

Poetry Series

**Kwame Sarfo Aboagye**  
**- poems -**

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# Kwame Sarfo Aboagye()

# Addiction

Why is it that I cannot quit  
This disgusting habit, I admit,  
Of mine? I clamour everyday for it,  
Like the clamour of a hungry rabbit  
For a carrot, just a little piece;  
Little enough to sufficiently tease;  
Little enough to insufficiently please;  
Little enough to successfully increase  
The urge for more – a thunderous crave;  
One that's made me a helpless slave;  
One that'll grant me an early grave,  
But without it, still, a dreary grave.  
I know it's wrong; I know I'm wrong;  
The devil knows it's wrong to sin.  
But isn't that all he's engaged in?  
Can't he stop? Isn't he that strong?  
Or maybe he isn't that wrong;  
Maybe he does what he's meant to, as destined.  
As much as I'd like to blame him for long,  
The devil can't be mentioned as why I've sinned,  
Or why I do, or will in the future.  
We're responsible for us, regardless of the pressure.  
So I've convinced myself, I want to stop;  
In reality, I don't want to want to stop.

Kwame Sarfo Aboagye

# Appearance And Reality

When that Sun we stare at stares back at us,  
And the leaf we touch touches our finger,  
The sensation cannot help but to linger,  
Creating a perception in our free minds, thus.  
Since like ourselves, we're so sure of this perception,  
More so, being shared by other bodies and minds,  
(Which is not shocking, as they are similar kinds  
And thus sense their senses are to perfection)  
We call it reality, and think it so,  
And see all other things as atheists see God,  
(Who have made for their own backs an eternal rod)  
But is it same as knowledge ages and thoughts grow?  
Is what our senses grasp really reality,  
Or just an appearance with respect to our being,  
With our minds receiving, and our hearts believing,  
As dreams are, when we awaken with an injured dignity?  
Is what we call real just an appearance, like a mirage  
Which blends into nothingness when examined closely –  
A conscious perception which exists undoubtedly  
Until deeper insight transforms it into just an image?  
Is man really what we see every passing day,  
Or just a group of particles, as microscopes grant?  
These particles, the real us in reality, surely can't  
Have an effect like our appearance, to sing or slay!  
If how things appear affect us that much,  
Maybe appearance is more real than reality.

Kwame Sarfo Aboagye

# Better To Hate

It's better to hate than to love  
For love matures and is called evil  
Even though it comes to us from above

More benign is a raging lion than a veiled dove  
An enemy, lovelier than a lover deceitful  
It's better to hate than to love

The prime motive of love is to shove  
The very people whose trust it's won  
Even though it comes to us from above

To our hearts hatred is a clove  
And its aroma brings much pleasure  
It's better to hate than to love

Love boils delusions; like a stove  
It boils delusions and burns emotions  
Even though it comes to us from above

After all is said and done  
You die alone; you die as one  
It's better to hate than to love  
Even though it comes to us from above

Kwame Sarfo Aboagye

# Deadly Life

Of all the properties that one might possess,  
You have proven to be the most cherished;  
For all those who have not already perished  
Rely solely on your very broad chest.  
Man and woman need you alike;  
Even bees and fleas, and trees do.  
Some think you're unfair, is it true?  
Are there some people you dislike?  
If not, then why have you treated  
Many good-hearted men with disdain?  
Right from birth these men remain  
In tatters, and feel they've been cheated.  
Do you think you're worth living?  
Is Life someone we should die for?  
No! Not to the poor – the very poor  
Whom you'll disgracefully end up killing  
With your apparent schemes, or duties, or both.  
You play games on men and blame it on destiny;  
Or is it that you've taken an oath  
To entertain the Universe with tyranny?  
You're harder than an East African rock,  
And colder than ice at the South Pole;  
Yet when Death snatches your keys to unlock  
Us, you end up with no relevant role.  
From a baby's first tentative breath  
To an old fellow's goodbye kiss,  
One thing that is clear to us is:  
You, Life, are deadlier than Death.  
To some you're a master, to others, a slave.  
Without you we'll be nowhere but in our graves;  
So every man, whether strong, wealthy or brave  
Needs your uncanny, unkind heart that saves.  
If 'tis true that after Death you will  
Come back to us and stay forever,  
Only then will your "life" – uncanny still  
Be useful to the righteous, the clever.

Kwame Sarfo Aboagye

# Die Before Your Name Does

Alexander the Great, William Shakespeare, Napoleon –  
Their names live like they've just been born.  
The actions you take, the impact you make,  
Keep your name living centuries after you're gone.  
But leaving a bad name is like killing your clone,  
The one which to stay alive you'll need;  
For it's better to die unknown  
Than to be remembered for your evil deeds.  
Try to leave a long lasting legacy,  
One which you'll be remembered for.  
Use all of your time and energy  
To be all you can be and more.  
So that when your time's run out and you're dead,  
Your name will still live in our heads.

Kwame Sarfo Aboagye

# End Of The Journey

We didn't think it would end this soon;  
The journey is finally over.  
There were days that were as hot as June  
And nights that were much colder.  
There were moments that felt so good  
And made each one of us glad,  
Whiles some moments changed our mood  
And made each one of us sad.

Our dreams became reality;  
Reality has become history.  
All because of the gravity  
Of time's never ending mystery.  
With every good moment,  
The end is sure to come.  
So don't let go of the memories;  
A good friend is surely one.

Kwame Sarfo Aboagye

# Hell On Earth

I live on the hottest, yet coldest part of the earth,  
Where the fate of people is known even before their birth;  
Where there is no food and little water to drink;  
Where the people are too frustrated to think  
About the past or future, or morality or science;  
Where the leaders do not appear to have a conscience;  
Where thousands die in battle for one to reign,  
Where the blood of the innocent pours as rain;  
Where women and children are better off dead;  
Where the colour of drinking water is red;  
Where the few rich exploit the numerous poor;  
Where religious figures are hardly pure;  
Where the hearts of men are filled with greed;  
Where mental slavery is a cherished creed;  
Where weapons are purchased while children starve;  
Where sculptors drink wine while children carve;  
Where the laws of the land do not affect the rich,  
But find ways to dump the less-privileged in a ditch;  
Where the thumbs of the people exist for nothing;  
Where the backs of the people exist for something;  
Where people find it so difficult to sleep;  
Where people find it so easy to weep;  
Where every deadly disease feels at home;  
Where a whisper gets quicker response than a drone;  
Where hearts speak out loud but mouths seethe;  
Where there is much wailing and gnashing of teeth.

Kwame Sarfo Aboagye

# His Name Is Fear

There's only one enemy who causes more harm  
Than the Devil himself; His name is Fear.  
He works subliminally like a charm,  
And where he's not needed, there he appears.  
In our minds he works, in our hearts he dwells,  
With an aim of shuttering our dreams.  
When we're grasping glory, he appears and yells,  
And we end up abandoning our schemes.  
But he can be of some help though;  
He makes you not do stupid things  
Like using your tongue to attack deadly foes  
Or attempting to overthrow powerful kings.  
Make Fear your accomplice and you'll meet Failure on the way;  
Depart from him and Success is bound to stay.

Kwame Sarfo Aboagye

# I Hate That I Love

I hate that I love you; I really do.  
I would have been much richer alone.  
Now there's one more mouth to feed,  
And a thousand more groans to groan.

I hate that I love you; I really do.  
I would have been much stronger alone.  
Now I have to cry when you're in pain,  
And when you do wrong, I have to condone.

I hate that I love you; I really do.  
I would have been much wiser alone.  
Now I have to be stupid just to make you laugh,  
And I don't take decisions on my own.

I hate that I love you; I really do.  
I had many friends, but now you're all I've got.  
But I've seen enough; I'm leaving you.  
Love is blind; I am not.

Kwame Sarfo Aboagye

# I Saw A Kid

I saw a kid, quiet, adorable, so calm,  
Who was given a gift incomparable – a new toy.  
Like time his nature changed, as he had found joy,  
And it seemed the toy had found solace in his palm.  
But much to my dismay, his priorities shifted;  
He was tired of the toy; the toy was tired of him.  
And as they left each other, his nature drifted  
Towards his old self – calm to the brim.

Is that not how we all behave,  
When we fall into puddles of pleasure close by?  
These puddles are graves; at their best, enslave,  
And bringing out the worst in us, they try.  
But when we leave it, or when it's left us,  
We get back to our old selves, much the same measure.  
Why do we change the moment we encounter pleasure,  
From our old selves, when that is indeed us?

Kwame Sarfo Aboagye

# Lily's Sestina

Every night she would stare at the moon,  
This pretty little girl called Lily,  
Wishing that her life – her ill-starred life  
Would be filled with something other than misery,  
And the life of her unfortunate mother  
Consumed by someone, no, something other than her father.

She was kind-hearted but throughout her early life,  
Her nemesis, who happened to be her father  
Provided for her, nothing other than misery  
And offered something worse for her mother,  
Who was as silent as the moon  
And prayed for a better childhood for Lily.

She beheld the gloomy face of her mother,  
Swollen by the tireless fists of her father  
Who was inextricably linked to a perverse life  
Of malice, converting happiness to misery;  
He wasn't exposed by the dim light of the moon,  
So no one knew about the plight of Lily.

Even though she was very young, Lily  
Knew just as much as the moon  
Was silent, that what her apparent father  
Did to her ostensibly vulnerable mother  
Was unacceptable in any creature's life;  
Not even he deserved that much misery.

When age had finally taken away the misery  
From her rather long life, Lily  
Took no part in the funeral of her father  
To appease herself and her mother,  
Who had already lost her miserable life;  
And the only witness was the silent moon.

Now, the long overdue end of the misery  
Wasn't the end of the story of Lily;  
There was still a void in her life  
Created not by the actions of her father,

But by the silence of her mother,  
And of course, the silence of the moon.

Kwame Sarfo Aboagye

# More To Life

There's more to the world than just earth  
And more to earth than just dirt  
There's more to fire than just smoke  
And more to laughter than just a joke

There's more to the universe than just the firmament  
And more to thoughts than just sentiments  
There's more to sin than just iniquity  
And more to sickness than just infirmity

There's more to time than just the clock's motion  
And more to passion than just emotion  
There's more to a fact than just a notion  
And more to hard work than just devotion

There's more to folly than just actions  
And more to wisdom than just reaction  
There's more to contentedness than just satisfaction  
And more to beauty than just attraction

There's more to victory than just strength  
And more to a journey than just length  
There's more to nature than just wildlife  
And more to irritation than just a nagging wife

There's more to joy than just cheers  
And more to sorrow than just tears  
There's more to age than just years  
And more to failure than just fears

There's more to life than just air  
And more to affection than just care  
There's more to love than just lust  
There's more to me than just us

Kwame Sarfo Aboagye

# Nothingness

Like the name of a dreadful enemy  
Death is a word no man wants to hear  
Its famous attribute is equity  
And the mere thought of it brings fear  
Death leads to nothingness, nothingness it is  
No heart to love, no lips to kiss  
No mind to think, no eyes to see  
You can't even see not seeing the unseen  
No friend to trust, no aim to achieve  
No pride to defend, no principle to believe  
A life of nothingness is worse than death in a bottomless pit  
So live life to the fullest, and never get tired of it

Kwame Sarfo Aboagye

# On The Way To Hell

All I saw was blackness, all I felt was nothing;  
The only thing in motion was the erosion of my skin.  
There was no time to reconsider; everything was so sudden,  
And like the oceans, flowed my emotions to sin.  
Then I saw me rise, from the ruins of my coffin  
(My lifeless body was still down there though)  
Into the skies – something that happens not often;  
What was carrying me along was my soul.  
Down below was the cemetery, silent with no groan or moan,  
But something I had noticed kept me wondering;  
How could my friends and family have afforded a tombstone?  
“They didn’t care when I was alive, ” I said whilst pondering.

I was led to a place of darkness; a place so vague.  
From a distance people cried and shouted  
So loud like they were experiencing the most spiteful plague,  
But the images remained bleary and shrouded.  
That notwithstanding, I saw from afar  
The outline of a man; a man of fire.  
Towards him I was dragged, closer and closer,  
Though getting close to him wasn’t my desire.  
The closer I got to him, the more I feared for my ‘life’ –  
The path I was on was filled with gloom.  
Apparently death had then become my wife  
And she had brought forth doom.

A throne was his seat; I was thrown at his feet,  
He stared at me for a while and then grinned –  
“Your bones’ll feel the heat; you’ve shown by your deeds  
That here is where you belong, for you have sinned.  
“So how did it happen? How did you die? ”  
He asked me demanding an answer.  
I wish I could tell him something like I  
Didn’t succeed in my battle with cancer  
Or that I was killed by my jealous bride.  
He was completely appalled at what I said –  
“Out of poverty I committed suicide  
And that is the reason why I’m dead.”  
“Then I assure you, you’ll churn and yell

And no soul will answer when you yearn for help.  
Living a miserable life and not earning wealth  
Is not good enough an excuse to burn in hell.”

Kwame Sarfo Aboagye

# Shall I Compare Thee

(A parody to Howard Moss's Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?)

You can't be compared to one of the festive days;

You seem dull, but are indeed not.

Those days don't last long; just like May,

They leave quickly, though they come out hot.

Even the sun can't be trusted –

Sometimes too dim; sometimes too bright for our eye.

People who seem strong, not rusted,

Can fall down flat and just die!

But you never will!

If there's one last brain which appreciates poetry,

Which will read this poem and other works of art

After your death, as ghosts may be,

In these works you'll never depart!

Kwame Sarfo Aboagye

# Sin I

Oh my ever-loving God,  
I know that to have an eternal life  
As long as your stiff rod,  
I must make righteousness a knife  
And stab handsome sin in the back,  
Even though he brings me much pleasure.  
If I agree to take such measures,  
A life of happiness I may lack;  
To many views I must be blind,  
Like the sight of a pebble to the sky;  
To many words I must be deaf,  
Like the sound of jazz to a fly.  
How then do I think that I can  
Change altogether and be a holy man?

Kwame Sarfo Aboagye

## Sin II

Oh my dear God everlasting,  
What you want from me I know:  
Helping the needy, praying and fasting,  
With a heart as white as snow.  
But is that what I do? I ask.  
Do I even make the effort,  
When sin is my only escort  
And religion is but a mask?  
How difficult it is to turn  
When sin is directing my path!  
How easy it is to burn  
When I run out of time and into your wrath!  
Why then do I still live this way,  
Knowing here is not where I'll forever stay?

Kwame Sarfo Aboagye

## Sin Iii

Oh my dear God, all-knowing,  
Even in the sheathed, darkest deeps,  
Your shiny eye that never sleeps  
Sees each one of my sins, glowing,  
And my derelictions growing.  
As the patient timekeeper keeps,  
The impatient grim reaper reaps,  
Just as I'll reap what I'm sowing.  
I do envy the righteous men,  
Though rather boring their lives are;  
Life after death will never end,  
And this reward is not afar.  
How come I know of all these things,  
Yet lose focus the moment sin sings?

Kwame Sarfo Aboagye

## Sin Iv

Oh my dear God, merciful and kind,  
In your infinite wisdom you made  
Your Spirit a being to come to my aid  
Whenever I seem to have declined.  
And even though I have my own mind,  
Your burning Spirit acts as a blade  
In my heart, and when I've disobeyed  
He makes me know with whom I've dined.  
Not that I'm deaf, not that I'm blind,  
But my goodness is too oft delayed.  
And I feel the Spirit feels betrayed  
Like Samson, a betrayal I designed.  
I'm so sinful and I admit it;  
Something tells me this, this very Spirit.

Kwame Sarfo Aboagye

## Sin V

If 'tis true that God's Spirit lives in us  
And guides us always to do what is right,  
Could it be that the devil also, quite bright,  
Has a place in our hearts and minds, with delight?  
For when I tell myself that I've seen the light  
And strive to attain such a spiritual height,  
My mind changes direction like a kite,  
And my heart becomes darker than the night.  
Is it that I'm too weak to solemnly plight,  
Or the devil's too strong an enemy to fight?  
Whichever way I could lose my breath tonight,  
And my chance of escape from doom is slight.  
From the devil, thus myself I must flee,  
No matter how difficult it might be.

Kwame Sarfo Aboagye

## Sin Vi

Oh my dear God of the universe,  
You have been described as a God of thunder,  
Because of what your rage, at its worst,  
Can cause when righteousness runs asunder.  
But often I put those fears to bed;  
My lusts take control and determine my actions.  
Like my blood, my thoughts become red,  
And in their fulfillment do I find satisfaction.  
Not that I do not fear or revere you;  
My strong passions draw my attention to  
Your exceeding patience – abundant mercies too;  
And though I have ears, I pretend not to hear you.  
Please put to rest your burning rage;  
Yet keep it awake in my heart, as I continue to age.

Kwame Sarfo Aboagye

# The Fair Father

Farmer

Father, Father, please listen to my cries;  
Mind not that I offer no sacrifice.  
Water from above my seedlings need to grow;  
Cause the skies to cry today and tomorrow.

God

Very well, but there's another son  
Who needs me also, yet I'm only one.  
I'll listen to him too, and when I'm done,  
I'll get back to you to hear your pun.

Builder

Father, Father, please listen to my calls;  
Strong and skilled, walls I build;  
I pray that today and tomorrow, no rain falls,  
So I can quickly complete all my chores.

God

No one needs me more; no one needs me less;  
But it's impossible to say to you both 'yes';  
For one's disappointment will be another's happiness,  
And one's pleasure will be another's distress.  
So tell me you both, how would you resolve this mess?

Farmer

Father, I need to be considered indeed;  
I have debts to settle and mouths to feed.

Builder

Father, be not persuaded by him I plead;  
If it does rain my bricks will not be laid,  
And for all the hard work I will not be paid.

God

Alright, I've listened to you and your brother.  
You both know that your bother is my bother,  
But I can't satisfy one and ignore the other;  
Neither can I ignore you both like a heartless mother,

So with much precision I'll make a final decision  
To prevent the repetition of such a long inquisition:  
For you the rain will pour; for you the sun will burn;  
But it can only happen in turns.  
So while one enjoys, the other shall wait,  
And shall have no cause to complain;  
For it is impossible to satisfy every man at once.  
Just wait patiently until your time comes.

Kwame Sarfo Aboagye

# The Paradox

Even though I was brought up in a world that believes  
That love, a body in itself, relieves  
Man, of the stress caused by none other than man,  
And provides joy to a heart already joyous,  
I found much of that to be untrue.  
Though it does not mean to, the world deceives;  
And how pitiful man is when he receives  
Confirmation that love, with its short life span  
Makes him feel pompous,  
But then disappears, leaving him with utmost rue!

Thus the pleasures for which love is sought,  
Are meant to leave as hastily as they are brought;  
Happiness is bound to turn into pain.  
And love ends up being the exact  
Opposite of what it is perceived to be.  
Is it then surprising that after I have thought  
And found out that love is not to be fought  
For, I do not try to attain  
That which will hurt as a matter of fact,  
And live my life as always – free?

Kwame Sarfo Aboagye

# The Power Of Power

When a man is blessed, or cursed, with power  
Do not expect him to be fair and just  
Do not expect him to provide for all  
Rather expect him to satisfy his own lust  
And amass wealth as high as a tower

When a man is blessed, or cursed, with power  
Do not expect him to do what he must  
Do not expect to him to heed to your call  
He cannot have a heart as light as dust  
Or be sweet like the nectar of a flower

When a man is blessed, or cursed, with power  
He cannot be trusted; neither can he trust  
When he is demanded to fight, he stands tall  
But finds it more difficult (on this hot crust)  
To make peace than to annihilate a land in an hour

When a man is blessed, or cursed, with power  
He wants to build for himself a golden bust  
Do not expect him to expect to fall  
Even the noble ones eventually adjust  
In order to succumb to the power of power

Kwame Sarfo Aboagye

# Unspoken Words

As a chalk board is really nothing without chalk,  
The natural course of life is something logic cannot scorn.  
Is it surprising that man, when he is born,  
Knows how to cry before he learns how to talk?  
Is it just a natural phenomenon that makes no sense?  
Is it something on what's thought we should deepen?  
Could it be that speaking is just pretense,  
And we actually talk by laughing or weeping?  
Oh yes, spoken words are premeditated;  
We speak out what we want others to hear.  
Every person, whether learned or uneducated  
Can make unknown to others the thoughts he holds dear.  
Thus unspoken words are to be watched out for,  
Rather than that which is but the mouth's chore.

Kwame Sarfo Aboagye

# When The World Was Created

When the world was created,  
There was nothing in existence called wars;  
Not on our tiny planet; not on the enormous stars.  
Whether or not it was anticipated,  
It is not in line with the perfect plan,  
And the sole creature to blame for this is man.

When the world was created,  
There was nothing in existence called poverty;  
With much dignity, the earth was man's property.  
But the angels and demons debated,  
And now I dare say the earth is the Devil's;  
And man deprives man, to satisfy his selfish will.

When the world was created,  
There was nothing in existence called diseases;  
Not a body that bleeds; not a heartbeat that ceases.  
But from man evil emanated,  
And he falls sick as part of the price;  
And he cannot blame the skies, or the lovely flies.

When the world was created,  
There was nothing in existence called hatred;  
In and with love, man was guided and led.  
But sadly hatred germinated,  
And the price to pay for it is colossal,  
More so now that weapons of death are at his disposal.

When the world was created,  
There was nothing in existence called pain;  
Not to the body or brain, yet the skin was plain.  
But man and sin met and dated,  
And sin taught man this very strange act,  
Which has stuck to him as a matter of fact.

When the world was created,  
There was nothing in existence called disasters;  
No earthquakes, or volcanoes, or tsunamis as masters.  
But man's will for evil was elongated,

And the earth, with the weather as its voice  
Did as man deserved; it did not have a choice.

When the world was created,  
There was nothing in existence called death;  
No Reaper in a black cloak to take away man's breath.  
But man cleverly emancipated  
Himself from a life of absolute perfection,  
To a mortal life of momentous dejection.

Kwame Sarfo Aboagye

# You'Re Nothing But

You are difficult to find,  
But are the closest to the mind.  
You give sight to blind men,  
And make men with sight blind.  
Love, you're nothing but a trickster.

God is Love, but Love is not God,  
For God is fair and divine.  
For your sake people sacrifice their all  
But in vain; you're so unkind.  
Love, you're nothing but evil.

You and folly are intertwined;  
You make wise men foolish.  
The aptness of their women they embellish,  
But to their flaws they are blind.  
Love, you're nothing but idiocy.

You drive sane men insane;  
They lose their minds all in your name.  
Some people prefer death because they deem fake  
A life lived blissfully after suffering heartbreak.  
Love, you're nothing but a murderer.

You're a distant relative of Trust;  
You're not that close as you claim.  
You really look like your twin brother Lust,  
Or maybe you're just the same.  
Love, you're nothing but a lie.

Kwame Sarfo Aboagye