

Poetry Series

Goddy Nana Mens
- poems -

Publication Date:

2014

Publisher:

Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Goddy Nana Mens(August 11 1993)

Writer. Journalist. Poet. Philanthropist. And I believe art is Life.

A Poem

A poem is not stack of words that lilt and rhyme
A flimsy work to last a mere time
A poem is the voice of the soul
The emotions of a heart bursting free
A man's effort to send a tear up an eye
To capture breath in one hand
A poem is the answer to questions unknown
A riddle for the mind
Salve for the soul
Balm for the raw
History in a verse
A poem is the greatest magic there is
To give life to ink
And bless a page with a soul.

Goddy Nana Mens

Africa

When the aliens visit our lands
We will welcome them with open hands
We will not greet them on bended knee
Yet we will attend to their every need
We will not, before their hollow eyes, cower
We will stand tall and above them tower

When they arrive in spacecraft as fortified as a castle
We will not be dismayed by the dazzling lights on the shuttle
We have seen this before, shining armour and gleaming sword
We remember it all, fake smiles and the sleight of word
Our gracious hearts will be fooled no more
For that tale ended in rattling chains and filthy cords

When they stride with the glory of gods
We will watch them with solemn nods
When they talk of their alien lands
We will dazzle them with African yarns
We will tell them of our heroes
Those who lived and led and crushed our foes
We will tell them of our culture
Our beautiful, elegant, colourful culture
The grace in our dance
The skill of our hands
The beauty of our speech
The peace of our niche
We will tell them of our people
People of pure hearts and goodwill
And then we will tell them of our land
Where gold and diamond, timber and cocoa, oil and gas overly abound
And after they have heard our stories
They will return to their storeys
Green-eyed and stone-faced, they will plot a looting
And we shall be here, waiting.

When they return to seek plunder
That will be their dying blunder
For we have men, big and heavy
We have women, brave and sturdy

We have kings armed and ready
We are one, united and deadly
We will stand together and fight
With all our hearts and all our might
All for one, one for all
We will battle till the oppressor is no more

And when we have driven them from our land
Their defeat will be one more thread to our glorious yarn
We will build, and grow and prosper
If they invade, we will fight and conquer
We will tear them apart piece by piece
Till the world learns Africa should be left in peace

And peace is all we have been seeking
To live a life, free of looting
To be free to let our skill and creativity run wild
To be free, and let the whole world share in the African Pride

We are Africans and we are proud to be
Proud to be part of this great history and legacy
We will shout it till our voices wear out..
We are Africa!

Goddy Nana Mens

Content

Of all the virtues of long and yore
Content is perhaps the greatest of all
And if this once, I did not know
I am glad Life has taught me so

Content is walking past the man in the wheelchair
Watching the blind man in the portrait
Buying from a hawker from your old man's truck
And uttering those simple words, "Keep the change."

Content is taking a midday stroll through my town
A silent walk through the harsh reality of another world

Gap-toothed floors

Croaking doors

Rotting sills

Walls filled with crooked smiles

Dirty faces

Broken heels

Naked children

Children huddled at the feet of Mother like a mass of despair

Reeking kitchens

Sunken roofs

Bony unlucky pets

The air dense with choking gloom

Content is four limbs, vision and speech

Your parents' life, your country's peace and good sleep

Content is watching the little birds fly

The perfect beauty of the blue sky

And the eternal knowledge that the Lord is alive

Content is when nightmares are only in your head

When you awake each morning in your bed

When fear is only inspired by a book

And every corner is a blessed nook

Content is the peace that makes a house a home

The purging tune that keeps the heart pure

Living music that keeps the soul alive

And the golden bolt that bars Evil from the mind

Content is naught but a single thought

That anytime you wished you were somebody

You remember somebody wished he were you.

Goddy Nana Mens

Cut Deep

All my life I've been searching for love
For acceptance
That sense of belongingness to somebody
The refreshing conviction that somebody was thinking about me
Missing me
That someplace somewhere someone was wishing we hadn't parted
At last, my hard work had paid off
And I was finally rewarded
And the prize had been great
Very much worth the decade of diligent search
She had been everything I had wished for
Beautiful, funny, witty, good listener, innocent
A little too innocent maybe
She was my first real friend
And I knew I could trust her
For there was no doubting her loyalty
It was all there in her dark brown eyes
How they came alive at my sight
How they shone with joy in my presence
How they twinkled when they bore into mine
How they dulled and blurred when we said farewells
For once in my long weary life I'd found peace
I'd found true happiness
I had found love and acceptance
And I always had a positive thought alive - that somebody was thinking about
me
But this joy was not to be
This peace had only been a lull in my stormy life
For my friend was taken away from me
Life dealt me another of Her unfair blows
And now my friend is gone
Gone forever
Fallen over the edge
My world is empty again
Even emptier than before
For now, a void within the emptiness screams to be filled
My heart is in mourn
And my spirit loses light with every passing moment
Words cannot describe how much I miss her

How I'd do anything to look into her eyes again
Those which were always boring into mine
Searching deep and finding my words even before I spoke them
Those priceless gems that adorned her face
Oh how I miss the mere sight of them!
Now the days are longer
The nights even longer still
Because my head is filled memories gone stale
And sleep like everyone else refuses to take me in Her arms
The past seems so bright from here
` For the future like present is dark and gloomy
And grows darker by the day
My pain can drain all of Earth's ink
My sorrow can cloud all the sky's twinkling stars
My tears can flood the Pacific
And my cries can muffle thundering typhoons and sweeping sandstorms
Once again, I've been stabbed deep
Real deep
And yet another hole gapes in my scarred heart
This time I may never heal
I may never salve this bleeding wound
(Perhaps I don't even want to. I've had enough) .
I may never love or be loved again
But I feel distantly fulfilled
I have assurance of my thoughts
Now I know a Great Truth
That "Nothing - absolutely nothing -
Is as refreshing as true love flowing free.

Goddy Nana Mens

Death - The Irony

Slowly, the pages are filling up
Another Chapter is nearing completion
That Hand that writes, writes on
On and on and not a word erase
But my Book is full of pain
Of misery, heartaches and rotting dreams
Yet the Hand writes on
On, on and ever on
Nonchalant to my thousand curses
Unperturbed by my impotent rage
Pity though the Book I cannot close
Pity more, the Hand I cannot force
It bides its time
And O how slow it is!

But why can't I just own my Life?
After all isn't it but a mere crumb of eternity?
A flimsy moment in the Sea of Time?
Surely my absence would not be felt
Surely the Giver should not mind
So why can't I own my Life?
After all, isn't every Man a dead Man?
Then why can't I die when I want to?
Why does Death ignore my call?
I would die later anyhow
Why tarry now?
Why not take me now?
Why not now?

I search the portal
That leads out of here
And I would give my all
To the one to take me there
But till my search prove any less futile
And I begin to walk that mile,
Only one question will linger in me
If every Man is a dead Man
Why can't I leave when I desire
Why can't I leave now?

Dreams

It starts with a simple thought
A tiny surge of electricity through the brain
A spark of genius
A flame of ambition that only dies upon realization
A passion that sets the mind afire
The glory that makes the world brighter

It starts with a moment
A moment that becomes a memory
A memory that tugs at the heart
That tugs and tugs and tugs till the heart is bent
Till choice is spent
And the will is set in stone

It is the hope that keeps the spirit alive
Our vision of a brighter tomorrow
One less murder, one less greedy
One more mother, one less needy

Dreams..
What will the world be without them?

Goddy Nana Mens

Eleventh Hour

I watched him fetch the rope
Said he was too tired to mope
I watched him tie the noose
Said there was all to gain, none to lose
I watched him plant the chair
Said there was a better life after here
I watched him climb, noose in hand
Said, dreamily, he was almost in the new land

I begged him down, heart in mouth
I knew this was not the way out
He gulped the very last of his drink
I knew he was too drunk to think
But still I cried, I begged, I pled
Hoping to touch a sober nerve in his head

But the chair flew with one drunken flick
Body jerked and legs began to kick
As his neck snapped, the rope held fast
I knew that ghoulish gasp was his last
My eyes watered and my insides bled
With him died the peace in my bed

Now I am heavy, my guilt none can tell
As though he had by my very hand fell
The peace in my bed I desperately long
But my dreams are of naught but dangling feet and spewing tongue.

Goddy Nana Mens

Growing Up

So here we are...

Living the teenage dream

Boys' chest broadening, voice breaking

Girls growing beautiful and more insecure

Hating bodies they once adored

Seeing faults that not be

Worries mounting

Cares abounding

Disappointed

Unsure if this is the dream we have so looked forward to

Reality a while ago had been much more magical

O so magical

And I miss it...

I miss the days we were always innocent

The times we were nothing but cute and decent

When we never knew what we were doing

Or even if we did, the world always assumed we didn't

I miss the days when I was me and truly me

The days Life was simple and the future was a distant fantasy

I miss the days when we did not mean what we say

And grudges lasted only a day

The times when all was fun, sun and sweat

When we had few needs and all were met

The world was one big adventure

What was fear?

All a boy needed was a full belly and his peers

And then we began to grow...

We discovered secrets we did not want to know

Grudges began to ran deeper

And suddenly, the world was void of adventure

Then he began to stick to her

And he and he and he and he too

Everyone had to get a pair

Then in came the crushes we couldn't handle

The Big Circle had begun to crumble...

So the vicious tale unfolds

And the childhood bonds can no more hold

Us into the tight-knit cult that we once were

And the pain of loss causes our first true tear

For the first time, we are angry, envious, jealous
We are hating, gossiping, snorting
What happened to us?
But the answer tolls in me -
Growing up...

From the lores, I know there is more
More hate, more pain, more tears to pour
More lies, pretense, disappointments - heartbreaks
Getting a degree, getting a job, paying bills - headaches
Suddenly everything has a thing to do with age
The family is pestering you into marriage
Which might even probably end in a divorce
And the wife will take away things of yours...

Growing up...
So here I am
Stranded on the horizon of childhood
And the dawn of adulthood
The former forever lost to me
And the latter is where I dread to be...
But however old we grow
We cannot let those memories go
Of the days when our actions we always innocent
When we were nothing but cute and decent
When we never knew what we were doing
Or even if we did, the world always assumed we didn't
The days when Life was simple
When our faces had not a pimple
When the world had no defect
And everything was perfect
The days when we always looked forward to the sun coming up
Without a clue that it meant growing up...

Goddy Nana Mens

If I Was Me

If I was me...

My heart would be beat more slowly
My family would breathe more peacefully
My tears would gradually grow stale
And my favours would no longer be for sale

If I was me...

I'd no more start writing with a clean paper and a dirty mind
I'd shun that journey towards the Evil I seek to find
I'd bear no grudge and no more radiate that evil sheen
But I'd wear my badge with pride - the joy-brewing machine

If I was me...

One heart would never stop beating
And a couple more of a pair of eyes would never stop seeing
My next-door neighbour would keep his thumb
To operate his though most annoying pump

If I was me...

Though many have been foolish
I'd swear to keep my beast on the leash
Their blood will stain only their veins
Though it would have been refreshing to feel it wash my pains

If I was me...

The world would be a better a place - at least mine
For I'd light up all the suns that were refusing to shine
I'd live my life to see dreams to be lived
In gratitude of all those who in me believed

If I was me...

I'd take a ride back to my time
Through that journey of a million and one miles
Relive and change all my pains into smiles
And with a boost in spirit and a renewed soul journey back to this time

If I was me...

I'd want to see happy faces or big smiles contented men or all of the above
To fill this bruised soul that has been so long famished of love

For I'd finally let go to know how it feels to love and be loved
And perhaps - just perhaps - let my hard self feel the accompanying sentiments
allowed

If I was me...
Oh, if I was me
My world would be the perfect place to be
For I'd work my life to earn all the positive nods
So when I die, I'd know my weary soul will be in the Hands of the Lord's

Goddy Nana Mens

Letter To My Motherland

It is that time once again
And the birds sing of the dusk of another reign
The time is apt to assess and to judge
To stake our loyalty - the axe or the nudge
There may be change on the horizon
Men shudder in fear and anticipation
Their Evil they can hide no more
And their very deeds seek their fall
And in dire times like these
When Fall and Shame in the distance tease
When the taste of power is dying on the tongue
And more and more of it we long
A man - bein

Goddy Nana Mens

Life - The Irony

The desperation of the dying man seeking cure
The fear of the one who hunts at night
The anxiety of the gladiator in his shining armour
The pulse of the novice at battle
Trembling limbs
Sweat-beaded burning brows
Thumping pounding hearts
Clenched jaws
Mighty men made less in the face of Death
Guarding their lives as though it were a worthwhile treasure
Life?
That accursed span in Time assigned a man
That moment, hour
Day, week, full moon
Year, years, decade
Century millennium even
Never forever. Never!
Yet funny how Men guard their lives
Like the samurai their knives
Like a king his sceptre
When in only a moment, one may be a spectre
Pity how much we crave it
When pain and span are finely knit
For we born whole, pure - glorious
But as we live, we lose friends
We lose limbs
We get our hearts broken
And our souls dim with the passing moments
Yet we thrive on
Till we spend all light
And our souls are as void as the night
Then our shells cremated
Our feats forgotten
Our memories fade -
Our Life gone.
Gone like we never lived.
But did we?
This is the Life Man craves
One which rots in the graves?

I despise Life
This span of strife
I seek not to live long
I want die young and long
All light preserved
To get my rest deserved
Of a long long death of peace
Detached and shut from men who think they live.

Goddy Nana Mens

Lovesong

In times of fear and pain
Your love kept me sane
Through the bitter nights
And the cloudless skies
Your warmth kept me whole
Let us go then, you and I
Where the smiling stars gaze from the sky
Let us walk, hand in hand
upon the sparkling sands
Let us go far far away
Where the golden roses lay
And when we will be back
No one can tell
For all I need
I found in the love of a girl.

Goddy Nana Mens

New Year's Eve Midnight

There is excitement in the air
Hearts are bubbling with joy and light
We feel the Death that is near
And we sit in wait wit smiles wide and bright.

This is the end we all wish to witness
The only Death we want to see so often
This is the time to forgive and to bless
Because a year is dead; boxed in a coffin.

This has always been our sole wish
The only resolution we would die to achieve
That we travel the time between the Ram and the Fish
That we always remain here and never leave.

As we watch the year gasp his Last
We see our pains flickering in His eyes
The dear ones that are now naught but dust
And the dreams that have long seen their demise.

So we cover the Year in His shroud
With mixed feelings of love and hate
Then we recite his elegy out loud
And light the straw to His body cremate

Into the open sea the licking flames go
Sailing away with dark memories three hundred and sixty-five days old
The wind is whispering what we already know
That we let go and face the New Year all strong and bold

With lighter hearts we await the midnight howl
The first cry of the New Born One
Desperately we wish it to cry and never yowl
So our days never dim but always have the Sun

At last the time is apt to forgive a debt
For the New Year is finally here
Now we begin another journey hoping to win the ultimate bet
'Who lives longer - Me or the Year? '

Goddy Nana Mens

Nightmare?

I awoke with a start
A terrible pounding in my heart
My face was wet with perspiration
Streaking slickly slowly down my chin
I felt hot
Or maybe not?
Verily I felt hot
Yet the cause I knew not
My veins stood erect on me
Pulsing with dark dark energy
I stood and moved to the window
I didn't walk - I flew though
And I saw them
The unholy, the entities condemned
Cause of the world's woes
The havoc, pain and lost souls
Elves and goblins and dwarfs and witches
And owls and crows and spiders and midgets
How they shivered in my presence!
Bounded in my dark effervescence
I stepped into the night
Into the sky void of light
Into this dark unholy hour
My being laden with pure power
And I stood over them, glaring
As tall and proud as the tower of London
And they huddled at my feet, cowering
Like a once glorious gladiator, beaten and fallen
Awaiting judgement, hearts in throats
Shuddering, quivering in their tear-soaked cloaks
And I raised my hand
Now powered like a wand
Bolts streaming down my arm
Itching bad to do harm
My hand came down with a scream
Hard fist crashing into cloak
But alas! I awoke
And it was all but a dream!

Once Again...

Once again, the dreary dirges have begun an upward journey.
The sunny day did not end in a moonlit night,
The flute is keening for the latest victim,
Another soul has crossed over.

Once again, Death decides the colour of the clothe we wear,
He has taken the mirth and now our chest is wet with tears.
That one who was here is now gone,
And we do not expect his return.

Many have left us before; so many we lost count.
And yet the pain is always the same,
Always just as heartbreaking as the last time if not more.
Perhaps, it is. Indeed it is more.
For we always hope the just Fallen would be the last,
Hoping that Fate would not be cruel enough to cause us yet another parting.
But then Death lives just to prove us wrong.
To prove to us that He takes at His will,
Never minding even if it is from the very same tree.

We always mourn the departure of Fallen men.
But are we, the Living, any better off?
Do we not also deserve to be keened for?
For we die and are buried with our fallen loves,
And our souls already begin to rot before the mortal death.

We are witnesses of countless obituaries,
And attendants of endless wakes.
We mourn with the disheartened families.
But the pain we feel is not of the Loss we have suffered,
Not of the emptiness the bleak future presents,
Nor of the choking nostalgia that stalls the heartbeat,
But the fact that we are always the burying not the buried.
The fact that we always look on hopelessly as our fellows are taken,
Shackled body and soul by a slavemaster too mighty a foe.
The fact that our impotent rage smirks and looks us mockingly in the face,
Reminding us of our humanity, our mortality - our limitation,
And that we shall never defeat our Greatest Enemy by our own accord.
Thus, the incongruous guilt we feel for being alive,
The sudden despise for the life we once so desperately craved.
For we seek solace in a curse,
The irony of seeking peace at the feet of our sworn Enemy.

But as though this were all a game to Him,

As though everything were just a simple bout of chess,
Death ignores the seeking and seeks the hidden.
And thus, we mourn once again.

So once again, sorrowful voices lift up towards the Heavens,
Asking questions coded in dirges.
Though we expect no answers.
And we pour our soul's sorrow into hollow woods.

The Dead are gone, safely tucked away in the bosom of the Earth,
And the Living are no better off having died with all those they buried.
So in the heel of the hunt, Death is the ultimate winner,
For no man is wholly alive; a part of him having once died somewhat.
And both the quick and the Dead rot away into nothingness.

Once again, a child is an orphan,
Once again, a woman is a widow,
Once again, a mother is childless,
Once again, a friend has left us,
And once again, I am asking, "Why?"

Goddy Nana Mens

The Waters Vast

A rolling roar yet a hushing still
A vast of green creased in white
A pool of life stuffed with deaths
A chamber of secrets
Yet keeper of key to the portals
A plain of blue we cannot walk
Misty foamy seahorses we cannot ride

The Sea...

As ageless as time
As infinite as breath
As whole as life
As ever as now

The Sea...

Where the twins of time reside peacefully in a conflicting bliss
The Death on the shore
The Birth on the horizon
The muffled screams of Her labour afar
The hushed cries of Her mourn near

The Sea...

The tomb of sailors
A burial of treasures
An ancient witness to the woes of Man
Brimming with secrets and many many answers
Telling tales in tongues Man cannot decipher
As furrowing whites tumble in hushed whispers
Magic. Pure magic
Tales we hear by sight
Fables She tells by white

See the waves - a summary of Life

From humble beginnings into tumultuous climaxes
Only to die into pitiful salty lather
With nothing to show for its existence
But sands it wet or a ship it might have sunk
Pitiful. So pitiful
To die almost as soon as birth
To be gone just as welcomed - Man
And the eternal rumble...
Like a crypted foreboding almost long overdue
Sometimes rising with nagging impatience

Sometimes falling with justifiable weariness at efforts unrewarded
Sometimes indifferent. Still
Dead still with dejection
And most rarely, frustrated, she rages to be heard
Toppling masts and soaking sails
But the Great Vast lives on despite all
Watching Man whoosh past Her sandy hall
Like a timeless sage brimming with wisdom
Like a patient Witness awaiting the Trial
Like a great defiance mocking time and span
Like an awesome creature belittling nature
The Sea, booing yet cooing
Moving yet immobile
Plain yet the Greatest Mystery
Thrives like She has
Is
Will
From then till then.

Goddy Nana Mens

Who Am I?

I am the boy who was born

A day before the hero died

Born Heart of the Lion

Power and strength abounding

I am the boy who has less beauty

In visage than in personality

The boy whose charm lies not in eyes

But in the lines he writes

I am the boy who admires

The men who robbed his people

Raped them, beat them, then sold them

With the fruits of their land

I am the boy who sings with the vultures

And strokes her eggs

And coos her young

And fluffs her plume

I am the boy who is saddened by his people

By their sad sad superficiality

Their insusceptibility to depth

And their apparent indifference to the Greater Things

I am the boy with a scarred heart

Hurting bad

Aching hard

Arrows stuck fast - not Cupid's.

I am the boy who had no friends and family

Alone, lonely and not a pint of love

The boy who was murdered by his peers

Cast away, abandoned and left to rot

Yet, I am the boy who has found himself

Discovered my soul

Living my purpose

Arisen again.

I am the boy they could not defeat

The one who drowned his oppressors

The star illuminated

The phoenix stirred.

I am the boy with three eyes

Two heads

A life

And a thousand souls.

I am the boy no one knew

Now made wholly anew

Bound for glory

Never to tarry

I am the boy who is me

Strong, unbounded,

And bounded, never will be

I am the boy who is me - the boy who is free!

Goddy Nana Mens