of hard knocks.
He doesn't know about the university
But knows the rules of the universe.

All he knows about democracy
What Clara has said to him.
And again he has seen the people vote
And has observed Presidents take oath.

Freedom was all hopeful one day
When Clara told
Him to hold
On, because most of the African Leaders
Have studied the universe
In the best universities.

Yes we can hold on as the world
Becomes a better place
He said with high hopes
Of an ignorant youth.

Freedom heard about Harvard, Stanford
Leeds and so on for the first time
And nodded his head with a big smile.

Freedom was so disappointed
One day
When a debate on TV
Proved that the leaders
Are taking Orders
From the out side.

It sounded like a fiction to him
Freedom went wild on the streets
Asking about his chances in life
As an African youth twenty
One and growing.

Mr. President.

Where were you When your
Comrades Overseas were
Achieving for their people?
Oxford, Harvard or Leeds?
I hear they are the best in the world
Why can't you save the people from
The hustles?
Why can't you ease the frustration
And desperations of the youth?

Freedom pulled up his big baggies,
And stood looking at sign post
That read 'Poverty Reduction, '
He perched by a kiosk and continued

"You pronounce honors and value,
In your speech, you sounded deep
But talk is cheap.
You insisted on intelligence.
But our institution can't produce a thing,
What a sad system?
Freedom turned around angry with himself

Is it truly
Controlled from the outside?
Is it that bad that even the food seller
Can't afford three square meals?

This doesn't sound real to me?
Would you please answer me
Mr. President?
Freedom's Rage
Was big for his age.

Freedom continued.
We can't figure what you learnt
In school. Or is it just a brain wash camp?
I am not sure about your,
Honors, cheated in exams huh?

Freedom sounded so rude that
I assumed
he might have been jailed
Before.
He certainly felt very failed
And disappointment was
All over his face.

Would you jail, bail or hail
Freedom if you were the
President?

Would you cool him
And help enroll him
In school or leave
Him to rot in jail
Without bail?

Freedom has lost his cool
He has been out of school
For some time now, he roams
The street to find a home
In prison with or without reason
Will Freedom ever be free?

(Despair of a Displaced Person series)

Aziz Baako