

Poetry Series

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**- poems -**

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# Mark Nyamekye Boadi()

# Animals Are Distinct

Cats purr, Dogs bark  
Sheep and Goat make the bleating cry  
And lions roar  
God knows the reason why

The snakes glide  
In the air, birds fly  
Zebras and horses gallop  
God knows the reason why

Some animals move in daytime  
At night, spawns the frog and bat  
When one sleeps, the other is awake  
God has a reason for that

Indeed God knows why  
We may never understand  
Why he put animals at different places  
Some in the sea, others on land

Bats and sloths sleep whiles hanging  
The dog may find this strange  
To them the best way is to lie prostrate  
But they cannot force the bats and sloths to change

Some animals may think the best habitat is terrestrial  
Whales and seals prefer the aquatic  
Other mammals may find this strange  
And may think of the whales and seals as psychotic

Birds might have a problem with penguins  
Who possess beaks and limbs covered with scales  
And claim to belong to the class aves  
But they neither fly or possess feathery tails

Birds might also wonder at the bat  
Who chooses to fly in the air  
But yet still behaves like a mammal  
Having pinnae and covering its body with hair

And that is the way it is  
God created everything unique

That is the way it is  
God has a reason for such a technique

That is the way it is  
We may view things in our own different ways  
And see the approach of others as a violent craze

That is the way it is  
Some people may always try to please  
Whiles others may not stand at ease

That is the way it is  
Animals are linked  
But are very distinct

Mark Nyamekye Boadi

# Birds Who Sing The Same Song

Once upon the hunter's lifetime  
He entered the forest with his hound  
As he waited for animal senses,  
He heard the same sound

The sound came from above  
It was the sound of birds  
Though they were very different,  
They had similar words

The birds were of two colors  
They were either brown or green  
They sang on top of their voices  
The song of a queen

First, the hunter watched them sing  
He did not understand the words  
He set a trap on the tree  
And caught some green birds

He brought them home  
Thinking he has caught something good  
After preparing the meal,  
He realizes their meat is not right for food

Again, he watched them sing  
He did not understand the words  
He set a trap on the tree  
And caught brown birds

He brought them home  
Thinking the browns would not taste the same  
After preparing the meal,  
He realizes the meat was worse in the bowl of shame

He now understood the words  
And watches them as they sing  
The same song, one meaning  
A song to get trapped in a ring

The birds sing the same song  
A song of the soul  
They sing in a competition  
They compete for a common goal

They look attractive on the tree  
They sing the same song

Understanding their words is the key  
They sing the same song

They sound very kind  
They sing the same song

They have a motive in mind  
They sing the same song

They sing and fly from the leaves to the stem  
But the hunter desires none of them

The hunter would now find other creatures  
With the best of all features  
Because the birds sing the same song

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# Dry Lands In June

Sometimes the rains do not come in June  
Sometimes in June, darkness comes at noon  
The earth comes very dry  
And the inhabitants wonder why  
The flowers begin to wither  
Life becomes bitter  
Lord, the scorn is so unusual  
For yam and corn are no more visual  
Father, raise up your mighty hand  
And quench the thirst of the land  
Remove any hand of iniquity  
And bring back the integrity  
Put a stop to whatever caused this death  
So that the plants may recover their birth  
We pray that we would never see such destructions  
And restore June as a month of great expectations

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# Her Name Is Rhoda

Allow me to introduce you to someone  
Whose description fits a ream  
This is a friend close to me  
I hold her in high esteem

Really? You may ask yourself  
It is a she?  
That she is who I write about  
Because she is very dear to me

What is her name?  
You may wonder  
The answer is simple  
Her name is Rhoda

Yes Rhoda  
So simple to pronounce  
Believe me when I tell you  
She is someone I would not denounce

Why do I write about her?  
You may ask  
But if you know her  
You would know the reason for this task

Please do not think of anything strange  
She is just someone I care about  
Deep in my mind  
I have no doubt

She walks with the fairest of beauty  
Her voice like a soft touch  
With the ability to echo in the heart  
Is something I like very much

She walks with the fairest of beauty  
She might not know this  
That her smile enchants  
It can put a man into a sudden bliss

She walks with the fairest of beauty  
Though she is not always nerveless  
She gives a great respect  
With the smiles she would express

She walks with the fairest of beauty  
She always around me

If she reads this  
I wonder what her mood would be

I know she would be smiling  
Wondering what I am thinking

But all I this is all I have to say  
May God bless her  
I pray  
Because she is one of my great buddies

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# Her Rejoicing Day

Never did she ever imagine  
That she would see that day  
When she had a delightful present  
A gift that has come to stay

She did not expect  
That this would ever occur  
She gave up hoping  
But luck has found her

It is her day to rejoice  
For she has waited for so many years  
The Lord has heard her cries  
So she wipes her tears

It is her day to rejoice  
For she now has her own baby  
She shouts with joy  
And joins the society as a Lady

Many said it was a lie  
And went to confirm it  
They were surprised at what they saw  
A truth they finally admit

She thanks the Lord greatly  
Her womb has borne its fruit

She thanks the Lord greatly  
For a gift so cute

She thanks the Lord greatly  
For she cannot keep mute

She thanks the Lord greatly  
And dances to the tune of the xylophone and flute

Its her rejoicing day  
She will no longer feel upset

Its her rejoicing day  
A day she would never forget.

Mark Nyamekye Boadi

# John Atta-Mills Died On The Throne

A bad news come one late afternoon  
Which brought about quietness and chills  
Everyone wanted to hear the truth  
About the death of John Atta-Mills

A president on his own  
Who died on the throne  
It is the first in our history  
That the topmost man has spilled salt  
He died after falling ill  
His death has brought Ghana to a standstill

Yes Ghana stands still  
Because this comes as a shock  
No one expected to hear such news  
Which has hit us like a fallen rock

He died on the throne  
He was learned, humble and well-known  
His life was an emulation  
Widely known for his peaceful virtues  
Though slow but sure  
Many were things he did not endure

The news came from the air  
Into our ears; the President is dead  
Of a strange ailment  
On the 37 military hospital's bed

He died on the throne  
Death has taken him like a cyclone  
A gentle President  
With a simple lifestyle  
Who proposed a Better Ghana Agenda  
He is a man we will always remember

The news is still fresh in our ears  
This is not a wrong buzz  
Ghana wears a black cloth

Death comes, and this is what it does

His death has brought unity  
In all parts of the country  
We all stand as one  
Regardless of tribal and political affiliation  
It is a bad news for all Ghanaians  
It is not only bad for the NDC  
But also bad for the NPP, CPP, PPP, and PNC

Mills died on the throne,  
On the 24th day of the month of July

Mills died on the throne,  
That is the reason why we cry

Mills died on the throne,  
He was 68 years old

Mills died on the throne,  
In a land endowed with Cocoa, oil and gold

Mills died on the throne,  
None will forget what he has done

Mills died on the throne,  
Leaving behind a wife and a son

Mills died on the throne,  
Tears will never cease

Mills died on the throne,  
May his soul rest in peace.

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# Lord, Take Me Back

I call on You again  
Am the lamb who lost his way  
Out of the wilderness into the barn  
I've come to feed on hay

I went into the forest  
Because I listened to what is on the outside  
Which led me into a different habitat  
And forgot that You were my only Guide

I left for my own adventure  
But all I have in hand is a plaque  
There is only one thing I have written  
Lord, take me back

I did not listen to Your word  
And went on my own  
I thought I knew what was right  
But I am still not grown

Lord reach out Your hand to me  
For where I stand begins to crack  
And I have no hiding place  
So please take me back

Do not turn your face from me  
And let me not incur your wrath  
Show me the light  
And lead me in a new path

Father, hear me when I pray  
I ask for revival and grace  
Answer me when I call  
And take me into your hiding place

Do not turn me away  
Else my foes rejoice  
Cleanse me from my sins  
For You are my only choice

Restore my soul  
For they plan to attack  
Deliver me from them  
Lord, take me back

Lord, take me back  
So that these sufferings would be over

Lord, take me back  
For without you, vain builds a builder

Lord, take me back  
You are my only keeper

Lord, take me back  
This is my prayer for forgiveness and favor

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# Tabby Has Turned Into A Tiger

Tabby has turned into a tiger  
He will no longer remain docile  
For there is no use in being sober  
When the atmosphere is hostile

All is not well  
Tabby has a story to tell  
There are fumes of hate in the air  
He could not hide his anger  
And has turned into a tiger

Tabby has moved into the forest  
Because he has been bitten  
By animals he considered dearest  
But he is no longer a kitten

They have created a wound so deep  
It caused Tabby to weep  
Making him move into the jungle  
Because his feelings would no longer be hidden  
He will consider the domestic land forbidden

The Tabby they knew  
Has become wild  
Hiding steadily amongst the yew  
Sending a strong message to every parent and child

Tabby has turned into a tiger  
He wishes to remain in the jungle forever  
No longer at ease  
No longer taking in fire  
No longer doing what they require

Tabby has turned into a tiger  
He is no longer open  
For he cannot hide his anger  
And has become outspoken

Tabby has turned into a tiger  
He has now changed  
Because he was estranged

Tabby has turned into a tiger  
Do not be amazed at his actions  
For treatments elicit reactions

Tabby has turned into a tiger  
He will no longer hide his anger  
And will remain in the jungle forever.

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# The Grasshopper Comes Again

Beware, I write this to you  
To all grasses of the green domain  
Be mindful and alert  
For the grasshopper comes again

To you do this concern  
For you are always at the sun's glare  
But do not let his green color deceive you  
For he hops here and there

He comes so bright and green  
Making his usual chirping noise  
Dangling joyfully on your leaves  
Is only a strategy he employs

He comes to you like a born-again saint  
Though your blood runs in his veins  
There is deceit in his head  
And he spies on your new grains

Beware, I warn you once more  
For the grasshopper hops and never stops  
With his long antennae and compound eyes  
Seeking to see all crops

Watch his movements carefully  
Because from you, he moves to the next grass  
Where he exposes all you have  
Wishing you would be the next victim of the cutlass

He comes to you like a good old friend  
Who would betray you in the end  
Beware

The grasshopper sounds very kind  
But you do not know what he has in mind  
Beware

When it rains, you are so gay

The grasshopper comes to stay  
Beware

You are planted on a rich terrain  
Where there is much to gain  
Beware  
Beware  
Beware, for the grasshopper comes again.

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# The House She Refers To

She first told me of this house when I was a child  
She wrote it in her documents and filed  
A house so wild  
Where the people are very cold  
A house like a wrestling hold  
Everyone scrambling for gold  
There are murmurs and calls for hate  
Which spreads amongst the offspring they procreate  
To go and lie in wait  
Until they receive orders to fire  
At anyone who aims higher  
So that they get what they require  
She documents a house of takers  
Wanting to acquire acres  
Which they are not the makers  
She documents a house of doom  
Where deception is a costume  
And aversion is spread from a control room  
She documents a house of pain  
Where there is nothing to gain  
And says to me again and again  
Beware and tread with care  
For there are fumes of hate in the air  
This she makes me aware  
She tells me of this house each day  
So I would not be lead astray  
What then can I say  
Before the bee stings  
I would pray for certain things  
One is for God to carry me on a pair of wings  
To fly me on a fast pace  
To a new place  
Where He would put a smile on my face  
A place of joy and peace

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# Waiting On You

It has been long since I heard from you  
It has been long since I saw your face  
I continue to call on you  
I still need your grace

I am waiting on you  
I cannot wait to hear your voice  
I know that you are reading this  
You know you are my only choice

I am waiting on you  
My life is now full of struggles  
The drought of love has hit me  
It has hit me from many angles

I am waiting on you  
Gone were the days when we were together  
When the touch of you love was as sweet as honey  
But now you stand at someplace farther

I am waiting on you  
Remember the covenant of our love  
This created a very strong bond  
Such as sent from above

I am waiting on you  
Many are those who point fingers at me  
Because of your absence, they have said things  
But I do not bother; it is your face I wish to see

I am still waiting on you  
For it is difficult for me to cope  
And you are my only hope

I am waiting on you  
Please receive this letter  
For it would make me better

I am waiting on you

Others look at me in a peculiar way  
I hope you read this today  
And this is all I have to say:

It has been long since I heard from you;  
It has been long since I saw your face  
I will continue to call on you  
For I still need your grace

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# Wet Lands In June

It is June and the skies are charging  
With thunder and clouds full of water  
We see the restoration of a normal beginning  
Indeed God has made us a wonder  
The earth is wet, the flowers are in full bloom  
Giving way to new fruits  
Yam and corn are enough to consume  
And water washing down to their roots  
The inhabitants now make merry  
Their cries have ceased  
For there are so many crops to carry  
Harvests have again increased  
The thirst of the land has been quenched by the rain  
Giving us a shift from death to birth  
Our cries to the Lord were not in vain  
And he has provided us with much mirth  
Come lets rejoice, for the hand of iniquity has been removed  
Our integrity has been reinstated  
Because living conditions on our farms has improved  
The answer to prayers long awaited  
Praise be to the Almighty for these great things  
For we now celebrate again in June  
There are abundant of water springs  
And each and every one has a silver spoon.

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