

Poetry Series

**Kojo Owusu**  
**- poems -**

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# 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 receded 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 fautless  
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 benignant 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 abysm  
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 dillema 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 prophecies 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 -  
Evanescent 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 widows 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 being 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 beyond my comprehension  
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 being 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  
Riffles, 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 gargoyled 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 scatted 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.

Coign 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.

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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 scatted.

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 its 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 use 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 palette 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 forshadowed 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 re enforce the clawlike nails and  
A tail tipped with the head  
Of a spear -

The fire grins and wags his tail  
The throng disperses  
The palette 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  
Traacherous 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 choked  
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 conciousness 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 choked 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 live  
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 concience  
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 scatted  
'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 believes 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 being 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 scatted 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 unfailling  
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 pandemoniuous 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 being 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 resedence  
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 morbid pursuit.  
So I always sit on the reedy bank with the goddess  
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 eventually to bloody dusk.  
Yet I conquer despairing echoes with the soft  
Whispers of the river.  
I try to imitate the incessant flow  
Of 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 dumbfounded 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  
Sacrilige 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