

Poetry Series

Kweku Atta Crayon
- poems -

Publication Date:
2013

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

Kweku Atta Crayon(17th October,1990)

A bite of me

Welcome to the life of a man born in the very early hours of 17th October,1990. My age has never been a barrier against my aspirations to be the change Africa and Africans seek.

My birth in a village called Prestea in the western region of Ghana brought so much joy to a couple called Mr. and Mrs. Oppong. I was born with an attached sister, which by nature automatically became my twin sister. She is doing fine.(if you just asked how she faring) .

I wish I could describe the pains she went through at birth and the struggles of rearing such a stubborn twins, anyway I will do my best to serve you a taste of her pains as narrated by the lips of Mrs. Paulina Oppong:

Tears of her womb

Sweat bathed her

She screamed in pains

In the afternoon, she saw a dark world

We were kicking to see Mrs. world

She sent her left leg far from the right

the only commandment she obeyed was 'Puuushhh'

Her heart seemed to have traveled out of the body

Baaam, there, our big heads see earth

Her pains went into shyness

as joy took the floor

She is a mother, that was a blessing

but come we make it a burden

Her laps;

Our seat and lavatory

dinning table and play ground

Her breast, our meal and teddy bear

Her smile, our mirror

in which we see the better us

Her stomach, our blanket

We grew, we disobeyed and left
She grew too, stay calmed and searched

We sinned, went wayward
She forgave, called us great

She is ill and weak
yet she prays, God save them

This is her, this is my mom
This Mrs. Paulina Opong aka Yaa Akyaa.
You want to add her, browse

Oh poor me, I forgot about the agenda we have here-I was telling you about my self, but you can't blame me that much because half of my thoughts have been on my mum.

If you have read up to this line then it's really spells your interest to know this boy who had his basic education in three different schools namely

1. Providence International School (Lagos, Nigeria)
2. St. Anglican Primary School (Bogoso, Ghana)
3. Naraguta Grammar School. (Tarkwa, Ghana)

I graduated my basic school in Naraguta in April,2006 where I topped my batch with seven 1's in ten subjects, it was not because I was the school prefect but I guess it was because I just had the zeal to excel.

Another chapter in my life opened in Ghana Secondary technical School, (GSTS) . I personally describe my studentship duration on tescoland (the campus of GSTS) as the period of 'Great metamorphosis'. A lot more than a book took place in my life around the oval shape of GSTS.

I rest my experience in a book underway 'TESCANISM - Life around the Oval' by Opong Clifford Benjamin.

After three years of the hells and heavens of GSTS, I completed high school a changed person (to know whether a positive or negative change lays in the breast of the book) . A year after school was a boring one at home, the only activities that stole the greater parts of my 24 hours were video games, internet surfing and reading. Out of these three actions only one made me who I am now, I guess it is obvious, you are thinking it's reading, wrong you. You again failed to ask me what I was reading about, anyway you are not too wrong, reading of articles and poems brought my spirit closer to the literal arts despite my study of science.

However, my concern in poetry, writing and Africanism didn't have any influence in the choice of my tertiary education program. I am now a civil engineering student in the Btech school of Engineering in Kumasi Polytechnic, Ghana.

As it stands, I do more of writing and poetry than any other thing, not even civil engineering swallows my attention more than poetry and Pan- Africanism.

Again welcome to a life of a Builder of the African Dream.

A Direction To Nana

We are still here
Your voice we hankering to hear
Mum said we no more pray you
Must you keep drinking schnapps to rue?
Nana, things have changed ooo
The huts have lost their security
we not even safe in these heavy stones (blocks)
Where you left us, is now called the village
and nothing good gets down there
We too wanted to eat electricity, pipeborne water and good healthcare
Nana, next time when visiting,
Go to Asomdwe park, see ghost Atta Mills
He recently left, he must show you Accra

Nana, you will see this white house
When you hear a quarrel, good then you home
When you hear big English, it is that of the mayor
You will see a woman with a wrinkled face
Clearly defining poverty and hardship
You will see food served on the floor to be picked
Nana, then be sure you are home.
When you see a long convoy
dancing in wailing sirens
And lights all over
Nana wave too, is the president passing
Nana, look left, right and left again
To check that you safe
Before you enter, today we are followed.
Boys now kidnap everybody including ghosts too.
WELCOME HOME NANA.

Kweku Atta Crayon

A Poem To The Late President

In your 68 years of existence
You were reduced to a nonentity
You were ridiculed
They created a platform for boys and girls
younger to be your children and grand children
to insult, tease and mimic
Your greatest achievement was not the development
But your ability to resist the temptation to reply

On your day of presidency installation
Your death drums sounded congratulations
Your very enemies hugged and smiled
Did you know it was a grin?
Yes you did, but typical Mills, you for forgave and forgot

Politicians, market women, school children, Most Ghanaians
For once were doctors, giving commentaries on your health
Were you different from humans, Oh no
but why then was your cough taken as death symptom
Your health deterioration was more psychological than physiological
Where! where! ! where! ! ! in your chest room
Did you house all those insults, humiliations and revilements
Yesterday I saw your picture prior the presidency
Never knew you were that fat and healthy
oooh I flooded with tears, the seat was made bitter for you

Wake up! ! !
Open your eyes and ears
Look and listen six feet up
Your demise has now earned you a better Atta Mills
Now they call you king of peace dubbed 'Asomdwe hene'
Now your history is written in golden colours

The mad man knocked down on the street
now shares same soil bed with you
Did he ask you this question
'Don't you think they killed you? '
The usual Mills, you laughed with no answer

Lest I forget
Naadu is doing just fine
Yes she wept tears
Now your dreams sit in her eyes
She is planting the Bible in SHS across the Country
We are all fine,
Preparing to meet you in heaven
Exanimate Mills, You still remain my president
His Excellency John Evans Fiifi Atta Mills.

Kweku Atta Crayon

A Trip To Yesterday

Sleep is sweet but a thief
Stole my conscience and offered relief
Seated in the comfort of my dreams
watching live cinema of a day
which I could barely name
I could hear and see;
Raindrops drumming on the roof
Umbrella Persons dancing to the rhythm
with caution of not being victims
Mama sacking all cloths
seeking answers beneath her bed
exploring a missing pen
which was pierced into her wig

I Saw;
Minta playing school truancy
and saying No to a Future
Crawling sun, running past a swift moon
and breaking morning into afternoon
In this yesterday, my heart jumped out of self
and left the mouth opened like never to close
upon seeing me;
walking in the shadow of my father
Am I gonna be like him too?
Singing a dirge in my closet
Am I to die too?
Then, this Yesterday showed a white light ray
dwarfing grief in the my heart
Telecasting Today in golden colours
This Yesterday ended with bright Today.

Kweku Atta Crayon

A Woman For Women

Facial Make-up, humility
Foot prints, gentility
Voice so calm
respect born in palm

Baby face, advanced brain
Her pains, for women's gain

Struggle in unfamiliar country
Not for herself but her county

Love brewed in an African pot
Served so fresh and hot
To the women and children

In a land of female illiteracy
Chewed education but withno supremacy

Gathered the girls
Put on them chain of pearls
Burnt the war chains
Today, We face our own change

Crawling to personal wealth
Jet-running to save women health

Within her country of tears
Created a town of no fears

Paw paw, gunshots
Stand stand on your spots
She screams
We are women, empowered to be saviours not cowards.

Kweku Atta Crayon

Ancient Sin

My future arrested in the apple on the tree
So she harvested and now am free
To my conscience, I owe a plea
Jesus holds my first six
as I struggle for the rest to fix

Judge me not, I am because she sinned
In the saint's, am skinned
Clothed in white robe
after a careful probe
sing in heavenly choir
new voice I have acquired
Announcing the coming of a Lord
He cometh in hand, a sword
Slaying the victims of the future
which the apple untied from its suture

Can we be confused?
Can we trust all that was infused?
A book we trusted without investigation
Who harmed us, our own justification/

But this ancient sin
was well committed to win.

Kweku Atta Crayon

Call Me A Refugee

Gun cracks behind our windows
An alarm to say wake up, is your turn
Woke up with a weeping heart
but hardened eyes

Children wailing from distances
Away from armed Fathers
The CNN reported 'grief'
Just don't describe the moment
Because no word can.

Mum sleeps in cold bed of blood
Wake up! Wake up! ! Wake up! ! !
The more I call her name
The further her spirit moves away

Paaaw, a loud gunshot
My younger brother has been shot
He is dying behind me
But in front of Dad
Beside Dad is the commander

I ululate for mercy
but my cry travelled 1m long
Stopped by a heavy slap

Caught glance with Mama Zolie
She said in tears, they are all dead
As if I didn't hear her
No longer news

Four Days of thirstiness
A vegetarian turned Vampire

Escape as a refugee
My first experience of earth
My first taste of home
Freedom', such a strange word
Mummy, brothers come! ! ! and see

Here, Soldiers are peace makers

Call me a Refugee
that's the best name I ever enjoyed.

Kweku Atta Crayon

Church In Me

Flow into me, let's sing
White songs, black hearts
on the altar of my heart, let's pray
troubled hearts with thanksgiving
Your Church in me

Flow in me, let's dance
Lames with stomping moves
my stomach, a bowl for offerings
Out of your sufferings, satisfy me
Give all out of your all
Your church in me

Sit in me, no questions just listen
An encyclopedia of wisdom
preached wealth creation
Salvation is individual business
the church growth is our business
baboons dey work, monkey dey chop
Pastor monkey for fat
Baboons for slim
Your Church in me

Stand in me, Let's share the grace
For the health of dear pastor
A ticket to America, check up
For the comfort of his family
We donate this mansion
Hip! Hip! ! Hip! ! ! Hurrayyy,
A birthday gift for pastor, limousine
Ameeen
Go in "peace" and pieces
The church is over.

Kweku Atta Crayon

Class 3 Printing Fee

He stood in a tired uniform
Well ironed and tucked
And his shorts fusiform
Today was exams day
and he couldn't wait to write

He walked to Mum in her room
for the usual morning blessings
But His Mum tried to tell him
that he probably should stay home
He bowed his head and she threw her eyes away
They both knew why, and why it was best to stay

But He knew what to say
To tell his teacher's cane
and his mates who might laugh again
Of why he will write but can't pay

His Mother knew this would be another day
when her second child will end education
And chase after life around the traffic light
She sensed the aroma of history
Repeating itself today and tried harder to keep him at home
But the little boy went to school
ready to tell all about why he will write but can't pay

They were many kids
All seated in arranged lines
and he saw the blank desk.
It was Obvious Kweku wouldn't come

One by one, the teacher
inspected their printing fee receipts
Some showed a full year, others for the term
And he sat there hoping to do magic

At last the teacher got to his desk
And every child was searching
With their faces covered with laughs

An old story, he will be thrown out again
And certain he knew today was a landmark

Show me your receipt, the T requested
If you don't have go home, a boy retorted
No printing fee, no paper, another dared to shout
And now, they all teased

'am sorry you will have to go home'
He stood up and looked backed
Opened his mouth as if to cry and again he shut
'Go on, do you have anything to say? ', the T asked

In tears, he closed his eyes
Clapped both palms together
And like a humble prayer, he said

'I don't want to be like Kwabena, my elder brother
who lost his education on this same day
and whose daily bread is now oven
by the red light on the street.

I don't want my mother to keep wishing for graduates
Yet cries to the truth that she couldn't afford one
I don't want any of my mates here
think am dumb without a chance to prove myself

Don't talk of my father, he is long resting
And heaven is far away from earth
He too had a task for me, become an engineer
Please Sir, Allow me education
One day we both won't regret.

This minute, you are deleting a future
This minute, you can create a destiny
This minute break the rules
To make an engineer, and Heaven will smile.
This is my humble plea'

He opened his eyes to his ultimate dismay
Every eye was already flooding
and the teacher apologized and promised him his help henceforth.

Her Mum, took the exams question paper
and asked; how did you do it?

Now he is a civil engineering student
An Award winning Poet.
and the author of this particular piece.

Kweku Atta Crayon

Daughter Of Africa

In the midst of all she lived
Unknown to many where she suffered
Victim of bad governance and corrupt system

Solitary on the streets of struggle
Sees the African women boggle
Hungry stomachs filled with appetites
Appetency for freedom and involution

Hot drops of tears
Evaporated on hotter empty plates

Reaching her height, was a clamber
But she separates like a comber
Separation of women from hardship

With one mouth, one pair of legs, one pair of eyes
She talks, walks and sees for millions
In fact billions of voiceless, motionless and sightless women

Digging the sea and planting on the rocks
She harvests, cooks and cools the hotter plates
Impossible is the process
But certainty in her progress

For prosperity Africa ululates
Women salutes
Men congratulates
Keep executing the unfeasible
We love you.

Kweku Atta Crayon

Dialogue With Bedmate

STREET BOY: Love your nightie
 So dark but brightening
 Designs-stars and moon
 Today we will sleep like loons

THE SKY: Thanks dear, Saw you during the day
 Hauling distances with your drays
 Saw you thirsty, so I cried down tears
 Saw you burning, so I stopped the sun

STREET BOY: So caring of you
 Wish you could cry down manna
 Today, was no market day
 No Woman to do me charity
 Haunting across the backyards
 Brought no left-overs
 Tonight you sleep with an empty lover

THE SKY: That makes me sad
 But joyful because
 All these make you stronger
 And prepared for the elevation ahead
 A resident behind me, called God
 Has promised to change your destiny
 He said, grow up this way
 But you will die on top of the world

STREET BOY: Tears in my eyes
 Oh my dear sky,
 Indeed beyond you is my limit
 God, heard about that man
 But only the clothed and elite meet him
 In that magnificent structure, church
 I was there last week Sunday
 The Ushers mistook me for a mad boy
 Perhaps because of my best outfit
 Will be pronounced evil, if I go with my normal wear
 He must be a wonderful man
 Had thought of stealing cloths to meet him coming sunday

THE SKY: You don't need cloths
 You don't need church
 You don't need money
 In fact he is your secret friend
 He spoke with you yesterday
 And he is speaking to you now.
 Am his foot mat.
 He is right here with us.
 Tell him you love him, if you do

STREET BOY: Love you Mr. God
 Please if you are here, then touch me
 I need no huge amount of money
 I need no elegant house
 I need no degrees in school
 I badly need love, parental love

THE SKY: Am getting wet
 His tear drops are falling on me
 He also loves you
 He wants your future to be a miracle
 Moved from worst to best
 (street boy cuts in-why are frowning with clouds)
 God weeps so bad, am soaked
 I need to squeeze them on you
 No, no, no, don't hide
 His tears are blessings
 It doesn't wet you
 But soaks you with benedictions of tomorrow
 Tomorrow you will:
 Wake up employed
 Wake up in suit
 Wake up feeding the hungry
 Wake up singing 'IT IS WELL'
 Wake up a role model
 Let's sleep my dearie

Kweku Atta Crayon

Face Of Facebook

Many beauties my eyes have seen
Of school, work and movie scenes
Facebook has its own but many with face paints
Sometimes I see, laugh and even faint

But

You
Benedicta Agweh

I love your vivid, lovely smiling face
Lips spread wide with no lipstick trace
In your eyes, I can name a Queen
I can watch all day if its you on the screen
Love your long, lean and laughing legs
Not wearing those painful high heel skegs
Nigeria has many good and better to boast
But your likes are best and every man's toast

Its first time speaking my mind
Listen, if you can clearly hear
That your beauty is more beautiful
than that which your picture brings
Yes, is true, I saw that in your words

I see your pictures and I don't comment
it is because they set my mind dancing

and it doesn't stop to write

That slender body of yours
Not only models, but my bad days it cures

You don't know what you done for me

You push my mornings from worst to best
With this miracles in your teeth

Keep smiling to my profile

lest I lose all my friends

Now

To my Face of Facebook

Eat, drink, exercise and stay natural

Make-up comes from old french fry grease

Glamour says it's good but I say 'geez'

What woman would ever want that nasty stuff

When your natural beauty is more than enough

So spend your money on natural good looks

And ignore those insane marketing crooks

YOUR BEAUTY IS SIMPLY BEAUTIFUL

Kweku Atta Crayon

God Speaks, Listen

Wednesday Services always were a bore
And last week our attendance was only four
But the message came so divine and hot
It filled me and in spirit I was caught
Pastor said God still speaks to Men
It was a tired truth but doubting Ben
He said do your best to listen and obey
We screamed Amen but Ben grinned Okay

Wednesday evenings after services
We do drink up and each disperses
At any one sip of the coca cola
We bowed to fine tunes of the viola
Shared Testimonies of a God who speaks
And the blessings that came in streaks
To He who listens and Obeys
In his Life it comes in many ways
As the moon smiled and walked by
We knew it was time to say guys bye

Ben took the busy street to his house
He reached a shop and thought of his spouse
God what should I buy for her? , then a tiny voice
'Indomie noodles' trust me, its her choice
Hahaha, God is that You? Ben wondered
But She never took Indomie, He pondered
All the same I will for once Obey
I need my own testimony today
So he did buy and happy he went
He walked past a house then again the voice
'Knock and deliver the noodles, just rejoice'
Ben laughed so loud and said this must not be God
We both knew this was for my wife not some clod
He stood there staring the house which looked deserted
The instruction grew louder within and he just adverted
Fineeee God, but if anything funny happens am out of church
Visit some shrines or gods and the many spirits I will search

He knocked lightly but a hard reply

Who is that? and the door a man pry
Sorry Sir, I have come to these Noodles Supply
The man grabbed them quickly and invited him
Ben entered, a baby was crying and mother singing hymn
'Julie here is hungry and wants noodles but we out of cash
My wife sought assistance from a lady who proved helpless
She didn't have money either and her husband's phone was off'
I prayed and my wife said God will send down an Angel
I demand of thee, are you His sent Angel? ' The man asked
Ben's lips were heavy and just couldn't speak but Goodnight

He rushed down home
Honey where is your phone, wife looked worried
He checked his pocket and it was off, am sorry
I have been trying to reach you
I needed noodles to help a lady
Ben broke down in tears, so it is true
God speaks Dear, we just got to Listen.

Kweku Atta Crayon

Heaven Or Hell

A world on web, Facebook
written on computers not books
No existing citizens
But billions denizens

By click, Ghana reaches Uganda
Blacks and whites, like the panda
No tribes, no racism
Elites, poor but no favouritism

Joy and sorrow, posted
Chats and meetings hosted
Nm, igtg, Lol, Lmao-language
Profiles, large rooms withno luggage

Facebook, a church and club
Room of intellects and pups
Morning prayers, afternoon activities
Greetings from different countries

Voices of 'Angels on earth'
Roars against your birth
Works of the occults
To Mark Zuckerberg, an assault

Speakers of antichrist
Please leave us in our kryst
In comfort, we continue to hail
Whether heaven or hell.

Kweku Atta Crayon

Hello Mirror

People say we look alike
Yesterday I fell, today I spike

But you mirror, why do you weep?
when you know tomorrow I reap

Why is your heart hollering in red pains?
Smile, the future holds our gains

I can see your bleeding eyes
Afflictive cries in sleepless nights
With determination, away your worry flies.

Haunted by the past
In your dreams, memories blast

Fear cooks clouds in your head
Rain drops of terror your nose shed
But Mirror, am here to you shine.

Brighten up,
I see Prof beneath your shame
I see a politician on top of the game
I see an engineer behind your chest
I see a writer and poet below your breast

Am happy, mirror you smiling
Are you me? or Am you?
soliloquy.

Kweku Atta Crayon

How Can You Fail

(To a despairing brother who thinks he has failed in Life)

'Oh Damn, again I failed'
How do you go on knowing that you failed?
why won't you stop failing?
When you know how to fail

Did you hear everyone say shame
Insulting and calling you name....(loser)
Family and friends turn into mockers
Shun them, they all success blockers

Would you cry when you find out the cause? (yourself)
If yes, then that will be another failure course
Will you sit and look like all lost
And keep telling you the ways out exhaust
Invite your jaw to your palm
And caress the future with balm
Hoping to see tomorrow walk again
And the weeping hours yielding gain.
(Ok, then sit there)

Come on! , wake up from your past
the future is nearing and coming fast
Pat the back of Hope with action
Smile, live and wait for the reaction

I tell you, this is how to fail, when you live the stanza 3
Stanza four is the trick and its free.

Kweku Atta Crayon

How Much Is Life?

I often have wondered how to die
That is, if it was the best option to cry
Wings if sold, would have buy to fly
I have seen tears descend on contoured faces
Life without a whistle has offered me many races
I run, swift and very Usain to be known the loser
I have many persons to blame, always a good accuser
Life itself is not worth me
God or god please let me be
or better deprive me of the chance to exist
If not so, then be calm whiles your commands I desist
Sometimes I wish I could shout to quiet all
Sometimes I wish I had no name or face at all
Sometimes I feel like stealing my life
With a gun, poison, suicide or simply a knife

My best shirt was someone's rags
My girl friend is someone's Ex
My prostitute friend was once a virgin
My account balance was someone's church offering

And when it stops for a minute
I think about things that are minute
And when it gets better for a minute I think about things that I really dont have
to.

Tell me How much is Life, I will buy one for myself.

Kweku Atta Crayon

I Know Why Cliff Cries On Sundays

Friday

This day likes singing
'TGIF-Thank God Is Friday'
He never thanks God
He goes chasing the bottles
Stays up soo late
that immorality can take over
He drinks
intoxicated
makes merry
fights
Looks into the sky
and 'I thank God is Friday'
The alcohol will sing him a lullaby
and lull him to a slumber

Saturday

Morning never waits for him
Wakes up to greet the afternoon
And he can shift all his blames to Friday
Before he could say its all my fault
Another call will hello his phone
and is another invitation to the club
Saturday brings its own, worse than Friday
Then an Angel thrown down on earth
will gently tease, 'You got church tomorrow'
Cliff sleeps with a mind for church tomorrow
Again the alcohol is a good cradle-singer

Sunday

He weeps,
He cries
Why me, why this,
why couldn't I wake up for church
Forgive me oh God.

Kweku Atta Crayon

Love Is

Love is Sweet;
When I fall
For you to stand
When you cry
So I can laugh
When I have to go
To insure you stay

Love is sweeter
When you closed your eyes
And I- do the dreaming
When I weep
And you bear the pains
When you Smile
And I do the laughing

Love is the sweetest
When we both reach at same time
When we laugh at same time
when we achieve our dreams at same time
When we sit on top of the roof
And reflect on our past mistakes.

Kweku Atta Crayon

Mama, Can You Still Be Proud Of Me?

If it all turned out that I have lied.

1. You have really done well
You have kept your virginity
Now we can give you out in good name

Papa Ojoula
Come, come and listen to good news
Let the prekesse boast of its own aroma
Ojoula tell him, that which you just worded

Papa, I tasted the banana in primary six
It was Sumpa, my brother
He convinced me, I liked it
We did it again and again

Mum, wipe those tears
Yes this is the good news
You had no heart for it
Papa has, though he will slap
I still know he has.

2. You took me to church on Sundays
Placed me in the Bible quiz team
Made sure I grew in the church

I told you Mum, thanks for the church

I shall never depart from this gift

Now you have heard and seen me

In black suit, white shirt and tie

Seated with the men around that table
With the big book, you crave to know

Whether it was a Bible
No Mum, am sorry, it is the codex gigas

Jesus couldn't save me when the church ended.

3. You never listened to me

You never wanted to know me

You were into their world

So you also said some

"Go to school, get good grades, job and you rich"

What can I do to please Mum?

That question bought you a new son

Far different from the one you had raised

Those white papers with A's and few B's

Those that made you smile and called me proud son

They were just typed results from the café behind

4. Look, that was Sister Gloria's daughter

The one who just aborted a baby

She will soon be suspended in the church

Am glad you pointed only a finger at her

And the remaining four pointed straight at me

I was responsible for her pregnancy

She kept quiet because I had to make you proud

Mama, am sorry all these Years
I have been making you proud

Now can you be proud of me too?

Kweku Atta Crayon

Men Or The Gods

Screaming...

Our Men have signaled their coming

Beat drums

Call musics

Bring the stools

Slaughter goats

We can't be sure of truth

The gods have always been cunning

Oh blame me the cursed tongue

I rebuke the gods

drink libations

steal their kolanuts

spit into the rivers

The gods are cunning to call me young

You see, powerless idols of our fathers

they died with the land and ancestors

where lied the difference

gods are nothing

without humans.

Are Humans nothing without the gods?

Louder and joyful.....

Our Men have arrived

Praise no gods, collect their sweat

Cup them, worship the cups

Men have been Men

and gods drink the palm wine

Angry and fast.....

Let them tell us where was tomorrow

when they were gods yesterday.

Where were they when Africa was American's

When Papa hit the bushes and land in the dungeon

prepared to be sold like a cup of sugar

and earn another identity, either Bonny or Sonny

Had the gods drunk too much, were they fuddled

Out of unnecessary many libations

Where were the gods, where! ! ! ! ! ! ! !

Now tell me, which god brought independence

Obatala, Antuah or Shango or Ori

Was Mandela a god

No, No, hold on, was Nkrumah a deity

Okay, Maybe Kenyatta was a friend to some Trees

The Pyramids made Egyptians or Egyptians made the pyramids?

Okomfo Anokye brought the stool

but who was Okomfo Anokye, a man?

Or the gods too feared the guns

they too had not seen white men before and were shy

hahahha, oh my shy gods come and come

show me where I should write your names in the history

Tell me the place of the gods in our history?

Kweku Atta Crayon

My Abandoned Village

Trees looked pale along lonely roads
Goats and sheep walked in solitude

The wind fed my mouth with dust
I chewed as I smiled

The silence on the road
grew as I walked past the graveyard
horripilations bathed me, am scared

Two hundred metres on foot
The only friends that greeted were goats and sheep

I knew I was home when I saw the two lotto kiosks
When the children walked in only pants
and the kids played raimentlessly

I visited Yaw Boadi's house
Response; he has gone to Kumasi for job
I visited Yaa's house
Response, she now stays in Accra
The youngest adult was Papa Kumi,34 years

The Football field was lost in forest
River Mansin had dried out of loneliness
The scorching sun had bleached the palace

Sitted under the enormous mango tree
Centurions, nonagenarians, octogenarians,
rehearse their death

My village, why lose the youth
why you so
deserted
empty and rejected.

Kweku Atta Crayon

My Dying Dream

Once upon a time
A dream sank
under broad day sight of the dreamer

Again he stargazed
and another dream was born
it came to stay

Last week, the new dream stood
between life and death

Weeping heart of the dreamer
ululated for first aids from family and friends
response sounded so deliquium
Death was apparent

Oh God so you heard my cry
where descended this angel?
She cameth at the last breath (yesterday)
Paid life in abundance (money was not a problem)
Now the dream lives to materialise

Thank you Angel Abena Piesie King
Thank you God.

Kweku Atta Crayon

My Lame Friend

Today I saw you in suit
Wanted to say you look cute
But you were in an air condition car
Yet, I still could see your pain scar

Today, you had no helping boy
And so was filled with joy
Valued added beggar
This afternoon you eat burger

Destiny change over
Drives in range rover
Gives lift to the market women
A good life omen.

Minutes after, narrated your story
In no laughter, passengers said: Oh glory
I said, Oh yes it was you
some years ago in your youth

Crawling on your butts
Making money by beggary but
You had a bachelor's degree
Asked of my help and I agreed

Wonder questions, how you did this?
How you left the street?
When you bought car?
How are you driving?
What job are you doing?

Don't know when to get answers
I only know your old house: the street
Nature shall bring us back
My old old lame friend
Glory be to God.

Kweku Atta Crayon

My Lover Turns Into A Witch On Sundays

By Oppong Clifford Benjamin

I was as sure as faith and dance
as darkness and its absence
and as heaven and humans-
I had no doubt that God was here
And that God was there too;
In sins, He was here and
in the holiest of holies, He was there.

It was a dark room under a dark rainy sky
with the stars hidden behind frowning clouds
The air carried everything including our doubts
on its carelessly chaotic cold paths to nowhere

It was the sound of percussion instrument playing
Playing soft hymns to the atmosphere unseen
On the floor, seated we were:
Legs crossed. Right on left leg
right palm in left.
A black candle burned its wax away
to illuminate our dark life someways

Kiky had mastered her craft.
She was in a black cassock
She looked ahead of my head
And closed her eyes again softly.
She didn't want to breath
She didn't want to call my name
I watched her dance to the heavens;
Head bent to the feet,
Her hips curved around the dark,
Hands thrown to the near west
Heartbeats in accordance with every bit
of nature. It was with the rains on the roof.

I watched her turn into air and
back to a shadow on the wall
I watched her move back and forth

between the present world and trance
She danced her glory off,
She divined our future
And I looked on with anxious surprise.

And my lover finally became everything
I couldn't have been,
everything I had only dreamt of;
The room walls
The moment
The air
The candle
The dark
And God
And Kiky was God
And God was Kiky
And God was us.

She opened her eyes abruptly and
spoke to the silence and it broke
As above so below, she said and smiled.

Kweku Atta Crayon

Naked Tides

Have you ever seen the sea undress
Throwing its waist about to impress
Coming closer in tides to you seduce
While you scream more for the juice
The tides
The sea
You
Me
Are we mysteries to keep
or ancient science so deep?

We looked into the eyes of the erotic tides
The current at which it curves with no shame rides
The aphrodisiac groan its waves whisper in our ears
And I become jealous of those stones which over years
Stood to these tides without ejaculation or a blink
Thrust deep amorous sea, make us want more with a clink

We are flesh and blood
Lick us if you like with a flood
Touch her G-spot; she wont break
Smooth and gentle make us slake
Caress us; feel the warmth of our breast
Don't stop; not even to rest
Feel the weight of your body against ours
Now suspire and resume labour for hours
Your heaving breath upon our skin.
The most gentle touch on our thigh,
The soft nibbling on my breasts –
Moving slowly in a downward motion.
Now you see, there's no mystery here.
Its just a love affair between
The Sea, Its tides
and You and Me.

Kweku Atta Crayon

Never Would Have Made It Without Sin

I was rebuked and ridiculed
They tore my soul and body apart
I could hear the wailing of my heart
I was paralyzed in my seat by their comments
I was dumb founded
I had sinned
But never would have made it without that sin

I was in love with poetry
I drunk it every breakfast
I read it as part of my quiet time
Sleep always found me with poetry in the night
Never would have written one without sin

So I sinned and became a poet
They said I had violated copyright of a poem
They said I have stolen a poem (tears in my eyes)
They said I had brought shame to their page
Yes, that was true, I had infested them with my stolen poem
My bad, I couldn't write one
But now write many because I sinned

They couldn't do anything to help
I gave them no choice than to kill me
They plugged my heart out of my self
They poisoned my spirit with pills of vilifications
Angry oceans washed away my integrity
Respect and honour weaved from the past
varnished in matters of seconds

I parked my shame in my palm
I collected my tears in my heart
I bagged my ignominy
And entombed them in my bed

So I died for a month
I mourned my soul
My obituary read 'POETRY KILLED HIM, GONE FOR A WHILE'
A funeral of three in my room

My disgraceful self, the mirror and the ceiling

A month of self transfiguration
A month of Surgery by Dr. God
he fixed my neck a new head
he breathed in me a new Life
Pushed a new Clifford into an old world
And handed me a pen, my poetic sword

Still I had not recovered from scars of the past
So I peeped into their world on web
I saw them happy and going
Lost in dilemma
whether will be welcomed or kicked away

She saw me spying, she ran quickly towards me
Held my head and kissed me on the fore
She grab my scars and made me a fresh skin of today
She flowed into me and made me whole again
Come on, you welcome home, her South African eyes
Told me everything I needed to live
#Noleen Utterance Desiree Titus

He also came arms opened
Embraced me from my shy and timid steps towards him
He dug his hand into my soul and picked the spirit up
He opened the doors to his heaven and welcomed me back
The same heaven I had begrimed
He initiated me a poet and called me a bard
My Jesus Sir Kukogho Iruesiri Samson

Am now an Apostle of the kingdom
I am now because I sinned
Never would have made it without sin.

Kweku Atta Crayon

Our Artificial Africa

When the birds were heard rapping
Stead of singing and wings flapping
It was obvious somethings had gone wrong
And nature wouldn't have them to its belong

When Coca cola had replaced coconut
Our women dress fine somewhat
Men feel more presentable in suit and tie
Take every drink with a meat in pie
Africa had lost its touch
And now we talk too much

When I stopped walking the path
To Papa Akrofi's house for my math
Mum no longer visited her friends
Phone calls and even that it depends
If you go to school with food in leaf
You are teased, on lucky days its brief

Now that we are manufacturing another Africa
To look more beautiful like America
Let us keep quiet to the western sufferings
When our every problem is under political coverings
And Mothers birth no children but rather offsprings
When it is more profitable to invest in soccer
Than in education and feeding of some Ugandans

Kweku Atta Crayon

Romantic Nonsense

In the busy sand of the seashores
Retracing our foot prints in measured steps
Gazing sun that crowns the acmes of coconut trees
Twinkly face smiling at tidal waves
With hands fastened behind my back
Reminiscing past romantic funtimes
Whiles ruing recent times
Mrs. Sarpong just questioned me
Where is the woman?
Am searching for her in our honey moon shores
tracing our footprints
to know where I stepped wrongly
You never broke up with me
But you broke a virgin heart full of love

Kweku Atta Crayon

Room 16.

Its on the last floor
small space, dim red light
a holy Bible and more,
Tattered curtain laid white.

Light skin ladies
Colourful men
Dogs with rabies
God bless them, Amen.

An innocent porch
A blessed couch
Sleeping days
Bring no pays,

Happy working nights;
'Cut some slights
for only fifty'
Oh Dog! , the price is nifty.

Read quotations
Change positions
Cum quick, next dog!
Damn stupid wog.

Wear your pants
Be gentle with the curtain
Exit room 16
Say a prayer for the night
The sleeping days will take care of its self

We are only trying to be happy
But we try harder not to regret
This our normal life
'It is finished'.

Kweku Atta Crayon

The African Dream

A future seen in dreams
Flowing like a stream
From person to persons
Years down, dream worsens

Africa had a dream
Glowing like light beams
Builders worked in Teams
Bonded together like seams

Then

Mr. White sets in
So tall and thin
That night, slept in our inns
Good morning, greets with grins
Behind 'smiles', a package of sins

Bought lands with mirrors
Introduced religion with errors
Opened a factory of confusion
manufactured delusions
Sold at no cost
to Africans, for their cause

Years after induction of greed
Slavery, our kings agreed
Potential dream builders
Were captured and sold to be soldiers
In a military of perpetual savage
Men and women, no respect for age

They were Labelled like commodities
Yaa Akya, now Felicity
Papa Adjei, now Johnny
Opanyin Sumpa, now Bonny
Dadae Zoe, now Julie

Cheaper than the mower

but more efficient than the sower
Cheaper than the broom
but clears the rooms
Priceless creatures of God
sold cheaply by whips of rod

Long History has been summarized
is now too faded to memorize
By Sons and daughters of Africa
who Schooled in the America

A Dead Dream
Now risen in full strength beam
Dreamers are so young and unified
One name to them identify
BUILDERS OF THE AFRICAN DREAM

Kweku Atta Crayon

The Blades

I saw them
They came with knives and blades
Scary men with scary hearts

Face up,
My little pancake opened to the sky
Romanced by the blades
Harsh sex with the knives
They broke my virginity

All around rejoiced
Even dogs and goats smiled
Whilst I tastes a concoction
Of my blood and tears

They said it was tradition
It was a required rite
Without it, I'm not woman

Now I'm a woman
A victim of tradition
Sentenced to eternal pains and grief!

Kweku Atta Crayon

The Cassava Too Is A Fruit

We lived and grew beneath the soil
Joyful in our minds that we toil
To someday come out us cassabreties
Signing autographs at festivities
Shoulders lifted up high
Teeth pushing out when saying 'hi'

It was morning, we heard harsh knocks
First time disturbed in our sweet underworld
The ants and termites say, "They can't be visitors"
True, they started hitting with rocks
We run deeper into the soil and curled
We have fallen prey to wild predators!

Uprooted us from our homes
Like it was their own
We had no say, first time seeing 'red and white monkeys'
Before we could fight for what was ours
The red pepper and tomatoes had long sold us
For mirror, cloths and gun powder

And they introduced themselves
"We here are from Overseas
Have come to explore and oversee
We are called the fruits
We make skin fresh and smooth
Our brethren in suits are legumes
They will be the masters in the checkrooms"

"Who are you black ones? "
No one sabi their question
So we started laughing
"Ok, You will be the cassava
You are starchy and strong
Will build ships in the sun
And cook the meals in the rains"

Exported us to the west
Used, maltreated and waste

Our joy is a cassava now rules the fruits
But, can a cassava be ever a fruit?

Kweku Atta Crayon

The Earth Is Pregnant

Odomankoma, creator of the universe
Your wisdom espoused the Earth and the spirits
Chief ghosts of our ancestors
Why thy fishes thirst in travelling rivers
Why Ankobra and Bosomtwe quench not our dry throats
We disgruntled tongues, send down drops to make us ocean
Your daughter, Asase Ya, blessed woman of fertility
Now adopts our kids into her belly of sterility
Nyankopon, the groom of eternity
Order thy wife, Asase Yaa
to sow sperm seeds in our soils
When August, sex us with the rains
making thy Earth pregnant again.
We can birth, the war victims,
Reclaim our lost future from the Emotia
Sing in the voice of Osibisa
and dance to the rhythm of the Fontomfrom
So we can see the Africa that sits in the eyes of Osagyefo
Osagyefo, the weeping ghost
Cry no longer, when the Earth delivers
We shall borrow your eye balls, wake up from the African Dream.

Oh Ori!
Why deprive your children
of their Kadara and Ayanmo
Making this our destiny shy
He who has power over Orunmila
Cease this our plight of;
Lands fighting lands
Hands raised against hands
Streams arguing Rivers
Receivers commanding Givers
Bushes measuring height with Forests
Wars stealing souls, leaving hunger for the rest
Ola, kid of the Earth, Sits on the seat of death
Clothed in small pox and measles
Ah! ! Sapona, to you we sing our own dirge
that ye may have mercy.
The Earth walks with protruded belly away

fraught with victims of the plague, that stole our honour.
Obatala, creator of humans, light and purity
Why ye slumber, wake up
And Speak to the Earth
That she will end drinking blood and born our lost brethren
Mandiba crying for the spirit of Ubudu
Soyinka mourning the soul of Awoonor
Have we failed to satisfy ye, gods of Africa?
Or need we pour down our bloods for Libation?
NO! ! ! , by the powers of Ori, I command
Yemaja, plant children in the womb of the Earth
Ogun, retire and make way for Peace.
Ayao breathe onto the lands, the Africa of our Ancestors

Kabezya-Mpungu, father of four;
Sun, Moon, Darkness and Rain
Why your Children to us curse?
Sun, bleaching our colour black
making us white and westerned
Moon, no longer works at night
Providing shade for evil transactions
Darkness, bribed to always prevail over day
That we may not see to distinguish brother from enemy
Rain, visits all time and all day
Depriving us of our homes and properties
WHY! ! ! Kabezya-Mpungu
We the children of Kikuyu
cry unto thee, Let order dominate
That thy children will sow into Earth crops.
Crops that bear fruits of the Africa of our tomorrow.

Unkulunkulu, on your shoulders
We rest our burdens
Deliver our Pregnant Earth.

Kweku Atta Crayon

The I'LI Be There Foundation

Somewhere in Uganda
They set the agenda
And took the cause
At no cost

To house and to clothe
Now they build a home on a plot
For the homeless
Speak for the voiceless

Somewhere in Kampala
They built a camp
And said, come
All ye distressful street children
No masters but brethren
If you stole foods
Now you will eat freely and sleep on foams

Somewhere in the heart of a boy
Lies a great love for the boys
Who is his friend?
The friendless and isolated child at the street corner
He grew around them
Now he lives to rescue them

I cry out for voices, hands and minds
To join his battle against street children
The war against Femine
Come ye all
Lets make the street for cars and not homes.

Kweku Atta Crayon

The River Too Drinks

Frimpomah
Sits at the bank of Ankobra
Her head planted in her palms
Eyesfeeding the river with tears
And Ankobra drinks with no fears

Frimpomah sings a dirge
'You them boys swimming
You them girls fetching
You them women washing
If you see my mother, tell her I wait for her body.' 2x

Dufia, do me no pity
Cry me no more
Go tell Nana Brago
We came fetching
She dived for a swim
I watched with eyes screaming
and my bones crying
whiles Ankobra ate and drunk her

The home is no longer home
The hen will greet bad morning
the Oracle will speak
Today the gods have taken one of their own.

Tell Nana brago
her daughter drowned
my mother is dead.

Kweku Atta Crayon

This Is My Home

This is my home
The start of my beginning
and the ending of my end
An opened arm
ever ready to embrace my shames
ever ready to re-organize the loser me

This is my home
Not the house but the people
the ones who see the victory in me
even in bankruptcy of hopes
In here, no hell, no heaven
No good no bad
Since no one is somebody
we are all nobody

This is my home
The only place where;
Mums insults are fun
Brother and sister quarrels are enjoyed
Dad's loured face is mimicked

This is my home
Serves as our dump fill site
Dump our anger
Bury our hatred
Empty our troubled hearts
This is my root.

Kweku Atta Crayon

Unassailable Faith

Let the sky fall and crumble
We remain in the rumble
In the teeth of death, we won't grumble
Come flying arrows, no tumble
Inebriated by despair, but we won't stumble

Gathered in confusion, life a mere jumble
Ours lips still remain humble
Impoverishment blindfolds us; again, no fumble
Mouth full of hopes, we mumble
To you 'worries' our faiths bumble

Failure does on us prey
In faith we still will pray
On the cross, our troubles lay
Let starvation can slay
In faith we are allay

Our blessings may delay
Our faith still shines, a light ray
In God's time, the future comes in bright array
We shall sound the Victory bray

Kweku Atta Crayon

Vox Populi, Vox Dei

'I won
You lost
You cheated
The election was rigged"
They charged our peaceful atmosphere with nonsensicalities

To adjudicate, let's go to the church of doom(court)
To excogitate harsh answers
from the westerner's Bible of discombobulation (constitution)

'Forget about the People
They never will know the secrecy of our drama
Death or Life, we remain their gods'
They say and laugh, in their lodges of atrocity

The people weep in pains

they see pregnancy of cataclysm

in the pot bellies of Politicians

Disquieted voices of the Land
Innocent mothers and children
sing requiems in memorial of their coming death
whilst hoping and praying for a Life
From the verdict of the Court

When two elephants fight
is the ground that suffers the pain
When two power seekers lock horns
is my mother and siblings that become refugees

The soil of peace that grew Ghana
Now gleans ego centric and avaricious beasts
The land cries blood as it loses grip of it's peace

The people bleed in fear
Pastors prophesying doom

Seated I here, talking to the ceiling
where will I run to, when it finally here
Nigeria or South Africa
Uganda or Liberia
Where will I stop to quench my thirst
And where will I stop to earn the honorary title of a refugee.

But the voice of the People is the Voice of God
Amen.

Kweku Atta Crayon

Wells Of Our Fathers

Drinking from the wells of our fathers

Holes dug with beak of loves
Papa worked hands of no gloves
Rain and sun were no weather
Days and nights were all days
Papa worked with his self
digging this well of his blood
a water of blood to quench our future

Earth to Sky, was no tall a tree
Papa climbed and stole the sun
erased the rainbow
collected the stars from the skies
and slapped the clouds
all to force down rains
to satisfy these wells

Papa was brutalized
he was whipped by rods of tomorrow
he could cry out his sorrow
but he smiled for more lashes
all to make this future bright and flashy

To the depth of this well
he measured not
all he wanted was a well
dug, dug and dug till he got lost in earth

Where would we have been
if Papa was you or me?
what would we have eaten
if Papa had education and also wore suits?
What would have been our names
if Papa had swallowed western culture?

Today we carrying on our lazy heads
buckets and pans of empty stomachs
fetching and drinking

red wines from the wells of our fathers
ignorant we are
that we drinking the blood of our fathers
from their own wells.

Kweku Atta Crayon