

Poetry Series

Nana Kwame Nketsiah
- poems -

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Nana Kwame Nketsiah()

A Letter To My Heart

Dear heart,
kindly beat slowly
you are scared of the dart,
that will pierce surely.
But do not disper,
or harbour hopelessness
for the mechanic will repair,
and show you true faithfulness.
And if it doesn't,
like the tongue that lies
or show sign it hasn't
i shall clap it like the flies

Nana Kwame Nketsiah

A Letter To My Heart Pt 2

Dear heart,
Please stop a minute,
and sit under the hut
head stop pinching
and listen to me carefully.
You seem lost,
and am scarred, dreadfully.
Like the iron burns hot,
so are you when you sad.
But be happy just once,
you know when i have you have.
And it doesn't come just by chance.

Nana Kwame Nketsiah

A Letter To My Heart Pt 3

Dear heart,
your beat takes to flight,
like the devils bat,
droning silently in the night.
Kindly come back like a spell
before the witch hunt begin
or i will be forced to pen
your mistakes before the warden.
Who enviously envies,
your dirty laundry and fame
like the Hungary cheetah heaves
after chasing his weak pray all day.

Nana Kwame Nketsiah

A Song To My True Lover

Oh my gentle lover, come
Like two actors let wrestle
In an animanted conflict
Owing to the contact of our two lower part
From were our lower bellies hang
Our enjoyment shall soon come to pass
For I would be at work like a pestle
While you seconds by lascivious movement
Into great escasy we shall rest.
The kiss of the mouth, on the neck
And the sweat suckling of our lips
Are a divine gift from God
Destine to provock erection
For God has also endowed your chest with breast
And has furnished you with a double cheeks
Owing to the brilliant eyes that inspires love
And eyelashes well polished like blade
For God has decorated you with a fine belly
A beautiful naval with majestic crupper
And all this wonders are borne up by the thighs
For it is this place God has place the arena of battle

Nana Kwame Nketsiah

A Worthless Life

Long gone the passing time,
Yesterday seemed so long.
Though in my pocket there is no dime,
My mouth would not wet without my tongue.

Indeed the brutality of my years,
Aiming aimlessly for what is my.
While my legs fickle with fears,
I would not run away in caves to hide.

Praying the same old prayer,
The lord is my shepherd.
Though in my mind I suffer,
And the countless God bless you I heard.

Lest in my life I shall never want,
Yet struggling hard as the elephant.
Whose strength is no match for the ant,
Though ends meet are naught but vainly hunt.

The cursed sun, hanging up like a blessing,
Scorching the very sweat out of my body.
And though the birds in the night they sing,
Their feathers would never fall fast from their body.

Is this the principle of a worthless life?
Or just another day of many days.
Though the bees may hide in hives,
Their aim is to continue their hay

Nana Kwame Nketsiah

An Ode To Her

When can I call you my love?
Or should I let thousand summers and winters pass?
Embracing my lonesomeness in a sad warm thought
Perhaps this punishment has gone on too long.

Should I let you go?
So my heart may be broken a thousand pieces
Do not worry my love,
Such is the punishment wicked love bestows

Would you love me?
Even though your heart is occupied.
Lest I would carelessly crave you in madness
Such mindless heart in love

Permit me, oh my sweetest love
Let me praise your wonderful qualities
To whom you stole my heart in darkness and in light
Laughing your way into my life

Take this little poem,
As a token of what I feel for you
Cherish it as you would your blanket
On a cold chilly night.

Nana Kwame Nketsiah

An Ode To My Love

Her name, her heart she gives to me
The melodies of her love resound in my heart
Dancing it way into the vault of my head
This challenge I gladly accept without struggle

I. □

Her name, her heart she gives to me
Hear me shout oh little birds of the sky
As I summon you to tell her my love
Make haste the messengers of my heart

II. □

Her name, her heart she gives to me
Rivers of tears in my life comes to a halt
Though it banks over flow
In an amazing flood of Haiti

III. □

Her name her, her heart she gives me
Oh lords I pray and trust her
Send towards her your strength to endure
The shattered rays of my heart

IV. □

Her name, her heart she gives me
Now I climb this mountain untiring
Love finally draws me like a magnet
Towards abode the devil dares not venture

Nana Kwame Nketsiah

Between Truth And Falsehood

Between truth and falsehood i was confuse, i couldn't pen down the real feelings of my heart. Maybe i made a mistake, but show me were i went wrong. Maybe the agonies of life has thought me to forget my self, maybe i was selfish, maybe i wanted to put the power of your words to test, maybe i was afraid to reveal the ugly face behind the mask. Am tormented by my action and torn apart. Allow me to break down; i have punish you long enough. I allowed the power of my words to rule you. Maybe a king in a forbidden world or am lost, though am weak from what you showed me, you indeed put me to test, but am glad you finally won.

Nana Kwame Nketsiah

Broken Valentine

Once again it another valentine
And I am still lonely
Where should I run to and hide
Even though it just a folly

Once again I am single
And valentine passes by me swiftly
I would try in vain to mingle
In the company of old friends and enemies

Was it not just yesterday I lost him?
Now valentine is here and he is nowhere to be found
Would I pass through it cold and dim?
At least permit me to go and hide

I would not say anymore
Since you laugh at me on valentine day
I would take a trip and a dangerous tour
To hide my self in the chickens hay.

Nana Kwame Nketsiah

By Night The Muses Told Me.

By night the muses snatched me away, in to their
loveliest
Abode where the gods grow fond of. But poor I am in word to describe
The heavenly refinement of this humble paradise.
Laying me helplessly on this sour grass and looking into the early skies as a lover
On the tour of painful love and yet whispering in my ears as my ears quiver for
answers
My dear poet the fairest of them all, whose heart is as loveliest as a thousand
bouquets of roses laid by the lover's bed.
Grow within your thought the learning of love and let the world be indeed a
beautiful place for you.

Though I do not challenge your words great muses, whose radiate skin bring
light in darkness, whose word flow from your mouth as you were present when
the world came to being, my great and wonderful muses, whose song feels the
heart of the faint lover and bring to tame the proudest heart of the lion on a mid
day hunt.

Your beauty I as a mortal i dare not compare any beauty with.

How should I love, how should I give my heart and not get pain in return,
You trained my heart and though I am weak, spirit me away in to your humble
blossom

And let me rest my head on your golden lap.

For my lips are so moisten with words from my heart, I am not in control of my
self.

If I, a lover of a thousand women, how then should I, a god like me

In mortal flesh prevent my pleasures for over taking me.

Hence my muse answered,

my dear poet and god, who I bestow my graces upon, who
Are the hands I write my songs and poem with, do no despair, write what ever I
tell you through your heart and understand my plight, but if still you do not
comprehend go and listen to my dear god Ovid, it was him Venus thought the art
of love

But oh my dear lord and love muses, your words grace my heart, but my mind is
not at peace

Ovid my great and wonderful love teacher, who none compares not even

Shakespeare with his renown wits and words' sit with open eyes and heart applaud when he delivers the speech of love. But still I am a lover of thousand women.

My dearest, whom I endowed with the riches of words, hear me, your heart though full of wonder love, it is with it I deliver the power of love through, learn to live with it my young poet.

Tell the loveliest women how you feel and if she does not comprehend, craft them into words on paper, go my young poet and tell the ladies of the world through your words how elegant they seem in there natural beauty, how beauty grows and fade. Tell them to grace there appearance with inner beauty for the goddess and muses shall be with you.

You are my handy work, the man of a thousand lover, forgive cupid for his jealous looks my dear poet live and enjoy your fruitful days as young, soon old age comes fleeting in a chariot.

Nana Kwame Nketsiah

Damm Am Black

A baby cries
thats me!
I am back on earth
well thats strange!
Oblivion to who my energy attracted
thats funny!
Do they know of the wound i carry
who cares!
yeah and more salt will be added i guess
yeah you right about that!
I look at my skin
damm am black!
I look at my parent
gosh the beast!
I see the dangling cross
eish christians!
No wonder am back
welcome!
I better crawl back
no you cant!
I might as well cry at my own funeral
be glad!
I hear the nurse whisper 'beautiful baby'
dont piss me off!

Nana Kwame Nketsiah

Day And Night.

What is a day for? Tell me so i may know.

Days are where we live, they come and wake us time and time over. They help us get our daily bread by pushing us through the crowd.

What is a night for? Tell me so i may know.

Nights are where we rest, they come and they go. They put us to sleep time and time over, they rest us after a long day has accommodated us.

Nana Kwame Nketsiah

Fortunately Or Unfortunately

Fortunately i wasn't born at a time
When being an African was a curse
and what everyone cared about was the dime
that cackles and shackles noiselessly in a purse

I wasn't born at a time
when i had to wear a nicka boka
and drink soda and lime
just because i was a nigger

I wasn't born at a time
when it was my duty to despise heritage
like okra mixed with lime
and hating my skin was a privilege

Unfortunately i was born at a time
when Africa was truly lost
and my elders have become holy ram
led joyously to the slaughter house

I was born at a time
when there was nothing to wear but nicka boka
and all i had was champagne and no time
and being a nigger i still hated to be called a nigger

I was born at a time
when my ancestors were ignorant fools
whose legacy were nothing but prehistoric time
and the gods are but idle dolls

Nana Kwame Nketsiah

Her Sulky Cheek

I see pity in her eyes,
tears flow down her sulky cheek,
slowly to her parched lips.
I see her blink unhappily,
and her eyebrow bowed,
with the look of a lost saint.
I see her unkept hair,
and the ridiculous make up on her fine face.
I see she has the look of a miserable woman,
but in reality she is the artist of her fate.
She is the poor woman, whose heart has been broken.

Nana Kwame Nketsiah

Hey

She stole my heart
like a thief
Played with it
like a doll
Dumped it
like a waste
But my heart was recycled
like gold
Polished
like silver
Now someone has it
she wants it back

Nana Kwame Nketsiah

I Am Forbiden

Under this terrible sun I lay to rest,
Mind and heart at it never ending struggle
Who should I embrace, oh spirit of nature.
My self is not content with self,
And I am force to adhere to my lower self.
Where all the ethers turn sour in moments.
Hmm....my tears would not flow,
For these ancient mysteries i must conceal.
From the idle nature of mankind,
Who see reality as it and never enduring to unveil?
Ignorant, false knowledge are the true embodiment
Of this animal nature, in it never ending stupendous nature.
Which I am forbidding to reveal.
I pray god save mankind.

Nana Kwame Nketsiah

I Dare Not Put Heaven In Rage

I dare not put heaven In rage
For the mysteries I must keep
And stay away in this lonely cave
Waiting till all seeds are reap

The world is nothing but grains of sand
We sit in it lifeless and idle
Waiting for that very day
Were we would paddle in our own fiddle

The human soul must be kept in care
In this carnal body we call flesh
So they might not rot as the dead
Who's thought are nothing but air?

And yes! The philosophers they smile
Revealing to us what we have to know
And keeping the gravest secret in themselves
So tight that we cannot find

Ignorance live in this world
As the child close to her mothers breast
Sucking so greedily with contempt
Who hold the greatest secret of the world?

Nana Kwame Nketsiah

I Do Not Love You

I do not love you,
Hence I would not lie to you.
I do love you,
Yet I crave to leave you.

I do not love you
Yet I am happy with you
I do love you
Yet a burden you are to me.

I do not love you
Yet when gone I miss you
And think about you,
Till the night see the day

I do not love you
Yet my bone grow weak without you
I do love you
Yet I am stronger without you

I do not love you
Hence do not leave me
For the thought of death hovers
Aimlessly on wings in my mind

I cannot hate you
My sweetest love
Though I want to leave you
I cannot deceive you

I do not love you
Yet strong bond lies between us
Oh my sweetest love
I do love you

Nana Kwame Nketsiah

I Wish I Was A Heavenly Angel

I wish I was a heavenly angel
For I would watch and protect mankind
But I am no heavenly angel
Hence must play in my own kind

I wish I was a heavenly angel
For I would pray for those in sorrow
But I am no heavenly angel
Hence must suffer the torment of borrow

I wish I was a heavenly angel
For I would worship my god day and night
But I am no heavenly angel
Hence must fight for my own right

I wish I was a heavenly angel
For I would always cling to my sword
But I am no heavenly angel
Hence must fight the pain of my fault

I wish I was a heavenly angel
For I would never no tiredness
But I am no heavenly angel
Hence must till the land to grow in abundance

I wish I was a heavenly angel
For I would weep when man sin
But I am no heavenly angel
Hence must pray for my own sin so dire

I wish I was a heavenly angel
For I would shore endlessly in space
But I am no heavenly angel
Hence must check as I walk in pace

I wish I was a heavenly angel
For I would wonder around this world free
But I am no heavenly angel
Hence must stand still as a tree

I wish I was a heavenly angel
For my heart shall always be in joy
But I am no heavenly angel
Hence must behave just like a boy

Nana Kwame Nketsiah

I Would Go Crazy If I Dont Stop

I would go crazy if I don't stop
Hear my head beat as fast as the gong-gong beater
Climbing high into this realm of life I would drop
Into the boiling water with too many heater

I would go crazy if I don't stop
Giving my heart out on a silver platter
Perhaps I wish I was the frog who hop
In the broad day light were all his dreams shatter

I would go crazy if I don't stop
Feeding my emotion to a worthless swine
Like the mother pig who lives at the top
Lo I should run away in caves and hide

I would go crazy if I don't stop
Perhaps the best remedy is to lie and cry
Into this huge and hallowed cup
Which boils and keep all other tears dry

Nana Kwame Nketsiah

In My Dream.

Somewhere in my dream a voice calls, in the depth of my heart may it always be real.

Many times i fall and wake up to see the still blueness of the sky, many rains of tears for the quest of unrest. Still searching for the stillness of the green pastures as it lay beyond the plasters, wavering round and round to the quiteness of my eyes, may it pass by to catch a glance.

Going beyond and beyond the sky to it limit, let it speak to my heart and never forget me.

Let it quibble because of the wind, for it would never beat the wind of time, who always fight the unfolding cloud and the love that strife.

Nana Kwame Nketsiah

Monday Morning

I love to sleep all day,
Or play all night.
But I must get all ready,
For Monday morning so tight.

I have to go to school,
On this very cold early morning.
Perhaps I wish was a fool,
Who would sleep till tomorrow?

But I am no fool,
On this very early morning.
Hence I must go to school,
So my friend will not be laughing

Waking up this day,
Drives all joy away.
The little ones play,
With gladness all day.

Monday morning it is,
For I have to wake up early
So I would not be caught,
Pouring cold water on my body so dry.

Today is Monday morning,
The most boring of all days.
Which bring back all sorrows,
Running to school so noisy.

Yet I sit in class,
And listen to the teacher.
Who come in a pink dress?
As the pastor preaches.

My face I bury,
Deep, deep in my books.
Which I take no delight in,
Yet still I must read or I would not eat.

How can I be born for joy?
Yet still sit in this cage.
And listen to the other boys,
Who I despise as much as dirt.

Today is Monday morning,
I have to go to school.
For I would not sleep till tomorrow,
Because I would be acting as a fool.

Nana Kwame Nketsiah

My First Kiss

In the bed of crimson joy
Lies a baby boy
Whose parent begot him?
Through the mighty locks of the tongue

Yet as he grows
And everyday as he moves he frowns
Because he does not believe
In the mighty devil called kiss

Yet still he frowns
At every girl he meets a dawn
Are the girls mad? He says
Or do they find means to kill

But as his heart grow older
He found out he could not hold on
So he must get the girl
That he despise so much as dirt

No girl would look at him
For it was he who insulted them
So he become frustrated
And decided to end his life
But he never gave up
Though he decided to end his life
Which he could not do
For countless time he tried

He tried hard to search for love
So he can be called a man
So he searched and searched
In the heat of the sun he searched

To search for what
His heart so much desire
In the sunny days
That brings too much sweat

As lucky as he was
Love finds him as he walks
To the path of wonderland
Through the moony light

It made his heart
So glad
That he become
Very sad
Love touched him so soft
That it made his body grow weak
But he touched love back
Lo and behold he got so strong

Love planted a kiss
On his mouth so dry
That it made him quiver
For the devil called kiss he so much despise

For he said to himself
I thought love lived in the sun
But ooh he lives in the moony light
Were he shines and brightens the night

I thought to find love
In the heat of the day
But sweet love is indeed
The great comforter of night

For this man was me
In my early days when I was young
That I despise do much
The devil called kiss

Nana Kwame Nketsiah

My Mothers Day Gift

My mother's day gift
Would not be tainted with fright
Because I love mum so much
I dare not play a hunch

My mother's day gift
I would give her without guilt
For my mum is so caring
That sometimes I start daring

My mother's day gift
I would package it nice and in silt
From within my own heart
That even cupid dares not throw a dart

My mother's day gift
I would walk silently behind her and sit
Telling her how much I love her
Whiles playing with her hair

Nana Kwame Nketsiah

My Tears Flow, But I Shove It Off

I shove it off
Once again my morning grow wet
Tears drip down my cheek
I shove it off
Still it drips continuously
I shove it off
My tears grow stubborn
I shove it off
I felt no sorrow in my heart
But my tears grow sober
I shove it off
My hands grow wet
Melting the sparkles of my cheek
But i shove it off
Why should i shove my tears off?
Because my heart has been broken

Nana Kwame Nketsiah

Oh Cupid, Oh My Love

Let the gentle breeze,
Flow through me
For I feel so much dizzy
Because it cupid who lives in me

Oh cupid, oh my love
Strong and desiring cupid
For you fame flies like dove
For the man who would not believe is so stupid

Draw your arrow from within
And struck through my heart
For you there is nothing like sin
Who wouldn't believe that except the madman in heart

For you cupid I praise and behold
Even when I wonder through land unsurveyed
My heart would never be sick from cold
And my friend would grow jealous everyday

No one knows you
Better than I do
For you reside within me
Oh cupid, oh my love

Nana Kwame Nketsiah

On The Brook Of Right

Bang, bang, bang
Rifle sound over the brook of right.
The earth bows and sweet heavens weep.
Shout of death and laughter of happiness is craze.

Sound of red moon cry to pervert,
While scorching sun quells to leave no peace behind.
Trees over the hills marries the chanting sound of joy,
With the maim of serious rivers and dried streams.

Woes unto the wind as it strife,
To contend with breathing seas.
In the silent evening which is better than death
Is flog to die.
The sky clasp with sinking ocean,
And the wind arid to air bodies.
Bang, bang, bang
On the battlefield they sound.

Boom, boom, boom
No life, no hope and days decay with silent evening
Dying seem so long but here it homes away sweetness
As with the muggy weather and perils of Dead Sea.
Begotters weep there souls out as the fruit of their labor,
For no just cause they suffer.

Black cloud covers the beautiful light from the sun,
As souls weep in the abyss of death.
Brooding machines, fear hives as they approach,
Trotting over the very earth they curse.
As there leaders blithe with disregard for their very cause.
Boom, boom, boom
In the air they deafen.

Nana Kwame Nketsiah

Please Do Not Tell Me You Love Me

Please do not tell me you love me
Or worst should you shed tears for me
The lying tongue of love pricks hard like a thorn
Clearing away it bushy path
To the deadly place near the grave of cupid.
Long gone are the shattered railways
Were love used to walk hand in hand between us.

Please do not tell me you love me
What is more painful than the sorest heart?
Or the painful torture of love
Pitiful indeed, the unimaginable emotions
Up and down it grow old, fades and dry

Please do not tell me you love me
Fast unfold the episodes of love
The long lasting scenes and act
Which was played and acted by mum and dad
Should I draw and hold the mighty devil called kiss
With his dreaded accomplice love
Who once my companion left me horribly.

Nana Kwame Nketsiah

Suicide In The Village

Ah the drum sound,
The owl takes to flight.
Far away from civilization,
The deadly cult sound.

Bring to me the laborers tool,
Bring to me the drunkard's bottle.
Let appease the wrath of the gods,
No abomination has been cause.

There lies the disgraceful child,
From the womb of a holy mother.
Butchered to pieces in his own greed,
Lifeless leaflet, bring to me the drunkards bottle

Let appease the gods,
Distasteful wind of the night,
Send our plight to the gods,
Hence no calamities shall befall.

Bring to me the drunkards bottle,
Oh asaase efua.
Let not our feet be soiled,
From the fury of your wrath.

Bring to me the drunkards bottle,
Oh otwediapon nyame
Hear our pitiful soul cry out,
Let not your wrath, thunder us to death.

Ah, I say bring to me the drunkards bottle,
Oh, hmm bring to me the laborers tool.
This night has been defiled,
Let not our calamities see daylight.

Nana Kwame Nketsiah

The Heart Of A Woman I Know

When her heart was torn into piece
She swore to heavens,
To pay him back in their own coin
Using a reflection of her old self

Heaven wept, and wailed
For her heart grows weak
Through it never ending toil for revenge
For their sake she should abandon her quest

She never yield, though her heart lies in great pain
The penalty other men had to feel
Through shattered head and heart
Pounding hard as the asafo drums

Her spirit grow restless
For the more blood she tasted
Her sword stained with the cry of broken heart
Vengeance is all she would wage
For the heart of men are wicked

Nana Kwame Nketsiah

The Jingles From My Childhood

I still remember the jingles of my childhood
Run, run, run there is a fire on the mountain
Such sweet melodies that never brought bad mood
As my mum would always send me to the fountain

I still remember the jingle of my childhood
Pampanaaaa, were I used to run and hide
In those pitiful dark places in my neighborhood
Before my dad calls me out to wine and dine

I still remember the jingles of my childhood
An hwe weytsere oo obi ba oo, as my head feels drowsy
As if the drunkard's pot was the only thing I lived on as my food
Though when I return from such voyage my mum would show no mercy

I still remember the jingles of my childhood
Were I meet my sweetest love
We used to play mum and dad
On those very hot afternoon

Nana Kwame Nketsiah

The Vision

Obscurest night I lay asleep
After the cold sun had beaten me to death
From the holy night a voice echoed
Beholding my lifeless body to walk and talk
In a vision certainly like a dream

I meet death on his way
With three friendly accomplice
Whose wolfish eyes cast a jealous glance at me
Stand aside! They bide me
Like a sea turtle I strove to dry shod

Masking there face like newly ushered thieves
Ready to devour any thing on their way
As the spoilt brat of lazy rich men
Their protrude stomach blithe with satisfaction
Being so admirable like a plague

One by one the entered
The little tinny house near the old grave
Across the mountain close to the river
Were the lonely old woman lives
Disgrace witchcraft she was accuse

Cloaked with a beam of light
Close to her heart the bible laid
Like a little child ready to be baptized
With there tinny legs the match around her
In silence the earth slumbers

Hail! Her soul they lift
Into the chariot the summon
Like the rich old man and his new old shoes
She smiled with tenderness
As a baby born on a beautiful festive night

Beholding such sight I wept
Dripping hard on my chest my tears flow
She cheated death too long

Now she's carried shoulders high
As a king newly coroneted

They walked away into the darkest night
Watching every step they take
The boneless bone after the evening meals paved way
Off and off the soar away from the ground
In this silent night as a classroom on a Friday night
They dragged her away

Nana Kwame Nketsiah

The Young Lover Of A Thousand Lovers

Curiously he walks up this steep path,
His life brought to an end he design
Embracing his true nature in error
And on the thread mill of life he spins continuously
Thinking profoundly of his greatest agony
Now he is forced to take a walk
With his pen in his hand like the mad man he insulted
Shattered like the glass out of the hand of a maiden
The young lover of a thousand lovers
Having to contend with the struggling oceans
He brought disaster upon himself
While he walks up that steep path
With his forehead embedded with the holy mark of confusing
Every stranger turns to gaze upon him and wish to know what he thinks
Such a sorrowful young lover,
The architect of his own pitiful fate
The tyranny of loves tenderness envelopes his soul
Such sweat sour emotions lies in his heart,
The management of a thousand lovers
Look at him, a young lover destroying himself of a thousand lovers
May the birds of nature despise him as he takes a walk
And let him find peace in his decision
Indeed his lovers destroys him only if he knows
Hanging his soul upside down like the washed cloth on Saturday hangers

Not one, not two, not three, not four and certainly not five.
Would they live in his heart, if he does not find a way to dispose them?
Causing such a tragedy to his future, the architect of his fate
Should he leave one, two, three, four and certainly not five.
He counts as his steps he takes
Should he entangle himself in loves sweetest abode?
And gain the experience in the art of love
Or should he be the designer of his own fate.

Nana Kwame Nketsiah

Though I Love

Though I love, I do not know what love is,
Though am sick I do not know what I am sick of
The beauty of love, run heavily indebted through
And through any blood

Verse 2

But in silence I walk; near the beach path where grains of
Sand from heaven falls.

Still wondering what indeed I am so much sick of
Perhaps the anecdote I would find to relieve me;
Of the pain I dare.

Through and through again; life is a pain indeed.
Whose secret, is buried alive and decay in the darkest
Cemetery called love.

Looking ahead, blinking two times as fast as my brains
My heart fair approach far of from a distance,
Walking up that path, the sun praises her in delight,
Though he jealously stole my words in silence and in fear.
I found I could not utter a word, while she viciously walks up
Pass me.

My heart voluntary moves my hand,
In a kind gesture I could not comprehend.
Losing this opportunity I dare curse my self.

Turning round and round I bravely walk away,
Visiting my very chambers were wine and beer do not cost much.
I would drink my self to death,
Still living in a mystery I could not solve.
How could I have love and not know what love is.
How could I be sick and not know what I am sick of.
Is it love the strong man I heard or the weakling woman
Who weeps in her chambers?
Though Love, I do not know what love.

Nana Kwame Nketsiah

Victim

Am a victim of love
i have played, i have been played.
Now its enough, i have had it.
Even though my heart thumps,
like a silent foot step
late for a Saturday night communion
and my legs weary grow weary.
I cannot find the right word
to help me sing my sorrows,
my worst nightmare stare,
at me like a Hollywood movie,
moving 25 frames per second,
through my dreaded mind.

Nana Kwame Nketsiah

When I Climbed The Mountain Because Of Love

I.□

Do not ask me to give you a gleeful smile
My worst female devil
Up on the road that leads to the mountain a thousand mile
Lays the gate of love that lead up to heaven.

Walking up like the corps on a deadly Sunday evening
The birds chirp and insect screeched
On this dark lonely day
My head and heart begins the very argument I started

My fears, my trust, my love disappears
Allow me to cry my tears out in plain words
For the heart of the poet lies in deep grievance
And his legs grow tired on this long journey to the mountain.

Where should I begin from, oh cold, cold night
Sitting here alone in this place the devil dares not venture
Should I curse my self for giving my heart out on a silver platter?
On should I bless my self for this tragedy?

Once again my trust fails, my love disappoint
She wooed me with her false forgeries
Though I was the naive youth
Who thought he could win the battle,

My tears are not enough to appease my god soul
Though she laid a heavy lie on me as my reward
As if I was the untutored youth in the art of love

I dare not utter these vain words
I curse my self every single day
Embracing my pain and regret
Asking my self why I fell in love with her

Though In her mind she thinks am weak
As if she knew from the beginning
The disgraceful disaster she brings upon my soul.
Why should I blame her, for the mistake I made?

II

.□

I love, even though I do not know what love is
I care, even though my heart lies in pain
Let the birds join me sing this chorus
Like the holy cathedral choir on a Holy Saturday night.

Let the trees rejoice in my honor
Swinging there head to and fro
Like the newly born baby on a festive night
Dancing wild as the cheetah on a lovely mid day hunt

My soul can rest, as the famous poet sleep in there chambers
After the muses of words has visited them and gone
Though she vainly betrayed my trust
After such swearing and promises

I do love her with a great part of my heart
Though she insist on leaving me
Like the prisoner, who locks my soul?
She claims I betrayed her promise.

Hear me shout oh winds from the mountain
I shall never curse my love
Even though she vainly thinks am weak
I would forever be grateful for her gift.

III.□

Come back to me my love
Let begin this love afresh
Like the newly bloom flower
And the sweet nectar she comes along with.

Come back to me my love
Let make love in the open air
Like unveil strangers in the night
I would forever give my self to you

Forgive me my sweetest love
For this swear words I utter in pain
Though you might say what a weakling I am
Crave me in your arms and make me yours

I long to say goodbye as a mother bid farewell
My heart still wants you back
I love you, I love you
Let me shout from the mountain top

Though the ignorant may say I am insane
I love the word, because I do love you
Though I may sit on this mountain lonely and grieving
My heart is at restful sleep, because I know you do love me.

Nana Kwame Nketsiah

When I Saw A Beautiful Lady

I. □

Near the fountain close to the river,
I saw a gentle lady
Picking wild fruit and flower,
Her dress was as radiate as a dove's skin.

She stirred and I quivered
She redrew her gaze as that of a cat on a moony light,
Like the fairy I have never seen before,
She continued with her toil, with those hands I crave for comfort

On this early morning her beauty lavishes
And the sun reflect on those glittering eyes,
Like the vampires on a ceremonial night
They would sing and dance till they dropp dead

Wishing hopelessly to save her from the jealous sun up there
Though indeed fear grip my hand unintentionally
As I walk down to the estuary, fear obtrude me,
That she might the fair goddess,

Who flows and flavourish the bitter fountain
Flowing up from above the lazy mountain
But lo she is an angel
Sent by the creator up above
To harvest with prickles
The utmost lazy flower
That grows uncontrollably
Along the coarse river

II. □

On this very early sand stone beach
Beauty lies with the bird
Weary and tired from the duty she must perform
Singing that melodious song, all heaven stood to applaud

Though my ears may be deafen
From which I do not know why
I need to utter these sad words

And hence sing along with her

Oh maiden whom my heart crave for
Heaven may despise you though I doubt that
My throat lust for the very fountain you spit out with delight
Oh my sweet, sweet maiden

My legs may be weak to walk up and by
In endless thought I go mad
On your very lips the rain would never fall,
But glory you shall share with the goddess
For idleness is beauties sweetest dress,
As some other poet may say

I cannot see you and blink more than none
Though heaven and hell I would never fear
Your beauty cannot match the great nymphet
Whose jealousy would grow till she explode

But lo do not stop! Sing
And let all the birds chorus with you
Like the choir on a sacred night
Whose conductor, dressed in a beautiful blue suit.

Nana Kwame Nketsiah

You Know Them

They pry on the faithful,
you know them.

They are the players of the atunpan of ignorance
As you, your children, unborn generation dance to it.
Dry as the leaves hanging on the tree,
so they drain you of your african soul.
But still our common sense are soaked,
potholed and polished with a fiber of dainty
custom of ignorance.

Nana Kwame Nketsiah

You Lied To Me

You lied to me,
That you would protect me
You lied to me
That you would never cheat on me
Where have all those promises gone
From this very lips it came out
Like the shooting star we both watched
On those dreary nights we made love
Perhaps ecstasy blinded you like love
During those sweat moment
Were your senses loss?
That you lied to me
That you would protect me
That you lied to me
That you would never cheat on me

Nana Kwame Nketsiah