

Poetry Series

**Jacob Kobina Ayiah
Mensah
- poems -**

Publication Date:
2013

Publisher:

Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Jacob Kobina Ayiah Mensah()

A Kiss

A Maoist is reading a map
behind us in the kitchenette.
Maybe to marinate China
and tell us where we are
from grocery stores to the cafe
and name one mariachi music
in this new composition I work.
Our tongues are now maple syrup

in the marching seasons
to multicast the kibbutz;
the bigoted man has requested
again the bibliographies
for every speech we have moulded.
From this depth we must call
for plumage? Only yesterday
fifteen thousand neighbours died.

Jacob Kobina Ayiah Mensah

Arabian Horse

I hate a horse looking at me.
He leads me into an enclosed body
almost mine, where there is no light or darkness,
no sound or silence, I am locked in
by this body and its reflection, I cannot describe its embodiment.
But insider here with unbridled energy,
rearing up on hind legs,
pounding the ground with hooves,
snorting proudly, and charging forward courageously,
I stare at the things of beauty.
I am purebred Arabian.
I am chestnut in colour for centuries of Bedouin tribes.
Stallions playing in the snow.
I quickly fall in love with your beauty and boastfulness,
a unique gracefulness!
Can I earn your trust?
I neigh with glee in response to your smile on the wall.

Jacob Kobina Ayiah Mensah

Bedtime Story

No Stalins. No Mussolinis. No Marxist heads,
or Nietzsche's heads, or Luther's heads.
No masks. No fancy dressing.
No placards. No banners. No graffiti.
It's just a little world in your bed to ride on!
Its streets are bare and open to guesswork!
Its streets are glued with superheroes' footprints.
Tuesday night in the house of a latter-day Noah.
Wet breeze.

Human head, a complete world to be cut loosen.
No time, no voice to be titled.
But its citizens for example,
Superman, Spiderman and Batman,
have sent countless listeners to sleep who're not ready.
Because, you simply enjoy superheroes' madness.
You enjoy superheroes who've missed the future.
Your eyes ride upon their hearts full of adversities and setbacks.
Still, you push them to press forward.
You want them to trip in the streets, then stagger and lose their momentum.
Then, you push them more to stumble and fall
and certainly help get them up many times.

Don't trap your brain,
you warn, when it's busy solving a riddle of pain.
You tell yourself to stay calm a second.
Because in this silent night,
you draw them a thought to strive to resume
a course of loyal service to your world.
Thus, with a fiery flame of heart and mind
yes, you aid them a view everything in proper perspective and live beyond it.
Now, tell me, are those who listening to your superheroes
are not themselves superheroes?
Because they point to the contents of your body.
Here, you draft north or south,
when the chocolate in your mouth is almost finished,
everything becomes a symbolic foottracer,
not a mere joy with frequent idle moments.
You give them loyalty cars to carry about.

No plaudit. Those are self-imposed angels hooked to hooliganism.
Who've become wounded angels, kept in Dr Tulp's clinic as prisoners.
You rephrase yourself again and again.
This is how you colour the edges of your life.
How these edges juxtapose that makes your choice.
I concoct. Good night!

Jacob Kobina Ayiah Mensah

Black Testament

'Fools are always fools-

nothing can wash them clean, not even pools.'

In the beginning there was no short character sketch of Joy Boyle when the president invited us. Suddenly, she began producing heads and portraits in markers, airbrush painting, and those who were waiting for the leaves to fall down when the wind turned its direction from the South to the North formed long black ants of demonstrations and seized her genres. So everything at the end became beginning so that there was nobody to lead the fledgling artists at post. Maybe, your reporter will grimace your disassociated body parts and set his camera on the blood denunciations when a new queue from the president's steps to the graveyard is ordered. Now, have you recognised at once the smell of the corn dough from the corridor where the children have just packed their dirty school uniforms? I do not want to disturb this man's silence who is still ashamed because he has again Frenchified his extra lights with 'Correggiosity of Correggio'. So can her knife get through this flesh before her very soft painterly style? Oh, no! They say. Now neem (nim) tree, bamboo, grass, mango, pawpaw, hibiscus, and sunflower are growing in this dilapidated house while we live in the uncompleted single rooms next to the collapsed well, she has eschewed recognisable objects by using thick impasto, agitated brushwork.

Jacob Kobina Ayiah Mensah

Congo

From Congo to Zaire
The road is too narrow that, one needs
To walk in naked, but we now in this car,
I see how I am struggling to look through
The windscreen, because of the eddying winds ahead of us,
You look at my face, making me remembering
What that old woman told you, "Do not forget
That you are here as a correspondent."
We have come to where the children have drawn
The world of the mythological river
In charcoal on the walls. And behind
The bamboos, scarecrows,
We see half the road.
Reading Congo, I read another Frankenstein,
I cannot switch on the lights on this detestable approving roots
Before us. That is not the picture to write
For those who cannot read the language we speak here.
But the faces of these children in Kinshasa are better than
Those we saw in Leopoldville, making me
Looking at Colombia again
In cold-blooded assassinations of artists
For the love of word, you can keep to Bogota,
Because the night is near and the stars will be out,
And our shadows will be lengthened in the lantern,
Where the almond tree has grown.
This is not the time to sing Osip Mandelstam hymns,
Because you have religious Sabbath
And possess paintings from Martinique
For the madness in love,
When you were seduced
For your beauty,
I ended in Katanga.
But you have achieved your images from death,
From this great house, here every experienced pilot
Is a murderer of poets,
The sun rays have entered River Congo behind us.

What are the uses of these papers soaked in the water?
Are these for recycling for the news?

Oh, it is sunset. The sun is purple.
And I am waiting for that old man's tales,
Here at this ford.
And today, the children are reading the books
You buried in the lake. The flame of their leaves
Are blue, the love you have longed
From this verandah we sit on,
That is why I have burnt more than
Thirty three pieces of my paintings
In these savages of the ripened November
For our ancestral life in the multicultural world,
I seize the tears in your eyes
For the lives in the valley beneath you.
The old man is coming in,
In the shadows of souls who are breathing
With uncontrollable tongues,
For dissolving hills which are blocking the sight
Like a spinster on doubted reflections,
The towns are far in decaying harvest.
And what this old man will tell us,
Of this undulating landscape, I cannot tell you
When the guava trees are the anthills
For a tourist's posture, ancestors' shadows
Are buried in you, my unified exercises,
For the School boys who are eagerly
Writing your life with hunger's salt.
There are no rites for the shameful rivers we cross,
That is why we carry our skulls in one bag,
We are relearning our histories,
And how to write them
For a sacrificial crow,
I am in the womb of the earth,
I can feel the dewdrops on me,
My memories, that open door,
A face is coming out, from a cobweb.
Wait! Folkman, let me fetch my torchlight!
The darkness on the fragmental plains
Is washing away
Under the whitewash,
And the Belgium flag is waving
In the silent world of snow,
Where blind visored faces

Have lived for many centuries
Without maps for the sea,
And till the tension of this new migrating footprints
In this wet soil,
Becoming the pages
Behind edges of questions for another equinox,
This language we speak across
The engulfing country
Will be the passage for a divided life.
Remember, the roots are like a coronet
We walk on, are the taste of water
We yearn with falling in love
For my seaward, is always like writing
A letter to alcoholic painter.
Now, quenching our thirst with poems,
From the direction of the tide,
You hear the women going,
Carrying pots,
Laughing, chattering, my clansmen are still drumming,
The dancers are on their feet, their breasts
And buttocks, shaking in the air
By the side of the bonfire with a fixed looks,
I smell a local brew, I find you
So intoxicated, your nest, behind an eagle,
Procession of thunders, here I see
The primitive fever, glowing in the fire,
The day is drifting away
Into the veiled shadow of a cave,
I am satisfied, I am happy,
Under this ceiling, for my end
Which being among archipelagos.
The schooner is always my walk,
My false limestone of sculpture piece,
Evoking an adulterous affair,
We endure and explore my personal
Disintegration between two rivers
Ahead of us, for the remains of refugees.
Look, man! Are you naming this regenerating swamp,
A place of souls?
Let the rain fall, when the clouds are still black,
And our time will be occupied
By the plantations of seedless crops.

And that mark you draw at the bottom
Of this depth for a shape in culture
For our women here, the train
Has taken over the metal teeth,
Becoming waves, breaking
For unfashionable number of passengers
That you transferred
From the deafening winds,
The songs, their water falls, with on voices
Like your Hemingway hero.
Because nothing is so beautiful than the silence
In the mountains in us we feel,
That is why I always tell you that
Pictures and books not for ignorant.
But here our pictures are in the hands of illiterates,
The elite,
For the spoilt children we bring them up,
I smell this vomit of corn food again,
And walk through the buffeted rains.
I am wet, rain-water runs down my chest,
The branches of these white papers are wet,
Are clear before us, like unshaven corpse
Still in exile, you are starving in exhausting occupation,
Becoming something lucrative
Than writing poetry when the sacred salt
For the soul's journey illuminates a child.
A child who has never known its water fever before
And the approaching exercise of love,
These images on the slope towards home,
Growing into archetypal graveyard
In our own ancestral lands
For the cheated tribes of refugees
Who are surviving the cyclical notes
Of the music on your guitar.
Sometimes the smoke from the mountains,
Ascending we see here
Through the dark clouds of the rains,
Making me think that
I am climbing another mountains in Nepals
For a walk in the salt mouth,
You write
For changing body, the cleft,

From the dance music. Although the street lamps
Attract the sleeping moths
From the sun cities,
But this stricken mud transcends the souls.
Here you are a foreigner,
And I, a native.
But there is no difference between us,
Because both of us are strangers
To this unapproachable landscape,
Only a look at unconscious sexual attitudes
With quixoting clouds,
We have made our way over Justice Shallow.
We are still hunting the stone-mine
In El Dorado,
Let Katanga
Be our next door
Before the empty and wasted sea
Cover the printed valley
Through the clouds
Of a philistine indifference to art,
I drink my coffee behind this religion,
Becoming the seasons in this village.
However, the peasants here
Are our Sundays,
To calculate the months you have designed
On stamps and calendars
For the waiting broken skeletons in the lizards.

We have arrived in the frozen forest,
Where dead are not mourned
With an arm stretched, a tributary of River Amazon,
You are not tried of these streets,
Because my yellow ribbon of islands
Is not giving a dull silence
Like Mendelssohn's hand without
Remembering the tomato sauce we ate,
With no cause of unchaperoned vomits,
Our desires for cheap faith have taken a shape,
The villages have come to view like the congregation
Of stairs buried in the rain clouds,
We have become use to grouping with our hands
In the dark world,

Where light is always a cutting stone.
And further from River Congo,
Where the wreaths of the earth stretch,
From the absence of shadows behind the rocks
For your victims of paranoia,
Not because of Marta Abba's love,
Because I am still fighting between my live for art
And my love for a woman,
Here my kinsman's hands have seized the waist of the water
Beneath the villages, soaking the chalk in the tide,
I see the old forest again growing for flowers
For a path between the two valleys
That leads us across the elevation,
The windowpane becomes our limit.
We still hear the growling noses in the soil,
Original rotting sapling, the black gospel,
Nailed behind the white horizon
For the black spirit,
Leading you homeward.
I have borrowed that direction
For the dark Arctic world with august customs
Of Tundras, the globe in Africa,
Representing my second home,
You are taking your Akan lessons,
And I, waiting for my Russian translator woman,
I open the albums of yellow sun,
Your eastward makes you more tropical
Than black falls on the back,
Meaning the death of our second birth.
The night witches are marching towards the villages,
Next before us, we shall soon arrive
On the orphan mountains with pasted souls,
You will climb the generation's amnesia
With spectacles of panorama,
My toothache is transfiguring my vision.
I need extra ember before I can close
This book and lock the monster with toothless cuts,
In the world where everything is too old and for the coloured sea.

Jacob Kobina Ayiah Mensah

Footing

And again last night I painted my face
with the sun, thus, you became convinced
that you and I should exchange
our industrial position one more time
so that you were the supplier of love
and I was the producer of heart.
Unfortunately, when it was still raining
for me to fix my art, we clashed in your grocery store
over which types of hearts I should
manufacture because your consumers
were demanding love-at-first-sight. So, trying
to cover my gringo because those in your presence
were Latinos, you showed me again Turner's
Burning of the Houses of Lords
and Commons. I was quiet for the whole night
because the parliament passed
the laws in your favour, I revived
my Gothic reminded
me again where I stood in my bedroom studio
to master my diplomacy in this emergency
when you were burning frankincense for the immediacy
to fortify our cooling- off period.
Was your hearts you bought from the other stores
palpitating? Was mine immaculate?
Oh, I forgot to cremate the bodies
you had brought alone side with Rapheal's
unfinished works. And now that you are saying
I must take back my Filippo Lippi and you, your Lucrezia,
is this possible in the hall of brutal illusionism
where even the gods are falling with thunderbolts?
It's here again your sweet smelling perfume has woken
me up from my dark memories, I'm waiting for you.

Jacob Kobina Ayiah Mensah

From The Cold To The Warmth

Living in the a London flat
in one of the coldest wintertime
and Ariel, your ship,
ahead on the sea
waiting
and Frieda
and Nicholas
warming themselves
and the whole world was
laughing
with Lady Lazarus,
the bell jar tolled.

Drawing cartoons of the sea and wanting
to send them to you
and meeting Anne
but February was not
too far
from the first pole
where you had heard voices
of Otto and Ted
driving
you to the edges of darkness,
the bell jar tolled.

Was the world
aware of that coming
winter storm
across London and elsewhere?
Your breezy words were
pulling
my brigantine
from a Breton port
to bridling wells,
I was

brinkmanship,
the bell jar tolled.

I knew
I would
meet you again
sloshing
in Blackberrying waters
I would not ask for love
behind the green glass:
this was no
wimping
because the rainbow was painted in the sky
and the world was still silent,
the bell jar tolled.

Jacob Kobina Ayiah Mensah

Hourglass

They spent the light
without you
without replacing
new fires
the children dusted
the stars
and the sky
became blackout
he was there
in the window
watching
the kites
flying up
and up
till he lost the world
in the owl's eyes
and night
became everywhere

Jacob Kobina Ayiah Mensah

Improvement

Remitting them every week
they increase and improvise
the boots, states, canopies,
and anywhere buyers could
reach them without adverts.

Buying and selling, economic windows,
the incandescent foundation
behind the house, nobody dares
use the mind, heart, and spirit,
the incense incendiarily burning.

Jacob Kobina Ayiah Mensah

In Paris

I remember now.
How our beings,
so little bin, are
for the world
to fill our souls
with rubbish, I am
never used before.

Because I have
stayed upstairs
all my life, I am
here today in the street
as a stammer
in the wind. Now
leftover behind glasses.

Jacob Kobina Ayiah Mensah

Johannesburg

Johannesburg is a painting of night watch.
The night of peacock feathers of the sky,
framed as smouldering countryside,
every very tall smoking building
reflects a part of the cloudstreets
where silhouettes float
in street corners,
this is witching hour
of the tale of the body,
scratched through by the stylus.
When difficult birds to be known in the future
are perching high on the the penthouse
above the cliff
and a Scrooge
scrunches behind your scruple,
your aging process is marked
on every light falling
and civic pride is left behind
in the lofty rooms of old age.
With the pike stands guard,
you scrub
and scrub the Adam's apple
from more tunes of noise
and blinding Samson.
This is Johannesburg.
This is my new found love.
This is grand tour of gramophone record.
This is a work of craftsmanship and learning.
A place to name after the Dutch market.
A place where sleep is illness.
Let no Captain Frans Banning Cocq and his band
walk here across the canvas,
taking revenge on a cook who has slashed you.
But these dots of lights scattering below in the valley of my heart,
where you are peering out over the shoulder,
these merging colours in loose brush work
and leaving a darkened surrounding space,
your young women are highlighted in yellow from distance,
each figure appears to be a defined character.

In this long series of self-portraits
through a magnifying glass
you remain the night watch.
Johannesburg a lyricist in peacock feathers of wet night.

Jacob Kobina Ayiah Mensah

Judea

Pulling Judea, the cruising yacht,
in misfit weather, and already this careless sea,
you call me these your Liverpool hard cases,
are the right stuff
for the day.
These are the alternative spaces,
rising in the languagescape of the sea.

Jacob Kobina Ayiah Mensah

Letter To Dr Mk Lee

dear you
having obtained my lunatic certificate
i discovered that i must die
of exhaustion at the end
of this short life
and this vomit of someone
you do not know
in your mouth
i encourage you
to carry to the end of the sea distance
and to write anything about myself i cannot
i cannot reach my mind and my heart
facts are on more facts only imagination
or the beauty of senseless visions that works
i drink silence
in asylum
the volumes of this elaborate rhythm
from the surface of pools behind
and whether these are filled with bodies
i cannot tell you
only my mind a mirror
reflecting in the dankness
only sleeping body
in the wet blanket
a mound for growing
knowledge and understanding outside me

Jacob Kobina Ayiah Mensah

Moonwater

Cancel a performance that ends someone's life
between living statues in an art gallery.

I detect water in the plume of dust created
after his departure.

The cloud is examined again
by spectrometers, the chief curator laughs,
when isolated rays of light are wetting us
from the moon's north pole.

My neighbour's schoolboy is stained,
I am asked to crash a two-stage rocket
into the space above us
to sympathise my victim
with words that have not been misguided by loyalty,
I probe more than millions of tons of water
likely to suffer from love disorders.

Jacob Kobina Ayiah Mensah

Mould

I hold the darkness this time
before you so that you too can
touch the walls with bare hands.
I tear the papers into pieces
for the moulding in the starch.

You can see a faint candlelight
in the wind in a distance.
That is the memories. The steps
are closer to the ears now
from seventy-two years down.

Can you remember our guest
in this empty house? He is
the only man here in red dungarees,
you cannot reach his face.
I see the first dog he killed

before he creakedly locked
the gate. The fume from his mouth
clouds the room and it is too
late to ask questions, someone
from behind restores our tongues.

Jacob Kobina Ayiah Mensah

Mozambique

You were not here but you heard it,
You heard the water, boiling over the hilltops,
Roaring in your ears, far deep in sleep,
Because, the windows of this house were opened.
But, it is still raining here than before;
And if I look, through this open window,
Through the rain, I can see how River Limpopo
Is growing larger and fatter, and what I see again
Is more than those established roots of the past
And individuals who are living
In their own time in the waters,
The waters are streaming
From another form of the mangroves,
Growing in the white clay, Maputo is sinking
In these waters, on the bark of relief.
Can you clothe yourself in Chimoio cotton
When the day is still cold?
Although it is afternoon here but the weather,
That of morning winter,
You have travelled from a long journey
On the Moatize-songo road
I do not know whether there is Quelimne for a tea
In the open cupboard.
But there are grape fruits
And oranges to expand their development,
Our dependence on physical growth, becoming
Rotting souls on the banks of Zambezi river.
Mozambique in waters, and the child
Who was born in a tree which was made
For media for providing pure drinking water
Across Africa which soon became sewage
In this country, I see a tree of life.
If you look back, it looks as if anything
Had happened here, because the rocks
In the waters are glittering in the sun.
Please, do not close the window,
I know how the wind blows the rains in here,
Sit down and finish this cooked rice and herbs soup,
The visitors are waiting for us in the reception room.

You hear what the old man is saying,
"Oh, my heroes and heroines are not
Those who carry guns but those who carry
Their daily life in the face of war, "
Are the strength of this landscape,
The sun which has been hidden for so long
In the clouds black as the kitchen smoke,
Is raising, and you these children
Will be the first to eat the rice growing in the waters.
Once the land was redness in the heart,
For the washed feet in the lost inhabitants,
Our rural community became metaphor of dreams,
Because the sunstroke attracted dazed culture,
There was relationship between
The artist and his community,
This recurring possession leaving blue
Of perspective images behind the noisy village marketplace.
Oh? Do you want to remind me of the Pompeians,
Who are still living in the volcano eruption?
Once hurricane nearly swallowed our womb,
With unwashed mouth kisses on the cheekbone,
I nearly lost my breath,
Because the smell was the choked gutters,
You accepted the book on the ocean
Because it contained blue ashes made of the shells,
I uplifted the sacred memories, erasing
The names of absent heroes for the fish men,
Our real historians, the green bottles sank,
The kitchen smoke, coiled below the knee,
For that map sketched for our roots,
The amber of once lost island,
You recovered as a husband
Without seasons, but with registered verse
For the sea.
And now that you are sick walking with mythological light,
Can you identify a nurse without in her uniform?
The sepulchral villages are my symbols,
Representing the society,
My vision declines,
Falling into the rains,
That is why you have not missed your cosmos,
Your bulwark, my waterfall that nearly

Buried me with the frozen world.
There are no images for the deaths,
We know only migration, stepping in the room,
Where reviewers sit and talk of apparitions
From Greek mythology with sea blast,
I compress every meaning into one word,
That defines our community.
The ghosts have survived
The nineteenth century missing world,
With no genealogical feet, the roots
Of ancestors, a shadow, lengthening
Into the swamp with a change of merge,
The knots on the edge of this mountain,
You see from committing inner suicide,
My explanation to your angry you felt,
When all the passengers were looking at you.
But this November month
Is not good for subscription
Of poems in the waters
Which run beneath us, for I hear your soft voice
Coming from the divided soul.
I have prepared the evening table
For the broken memories
With white foam in the mouth,
Bubbling out from the sea.
And the odour bodies of this room,
That have created your music
With one stringed instruments,
Because you hate architecture
Of antique hand, are haunting,
Haunting for a shore to anchor the boat,
Carrying fables, which are so dirty
Because of lost of memory,
I have held the bark of a tall iroko tree,
You cannot climb this shadow ladder behind
With the lantern that smokes,
Because, the tide is ebbing, howling,
But this is all that we yearn here,
That is why we are more spoilt
Than Caravaggio, Jean Genet
And the tortured drunken Francis Bacon.
Oh, good that these shadows are our shelter

For us to hide our wasted life,
We continue with our other life.
And you say I should give these children
Gulliver's Travels to read?
Do not laugh at me, when the water fills
Like a peacock fans under this rock,
Let the empty cans from the tourists' hands
Become the bellies for these children
Because I have married twice, the first ended
In the blue horizon, and now
This in poetry, I climb the hills,
I can see the village, the fisherman is going homeward,
We walk under the ghost palm trees,
Because we are to build after every rain
With our keys which have fallen
Into the hands of the strangers on the beds
Of these waters. That is why we grow rice
In these waters when it is still raining
Although we have been awoken in our long sleep,
For the dead memories buried in us.
Mozambique in waters, and the faces
Of the children are innocent, whitening
In this late morning sun in the dark sky.

Jacob Kobina Ayiah Mensah

Parmigianino

Now if I die
bury me naked
with a cypress tree
standing upright
on my breast-
in the bedroom of Mazzola
I am drifting
into my body
by the water current
through the darkness.

Jacob Kobina Ayiah Mensah

Performer

He was angry,
burning every wood
he came across
till he discovered
that the city
he had built
inside him
was facing drought
for the past forty years.

He entered
the public bathroom
to cool his temperature
the streets inside there
were flooded,
especially, the principal,
taxis and police cars sirened,
he vomited salmon.

He stopped drinking
and slouched.
He could see the city
in darkness,
its people
carrying
their belongings
to the field,
he tied the bandanna
around the neck
to migrate,
the security officers arrested
him with the house.

Jacob Kobina Ayiah Mensah

Serving As A Bridegroom

They came back
in black suits and gloves,
and a big smile, shared,
on the faces,

without your brother.
Your pals came back, risibly
looking for your photos,
mama sent for you

but you were nowhere.
We were told
brother was deep down
in the ground,

the sacred place,
where they had
locked him
and now serving

as a bridegroom
in a bed
to the goddess
of peace.

Will brother come
back, you ask,
I cannot tell.
But I know

his head was
sent to the nearby
museum as plantasm,
to warm the tourists.

The ganjas came back
because Spring
was near;
and wanting to usurp

more brothers
with long and multiple
erections, they set
a trap;

and I was the first
to fall
into the vat
they seared

and warned, recessing
me not to come
to the game
because I was

too young to sift
through my blood to bed
with her; this was
thousand years away.

From where you hid
you saw the rag-and-bone
men by the faces
they gored him

he gnawed at them
you wanted to stop
the gang rape
but who were happy

descending down
their paeon, shouts,
could not make
you hear across

the platform,
you remained silence,
ever since, listening
to the salacious

in the saleroom,

and I, feeling
no mope, or moonlit,
I watched them.

December is near
they arrive in banners
to tug
more brothers

whose eyes fixed
on the large nipples,
the burning scented powder
aid them

as catalepsy, or semen,
they sink ritzyly, down
and down, the voices
cannot be heard again.

Jacob Kobina Ayiah Mensah

Spanish Civil War (1936-1939)

Where did they carried your shadow
a frozen bed
among headlight seeds?

Where did they stop
in your path of thunder
hiding from hydrangea?

Where did they hung your poetry
a waterfall
among the gypsies?

Where did they open your door
and shut behind
the wall of the wind?

[For Federico Garcia Lorca,1898-1936]

Jacob Kobina Ayiah Mensah

Survived

And last night in a bustling shopping district in Seoul when Professor X had died and Congo was dying in Goma without trade marks, I was following you as a passerby, you tall, slim, carrying shoulder length wavy hair and large breasts, to close up the differences between you and me behind the crowds you torn apart in your catwalk, I hid myself from making one step to another. Anyway, did you see me amongst the blackberries? I knew from the very beginning that you hated my identity and you were no ready to replace me in the thousand steps we crossed. That was why I shielded my face with a newspaper to chamber myself from the woman from Kosovo, almost like you, who was keeping her magnet on me. Though I was still your Stygian we moved in staccato, should I oxidise my heart so that you'd earn a high price for the action? My consortia were dividing Israel for you and I, and awarding all ex-fighters of 2nd World War. So when will you stop for me to see your face, woman, and probably, say 'Hello madam? 'And add, maybe, 'How does it feel like falling in love? 'I know somewhere around the terra cotta churchhouse, I'm a slow swimmer but I keep close to the bottom in coastal waters. But you replied, 'Pekinese, may I hear you now. Hurry up. No negotiation.' Holding my neckline all the time, I said, 'Caesar is still resting in his grave.' But the typhoon swallowed us, I held your right hand because I was Neapolitan this time around, we were eating our popcorn in silence on the cold beach; it was almost 4: 30 am and two yellow birds were crossing the sea.

Jacob Kobina Ayiah Mensah

The Fern

I heard you coming in from behind the door
without your feet rustling in the dry leaves.
I heard you this time trying to close the main gate
without creaking it against the wooden post
when you were still singing, 'I have got so much in this world

so live forever
and I will be there to complete your life.'
I heard you coming to the bedroom without crackling in the fire
when I was still at the high seas in the book I was reading,
I met you this time face to face,

we stood for hours with a glass of orange juice,
fizzing inside me,
before I offered you a place to sit down.
But having nothing to say,
because you could not reach your words,

I added, 'Where is the drug addict? '
'He is behind the wall, ' you said.
I jumped from the bed and embraced you,
'Oh you are still in your night dress, ' I heard you,
when your hands were moving in the sea waves of my buttocks

'Do not cry we are in our bedroom, ' I said
and embraced you
and kissed you
more to fill the gaps we had created.
Will this wall fall on us again?

I do not want to think again
because I will be there to complete your life
when I pull you from the crotch of your mind.
So hold me! Hold me from my large breasts and follow me in the deep seas I am
leaving you now though it is very cold when I step on the floor of droplets,

I am feeling warmth.
Swim following the leafy fronds ahead of us
and keep your breath for another day

I am your fern
when I keep on playing with your bristly hair.

Jacob Kobina Ayiah Mensah

Triangle

You built a city
as large as Sao Paulo
in your stomach;

you invested growers
in the coffer industries,
labourers stepped behind.

Jacob Kobina Ayiah Mensah

Two Haiku: For The North Africa

Smoky fog

in the living memory.

Born-again sun.

Three faces

in a classroom.

Blue, yellow and red.

Jacob Kobina Ayiah Mensah

Waiting To Celebrate

Ever since Brother Ian brought down
his wife, Anna, from St Petersburg
through the postal mail
he has not been happy.

See that deep gully on his face,
filled with sweat and heat;
and when nobody is around
inside the yard, he whispers

to the wind, 'Why all these? '
But he cannot stop
resting his eyes on the bitches
that walk in from here.

We in our helmets, wanting
to metamorphose, quarrelling
among ourselves (because
everybody yearned badly to heir

Anna when the long journey
with the train ends in divorce
very soon) , eavesdropping
in the garden, watering

the adjective poems, containing
insects, while keeping the trapdoor
high above my siblings, we define
and explain every word in the wind.

Just some few minutes ago
at the breakfast table when
there was not enough cake
for everyone

and waiting for his declaration
of exacerbating, Uncle John
broke the news, 'Your brother

and his wife have gone back to Russia.'

Jacob Kobina Ayiah Mensah

When The Sun Turns Red

An incandescent lava fountain,
a summer of strange, dry fog
settling over large parts of the Northern Hemisphere,
the sun turns bloodred.

Among the Sioa area of southern Iceland,
it is Laki fissure eruption.

Among the Brits and French folks
it is a black haze extending out
from the north,
darkness spreads over the ground,
everywhere, becoming
coated with fine ash.

Earthquakes begin.

Tremors begins.

A terrible stream of fire pouring forth
from Skafta canyon,
engulfing everything lying in its path.

The winds carry the noxious atmosphere
to great distances,
foul-smelling and sulfurous belch anything,
including Mississippi and the Gulf of Mexico.

Jacob Kobina Ayiah Mensah

X (One)

24 hours GMT

in a hole of a wound...traffic...redlighglows...

how many TIME to look...(snowy grave) ...

so that at every decorated

HUNGRY

face...

at Y junction...

the speed of the mind runs downwards(ETC) ...

we buy and sell weselland

BUY

and wetthewings

the taxi is every blood

THE TAXI IS EVERY BLOOD that wet

the WINGS

for us (HE & SHE) owing

...(WHAT) ? ..., () ..., ! 24 hours

GMT

how many

TIMES to wait pasting several seasons together...

at every decorated face in a hole of past wounds

we

buy

and (SELL) ... () ..., a dazzling snowy landscape

Jacob Kobina Ayiah Mensah