

Poetry Series

Poetezz Nana Ama
- poems -

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Poetezz Nana Ama(6th July 1996)

Poetezz Nana Ama is a young lady who studies Business Administration at the University of Ghana, Legon. She is a proud poetess and a writer fan. She has a large number of poems and stories. Mainly inspires and motivates. A Christian.

A Home In Me

I've been searching day and night
To find you a home
One you'd reside in from above
So countless days I had to roam.
I sadly found none
I've been completely lost
Whatever could be done
I had done it all.
As I lay thinking
A thin voice I heard
No need for this roaming
I'm very okay here.
I need not a home
For in you I've found one
So stop the roam
And help unveil my plan.
I realized my search had been in vain
For in me I carried he who needed a home
The man who was slain
Helping to make my life whole.
He silently sit
In the insides of my heart
Hoping I'd realize after nothing I reach
That he resides in my life.
I let out a simple prayer
Lord I avail myself, live in me
Allow me never a naysayer
Help me move and thrive with thee.
A home in me He found
One He can find in you too
And you'd be more than glad
That the creator exists in you.

Poetezz Nana Ama

Black Is Beautiful

Black is beautiful
for that I'm forever thankful
I ain't changing my color
not for any other.
Black is glorious
never been famous?
try being black
you'll know the fact.
Black is catchy
Never try bleaching
if you didn't know
now you know.
Black is pure
shiny and strong
Never will be dull
no matter the fall
Black is Black
forever will be proud
I'm an African
forever be stunning.

Poetezz Nana Ama

Butterfly

Tiny are you, O butterfly
beautiful your colors
red, yellow, green
the rainbow.

you flap your wings gracefully
portraying your beauty
showing your dazzling colors
your splendor, an eye-saw

you dash with a speed of wind
in search of food
to thrive and live
in the world and next.

flowers blossoming, your choice
their nectar, your favourite
you suck till you're full
ready to glide through the woods

caterpillars just like you
warm, cold, creepy
green like a leaf
wiggly a worm
in wait for mother butterfly

Poetezz Nana Ama

Call For Awakening

The bells are ringing loud and hard
Echoing greatly in
ears, making our lips wobble like car tyres
And our bodies shake like a convulsive child.
It's as loud as a hawker's voice
Calling all to purchase her wares.
It's time for a change in our race
A time for men to embrace a turnaround in the carnality of the mind
A time people would boldly display the placard of change in the mathematics of
our race
And where the earth would pave way for the great and eliminate the bad causing
weight.

The siren is tolling with great strength.
Calling all of the earth to action to work with great affection and put a sanction
on the functions of the evil one.
To bring to bare that nothing is fair not even the red.
A time for a rotation in man's system to cause a reaction in the perception of
men
A season for the earth to leap like an athlete over a hurdle to receive the baton
of transformation.
It's time for a new beginning, where we have to dethrone the god ruling over the
earth and live fairly.
The pages of our lives we have to rewrite to stand right before the maker.
We've go to turn over new leaves in our quest to win life's quiz to get the prize
free without a price.

Arise oh ye earth! stand up oh ye inhabitants! ! Awake oh living! ! !
For the staff of righteousness awaits you.
Eradicate sin as poverty from amongst you.
Cast out the demon of contention amongst the church to create satisfaction and
affection and remove affliction.
Get rid of bad doings and intentions which will be the introduction of fears and
suppression.
The time is now. The hour is nigh. The new dawn has broken, sprinkling forth its
new dew without a token. Raise the calabash of a new heart to receive of the
empyrean with great and amazing power.

The horn is hooting like a sound emanating from a ram's horn

Arise earth, awake oh lands. No time to waste
Buckle up your shoes like soldiers ready for battle.
Take

up the role of responsibility and awaken the spirit of fidelity.
Time and tide awaits no man. As long as the longitude remains perpendicular to
the equator and its latitudes and the planets orbit around the sun with different
attitudes, day and night would wait not a second for anyone. Take up the mantle.
Change old ways to new.
Awake oh earth! Arise all lands! ! Peace! ! !

Poetezz Nana Ama

Fashion

She's the lady of ego, the girl of her prime
She's the center of attraction, an ogling picturesque.

She's the power which encapsulates the minds and eyes of men
The magnet which does people in without a choice.

She's the force seductively piercing into the hearts and souls of many.
She's what everyone craves for, the highest commodity on the international market.

She's the lady who twists and turns the minds of the young with her influence
Giving them hard times to vacillate.
She's a vagrant, a vagabond
Bringing all vagary.

She's like the slim copper-colored model in the pencil heels
who winds and turns her fine waist to the public
And leaves with no choice than to comply.
She's the lady of attention, causing more detentions.

She shines brighter than a constellation
Than a zillion galaxies in the atmosphere.
She's complacent, giving no damn about others.

She's the core of seduction
Slowly moving as lava from a heated volcano magma.

She's the lady with class
Making vulnerable ones kowtow to her whims.

She's Fashion
The lady of generations
She's the inexplicable one.
The lady of her time

Poetezz Nana Ama

Gone

All Is Gone.

It was difficult letting go,
At times I was broken.
Didn't know how to get to the end of the road,
Dejected...Abandoned...Forsaken.

I slumped deep in me with no sense of direction,
My woes sputtered over my life's screen.
Did all I could yet no satisfaction,
Wished I could vent on life my spleen.

Darkness gulped me down its throat,
Stood as an obstacle on my paths,
Working hard to hinder my growth,
My life's tyre lay flat.

A sparkle of light rayed my hopes,
Elevated my dreams to lands afar.
My doubts and fears all now hang on a rope,
All gone, leaving the door ajar

Poetezz Nana Ama

His Love Drains

Under the tree I sit on lovers bench
Comfortably resting on the pillow of my lover's thighs
His gaze piercing into mine like a TV set
His hand combing down my hair like Rumpelstiltskin.
I loved his touch, it felt good
I was chilly like a glass of chilled coca cola
My legs were made into French pleats
One which a lady did on her hair
Like a masseuse, he encompassed my body with warmth
And encapsulated me with loving charm
Not for girls, but genuine charm
One implanted in him from on high.
Lying here, I reminisce
Times with him in rain and shine
When we sailed far and near
And ate much of our lippy fruits
I felt his cozy chest
Oh dear, how stout!
His curly hair and sparkling teeth
Driving me crazy each day
His love drains
Though he isn't a drainage pump
It drains me off my senses
Sweeps me off my feet
And plants me in the skies to glide like a glider
His love moves deep down the roots of my heart
As rain flows down the core of the earth
I'm in so much love
Cos his love drains me through.

Poetezz Nana Ama

Hymen

He broke the hymen of my heart
Tears of blood flowed down my private eyes.
My flimsy life he tore apart
Shredding it into a 1000 parts.
He suck me sore in my sockets
Till nothing he left in my pockets.
Like a starfish he attractively enticed
Me with bad and readily chastised.
He gave me no fish but I smelt something fishy
As days passed I was fading out quickly.
He placed my soul in captivity
And gave me no liberty.
He crushed the pages of my life
Threw me left, right and afar.
My head I hit on various rocks
Till I met the eternal rock.
This man, Jesus, shone like light
Came to my rescue to fight for my right.
He fixed the hymen torn by the devil
By his power, he removed evil.
He put in me the Holy Spirit
Cast out strongly the evil spirit.
I was no bread but arose like yeast
Drew me out to celebrate his feat.
He restored the virginity of my soul
Snatched me greatly out of shoel.
Now I'm glad and beaming with smiles
A dirty me he drew to the priesthood clan.
He divorced me from my earthly life
I realized with him I can stand.
Now, I am free
He saved me without a fee.
Satan broke the hymen of my heart
But, Jesus put the hymen intact.

Poetezz Nana Ama

I Wonder!

I wonder how the world be
If we went back to the garden of Eden.
With all the animals around us
Yeah, I think it would be fun.

With our bodies naked
No clothes nor knickers.
Would there be no shyness?
And everything in it's fullness?

I wonder how life would be
When we move- you and me
In the garden loud and free
As we thrive in wee and spree.

I wonder if there would be civilization
And even nations
Would there be inventions?
What about innovations?

I wonder if there would exist factions
Or arise divisions
For our law would be God's regulations
Our perfect constitution.

I wonder if there would be wars
And fleets of chaos
I wonder if lives would be lost
And if vehicles would somersault.

I wonder! I wonder! ! I wonder! ! !
The world in a garden
An awesome experience
But, would that have existed?

Poetezz Nana Ama

If I Could Hug You Once Again

If I could hug you once again
Loving arms in I would be
Hold on tight, so close to me
More happiness, I know I'd gain

If I could hug you once again
Feel your body nigh mine
Sweet aroma like onga
I'd love to have it more.

If I could hug you once again
Close my eyes, am off away!
Swept off my feet, am long gone
To a land, my own wonderland.

If I could hug you once again
Oh dear, I await that time
I'd rather it never comes
Cause a long while I'd have to wait

Poetezz Nana Ama

I'm The Champ

I'm the champ
Yes I know I am
I excel in all I do
Never failing, always passing
I'm the champ
The guru of my time
At the top
No going down
I'm the champ
The professor of my generation
I got nothing to lose
I have all to win
I'm the champ
People see me as crazy
As I spend time making the mark
They'll never know till they know
That I am the champ
I am the champ
I am and forever will be
Got a life to live
Gonna live to the fullest
No despair
Always be first.

Poetezz Nana Ama

Life

I was an introvert
and I couldn't revert.
I hardly spoke
not 'cause I feared a choke.
It was my make-up
With me till I grew up.
Was a little timid
Oh dear! Mommy hated it.
More than shy
Remember I use to cry.
People said I was so soft
I wonder if I was a cloth!
I wasn't though
But then I was cold.
Could do nothing on my own
Always had to be pushed.
Daddy would say
'You're now a lady
Speak up and be real'.
I tried becoming an extrovert
No more an introvert.
Psyched myself up
No more going back!
I befriended everyone
Unfriended no one.
Had to be lively
Not only to family.
Tried being cheerful
Just a little less sorrowful.
Pushed in my real me
Looked like twas so sweet.
I put smiles on people's faces
They thought I had the grace.
Little did they know
I'd been made to go.
I built up good relations
There were no exceptions.
Treated all right
What a real fight!

I had to endure
To remain strong.
Mommy felt happy
My change was snappy.
I was glad with my new self
That I was so much at rest.
Never did I imagine
I would be diverting
From my way of living
As it caused many queries.
My 'carefree' life
Brought me strife.
My friendliness
Brought me hatred.
My sane living
Introduced envying.
I'm fed up now
Don't wanna go loud.
Back to the old me
Cool, cold and my own crony.
No more pretense
Wanna be reserved.
Moving with full force
Like a galloping horse.
Off to introvert
Out of extrovert.
No longer interested
In becoming perfect.
Going my own way
The price, I'm ready to pay.
Ready to face the consequences
Whatever happens, I care less.
Already into it
No time to quit.
Back to my roots
Out of my crook.
Wow, that sounds cool!
Am never going clued.
Moving to Introvert
No more Extrovert.

Poetezz Nana Ama

Many Questions

Many questions have I to ask the Lord
Many things that boggle my mind
Which I need to clarify.
How did he create the earth with and from nothing?
How did he mould and fix the human body?
How did he just call things to existence and they obeyed?
How did he create the universe?
Many questions have I
Is God black or white?
A male or female?
How does he know the end from the beginning?
And the beginning from the end?
Many questions! Many questions! !
Questions none has answers to
Not even the prophets and the pastors
Nor the angels and the seraphims.
Questions whose answers none can decipher
Not even the soothsayers and the magicians
Nor the martial artists and the monks.
I'm sure one day I'll have answers
When I ascend with the son into the clouds
As a magnet attracting metals
Or honey attracting bees.
I know I'll have answers
When I sit at the maker's feet
With my long scroll and feather and ink
To write the meanings to those things.

Poetezz Nana Ama

Meeting

When I was busily eating,
I had a call to go for the meeting,
In the midst of men fleeing,
To speak against the case teaming.

When I entered,
Everything had been corrected,
By the people elected.
The slides were now projected,
And the speeches uninterrupted.

I was called upon,
To share my thoughts to all,
And give a prayer across,
With the motto one for all.

'This issue can be solved,
When we all resolve,
To work with integrity and love,
As the days revolve'.

Everyone was at peace,
The speech was delivered with ease,
And they purposed to please,
Their masters and their team.

Now all was done,
And I could go back,
To the meal made by mum,
And sleep in my barn.

Poetezz Nana Ama

Never I Believed

Never I believed
A time coming
Now come
With my sunshine darkened.

Never I believed
Or imagined
A dark day ahead.

A day of sorrow
A day of pain
A day tears are uncountable
And sadness inevitable.

Never I believed!
Never I believed! !
Never I believed! ! !
The doom and the affliction
The heartbreak and the anxiety.

Never I believed
The icy hands of death
My father would they grip
And drag along the way.

A sojourner! A sojourner! !
A sojourner treading a lonely path
Struggling his way into happiness
Encountered with a deficiency.
No way of escape
No mercy, No grace
No help for a dying soul
Just a hand so dreadful and horrid.

Never I believed!
The agony of death
Never I believed! !
Fatherless I would be
Never I believed! ! !

So close to my doorstep
eternity would crouch.

My spine chilly
My eyes teary
My soul shabby
My countenance gloomy
Never I believed!

Poetezz Nana Ama

Nobody Is Useless

Irrespective of situations,
Irrespective of conditions,
Irrespective of how we see people,
Nobody is useless.

No matter someone's failure
No matter someone's pain and affliction
No matter how bad someone looks
Nobody is useless.

Whether you like people or not,
Whether you have sympathy for people or not,
Whether you despise people or not,
Nobody is useless.

Nobody is useless;
The cobbler isn't, the hawker isn't, the potter isn't.
The amputee isn't, the blind isn't, the sick isn't.
The less privileged isn't, the poor isn't, neither is the challenged.

Nobody is useless;
Your being rich doesn't make you useful,
Your status doesn't make you a success,
Your hard-earned wealth doesn't make you a champion.

You definitely are not useless
I also am not
We certainly are useful
Obviously NOBODY IS USELESS.

Poetezz Nana Ama

Praise

Two hands at different sides I have
To wave my maker left to right.
An able tongue in my mouth
To sing His praises in and out.
A big and voluptuous body
To swing and dance for glory.
A mouth so small and so cute
To tell all of my mind renewed.

Poetezz Nana Ama

Red!

She was a quiet, little girl
As white as an albino
A nose as Pinocchio's
And a sparkling white teeth.
Her eyes shone as the sun
which arose by midday
Her skin as smooth as the
pearls and shells along the seashore
She had eyes of gold
And eyebrows as dark as coal
She lived in the caves along the coasts
A burrowing organism she was
As wild as a wounded lioness
With bare feet she strode
Aimlessly, surveying the world
An itinerant dweller was she
One you could see everywhere you went
She had one outstanding feature:
A kinky, curly, brown-colored hair
It shone like the sun's eclipse
Like a hemorrhaging open wound
'RED', Everyone called her
Much to her dislike
She looked RED though
Her hair looked like colored sawdust
It matched perfectly with her skin
A whitish combination
RED!
She needed no mirror
To see her reflection
For all she cared
She was the prettiest
Her name was a mystery
One had to unravel
'Stilletisso'
The meaning no one knew
She was a picturesque
RED! ! !

Poetezz Nana Ama

Sixty Years On

Sixty years saw our birth from the colonial womb,
Our expulsion from the toils and incessant whims of those
who delighted in suppressing our wills in a bid to exorcise our race.
Sixty years saw us the bright light which rayed the eyes of those colonial ties
And gorged them out to perpetual darkness.

They sat,
They sought,
They partitioned our lands,
Broke our heritage with flashy items,
Distorted our culture,
Devastated our black lineage,
Hypnotized our senses till we kowtowed to them.

How brutish! The struggle for power fidgeted with our sanctity.
Inhumane attitudes sputtered over our frail lands;
A tooth for a tooth, an eye for an eye.
Gold Coast helplessly looked on as she was explored, exploited and colonized;
No hand of rescue, deep drowning in the mud of slavery.

They stripped us off our dignity, our nakedness bare before the eyes of all.
Thus, believed we were nothing before the decimal point.
Gave us a pinch of modernization for the goodies heaven bestowed on us,
Arithmetically increasing their barns from the peanuts they gave us.
They said we were inferior,
next to animals,
Apes,
Monkeys,
Worst race ever!
'Black is silly, White golden', they coerced us to believe, providing alternatives for
being white.
We lost as a continent, country and race with all our resources bowing to them

.
Till...
Hands came and together fought to salvage into the rescue boat our lands
'On board oh Ghanaians ', they chanted
We did...toiled...worked

Alas! We're free
Sixty years into independence
Though we're held by their evil clutches in deceptive ways
We still remain independent.

A nation flowing with milk and honey.
A nation with a beautiful people.
A nation with a beautiful heritage.
Black is black! Black is not inferior! !
Black is the breath that survives white! ! !
The colour that reveals the other colours! ! ! !

Happy independence Ghana.
Gold Coast, the land that causes envy
And crazes the white field,
The lead of Africa.
Let's march on in independence.
Happy independence!

Poetezz Nana Ama

Sober Reflections

His head dropped low like his chin had lost the hinges that held them.
Face blushing, eyes rolling, lips drooping.
His taste buds had uncovered the secret and had vowed to let the cat out of the bag.

In his mind rose a hazy cloud which blocked his mental atmosphere.
He was completely shut down by the unseen fog which held on to his conscience.
The wind of confusion swept off all the happiness sprinkled on the land of his heart causing erosion.

He recalled how his deeds expelled him out of their womb;
His recalcitrance led him astray.
He sipped from the great glass of the second human,
And now his tongue deceives him - it was sweet now bitter.
Recalibrating, it dawned on him one thing - he had lost the mark:
His cabalistic attitude dragged him through the murk.
Now his thoughts had grown furious and unruly.

He was skeptical about getting help
For none he thinks is ready with a pillow to give him rest.
Left to himself, the world behind, he bade farewell to the future.
Till a heavenly force pushed him to skedaddle from his woes.
Now restoration smiles on him,
Happiness kisses his lips.
His sober reflections now turned good.

Poetezz Nana Ama

The Porter

The Potter

Dirty and unkempt,
she carries her basin
Waiting for customers
to call out to her.
Her feet bare
she walks hurriedly through the market
looking pale and frail
thin and slim
yet, an iota of strength has she
to carry her customer's wares.
A pale-looking boy like she
her baby, to be precise
sleeps at her back.
Wrapped with filthy clothes
with no education.
He wakes up periodically
to say 'Maa, Maa, am hungry'.
She pays no attention
pats him on the butt
a sign to say 'Shut up'
moves steadily ahead
no time for babies.
She suddenly comes across
someone with her wares.
quickly loads her big basin
walks a long distance
receiving only a dime as wage.
She smiles happily
Alas! There's something to feed on
She mumbles a thank
and speeds off to wait for another.
Night falls
her dilemma has began
no where to lay her head.
Lies on cardboards with her baby
in a deserted space of a shop
till daybreak.
She has to cope

with the dangerous bites of mosquitoes.
she hardly sleeps, I can say
'cause all night she spends
driving away those hungry and blood-thirsty
devils.

Morning comes
ready to face another bustling day
in order to survive with her child.
She is the lady we know
with no education or ego.
She is the potter
The Kayaye.

Poetezz Nana Ama

Three Jewels

We lived so normal our lives
From the 8th to the 9th position.
In peace, love and harmony we thrived,
In spite of daring situations.
Working hard towards satisfaction,
We clambered together life's ladder,
Our magnets full of attraction,
My 3 jewels are my muse!

Jo's lips never spoke
Those beautiful words they do now.
Not because he feared a choke;
His organs forcefully bid him a vow.
Dan was at school's brow;
He was a hazy intellect.
Suffering in his head to crowd.
My 3 jewels are my muse!

Sam was always in a vial
Desperately struggling out to flee,
At sadness, tears he would dial
To eventually send him glee.
His eyes would fall sleet
At the least disturbance.
Now happiness he has at his feet,
My 3 jewels are my muse!

We're interwoven, intertwined and intersected to make the perfect home,
An unbreakable love binds us in perfect solemnization.
Pulses exchanged demonstrate our deep affection;
My 3 jewels are my muse!

Dedicated to my 3 sons: Jonas, Daniel and Samuel.

Poetezz Nana Ama

Time

Most of the time,
We waste our time.

We do wrong things at the right time,
And right things at the wrong time.

Some times,
When we have time,
There are lots of funtime.

When we have no time,
We do things on time
Cos we never want to lose track of time.

In pursuit of the times,
We are cautious of time,
For if we ignore the time,
Our good things will bypass us with time.

We need to know the time,
In our lifetime,
To help in difficult times,
So we don't lose track of the times.

Poetezz Nana Ama

What You Say

Little is the tongue residing in the mouth
Yet strong enough to cause a fire.
Like a spark it flies lightly
In a quest to either build or break.
Tiny and harmless this tongue purports
But great harm it can cause.
Harm irreversible and utterly destroying
But with positivity, it can stop.
I call it life's greatest bait
Used to fish for endless grace.
Life and death is contained in it
So can shred and tear in bits.
What you say defines your life
Makes an impact, whether good or bad.
Leaves you wandering left and right
For evidence, watch your tongue.

Poetezz Nana Ama

World Poetry Day

You're my lips when nothing have I to speak
My safest medium of communication.
You search deep into the subconscious of men
And help them paint pictures on the eyes of others with mere words.
You're the microphone which propels the voices and words of innocent writers to
the world
And drilling them deep into their hearts.
You're the platform upon which the rich in words climb to spew out the rich
delicacies enshrined within them.
You're poetry, the food for the

soul and the mind
You're the rhythm that makes the feet wobble in admiration.
You're poetry.

Poetezz Nana Ama

Write Me A Poem

One that frees you from the thoughts of your mind
One that sets you free from the bondage of solitude

Write me a poem
One that's paints pictures with words
One that only I can understand and marvel at

Write me a poem from depths of your heart that the height of my brain would
fathom and be in awe. In awe of such craftsmanship

Write me a poem
One that echoes everything sentiment I keep bottled in
Bottled in so I don't face judgement because I sin differently

Write me a poem
One that gives me hope that I can make a difference in the world
A difference that transcends continents

Write me a poem
That my eyes would read, my mind would digest and my heart would fall in love
with

Write me a poem, I so wish.

Poetezz Nana Ama

You Gave Me A Name

You gave me a name
When you saw my face
After mother gave me birth
And silently laid me in bed.
With loving eyes you looked on me
Drawn on your face was a cute grin.
You kept me in your cozy arms
That I could feel your heart against mine.
I felt your warm chest
Guarding me like a watchman's spear.
You were never in a hurry
So I had nothing to worry.
You gave me a name
Seven days after I was made.
You searched for a perfect one
To suit and match my life.
You taught me happiness
In me you removed sadness.
You'd do all in my place
You and were always in our base.
You gave me your love
Same you showed to mum.
You gave me a name
Caring for me always.
You slept not when I did
Planting kisses on my lips.
You'd always lock the gate
Doing all to keep me safe.
I was your greatest priority
Wishes you made a possibility.
You were my greatest honey
I loved when you bought me that bunny.
I knew you were always there
To take me day and night to the fair.
You gave me a name
In your bosom I'll forever remain
I know I'll be the best
When I follow your steps.
An honest man as you are

Teaching me good from bad.
You'd want to see me grow in the Lord
Even as I live in this corrupt world.
You gave me a name
Now the name gives me fame.
I'm blessed by your words
Resounds in my mind every now and then.
This is the day I had always longed
To tell of your good deeds to the whole of the world
You're such an amazing father
No wonder you chose me a great mother.
Happy Father's Day Daddy
May your blessings be plenty
In the stores of heaven
And your fame showered as the ravens. I'll love you always
Cause you gave me a name.

Poetezz Nana Ama