

Poetry Series

# **Doris Dzameshie**

## **- poems -**



PoemHunter.com

**Publication Date:**  
2024

**Publisher:**  
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

## Doris Dzameshie()

A personal narrative detailing her journey as an African immigrant, poet, and community advocate. Highlight her passion for bridging cultural gaps and empowering others.



PoemHunter.com

# The Empath's Dilemma: A Cosmic Comedy

In the realm of feelings, where empaths roam, Their hearts like Wi-Fi routers,  
ever connected, Let us unravel the cosmic comedy— The tragicomedy of  
emotions, misdirected.

## Verse 1: The Empath's Breakfast

At dawn, the empath stirs her morning brew, A blend of chamomile, moonbeams,  
and tears. She sips, and suddenly, the universe floods in: The neighbor's cat's  
existential crisis, The postman's bunions, the cashier's overdue library fines.

## Chorus: Hallelujah in Overwhelm

Hallelujah! Hallelujah! The empath wails, Her chakras doing the Macarena. She  
feels the Amazon rainforest weeping, The last Blockbuster's nostalgia, and her  
ex's indigestion.

## Verse 2: The Empath's Tinder Date

She swipes right on a stranger's aura, Their energies entangled in pixelated  
sparks. Their conversation flows like a river of empathy, Until he reveals—he's a  
taxidermist. His favorite pastime? Stuffing existential dread.

## Chorus: Hallelujah in Awkward Silence

Hallelujah! Hallelujah! The empath gulps, Her heart chakra deflating like a sad  
balloon. She senses his childhood trauma (a lost romantic novel) , And the ghost  
of her pet dog, Tiger.

## Bridge: The Empath's Supermarket Saga

At the grocery store, she navigates the aisles, Her cart overflowing with other  
people's cravings. She picks up a cucumber—oh, the cucumber! It screams,  
“I never fulfilled my salad destiny!”

## Chorus: Hallelujah in Produce Section Chaos

Hallelujah! Hallelujah! The empath twirls, Her empathetic dance causing broccoli  
avalanches. She soothes the bruised bananas, whispers to the avocados, And the  
checkout clerk? He's an aspiring poet— His rhymes stuck in the express lane.

## Outro: Sunset Benediction (with a Twist)

As the sun dips low, casting auras on frozen pizzas, The empath sighs, her  
heartstrings tangled. She longs for a moment of isolation, A solo flight in a  
feeling-proof bubble.



# Ghana's Grand Gala: An Ironic Ode

In the land of jollof wars and palm wine dreams, Where kente weaves tales of ancestral schemes, Ghana gathers, clad in vibrant hues, To celebrate life—the cosmic ruse.

## Verse 1: The Fufu Feast

Behold the fufu feast, a starchy ballet, Where pounded yam pirouettes with grace. The mortars sing, "We crush your dreams! " As soup spills like secrets on eager plates.

## Chorus: Hallelujah in Plantains

Hallelujah! Hallelujah! The plantains fry, Their golden skins crackling with irony. The gods sip palm wine, chuckling softly, "Life's a stew, my children—spicy and messy."

## Verse 2: The Funeral Dance

At funerals, we wail, we ululate, Our dirges syncopated with borrowed grief. The coffin dances, a twirl of mahogany, While mourners Instagram their sorrow—oh, sweet relief!

## Chorus: Hallelujah in Coffin Art

Hallelujah! Hallelujah! The pallbearers strut, Their shades hiding eyes that know too much. The ancestors nod, "Well played, my kin, " As the DJ spins "Azonto" at the graveside brunch.

## Bridge: The Trotro Tango

Trotros—those wheezing metal beasts— Lurch through potholes, belching diesel prayers. Passengers cling, their faces etched with irony, "Lord, grant us speed bumps and air fresheners! "

## Chorus: Hallelujah in Traffic Jams

Hallelujah! Hallelujah! The hawkers sell, Their wares defying physics—balancing acts. The tro-tro preacher shouts, "Repent, my brethren! " As we inch toward eternity, bumper to bumper.

## Outro: Sunset Benediction (with a Twist)

As the sun dips low, casting shadows on kelewele stands, Ghana laughs—a belly-deep, palm-wine guffaw. Life, you sly trickster, we raise our glasses: "Cheers to chaos, to paradox, to this grand gala! "



# Cosmic Clay And Deformed Dreams

In the beginning, when the sky was a wrinkled shroud, And the sea whispered secrets to the moon, Obatala, the cosmic potter, sipped palm wine, And Olokun, the sea's grumpy custodian, frowned.

## Verse 1: The Drunken Potter

Obatala, tipsy on fermented sap, Molded clay figures with wobbly hands. He shaped their noses like twisted yams, And their eyes—oh, their eyes were cosmic accidents.

## Chorus: Hallelujah in Irony

Hallelujah! Hallelujah! The Orisha chuckled, Their laughter echoing through celestial halls. Obatala's creations stumbled, tripped, and hiccupped, Their limbs defying geometry, their souls unsteady.

## Verse 2: The Ugly Revolution

Olorun, the sky's chief architect, sighed, As Obatala's misshapen beings multiplied. They built huts with crooked thatch, And danced to rhythms only they understood.

## Chorus: Hallelujah in Cosmic Side-Eye

Hallelujah! Hallelujah! The baobabs swayed, Their roots tapping Morse code to the stars. Obatala, now sober, tried again with fresh clay, Praying for symmetry, grace, and better PR.

## Bridge: The Cat's Whisker Redemption

The black cat, forgotten in the corner, Purred wisdom into Obatala's ear: "Life is a cosmic glitch, my friend, Embrace the wonky, the lopsided, the absurd."

## Chorus: Hallelujah in Clay Cracks

Hallelujah! Hallelujah! The rivers giggled, Their currents swirling like tipsy dancers. Obatala's second batch emerged—less wonky, But still, their elbows bent like question marks.

## Outro: Sunset Benediction (with a Twist)

As the sun dipped low, casting shadows on termite mounds, Obatala stood on his lumpy creation. He declared, "I am the patron of imperfection, The sculptor of quirks, the artist of asymmetry."



# The Christ Of Ancestral Echoes

In the heart of red earth, where baobabs stretch their arms, And the wind carries whispers from forgotten ages, There, the Christ dances—an enigma of cosmic threads, Weaving through ancestral memories and sacred pages.

## Verse 1: The Christ of Dust and Stars

The Christ wears sandals woven from stardust, His footsteps echo across savannahs and deserts. He is the cosmic wanderer, the celestial nomad, His eyes hold galaxies, and His heart cradles secrets.

## Chorus: Hallelujah in Swahili

Hallelujah! Hallelujah! The ancestors sway, Their bones rise from red soil, joining the dance. They remember the firelight, the drumbeat, When the Christ whispered, "I am the way."

## Verse 2: The Christ of Ubuntu

His hands bear scars—the imprint of thorns, Yet He touches wounds with healing tenderness. He walks with the grandmothers, their braids silver, And the children, their laughter like morning dew.

## Chorus: Hallelujah in Yoruba

Hallelujah! Hallelujah! The baobabs sing, Their roots entwined with ancient wisdom. They tell stories of resilience, of survival, How the Christ danced with them under moonlight.

## Bridge: The Christ of Ancestral Echoes

He speaks their names—the forgotten ones, The warriors, the midwives, the dreamers. Their blood flows in His veins, their breath in His lungs, And He whispers, "You are never alone."

## Chorus: Hallelujah in Zulu

Hallelujah! Hallelujah! The wind carries, Across mountains and valleys, a sacred refrain. The Christ embraces both cross and cowrie shell, For salvation is woven in ancestral tapestries.

## Outro: Sunset Benediction

As the sun dips low, casting shadows on termite mounds, The Christ stands at the crossroads of time. He is the bridge between heaven and earth, The cosmic heartbeat, the eternal rhyme. Remember, my friend, the Christ dances— In the rustle of leaves, the heartbeat of drums. He is the Alpha and Omega, the Ancestor's echo, Uniting all souls

under African suns.

Doris Dzameshie

# Syncretic Serenade: When Ancestors And Angels Collide

In the heart of the savannah, where baobabs whisper secrets, And termite mounds double as altars for cosmic negotiations, There, my friend, lies a divine mashup, a celestial remix— A fusion of ancestors' whispers and hymns from heavenly stations.

## Verse 1: The Choir of Contradictions

The choir robes are patchwork, stitched from leopard hides, As the congregation sways to rhythms both ancient and divine. The pastor, a seasoned baobab, preaches with gnarled branches, His sermons a blend of proverbs and Psalms, a poetic moonshine.

## Chorus: Hallelujah in Polyphony

Hallelujah! Hallelujah! The spirits shimmy, Their anklets jingling, caught between realms. The ancestors nod, "Amen!" in ancestral tongues, And the wind carries their blessings like forgotten hymns.

## Verse 2: Communion Under the Baobab

The communion wine is palm wine, aged in calabashes, As the faithful sip, they taste both eternity and termites. The deacons, old elephants, pass the breadfruit, Whispering, "Body of Christ," with wrinkled eyes alight.

## Chorus: Hallelujah in Harmonious Dissonance

Hallelujah! Hallelujah! The baobabs sway, Their roots reaching deep, bridging worlds. The angels peek through cumulus curtains, Wondering if they missed the celestial memo.

## Bridge: The Offering of Contradictions

The offering baskets overflow with paradoxes: Cowrie shells, golden coins, and sun-dried locusts. The heavenly accountants scratch their heads, Balancing blessings and curses, grace and ghostly debts.

## Chorus: Hallelujah in Cosmic Code-Switching

Hallelujah! Hallelujah! The stars twirl, Their constellations spelling out sacred jokes. The ancestors chuckle, "God must have a sense of humor," And the angels adjust their halos, bemused by the strokes.

## Outro: Sunset Benediction (with a Twist)

As the sun dips low, casting shadows on termite mounds, The African Christians  
raise their voices in unison: "May the ancestors bless us, and may Jesus  
save us, For we're all just stardust, dancing to a celestial fusion."

Doris Dzameshie

# Don't Mess With My Sweet Potato Pie

In the twilight of existence, as the cosmic clock winds down, Michael found himself in a hospital bed, awaiting his final gown. The gallows loom, the noose swings low, his fate is sealed, it's true, but "dime" it all, he has one last request, and it's a pie-shaped coup.

They say the end is nigh, that death awaits with open arms, But Michael won't shuffle off this mortal coil without some final charms. So, bring him some sweet potato pie, that golden, gooey delight, and let him savor every bite as he bids this cruel world goodnight.

The doctors' scowls, the nurses protest, they say it's against the rules, but he will be damned if he departs this life without his sugary jewels. He'll fight for that flaky crust, that cinnamon-spiced embrace, and if they try to take it from him, he will slap 'em in the face.

"Don't mess with my sweet potato pie," Michael cried with righteous rage, as they dragged him to the theater, his defiance on full display. Let the preacher pray, the children gasp, the doctors do their deed, but his mind was on that pie, his final act of greed.

So, here's to life, and here's to death, and here's to dessert divine, May Michael's taste buds tingle, his soul take flight, as he savors that last sweet line. And when the lights go out, let his epitaph read clear: "Here lies a pie-loving fool, who chose dessert over fear."

In Memory of Michael Nsiah - May 2024

Doris Dzameshie

# Fear Of Chains

Let me show you my chains  
so that you can show me yours too!  
Are your chains made from gold?  
Come see our chains,  
some made from gold,  
some made from bronze,  
some made from silver.  
We are so happy  
comparing our chains.  
Forgetting the struggles of the poor ancestors,  
who fought so hard to break the chains?

Let me show you my chains  
so that you can show me yours too.  
My chain is made from silver  
Is yours made from gold?  
Comparing our chains.  
Remembering the struggle  
of our ancestors;  
who fell in the African gold dust

Let me show you my chains  
so that you can show me yours too!  
Are your chains made from bronze?  
Come see our chains  
some made from gold,  
some made from bronze  
some made from silver.  
Children of the most high God  
still in chains  
on "George Owen's" animal farm,  
where some animals are more equal than others

Let me show you my chains  
so that I can see your chains!  
Are your chains made from bronze?  
Come see my chains.  
Bronze, gold and even silver  
Who will break the chains?

Break the mental chains  
so African can rise again  
from the dust in the garden of Eden

Doris Dzameshie

# Eternity

My soul recognized him although I had never seen him.  
I leaned forward to peek through his eyes for a glimpse of eternity.  
Have I met you before, I asked?  
He looked at me strangely as if to say  
'get away from me woman'  
I laughed.  
My soul reached out and touched his soul.  
In that split second the veil of illusion vanished  
Adam was born.  
Once again innocent!  
The soul had no covering  
and Eve Knew she was home again

Dedicated to all Soul Mates - 12/21/2012

Doris Dzameshie



PoemHunter.com

# Trapped In A Heart Of Stone

A heart of stone shall set a trap for  
a Human being?  
If not a cat!  
If not a mouse!  
How smart?  
What joy, what joy  
a human being?  
made in God's image?  
Really, really smart! ! !

Doris Dzameshie



PoemHunter.com

# Road Of Intentions

Where are you going?  
Where are we going?  
All in a hurry to with no intentions  
Will you reach the destination?  
Will we reach the destination?  
One route, so many intentions

We are all in a hurry?  
As life slips by inch by inch  
Sneaking old age on us  
Gray hairs, shaky knees  
We will reach the destination  
Why hurry! ! !

Doris Dzameshie



PoemHunter.com

# God Lives In My Heart

God lives in my heart  
Yet, I cannot open my heart to find him  
So I search outside my heart  
Hoping someone has the key  
Does anyone have the key to open the door to my heart?  
Anyone? Anyone? Anyone?

God lives in my heart  
I run around, round and round  
Hoping to find someone who has the key  
To open the door to my heart  
A key that would fit the door to my heart  
Anyone? Anyone? Anyone?

God lives in my heart  
Just a word, just one word  
Just one more sermon  
Just one more worship song  
Is the key, the word?  
Anyone? Anyone? Anyone?

Doris Dzameshie

# God's Sense Of Humor

And God created man!  
Yellow, black and white men  
They all love each other?  
Yellow men in Asia  
Black men in Africa  
White men in Europe  
All color of men in America  
They all love each other?

And God created woman!  
Yellow, black and white women  
They all love each other?  
Yellow women in Asia  
Black women in Africa  
White women in Europe  
All color of women in America  
They all love each other?

And God created man and woman!  
Yellow, black and white men and women  
All living together in a love, hate relationship  
All living together in America  
With rainbow colored children  
Black and white children  
Yellow and black children  
Who just love to be a free American?

For Drew and Allan

Doris Dzameshie

# I Speak For My Forefathers

I alone shall speak for my forefathers  
for it is my time to tell the world  
their time is far gone  
They shall not be forgotten  
As their seeds are littered all over the world  
From the ends of African to the beginnings of America  
Yet, their time is far gone

I alone shall speak for my forefathers  
To tell the world the truth  
My time is here  
They shall not be forgotten  
As the everlasting word burned in their soul  
carried them from ends of Notsie to the beginnings of Anloga  
Yet, my time is here

Doris Dzameshie



PoemHunter.com

# The Crack Of Dawn

Will you see the crack of dawn tomorrow?

Will you feel the smooth soft breeze of the dawn tomorrow?

Will you see the stars tonight?

Will you feel the still silence breeze tonight?

Dancing to the eternal rhythm of birth and death

Wishing it shall be no more

Freely passing through the depth

Knowing you are free once more

Doris Dzameshie



PoemHunter.com

# Eulogy To A Woman

Today, she woke up alive and strong  
tonight we mourn her  
she was born afresh this morning with endless possibilities  
tonight we mourn her

She rode the tides of life this afternoon  
the waves of everlasting forbearance  
washed over her like the cloak of death  
in eternity sprinkled life  
she gathered moss to meet her maker

Rain shall not touch her anymore  
neither will she feel the rays of the sun  
nobody can help her anymore  
as the great 'I am'  
beaconed her to his eternal bosom  
where she can be free with endless possibilities

In memory of Whitney Houston - 1963 - 2012

Doris Dzameshie

# Puff Off That Inhaler

Why are they all looking at me?  
It must be because I am fighting to take a breath  
Lungs locked up in an iron cast  
Squeeze some air in there  
Give me life. Give me a puff of that inhaler  
Eternal God, let me live one more day  
To glorify the wonders of your work

Doris Dzameshie



PoemHunter.com

# Shadow Of Death

Sometimes I feel like being boastful  
Then I look behind me  
My shadow grins at me  
I feel this shall pass

Sometimes I feel like cursing out  
Then I look behind me  
My shadow laughs at me  
I feel this shall pass

Sometimes I feel like being mean  
Then I look behind me  
My shadow looks small  
I feel this too shall pass

Sometimes I feel like letting go  
Then I look behind me  
My shadow glows with colors of the rainbow  
I feel this too shall pass  
This too shall pass

Doris Dzameshie

# When

Will I ever see you again?

My love

Let my heart flutter one more time

Let me feel the pain one more time

Of knowing that we could never be together

I did not choose

to fall in love

Did you?

If you did, let me know

I will point you to the heavens

hoping you could map it out.

When I saw you again

my love

my heart fluttered one more time

I felt the pain one more time

knowing we are together again

The mirror of the soul dimmed

so that I could look at it

through the human eyes

and feel the love of God

with this human body

Doris Dzameshie

# Life Is Like A Pot Of Stew

Heat the cooking oil properly  
Pour in ground tomatoes  
Pour in ground red hot pepper  
Pour in ground onion  
Put in tomato paste  
Put in Curry powder  
Put in nutmeg  
Put in salt  
Let is simmer  
Until the mixture is almost dry  
Pour in some water  
Add some cooked meat  
Add in some carrot  
Add in some peas  
Let is simmer  
It is cooked  
If it tastes good, people will want more.  
If it tastes nasty, you be left with a pot of tasteless stew  
Life is a pot of stew  
You have to work at it to make it taste good.

Doris Dzameshie

# Sad In Jamaica

Nobody is sad in Jamaica

Ganja rules

Some people are happy in Jamaica

Reggae plays

Give me some ganja and play me some reggae

Everybody is happy in Jamaica

Doris Dzameshie



PoemHunter.com

# Johnny And The Gate Of Heaven

Are you a Muslim, asks the gate keeper  
Maybe, says Johnny

Are you a Christian, asks the gate keeper  
Maybe, says Johnny

Are you a Buddhist, asks the gate keeper  
Maybe, says Johnny

Are you a traditionalist, asks the gate keeper  
Maybe, says Johnny

Well done - you may enter  
Where ever people gathered to call God, we found you

Doris Dzameshie



PoemHunter.com

# Orilomola And Tanimola

I know what tomorrow holds  
I have all the answers to all questions  
Orilomola says to Tanimola  
Yet, you know not what tomorrow holds

Orilomola in Yoruba means "personality soul knows tomorrow"  
Tanimola in Yoruba literarily means " who knows tomorrow"

Doris Dzameshie



PoemHunter.com

# Not On Prozac

Peal or no pills  
They are all naked  
Happy as a lark  
Talking to the unseen ghost  
Stories of imagination and reality

Doris Dzameshie



PoemHunter.com

# Agbeli, The Cassava Man

Nourishing the Ewe, I can be banku  
Feeding the Yoruba, I can be gari  
Nourishing the Ashanti's, I can be fufu  
There is life in Cassava

Doris Dzameshie



PoemHunter.com

# My Bones

Tell you that I am old  
Tell you that I am a woman  
Tell you that I am fat  
Tell you that I am happy  
Tell you that I am exercise free  
That I wish I would never grow old

Doris Dzameshie



PoemHunter.com

# Black Velvety Sheet

Red velvety sheet for fun

Blue Velvety sheet for love

Pink velvety sheet for fun

Black sheet for stealing love

Doris Dzameshie



PoemHunter.com

# A Sense Of Identity

Can I take your identity?  
Ghanaian, Am I?  
Do I take your identity?  
Black American? Am I?

Whose name do I take?  
An Ewe? Am I?  
What name do I take?  
An Anlo? Am I?

What clan do I belong?  
Lafe? Am I?  
Which clan do you belong?  
Adzovia? Are you?

Doris Dzameshie



PoemHunter.com

# Sort It Out

The wheat from the shaft, beat it  
The lies from the truth, tell it  
The lice from the hair, comb it  
The leech from the body, salt it  
The fat from the meat, slice it  
The cloud from the sky, see it  
The man from the woman, feel it  
The pain from the pleasure, live it

Doris Dzameshie



PoemHunter.com

# Silent Scream Of The African In America

Silently screaming in our minds  
Oppression, torture, raping our very being  
Can't you hear our silent screams?  
Look deeply into our eyes  
For we cannot speak of the what, why, when and how  
So we scream silently.

Doris Dzameshie



PoemHunter.com

# Playing In The Praying Church

Who loves playing in the house of God?

Am I a catholic?

No, I am a protestant

Am I a Baptist?

No, I am a Pentecostal

All praying in the house of God

Am I a priest?

No, I am a pastor

Am I a Bishop?

No, I am a prophet

Are they all praying in the house of God?

Where are you, oh God?

Doris Dzameshie



PoemHunter.com

# A Broken Moon

You shall be whole again  
Like a silver of the moon  
On the way to wholeness  
You shall be whole soon  
It is a matter of time  
When all is said and done  
It is truly only a matter of time

Doris Dzameshie



PoemHunter.com

# Midnight At The Gate Of Heaven

Nothing moves  
All lie quiet side by side  
In sweet, silent repose  
Pillows of steel  
Names carved out with chisel  
Eternal graves of hell and heaven  
Reflections of midnight  
All is silent in deep reflection  
As the eternal I am moves  
Nothing moves

Doris Dzameshie



PoemHunter.com

# Celebrate My Life

Roaming around on the streets of Lagos,  
To the streets of Kumasi  
I can still hear her laughter  
Daa ga, don't mind them  
She would say

Roaming around the streets of Accra  
To the streets of Alexandria, Virginia  
I can still hear her voice  
Daa ga, don't mind them  
She would say

I can still hear her voice  
when I am gone  
Take me back to Anloga, Avume  
I want to rest with my uncles and aunts  
She would say

when I am gone  
tell old man  
add some cloths, shoes and some coins for my journey  
The rosary and the art work you gave me  
I still want to see Kumasi, Accra, and Alexandria  
I can still hear her laughter  
Daa ga don't mind them

Tell Agama lizard, I will miss him  
Tell Abby baby, I will miss her  
Tell Big Daddy, I will miss him  
I can still hear her laughter  
Daa ga don't mind them  
She would say

In memory of Beatrice Afi Dzameshie

Doris Dzameshie

# Mirror Of Death

The two faced mirror of life and death  
Why do you deceive me and make me look so pretty  
When the hands of death draws me to its eternal bosom  
The smell of death draws near  
Let it no longer lie to me

Doris Dzameshie



PoemHunter.com

# In My Head

In my head  
Born naked, died in splendor  
Birth could not take it away  
Death tried but failed  
It is all in my head

Wash my head gently  
Pictures of hind side  
Fallen on the way side  
Death tried but failed  
It is all in my head.

Doris Dzameshie



PoemHunter.com

# Worms In Africa

The worms in Africa are skinny  
Iseola wants to be buried in Africa  
The worms in Africa are not slimmy  
Which is why Iseola wants to be buried in Africa?

The worms in America are fat  
Iseola does not want to be buried in America  
The worms in America are slimmy  
Which is why Iseola does not want to be buried in America?

Iseola wants to be buried in Africa  
The home of her ancestors  
Where the worms are skinny and not slimmy  
Her tomb stone shall read "home at last"

Doris Dzameshie



PoemHunter.com

## 4 Peas In A Pod

Where are the 4 peas in the pod?  
Are they all players?  
Are they all slayers?  
All prostituting in a prayer?

Where are the 4 peas in the pod?  
Are they all chasers?  
Are they all haters?  
All prostituting in a prayer?

Where are the 4 peas in the pod?  
Are they all pretenders?  
Are they all contenders?  
All prostituting in a prayer?

Doris Dzameshie



PoemHunter.com

# Mirror Of Life

The two faced mirror of life

Why do you deceive me and make me look pretty

Where is the mirror

Why do you make me look so pretty

When the hands of death draws me near to its eternal bosom

The two faced mirror of life

The jars of perfume are not helping

The smell of death draws near

Let death no longer lie to me

Death, the two faced mirror of life

Doris Dzameshie

# Drums Of Life

Oh din din, I hear the drums

The eternal drums of hope

Ho din din, I hear the claps

The eternal hands of faith

Oh din din, I hear the stamping of feet

The eternal call of charity

All calling to the earth to wake and

Behold the joy of the eternal master.

Doris Dzameshie



PoemHunter.com

# The Iroko Tree

She walks with long strides

Gyrating, oh what gyration!

Hips made from chocolate

Her feet greets the ground

Happiness meets the Iroko tree

Gyrating oh, what gyration!

Yet, tall as the Iroko tree

Her feet greets the ground



PoemHunter.com

Sorrow meets the Iroko tree

Gyrating, oh what gyration

Deeply rooted in mother earth

Her feet greets the ground

Doris Dzameshie

# The Human And The Human Being (Ame Gbeto)

What is that shell that lies

So still and cold

The Ame just left

What is that shell that lies

So still and cold

The ame gbeto just left the ame

What is that shell

In the sleep of eternity

Ame is no longer gbeto

Ame Gbeto (means human being in Ewe language from West Africa)

In memory of Novile Dzameshie 09/24/2009

Doris Dzameshie

# Raised Hands

Hands raised towards the heavens

Reaching to touch the heavens

Call of the eternal song

Ring, ring, rings unendingly

Love songs to the eternal

Unending love songs

Ring, ring, rings unendingly

Sounds of eternal beauty

Hands raised to touch the heavens

So many gathered and gathering

Singing the songs of the eternal

No more shall the ear hear any other

The sounds of the eternal

So peaceful and pleasant

All standing in white robes

With hands outstretched

All to the eternal master



# Jerusalem Shall Not Sleep

Where is your God?

Yes, your God

No, our God

Beat them, stone them all

You belong to my God

No, I belong to their God

Yes, the God!

No, your God

Yes, their God

No, beat them, stone them all

Jerusalem shall not sleep

Neither shall you

Doris Dzameshie

# Waiting

Walking miles and miles  
Far as legs can go  
Shopping for new cloths to decrease the aging  
Resting, uplifting the spirit on cloudy days  
Sunny days are lonely.  
Looking carefree.  
Waiting to die, Tending the Gardens of Scarlet  
Cleaning the silver and bronze  
Washing the dishes.  
Waiting to die

Doris Dzameshie



PoemHunter.com

# Time

In time and space, there are no may be's, there are just "now"  
Here we are again in another time and space.  
The spirits of "now" have brought us together again.  
A patient me and a talking you

In time and space, there are no errors, there are just "here"  
Now we are again in another time and space.  
The spirits of "here" have brought us together again  
A high priestess and a trickster.

In time and space, there are no inconsistencies, there are just "when"  
Now and here we are again in another time and space.  
The spirit of "when" have brought us together again.  
A dancer and a drummer.

Doris Dzameshie



PoemHunter.com

# Ochoo

Ochoo  
Bless you!  
Cleared your head, did that  
Listen and be still  
Listen to the sound of the wind

Ochoo  
Bless you!  
Sound of the wind whispers  
Forever is my love for you.  
Only listen and be still

Ochoo  
Bless you!  
Should you wake the decade of slumber, my love?  
Dreams or illusion I see

Ochoo  
Bless you!  
A slumber of reflection  
Reflection of why the wind whispers  
Dreams of search for love

Doris Dzameshie

# Mango Tree

Great soul, why have you planted me here?  
In the middle of this great compound  
Only to behold these fleeting lives.  
As a mango tree, I have stood  
Generations have come and gone, yet I remain

Descendants of Wenya, have come and gone  
Under my shade the farmer spreads his produce  
Under my shade the fisherman watches his wife broil the fish  
Under my shade the shaman calls on the omnipotent to heal  
Generations have come and gone and yet I remain

The ancestors are summoned under my shade  
There is Besavi, here is Mansa, and there is Kweku  
Call them faster, call them quickly  
For I remember them all  
Generations have come and gone, yet I remain

Doris Dzameshie



PoemHunter.com

# Mad

The ravings of a mad woman  
They are coming she says  
They are coming  
Who are they? I ask  
She laughs  
I smile  
Who knows tomorrow she says  
What I ask  
She laughs  
I smile  
Look into my eyes and dream, she says  
Dream I ask?  
She laughs  
I smile  
She looks around  
I laugh  
She smiles  
Who is mad?

Doris Dzameshie



PoemHunter.com

# Child Of Light

You fascinate me, oh child of light  
Blinking little lights dancing around you  
Know that you cannot hide behind friends  
Your intelligence is a gift from God

You fascinate me, oh child of light  
Colors of the rainbow know you  
Know that you cannot hide behind strangers  
Your emotional strength is a gift from God

You fascinate me, oh child of light  
Plains of light know you  
Know that you cannot hide behind enemies  
Your spirituality is a gift from God

You fascinate me, oh child of light  
Children of light know you  
Know that you can no longer afford to hide  
Your material wealth is a gift from God

Doris Dzameshie

# Hole

Husband died of a whole in the heart  
Son one died of a whole in the heart  
Son two died of a whole in the heart  
Son three died of a whole in the heart  
Do I have to bury son four  
Son four died of a whole in the heart  
Luckily they left me some grandchildren.  
All with a hole in the heart

Doris Dzameshie



PoemHunter.com

# Grains

Oh grains of sand, sand of our sea shore  
Sand that moulded my grandfathers.  
Moulded them to be rich and strong  
Moulded them to be pure and true  
We are grateful

Oh grains of sand, sand of our sea shore  
Sand that moulded my grandmothers.  
Moulded them to be articulate and dignified.  
Moulded them to be caring and strict  
We are grateful

Oh grains of sand, sand of our sea shore  
You who moulded my children  
Moulded them to be vibrant and obedient  
Mould them to know that they are but grains of sand.  
We are grateful.

Doris Dzameshie



PoemHunter.com

# Choices

Do I have the choice to work?  
Destiny of choices  
I never asked to be born. Do I have a choice?  
I cried, slept and ate.  
I crawled, walked and fell  
I grew inch by inch  
What a choice  
I wore rags in cloths  
School thought me of choices  
Destiny led me on  
Not giving me a choice  
For destiny knew what was, what is and what will be.  
I grew with no choices.  
I made choices

Doris Dzameshie



PoemHunter.com

# Black

The black man will rule the world  
They will be suppressed and oppressed  
The black man will rule the world  
Slaves with bracelets of gold  
Chains of silver.  
Queens with eyes of fire  
Skin as dark as night  
The black man will rule  
Children scattered everywhere  
From the ends of Africa to the beginning of America

Doris Dzameshie



PoemHunter.com

# Acknowledge Me

Father wants to be acknowledged, son  
I need to move on, my son  
But can I go, without a prayer from you?  
Offer prayers for me, my son

Father wants to be acknowledged, son  
I need to get well, my son.  
But can I go, without a prayer from you?  
Let your brothers and sisters remember me.

Father wants to be acknowledged, son  
I need to bless you, my son  
But can I go, without a prayer from you?  
We said too little, too late

Father wants to be acknowledged, son  
Be your own man, my son  
But can I go, without a prayer from you?  
We loved too little, too late

Doris Dzameshie