

Poetry Series

**Opoku AfriyieAsante**  
**- poems -**

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# Opoku AfriyieAsante()

# A Virgin Departure

I heard the news too late  
though brought to me as with lightning;  
A sweet breeze from the vows of a dreaming trumpet

I rushed to its tune so fast  
upon hearing as with thunder;  
A fatal trial to acknowledge my intelligence

How does one dance to the mysterious roars  
from three cunning birds,  
when all that they await is held by fate?

What should one expect when desires have  
knowingly vapourized,  
And all that turns out is another inscrutable call?

The outcome of the trials have been brewed  
and truly destiny was crowned surprisingly  
It is now time to turn on the green light  
which dreadfully turns black;

An unknown revelation to make known the truth unbeknown

Upon climbing the truth unbeknown,  
I tie a knot known to be faith to  
lead me to the final truth yet to be known

As I closed my eyes and opened that of my heart,  
I felt it; a virgin departure  
as the unbeknown was made known by Him, through Him and for Him.

March 14,2009

Opoku AfriyieAsante

# Beauty In Disguise

Behind the wan smile on every gleaming face,  
nobody agnizes the wardrobe crafted in dust with melancholy,  
nobody perceives the concealed mourn of their demented souls  
I know they know not,  
yet it is worth it and that is beauty!

Behind the warm cherubic voice of a vocalist,  
nobody hears their screams from the niche of solitude,  
nobody fancies the ruptured melody inscribed in their hearts,  
I know they know not,  
yet it is worth it and that is beauty!

Sometimes beauty is the lonesomeness amidst decades of scourge  
And even as it broods grief only to you,  
It is assumed as frail,  
No it is worth it; that is the courage of beauty

Sometimes beauty is that silence amidst the ugliest voice of menace  
And though it brings forth claws of nightmare,  
It is assumed as folly,  
No it is worth it; that is the wisdom of beauty

One truly sees the beauty of life after long-suffering,

For just as he was pierced for our transgressions,  
and crushed for our iniquities,  
the punishment that brought us peace was on him,  
and by his wounds we are healed.

Therefore, let no storm rip off the colors of your visions,  
Be firm to unveil the fog that hides your gratifying serenity,  
All that beauty lies in wait right after the disguise.

Opoku AfriyieAsante

# Ghost Of Squiggly Line

A wussy night for a moment, a scar unhinges walls of heaven  
a bullet to torment, this fine rib of an endless romance  
from above a christmas snow turns bloody, in my shadow she lays in snow  
never did I know, that you were wrapped around the edge of the unknown

The thwart of misfortune spins, a winter solstice befalls  
the promise of gleaming gold, taints with mischief to granite shrouds  
from below the sky above corrodes the dreaming stars, in my eyes she teases  
gravity  
never did I know, that the neon angel would dissolve with your last sigh

From whence did time become inhumane, that it now succumbs to voices of  
demise  
from whence did fate spring forth, that it willfully rallies around chance  
the dusk of life is dead, the dawn of death is alive  
a cup of grief is frozen in cold blood, cracks in the cup bleeds misery in snow

Whispers from the cold panicking winds preach, am reminded to forget about you  
the aura of vengeance remains serene, am still in tune with sanity  
if it be forces that thrust you into purdah, soonest will my desire be to join you  
of all the souls in this kingdom of mortals, you have I kept the squiggly line in  
my eye

August 13,2011

Opoku AfriyieAsante

# Inevitable Thoughts Of Eternity

More have I known; more will someday my memories ache  
What good is knowledge, when someday my breath sprints away?  
What pleasure shall I see, when am no better than the dust of the earth?  
Is it true that someday the trumpets would sound?  
Should I now worry whether they might be right?

In my head inconceivable memories collide  
In my heart solitude is infamous  
This harvest indeed was beautiful  
As seeds from different seas yielded a common dream

As I fly beneath the sky daydreaming of this illusion  
It all comes to me again, invisible tears!  
It only visits when I've had enough memories  
and only leaves when am glued to silence

Who'd ever know how real these thoughts make me feel?  
Who'd never care about his last days in fear?  
How many know whether we'll remember memories?  
How do you know the dead know nothing?

Now I do not know how I feel  
Nor what to say  
I cannot tell if it left or not  
But I know that someday it'll die with everything I knew

Why then was I chosen for this harvest?  
For what reason did I meet these seedlings?  
For whom should I bud?  
Was I visited alone?

February 08,2010

Opoku AfriyieAsante

## Inevitable Thoughts Of Eternity - Part 2

Days dethaw into seasons, seasons into ages brushing the tooth of creation  
home of legends, home of myths, a testimony to torture  
the spark of grace has provoked another voyage, and my spirit dulcet  
the dancing rope of faith have i yielded to, and my reward infallible

like a shrew i have been mocked,  
like the prince i am groomed  
like an apteryx i have been wingless  
like the judge i summon

It visits me again, the pawn with the sting of scorn  
for no reason it unveils woes that i am still dust  
to get even, it musters my will to the countenance of silence  
that fondling day with misty eyes appears again

Is there a docket that immortalizes the existence of men?  
Is there a design that nocks the timing of when one ought to exist?  
How would memories defend themselves once we're obsolete?  
How do you fathom the essence of life as you beseech your final sleep?

Now I know that this is merely a beginning;  
Yes, the end starts from the beginning  
And for all that I never could understand in the biography,  
the cases of fear and doubt have reiterated into liberty

Now I ask, who made the docket?  
Who marks the timings?  
For whom should I bud?  
Was I visited alone?

August 18,2011

Opoku AfriyieAsante

# The Wake Up Call

Still entangled beneath this orphic reverie,  
I hear not from afar the sound of music from the tree,  
The tree with an improbable shade that modulates an obscure orchestra  
from the east winds,  
To my hearing, its every strum of the strings of a new year,

Just as every season succumbs to the thread that weaves life,  
I find the chord that composes all breath ineffable,  
It seems enthusing hearing the nimble journey of air revolving amidst my  
very existence and relinquishing news that I still live,  
To my hearing, its every tick of the clock that I grow old,

The hustle from adrenalin reverts my hideous retentivity,  
I allow that strange pool of fear to seep through an exhale,  
This fear that the fourth dimension may never know this world cradles  
my visions of that second chance,  
To my hearing, its every beam of the light which calls us to glory,

Once pulled from the wreck of resplendent sorrow,  
I may now know all that I never could have envisioned,  
Indeed, this is the place time is born; my heart turns weightless  
with the still comfort of endlessness,  
To my hearing, its every ounce of peace in eternity

Now I hear this name that echoes as a phonation by clouds,  
I smell this name even when its reverberation evanesces,  
Indeed, I have been called by the Omnipotent, Omnipresent and Omniscient;  
His presence hovering from the brightest and most glorious light brings me to my  
knees  
To my hearing, its every divine blessing i was refused in my time of life

If this is all a dream, then truly, i'll awake someday and heed to that calling.

January 18,2011

Opoku AfriyieAsante