

Kisses of a Chameleon: A Collection of Poems

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ABSTRACT

The events of life unfold. Many of the life's issues are outside the scope of man's ability to control while others are controllable. In all situations, one thing remains common- how the stories are told. Storytelling, songs, drama are but a few ways to carry the issues of a generation to the other. Kisses of a chameleon: a collection of poems is a rich outpour of original poems written to portray general life issues. These poems are a reflection of the writer's environment and seeks to carry the reader on a journey across the 'oceans of life'. Though a marketing professional, the writer is blessed with a natural talent of writing poems, oratory, Kente weaving, among others. Reading through these poems will take your mind to the writer's African setting while speaking to some issues on the global seen in poetic language.

Keywords: Poetry. Love. Father. Africa.

INTRODUCTION

1. Topic: Songs of The Night Bird

Cogitations of heavy Kilograms,

Insomnia from dawn to dust.

Few decades of life's torture.

A friend to share, a microphone to public.

How do I carry 'me' through the next decades!

I want to share a part of me.

They call me too introverted

They say, share to free your mind

They advise that it's unhealthy to be silent

They show me stats of the insane

But who made me who I am?

Who shut me in my shells?

I want to share a part of me.

The judgement of the 'righteous'

The ridicule of the 'smart'

The blame game of 'my kind'

The street signage of my past shared stories...

Like walls of stones

Shut me in my shell,

No matter how much

I want to share a part of me.

2. Topic: Efforts and Choices

Before dawn, I read You

By noon I need You.

Seems I can't have enough of You

My world revolves around a planet called You

I kill myself, just so I can have You

But my efforts and your choices.

I want to pull the strings

And test your stay

I want to sting your skin

And try your tears

It seems like a one-way traffic

Because your choices defy my efforts.

I stay long hours, longing your efforts

Praying You'll choose Me

But my wait awaits forever

Your wings take you far away

Your paths parallel mine

My efforts, though all I can give

Never seem to win your choices.

If forever never comes

It is your choices against my efforts.

3. Topic: Irony of love

I only wanted you to be happy

I wanted us to experience a deep part of each other...

I didn't realize I was giving away a part of me I will never get back

I didn't know the sour cream on the cake tasted bitter

I didn't understand love hurts.

I thought it was all juice from the sweetest source.

May I curse the day I gave out that part of me?

May I hold on to the pain and hurt and regret?

May I keep it in memory and speak to Kudzo, my son about it?

That I gave a precious jewel to a pig...

That I placed a gold chain around the neck of a swine that trampled it under feet...

That I gave the right part of me, with the purest intentions, to the wrong person...

Love is hurt.

4. Topic: Adam's Eve

I know her

I know she is not perfect

I understand she will disappoint me at some point

She is a 'weaker' man with a womb

I seek no perfection!

The creator made her ‘help mate’

Not much she can carry

I know her...

The generation has messed up many

Loud ignorant ‘mentors’ corrupted her thinking

Her innocence was abused by my kind

She walks, a wounded lamb...

I know her.

No doubt about her ability

She is brave and intelligent

Give her the oil

She is born with an inner strength to ‘anoint’ her home

The builder! The reformer! The iron that sharpens.

I seek her

Sometimes in the wrong bodies

I desire her

Many a time at the wrong places

I search for her, at times, with the wrong motives

But I need her

The best nature can give me

I long for an anointing

Only her love can give.

5. Topic: The Burnt Pages

I hid me

In the ‘dusts’ of duty

Under the shades of ‘busy-ness’

I cover me with religious rituals.

The true me,

A page I wish was never written.

The real me, is a scene I pray is 'deletable'.

Society disdains my kind

Religion writes off my type

I hate a part of me

My left hand, unwilling to touch the right hand

My cruel dirty yesterday,

Soils my tomorrow, today.

At dawn I smile to the world

At dust I soil my pillows

So yes!

I shut me in

I cover up

I hid me....

So the burnt pages are never read.

6. Topic: The Puzzled Lizard

I'm puzzled

But not perplexed

Wondering...

Why life swings on a wheel

With so much shifts of shifts.

Why days of love

Have many deals of lies.

I'm lost in thoughts

Why a language of the gods

Is abused yet 'revengeless'?

Ego, frustration, selfishness and ingratitude,

Are but few of the lots

In the basket of 'love'.

I chose a pearl...

Broke it, dusted it with sand

I pushed it away

It goes to refine itself

I want it back.

Cruel me...!

May the gods purge my hands.

May the east wind, blow me wisdom.

But roses indeed have thorns

They appeal to the eyes of the blind

But prick with no mercy.

The ancestors may have called it rose

And not love...

It's fragile beyond the care of the careless.

7. Topic: The Later Glory!

She is like a flower

The favorite of butterflies

Her beauty and glamour are the creature's masterpiece.

A smell from her 'fruits', a view of her leaves,

Lives the weary, weak souls with a second chance of hope.

Hers was a glory at dawn.

But the cruelty of life struck!

Her very roots routed the rough paths of life

And anguish and sorry borrowed her their 'laughter'.

In the valley of despair

lays a beautiful flower

Its roots, malnourished;

its stems grew leaner and weaker.

Sunshine and rain both neglected her

Her blossom was marred

Her beauty was mudded.

But alas!

The morning dew came

The trees that blocked the sun rays,

parted their branches.

An arrow of sunshine, a kilobyte of morning dew....

She picked up hope and life

and her later days blossomed,

than the former days.

8. Topic: The lyrics of my soul

I listen to my music

The lyrics of a loner

The joy of a peaceful piano.

Three and a half decades,

Years of abuse,

Rejection and neglect.

Family of bad blood, envy and wickedness.

Friends, turned foes overnight.

Forget-me-nots with no memories.

I listen to my music

It's theme amuse not the world

The instruments are not familiar

But nothing more I'd rather love,

Than one more time with myself.

A world of selfishness,

Years of enduring cruelty.

I hate the day my dad courted mum

The sun shouldn't have lighted.

I would have questioned the gods,

But who am I?

Years living for society and its insatiable expectations.

I coil in my shells,

They say I'm stingy and evil.

I open the doors,

And I'm hated for speaking the truth.

So I prefer my music

I hid me in shells

I create my world.

So awaken me no more,

None ever was genuine.

Next 3 and half decades,

I hide in caves carved from iron.

Society created a loner monster.

My music, none of the world's.

9. Topic: Left alone

I hold me down

My thoughts drop down

My imaginations fall like drops of rain.

In solitude

I searched a shoulder

One to cry my worries on

But I feel no arm except mine.

Clouds of endless thoughts

Over my head could I feel

Feet wet with pain of my second self

I pray I drown NOT in the storms of life.

10. Topic: The smile of heaven

When you smile at me,

A candle on top of my heart lights up.

I experience momentary brain shutdown,

When you say my name.

I read your lips,

They drop honey down my throat

Your eyes, like two Ethiopian doves

Melt every pain I feel.

Your voice echoes and reminds me of the sermon on the mount.

Day by day,

The thought of you satisfies my longing heart

I want to see you again and again and again....

And one more time

Because the sight of your well carved self,

Is food for decades to come.

Come on and walk on the water with me.

11. Topic: The No ‘coincidence’

I miss...

I missed the train

I was only few minutes late

How did it happen?

Let me blame.

No let me be a man

But yes I blame the gods

Because it was out of my hand

No control over it

How you came before me

How we ended up at different places

How I only got to know you...

From afar

By friends

And in stories told me.

It saddens my soul

That we were not in same schools

Same neighborhood

With many things in common

So I could look into your eyes each day

A whisper how much I love you!

12. Topic: The street hustler

Chaleh, have a seat

Grab a cup of tea

Life no be fair

Challenge, after trouble, after difficulty.

The higher you go,

We were told, the cooler it becomes

But that's a scam

Or maybe true in pure science.

We grow and the issues of life multiply with our ages

'Make you no kill yourself'

Sip some cool juice

This too shall pass

'God no go shame us'.

13. Topic: I am different!

Your unique life experience

All of us...

All of us won't have the bright and rich beginning

All of us can't be first class students

All of us won't end up schooling overseas for masters and PhD

All of us won't look so stunning and iconic in beauty.

There will be someone more beautiful

There will be someone more intelligent

Some people will have their glory at dawn

Some are born into poor homes

While others enjoy the wealth of their parents.

But all of us have potential

We all have 24 hours a day

We all have our unique skills and competence

‘Time and chance happeneth to them all’

Know thyself! Train thy skills! Prepare thou thy tool!

14. Title: I’m only a Child

I’m only a kid

I know so little

I’m just a child

Barely have I offended anyone.

I thought I was an answer to someone’s prayers

I thought you all rejoiced when I came

Was I not the joy of a mother at dawn?

And the pride of a father at night?

Remember, I came not of my own accord.

No one negotiated with me.

Why plant my seed on earth

When you know you’re irresponsible?

Shut your fountains when you’re not ready for the flow.

I’m only a child, but...

The abuse

Emotional torture

The neglect and rejection,

The pain of denial of love!

I’ve seen too much for someone of my age

I’m just a kid! I need some love!

15. **Topic: The caveman**

Her innocence you betrayed
Her love, you threw to the dogs
Her heart you torn apart
And cast lots on her emotions.
She was innocent but naive
She fell for your words
She followed the leading of your deceptive tongue.
How she ended up with a demon,
None can tell.
Oh, such a kind soul you turned into a wild beast.
Your every lie was a block of iron
You've built a strong wall around her heart
Not even ancient Babylon was this fortified
The kind daughter of our land,
You've made to wine in a skull.

16. **Topic: Painful sting of the queen bee**

I only chased the honey,
Never invited the bees.
I wanted a sweet taste,
I didn't call the queen bee.
But I realized,
nature mixed sweet and sour taste...
Joy and pain are married.
It tastes so sweet but stings so bad.

17. Topic: A dark sentence...

This world called earth
Mysterious and unpredictable
How I came, I can't tell
How I'll exit, only God can tell
But I am told there's a life after this!
Spiritism, racism, philosophies...
Just a few of the stress on my soul and body
I am one, but I'm told I am three
Body, soul, and spirit
I can't explain it.
Life gets complex day after day
The more I read, the more I DON'T know
Life after this? I fear what that holds
I sleep at night but cautiously
But once I'm awake,
I dream of a better world.

18. Topic: Ancestral tears

I cannot reach every African
I cannot even reach every friend
My strength is limited
But to you who can read this
I say.
They came to harm our forefathers
They stole. They killed. They destroyed!
The evil is,

They are still around us ...

Even the Chinese are coming!

Our leaders are born out of greed and selfishness

They worship their bellies

None is thinking 'generationally'

Wake up African youth!

Elect the right people to public offices.

Join the movements to unite Africa

Don't willingly enslave yourself in white lands

Continue the fight of our fathers

Be brave and...

Don't let the colour of one's skin

Intimidate you!

19. Topic: The closest enemy

We walked the same path for a long time

I mistook time together for love

We had similar battles along the line

It made me feel our weapons were in the same direction.

Your company destroyed me

Your rot got into my cells like a cancer transfer

How did I become addicted to being like you?

Maybe it was to fit in

To make conversations flow

To make friendships tighter.

You broke me.

Just when I thought we've become one soul in two bodies

I revealed my inner self to my worst enemy...

Because we look alike!

20. **Topic: The dawn sickness**

You get me wet and craving

Your early morning dew,

Your late-night showers,

Like honey from the purest source

Leaves me asking for more.

My loins sing out your name

The voice of my inner self,

Daily, long for a communion.

One more taste of your unleavened bread

Pour it down my hair,

Groomed to your delight.

Let it drop

Like from the honeycomb

down my throat

Let me close my eyes at night

And open them at dawn

With the chorus of your melody

Chords of the wild pianist.

21. **Topic: Woes of The African child**

Tossed about with diverse doctrines

Born amidst the tremolo of racism

Religion pulls him,

politics drugs him.

His parents and their ego,

He cannot but try to please them.

Society lays a burden on his neck

High expectations but no help offered.

He makes a stride, demands consume him

Fill him in. Train him. Encourage him.

Educate him and give him hope

Lift him when he falls.

The future is Africa's!

22. Topic: The chameleon marries

I saw many beautiful flowers

Green, white, red...

A crowd of hundreds cheering us like we were Ronaldo and Messi

Your hands woven into mine

As though the most creative spider wove us together

We walked side by side

On the water.

Promises made, vows taken.

Well wishes prayed, enemies lost

First legal kiss, your mama laughed.

Two weak souls

Made into one strong chord

A chord of unbreakable love

A journey of a 'Happy ever after'.

23. Topic: Never free in strange west

Considered the land of freedom

A hub of modern civilization
To Africans, an abode of bounty!
Was it all lies?
Or what changed along the line?
Why do they ask us to forgive?
Why are Africans pressed to forget about slavery...?
While in the full glare of day,
Black is humiliated with unwarranted death and maiming.
Touch one of their own
And it's an important international issue.
But they are free to insult, shoot and kill.
Animal farm indeed! Some are more equal than others
Rotten America!
Trying all evil to remove from its walls
The same hands that they forced at gunpoint to build it!

24. Topic: The Wet Grass of the Valley

I've been there
Down and trodden under feet
I've been there
Where ridicule was my first name
Broken, rejected, and denied
Love and strength
Hope for the future
They came from the most unexpected route.
Just when I thought I've been defeated,
Your love, like a dove

Lifted me up.

My heart skipped a beat

I asked, are you doing your normal blood supply?

It said nothing and skipped one more beat

Then the mind said...

Listen soul,

Someone is knocking.

Love comes knocking at dawn

Just when the dust clears from sight

Send me sweet virtual kisses

That wake me up in the most precious way

Call me all the crazy pet names

It makes me want to bring my heart out

And write your name across it

Love is beautiful.

25. Topic: The Scars On the Wall

We'll never forget

Change the history all you can

But we'll never forget

Cover it up, hide the truth, apologize many times

But we shall pass it on to the generations unborn.

Your hatred, wickedness, cruelty and pretense

We shall say it loud to the fetus before birth

Because we know you shall come back

And that, you'll come in different styles with new lies and evil agenda!

Woe to our lazy, unprofitable leaders!

Woe to them who still cannot see that only Africans can solve their problems!

Woe to our politicians driven by greed

Who still take our silver and gold to the slave master...

Just to enrich their pockets and families.

We lived in peace

Provoked none

But a race, driven by greed and desire to be superior

Invaded and stole...

The books in one hand

The guns in the other hand.

Greed, the motivation

Steal and kill, the bottom line

Africans were lamed in their own land

Raped and sodomized in their own homes

Winnowed like wheat,

The weak were thrown into the deep

And the brave taken away.

Africa, best likened to a virgin princess

Alone in her palace

Invaded by evil wolves in sheep clothing

Raped and murdered

Her body parts shared

Her dignity destroyed

Her identity buried.

26. Topic: Tribute to Volta

This is the land of Volta!

Volta, beautiful Volta.

Like a heap of beautiful sand, on the ocean shore

I won't trade you for silver or gold

Home is home!

I won't be deceived by pleasures elsewhere

Volta is home!

Take me back,

Back to the land of the brave

Take me home.

Where the lion and adder tremble

Reject us, denounce us, intimidate us....

Our bravery is an amour

No bullet can penetrate

Give me more doze of Volta.

27. Topic: A second chance

Give me a new sheet

I want to write the story afresh

I messed the first two pages

I tried erasing but it messed it more

In your heart, I'm a demon.

Was I created with an evil clay?

Or I only loved you wrongly?

Did you judge me by society's standards?

Or was it by how much effort I put into it

I fight my sister; remember I grew up with her.

We met at a junction, do not expect me to know all about your journey.

We came from different routes

Give me a second chance

Not because I've become an angel

But I want to love you again

Again, with a new energy.

28. Topic: A dinner with the devil

Our daughter is broken

She is damaged

She is deeply wounded

Her own company is her paradise now!

The sound of love

Supposedly, a chorus of sweet savor

Triggers unpleasant voices in her soul

She hates love!

Her eyes speak revenge

Her silence is a whole written book of 99 pages

She was born soft and sweet

Until she had the dinner with the devil

A mixture of vinegar and wild grapes.

29. Topic: Twist of Events

Strangers met,

We spoke and sparked up flames

You set my heart on a breakless paddle

Bicycle no break.

I thought to myself

(S)he is not like the rest of them

I never imagined a day will come
When tears will ever dim the sight.
Why light up the candle when you know
You'll put it out just when I needed it?
Why tap the shoulder of my heart,
Only to let it wake up to no love?
Now you left me bathing
In the wax of candles, we lighted together
Memories... Memories... Memories!
For a reason they call you Ex
Because you gave my naive heart 'Ex-perience'.

30. Topic: Same Shelter, Different Temperature

Same beginning, same ending
But life in between, so unfair
You landed on top of the hill
But I was thrown to the base of the mountain.
The valley so deep and muddy
Your dad, an honorable
Your mum, a respected Mrs.
Your meals are pleasant and healthy,
Placed on tables
I struggle to find a meal, and where will the table come from?
You made no choice between the mountain top and the valley.
I didn't either.
Dzorgbese decided our fate!
Don't you forget, we came same way and we return same way. Rich or poor.

31. **Topic: Living with the Pain**

Can I reset it to factory default settings?

Or it came with no reset button?

How can I forget it all...?

The tears

The hurt

The pain and heartbreak!

Will it leave with me till...?

Dust returns to dust?

Or someday I shall completely

Never ever remember?

Here I make I wish!

May I forget some people forever

May I never remember I crossed their path

May there be emptiness when the mind is triggered to recall their names

May the heavens bless me with the forgetfulness of their memory.

32. **Topic: My Soul Seek Freedom**

Free me.....!

The enemy I look for is me

Many years, many hours

So much energy to identify the enemy...

Why I fail

Why I'm disappointed.

Why I don't become the dream man I want to be...

But the enemy is me!

My thoughts

My expectations

My weaknesses

They weigh me down

Each time I try to make a move.

Free me, enemy within!

33. Topic: The Wrong Search

I have searched for you in many different bodies

To some it makes me a player

I wish they knew

That I'm only looking for love

With a broken self.

You left too many scars on me

That I appear a prisoner of war

But yes, I survived too much hatred

That my heart no longer hears love when it calls

I've fallen from the highest mountain

And so, I do not fear the height of my bed.

I wasn't born broken

My complete self

met a broken edge

And it cut too deep into me

Leaving scars that scare those that care.

34. Topic: For a father

Nature gave him shoulders,

Giant like that of Goliath.

So, generations can lean on him.

From his first cry to the last breath,
He gives life from his loins
and save many from the strength of his right thigh.
Not celebrated until fallen breathless
Because his reward is just the many tears,
He must have shouldered
“A man, born of woman is of fewer days and full of evil”
Says the holy book and it sums up the life of the 21st century hustler.
But should I wish some women ‘Happy father’s day’?
Or its limited to only those with third legs?
The woman that is responsible at home and in society
Should she be at the same table of ‘men’?
After all she is also a man with a womb.
Kudos to Kwaku
You hatched your kids under your arms.
Like hen, you showed them how to eat
And how to fish
Happy father’s day.

35. Topic: Her Strange Hatred

She hates herself
She shies away from her look
She feels inferior
Because her skin color is different from her slave master’s.
Her glow, she disdains
Her curves, she disbelieves
Her melamine, she destroys

Daily she wishes to be someone other than herself
Her identity, like vapor, gradually disappears into thin air.
Be it known unto you black woman
Be informed mother of nature
That you are beautiful
That you are brave and admired by your 'superhumans'.
Come out elegantly as you were created
Hide not your beauty, queen
You, the spring of all human creation
Like light, cannot be hidden
#SayNoToSkinBleaching

36. Topic: The Racial War of Ages

Years have passed,
A race physical caged another human race.
A race made another a mere museum piece.
Sad story, painful history.
Young offspring of the 'victim race'
Used to bait crocodiles.
The adults used to cultivate farms,
To build walls and Wells
Males sodomized,
females raped
Pregnant women cut open.
Rebellious males castrated and hanged by ropes in the open.
Painfully, decades upon decades later
Same race is caged mentally.

Caged with religion

Caged with inferiority

Caged with hatred for its own

Caged with loans and grants,

which are minute portions of the loot from their own land.

Rise up black people

Be brave for that's what you are- brave people

It's our time.

37. Topic: The Voice Against Rape!

I heard of it 365 times a year

Such an ugly awful sound

But it keeps repeating itself and the echoes of its yesteryears

She was told to keep mute or be killed

Her sister was told the family will be in shame if she speaks out

The girl in the next village was made to believe juju will kill her

if she opens her mouth.

Does society accept it?

Are parents fine with its unending happening?

Do the elderly men,

Who covers up the rot this produces,

knows the implications on the innocent girls?

Sound the trumpet at dawn

Wake up the sleeping heads with your noise

Ensure that you never conceal this evil...

It's done today, but lasts a lifetime with the victim

Noble men and women

The weak and mighty

The educated and the unschooled

Speak till Okonkwo hears in his grave

That her daughter is prey in the hands of perverts...

Say NO to rape and all forms of sexual abuse.

38. Topic: What Society Made Me

I break me free

It was not my lifestyle

I learnt it

I wasn't born with it

Society showed me how.

But I want to be free

It started like a one-time thing

Until I noticed the last time strings

I did it first with a heavy guilt

But the second and 10th were almost with no guilt.

How did I get here?

Much energy went into getting free from it

But it seems it's my death sentence

Break me free until.

May I sit down someday

And forget the last time I did it

So, I don't repent on Sunday

And repeat my sin on Monday.

39. Topic: 25 years 25 EXs

Heartbroken a countless time

Her mind pauses occasionally
With only the mouth speaking vanity.
But she's been bruised and wounded
She's shared her good heart with the wrong people.
Her intentions were good
Only she met the wolves and snakes.
You may call her broken
You may be a victim of her revenge
You might have had her fiercest Vernon.
But her bite is one she copied from the last serpent
She has kissed the devil
So, she knows the taste of a demon
She is a blend of many spices
Sweet sour taste.

40. Topic: Tribute to A Mother

The bravery of a mother
She has seen a lot
But she speaks the fewest
Her eyes are heavy
But not for sleep.
She whispers, I am fine
But look through her eyes
She has pain only a few can see
She is brave,
She is strong
She breaks down in the night

But picks up herself before the sun rises.
Her feeble hand and heart,
Her hands do amazingly
Give her a portion among men,
for her labor is beyond masculinity.
Let her be a father and mother at same time
Her struggle is for the next generations
Power is her last desire,
Her weapon is love.
Fame is not her home
Passion drives her steps
She is not called a mother for the womb she carries
Her motherhood is a price for her lineage.
Kudos to all mothers.

41. Topic: Tribute to Health workers

When your soul rejects you
They aren't God
They aren't the devil either
The souls of men
Is not in their hands to give.
How can we take what we've not given?
We are trained
Head, heart, hand.
We put our lives on the alter
Ready to sacrifice so you can live a little bit longer.
The syringe

Aaah it pains!

But sorry that's one way to 'give'you life

Those drugs, some make you feel like you better die

Sorry, we wish you wouldn't take it. It's not sweet.

We are health workers only

Not life givers nor life takers.

We treat, God heals...

Let your soul stay a little bit longer

Though the body grows weary

Don't leave too soon, soul

The body regains its shape.

42. Topic: Strength of a woman

Behind closed doors...

I smile during the day,

Does that make you happy?

I walk like a free girl,

And my neighbors envy my 'happiness'.

Little did you know

That behind closed doors, I weep.

I let out the pain and allowed the tears to flow

Life has dealt treacherously with me

"big boys don't cry"

So, I decided to do the weeping away from your eyes.

My pillow cannot speak so I share all my pains and hurt with it

It has soaked much tears and never complained

"weep not child" for tomorrow is another day

Another day to smile in front of you

And get home to weep

Weep behind closed doors.

43. Topic: Search for My Soul Mate

Looking for you at many wrong places

You were my soul mate

I fell so deep in love with you

I didn't know how nature made it

But I don't seem to fall in love again

When you left,

I searched for your soul in the wrong 'bodies'

My one desire was to find you in one look alike body

This illusion made me a wolf in the eyes of many

At a crossroad, I took a peep behind me

Then I saw my hand was bloody

I've slain the innocent

I've wounded the lambs

I can only apologize

I hurt the innocent innocently.

But you are my soul mate

My evil, yet my heartbeat.

You made me an innocent player

I regret but still love you

44. Topic: Language of The Gods

Caress me with your words

And let my stress vanish into thin air

Hug me,
Bury your thin self into my arms.
It cures me of my marrow illness.
Let your tall soft mountains,
Still the worry in my head.
King Solomon indeed was wise
He had many comforters.
But I want to be wiser,
Be my only comfort in many ways.
Touch me early at dawn
And let me feel that touch all day till dust
Let's roll from side to side,
Let's walk to nowhere actually
Let's dance to lyrics our poor hearts compose.
For, I've left mother and father
And you have become my world
Clinging to you till the end of time.

45. Topic: Sunset at dawn (A Tribute on Maternal motility)

It was a surprise from the gods
When he first saw the priest's daughter
He knew it would last a lifetime
That feeling was strange
But how possible.
How can a mortal touch the balls of a god
Could the dog, fish from the sacred river?
But the ways of the gods are not known to man

And they chose who to bless with the good of the land.

They wedded

They celebrated

The gods descended

Well wishes joined pieces of advice in a symphonic order.

But love met pain

Joy had thorns

The gods smiled in the day and cried at night

He lost her just when he expected the first fruit of his loins.

Could the gods sleep?

Have they not seen,

The pain, the wailing,

The shattered dreams?

Her last call for help!

we lost her while she was bringing forth another life.

46. Topic: Re-writing the last letter

I know I messed it up,

I got you thinking if I'm human.

I know I got your heart on the altar,

I made you feel like a lamb for sacrifice.

Was it deliberate?

Was I willingly watching you cry?

Have I got some good memories with you too?

wait...

I have a wish,

A wish to rewrite the yesteryear of pain

I wish to wipe the tears I caused

I wish to sing a song with new lyrics,
telling the story of my second self.

47. Topic: Love Reincarnation

In the cold

Cooling you off my mind

You were made for me

An angel I may never touch.

Did death give you wings to fly?

Or it only dissolved you into thin air?

Till the next world when we reincarnate into each other's arms

Let me weave myself with no strings of your love.

48. Topic: Waiting in Vain

The pain of waiting in vain

Is the reason I hate you saying I'll think about it.

That pain,

Is the reason I moved on when you asked me to wait.

Such a pain,

Is the reason you've not heard from me again.

Don't let me wait

When you know your heart is far away.

Allow me to go

Since you know you don't want me.

Let me cry now and for once

Because deep down your heart.

You know you gonna hurt me over and over again.

You're my love

The love of my life.

But it seems you're only good at hurting me

I might cry over the same thing many times.

That hurt, that pain

Is why I've learned to be strong...

The pain of waiting forever.

49. Topic: Covid19 Allusions

I heard a voice from afar

A shout for help

I heard a woman wailing

A child weeping

I heard the groanings of a man

A full-grown man, weeping like a child.

But it was far from me...

I was sure my child had gone out

But I trust he was safe

I have trained my child on self-defense

Kofi has all the skills to keep himself from harm.

The wailing and weeping

The shout for help.

Tears I can imagine on their faces.

Suddenly the cry drew nearer to my neighborhood

First, I denied it won't get to me

Then I panicked and lo!

Alas! I called on the gods

Peradventure they may hear my cry

My household was hit by a strange bullet

A bullet those with stronger muscles could not resist

I called on Ogun, the god of war

Maybe he will send Achana

The healing goddess to heal my household

The world bleeds.

(Covid19- 2019-2021)

50. Topic: The uncelebrated hero

He is the teacher of his children

The lawyer of the family

Breadwinner with no 'oven'

The defender, he must fear no 'evil'

The strongest, he must never get tired.

He is the 'wrongdoer always,

All blames on him

And yet he is never celebrated.

If he rests, he is lazy

If he complains, he is a woman.

If he expresses his fears, he is a coward.

Society demands his intellect

His womb-man desires his loins

Children take his time....

He must be 'all things to all men'

He dies daily,

Because society says that is man-hood

And yet, he is never celebrated.

Give honour to whom honour is due

Celebrate him, not with forget me nots

Give him a tap on the shoulder, not a vain epitaph.

51. Topic: The Daddy I met

Dad,

Hardly remembered

Always unnoticed

Never celebrated.

Dad,

Dies daily for the family

His passions, abandoned

His dreams, shuttered,

So his own can survive.

Dad,

Apologies for the neglect

Let me say thank you...

You laid my foundations, thank you.

My first guide and teacher, thank you.

How did you tolerate my childhood weaknesses?

Thank you.

Dad.

52. Topic: Never The Same

I was innocent but naive

I gave out a part of me,

Wanting to be wanted...

I joined, so I could belong

Good heart bruised

I'm never the same.

I thought they loved me

So I opened up my stories

But friends are enemies

I felt at home, took a sip of joy

But alas, a dinner with the devil

And....

I'm never the same.

I want to rebuild me

I need my old self

I want a fresh breath of start

Daily I reconstruct after the old order

But I realized

I am never the same.

53. My unending search in the sand

I wanted love

I wanted it pure, uncensored

I wanted it in its truest form

I wanted 'genuine-ness'

I wanted one I could walk on water with.

So I set my shield and spear

I left religion and tribe

I pierced through many

I left some wounded and bruised

Yes, I hunted like a misguided night shooter

My goal, searching for love.

Love, an illusion

Love, a mere abuse of one's innocence

Love, the connection between two points

Points, non-existent

Love, painted in the prettiest image,

Consumed in bitterness.

I gave in but lost me

I came out, to create a miniature of myself

Heart bruised

Emotions wasted

Sanity tortured

Innocence manipulated.

But yes, love is the essence of existence.