

Poetry Series

**Emmanuel Kwabena
Woyome
- poems -**

Publication Date:
2012

Publisher:

Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

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 hands-
and 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.

Emmanuel Kwabena Woyome

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 love affair

Even though brief,

It saw not a moment of grief

Love streamed down your eyes-

Like tears

Whence my heart-

Was flocked with scores of fears

We hugged, almost kissed

And behold,

It was an act inspired by mission

And undeniably, came from a place of genuine passion

Mid March saw some desire for commitment

As late march was blessed with-

A well stitched sentiment

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....

Emmanuel Kwabena Woyome

I Dreamt

I dreamt-

But of a broken chain,

A freed society-

and of liberated ideas.

I dreamt-

But of freedom,

In a decent quantum,

Where life is laced-

And tucked with peace.

I dreamt-

But of a fall in illegitimacy-

The absence of supremacy,

and the celebration of equality.

I dreamt-

But of an hour unknown-

of a land unseen,

Where serenity and harmony,

Triumph over chaos.

I dreamt-

But of the absence of poverty,

Nuclear bombs abolished,

And a decent meal-

Served on plates of oneness-

and understanding.

I dreamt-

But of the sound of vuvuzelas-

Blazing the praise,

of the Mandelas,

And producing hymns-

In sweet melodic notes and stanzas.

I dreamt-

But of ingenuity-

Proactive thinking and integrity-

Invading the actions and thoughts-

of today's generation and posterity.

I dreamt-

But of a broken chain-

A freed society

And of liberated ideas.....

Emmanuel Kwabena Woyome

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 struggle.....survival!

And behold, it was sheer madness

I am not a perfect poet

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.

Emmanuel Kwabena Woyome

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!

Emmanuel Kwabena Woyome

Sarcasm

In my imaginations

Still I imagined

When deep within my thoughts,

I was caught thinking

I raped-

But my own virginity

And impregnated in the process-

My instincts with sheer sincerity

The living will live-

but once

While the dead,

May die but twice

In my bid to traverse-

Over the times troubles,

I crashed

And bowed in reverse

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 breath-

for a dead wife.

Emmanuel Kwabena Woyome

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.

Emmanuel Kwabena Woyome

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 organized violence
a few thrive on the madness of technology
and false pretence
to render others abdicating
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

Emmanuel Kwabena Woyome

The Man Incredible

On the flanges of expertise and sheer intelligence,

This man stood and facilitated deals-

When between the world's government's and the people,

He nursed very special ideals.

By this, men feared his speed-

When 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

Emmanuel Kwabena 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 tatters

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 tatters

and our pretty hair,

is shaved by unscrupulous barbers)

Emmanuel Kwabena Woyome