

Poetry Series

John Dadzie
- poems -

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John Dadzie(4th of march 1994)

A Conf Saf

Sometimes I see the truth
Yet I ignore it
Sometimes it's just the highlight
Yet I always miss the tit bits
You've got the ring
Where would the punches go?
Well I guess in it
The truth is
The truth this
When the roof comes down
When years whirls around
Would it stop?
Would that be the end of the mob?
Will they bury the hatchet will they ignore what the fact is
That the world is never fair
When my eyes sees clear, when my nights are blur
I play it all night, my best nights are always first.
Friends say go in, I say never
They say come on! e dey bee ruff
Nah STDs they iness "chao"
When they say her love is the greatest
Tell them you were once a fun of the Lakers
When they say hope it ends well
Tell them it never does
When the letter is "l";
Loose
Looser
Lies all lies
These are the words I sang to a brother. Nah! Lies all lies.

John Dadzie

Adulthood

One day after the other,
i sit and ask myself if i hadn't wished to be a grown up would i have stayed
younger?

Reminiscing on those childhood past, ooh! What a wonderful sight.

The name calling, wife tagging no respect for colours and making bubbles out of
gum, with a tap from a complaint my little sister i am awoken from this sitcom
flashback, but then again i ask myself is it worth it? Yes it should be with all that
has happened, what is happening and fear of what would happen i wish i was a
child.

Am scared of adulthood and am not even there yet.

John Dadzie

All I Have Left Of Her

In my heart i buried her corpse,
just to hide her from these strange cops,
strange impressions they gave me,
on their faces smiles were never to be,
they came in cold hands, just to reap my heart apart,
but just before their eyes i depart, .
With hot blood and an over raged heart beat,
just to keep her safe from these heartless beast.
Who only came to take what i had left of me. My love for her.

John Dadzie

Beatrice

You were my friend,
a pretty beautiful friend.
You were my mate,
a dependable supportive mate.
Can't understand myself, why i never saw you in a different way.
Your round face, pretty lips with a smile that made me gay.
Your beauty remains seated deep in my memory till this day.
I remember the times we board a troski and i had to sit on her lap because my
money wasn't enough,
i remember the times when we play in class and i picked her up whole in my
arms.
When others remember to be gay, this nostalgia is like a dagger in my heart
which tears me apart.
i search for you in my heart but never find you,
all i do is to just dream about you.
My dear Beatrice i really miss you bad.

John Dadzie

Beneath A Broad Smile

Alone

in my mind i feel pain

a pain inflicted on me by the world, with all these thought am never on time, i always sit and sob in the night train, i sometimes pass my stop looking at my friend who life taught to kill.i always look in the mirror, starring at my scars, the scars that made me cry, the scars of my broken wing making sure i could never fly, sometimes i wish for death but when it comes i say that's not what i meant, life is very confusing which is one of the reasons that make me sob. you don't know this because they are all beneath a broad smile.

John Dadzie

He Is The Answer

it was cold, one stormy night
the moon remained elusive in the sky
with no sign of a star.
he was there lying on the alley
there and then i asked whose mistake?
there was no answer, he laid there still
maybe on an empty stomach, i sure cant tell.
in a tattered dress,
a sight that never impress.
a tear drop trickled down my left cheek
i felt numb just the second.
i heard a whisper,
he is no mistake, but a situation to correct your errs.
it is your choice, would you leave him to lye or would you let him stay with you?
you pray to me for a good heart this is your time.
you pray for favor he is your lucky charm.
you thank me for my love, he is that love,
please let him stay with you?

John Dadzie

His Life

Stud

Fearless

Different

All smiles insist on becoming the best, struggling to survive, tears in his 't see just instinct just...

Alone for so long never knew where he belonged just sorry, just tears in his eye, sometimes he cries but amidst a smile to safeguard his pride, is never his but mine.

Beauty

Success

Religion

Righteousness

Instincts, the dentist, ridiculous he says how ugly are these days, the pains, the plane an air moving machines believing it shall come to pass.

He bows in dismay hiding from his the years brings, the morning bird sings but the caged bird. Which do you prefer his soul ask but his mind

Calamities

Adversities

Tribulations

The celebration of discomfort and that is his annual ritual but the concord is never mutual.

John Dadzie

Love Is What We Have 1

If love is true what is lust?

If life is real what is death?

If we are not compatible what is between us then? Oh! Money i guess?

If money is blood what is running through us then? Do u even need it? If yours isn't enough take mine, it is time, make ur choice, don't make it on lies you where fed with cos all we have is this, LOVE.

John Dadzie

Love Is What We Have 2

Look at me..?

Don't turn your eye of me,

i have more than she has,

i would do more than she does.

I don't care about cars or a house.

please don't let this go cos all we have is this LOVE.

John Dadzie

My Life

My life is now in shutters, my dream has been captured by the anonymous captain of my soul, who sails me straight to the north heart becomes cold, so i stand and shiver besides the river that carries my soul, with all these i tend to ask my self, why is this? where did i go wrong? Was it the devil in me? .but they tend to be rhetorical but i need answers, or are these the questions i should ask, is it the fault of my creator? Or it is the curse from ancestor? so here i stand beside the river like how a dead plankton, doesn't know were it goes but follows the current, is how i have faith is weakened my disbelieve is strengthened, is life real or its just seem to be real or life is your own fairytail, like alice, i wonder in wonderland, strange things i see, just like in the sea were strange animals dwell, thinking makes my head i ok will i be ok, or when is it going to be ok are the questions i ask my ! My world, oh my life so here i stand, ready to fight, so i may attain the height.

John Dadzie

One Day.

You always try your best so they never see you cry,
But late at night you cry till your tears run dry.
So many times they say you are wrong
But deep down you know you are right
You keep the smile, you walk the mile,
They pretend they loved you they lied.
You try to fight
You want to take a bite
But this apple taste bitter,
My life would be better someday
When that day comes,
Oh! How I would jump.
I hope my bubble never burst
For the feeling in my heart would forever last
For some time till I return to dust.

John Dadzie

Our Love Just Like In The Telenovelas.

We just live once, twice is a SECOND CHANCE,
don't hold onto the hurt the pain
and disgrace they inflicted on you Vengeance
is of the lord CORAZON I Cruz,
just chill, ease the adrenaline rush at ACALPOCO BAY,
they laugh at you call you fat but you are
MY SWEET FAT VALENTINA,
don't worry we shall return and return
the pain they inflicted on us, call it,
LA PATRONA, strong sensation i feel
anytime u come around and i feel like
touching you my HIDDEN PASSION,
without you, is like carrying a curse
on my head BELLA CALAMIDAD
never letting you go is THE PROMISE,
ALL IN THE NAME OF LOVE,
sitting at bank of the DESTINY RIVER
knowing i mistrust you come back my ROSALINDA,
i have got to act fast cos our love is TIMELESS.
i will raise over your head a SHELTER FOR LOVE,
cos of this love you have got more foes than friends my EVA LUNA,
your woes never go away on your head
i see the crown of tears CORONA DE LA GRIMAS.
our story is just like in the telenovelas, I LOVE YOU.

John Dadzie

Our Transgressions

Nights in the day
darkness and mistakes,
our sins like cutting grasses
pulled together by the rake.

Light up to burn in flames
under the cloak of shame,
the light in the thickest darkness
the disgrace of a woman's nakedness.

The shadow cast behind the light
as an obscene and obscure sight,
the mistakes of our past
as the iron always rust.

Just like lust
a sight we can never walk past.
Just like the night
a time we can never look at.

Our sins,
are with us as the fishes fins.

John Dadzie

Please Go Easy On His Ego

Sadly he bows his head and sobs in dismay,

never gazing at his star and its rumpus.

Peeking down at his works, in a disarray.

He could not, he never really found his muse.

It was June, it was May, was March, never gay.

The world is present but his heart sings the blues,

well! Though he could not control his miff like Nimo,

he tried, please go easy on his ego.

John Dadzie

That Time Of The Year

it is that time of the year
the time of the were jiggling bells are the sounds we hear,
the time of the year were there is no single tear,
the time of the year filled with merry making and raising of glasses filled with
bear.

the time of the year were crisis are not ours to bear,
the time of the year were everyone around us is dear,
the time of the year were the vail in the church could do nothing but tear,
the time of the year were love is all we share.

it is that time of the year,
we knew it was coming now it is here,
the wonderful time of the year,
let us embrace it with love and care,
cos it is that time of the year.

John Dadzie

The Cemetery

Silence in the midst of the crowd
were whispers seem soo loud,
and death feels soo proud,
creating a place were quiet is the loudest sound.

The place were the living detest,
but a place it is finally laid to rest.
Its peaceful nature,
a place we lay wait for the rapture.

John Dadzie

The Fishermen's Song

Under the morning dew where the fishermen few, cast their net in search of a meal. A meal not just for two but to feed the whole that craves for the their life on the line, just like in the battle front where not just the brave survives but the strong but in a peaceful song which never last for long.

John Dadzie

The Muse Of Life

All fingers are not the same but they all have knuckles. There is something that makes us human, life presents us with many opportunities but for just the few, the morning dew has opened wide its embrace but it seems only the cold hearted get's the hug leaving the warm hearted to wallow in pain till they become cold and can't live no more . Life has more to teach, it is not always what the pastors preach but sometimes a frontier we either or never reach, yes the muse of life.

A beautiful wife a wonderful life severed by a short knife.

An ugly wife, a stormy life an old mind thinks of regret for not living it.

A young mind with a strong one, a youth, a brute, the truth for a lie but sleeping dogs do lay it is nature and its contumely.

Good impressions, wrong expressions, can't get your head around it? Yes that's the muse of life.

John Dadzie

The Perfect Selfie

Snap! Snap! From face to boobs how attractive they look.

A turn, a smile.

Click! Click! How beautiful i am this day, how i wish longer they would stay.

Am young, am blonde.

Am black and a proud brunette.

Eyes like the sun, a smile that would wake a dead man.

No wrinkles, no ageing,

i call it the THE PERFECT SELFIE. SNAP! SNAP! !

John Dadzie

The Place We Would All Go

This place i never wish for,
but a place i would die for,
i hope i achieve before,
but all the same i would never rush in for.
Do men really detest this place?
would men find rest there Just in case,
the world says no more?
or it is a place we live once more?
this place! this place! this place!
this place i detest,
but a place i would be absolutely laid to rest.

John Dadzie

The Prisoner And The Jailer

i wear uniforms, you wear uniforms too
am in chains, you are not but you can't move all the same.
life is not a game you say, but who are you dying for? the government?
come on! there is no second chance, as you say.
why do you waste time guarding someone who doesn't deserve,
all in the name of protecting a society whose culture you can't preserve.
look at the world just observe are atrocities curbed? and can they be?
i was sentenced for murder, he just got sentence for the same crime.
why do you waste time? was this your dream? what thought goes through your
mind when you get in that uniform? i do wear uniforms too, so tell me who is the
prisoner?

John Dadzie

The Questions With No Answers

He came and he asked, he wasn't answered so he returned.
He asked along if he belonged to what he called his song, because he is in
shutters, in his book there are no chapters, he looks up and the sky frowns, he
looks to his side and he is slapped, he looks down and dust enters his eye, with
no were to turn to he searches for the blue kiosk, wanting to drink just a pint he
erases his memory just for a while, he walks just a kilometre he takes it for a
mile, all because of a smile hmm! ! Am tired he says, how ugly are these days?
will you answer me for heavens sake, man should be river not lake, we would
never dry up is that not what you say? is this how it would stay? Or it is i who
has not crossed to the other side?

John Dadzie

The Stranger At The Feast

He danced to the beat
but its rythm he couldnt read,
it is a feast he said; why dont i dance
after all it could be the least.
it was a feast for the great,
but not a place for the chaste.
he knew and since he was new,
he took every chance to mingle with the few
so to make a meal.

John Dadzie

This Is Love

This is love
a feeling with no boundaries.
so this is love,
a feeling of no worries.

This is love,
a feeling of the ages.
So this is love,
it existed among deities.

This is love,
an everlasting sensation.
so this is love,
in his arms we resting.

This is love,
sweet memories in minds,
so this is love,
no heart is left behind.

This is love,
our dream in reality.
So this is love,
the breast of society.

This is love.

John Dadzie

To Our Convenience

How is this possible?
That we live in a world,
a beautiful world made and in it we are supposed to dwell.

But each time i look,
at our attitude, i tend to think,
this world was made to destroy us.

A world full of possibilities,
world full of impossibilities,
a world full of prosperity,
a world full of poverty.

This world with its uncertainties,
tend to mould us,
shape our thoughts,
and advice our conscience.

How is that possible?
With a world full of possibilities,
it is possible,
why must it be that way?

We are compelled to follow,
we are compelled to adapt,
we are compelled not to follow,
we are compelled not to adapt.

I tend to ask why?
Why should we follow?
Why shouldn't we follow?
It is not rhetorical i need answers.

And who would be willing,
who would from the true part of the heart answer me,
and would not be condemned by society.

A society which preach peace but would like to experience war,
with all the examples they seem not to care.

Are our attitudes the engine that drives our society?
Or it is our society that shapes our attitudes and feeds our thought?

Would the world had been a better place if we were what we were?
Or if we were there when we were supposed to be there?

But i think i have an answer,
the world would have been a better place if we had given in our all and not to our
convenience.

John Dadzie

Toast To My Mother

To her who bore the pain,
to her who changed her fate,
to her because of us lost her shape.
She gave us hope when all seemed lost,
she bore the risk at her own lived to sacrifice,
and she still lives to see us survive, Even in deaths she whispers in our ears
through out all these these makes her beautiful inside and out. She is beautiful
and she our my mother.

John Dadzie

True Love Is What She Seek

Tell her she is beautiful
tell her, her fruits are bantiful
tell her she smells like apple
tell her, what kills u about her is her dimple.

Ask her were her beauty was from
ask her in wat womb was she formed
ask her if u could hold her hands
ask her if she cares for a dance.

Listen to the music of her beauty
listen to the rhyme of her poetry
listen to the diction in her story
listen to her and know she is not into treachery.

Promise her nothing and she would be contempt
promise her you will never leave her side, and the battle you shall triumph

true love is what she ask
true beauty is what she seek
true truth is her truth
true woman is what she is my dearest Ruth.

John Dadzie

Was My Life For Rent

once upon a time
i was young and vibrant
i could sing but prefer to mime
at the dinner table were we dine.

for i was gentle
just as i should be,
as the tail of snake rattle
i was different but a mere muggle.

among them i stand tall
just like i should be,
like the moon i rise but never fall
nonstalgic yes i have been there before.

alone i stood
just as it should be,
and they never understood
i may be robbin but without a hood.

my breath billows the sea
just as it should be,
just by a glance soo many trees i see
but of a single seed i plant to reap.

i may be different
just as i shuld be,
but nevr relied on my strength
was my life for rent?

John Dadzie

Why Africa!

Why are we always using our brawns instead of our brains
Why does our smartness always seem lame
twenty seven years is always enough to conquer the world?
Gold, diamond and oil are always enough to rule our world?
Why then do we suffer,
why then should we denia ourselves super?
Not because we want to, but we can't to.
In the eyes of the diaspora we are seen as beggars,
why should it be so when we are the true owners.
Our mothers weep,
our fathers dig to the deep but they never gain,
till they go to sleep.
Would it always stay this way?
Are we going to suffer till this day?
Would we ever be gay for once?
Would it be ok to ask for just a dance?
Our leaders we need actions and not rants.

John Dadzie

Why Soo Silent?

I will look up to the sky,
in hopes that i could fly so
i may touch my star and ask him, why all these scars.
Is it not you who gave the fire fly its light?
Is it not you who said all the wrongs you would make right?
Why this sudden silence, while i burn like an incense,
my stench disgust the world,
the world were i dwell.
Will u still be in silence if i go astray, ? Or till the day i pass away?
Why so silent?
Why so silent?
Why so silent?

John Dadzie