

Poetry Series

Richard Antwi
- poems -

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Richard Antwi(21st March)

Ageing

Ageing

Deep thoughts of ageing

Reflections of youthful days

Dancing in the wind

With friends and family

Brings back golden memories

Realistic delight

After hard labour

Caring for the family

Saving pennies

For the ageing days

Surrounded by progenies

Grandkids to feed and diaper

Writing Biographies, articles and poems

Make an old age enjoyable

An unforgettable experience

Richard Antwi

An Angel Asleep

An Angel Asleep

Two scores and a half-decade ago
I knew him

Acknowledged in motherland as Angel
As a sojourner still remained he an Angel

Lived and served as an Angel
An earthly Angel

But Lo, on a sudden flight to eternity
To untainted province of celestial flight!

Family and Love ones
Weep no more
For Angels don't sleep!

Tis not death
But rendezvous with his creator

Fare thee well, Chancellor!

Richard Antwi

Richard Antwi

Butterflies In My Stomach

Butterflies in my Stomach
Couldn't sleep overnight
Because the one I love
Had gone on expedition
Woke up earlier than normal
Jittery, impatient and twitchy
Improper thinking, touching and poignant
Took paracetamol to cure my nervousness
But couldn't help
Neither could the General Practitioner
I was referred to the emergency services
But the radiographer couldn't help either
Yet the X-ray gave a Beep
A Beep of no hope
But hope came at last
The one I adore and cherish
Just appeared from nowhere
Was the only one to diagnose me
With Butterflies in my Stomach
Just a kiss she gave me
And all uneasiness disappeared
The nervous feeling in my belly
Was nothing but love!
Butterflies in my stomach!

Richard Antwi

Corrupt Leaders

Corrupt Leaders
Are nothing but
Wicked rulers,

Who make the people groan (Proverbs 29: 2)
They portray
Unfruitful works of darkness (Ephesians 5: 11)

Who only destroy and loot
Their work show great incompetence
Destroying what they couldn't built

Stealing where they never contributed
Lying, propaganda and empty promises
The wrath of God comes upon them swiftly

Till they completely vanish
Aha, the transparent leaders survive
And blessed!

Richard Antwi

Death

Death

Who is Death?

I am death, the killer of giants,
Men and women, young and old
Rich and poor

And all living things upon the earth

I am so called that when I enter a house,
Before I come out of that house,

All the people become powerless
Fatherless, motherless, husbandless, wifeless

And again, they share tears a lot
For the opulent, famous and kings

I kick them with my foot
While their wealth become worthless

But Lo!

I'm not death as you often call me
I'm the 'Messenger of God'.

I come to relieve people from old age,
Never ending sickness, suffering and endless agony!

Richard Antwi

Fair Is Not Fair

Fair is not Fair
Young, beautiful, yet intelligent
Highly regarded by all
But cunning, crafty
Too sneaky and devious
Stole my heart
Took away my maidenhood
Prematurely turned a mother
But left me for another
Shattered hope
Fair is not fair!

Fair is not Fair
All wasn't lost
Met an honest lad
God fearing
Tied the knot
Happiness upon happiness
Became his queen
Forgot my earlier tears
Marriage turned happiness
But fair is not fair
Death took him away
Just like that
Fair is not fair

Richard Antwi

Faithless Friend Feigning

Faithless Friend Feigning
Shocking, startling and astonishing
To realise
Your best friend is a liar
A pathological liar
Denying a factual incident
Worse of all
In the middle of ecclesiastical ground
Being two-faced in place of reverence
Lying, denying and refuting the truth
A faithless friend,
Feigning to be real
Only prayers and wariness
Can save you from such
Traucherous friends in 'sheep clothes'
Never rely on all friends
Some will feign to be faithful
While they are indeed faithless

Richard Antwi

Forgiveness

At the graveyard
To burry an acquaintance,

Recognised the volume of sand
Heaped on him

Couldn't help myself
But cried like a child
Crying overwhelmingly

Then arose the question
Why thou art bear grudge against another?

Try to forgive, forgive and forgive!
Remember the load of sand
That could be poured on you

Richard Antwi

Good-Looking Never Grows Old

Once rocked and trampled
Hurricanes of a lifetime

That hit me hard
While hopes but vanished

Groping and circling in the dark
But with firm belief in God

Out of dusky, shone thinly light
Lit that hugely grew in bits

To my darkness incapacitated
The world for me
Changed entirely

Sunless days, turned to sunny days
My good-looking
That never grows old

Multiplied returned, as
'Good-looking never grows old'

Richard Antwi

Gratitude

When glow turned to gloom
And couldn't cope any more

Ridden with sickness
While infirmity took over work
And finances were down

Thou art stepped in
To give abundant compassion

Kindness that extended to the family
Through all those days of
Despair, dejection and distress

Thank you, My Lord
If I had a voice to sing
I would sing
'Thank you, Thank you my Lord! '

Richard Antwi

Hassling And Dazzling

Hassling and Dazzling
Due to hustling and bustling

During rush hour
All towards one purpose

Money, Money, Money!
The taxi chauffeur, the mini-cab driver
Over taking each other

Sometimes crossing the amber light
In a hurry to achieve purpose

News vendors shouting
The latest news in town

Paid workers, hastening without gazing
To grasp the train

Now and then, to see it overcrowded
Akin to sardines in canister

Hustling and bustling
Amid hassling and dazzling

Turns out to be joyous and jolly
As the pay day is near

Richard Antwi

Jesus O Jesus!

Jesus O Jesus
Left thy heavenly kingdom
Into this, but sinful world

To die and save me as a sinner
Yet, you were rejected

You gave me love
But I returned hatred

You healed the sick
But you were misinterpreted and misunderstood!

Your own betrayed you
Yet, you adored and cared for us!

Your heavenly character was assassinated
Now your assassins have realised and praised your good deeds!

Though sinners,
We look up to you
To take us, where you belong!
But only with thy Mercy!

Richard Antwi

Jiffy In Time

Cock-a-doodle-doo, crows the rooster!
The rooster crows according to time

At the third crow in many countries,
Round dawn is time for many businesses

A measure of proceedings, period and alteration
Quality period set aside for planning,
Starts a good day

Time to sleep, yet another to work
Good timing structures potentials

Different time zones with diverse temporal tendencies
Yet, time is time round the globe

Time is an inter-subjective experience
Keep to your time

Else what is done is done
And nothing in history can change it

Richard Antwi

Jollof Rice - A History

Jollof Rice
Really sumptuous
A delight of West Africa
Popular among various races round the world
Originated from the Wolof people
Of the Jollof Empire in Senegambia
Now commonly trending among
Ghanaians and Nigerians
Extremely colourful, aromatic and delicious
The tomatoes' coloured food
Is welcome in most homes
Delight for parties-
Children adore you
The delight of West Africa
Jollof Rice

Richard Antwi

Liar!

Liar

Neurotic liar

Devilish liar

A cunning liar

Fending as innocent

Speaks like Angel

Smiles like a Saint

A church goer

But a carpet

Beautiful on top

Underneath is nothing, but

Filth, dirt and muddy

Be cautious

Dangerous is he!

A wolf in sheep clothing

Green serpent in green grass

Richard Antwi

Like The Banana

Like the banana
I have the most beautiful skin
Smooth and colourful
Bright green in colour
Yellow when ripened
I am tender, juicy and delicious
Popular and liked by many
Famous as fruit, can be eaten as food
But I am curved and never straight
Take me or leave me
Because I can never be straight!

Richard Antwi

Love Your Enemies

I met her by the riverside
She hated me and I hated her

Next, met we in the wilderness
She hated me but I smiled at her

Then, we met on a steep hill
This time, carrying a heavy load
Yet she hated me, but I smiled at her

She looked back with abhorrence
Nonetheless, I offered to carry her load

Hard as it was
She smiled but with a sigh of disbelieve

We walked together, talked together
And finally became friends

Then I remembered the saying:
"Love those that hate you";

"Bless those that curse you";
"Love your enemies, do good to those that hate you";

Together, we spread the good news!
We brought the world together in harmony
We made the world a better place to live!

Richard Antwi

Love, So Strong

My love for you
Is as strong as the railway track
Each day, holding tons of weight
Yet, unbending and unwavering
Parallel, they go
Thousands of miles away
Never crossing each other for a brawl
Unflinching, steadfast and undaunted
Forever, supporting each other
My love for you
So strong!

Richard Antwi

Mother

Mother!

The name 'Mother'

Sounds so sweet, so special

Most adored name, I've ever heard

Most caring inscription, I've ever seen

The ever trusted, I've ever known is

M O T H E R

In poverty, in difficulty, their kids don't go hungry

On any day, 'Mothers seem to be the best'

I take off my hat to all mothers on special days

Like Mothers' Day!

Richard Antwi

Mourning A Loved One

Mourning a Loved One
To you Oh Lord
We gather here today
To bid farewell to a dear one
One who truly followed your footsteps
A real jewel
A gem lost
That is hard to find
Today, we mourn
But thy angels rejoice
For a righteous one joins them
Rejoice in the Lord, beloved family
For the gem lost Is yet to meet you again
On that fateful day
The day of judgement
In his white apparel
Together with the angels
His message to us is simple:
'Live the righteous life',
And heaven, shall we all meet again!

Richard Antwi

My Life

My Life

My family

My God

Virtue, dignity and integrity

Is all my song!

Richard Antwi

My Love For You

My love for you
Is inseparable

Too tight, too close
Through winter and snow

We stay together
Together, we remain warm

In the deadliest of winter
You become my jacket
And a body warmer

Never feel the cold
Because we are always together

Leaving no gap between us
Keeping warm always

Without each other
We may expire of cold

Richard Antwi

Pain In Sickness

Pain in Sickness

To those suffering in sickness

Death comes but once

To suffer is but a pain

An endurable pain

That brings bad memories

For many suffers, death is to end a pain

But for love ones, it is only

To close a door in order

To open another one

All, are but catastrophe!

Richard Antwi

Pandemic, Epidemic Or Endemic?

How do I call it?

Pandemic, Epidemic or Endemic?

I will call it Pandemic

Because it's global

A frightened silent killer

Killing thousands globally

An outbreak from nowhere

But contagious to everywhere

In bed with boredoms -

Lockdown, quarantine, social distancing

Queuing for essential commodities

Coronavirus disease -

Nothing but

Monotony, anxiety, ambiguity

And loss of love ones!

Richard Antwi

Rain, Flood And Fire

It was the 22nd of June,2015
The beautiful country of Ghana
The 'Gold Coast' mourned their hundreds
Ghana woke up to see the worst of the worst

Two days of torrential rain
Left streets flooded, folks drowning
People running aloft and downhill for shelter
Found none, but in Petrol station

Alas, did they realise,
They were running from 'flying pan to fire.'
In a twinkle of an eye,
The station fully packed like sardine
All for a safe haven

Boom, Boom, Boom! ! !
Sounds of a mighty fire!
Scattered and dotted like vagrant
Where to run and where to hide?

To burn in fire OR,
To be drown in flood
To many people,
It was just like the judgement day

Balls of fire, exploding everywhere!
Speeding up like lightening
Mercilessly massacring the masses
Just in a flash
More than hundred and half people gone astray!

Catastrophe, devastation and unprecedented!
In the narration of Ghana!

To the dead, I say:
Fare thee well!
And to families, the entire nation,
Cometh the resurrection day

With fresh skin, soul and mind

There'll be joy in the morning

Embracing each other

Hallelujah and Hosanna, we shall sing!

May your souls rest in perfect peace! ! !

Richard Antwi

Take Me Home, Lord!

Take me Home, Lord
Take me home, my Good Lord
I am tired and weary
I don't belong here any more
The Good garden you created for me
Is overpowered by sin and evil
Take me home, Lord
Where I belong

Take me home, Lord
Take me home
To your paradise
To dine with the angels
Even though I deserve not
But through thy tender mercies

Take me home, Sweet Lord
Take me out of this sinful world
Where peace you freely gave
Turned to chaos
Poverty and disease
Overriding us
Take me home Lord
But with all those
Whose names are written in your books
Take me home, Lord!

Richard Antwi

Thank You, Lord!

Thank you, Lord!
Thank you in sickness
Thank you throughout the pains

Pain, real pain but you continued with me
While people ignored me
In tears, you never deserted me

When hope turned to hopelessness
Friends gazing, gaping and goggling
To chitchat over me
Thou art stayed put

People gossiping and tittle-tattling,
Dishing the dirt on me
Were but, people of integrity

A time when their honesty could be vital
They preached dishonesty, instead

But you, continuously
To my prayer, listened!

Thank you for turning my life over
The depression, desolation and despondency
Turned into clouds of joy
Thank you, Lord

Richard Antwi

The Bin

B-I-N, they call me
Hidden in the corners of homes, streets and work places
Decorated with black plastic bag
Saddled with dirty rubbish
Perfumed with stinky meat and veg
Kicked by kids, disrespected by adults
No regard from neighbours or visitors
Fully overloaded on weekends, Bank holidays
And Christmas days
Hate the inscriptions that read:
"Keep Clean and use the Bin"
"Put litter in the bin"
Looks like always born to be soiled
Oh, wish I was born all over again
Never to come as a bin!

Richard Antwi

The Bin And The Platter

Oh, never to come back as a bin
But to come as a platter
Who is valued and cared for by our Masters
Like fraternal twins,
We arrive in a new house virtually the same time

On the spur of the moment
And in a slapdash fashion,
I'm thrown to a muddled corner
While the platter is sponged down over and over
Uncontaminated and cautiously,
Finds solace in a secured, cleaned and sparkling haven

My worst moment is that,
The best food in the house, whether for:
Kings or queens, prosperous or underprivileged
Is first tasted by the platter
With circumspection, Masters handle the platter
With utmost concern while I am ignored
And handled haphazardly

Don't even want to see my presence
As my horrible smell may let people lose their appetite
But I wasn't born foul-smelling,
Did I? Of course, not!
Same people that made me stink are the same that ignore me
Why should I bother about this at all?
Since the shoddier happens every day!

Dinner is over and as usual,
The leftovers, the surplus, the waste are thrown at me
With disdain and disparagement,
With anger and resentment,
There is always one wish for me
A wish for angst
A wish to fight and torment
Because there is always a pain in the neck

To blow and destroy my one and only enemy,

The platter; the feeble yet the most admired platter!
With one blow, it will go down in pieces,
In shatters and standing no more
Having no mercy whatsoever
Will jump and jump over it
Till it crushes and reduces to sand
Then I'll triumph with joy
Over my Masters, my secret enemies!

(This is a sequel to the 'The Bin')

Richard Antwi

The Forgotten Key

Finished work earlier
Decided to go home for a good rest
Just to have fun
What a joy that could be
Family still at work, others schooling
Wanted to surprise them
With one of my delicious meals
As occasionally has been

In front of house
Dipped deeply into bag for house key
Alas! Key not found at usual place
Realised it was forgotten at home in the morning
Hmmm! Thoughts of desperation
Thoughts of anxiety
Thoughts of angst
Where do I go from here?

Moving back and forth,
Asking myself where to go
Back to work?
No way!
Not eaten the whole day
My natural 'Bin bag'
Demanding that it needed to be filled

Aha! Momentarily, it flashed my mind
A big park close to my house
Just hundred metres away
Lied the Royal Victoria Park
Instantaneously and provisionally,
That park became my paradise,
My abode, my refuge, my rock, my home
Call it whatever!
But I call it 'the park'!

Richard Antwi

Richard Antwi

The Park (Forgotten Key - Part 2)

Like a wind,
I swiftly found my way to the park
Not minding the dangers I could face
When crossing the road
Not forgetting the hustling and buzzing of the neighbourhood
My first time to the park that year

The beginning of spring
When vegetation and shrubbery begin to blossom
With the warmest spring sun ever!
Opted to hang round the kid's playground area
The beauty of spring was too obvious from all corners of the park
With flora and fauna

Springing daffodils with visiting butterflies
Ducks and ducklings, geese and ganders
Squirrels hiking up and down the greenies
Infants going round the merry go rounds
And mothers chasing and bracing them
To bring them to order

Not forgetting young lovers under shades of blooming trees
Enjoying the weather with their 'loves at first sight'
Then found myself on one of the wooden settees
Momentarily, flew two pigeons closer to me
As if to welcome me to their abode
With anger and hunger,
I ignored and drove them away

Not realising that they were my would-be friends
My newly found family on the park
Yet, feeling the demands of the empty stomach
As if by instinct, my hand went deep in my bag
To find something to read

Mysteriously, my hand gripped something else
Perhaps, something that could offer me some energy
Some chewy-nuts I had bought the previous day!
Even forgotten that it was still in my possession!

Wow! The pea, the pea...nut!
The Peanut! !

Richard Antwi

Tis So Sweet!

Where's the tea jug?
To fill in something so warm,
So soothing

That which can tickle
That which can warm and refresh

And above all,
To wake up a sleeping soul back into memory
And back into the world of Love and Care

A special being that doesn't demand much!
Just a fitting tea bag in a cuppa

Is all she needs
To start the day off
In a prayerful mood!

Richard Antwi

Tittle-Tattle

No one seems to love you
Yet, we all make use of you!

You're invincible,
Yet your damage is visible
And sometimes enduring

You kill without shedding blood
Yet, you destroy and put apart strong families

Your only weapons are
Talk-talk and listen á listen
But bites like the serpent

You are adorned with uncountable titles
Some call you 'Gossip'
Others call you –
Mr Rumour, talk-talk, character assassin!
And many more!

You've put many in prison
And many have lost their jobs
And even properties!

Tittle-tattle – so powerful!
But if I don't say when I see,
And I don't listen when I hear,
Mr Rumour will be toothless
And the world will be a better place to live!

Richard Antwi

Together In Love

Together in Love
Still like the railway track
Working together in unison

Our love grows stronger
No foe coming in-between
Because there is no space

Walking together, Singing together
Our love sticks together

Bathing as one, eating and sharing jointly
Our love becomes inseparable

Sleeping mutually and planning collectively
Our love steps forward each day

Mutual communication, each day
Settles any differences instantly

Keeps our love so strong
As the railway track!

Richard Antwi

When Love Ones Desert You

In time of distress
When I needed them most

'They' absconded me
But you accepted me

You made my family strong
To comfort and console me

From affliction
To ecstasy, at long last!

For those that deserted me,
They're not 'love' ones
But only friends

As loved ones never
Forsake you
In times of trouble

Richard Antwi

Women Love

The love of women
So hidden, but so sturdy
Not so fierce, yet powerful
It's not easily recognised
As it takes only the prudent to comprehend
The first love of women

The love of women
Not as men
That cannot hide their emotions
At first sight
Within seconds, men express
Superficial love to a woman

The love of women
So strong, so undaunted
Yet concealed among them
Takes weeks to manifest
Yet, stronger than men's love
Once loved, for eternity!

The love of women
Takes only the intellect
To understand
Once in an undergraduate class
Among thirty in a class
Only three men
And twenty-seven women
Out of these, ten loved me
But never realised

One after the other came unsuspectingly
Asked few questions, then disappeared
Another came as a study mate
Made some insignificant inquiries
And came no more
Their main purpose
Was for me to follow them up
But never became conscious

The love of Women,
So crafty and astute,
By the time I became aware
All ten needed my affection
But too late to realise
Some people are smart academically
But not smart when it comes to
Women Love!

Richard Antwi

Wrong Jacket

I have an Anorak jacket
So does my eleven year old daughter

Both are black and slack
Shiny and piney

Light but warm
Both hang on the same anger

On a busy morning, while rushing to work
With the children rushing to school

The weather looking rainy that morning
Decided to pick my Anorak

And hurriedly crumpled it into my work-bag
Hurry up, kids!

And off the Bus stop
We went!

Then started the rain
First, with spitting,
Then showers, heavy showers

Time now to wear my Anorak
Hurriedly, it went over my body

Alas, instead of feeling comfortable
Started feeling stiff
Feeling breathless

Strangely, the children laughing,
Daddy, Oh daddy!
You took the wrong Anorak!

Then I realised
That in real life,
Some life preferences could be wrong

But after sober reflections,
You might have the right choice
Never give up even if you choose the wrong Anorak jacket!

Richard Antwi