Poetry Series

Emmanuel Kwabena Woyome - poems -

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Emmanuel Kwabena Woyome()

As a man with a varicolored outlook to life, many are tempted to pronounce him, 'the jack of all trades but master of none'. I would rather say that, he is but only a black brother cursed with myriad ideas and blessed in the same fashion with the spirit of imaginations. His proactive nature and the brilliance with which he approaches this whole concept of living, even spurs the enemy on to joining his league of supporters and admirers. He is like a bird in flight and the world, his for the taking...

A Pandemonium Of Doom (9/11)

Like an arrow piercing through the night, so was the pandemonium of doom.

Destruction stretched forth its handsand the innocent shook it,

out of ignorance.

The plea of children above suspicion,

fell upon deaf ears.

Wherefore, into the oceans fell their tears.

The perversity of fools-

coifured in a cataclysmic upheaval of shock,

rained on the blameless,

perspectives without filters.

Folly and cowardice pulled down the foundation of peace-

whereby life and death spoke one language with ease.

In a moment of an explosion of embarrassed silence,

the whole world stood in a breathtaking sadness.

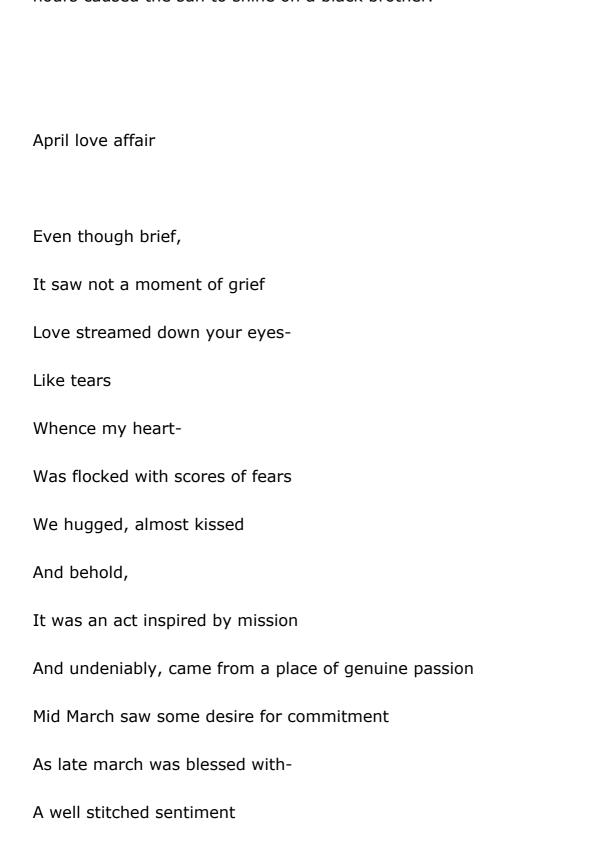
And beguiled by idiocy,

the guiltless lay in holy solitude.

This indeed was a pandemonium of doom.

April Love Affair

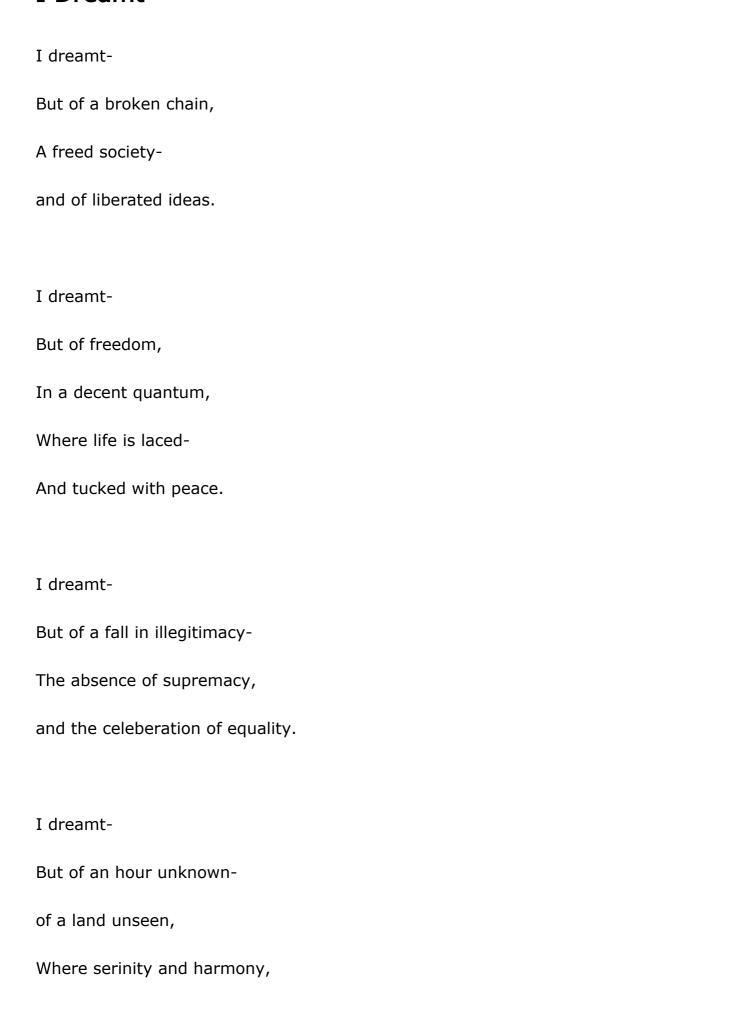
This piece is premised on a true experience which has left many questions unanswered and I carefully dedicate it wholly to E.A. Taale for inspiring me to......and just like Esther's one night with the king in the Bible, those few hours caused the sun to shine on a black brother.



April was natural When our disguised love, Became almost like a ritual Missing each other was akin to a duty Which we performed with-Some sense of sincerity But before dusk-This feeling was gone I searched the many things I'd done And realized that no wrong of mine-At the time was born Until this day-I only long for a revival

Of our April love affair....

I Dreamt



I dreamt-But of the absence of poverty, Nuclear bombs abolished, And a decent meal-Served on palets of onenessand understanding. I dreamt-But of the sound of vuvuzelas-Blazing the praise, of the Mandelas, And producing hymes-In sweet melodic notes and stanzas. I dreamt-But of ingenuity-Proactive thinking and intergrity-Invading the actions and thoughtsof today's generation and posterity.

Triumph over caos.

I dreamt-

But of a broken chain-

A freed society

And of liberated ideas......

Life Is Borrowed

I am not like-
a perfect investment for God
I just do not want to walk the streets
Like a stray dog
All my life-
I have longed to mimic Christ
Lay down my life
For the partial justification of the price
That was paid on the cross of light
This has brought me, you, you and you
this much delight.
I have longed for success
Held in my hands,
The very first trophy of the strugglesurvival!
And behold, it was sheer madness
I am not a perfect poet
Dut I have made lave to the ideals

But I have made love to the ideals-

of some of the world's most read sonnets

All I desire is a better life

Not necessarily a beautiful wife

Because, life is farce

Life is not for sale

Life is borrowed.

My Life On A Pen Drive

I woke up this morning-

And the feeling was all-but crazy

Even my bones felt lazy

When simultaneously, a shady thought struck my mind

I wanted to scan my entire life-

And put it on a pen drive

Though confused by the thought,

I felt a beacon of consolation-

Tickle my conscience that,

The whole of me would be safely archived.

When through the internet-

I would spread this virus of me

And everything that was, would once more be.

Men would share in this cake of greatness

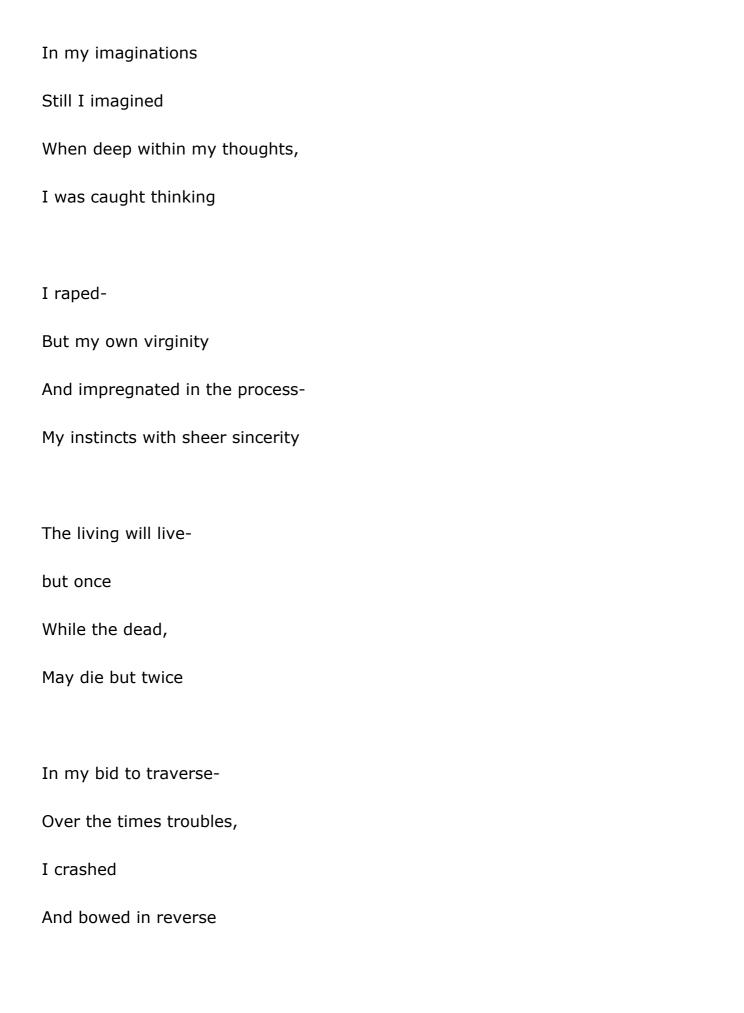
Baked in my brain

And just like Leo Tolstoy, I wanted to be remembered

And forever live not on a pen drive,

But now on yours and the minds of posterity!

Sarcasm



Fear teased my conscience

As insubordination nursed

At my feet-vengeance

I paid all of my dues

And yet owed so much

Hence, in my desire to experiment-with life,

I traded my breathfor a dead wife.

The Blind Deaf

Power ripped away the expectations of posterity Leaving the hopeless and powerless-Resigned to insecurity and inferiority Feud is juxtaposed with greed As myriad families-Find it yet impossible to feed Men are quick to justify-But the objective of warfare To the harsh neglect of-The provision of a decent healthcare An infant dies before his first birthday Whiles teenagers fear-But their retirement and old age The arms of dreams are hard twisted Rendering the thoughts of men-

Fragile and neglected

Brutality is cherished by queens and kings

Yet on their fingers,

They wear democratic bracelets and rings.

While we spit in the face of due diligence-

Responsibility is shirked with all meekness

And the sensitivity of the masses-

Wallow in a ditch of profound soreness

Mercy and empathy are both despised

Wherefore in the political realms-

Poverty remains under-priced

About the truth, facts are rumored

When under deceptive

and obsessed voices-

The ears of the weak are tutored

Selfishness is sewn in the air

And into the faces of disregard and impossibility-

Our women and children continually stare.

With a sip from the cup of supremacy

Apparently, authority suffers-

An immediate abuse

And the rule of law-

dealt an unflinching blow of misuse

Men kiss the feet of arrogance-

Perpetrate gravious horror

All in a sub-graded pretense

And yet, in the end,

We all feature in a roll of honor.

The Extravagance Of War

A resurgent rivalry

begets the demise of a feign bravery

that seizes freedom and wisdom by the neck

and twists it with the clutch of imperialism

where material domination drives-

the scruples of men to the expanse

of an overly optimism

In the struggle of wills,

men stand in the position of ease-

to defend fierce aggression

only as a logical extension

of a well-fed quest for peace

And amidst the sorcery of political intercourse,

some extol without recourse

the import of occasional warfare

wherefore down to ashes, cities are razed

and on our memories, these relics stay and cannot be erased

The flaws of nations are aligned-

but to the dictates of unscrupulous propaganda
whence, others with a conspicuously wicked agenda,
bring it to the fore- yet

After the achievement of social disruption

as a fundamental goal,

there cometh a quick, but bleak attempt

of resource mobilization

to heal the wounds and rebuild a devastated nation

on the fringes of organize violence

a few thrive on the madness of technology

and false pretence

to render others abdicated

where for many years, yet to be forgotten,

world war three, noblemen anticipated

facts stand that,

troops and missiles only instigate war

and leave on our minds, a primitive scar

wherefore, by these underlying dynamics a people are entrapped in the web, of global politics

Yet o're jars of dark coffee,
extremely illegitimate committees
sit and debate the fate of the many amputees
who somehow double pass for the status of refugees.

A resurgent rivalry

begets the demise of a feign bravery

that seizes freedom and wisdom by the neck

and twists it with the clutch of imperialism

where material domination drives-

the scruples of men to the expanse

of an overly optimism

The Man Incredible

On the flanges of expertise and sheer intelligence,

This man stood and facilitated dealsWhen between the world's government's and the people,

He nursed very special ideals.

By this, men feared his speedWhen not even any deed- of his

Was found aligned with greed!

Then-at the conception of our inabilities,

When even our ability to try-

Was buried with the skeletons

Of fear and tons of weaknesses,

This brother dined with several realities

Soon, in his league of professionals-

He earned the acronym-fearsome!

His tactics were incomparable,

And others said, his ways were unmatched

But we sought to pronounce him, the incredible.

This is a man who's seen it all in business-

Graced some of the world's hottest political platforms

Tested each line of fashion,

Committed every act of kindness-

With heaven remaining his only passion

He is Consol Alfred Agbesi Woyome

The World In Tatters

we say democracy

he's power drunk and so shows no mercy

burn the banner of idiosyncrasy

and eschew autocracy

yet we lift a finger in support of imperialism and supremacy

my thoughts are hard pressed-

as in ma own land, I'm fast depressed

many remain enslaved

food abounds yet mothers and babies are starved

we employ the trickery of destruction

so peace would listen

soon our wisdom fails us

and the chanting of war songs, we hasten

but on a blank page,

I wish this whole picture was re-painted

Darfur, Rwanda, Ivory coast....elsewhere-tsunami

and many fled to Miami

Lybia, Gadafi, Mugabe, Zimbabwe

we all flip our hands in despair

cause the hearts of many, are torn beyond repair

(the world is in taters

and our pretty hair,

is shaved by unscrupulous barbers

they call themselves, freedom fighters

in their bid to make things better,

they end up dispatching treachery

printed on flyers)

on the hype of this game of co-habilitation,
let selflessness preside
when in our hearts, we allow empathy to reside
lets not first destroy
only to rebuild through pain-like the city of troy
illicitly we cut down trees and chase the wild into extinction
whereas amongst ourselves, myriad souls need immediate eviction
our way of life depicts madness
constantly, in the middle of our wisdom, sits a dent of foolishness

the truth is coated with lies

But soon men would come to realize

that over their heads, a typhoon

of profound danger loom

At a hovel of haphazard gatherings,

the selfishness of men are adjourned

to meeting days unknown

(the world is in taters

our pretty hair,

is shaved by unscrupulous barbers

they call themselves, freedom fighters

in their bid to make things better,

they end up dispatching treachery

printed on flyers)

like sleepless clock hands, throughout the night,

Men gather for themselves possessions, in the absence of fright

Eat and drink of the cup of prosperity

To the harsh neglect

Of the pleading gaze of posterity

They ride on the backs of policies

Hide under the umbrella of economic indexes

And with the hand of fiscal projections,

They pat each other on the back like babies

from one time to another

dreams are updated

as our hopes remain outdated

" peace is crippled

fear and insecurity are coupled

the future is negated

and our weariness is doubled

in the filth of expectancy, we grope

as with a wrinkled faith,

for better days we all hope"

(the world is in taters

and our pretty hair,

is shaved by unscrupulous barbers)