

Poetry Series

Kojo Owusu

- poems -

Publication Date:
2009

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

Kojo Owusu(1984)

A Plea To A Lover

When the rushing rivers
Of life brings with it silt
Of bitterness and frustration
I know you will not desert me
For in this ecstatic state we
Find ourselves in will not last.
So when the rains turn to blood
And the cool breeze a
Destructive storm
I pray that you will not leave me
For we are bound to encounter
The unknown alternative
So let us hold hands
And plunge into the depths
Of life's vicissitudes.

Kojo Owusu

Apple Love

She came holding
Her treacherous heart
Her gyrating
Ephemeral heart
Caressing it softly
Tenderly
With love smiles
Killing all the atoms
Of reluctance.

I followed her
Dumbfounded
Unaware
Of her
Vile snare.

She was giggling
Whispering all the while
Quite meaningless
Until she said:

“Are you afraid? ”

A horizon
Of fruits
We stood in the garden
Silently admiring each other
Her eyes glinting
Her body enticing
Her firm breasts
Irresistible
Her apples attractive
Her river overflowing
Its banks.

We embraced
I tasted the apple
I dived into the river
A rupture overtook me

Till I heard footsteps
I became afraid.

Kojo Owusu

By The Fireside

Let us send more firewood to prolong
The flares too rare, too brief, too short
Besprinkled with oily kernel – logs
Of the poison tree smoldering - burning
Setting the clammy hearth aglow,
Warming the rugged cold knees
Of the curious folks and brightening the face
Of the ancient griot.

The ancient griot by the fireside
Would teach the children the mystic origin
Of the tribes. He would narrate strange stories
And fables that teach instruct and entertain.

The children would throng
The huge central arena
With ardent naked feet
They would sing and clap and dance
And would murmur softly about
The wily crafty ways
Of the spider.

The maidens would charm the
Primal arena with their bewitching soothing songs
They would heave their breasts
And would shake their luring
Waists and boys would swallow spittle.

The drums would howl and growl
They would echo in the forest and the bright horizon.
Laughter, mirth and unbridled joy would burst
From the throats of the folks
The thatched huts would be in delirium tonight
They would shelter delighted itching loins
They would conceal screams of wild ecstasy.
Tales of bloody past would not be remembered

Such is the ways of the gentle genial folks
The countryside heroes unspoiled by civilization
Untainted by the tumults and the futility of the clangorous city.

Such is the wonderful gathering of people devoted to nature
Such is the mood and atmosphere and nature
When the folks gather by the fireside.

Kojo Owusu

Caliban

Come secorax - on this island now a morass
Tossing on the tormenting waves incessantly
And rising - a miasma portentous - lost
Chance on uncertain tides- shores disfigured
On land formidable
Come Secorax on this island now a mire
Come Secorax Caliban calls
The island is engulfed by deluge of strangers
I am dispossessed;
I am dispropertied;
The caves would never resound Caliban
The sea would cease to roar my authority bequeathed
The enchanted island has succumbed
I toil from morn till eve and I feel the pangs
Of pain and anguish
Around my neck and shoulders a burden unrelenting
I have sunk into the quagmire of servitude
I am despised and trampled upon
Where are you on the waves mother
When I call you on the rocks
It is my voice that I hear back
Dire echoes of frailty
I stood on the silent shores and took pleasure
In the miserable lots of the imprisoned sprites
Celebrating their confinement which you
Executed in your pastimes.
Now the advent of an aged tatters;
Forerunner of my doom
With a little fair lady, a tiny angel.
In a rocky recess of a cave the aged man haunt
A strange sturdy with voluminous books
Pile on pile - here he practices the art of magic
The tumultuous sea his wand
And to the imprisoned sprites
He has given dire liberty
And the violent and ominous sound
That emerges from the sea echoes my captivity.
What is known as pain and anguish I can define
The anguish - the huge sense of loss

Of utter dissolution
Uprooted suddenly to grumble and grovel in silence
He is a master of charms and spells
Guardian of storm and lord of the waves
But not the pangs of his authority that is ruining me
This island was our home guarded by sycorax and caliban
Here was our home and the vast sea stretches far away
here we lived in bliss so rare and subdued our enemies.
Now the fury of the waves has receeded and
And an aged thing reigns.
The trauma he unleashes due to his mere presence
Is not enough - so I have to pass through the quagmire
Of hussle and toil
Ariel freely confined confines me in the labyrinth
Of malicious pranks
I am a curse in their midst
A vermin repulsive and repugnant
My language filthy and unrefined - barbaric
So I am compelled to learn the language
Of the aged tattars
All the vestiges of caliban must disappear
But what would caliban do with words
Etched on his tongue but to curse and condemn.
The precious little angel must b spared mother
If you avenge me - she is faultless
Yet when I go to the well and see my image in the water
I can sence that there is tenderness and beautiful things somewhere
Her spells and charms are more powerful than that of his aged father
Her songs - even her mere presence here alone has cast a spell
On the island.
No! what nightmares soothingly deceptive
It augments my burden
For caliban will always remain caliban.

Kojo Owusu

Deceptive Charm

I make my silent retreat
From your deceptive charm,
For now I have realized
That it was a bait after all.
And this murmuring stream
Meandering with serenity
Innocence – now I have
Realized that it can toss and turn;
It can churn and whirl the soul.
I make my silent retreat
Even though you entreat
Me to come saying
That it is not always fraught
With dangers and uncertainties
But decked with spells
I am unspelled
I am uncharmed
I make my silent retreat
From your deceptive charm.

Kojo Owusu

Ethiopia Unbound

Ethiopia unbound – revived?

Thrashing footfalls

Of outrageous mob

Skull of statue crashed

Radical blood flowing

In dark conscience

The roar of thunder god

The wild delirium

On wilted lips

Removed at last

Hateful

Spiteful

Despicable

Silhouette

Of the idealist detrimental

Chasing a policy

Of the impossible

What is the meaning

Of such a heinous journey

Such a suppressive

And oppressive steps

The disadvantaged

The downtrodden

The frustrated

Tender

Fragile

But the condition

The excruciating pain

The hardship

Was unbearable.

Then his blood

Cried out loudly

From the shadowy grave

I went into the wilderness

The burning terrain

The breast

Of goddess of night

I bowed in obeisance
She was mourning
Wailing
Groaning
About the disunity
The pillage
Portrayal
Of her children
As savages
Brutes
Backward
Uncivilized

And she gave me
A treasure
Carved on tablets
Revolutionary path
Neocolonialism:
The last stage
Of imperialism
Africa must unite

But I returned with fire
To see you jubilant
Overjoyed
Trampling
On my soul

Now I wander
In darkness
Uncertain
Lonely
Mad with grief
But in the darkness
I can see
Collective consciousness
Arising
Some of my dreams
Manifesting

Don't point to my
Statue now standing

Proudly on my beloved
Country's shore for children
To gape at me
Let them know
What sustains me
What makes me
Never to die
The inevitable truth
That I spoke to
Make me a controversial
Figure

I was sent on a mission
By goddess
Of night
By mother earth
The charms
Of mother earth
Let it prevail
Let them know

Kojo Owusu

Evil Forest

The evil forest opens its diabolical
Arms and receives weak and effeminate men
Putrefying lazy and unproductive bones

You feel my heart with inexplicable fear
Demonic forest – where the most powerful hunter
Dare not approach your edge.

I shudder and a strange coldness ran
Through my spine any time
I see men, women, and children being
Carried away to your eerie bosom

Last night the gods declared
Him guilty because he was plagued with
A strange incurable disease
And he is not to receive a natural burial.

I was helpless powerless frustrated
The gods unleashed retribution on
His head and they are not to blame.

It was a pathetic scene when the old man
Was carried away with a swollen stomach
Clutching his mournful lute.

I know that I will also suffer the same fate
My heart is aggrieved
The torment in the evil forest is inevitable.

But I am not weak, lazy, coward and effeminate
I am strong, bold, famous and courageous
I threw Amalinze the cat at the age of eighteen
Look at my farm which demonstrate my ability
I have a lot barns full of yams
I have taken two titles.
The benevolent gods have granted
Me wife's and children
And I am respected and revered in this land.

Then why these painful thoughts of evil forest
He was a coward and the unfortunate happened.

Kojo Owusu

Experiment In The Laboratory Of Love

The scalpel is more incisive
Dissecting in punitive ease a shriveled heart - lifeless
Penetrating the raw nerves of subtle quandary
The debilitating onslaught
Its harrowing progress and the hearts final submission
And in its putrid state tangled doubts

Labor of love

In my minds eye urgent for the outcome
But the furies of love will rise in the test tubes and will dissipate
Like mist of an enchantress
And all my array of sophisticated lab equipments proved unhelpful needless
And my conclusion was rather inconclusive
Yet I was cautious with my hypothesis and
My observation leaved no stone unturned

For the heart encased in a glass with brine to preserve it
A museum of scientific curiosity

Then where can this formidable experiment begin?
Now I know I am armed not with litmus papers
I will be free from trite mechanical straight jacketing and stiff rules prescribed
For now I know that
My eyes are sharper than electronic microscope and more penetrating

IN your sacred lab with the clamp stand I unleash the fire unto your flask
And your erotic emissions periodic on the table
And your sizable globes that keep spinning
And leaves my head spinning endlessly

With your generous and ultra modern instruments
I have made the greatest discovery in love's chemistry

Kojo Owusu

For Christopher Okigbo

Sacred precinct – skeined,
Crimson pot outwardly darkened;
Hidden rivulet, sooty beauty mother Idoto
River charm, incessant pulse
Of delight in a goddess grotto;
Birth ripples entering – out of course.

Poison reeds, benignant prick,
Moved, genesis breathing stream;
Groping deep for the drowned, stick
Sharpened, the cryptic pot,
The muffled voice, the new cult
On your bank a tragic dream.

Desolate lies the watery strand
And swords and a bloody hand
Fiery crimson is your purple hue
Tainted; the charming voice
No longer poises himself, a violent choice
Mother, such a voice for beasts to undo.

Denied, dry lake, the chasm,
Life danced in awful tatters!
The waves, the ripples all sinking to abyss
Yet I do not weep, river enchantress
Floating on your watery skin
Towards the craggy canal
A labyrinthine book
And poised is my entangling net
And piercing hook
Ready to receive – final.

Kojo Owusu

Genie

Skeptical depth
Of a haunting genie
Rippling your charms
And granting me
Three wishes
Of seeing you again
And joining our hearts
And breaking the iron bars
Of bitterness and separation
Of experiencing your
Benign presence again – □

My first wish – I said
To the cunning genie
With malignant appearance
Is that he would take me to
The serene depth
Of the ocean
Where I hope to see
My queen decked with
Rare ornaments and gold
Her vault adorned with emeralds
Where I hope to stroll her narrow aisle
Glittering like the sun

Then he told me to close my eyes
I closed it and opened it only
To realized that
I was standing on a desolate shore.

My second wish – I said
Again to the cunning genie
With malignant appearance
Is that he would take me
To the deep forest
Of thickets, groves and under groves
The world of green
Where I hope to see
My queen turned to a deity

With an air of rare divinity
The trees and the animals exalting her
The overgrown lane
Let me walk fearlessly
To the deity of the forest.

Then he told me to close my eyes
I closed it and opened it only
To realized that
I was standing under a tree
With withered boughs.
My third wish – I said
Again to the cunning genie
With malignant appearance
Is that he would take me high
Up the sky where
I hope to see my queen
Riding on clouds
Her voice turned to thunder
Majestic – commanding
Wielding a scepter
Her eyes turned to stars
Her sigh the morning dew
And together we can fly in the sky

Then he made me to close my eyes
I closed it and open it only
To realized that
I was gazing an empty sky.

Kojo Owusu

Gilgamesh

Desconsolate - gone - the mask of Enkidu the confluence of fraternity
Of the euphrates and tigris interlocked on spire with eternity
Herald of enmity from above - united in faceless wrettsling
Friends for life on the perilous path of heroic adventures - now on a glum egde
listen- to our heroic quest battling strange creatures the magic of the bond
Here, where the lapping call of deluge of the flooding wheels
Undulating- the ancient caryatid of the mother goddess weathring
A cry in the distance - demise undreampt of
The curse of the heavenly bull - the dome decree of the heavenly denizens
With my sword unsheathed I GILGAMESH Lord of Uruk must needs
Challenge the flagellating hound of darkness sent by the gods
No frightening vistas of fevered adventure threatened which was not foiled
No - my heart is wrought with clangorous metals of battle
ISHTAR - No before me lies kingdoms of the twin rivers which
I hold sway - and reverence on the lips of the golden race issues out
Like torrents of rain competing with the EUPHRATES and the TIGRIS
To pay me homage- why did you tempt me then with the cowardly offer of love?

To oblivion on the dark lowermost echelons of the underworld you dragged my
Eternal companion for assisting me in slaying the dark heavenly bull
Wheels of epochs striding vast across millenias of punishment - bound
In chains of the dark lord -

I will be free from the clutches of the dark lords of the underworld prophesying
doom I will be free from the promise of decay-
I will embark on another journey of epic grandeur
This time not to battle strange creatures but the dragon that
Eternally suffocates immortality -
I will embark on a journey to discover the secret of eternal youth

At the edge of apocalypse I sought for the sage UTNAPISHTIM who sagging
With ancient wisdom recounted the great flood that onetime covered the earth.
Hesitant, patient not to unravel the anger of the denizens of above
The wise one revealed to me a plant bestowing eternal youth in the sea.

I dived into the sea for the plant. Poised with the plant to avenge the demise
Of my companion and the prospect of the land of uruk - the secret to eternal
youth splendid - in mortal quandary I lost the plant to a serpent-

The land of uruk stretches far away
My numerous adventures brought me back to the twin rivers
Now aged ruler of uruk

The land of MESOPOTAMIA lies far way to the east
The EUPHRATES and The TIGRIS moved along twin paths gently silently
The cuineform slanted wedge like on the clay tablets

And as if filled with life they resounded the dilema of GILGAMESH
The eternal youth thou seekest for is granted to thee
Thou art famous forever, GILGAMESH

Kojo Owusu

Hermes Trismegistus

Descend down TRISMEGISTUS

From the pyramidal height of EGYPT to the ancients gates of Damascus

Descent down ancient mystic

In your mystical chariot of triumph with your wand of enlightenment and stylus of Edification to salvage a world lost in a labyrinth.

The neophyte – in the caryatids of the regenerative spirit –transposed

Mother Goddess – Venus of willendorf – initiated into the height the spire aspire

Celebrant in the propitiatory chant of the discerning few the esoteric fire

Separate from the unqualified many destined to inherit the exoteric imposed

In the mystery temples shedding pantheistic leanings rapt in solemn incantatory frenzy let us invoke the mysteries from the stylus of the apotheosized, the oratory

Of Hermes trismegistus – with the wand dipped in rituals of sorcery and by all the magical art in our ken we summon you to appear in shadows of clouds

TRISMEGISTUS in the labyrinth of the sanctum

From the pyramidal height of Egypt to the ancient gates of Damascus

TRISMEGISTUS In occult frenzy of dark arts we invoke you to appear

To augment to enchanting heights our warped intellectuality and our infant fears

In the temple our candles laving in the mystic arms of the chandelier of SIVA are poised in magical flames

In commune with the moonlight at midnight

For on the shores of darkness there is light

And in this age of apostasy

Of dark prophesies and humanity on the brink of the apocalypse

Descend down in your mystic chariots of triumph with your wand and pages

Opened to the initiated to salvage a world lost in a labyrinth

From the pyramidal height of EGYPT to the ancients gates of Damascus

Descent down TRISMEGISTUS in your mystic chariot of triumph with your wand of enlightenment and stylus of edification to salvage a world lost in a labyrinth.

Kojo Owusu

Jack Of All Trades

I was once a tinker,
Mender of broken pots and pans

I was once a glass man
Shards of glasses -
I stoop in glee assembling the pieces.

I was once a joiner and a woodman,
broken legs of chairs and tables
got healed in my adept hands

I was once a tailor
My shop buzzed with the clatter
of scissors and the humming of the sewing machine.

I was once a metal man,
The fiery furnace and the anvil and hammer
and the molten lava are not far from view

I used to be the plumber man
Layer of pipes and bringer of honeyed water and drainer of sewage

Now you come to me,
Drowning in your tears
Tell me love, did someone break your heart?

Give me the chance to repair it, to mend it again

I am your repair man, the mender of broken things

I am jack of all trades
So let me know if someone broke your heart
So I can mend it

I am your repair man
The jack of all trades.

Kojo Owusu

Lover Of The Night

Lover of the night –
Propitiation for the hearth
Declared – I am a lover
Of the night
The desire to flit
From the rear of the nadir-
The poised denizens
Will brighten my path
Of darkness
They will deign to grant
Me the wish to the sable crypt
Lover of the night
Domiciled in the house
Of shadows.

Dark sky strewn with sequins
With blinding sheen
Pearls shimmering –
Skeins of clouds I will caress
I will fervently wait for
The silent whispers
The serene aura – pristine

I am a lover of the night
Deserted by heroes
And wreathed with haunting cloak
Grotesque – of inferiority
The walls besieged by wraiths
And ghoulish predators
To hunt with fangs of malignity your
Vulnerable validity as prey-

I am a lover of the night
I am filled with passionate ardor
Herald of hope – linger
I will not exchange you with the dawn
In your dark castle
I urge you to shut your eyes
From the overweening fiery horizon

With bloody flares to destroy

Lover of the night

I have declared – come herald of hope

Kojo Owusu

Madrigal For Mirabel

Never again would I relegate the pearl found in the black conclave
To the dark depths of the abysm of time
Never again would I rant and rave hurling infernal profanities
At the dispenser of my delusion
Long lost in the hurly-burly of illusion
Tossing and turning whirling in labyrinths of doubts

Irreligion and arrant agnosticism was surging in my veins
I desecrated your altar of love reducing the gods of passion to mere playthings

On the unloved waves of life I billowed until your queenly fleet appeared
And that night of nights you became the stiller of the demented storm in my life

It was a miracle meeting you Mirabel
I will walk to the altar of love in triumph to be shielded in the benignity
Of your incomparable generosity
Your beauty a cloak for my demented filth

O it is a miracle meeting you Mirabel

Kojo Owusu

Mahabharata

The world wanders in ruins -
Evanescence wonders seven - incessantly inundated
By tortuous roars
The seven seas converge at the edge
Of apocalypse

Pulse on the waves to the
Indestructible edifice
Where in the ancient temple
The scroll is unrolled
I will cruise on the pursuit
To the sacred ganges
Where the river will gurgle the eternal songs.

Decked with epic grandeur
I have to wander from shore to shore
I have to plunge into strange depths
Be blinded by alien motes
For the voice etched on rocks.

Kojo Owusu

Man-Chine

It is harvest time - electric harvest in the global village
These convoluted labyrinths of wires came not as a result
Of a millennium expiring in filth of an apocalyptic civilization or demented
Prophecies of old calling forth doom at the dawn of advancement
And in hostile parchment scrolls regent of knowledge
Proclaim that knowledge will increase but the world will be on
The brink of destruction

Now man is superman and traverses time with lightening speed
He dug out science from the bosom of nature and nature was pleased
Personified mildly jostled to relinquish some of its mysteries
We vie with the spider building his web across the horizon in the World Wide Web
And we send space satellites as spies to space - our emissary to the moon to
Speculate the space left
For our questing thirst and to explore mars for our eventual immigration

It is not surprising that Man out of the ingenuity
Of a master craftsman will imitate the architect's spire
And left to wander in necessities he took to invention
And puffing with pride he created another world in infinity
With the artificial lights gleaming
His might ended with a man less endowed to affirm subhuman leanings
ADAM ROBOT with artificial intelligence to wander in electric senility
His effort impressive though the mini creator
Creating a miniature world in delightful global village

Kojo Owusu

My Muse

Moldering fortification
Primal walls – haunted
By chill silence
Interspersed with wild howling
Of beasts in unctuous rear
The drear winter
Harrowing winds – the creaking
Of boughs and rare chimes
Echoes from underground
Foreboding wails
Writing on the wall

Sequestered charm
Lone colonnades
With majestic despair
And fiery anger and bitterness
You sit – hagridden
Bats and owls on
The window sill
With piercing fingers
And canine teeth
Hypnotizing spells

Do I dare defy you?
Do I dare forestall your fire
Kindle the sprouting desire
From your drear abode
Let horror hold the reins
Of those that I will sing about.

Dimmed reticence
Grim is the subject
And can a lovey-dovey
Deity capture my heart?

Let me paint the
Shadows as I see them.

Oasis Afar

Gaza strip – a strangling camp
Stretching vast across a dry
Withered land – barren
Unproductive – sinks deep
The lonely wanderers and
The quaint havenless haven.

Hungry unprecedented desires
They gather for the meager,
The unsatisfied satisfied
In the lone clammy hearth.

Impenetrable fog, oasis afar
Houses are suffused in portentous mist
As winter tearing the flesh
Or invocations belching out
From the angry throat
Of a sorcerer unto the head
Of a stubborn, invincible enemy.

In despair, oppressed, depressed
Freely confined, the sight
Of the young raising hope
Is tainted by time's nimble hands.

Kojo Owusu

Open Seseme

In a churning vortex and strangling oases
I wandered where contentment was as
Elusive as a genie. The runnels
Of propitiation have disappeared and
The contrast between me and my brother
was obviously sharp. When the old man joined
The ancestors and bequeathed life to us,
We were quick to squander it.
But he, joining hand to a lady
Of fortune is now successful
Soaring in the air of luxury and
Traversing the land of ostentation
With smiles of encouragement from
A supportive wife. But I, hurled from
A squalid hut, and now sprawling on
A poor widow's hearth. I wander in the
Lifeless forest gathering sticks with
The meek creatures eternally stooping
To lighten my burden. We traverse the
Fertile but indifferent wild of withered
Boughs where rustling symphony assail
My ears. My return journey home was always sad.
And though a calm, devoted and
Uncomplaining wife, a mournful
Appearance was always clear in her □
Tainted face. And so our uncalled for
Trauma continued our woes and throes
Kept on increasing and our voices were
Drowned at the ears of those who will
Alleviate our pains. Is man doomed
To suffer? Is man condemned to be
Burdened in an inextricable dark hole?
In the dark hour of my soul, she was the
Only person who was able to console me.
I saw the love lurking in tender breasts
To be strange, supernatural. But how
Helpless we are, when the vistas
Of fortune is appearing, we cannot
Even see it. One day while I was

Gathering sticks with my donkeys
I perceived a cloud of dust drawing
Towards me. I strained my eyes and
I saw a troop of horse men who would
Soon reach me. I was frightened.
I trembled. I hide my donkeys in a
Nearby bush and scampered up a tree
Where I could see them without being
Seen. The horsemen dismounted and
Brought out saddlebags full of gold.
They looked like robbers. The captain
Went towards a rock and uttered.
"Open, sesame! " Suddenly a portal
Appeared on the face of the rock and
They entered into a cave. I was on the
Tree observing everything until I decided
To climb down from the tree because
They were keeping long. But just as
I made up my mind to descend, the portal
Flew open again and they came out and
The captain uttered: "close sesame! "
The portal closed and they disappeared.
I descended from the tree and something
Urged my conscience to try the
Cabalistic words. I shouted the
Magic words and the portal appeared
Opened. I entered. I was overwhelmed
And frightened to see gold towering
In the cave. I did not know what to say
But it dawned on me that the bandits
Have been keeping their spoils in the
Cave for a very long time. I, who had
Gathered sticks from time immemorial,
Today, I would go home with gold.
I took as much gold coins as destiny
Would allow, and placed it on the backs
Of my dutiful donkeys and carefully
Concealed it with sticks and started
Off from the forest. My return home
Had an epic proportions. The boon
I was taking to the hearth was
Immeasurable, inconceivable.

And what avarice, what cancerous
Mote blinded her soul. When my wife
Persuaded me to get weight to measure
The gold coins to know its value,
My brothers wife cunning made her
To know the secret and he divulged it
To him. Greediness seized his soul and
He threatened me for the magic words.

I showed him where in the lone cave
Unable to say the words for emerging,
He was slashed into pieces. Through
Morgiana's resourcefulness we were
Able to bury his unrecognizable body.

I was glad, I married the widow and
Morgiana became my servant.

morgiana's breasts are filled with unbounded
Courage and inexpressible loyalty
And absolute devotion. Though I was
Courageous, it is to morgiana that
I own my life. The portentous marks
On the wall she outwitted the markers.
She scalded the heinous thieves in the
Barrel with seething oil and finally stabbed
To death the penetrable captain.

And she deserves to be married to my nephew.

Now for a very long time I did not go to the
Cave because I feared some of the thieves
Were alive. One day, I took
My saddlebags and mounted the donkeys.
When I reached the cave, I looked at
The treasures that my descendants would
Inherit. I uttered the cabalistic words
"Open, sesame! " And as usual the portal few open.

Kojo Owusu

Pied Progress

Sublime footfalls
Of gods – drowned,
The expectant vault
Will not swallow skulls,
For our tainted hearth
Is desecrated
With our derelict selves.

I cannot move again,
Thorns have pierced
My heart, mire have
Wreathed me
And I am penetrating □
The depths of agony.

We flee the raging street,
When friends suddenly
Turned enemies;
Those that we thought
Were protecting us
Were on the rampage
To devour us
We saw death whirling

In the air – streams
Of blood flowing
In dark channels
And bones crushed
So many people were
Dissatisfied
And savage butchery
The new god.

That woman and her two
Children, even in the mud
I can see them
In tatters, bruised all over.
Her sister was shot
In the head and

Her husband in the stomach.
I pray that they may
Pass through
But to where?

The land is in flames
Everything is in ruins
The cataclysm has happened.

Wriggling in this bog
I know what horror
Lies in blind fanaticism
And selfish lust
I know what anger
And impatience can lead to.

Now so much destruction
Is spread before our eyes
Nothing to draw sustenance from.
The only thing left
Is the instruments
Of destruction
And there is no hope
Of survival until
The heart learns that
What will bring
Peace, satisfaction and
Happiness is not outside
But within the body.

Kojo Owusu

Pot Of Charm

For Charlotte Nana Kunadu

Whisper in my ears - my dear
Your budding incipient love
Which is beyound my comprhension
Deeper than the depth of my soul
And I will stop shedding tears.

Sing your soul soothing
Song, which gives ecstasy
And satisfaction to my heart
For the beast died long ago
Under the earth is he below
His only chance is the night
Now, it serves him right.

Lock not your golden gate
When everything is calm and serene
In the stillness of the shadowy night
I will come in to wane suspense
And give you glory for your fathers' absence.

Your brothers' anger and threat
I will not fear, but would hold my heart
In a pot of charm on the threshold
Of the altar of love
Chaste and free from harm.
You must take good care of it - shield it
Any mishap my soul would be bare.

Then she said.

Your pot of charm I will receive
True, it is not a gift wreathed
With deceptive spells
But the only thing I insist
Is for you to resist
From the game played by heartbreakers

Or you would be destroyed by my furious anger
Refrain from things obscene.
For my father is a man of medicine

Kojo Owusu

Pot Of Love - The Ritual

Love - when tears dim your eyes
And a stream of bloody pains and tears
Presaging dissolution taints your dream -
On the lonely path that you have been abandoned
Deserted in the anteroom of the undergrowth
Fated to grace along the path alone to the river side
With your enchanting lips - say love and I will be there

At dawn I planted the pot on the tripod
Of the courtyard of the shrine
And offered sacrifice at the altar of the goddess
And now it is sunset and I have besieged the pot
Filled with supernatural spells
My flywhisk is poised
And the incantations are abroad at my desperate lips
A whisper to the gods and I have your image in the pot
Not a shadow but your charming image counteracting my spells

On the path to the river again -
Your golden gourd on a rhythmic sway on your head
Synchronizing that of your waist -
Your rare cloth woven intricately around you
Leaving the shoulders bare - your treasured breasts
Lay hidden in night
The beads - the bangles - the anklets
Their sonorous clangor ripples in the pot
Your shuffling tread on the lone path to the
Sacred River is my pulsating heartbeat.

And I have reached the final part of the ritual
So love - when tears dim your eyes
And loneliness and despair engulfs you
Say love and I will be there to meet you
On the lonely footpath to the sacred river.

Kojo Owusu

Sacred Dance

Go to the sacred groove
Of the unknown and bring
The ancient drums
Along with sticks.

Don't let the fetish
Priest hideout,
Smear him with
White powder
Give him his imperious
Majestic flywhisk

Today we shall dance
Throb and pulsate.
We shall shake our bodies
To the intoxicating rhythms
Of the past.

But have you summon
The genial folks?
Have you inform
The old and the young?

Help me my grandchild
Carry this antique stool
To the frantic arena.
I am going to infuriate
My tired bones.
Old age is a deadly disease
But inevitable.

Look grandfather
My brother perceive
The young charming girls
Heaving their breasts
And shaking their buttocks.
They are my age group
Dancing the dance
Of love and pouring

Love charms into my eyes
And blinding me completely.

Do you want to wait
And see the fetish priest
Perform or you will depart?
I will wait
I want to see the fetish priest
Dance the old dance
Of his ancestors.

The fetish priest
Will reenact
A war dance
Turning to a legend
He will be helped by dwarfs.

Executioners, bring me my
Powerful pot of charm
I will water gaze
The gods will appoint
A person for the sacrifice.

Are you running away?
Are you fleeing?
Run for dear life
Wait for me
This is barbaric
Primitive
Uncivilized
Backward.

Kojo Owusu

Sappho Of Lesbos

Coiled - on an island cast
Slouching fragrance - exuding
Rippling incense in the air
The nine muses plait the strings
Of her hanging lyres

Her soft alluring sighs - breezy
Conflagrates with the coquettish
Giggles endued with extreme naivete
Flowing in gowns of sapphire
On this island now my unholy eyes falters
Such blinding scene
Like the immortal masterpiece of a master painter

Wait!
There is music emanating from
Her perfume lyre commingling
With the gurgling stream
And a sonorous barrage
Of voices enchanting
From damsels desirous

Lyric poetry from her lurid lips
Pours out fountain like - words were skeins
Soulful - piercing the heart with charms
The primal serenade seems
To resurrect the poets from the silent crypt
And in solemn ecstasy
They hover like commissioned sprites

I would such magical moments will forever last
Where in suffusing bliss
The ever tickling hand
Of time will be forgotten

I will not incur the epithet
Of a depraved voyeur
The decline to descend

But if I must I must

But in my minds eye
The scene will be imprinted forever
Of maidens resplendent
And a mistress supreme
Entwined in a conjugal repose
Of poetry and music
River and stream
Of birds and beauty
Flowers and fruits
Of the distant horizon
And things of reddish hue

Kojo Owusu

Socrates

Amid the despairing noises and monotony
And futility of our existence - racks and tortuous
Incisions haunt our lone furnace
We walk in the labyrinth of silent echoes uncomplaining
Burdened yet indifferent - we succumb with
Trembling hearts and reverent lips and pay
Homage to the denizens of above.
Eternal servitors and devotees eager
To serve and please and be at peace.
We haunt the open air theatre and the mystic temples.
We stroll the metropolis deafened by
Despairing noises. Elbowed, jostled relegated
To the background, outwitted, defrauded.
Warfare we try to avert yet it was inevitable as it was death.
We thought of focusing on philosophic principles
To aid us invent and discover when he appeared.
An aged man in tatters of ruins - a man goat - hideous
As he is intelligent and avowed thinker.
He soon got an humble followers who were
Bewildered by his strange teachings and at
The same time we were unsettled.
He was hoary and simple and possessed
An unusual heart that made him to endure
Anything that will happen to him.
He was full of questions than answers
And his fame which was wreathed with
Mystic aura soon spread.
We always gathered around him for
Enlightenment undreamed of.
We were appalled by his strangeness.
He was bald and had large bulging eyes
which were frightening and horrifying to behold.
All in all he was harrowing. he said.
What is the meaning of beauty?
We were baffled and bewildered.
Why do we suffer? why do we die?
Now to the issue of beauty.
Once there was an ugly lady,
She was so ugly that her own image frightens

Her when she looks into a mirror.
She stood in front of her mirror one day
And cried. I am not beautiful, I am really ugly. Why?
What the lady refused to discover and utilize
Is the energy, the power inherent in her.
She was fond of outward appearance only which
Is illusory, transient. the true meaning of beauty
Is ability and ugliness inability.
The open air theatre, the temples and the amazing
Discoveries will stand the test of time and
those who made it, the primal architects will be inherent
In it till the end of time,
Questions of this sort were heaped on us
Each passing day and then analyzed to
Reach a spellbinding answer,
He got a wide following and people
From all walks of life begun to appreciate
His impeccable reasoning,
Then came a devastating warning,
He was accused of corrupting we the athenian youths
By teaching strange and alien doctrines which
Defied the rules and regulations stipulated
By the oracles and the olympian Titans,
He was asked by the leaders to stop teaching us
Or will suffer gravely for it. He refused to comply
He continued to teach us until he was condemned to death,
We urged him to run but he refused
And said that the laws of the state must be obeyed.
The repercussions of the hemlock
Truly wounded our hearts,
Tears filled our eyes when in his tatters he
Patiently, humbly drunk his mortal enemy
As if it was a drink of blessing from the gods,
And why do we have to desert the treasure
Of the extraordinary man and heed the despairing
Noises of the crowd?

Kojo Owusu

Solomon And Sheba

Splendor and majesty howling afar
Fame and wisdom and riches
Rippling in our skeptical oasis
Let us go with this caravan and spices
Gold and precious stones
Let us sail through the barren land with
The ship of the gritty furnace to the ruler
Of the unique race with pomp and pageantry
Shine – ornate embellishment - adorn our queen
Let the air be filled with charming ecstasy
Let the burdened camel sail through
Desert storms and harrowing hurricane
Don't let us be discouraged
Let us endure it patiently for what prospect
Of wonderful things to come when
Her curiosity is satisfied
And after this hard journey
We would say yes –
We have moved through
Difficulties, pains and agonies
Cast upon a blasted sand
We have come through
Howling and growling waste
To the pillar – the lighthouse
The wisest king ever
And when we reach the palace
There we shall know that our journey
Of journeys was not in vain
So let us move on fellow servants
Don't be discouraged
Let us move on.

SHEBA

From what I have heard of your
Wisdom and achievements and overwhelming abilities
Was a myth – was scanty and insufficient

Now I can see you with my naked eyes
Your wonderful establishments – your golden palace
Your servants and cupbearers have bewildered and confounded me
It is surprisingly surpassing – beautiful.
Your law and statutes and faith in the lord.
And even how you answered my hard riddles with ease
Truly what I have seen is more than I have heard
Of you king of kings.

SOLOMON

Ebony grain of the desert
Black beauty with bewitching eyes
And a wild feminine courage
You have endured with heaving breasts
And beautiful face as charming as sun rise
Not tainted by the void of desert blast
The road to fame and riches and wisdom
Is very long and hard
But with determination and willpower
And the fear of the lord
You are bound to succeed and exceed in all things.

Kojo Owusu

Song Of A Genie

I wish you were here
To charm my sight,
To flip the bewildering pages
Of Arabian nights.
I will be the genie with the magic words
In the incessant pulse - the rippling waters-
I will gurgle love in the silent stream-
A hero embarked on a journey
Of epic grandeur in your dream.
I will be your soothing breeze
When loneliness engulfs you and
Impels you to sit beneath the shady trees
Of serenity and pristine aura
I will be the all enjoyer, though invisible
Of your erotic pastimes
I will be the guardian lamp
In the dark shadow of night and a song
To calm down your turbulent soul
I am the epitome of the pages where wishes
Are granted and desires fulfilled.

Kojo Owusu

Spears Down

Spears down natives
Spears down folks
Spears down neighbors
Spears down clansmen
Spears down kinsmen
Spears down tribesmen
Spears down friends
Spears down mothers and fathers
Spears down brothers and sisters

Why do you rise against me?
Why do you besiege my hearth?
With clubs, stones, cudgels
Rifles, bows, and arrows
Why so bloodthirsty to ravage
Me and ebb my soul away
Why do you roar and rage at me
Why do you curse and slander me?

Your fierce anger has engulfed me
Turning my hut into a furnace;
You invoke the gods to vanquish me
And pour libations to mother earth to disown me.
The rivers and the mountains and
The green forests are ready to swallow me;
Now you shout menacingly for my head
You are itching to snatch my heart
You desire to slaughter me on your altar
Offer me as a worthless sacrifice
To the vindictive god of anger.

Spears down natives
Spears down folks
Spears down neighbors
Spears down clansmen
Spears down kinsmen
Spears down tribesmen
Spears down friends
Spears down mothers and fathers

Spears down brothers and sisters

Why do you look down upon me,
Why do you sneer at me,
I am not an enemy;
I am not insane;
I am not an outcast;
I am not infected with an abominable disease;
I am not hopeless and powerless;
I am not portentous!

Now you hunt for my soul
Your hearts filled with passionate intensity,
I look into your fierce eyes and
I see hatred, jealousy, anger, treachery bitterness
You want to crumble the muddy wall
And tear me into pieces;
But the heart soften by adversities is filled with love.

Spears down natives
Spears down folks
Spears down neighbors
Spears down clansmen
Spears down kinsmen
Spears down tribesmen
Spears down friends
Spears down mothers and fathers
Spears down brothers and sisters

But you cannot muffle and silence the truth,
You cannot lock it in the lowermost echelons of hell
You cannot lock it in the eternal dark corridors of night;
The truth would finally emerge from the empire of falsehood
And I am that hot vessel
I was possessed by the invincible force of truth.

So your spears would pierce my heart
Your stones would smash my head
Your riffles would tear me in to pieces
Your clubs and cudgels would reduce me into a mangled pulp
But I know my words would unsettle your fragile minds
And would be among you forever whether you accept it or not

So it is better you put the.

Spears down natives
Spears down folks
Spears down neighbors
Spears down clansmen
Spears down kinsmen
Spears down tribesmen
Spears down friends
Spears down mothers and fathers
Spears down brothers and sisters

Kojo Owusu

Sphinx

Lion torso,
Half sunk in a sandy quagmire
Hollow eyed demented maniac
Deluge on the stony body, bathed,
Washed, enshrouded in a gloomy
Haze of a desiccated land.

Pharoanic head,
Imposing, haughty, strong
Survivor of Noah's flood
Dry harmattan winds, desert howls
Of throbbing, palpitating particles,
Yet unsurpassed in the ancient
Down for all to gape at.

Seven wonders,
Prominent, stupendous, amazing
In the eyes of Herodotus
Gone are they, the wonders
The man lion remains.

Kojo Owusu

The Assemblage Of The Sages

The pearl of the conclave of sages
Here I come the eternal wanderer to the munificent assemblage
Surpassing all epochs and ages and combating the Kali age
I have performed the rituals and silent oblations are
Are abroad at my restive heart
I have come battling with raging storms of dissention
And the dearth of what great souls search after
I have traversed doom gargoled by the Icons of dissolution
I have gyrated on the axis travelled by the earth
I have descended with the descent of the deluge
And have finally arrived at where I have passed and re-passed numerous times
Where gems were scattered on the ground for searching hearts
Hidden – aye on the shores of darkness there is light
And precipices show untrodden green-
So in the absence of vision there was the sharp intruding instinct
And here I am at the ancient gathering
Where myths are dissipated in the miasma of growing minds
And transcendental teachings hailed and worshipped
So never again will I falter or stumble
Never again will I descend the depth of death
Here will be my home
The great teachings of the great teachers will be my music
It will be the stern echoing clamor of vitality in my soul
It will be the sonorous serenade that I will linger beneath the shady boughs to listen
It will be the object of my quest that I will embark upon a journey for fulfillment
Eternity that I will seek for on the shores of transience
The essence of life that is imposed by the doom of death
The hill of triumph where I will haunt for more triumphant escapades
So I pay my humble obeisance to you austere denizens
The pleasant narrations of the gods and the goddesses
Of heroes who cascaded on the turmoil of the earth
Of those with super human abilities whose presence on earth is still awe-inspiring
Of the incomparable code of living which has patched the throat of the earth
O Munificent and noble souls accept your servant back who has promised to be
an eternal servitor.

Kojo Owusu

The Blind Note Singer

Primal gourd – furrowed
Crooked strings coiled
Around a shrill-voiced urn
And the rugged hands that
Caressed it coarsely.

Rude clangor, jingling timbre
Piercing, barbed arrows
Wrenched from his downcast soul
Hovered in anger through the air.

Coingn of vantage, the glued eyed
Singer on the ancient
Threshold unceasingly shot the
Piercing arrows – flies chorusing
His mournful tune.

Rugged clothes, the flies dance
Incessantly to his wild rhythm
A solace to his shriveled soul
The little instrument.

This unending pain
Widespread, hugging us to the
Grave was caused by the
Cruel tyrant. He echoed in the shadowy
He was confined with the flies.

Kojo Owusu

The Call Of Charlotte

Charlotte calls and without impulse – though a tinkling taint
Of indifference inspires my heart to languor in transient delay deliberate
I am compelled to answer her sacred summon
Not mired in blind subjection – woman worship
Or what you will but my heart will develop wings
Of love when charlotte calls

Charlotte calls – the acolytes
Of the heart will sing in frenzy at the altar
Of affection – it is time to worship

Charlotte calls and I grope in the dark
When the chickens go to roost
And the pots of the maidens are arranged at
The embracing bosom of the bamboo hut
And night rears its dark head in the encircling darkness
And the world yields to extreme silence
Excerpt the chirping of little insects
And irksome and obstreperous kids are put to bed

And in the looming darkness and the silence
Then it becomes obvious that charlotte calls

Kojo Owusu

The Call Of The Wild

The wild calls, the howling storm
And the fevered thunderbolts
Gauzily veil dark,
Covering the sky
The sudden crack above
An ominous presentiment
The damp hearth
Must relent
When the primal mastodons
And gods and goddesses
In cracks and grooves calls
The wild ploughs a path
For wandering soul
Lost in the delirium
Of the unknown.

The eaves are soaked tonight
With blood from above
And my hut threatens to fall
What fiery god passes in the wind
Bending the oak trees
Flashing lightening in the dark
And deafening roar

The wild calls
The primeval columns and rocks
Where footfall from the
Hearth is not left dissolute

Now on the threshold
Impatient to plunge
Into the roaring cold
And darkness and thunder
A dim prospect
Of the hut
The inconstant oily glow
Swaying in the wind
Refusing to yield
On the bed lies your demure body

Innocent fervor
Indifferent to the storm

I am not decrepit
I would not change the wonder
Of the tatters
The wild calls
And your attractive charms
Beckons silently to my soul

But I know what
The delicate body would do
I know the harm it would
Cause when it awakes
I know what the courtyard
The piecing voices
Would do when
The storm subsides.

The wild calls
And I must wander
In to its dark depths
The wild calls
And I must relent.

Kojo Owusu

The Castle

Vague prescience
Of sudden seizure and torn
To shreds in the roar
Of cannibals - Bloodthirsty
Conscience to devour
Frightened – fearful drops
Falling – I wandered through
A dark tunnel and
Appeared in a fortified heart
There I saw
Betrayal in chains
Treachery languishing
In a gloomy dungeon
Infidelity, disloyalty
Jealousy, hostility
All captured as slaves
Deformed to entertain
The queen of love
I was relieved
And satisfied, elated
When I was pushed
Into the bedchamber
Of her majesty,
Queen ship, love.
The canon alert
Guarding the treasure
Her majesty told me
How she rules the land
She held my hand and
We stood in front
Of the castle then
She pointed towards
The formidable canon
And said:
This is the canon
Of love and this canon balls
I fire to destroy conspiracies,
Plots and subversions
She also showed me

Her co rulers
Freedom, justice
Equity, equal rights.
I was spellbound
And it dawned on me
That I was only safe
And happy as long
As she rules the land.

Kojo Owusu

The Cave Of Love

Etched on the votive vault and walls
Of the cryptic cave -
Your unsurpassed beauty and charming spells
The esoteric signs gothic and grotesque
Indicative of your unattainable qualities
With my firebrand
Blazing flares in the deadened silence
Of the shadows
I penetrate the cave of mystery
The archway receding into the dark recess
of night
I tread on the path of artifacts and fossils
Brush aside cobwebs of antiquity
Vociferous of your presence

There is a mystery in the cave
I must unravel
Your pastimes painted on the walls
Enough clues

The descent into the depth of a deity
The lowermost echelons
Of the underworld
Where there is the promise of the deluge of rocks
Falling - my heart a shield

With my blazing firebrand
I penetrate the dark cave of night
Wreathed with mystical aura
When a sound echoes and re- echoes in the cave
And the hills resound
The rhythmic timbre
I would be assured of the presence
of my deity engulfed by joyous ecstasy..

Kojo Owusu

The Charioteer

Across the churning vortex of time comes the mystic voyager
Driven by fiery horses the charioteer of transcendence traverses the crypts
Of illusions –

Across the churning vortex of time the charioteer advents himself
To dissipate the mist of mirage whirling the soul in epochs and millennia
Of desuetude

Across the churning vortex of time the charioteer in resplendent majesty
Bearing the armory of war and blowing in decisive frenzy the conch shells
Of death – the chastiser of the material leanings

The warriors of old would gather at the battlefield
And heroes and gods would descend for the final apotheosis
Of the eternal godhead – the plenary expansion of the munificent form
And the battle of kurekestra would be reenacted

Rapt in solemn ascetic vows undreamt of
The assemblage of the sages on the watery depth of the sacred Ganges
In solitary bliss paeans of the goddess to lave the eternal servitors
The denizens of above are poised – sacrifices of devotees
In munificent grandeur the sages

Recount in awe inspiring majesty reminiscent of ancient times
The heroics deeds of valiant men of bygone ages
And in ecstatic fevered delirium
Chant the holy mantras
And like the mystic river undulating in the heart of proselytes
The pearls of the bhagavad Gita gleaned from the Mahabharata
Incarnate – in sublime condescension to liberate the closed contortion
Burdened in labyrinths of doubts

The golden charioteer would reincarnate like he did in the battle of kurekestra
When Ajurna was lost in the crypt of quandary
Driven by his fiery chariots of triumph of transcendence
He will reincarnate to clear the paths of illusions

The charioteer of transcendence would traverse the age of kali
Of doubts and uncertainties to combat the demented fears that gather on the

crossroads' of indecisiveness to lure into destruction the wavering mind

Kojo Owusu

The Conqueror

My troops are not benignant
And their fierce swords are seldom sheathed
They are obedient to violent commands only
They don't fear blood and death to them is a mere trifle
They are always ready to be deployed to dangerous terrain
Fiercely anxious to be at the forefront
Of battle with their swords and shields

I charged them to invade your unyielding territory
To loot and plunder your countless wealth
And to drag you to my imperious domain
But the deadly arrows from your charming eyes
Pieced my heart and my soldiers scattered.

I stared at you dumbfounded.
My Herculean courage deserted me.
I dropped down my sword and shield and surrendered.
My wild horse was tamed - dazed.
And when you smiled my heart became glad
And when you opened your bewitching lips and spoke
I knew that love conquers all.

Kojo Owusu

The Dead Sea

I strutted the craggy strand
Of the desert sea
Filled with strange inanimate objects
Perturbing in fierce up and down jamboree
Occasionally driven out to shore or land
To recede to it barren hollow den again.

I strained very hard for its barren depths;
I groped for a lucky trout;
I sailed upon its sealed snout;
The waves were weak and fragile
My oars were strong and agile
Upon the breast of the sea I sailed.

A tyrannous blast overtook me
The sail I unfurled was a shroud
Satanic light glinted in the above cloud,
The sea grew angry in a torrential rage;
I was afraid considering my age,
To sink, to die in a violent wreckage
My boat overturned and I knew I was a dead body.

A lying depth I was on the shore
Alive, strong, a wonder
The sea grew calm –
Everything was in order.
I embarked another ship
On the hulls was inscribed
Alpha and omega
The top shalom
And at last I arrived at the peaceful dome.

Kojo Owusu

The Detective And The Lover

(A LOVE MYSTERY TO BE RESOLVED)

A mystery fleeting – this I want you to resolve for me matchless sleuth
For I lost my heart
And I may lose my senses, head all because of love

Sleuth, I have suffered the worst indignity imaginable
And my heart at once soft hankering after the false charms
Of beauty and worth is now a pebble washed ashore
I have been cuckolded, deceived, strangled by infidelity
In the ocean of mire I wriggle
Lifted by illusion I dabbled in an act yet to be perfected
But the greatest that was supposed to be –
It splendid nature was the song of maidens
The fulfillment of the aged
The theme of mad poets
And adventure of the adventurous – youth and egolatry -
I gave my inner yearnings to its fleeting dreams
It charms I succumbed to
It languor I yielded – slouched in sloth
And swarm in its seemingly paradisiacal realms
But this garden of bliss meant to be eternal –
Of joy unlimited, boundless, magnificent
Today I am cursed, banished from the garden
I am a fallen man and my pristine quandary
Will sink into the pangs of a fable
Of a bygone age
No more will I wander in the illusions
Of heaven and fruits of death dangle on the trees –

This is the mystery I plunged in –
The riddle is before your doorstep
And I know with your freakish methods will be
Able to resolve for me –

The slender man emaciated by vaporous passion
Of madness miscalled love poured his little mystery before the chain smoker
The doctor in solemn silence listened and shook his head

The slender man with his Romeo like eyes uttered amidst despair
I was the happiest man then and the world was my footstool
I delighted in the rhymes of nature the bosom of the goddess
Of night her wild voluptuous coquetry made me surrender my heart's treasure
But now I know that love is blind, mad and dangerous
A poisonous concoction for the credulous, an illusion
Of and wrought by a misguided heart
A mystery fleeting – this I want you to resolve for I lost my heart
And I may lose my senses, head all because of love
There is no time left the erstwhile romantic hero gasped despairingly.

The sleuth responded.

My methods of solving this mystery are varied and will like to assist
You arrest such demon of hellish mien but you are equipped already to solve it
For I have heart but it hankers after you know what I am inhaling now
Its dire effect I am perfectly aware

The worshipers of Bacchus swim in the ocean of drunkenness
Very much aware of their states of normalcy but they decided to alter it and in
Madden frenzy engage
And the criminal aspires to the legendary status of Robin Hood
If apprehended again aspires to be the bravest person to die with fortitude he
smiles whist he is strangled or beheaded
Maintaining his equanimity for his chosen alternative

There is no mystery to be solved or resolved
If you lost your love one let the devil take her
And learn to love and love well
Or do not love at all – this is no mystery.

He puffed his cigarette and reclined on his ancient couch
The doctor sat like a statue
And the slender man arose to leave
Still carrying with him his heart which he claimed to have been broken or
destroyed by his former lover!

Kojo Owusu

The Fugitive

I am desperate for the propitiation
Chant to be chanted by the priest
To absolve me from an infernal scourge.
At early dawn, I made my sudden
And foreboding appearance at the ancient
Threshold of the mystic courtyard.
Call the priest and his acolytes, let them
Invoke the gods for leniency, let them
Improvise the ritual dance and offer
Sacrifices, enter the shrine and agitate
The vigil, let the pot be filled with blood
And be sprinkled on the way to
The sacred cave lest I defile the decent
Folks. Under this eaves of a crumbling
Hut I entreat you to call the priest to
My aid. I am tormented and bewildered
By my portentous and harrowing past.
Look at me now in tatters, bruised
My legs rugged, my hair matted,
I shudder and tremble when speaking
I have wandered and wandered and
Have still not encountered fulfillment
I have descended into the underworld
Of futility, I have plunged into labyrinths
Impenetrable – I have walked in a strange
Land. The world is not beautiful.
Ocean of despair I have sailed
And crossed long interminable tunnel
Of disillusionment, I have walked
On fields strewn with decayed
And poisonous ideas and thoughts.
Lonely men have varnished from
The sound of my approaching footsteps
Recluses have deserted their secret
Caves and groves when I tried
To consult them.
My journey has neither an epic proportion
Nor mysterious charm around it.
There is no sacred halo around it.

It was a meaningless and inexplicable quest
Now I stand beneath the eaves
Of a crumbling hut trembling,
Uttering words scarcely audible.
Long and futile absence
I entreat you to call the priest to
Redeem me. Beneath this fallen hearth
In the spell of the dawn presaging
The unknown. In this infirm hut
I remember when my heart longed
To wander, to walk in an invisible dream.
I woke up early in the morning and
Strolled the courtyard – my heart seething
With strange desire. The dance in the arena
Did not please me anymore
A walk to the river was painful
I thought the chirrups of the birds
And the gurgling of the stream will
Balk my desire – I was not delighted
By the lithe and the rhythmic gait
Of the maidens with enchanting breasts
And golden gourds on their heads
With shimmering clothes wrapped
Around them just above the breast
Leaving the shoulders bare.
The horizon was dull and tinted
With a languid hue, so with rebellious
And secrets thoughts flitting through
My mind I deserted the hallowed hearth.
I deserted the ancient courtyard
I left the threshold to be treaded
By strange and unfamiliar feet.
And at early dawn I have made my
Sudden and foreboding appearance
At the ancient threshold of the mystic
Courtyard and shivering beneath the
Crumbling hut. I implore you to
Call the priest and his acolytes
To invoke the gods for clemency
To perform rituals, to offer sacrifices
To the gods to absolve me from
My unpardonable sacrilege.

Kojo Owusu

The Gallery

The gallery which in the not too distant past
Thronged with fervent connoisseur and men
Immersed in the aesthetical qualities
Of art now wears a solemn semblance and its deserted crypts
Which used to rebound with beauty unrivalled now echoes mournful
Requiem like dirge and a hulking figure, bent, martyred
Strolls the lone corridors casting failed glances at the mouldering figures

His shadow an angry curator roars with pain
Recounting an illuminating career
Of promise -

The pallette gleamed in rainbow plumes
And his eternal youthful figure recapturing nature and beauty
Thread on marbled canvass
His image was on spire - high above it towers
Academic walls recaptured his aesthetic vision and
Of course the masses thronged to see his works of art

And it was he foreshadowed a renaissance

Then came a figure hideous - combining all the physical
beauties known Superimposed by a creature

The head was a huge boulder
Of Stone henge with splattered white beard long and flowing
It colour steeped in snow - all seeing eyes bluish
Hair danced in silky illusion

Hands are jet black with long curled claws
Torso outstretched and scaled like a snakeskin
The legs reinforce the clawlike nails and
A tail tipped with the head
Of a spear -

The fire grins and wags his tail
The throng disperses
The pallette disavows its rainbow glory
And the canvass displays dark images unseen- unknown

The lone fire, bent martyred struts the lone gallery

Kojo Owusu

The God Henotaph

With majestic ease he rides on dark clouds churning -
Whirling in whirwinds
Of millinial chaos - the winged steed burdened with russet chariot
Bears his figure on colonades
Of time

He appears on the east with swift regularity unfailing
With beasts drawing his flaming frame across the sky settling in the blood
horizon
He brandishes his sword and wreaks havoc on his trail
Capturing the seasons with wounded ire
Splashing the snow sky with blood

He hears shrieks from below
Which fans his conceited ego
Of Souls trapped in the wheel
of time

Bound in situations dire and inextricable
Their pains bearing fiery wings and obscuring the path of his endless course..
He takes pity on those confined to one of his captives

His pretentious mien twitching as if in answer to cries
Of injustice he descends with regal aura
Salvaging damned souls riddled with impending doom

He drops them in a lone island
Where Streams
Of forgetfulness abound
The hills tower to a sky glittering in illusion
And birds twitter heralding the unknown...

With wild sense
Of fulfilment he reascend to resume his course
a rescuer, he rains down the remaing years trapped in his eternal cloak
Keeping the last and some are able to laugh with glee finally...
And some too wonder with memories of those gone by
If it will ever end

The Godfather

The caryatid - Procession etched on the vague spires
Of fear - the silent strides on the prescience of night
Black shadows with dire aspirations pursued
The lone mournful procession embarked
On the uncertainties of convictions and power engendered
In the quietude of noble ambitions
The spires echo the clangor of the thuds of feet
Timorous and brave.

The procession - the call of the sirens to the holy figures
The mosaic saints in the anteroom of eternity
The deluge of torrents to lave the cry of the damned
In the boulders of echoing despair
The emergence of the sacred icons
The descent into the lowermost echelons of the crypt
Where the scroll is unrolled
The footfalls of the procession embarked on a quest

When the ancient assemblage of the pillars of resurrection
Above the cross a cry for the blood to salve
Humankind on the brink of deluge - I
Apologist of the iconographic ascent to guard
Invocation of the tradition - the undying disciplic succession
I am here at the sacred altar
I bow in obeisance the word to guard and the
The deed never to falter or fall

Let us celebrate love in wild revelry and sublime ecstasy
Let all the folks gather for pomp and pageantry
This is the day of the Don
Let youth and beauty display their filial grandeur
Let the arena be filled with the rich and the poor
The sonorous music and the serenade extreme
Charm this humble gathering yet wreathed with an awe-inspiring aura
Make it an exhilarating experience that would be
Imprinted in our minds for the abstract decay of time -

I want the church bells to explode simultaneously with my gun
Life is for the brave and the courageous
Intellectual beauty dabbles in the vagaries of heaven and hell
But a wanderer on the extreme verge of the earth
Dissipated like mist of ghosts and enchantresses
Blood will flow in the rivers of tears
When retaliation and the quest for power hangs in the shadows
of our night - avarice - inequality the decadence of the earth
When destruction will lave our very soul
In the midst of destruction, it is death and dire deeds of deadly magnitude.

Bring him - let blood ooze from his damned nostrils
Unleash the bullets into his chest
Behead him - decapitate him
Vengeance like molten lava is flowing through my veins
With an eagle's agility and ferociousness, I guard the ancient title
Let the world spin on axis of fear and death
Let the moon wax and wane with the fickleness of the seasons
And let the stump of the tree grow again
It will be uprooted

Come love; let us celebrate love
But my mind misgives and my heart uncertain
Of the advent of the unseen forces in the darkness
Expectant - ready to exterminate
Come love; let us sleep to the rhythms of love
But let me clutch the gun
In the undergrowth of silence
Lurks the genii of detonation
Come; let us sleep to the rhythms of uncertainties.

Kojo Owusu

The Haunted Hunter

A burdened shield on the sill,
And a vague prospect of the
Ancient courtyard tinged with
Wearied hounds. The walls are moldering,
The ancient spears and bows and
Arrows of my forbears, the leopard skin,
Even the mere skin is Awe-inspiring.
I killed that merciless predator twenty
Years ago. I see the fierce strange guns.
Their once unfailing triggers
Are rusting. They hung on the
Muddy wall defiant. They will not
Listen to my Command again as they
Are now enjoying the rugged caress
Of hoary rust. The desire to clutch
Them now and be master of the
Forest is dead, gone. Walking with
This staggering stick, painful.
The hearth, sheaves and the eaves
Above, the soft piercing cry
Of the children at the outhouses.
I am haunted by nightmares.
This thatched hut is very hot,
Embers of woe plague my soul.
It is true that all my children
Have grown up and my wife
Cruel death is hiding underground.
I pine, yet, my bones are weak
And I can hardly walk. This
Threshold my fathers left,
And the Nimrod vocation,
Hunting I mean. The oldest
Profession perhaps. I don't know
If I am dreaming or not but I can see
Antelopes, hares, rhinos striding
Vast across my yard. I don't want
To look at them now, even the
Thought of them nauseates me.
And the cage at the back of

My hut. I will free those creatures,
This hunting expedition has been
Awful. The forest is devoid
Of all those precious creatures;
The forest is no more green.
But I stopped hunting long ago
And why is it that horrifying
Thoughts and images
Of blood Still plague my mind?
Or could it be the souls
Of those gone far beyond the
Far horizon. But I don't think my
Own people can punish me like this?
I quite remember I was given a gun
By strangers from the horizon,
I don't actually know the date nor can
Remember the period now buried in the
Dark recess of my mind. They came
Looking for people to buy as slaves.
I was among those who raided the
Tiny villages. The strangers
Were morbidly intelligent, viciously
Crafty and witty. They made us to
Behave like beasts. We captured
Our own people and they bound
Them with iron. The iron chains
And bangles are still clanging
Awfully in my mind. Even as an
Experienced hunter, I just could
Not capture animals as he did to
My people. They are predators,
Destroyers. We sold our people
To them as slaves. But there is hope
Of survival, African renaissance
You may say, but not for me.
I am already old. The terrible
Encounter had made me almost
Mad. But I hear there is still
Slavery. Slavery of the mind,
The body and the soul. New forms
Of destruction, new methods
Of death. They are constantly

Revolutionizing the instruments
Of slavery. Like how my guns
Are now useless, then I use my
Mind to overpower the helpless
Animals. They are invisible raiders
Who will come to ravage your mind,
Body and soul. I fear them, the
Destroyers. Human beings cannot
Be predators and preys for all
The time. My strength of limbs
Are gone. I cannot kill animals
Again. I am old, tired. But the
Human hunters seem never tired.
They are always looking for
People to capture, to prey on them.
I am warning the children to be
Wary; but where are the children?
Are they already destroyed?
Well let me rest my ancient
Bones awhile, I will try to forget.

Kojo Owusu

The Journey

Eddies of the hearth whirled behind
Me when I deserted the hut for your
Benign showers. I could hear the
Despairing noises of those shadows as
They furiously entered the dark fissure
Of the muddy wall. Angered shadows
With a vague prescience of my fate.
The threshold crumbled and lightening
Struck the eaves and the rafters.
A harrowing storm rendered the
Folks homeless. They were angry
With me. They burned with hatred
As they realized that I was leaving
Them. But the land was hit with
Drought and the new well we dug
Worsen the situation. I was not happy.
My soul was thirsty for your showers.
The waters of immortality. I went
To the priest to strengthen me with
His potent herbs to embark on the
Long hazardous journey. I told him
To do something for me to overcome
Any impediment that I would encounter
On the way. My leg hit a stone when
I thought of embarking on such a journey.
A serpent nearly blinded me. Nightmares
Haunted me. Once on the banks
Of the sacred stream with my people,
I suddenly crossed the stream to the
Other side. Their mournful cries pierced
The air. They moaned and groaned for
Me to join them again but I refused.
My snares in the deep recesses
Of the forest trapped animals
Of ill omen. My existence became
Tortuous and my fears and problems
Became insurmountable. But I was
Resolved to be at your rocks where
The waters of life falls. Where I knew

My heart would be satisfied. Where
I knew I would not suffer any bruise
Strangling and diminishing the soul.
Where I thought of etching my heart
On your rocks forever. But was I
Enchanted by your beautiful brows?
Now I am disenchanted. For the
Falling have nothing benign about
Them. It was rather malignant and
Treacherous drops falling like
Showers of blessing. Your rocks are
Rough, rugged and barren, hard to climb.
Everything about you is far from pleasing.
Far from soothing. You have devastated me.
You have blinded me. Now I am wandering
In a dark hole. I cannot go back home.
Even if my hut had crumbled and my people
Ruined, why can't I go home and sit amid
The ashes and hear the comforting melodies
Of the birds? Why can't I go back home
To my own wasteland? Wandering here
Is more painful, hard. My charms has since
Long become worn-out. My mind is in
Turmoil. I have being hurled into the
Bottomless pit. But I would wander
Aimlessly on this void, on this waste
And I believe one day, I would be
At my ruined hearth.

Kojo Owusu

The Lament Of Okonkwo

And now coarse eddies and specks
Form evil clouds and engulf our huts
And barns. Specks haunt us and we sit
Down as if dumb. Our arms defy us.
The machetes lean against the muddy
Walls idle. Our fierce courage has
Deserted us, the evil forest has been
Cleared and void songs violating the
Soul plagues us. The gods above are
Weeping for such a strange unearthly
Disintegration to be unleashed on
Our heads. Retribution seems to
Elapse them. The messengers who
Could read their invisible signs
Now can not understand what is at
Stake and they gnash their teeth
In pain and anguish. The ancient
Powerful gourds were filled with
Blood. The gods were consulted
For the root cause of the calamity,
The dire division and they returned
With no words from the deities who
Dwell in the grooves and caves.
The gong would not sound and the
Central arena would not enjoy the
Delirious tread of maidens and the
Wild vigor of lads. The rivers would
Not flow again for they are chocked
With weeds of grief. Painful vigil
Tinged with faint glow of kernel lamb.
The hearth echoed the fading sigh
Of the trembling shadow reclining
On the antique bed. We knelled amid
Ashen embers and primal eaves
And murmured our eerie fears to
Our selves. For very soon the ancient
Man will join the ancestors and the
Hut would be dark. Suddenly, a wild
Wailing stormed the air. The funeral

Obsequies of the ancient man was
Wreathed with cataclysm. Sending
A son of umuofia to the grave with
His father was an awful taboo that
Displeased the earth goddess.
I did it unintentionally. They knew
It was in advertent. I was exiled
For seven years away from my fathers
Land. And should my return be a dream?
A nightmare? My limbs are glued
To this hearth and I cannot even clutch
A cutlass. I, a famous wrestler, who had
Dumbfounded and enthralled spectators –
My hunting tools are rusting and my sigh
Turn to echo and my visions nightmare.
But do I have to shiver and tremble
Like an old woman? I have three human
Heads to my credit and also a titled man.
I would not let this red tooth fear overpower
Me. Now our people are clutching alien gods.
The people of the horizon have done
A grievous thing. Now look at our
Traditions and way of life being
Dragged in the mud. Our way
Of life an obsolete ritual. The walls
Are crumbling and cockcrows
Are but grunts and groans and moans.
The locusts are ill omen and granary
Floors are filled with furnacing teeth
They have succeeded in dividing us
And destroying everything.
Our wives and children desert us
Each passing day to join the albinos
To sing to the glory of a vengeful
Father and son who take delight
In our destruction. They condemn us
Of worshiping lifeless stones and woods.
We are said to be filthy and primitive
And gradually they are taking our lands
And training the children to hate
And abhor our customs. Now the
Children don't have respect for

Us any more. The elders are mourning,
The sages are overwhelmed and confused.
But why do we curse our fate and languish
In pain? We must not sit down like women,
Let us discard effeminate men and stand
Up for the course of our ancestors.
Do we have to sit down and tremble
And gape at the enemy who invades
Our land? Do we have to accept and
Praise the people who came to plunder
Our traditions and life? Elders
Of the land, we are not cowards and
Blood is not a thing we fear. Let us be
Resolute and stand on our two feet.
Let us rise against these forces for it a
Bitter reality to stand as if mesmerized
Or hypnotized for your fathers compound
To be destroyed, to hold the machete
And afterwards mourn? Elders
Of the land, let us fight rather than relent.

Kojo Owusu

The Mournful Procession

The hearse comes to a creaking shrieking halt
Echoing the cries of brambles crushed by solemn feet
The procession arrayed in black attires mournfully encircles the grave
And a requiem mass chanted
After the battered body was lowered into the abyss

The adjoining graves resounded the dirge in a welcoming gesture
The birds chirruping up above deepened the mournful tune
And the procession homeward turned

The women ululated
Of a fallen hero irreplaceable
A messianic figure
There is doom there is doom

A heroic figure no doubt
One of the greatest and outstanding personalities
Of our time
The men sung in unison
A revolutionary a visionary
Who deserves to be apotheosized

But it was whispered that
He was no more than an ordinary man born in poor circumstances
Poverty ennobled him
And squalor emboldened him
It was only fortune that smiled on him
To rise above his subhuman existence

Kojo Owusu

The Myth Of Plato's Cave

Benighted in the secret haunt of night - myth
The deluge inherent in your mystic mirage
To demythologise us
Our dessicated hearts will absorb the flares.

In the cave of darkness - confined
Etched consciousness battered
Repining in the cryptic pearls of illusion
While there is surfeit
Of brightness outside.

There will not be a dearth of wariness
The riddle would not be approached
By waht they have promulgated.

One would be disentangled
From the entangling cave
Of night and will howl against the injustice
Of the darkness - blight.

Kojo Owusu

The Old Soldier Cobbler

Knotted breath – stale
Wearied bones clutching reedy sticks
Strikes hard the venerable wooden box
In agonized traumas
And the deserted street overgrown
Echo and re echo the crushing doom
The furious elephantine thud
Of the soul dead tread
Of the bullet legged man
Of valorous burden.

Eerie silence – dank
Entangled body – vile sandals
Of beads strapped on
His shoulders like
The deadly firing balls – box
Of metals for soles
A war bag – then
Crawling through
Primal paths bent double.

Immobile bones – wearied
Sought a bower on the
Clammy road as if laying
In ambush for any antique
Rusted souls.

Suppressed song – dire
Of deep violent recess
Blood infested tales stark
In his throat.

Drowsy wagtail on
A withered bough.
No solace in the past
The sun is dead, rivers
Are chocked with weeds
The forest is no more green

Mother earth is languishing
In agony and pain
No comfort for
Her son who's soul is dead.

Kojo Owusu

The Prophet Of Wigan Pier

Wigan pier
On the painful road
The elms creak squalid slums
And echoes
Of pervasive poverty
Hut huddled together
Infamous
Turned a common wanderer
An ordinary Youngman
Into a radical avant-garde
A revolutionary
To champion the course
Of the poor
To send agonized ululation
To the clouds
To denounce the carefully
Wrought hypocrisy
To make conscious the down trodden
On the road to wigan pier
He was successful
Before he went to farm and
Reared animals
And in nineteen eighty four
Traveled to Oceania
Where he
Plunged in to the heart
Of the future
And returned
With a boon for dictators

Man is doomed to suffer
And through the suffering
May gain wisdom
Be ennobled
Siva's son
The sacred Ganges
You left for Eton prestigious
Where the sharp contrast
Was enough to break a lions heart

But you were strong
And even immortalized
You never abjured the noble course

Listen then perjured leaders
Vociferously eloquent to defend the course
Of justice and equity
But when the mandate is granted
Absolute – unapproachable
Soar above them with cruel canine
Manipulate them with crude mystification.

Kojo Owusu

The Pyramids

Craggy precipices – spires
Out topping atlas – piercing the air
To the above flares, the hanging fires
That illuminates the darkened sphere.

Tapering – in fierce gigantic
Postures, intricate arrangements of stones
Relics of the ingenious antique
The god kings to preserve their bones.

The image it coils – the mystic counterpart
Where only shards – embers
And broken pieces, fragile, far from being intact
Unearthed from stony slumbers.

Ephemeral clouds, all vanished never to return
The land tasted aridity, became dry, barren
In fury did the sun gazed to burn
The imposing structures to desolation. But when

Overwhelming forces of nature
Plotted and conspired against
The stones, they stood firm for future
Generations, for those not yet born. Not a waste.

Kojo Owusu

The Riddle Of The Sphinx - King Oedipus

The riddle of the sphinx - purveyor
Of the demise of coaxing, swooping, roaring voice.
Words locked in eternal rock shields - unapproachable
The destruction of the sudden throes carefully wrought
The mystic beast plunged in to self - immolation
Embarked again - sightless
The dire journey keep on recurring in my mind
The journey wreathed with epic grandeur
The quest for the vile truth
The dreadful cycle when it manifested brought
Anguish and shook the stronghold.
I was then running from my destiny
The fate ordained by the oracle.
A traveller bent on an interminable path
Fugitive trudging the undergrowth
Of the unknown.
The fates urged me to pass through a labyrinth
I was courageous and scoured the darkened crypt
And eventually encountered the winged creature
Plaguing with clear yet subtle questions
Terminating eager breaths
I plunged into the throes and my harrowing past,
Doubts and uncertainties haunting me
Temporarily dissipated
My loneliness - my wandering heart
And nimble feet came to a halt.
And the place was a perfect reiteration
Of my quandary - my pains.
But their woes absolved mine.
I grappled with the riddle
Of the sphinx that haunted the façade
Of the edifice.
I approached the dread and she disappeared
To her doom.
I was crowned yet my concealed heart
Tormented me fiercely.
Now the whole vile deeds I unknowingly
Fulfilled has being revealed.
Dispossessed and dispropertied.

Overthrown by fate - sightless
Bound on an interminable path
With my children, the shame. the obloquy
The marvelling whispers.
Bound -groping in eternal darkness
The horror of being guilty of murder
Incest. hubris - recounting the elegiac
Experience is experiencing it again.
But I do not begrudge the denizens of above
The gods are not to blame
The sphinx herald of the gods
Her riddle of death is a riddle of life
When pressed on us we are reluctant to respond.
The riddle must eternally remain illusive
Epitome of hope and our very existence.
The pains the anguish the nightmarish horrors
Embedded in it - it must haunt us
The storm must howl in our conscience
And it is our fate to gloss over it.
The illusiveness and the confusing nature
Of the question - hard even to understand sustains us
So I kindly recieve my fate. I confront
It not with demented fury but passive acceptance
oF its potency -Those above cannot lie
Our fate doomed to one end.
Though we are allowed to darken ti fangs for while.
Embarked on an interminable path - sightless
I journey to my final dissolution.

Kojo Owusu

The Road

Come my love, come
Come and let me hold your hand
And let us traverse
The winding overgrown
Naked footpath threshed
By ardent naked feet
Come and let us walk
The lonely road
The clammy hearth
Would wither away
The silent eaves
Would murmur their
Fears to themselves
The coarse eddies
Would while in the sky
And would fall as showers
Of doom
Forbidden tears
Would plough the hearth
And would make it infertile
But all these things
Would be behind us
Come and let us go
Let us walk the primal way
The learning tower lies in ruins
Deserted long ago
Spiders and snakes reign supreme
Harlot weeds and creeping plants
Have tainted the walls
Come my love
Come and let us go
Let us leave the ruins
Everything here torments the soul
Let us go even though
We don't know
Where we are going
We are certain that
When we leave the waste
We would find a more

Rewarding and fulfilling place
Come my love, come
And let us traverse the
Windy overgrown
Naked footpath
Threshed by ardent feet.

Kojo Owusu

The Sacrifice

What have I done?
To enkindle the lackadaisical ire
Of you that none

Of my fervent plea is granted.
I stand at your door and knock, goddess
I am weak, helpless and powerless.
My visions have turned to strangling fears;
The threshold is filled with bitter tears
Flowing from my downcast soul
For your delightful corridor I desire to stroll.

But you do not look down
On me with favor, the dark clouds your harrowing frown.
I have approached the potent medicine men
And priests and priestesses have languished
At the entrances of your dark cave and sacred den.

You have plagued me with the misfortune
Of disfavor, your uncompromising stance
Has wounded my heart and warped my chance.
My fate and destiny lies in your charm
And why on my head hurl such a harm?

I have brought fat animals
From my yard to spill their blood
And cowries from the dark blue flood,
From the granary I have brought grains
As an offer to you goddess, to alleviate my pains.

So I stand on the entrance
Of your temple, at your powerful presence
With my bewitching sacrifice
Your anger and impatience a would slice
In to pieces on the altar,
And your favor, tenderness and love I would entice.

O goddess
I know I shall leave your presence blessed.

Kojo Owusu

The Seers Final Cry

Unstable and opaque universe
Where do I stand in this chaotic cosmos
My aspiration was to become a healer
To cure people of ignorance and death.

Fascinated at sea
Tossing and turning in portentous waves
In the silvery voyager's tides
In a frightful torrent

I stood on mountain Everest and
I saw the black continent
Eminent and prominent
Yet wrecked at sea
Scattered on land by
Faction and misunderstanding.

Then I decided to lay my heart
On the darkened altars of dissention
I decided to carry the burden crushing her breasts

But the bared fangs of disunity
Has wounded my heart
Pierced me with arrows sharpened by anarchy
Slashed my throat

My blood is gushing free like a swift river
Running to endless doom
My ambition is torn to shreds
My mission is ruined.

Kojo Owusu

The Sex Vendor

In the semblance of the wild peacock in beautiful plumes
Outspreading boughs of enchantment, ornate
Dancing in colors magnificent to gain attention
But that is sheer display of wantonness
Unsolicited, perhaps uncalled for. Needless.
The craving instinct to satisfy the inner desire
Of the male incessant pulse striving to be quelled by fine looks
Is but epitome of an old fashioned book gathering dust at the shelves
Of advice to the beau how to look charming to win the unyielding lass.
The woman in modern crevice devoid of sentimentality
Does not bother whether the man is ugly or not.
But is he economically independent? Is he willing to pay?
The highest bidder is welcomed on the threshold
Of generosity in the toyish display
Of coquetry – she conquers
And fine clothes and theaters the topic
Her adventures continue – her commodity unsullied.

Kojo Owusu

The Shrine

Benign secluded grove fretted with sequins
Of awe and wonder – where sober stare
And stern silence, unsettling, foreboding
Awakes the drooping façade of the wilted
Huts and the will of the immortals fall
To wash away the fears of the folks.
Lone. You stand in the impenetrable bush
And scatter seeds of life on the granary floors.
The eaves tremble and the rafters proclaim
Your presence. The wandering feet on the
Ancient threshold sees your unapproachable
Fire, your eternal flares. The gurgling stream
Murmurs your healing cadence and the caves
Echo your dreadful warning. The central arena
Shakes with your invisible feet. Your burning
Logs brightens the face of the griot and
The groping young hearts that gather around
Him. The griot filled with your power tells
Of your life sustaining presence and the
Expected initiation. The spiritual journey.
The norms, the traditions, the values
Emanating from the sacred shrine.
That would eventually be imparted to the
Growing minds, the delicate souls.
Then comes the time for the young men
To be clutching machetes and flywhisks
Wielding the fierce instruments
Of life and death of sorrow and joy.
Then paying homage to mother earth
Shaking their legs wreathed with dangling
Beads, singing songs of maturity and
Fulfillment, invoking the gods to arm them
To fight, to fit into the community.
Then the talking drums and the pouring
Of libation. Then the charming maidens
Their breasts dangling in their clothes
And their swaying waists. Their alluring
Songs pouring innocently from their throats.
The beads around their hands and necks

And waists, the bangles around their
Legs clanging inauspiciously.
The pretty hands holding the pots
And the deft movements, the black
Beautiful bodies dripping with incense
Perspiration. Shimmering in the sun.
The feast of the immortals and the delight
Of the sacred shrine. The ancient men
Blessing, sprinkling water and the
Old women unveiling the feminine
Mystery to the maidens. The ecstatic
Crowd rejoicing, the children in tatters
Indifferent yet attentive, the elders imparting
What the ancestors thought, felt and experienced.
And who can discern in the delirious songs
The destruction of the divine shrine?
Who saw imminent ruin in the charming eyes
Of the maidens. What fetish priest dare
Make known the end of the shrine.

Kojo Owusu

The Testimony Of Mara

From the precincts of despair sing I
By what kind of death concerns me not.

I tread the path of learning brightened by the outstretched boughs
Of Siva and dread not the demise immanent in the subtle plough
Of grey when silence assumes treasonous visage in vaults and catacombs
In withered feat the wise are dragged by the hands of tyrants
And their wisdom is deprived of its freedom by slander, and they are plundered
For their Superior intelligence
Without the opportunity of making a defense?

Hemlock from the river of Hades was invoked to thwart and warp the genius and
ingenuity
Of Socrates wandering with subtle questions in the acropolis and re enacted
In the open air theatre by lads destined to be servitors when the sages
Congregate and the hills resound the ancient assemblage
In their midst was debris the philosophic icon on the cairns of the academy
He died for his ideas to resurrect on the fountains of ignorance
To flow in the rational verve of man flow in the conscience of man

In samos was famed Pythagoras burnt but his ideals withstood the conflagration
Of conspired ire and in an hour the land was covered with sand
The tumultuous sea raging against the calamitous sacrifice

Then the wise king advented himself from patriarchal descent
And the Jews murdered him and destruction swept on the travails of the barren
Destruction crying in the withered hearth in anguish they were expelled in anger
And in every land scattered
'On this account, lo, I have written for thee this record, [touching] that which I
have by careful observation discovered in the world. For the kind of life men lead
has been Carefully
Observed by me. I tread the path of learning and traverse the expanse of
wisdom And from The study of Greek philosophy have I found out all these
things, although they Suffered Shipwreck when the birth of life took place.'

A prophet has no honor in his country
Pythagoras Lived but in the statue of Hera
Socrates in Plato subsisted and the wise king the laws

The Three Witches

Animistic heath – the withered conclave of three hideous heretics
On the crossroads of the barren waste they haunt with talons of awe
Shriveled – cloaked in scarlet of blood of apostasy
In shy posture they are huddled together with the wand of illusion
Mirrors of necromancy and lips prophesying doom
Clanging metatarsals doing a dance macabre on the banks of the river of blood
Encircled by labyrinths of ever-burning fire.
Ready lips to imprecate the benediction of Hecate

On the morass of humanities' filth they fly with their swift broomsticks
In the recess of the dark vagaries of the imagination they will forever haunt
The lone house when woman hood denigrated on the shores of birth
When repugnant paeans are culled out of love words
From the princess to the prostitute
The keeper of the house to the abominable withered hag
When debased avarice is satiated on the brittle planks of blood
The wizard will cry helpless on tender laps and caring hands

The emergence of a hero of heroic birth and personage
The skies will shower praises on the heroic acts of men
In medieval quagmire of filth no wizard was ever hanged
Salem will throng the gates of Gehenna for witch trials
And the most accomplished man a wizard – elevated to solemn grandeur
From primal beginnings the tender heart is fed with crude mystification
Taught to be submissive – they deem it their nature to be submissive
When they succumb to the dogmatic beliefs of men
The men get absolute control over them

Sibyls and hags, sisters three – on the tripod is the pot of ritual and blood
Where you have a clear view of how you have been trampled
Denigrated and dehumanized
Your dignity and integrity is at stake
From creation deemed inferior and worthless – playthings
Look at the blood in the pot on the tripod and recite incantations
Sibyls and hags – sisters three recite the esoteric words to counteract
The evil and avaricious ideology of the insensible hounds of hell
Be vociferous sisters three – voice out your pains and anguish
In the dungeon of despair – speak out loud and clear

For in their shadowy night hung rhetoric of deceit
Recite the incantatory words of fire for recognition and respect
In the society you have created

Why do you give birth to kings and queens and be their slaves
With the magic wand, waive of the wraith of inferiority
The buzzing omen of eternal blame of weaker vessels
Let the voice who will whisper destroyers vanish to the gloomy grave
The voice gathering momentum resurrect your
Falling image in the quagmire of filth

Now on the flying broomsticks gain Arial height and rain down all
The tatters that has bound your hearts and souls for centuries
Shed the dirty rags of inferiority and timidity down to the abyss of oblivion
For the horizon is glittering with the pearls of your emancipation
Fly in the sky sisters three – witches and hags
Fly in the sky with your broomsticks for your liberation is at hand
Equality that you seek for is scattered like the stars in the sky to brighten
Your world of eternal darkness
Fly with your flying broomsticks witches three
And in ecstatic jubilation proclaim your liberation.

Kojo Owusu

The Tree Of Life

I shoot in conjugal declivity into the breast of mother earth
And cry in sonorous ecstasy
Her amorous caresses my bounty of joy unlimited
Pearls she fed me to sing and bend to rhythms
Of obeisance when the god of windstorms traverses the air
My root I inser in her down her fertile dome
Her wetness nourishes me
To bear fruit in prime and in season unfailing
My branches towering to heaven
My leaves rustling in the wind in wild delirium
Solemnizing my ritual to stand still till eternity
My roots descend down her labyrinth
As her fertility increases penetrating
Her life giving altar

Kojo Owusu

The Village Inn

There was a merry din
That greeted me as I walked alone by the village in
Of brawlers - men merry and gay revelers wild and uncouth
Of boisterous celebrants who have plunged the ideals of youth
Into a narrow crypt of mediocrity and wasted their fortunes
And their chatter and prattle heralding more wastefulness
For Bacchus has drowned more men than Neptune
Contents of bottles were emptied to fill guts of nothingness

The noisy brawlers are all abroad - the village square deserted
Incarcerated in the thatched hut of the master brewer they sung
The glory of the palm tree slouched in sloth - the string harp hung
Above and in debauchery and profligacy feasted
They could not do other wise but drink
As they brew so must they drink
The brain has ceased to think
So the mouth must drink and drink and drink

There was a merry din
That greeted me as I passed the village inn
Of brawlers - men merry and gay revelers wild and uncouth
Of boisterous celebrants who have plunged the ideals of youth
Out of their stomachs and filled it with wine
And all around it was a pandemonious scene of revelers
Wasting away by the majesty of the bottle

There was a merry din
That greeted me as I passed the village in

Kojo Owusu

The Will To Fight

Cavalcading our desires into rushing streams;
There were many who thought
The lone overpowering impulse unfulfilling
And the move to them is fraught with uncertainties;
The way narrow and full of thorns
And would rather cling to the clammy hearth,
And take delight in bled horizons and streams
And heaving breasts of maidens
They would not take part in the struggle
And would not sneer being called effeminate

But we did not despair
We were not troubled by those who would not move a step.
Anticipating horrendous dangers
Deeming the battle futile – unrewarding.
But our fight does not involve physical prowess alone
It requires the intellect – the unquenchable desire to fight.
The will to lead a people who have been voided of souls
And can one kill the self for people
Who don't care, ignorant of their miserable fate?
We can fight by awakening the damned people
By making them to discover themselves
Then we would know that we are engaged in
A fierce combat which we must come out victorious.

Kojo Owusu

The Windmill

The stench
Of prematurely tired skins
And rotten sighs
Of rotten souls
Assailed us as
We squeezed through
The dense crowd –
We could here moans and groans
Emerging silently
From their decayed hearts
Curses and imprecations
Of disillusioned men
Destroyed souls
Who sees nothing but emptiness
Argument here and there
Of promises that has
Not being fulfilled
And never would be fulfilled
We squeezed through
The thick crowd
Of thugs
Fanatics
Sycophants

We squeezed our way
Through the sweating lots
Our clothes and feet were dirty
Then we came across a section
Of the despairing crowd
Shouting triumphantly
That they have been
Delivered from the talons
Of an eagle.
That things will be better
We have suffered
We have been in hell
But now we are free again
We can walk
And talk

Without fear
They roared and chanted happiness
They were in ecstatic delirium

Then our leader in tatters
Not pessimism trapping his soul
Or cynicism gnawing at his heart
Said to us

Do you remember when these
People roared and raged for a savior
Now the devil is even better
Than the savior who rescued them
These same people are against
The leader they cried for
They say he has done worse
Than all his predecessors
And now a new hero
Have emerged to end
All troubles, pains.

But you see this windmill
Now it is at rest
It is at rest because
The wind is not blowing
And women and children
Can even touch it
But a time will come
That a fierce windstorm
Will strike and everything
Will turn upside down.

Kojo Owusu

The Wraith Island

Forbidden to reach our destination
We scoured the edge of the macabre
Flitting the crypts of the grotesque
Penetrating the realm of phantasmagoric
And nightmarish creatures – battling
Armed with subtle ingenuity, finally
We embarked on the pulsing waves
Haunted by raging storm – the traveler
Ordained – plagued to plunge into the
Underworld - the archetypal .quester
Journey through eternal darkness and chaos
This is the time to recite incantations
And invoke my affinity with the gods.
Embarked on the waves of torment
With unconcerned bruises we cruised
The torrent to the wraith island
The wraith island! Tossed on perilous
Seas we reached a place we could call home.
We reached the wraith island
We approached the unapproachable
The island - epitome of the hearth
The essence of our journey.
Here we were filled again with idyllic
Ambience. Here serenity engulfed us
And we felt at ease. The confrontation
With the specks benevolent unsettled
Us somewhat. They were strange
Creatures yet were at peace with us
They were tolerant – we were able to
Identify with them. To them a stranger
Is a hero and it is strange, a marvelous
Story that the bewildered traveler
Cannot recount kindness and care
From the heart of an island –
Watery beasts besieging it.
It was a place we could settle
The land striding vast
It behooves them to make sure
That strangers and foreigners offer

Propitiations to mother earth –
Guardian of fertility
Nature was desirous to grant in abundance
Regenerative vitality – calmness reigned
We were given a vast land to till
The bona fide owner of the land
Chastised us unrelentingly until
For not approaching him with
Sacrificial offers before tilling the land
We complied and did exactly what
He wanted for his command cannot be
Countermanded. Pleased. He gave us magical
Seeds that springs from the earth in a jiffy.
This incident made us understood the wraiths
And their more bizarre neighbors in depth.
Their insatiable thirst for fairness and equity
Egalitarianism was their edifice – stronghold.
A tiny creature was able to wreak havoc
And to plunge us into chaos and ambiguous
Situation, the tiny creature was overlooked
When the king of the island summoned
All the creatures. So he brazenly disobeyed
The king until he was granted his wish – right.
A strange land – island separated from
Dissenting roars and tumult
Of the raging sea. It stood in the middle
Of the sea- an island of sanity in an ocean
Of madness. The land was an ideal place
For us to have stayed. But we were haunted
By nightmarish dreams. We felt a powerful
Urge to desert the land. Cascade of peace
Justice, equality what man is yearning for
Things that have validity – permanency.
Yet the urge to travel through eternal chaos
And pains and toils was strong
The desire to scour the lowermost echelons
Of the underworld was uncontrollable
The genuine ambience of the island
Its splendid luster and magnificent beauty
Diminished for there was battle in
Our minds – we relented
Our volatile conscience submitted

Eager to continue our ordained journey
We left the wraith island
Through pains. Toils tears and blood
We deserted the wraith island
And again embarked on our quest
To the underworld.

Kojo Owusu

To A Dead Man

He chose his death
The dead man
Here sunset horizon
Water our fears
With the blood
Of our forbears and
Though our hearth is hot
And we pass through
Fire to survive.
He discovered the
Secret of coldness
Somewhere
He groped for
The mystery
Of winter
And now he is frozen
And his corpse seems
To tremble from
The eerie cracks
Of the north pole
He chose his death
The dead man
He gladly chose his death.

Kojo Owusu

To Lily Law, With Love

The lily undulate on the meandering ripples
Of the stream drawing sustenance as peculiar to watery rhythms
And deep down the valley the self same bends to airy rhythms
Both blooming beautifully yielding flowers in due season
Nature and nature's law they conform in surpassing beauty.
The tiny bubble in insignificant transience suspends in the air
But in diminutive frailty able to reflect the larger rainbow.
The caterpillar yields to the onslaught
Of the stage where it can assume the semblance
Of a cocoon and finally the butterfly emerges
In iambic pentameter do poets dabble in apprenticeship.
Verses and rhymes imperfect to young lovers cast
But in those shy lines
Of immaturity a genius lurks
Shakespeare's love's labours lost
Was not a labour of love
Of an attempt at dramatic poetry
But to furnish him with ideas beyond and possibilities
Lads and lasses on the pages
Of Romeo and Juliet imitate love rhymes
A novice you may concede and a beginner, a line from
Your random thought in my minds eye can be a masterpiece!
Tell me the meaning
Of love and genius –
Tell me what struck the heart and eyes
Of king Caphetua in the old nursery rhyme to fall
In love with the beggar maid.
Let me cast my argument in a superficial mould –
If now your name lily law can inspire music in my soul
My hands dragged in poetic frenzy to scribble a poem,
Your efforts even now can ululate and proclaim your charms to the world

Let me pause here and continue with my reading
Of As You Like It and
You never can tell.

Kojo Owusu

To The Drama Studio

Silhouette of an austere
Poet under balmy shade
Of somber grandeur
And traumatic fulfillment
The shadow wandering
Under the trees troubled,
Cut off from the darkened world

My timid steps
Silent – Unannounced
Shadowy – specter like
Happy that he was not
In his formidable study.

I approached him
With a manuscript in hand
A slight gloss. I said

“Are you sure you wrote it? ”
“Yes” I answered

O this is drama
This is poetry.

What is black on stage is evil
So from the beginning of the great drama
Superiors sit on their bloody thrones
Inflicting pain – manipulating
Portraying dark characters
As savages – brutes – devils
Not worthy even to be in the world.

They take delight
In suppressing and oppressing us
Calling it a comedy
And to us a bitter tragedy.

Kojo Owusu

True Love

No love is born out of hatred
Genuine love should be love from genesis
To the depths of apocalypse
Even in the most unpleasant situations
Rising tenderness and fondness
Suddenly interspersed with mistrust
Petty squabbles, despair and uncertainty
That is where love must display its firmness
And immutable propensity

Love is not love that yields to the rising tides of troubles
And pride into the material opulence of the evanescent earth
But is confident of rising from the depth of doom
From oblivion to the shimmering pearls in the sky
From paltry nothingness to something enduring – fulfilling
From the nadir of degradation to the peak of success

Let not my love be misconstrued – it is labour of love
Do not brand me hater of beautiful things
My fervent love for you has made me desperate
I will placate your anger on the altar of love

If lost and cannot love in the world of love
Can I survive in the land of burning hatred?

Kojo Owusu

Venus Of Willendorf

Willendorf - hail to thee figurine mother goddess
Your flappy bulging beast and undulating body exaggerated counterpoise
Flesh intertwined in the dark caves of Paleolithic cave of love
Goddess of fertility in my palms you reside in your magnificent opulence
I emerged from your bosom and now you reside in my hands
Obeisance is for you
You who gives in abundance in regenerative vitality
My lips are poised to utter your worshipful majesty
My mother my love my goddess my sister
In erotic immortal columns I long to stay
The very dawn of primordial incisions
Where in ruins lie beauty and truth undying
Goddess figurine goddess omnipotent
Shield your servant in quest of your charms

Kojo Owusu

Waiting For Naana

My adjurations pierced the ethereal essence
Of the approaching dawn and my seared
And wan steps wandered on the lonely
Interminable path to the sacred stream
Gurgling with charming resledence
My infant trembling heart succumbed
To its mystic call and I stood enthralled
Expectant - eager to hear what its eternal
Whispers forebode
I stood in obeisance to its lapping call
The pulsing waves, the animistic bubbles
Revealed - ordained by the oracle
In a blighted hearth I have waited
In strangling doubts and uncertainties
I have wandered consoling my shrivelled
And tormented heart that you will eventually
Return- endurance does not fatigue me
I approached the watery queen again
Because I was warned by the denizens
Of the above that my pursuit a mobid pursuit.
So I always sit on the reedy bank with the godess
With the frothy skeins.
I sit silently listening to its meandering murmurings
And echoes Long, winding. majestic. slow. steady
Unceasing. I am daunted by its purity which
reflects my darkened conscience,
The morning charmed with rare chirrups
Of birds will yield to blazing and scorching noon
And evetually to bloody dusk.
Yet I conquer despairing ecoes with the soft
Whispers of the river.
I try to imitate the incessant flow
Ofg rhythmic movement.
I am constantly assured and reassured that
The restorer of my soul I am earnestly waiting for
Will one day appear and flow
Into my arms just as the river flows into the sea.
It was a stormy night
Thunderous and belligerent roar besieged the sky

I was languishing in my hearth when
I heard your harrowing yet sonorous call
Emanating from the river.
I rushed to the riverbank and saw you Nana
Standing at the outerbank of the river
With dishevelled hair and agitated breasts.
You cried and stretched your hand in the storm.
I stretched my too but could not reach you.
I could not distinguish you whether a human or a wraith
I cried but all to no avail
You disappeared in the darkness
And I stood dumbfunded unable to speak.
I opened my eyes in the darkened and blighted
Hearth and rushed to the stream.
I sat down there for the whole day
And you never appeared
Yet I always come to sit on the lonely
Bank in morbid silence awaiting your return
Years have elapsed and have plunged into the
Dark recess of my mind and I still come to sit
on the bank. the waters gurgling eternally
Echoing my morbid pursuit and continuing
Its journey to the sea while I also continue
To wait for your return

Kojo Owusu

When Will My Lover Come At Night

when will my lover come at night
In the dark spells to enthrall my sight
The wild fangs of demure causes unbrage
Its retracing steps i will rage
Against-
Footfalls tender - leaving
I trembled
My soul was unwilling
When you caused the lonely road
I saw the dreadful seperation that will soon unfold
There was a madrigal on my lips unsung
Love words on my lips untold

It is sunset now
The meandering river
Calm and serene without a ripple
The pulsing leaves without a quiver
The chirrups of birds - return sthealthily
To the undergrowth
Of silence

In the cryptic blight
When will my lover come is severed from my wandering heart

The night sky is studded with jewels of stars
And darkness and everything dark
Was imbued with unsurpassed beauty

This is my cry - harrowing anticipation
Would the night be a night of pain
When i swoop down from the sky
Would my ebony grain escape me.

Kojo Owusu

Woman Worship

To relent to the importunities
Of woman - bending like overburdened reed in a tempestuous river -swaying
Assailed by current ominous and yielding to delicate acts
Of sheer coquetry misconstrued as an adventure
Or show of the power of woman, her image and personality
Epitome of the wild influence and the dominance
Of her passions - the greatest errors and mistakes recorded
In the affairs of humankind are the futile and deadly misadventures
Of great men who stoop to the whims and caprice
Of women - who succumbed to their entangling embrace
And desired to explore their impenetrable labyrinth.
But a woman will always remain a metaphor -
Of a shadow - follow her she flies - go she follows
Matriarchy was and patriarchy - women were heroes
And still are - no blind subjection borne out
Of the egoism of the men folk and an error in judgment
Glimpses and poisonous misconception of their nature
As weak, delicate, bendable and maneuverable
At worst playthings at the mercy
Of fierce demi gods - the tyranny
Of man is at a dead end and women like goddesses
Will not tolerate gross display of impiety
Sacrilege in their sacred threshold.

The idols of the world will like to be adored.
Like jealous gods of old the least to wreak vengeance
Theories of equality hung like an albatross on their necks
And the streets resound with their pleas to reclaim their image
Long fallen into desuetude, to proclaim and announce
To a dungeon earth their freedom - what they are capable of doing
Which is legitimate?

What unrelenting passion pursues the lover, the man?
To bend in awe in obeisance and deify the woman
Singing songs glorious to her charms - the object
Of his idolatry and in amorous ecstasy render her reverence
Worshiping her very aura.

Then the next moment he boils with flaring anger, biases and prejudices

Uncouth, seethes with demented veneer, with a captor's ire, chain in hand to
enslave?

To suppress his most complex exemplification
Of his nature reflective - to demean, denigrate and vent his
Wanton lust? Women as fallen - at once angels and devils
The slaves
Of men's wild thoughts
Of grandeur and power - idolized and demonized
The riddle continues.

Kojo Owusu