

Poetry Series

# **Kweku Atta Crayon**

## **- poems -**

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# Kweku Atta Crayon(17th October,1990)

A bite of me

Welcome to the life of a man born in the very early hours of 17th October,1990.  
My age has never been a barrier against my aspirations to be the change Africa and Africans seek.

My birth in a village called Prestea in the western region of Ghana brought so much joy to a couple called Mr. and Mrs. Oppong. I was born with an attached sister, which by nature automatically became my twin sister. She is doing fine.(if you just asked how she faring) .

I wish I could describe the pains she went through at birth and the struggles of rearing such a stubborn twins, anyway I will do my best to serve you a taste of her pains as narrated by the lips of Mrs. Paulina Oppong:

Tears of her womb

Sweat bathed her

She screamed in pains

In the afternoon, she saw a dark world

We were kicking to see Mrs. world

She sent her left leg far from the right

the only commandment she obeyed was 'Puuushhh'

Her heart seemed to have traveled out of the body

Baaam, there, our big heads see earth

Her pains went into shyness

as joy took the floor

She is a mother, that was a blessing

but come we make it a burden

Her laps;

Our seat and lavatory

dinning table and play ground

Her breast, our meal and teddy bear

Her smile, our mirror

in which we see the better us

Her stomach, our blanket

We grew, we disobeyed and left  
She grew too, stay calmed and searched

We sinned, went wayward  
She forgave, called us great

She is ill and weak  
yet she prays, God save them

This is her, this is my mom  
This Mrs. Paulina Oppong aka Yaa Akyaa.  
You want to add her, browse

Oh poor me, I forgot about the agenda we have here-I was telling you about my self, but you can't blame me that much because half of my thoughts have been on my mum.

If you have read up to this line then it's really spells your interest to know this boy who had his basic education in three different schools namely

1. Providence International School (Lagos, Nigeria)
2. St. Anglican Primary School (Bogoso, Ghana)
3. Naraguta Grammar School. (Tarkwa, Ghana)

I graduated my basic school in Naraguta in April,2006 where I topped my batch with seven 1's in ten subjects, it was not because I was the school prefect but I guess it was because I just had the zeal to excel.

Another chapter in my life opened in Ghana Secondary technical School, (GSTS) . I personally describe my studentship duration on tescoland (the campus of GSTS) as the period of 'Great metamorphosis'. A lot more than a book took place in my life around the oval shape of GSTS.

I rest my experience in a book underway 'TESCANISM - Life around the Oval' by Oppong Clifford Benjamin.

After three years of the hells and heavens of GSTS, I completed high school a changed person (to know whether a positive or negative change lays in the breast of the book) . A year after school was a boring one at home, the only activities that stole the greater parts of my 24 hours were video games, internet surfing and reading. Out of these three actions only one made me who I am now, I guess it is obvious, you are thinking it's reading, wrong you. You again failed to ask me what I was reading about, anyway you are not too wrong, reading of articles and poems brought my spirit closer to the liberal arts despite my study of science.

However, my concern in poetry, writing and Africanism didn't have any influence in the choice of my tertiary education program. I am now a civil engineering student in the Btech school of Engineering in Kumasi Polytechnic, Ghana.

As it stands, I do more of writing and poetry than any other thing, not even civil engineering swallows my attention more than poetry and Pan- Africanism.

Again welcome to a life of a Builder of the African Dream.

# A Direction To Nana

We are still here  
Your voice we hankering to hear  
Mum said we no more pray you  
Must you keep drinking schnapps to rue?  
Nana, things have changed ooo  
The huts have lost their security  
we not even safe in these heavy stones (blocks)  
Where you left us, is now called the village  
and nothing good gets down there  
We too wanted to eat electricity, pipeborne water and good healthcare  
Nana, next time when visiting,  
Go to Asomdwe park, see ghost Atta Mills  
He recently left, he must show you Accra

Nana, you will see this white house  
When you hear a quarrel, good then you home  
When you hear big English, it is that of the mayor  
You will see a woman with a wrinkled face  
Clearly defining poverty and hardship  
You will see food served on the floor to be picked  
Nana, then be sure you are home.  
When you see a long convoy  
dancing in wailing sirens  
And lights all over  
Nana wave too, is the president passing  
Nana, look left, right and left again  
To check that you safe  
Before you enter, today we are followed.  
Boys now kidnap everybody including ghosts too.  
WELCOME HOME NANA.

Kweku Atta Crayon

# A Poem To The Late President

In your 68 years of existence  
You were reduced to a nonentity  
You were ridiculed  
They created a platform for boys and girls  
younger to be your children and grand children  
to insult, tease and mimic  
Your greatest achievement was not the development  
But your ability to resist the temptation to reply

On your day of presidency installation  
Your death drums sounded congratulations  
Your very enemies hugged and smiled  
Did you know it was a grin?  
Yes you did, but typical Mills, you for forgave and forgot

Politicians, market women, school children, Most Ghanaians  
For once were doctors, giving commentaries on your health  
Were you different from humans, Oh no  
but why then was your cough taken as death symptom  
Your health deterioration was more psychological than physiological  
Where! where! ! where! ! ! in your chest room  
Did you house all those insults, humiliations and revilements  
Yesterday I saw your picture prior the presidency  
Never knew you were that fat and healthy  
oooh I flooded with tears, the seat was made bitter for you

Wake up! ! !  
Open your eyes and ears  
Look and listen six feet up  
Your demise has now earned you a better Atta Mills  
Now they call you king of peace dubbed 'Asomdwe hene'  
Now your history is written in golden colours

The mad man knocked down on the street  
now shares same soil bed with you  
Did he ask you this question  
'Don't you think they killed you? '  
The usual Mills, you laughed with no answer

Lest I forget  
Naadu is doing just fine  
Yes she wept tears  
Now your dreams sit in her eyes  
She is planting the Bible in SHS across the Country  
We are all fine,  
Preparing to meet you in heaven  
Exanimate Mills, You still remain my president  
His Excellency John Evans Fiifi Atta Mills.

Kweku Atta Crayon

# A Trip To Yesterday

Sleep is sweet but a thief  
Stole my conscience and offered relief  
Seated in the comfort of my dreams  
watching live cinema of a day  
which I could barely name  
I could hear and see;  
Raindrops drumming on the roof  
Umbrella Persons dancing to the rhythm  
with caution of not being victims  
Mama sacking all cloths  
seeking answers beneath her bed  
exploring a missing pen  
which was pierced into her wig

I Saw;  
Minta playing school truancy  
and saying No to a Future  
Crawling sun, running past a swift moon  
and breaking morning into afternoon  
In this yesterday, my heart jumped out of self  
and left the mouth opened like never to close  
upon seeing me;  
walking in the shadow of my father  
Am I gonna be like him too?  
Singing a dirge in my closet  
Am I to die too?  
Then, this Yesterday showed a white light ray  
dwarfing grief in the my heart  
Telecasting Today in golden colours  
This Yesterday ended with bright Today.

Kweku Atta Crayon



# A Woman For Women

Facial Make-up, humility  
Foot prints, gentility  
Voice so calm  
respect born in palm

Baby face, advanced brain  
Her pains, for women's gain

Struggle in unfamiliar country  
Not for herself but her county

Love brewed in an African pot  
Served so fresh and hot  
To the women and children

In a land of female illiteracy  
Chewed education but withno supremacy

Gathered the girls  
Put on them chain of pearls  
Burnt the war chains  
Today, We face our own change

Crawling to personal wealth  
Jet-running to save women health

Within her country of tears  
Created a town of no fears

Paw paw, gunshots  
Stand stand on your spots  
She screams  
We are women, empowered to be saviours not cowards.

Kweku Atta Crayon

# Ancient Sin

My future arrested in the apple on the tree  
So she harvested and now am free  
To my conscience, I owe a plea  
Jesus holds my first six  
as I struggle for the rest to fix

Judge me not, I am because she sinned  
In the saint's, am skinned  
Clothed in white robe  
after a careful probe  
sing in heavenly choir  
new voice I have acquired  
Announcing the coming of a Lord  
He cometh in hand, a sword  
Slaying the victims of the future  
which the apple untied from its suture

Can we be confused?  
Can we trust all that was infused?  
A book we trusted without investigation  
Who harmed us, our own justification/

But this ancient sin  
was well committed to win.

Kweku Atta Crayon

# Call Me A Refugee

Gun cracks behind our windows  
An alarm to say wake up, is your turn  
Woke up with a weeping heart  
but hardened eyes

Children wailing from distances  
Away from armed Fathers  
The CNN reported 'grief'  
Just don't describe the moment  
Because no word can.

Mum sleeps in cold bed of blood  
Wake up! Wake up! ! Wake up! ! !  
The more I call her name  
The further her spirit moves away

Paaaw, a loud gunshot  
My younger brother has been shot  
He is dying behind me  
But in front of Dad  
Beside Dad is the commander

I ululate for mercy  
but my cry travelled 1m long  
Stopped by a heavy slap

Caught glance with Mama Zolie  
She said in tears, they are all dead  
As if I didn't hear her  
No longer news

Four Days of thirstiness  
A vegetarian turned Vampire

Escape as a refugee  
My first experience of earth  
My first taste of home  
Freedom', such a strange word  
Mummy, brothers come! ! ! and see

Here, Soldiers are peace makers

Call me a Refugee  
that's the best name I ever enjoyed.

Kweku Atta Crayon

# Church In Me

Flow into me, let's sing  
White songs, black hearts  
on the altar of my heart, let's pray  
troubled hearts with thanksgiving  
Your Church in me

Flow in me, let's dance  
Lames with stomping moves  
my stomach, a bowl for offerings  
Out of your sufferings, satisfy me  
Give all out of your all  
Your church in me

Sit in me, no questions just listen  
An encyclopedia of wisdom  
preached wealth creation  
Salvation is individual business  
the church growth is our business  
baboons dey work, monkey dey chop  
Pastor monkey for fat  
Baboons for slim  
Your Church in me

Stand in me, Let's share the grace  
For the health of dear pastor  
A ticket to America, check up  
For the comfort of his family  
We donate this mansion  
Hip! Hip! ! Hip! ! ! Hurrayyy,  
A birthday gift for pastor, limousine  
Ameeennnn  
Go in "peace" and pieces  
The church is over.

Kweku Atta Crayon

## Class 3 Printing Fee

He stood in a tired uniform  
Well ironed and tucked  
And his shorts fusiform  
Today was exams day  
and he couldn't wait to write

He walked to Mum in her room  
for the usual morning blessings  
But His Mum tried to tell him  
that he probably should stay home  
He bowed his head and she threw her eyes away  
They both knew why, and why it was best to stay

But He knew what to say  
To tell his teacher's cane  
and his mates who might laugh again  
Of why he will write but can't pay

His Mother knew this would be another day  
when her second child will end education  
And chase after life around the traffic light  
She sensed the aroma of history  
Repeating itself today and tried harder to keep him at home  
But the little boy went to school  
ready to tell all about why he will write but can't pay

They were many kids  
All seated in arranged lines  
and he saw the blank desk.  
It was Obvious Kweku wouldn't come

One by one, the teacher  
inspected their printing fee receipts  
Some showed a full year, others for the term  
And he sat there hoping to do magic

At last the teacher got to his desk  
And every child was searching  
With their faces covered with laughs

An old story, he will be thrown out again  
And certain he knew today was a landmark

Show me your receipt, the T requested  
If you don't have go home, a boy retorted  
No printing fee, no paper, another dared to shout  
And now, they all teased

'am sorry you will have to go home'  
He stood up and looked backed  
Opened his mouth as if to cry and again he shut  
'Go on, do you have anything to say? ', the T asked

In tears, he closed his eyes  
Clapped both palms together  
And like a humble prayer, he said

'I don't want to be like Kwabena, my elder brother  
who lost his education on this same day  
and whose daily bread is now oven  
by the red light on the street.

I don't want my mother to keep wishing for graduates  
Yet cries to the truth that she couldn't afford one  
I don't want any of my mates here  
think am dumb without a chance to prove myself

Don't talk of my father, he is long resting  
And heaven is far away from earth  
He too had a task for me, become an engineer  
Please Sir, Allow me education  
One day we both won't regret.

This minute, you are deleting a future  
This minute, you can create a destiny  
This minute break the rules  
To make an engineer, and Heaven will smile.  
This is my humble plea'

He opened his eyes to his ultimate dismay  
Every eye was already flooding  
and the teacher apologized and promised him his help henceforth.

Her Mum, took the exams question paper  
and asked; how did you do it?

Now he is a civil engineering student  
An Award winning Poet.  
and the author of this particular piece.

Kweku Atta Crayon



# Daughter Of Africa

In the midst of all she lived  
Unknown to many where she suffered  
Victim of bad governance and corrupt system

Solitary on the streets of struggle  
Sees the African women boggle  
Hungry stomachs filled with appetites  
Appetency for freedom and involution

Hot drops of tears  
Evaporated on hotter empty plates

Reaching her height, was a clamber  
But she separates like a comber  
Separation of women from hardship

With one mouth, one pair of legs, one pair of eyes  
She talks, walks and sees for millions  
In fact billions of voiceless, motionless and sightless women

Digging the sea and planting on the rocks  
She harvests, cooks and cools the hotter plates  
Impossible is the process  
But certainty in her progress

For prosperity Africa ululates  
Women salutes  
Men congratulates  
Keep executing the unfeasible  
We love you.

Kweku Atta Crayon

# Dialogue With Bedmate

STREET BOY:            Love your nightie  
                              So dark but brightening  
                              Designs-stars and moon  
                              Today we will sleep like loons

THE SKY:                Thanks dear, Saw you during the day  
                              Hauling distances with your drays  
                              Saw you thirsty, so I cried down tears  
                              Saw you burning, so I stopped the sun

STREET BOY:            So caring of you  
                              Wish you could cry down manna  
                              Today, was no market day  
                              No Woman to do me charity  
                              Haunting across the backyards  
                              Brought no left-overs  
                              Tonight you sleep with an empty lover

THE SKY:                That makes me sad  
                              But joyful because  
                              All these make you stronger  
                              And prepared for the elevation ahead  
                              A resident behind me, called God  
                              Has promised to change your destiny  
                              He said, grow up this way  
                              But you will die on top of the world

STREET BOY: Tears in my eyes  
                              Oh my dear sky,  
                              Indeed beyond you is my limit  
                              God, heard about that man  
                              But only the clothed and elite meet him  
                              In that magnificent structure, church  
                              I was there last week Sunday  
                              The Ushers mistook me for a mad boy  
                              Perhaps because of my best outfit  
                              Will be pronounced evil, if I go with my normal wear  
                              He must be a wonderful man  
                              Had thought of stealing cloths to meet him coming sunday

THE SKY:      You don't need cloths  
                  You don't need church  
                  You don't need money  
                  In fact he is your secret friend  
                  He spoke with you yesterday  
                  And he is speaking to you now.  
                  Am his foot mat.  
                  He is right here with us.  
                  Tell him you love him, if you do

STREET BOY:              Love you Mr. God  
                                Please if you are here, then touch me  
                                I need no huge amount of money  
                                I need no elegant house  
                                I need no degrees in school  
                                I badly need love, parental love

THE SKY:              Am getting wet  
                                His tear drops are falling on me  
                                He also loves you  
                                He wants your future to be a miracle  
                                Moved from worst to best  
                                (street boy cuts in-why are frowning with clouds)  
                                God weeps so bad, am soaked  
                                I need to squeeze them on you  
                                No, no, no, don't hide  
                                His tears are blessings  
                                It doesn't wet you  
                                But soaks you with benedictions of tomorrow  
                                Tomorrow you will:  
                                Wake up employed  
                                Wake up in suit  
                                Wake up feeding the hungry  
                                Wake up singing 'IT IS WELL'  
                                Wake up a role model  
                                Let's sleep my dearie

Kweku Atta Crayon

# Face Of Facebook

Many beauties my eyes have seen  
Of school, work and movie scenes  
Facebook has its own but many with face paints  
Sometimes I see, laugh and even faint

But

You  
Benedicta Agweh

I love your vivid, lovely smiling face  
Lips spread wide with no lipstick trace  
In your eyes, I can name a Queen  
I can watch all day if its you on the screen  
Love your long, lean and laughing legs  
Not wearing those painful high heel skegs  
Nigeria has many good and better to boast  
But your likes are best and every man's toast

Its first time speaking my mind  
Listen, if you can clearly hear  
That your beauty is more beautiful  
than that which your picture brings  
Yes, is true, I saw that in your words

I see your pictures and I don't comment  
it is because they set my mind dancing

and it doesn't stop to write

That slender body of yours  
Not only models, but my bad days it cures

You don't know what you done for me

You push my mornings from worst to best  
With this miracles in your teeth

Keep smiling to my profile

lest I lose all my friends

Now

To my Face of Facebook

Eat, drink, exercise and stay natural

Make-up comes from old french fry grease

Glamour says it's good but I say 'geez'

What woman would ever want that nasty stuff

When your natural beauty is more than enough

So spend your money on natural good looks

And ignore those insane marketing crooks

YOUR BEAUTY IS SIMPLY BEAUTIFUL

Kweku Atta Crayon

# God Speaks, Listen

Wednesday Services always were a bore  
And last week our attendance was only four  
But the message came so divine and hot  
It filled me and in spirit I was caught  
Pastor said God still speaks to Men  
It was a tired truth but doubting Ben  
He said do your best to listen and obey  
We screamed Amen but Ben grinned Okay

Wednesday evenings after services  
We do drink up and each disperses  
At any one sip of the coca cola  
We bowed to fine tunes of the viola  
Shared Testimonies of a God who speaks  
And the blessings that came in streaks  
To He who listens and Obeys  
In his Life it comes in many ways  
As the moon smiled and walked by  
We knew it was time to say guys bye

Ben took the busy street to his house  
He reached a shop and thought of his spouse  
God what should I buy for her? , then a tiny voice  
'Indomie noodles' trust me, its her choice  
Hahaha, God is that You? Ben wondered  
But She never took Indomie, He pondered  
All the same I will for once Obey  
I need my own testimony today  
So he did buy and happy he went  
He walked past a house then again the voice  
'Knock and deliver the noodles, just rejoice'  
Ben laughed so loud and said this must not be God  
We both knew this was for my wife not some clod  
He stood there staring the house which looked deserted  
The instruction grew louder within and he just adverted  
Fineeee God, but if anything funny happens am out of church  
Visit some shrines or gods and the many spirits I will search

He knocked lightly but a hard reply

Who is that? and the door a man pry  
Sorry Sir, I have come to these Noodles Supply  
The man grabbed them quickly and invited him  
Ben entered, a baby was crying and mother singing hymn  
'Julie here is hungry and wants noodles but we out of cash  
My wife sought assistance from a lady who proved helpless  
She didn't have money either and her husband's phone was off'  
I prayed and my wife said God will send down an Angel  
I demand of thee, are you His sent Angel? ' The man asked  
Ben's lips were heavy and just couldn't speak but Goodnight

He rushed down home  
Honey where is your phone, wife looked worried  
He checked his pocket and it was off, am sorry  
I have been trying to reach you  
I needed noodles to help a lady  
Ben broke down in tears, so it is true  
God speaks Dear, we just got to Listen.

Kweku Atta Crayon

# Heaven Or Hell

A world on web, Facebook  
written on computers not books  
No existing citizens  
But billions denizens

By click, Ghana reaches Uganda  
Blacks and whites, like the panda  
No tribes, no racism  
Elites, poor but no favouritism

Joy and sorrow, posted  
Chats and meetings hosted  
Nm, igtg, Lol, Lmao-language  
Profiles, large rooms withno luggage

Facebook, a church and club  
Room of intellects and pups  
Morning prayers, afternoon activities  
Greetings from different countries

Voices of 'Angels on earth'  
Roars against your birth  
Works of the occults  
To Mark Zuckerberg, an assault

Speakers of antichrist  
Please leave us in our kryst  
In comfort, we continue to hail  
Whether heaven or hell.

Kweku Atta Crayon



# Hello Mirror

People say we look alike  
Yesterday I fell, today I spike

But you mirror, why do you weep?  
when you know tomorrow I reap

Why is your heart hollering in red pains?  
Smile, the future holds our gains

I can see your bleeding eyes  
Afflictive cries in sleepless nights  
With determination, away your worry flies.

Haunted by the past  
In your dreams, memories blast

Fear cooks clouds in your head  
Rain drops of terror your nose shed  
But Mirror, am here to you shine.

Brighten up,  
I see Prof beneath your shame  
I see a politician on top of the game  
I see an engineer behind your chest  
I see a writer and poet below your breast

Am happy, mirror you smiling  
Are you me? or Am you?  
soliloquy.

Kweku Atta Crayon

# How Can You Fail

(To a despairing brother who thinks he has failed in Life)

'Oh Damn, again I failed'  
How do you go on knowing that you failed?  
why won't you stop failing?  
When you know how to fail

Did you hear everyone say shame  
Insulting and calling you name....(loser)  
Family and friends turn into mockers  
Shun them, they all success blockers

Would you cry when you find out the cause? (yourself)  
If yes, then that will be another failure course  
Will you sit and look like all lost  
And keep telling you the ways out exhaust  
Invite your jaw to your palm  
And caress the future with balm  
Hoping to see tomorrow walk again  
And the weeping hours yielding gain.  
(Ok, then sit there)

Come on! , wake up from your past  
the future is nearing and coming fast  
Pat the back of Hope with action  
Smile, live and wait for the reaction

I tell you, this is how to fail, when you live the stanza 3  
Stanza four is the trick and its free.

Kweku Atta Crayon

# How Much Is Life?

I often have wondered how to die  
That is, if it was the best option to cry  
Wings if sold, would have buy to fly  
I have seen tears descend on contoured faces  
Life without a whistle has offered me many races  
I run, swift and very Usain to be known the loser  
I have many persons to blame, always a good accuser  
Life itself is not worth me  
God or god please let me be  
or better deprive me of the chance to exist  
If not so, then be calm whiles your commands I desist  
Sometimes I wish I could shout to quiet all  
Sometimes I wish I had no name or face at all  
Sometimes I feel like stealing my life  
With a gun, poison, suicide or simply a knife

My best shirt was someone's rags  
My girl friend is someone's Ex  
My prostitute friend was once a virgin  
My account balance was someone's church offering

And when it stops for a minute  
I think about things that are minute  
And when it gets better for a minute I think about things that I really dont have to.

Tell me How much is Life, I will buy one for myself.

Kweku Atta Crayon

# I Know Why Cliff Cries On Sundays

Friday

This day likes singing  
'TGIF-Thank God Is Friday'  
He never thanks God  
He goes chasing the bottles  
Stays up soo late  
that immorality can take over  
He drinks  
intoxicated  
makes merry  
fights  
Looks into the sky  
and 'I thank God is Friday'  
The alcohol will sing him a lullaby  
and lull him to a slumber

Saturday

Morning never waits for him  
Wakes up to greet the afternoon  
And he can shift all his blames to Friday  
Before he could say its all my fault  
Another call will hello his phone  
and is another invitation to the club  
Saturday brings its own, worse than Friday  
Then an Angel thrown down on earth  
will gently tease, 'You got church tomorrow'  
Cliff sleeps with a mind for church tomorrow  
Again the alcohol is a good cradle-singer

Sunday

He weeps,  
He cries  
Why me, why this,  
why couldn't I wake up for church  
Forgive me oh God.

Kweku Atta Crayon

# Love Is

Love is Sweet;  
When I fall  
For you to stand  
When you cry  
So I can laugh  
When I have to go  
To insure you stay

Love is sweeter  
When you closed your eyes  
And I- do the dreaming  
When I weep  
And you bear the pains  
When you Smile  
And I do the laughing

Love is the sweetest  
When we both reach at same time  
When we laugh at same time  
when we achieve our dreams at same time  
When we sit on top of the roof  
And reflect on our past mistakes.

Kweku Atta Crayon

# Mama, Can You Still Be Proud Of Me?

If it all turned out that I have lied.

1. You have really done well  
You have kept your virginity  
Now we can give you out in good name

Papa Ojoula  
Come, come and listen to good news  
Let the prekesse boast of its own aroma  
Ojoula tell him, that which you just worded

Papa, I tasted the banana in primary six  
It was Sumpa, my brother  
He convinced me, I liked it  
We did it again and again

Mum, wipe those tears  
Yes this is the good news  
You had no heart for it  
Papa has, though he will slap  
I still know he has.

2. You took me to church on Sundays  
Placed me in the Bible quiz team  
Made sure I grew in the church

I told you Mum, thanks for the church

I shall never depart from this gift

Now you have heard and seen me

In black suit, white shirt and tie

Seated with the men around that table  
With the big book, you crave to know

Whether it was a Bible  
No Mum, am sorry, it is the codex gigas

Jesus couldn't save me when the church ended.

3. You never listened to me

You never wanted to know me

You were into their world

So you also said some

"Go to school, get good grades, job and you rich"

What can I do to please Mum?

That question bought you a new son

Far different from the one you had raised

Those white papers with A's and few B's

Those that made you smile and called me proud son

They were just typed results from the café behind

4. Look, that was Sister Gloria's daughter

The one who just aborted a baby

She will soon be suspended in the church

Am glad you pointed only a finger at her

And the remaining four pointed straight at me

I was responsible for her pregnancy

She kept quiet because I had to make you proud

Mama, am sorry all these Years  
I have been making you proud

Now can you be proud of me too?

Kweku Atta Crayon



# Men Or The Gods

Screaming...

Our Men have signaled their coming

Beat drums

Call musics

Bring the stools

Slaughter goats

We can't be sure of truth

The gods have always been cunning

Oh blame me the cursed tongue

I rebuke the gods

drink libations

steal their kolanuts

spit into the rivers

The gods are cunning to call me young

You see, powerless idols of our fathers

they died with the land and ancestors

where lied the difference

gods are nothing

without humans.

Are Humans nothing without the gods?

Louder and joyful.....

Our Men have arrived

Praise no gods, collect their sweat

Cup them, worship the cups

Men have been Men

and gods drink the palm wine

Angry and fast.....

Let them tell us where was tomorrow

when they were gods yesterday.

Where were they when Africa was American's

When Papa hit the bushes and land in the dungeon

prepared to be sold like a cup of sugar

and earn another identity, either Bonny or Sonny

Had the gods drunk too much, were they fuddled

Out of unnecessary many libations

Where were the gods, where! ! ! ! ! ! ! !

Now tell me, which god brought independence

Obatala, Antuah or Shango or Ori

Was Mandela a god

No, No, hold on, was Nkrumah a deity

Okay, Maybe Kenyatta was a friend to some Trees

The Pyramids made Egyptians or Egyptians made the pyramids?

Okomfo Anokye brought the stool

but who was Okomfo Anokye, a man?

Or the gods too feared the guns

they too had not seen white men before and were shy

hahahha, oh my shy gods come and come

show me where I should write your names in the history

Tell me the place of the gods in our history?

Kweku Atta Crayon

# My Abandoned Village

Trees looked pale along lonely roads  
Goats and sheep walked in solitude

The wind fed my mouth with dust  
I chewed as I smiled

The silence on the road  
grew as I walked past the graveyard  
horripilations bathed me, am scared

Two hundred metres on foot  
The only friends that greeted were goats and sheep

I knew I was home when I saw the two lotto kiosks  
When the children walked in only pants  
and the kids played raimentlessly

I visited Yaw Boadi's house  
Response; he has gone to Kumasi for job  
I visited Yaa's house  
Response, she now stays in Accra  
The youngest adult was Papa Kumi, 34 years

The Football field was lost in forest  
River Mansin had dried out of loneliness  
The scorching sun had bleached the palace

Sitted under the enormous mango tree  
Centurions, nonagenarians, octogenarians, .....  
rehearse their death

My village, why lose the youth  
why you so  
deserted  
empty and rejected.

Kweku Atta Crayon

# My Dying Dream

Once upon a time  
A dream sank  
under broad day sight of the dreamer

Again he stargazed  
and another dream was born  
it came to stay

Last week, the new dream stood  
between life and death

Weeping heart of the dreamer  
ululated for first aids from family and friends  
response sounded so deliquium  
Death was apparent

Oh God so you heard my cry  
where descended this angel?  
She cameth at the last breath (yesterday)  
Paid life in abundance (money was not a problem)  
Now the dream lives to materialise

Thank you Angel Abena Piesie King  
Thank you God.

Kweku Atta Crayon

# My Lame Friend

Today I saw you in suit  
Wanted to say you look cute  
But you were in an air condition car  
Yet, I still could see your pain scar

Today, you had no helping boy  
And so was filled with joy  
Valued added beggar  
This afternoon you eat burger

Destiny change over  
Drives in range rover  
Gives lift to the market women  
A good life omen.

Minutes after, narrated your story  
In no laughter, passengers said: Oh glory  
I said, Oh yes it was you  
some years ago in your youth

Crawling on your butts  
Making money by beggary but  
You had a bachelor's degree  
Asked of my help and I agreed

Wonder questions, how you did this?  
How you left the street?  
When you bought car?  
How are you driving?  
What job are you doing?

Don't know when to get answers  
I only know your old house: the street  
Nature shall bring us back  
My old old lame friend  
Glory be to God.

Kweku Atta Crayon

# My Lover Turns Into A Witch On Sundays

By Oppong Clifford Benjamin

I was as sure as faith and dance  
as darkness and its absence  
and as heaven and humans-  
I had no doubt that God was here  
And that God was there too;  
In sins, He was here and  
in the holiest of holies, He was there.

It was a dark room under a dark rainy sky  
with the stars hidden behind frowning clouds  
The air carried everything including our doubts  
on its carelessly chaotic cold paths to nowhere

It was the sound of percussion instrument playing  
Playing soft hymns to the atmosphere unseen  
On the floor, seated we were:  
Legs crossed. Right on left leg  
right palm in left.  
A black candle burned its wax away  
to illuminate our dark life someways

Kiky had mastered her craft.  
She was in a black cassock  
She looked ahead of my head  
And closed her eyes again softly.  
She didn't want to breath  
She didn't want to call my name  
I watched her dance to the heavens;  
Head bent to the feet,  
Her hips curved around the dark,  
Hands thrown to the near west  
Heartbeats in accordance with every bit  
of nature. It was with the rains on the roof.

I watched her turn into air and  
back to a shadow on the wall  
I watched her move back and forth

between the present world and trance  
She danced her glory off,  
She divined our future  
And I looked on with anxious surprise.

And my lover finally became everything  
I couldn't have been,  
everything I had only dreamt of;  
The room walls  
The moment  
The air  
The candle  
The dark  
And God  
And Kiky was God  
And God was Kiky  
And God was us.

She opened her eyes abruptly and  
spoke to the silence and it broke  
As above so below, she said and smiled.

Kweku Atta Crayon

# Naked Tides

Have you ever seen the sea undress  
Throwing its waist about to impress  
Coming closer in tides to you seduce  
While you scream more for the juice  
The tides  
The sea  
You  
Me  
Are we mysteries to keep  
or ancient science so deep?

We looked into the eyes of the erotic tides  
The current at which it curves with no shame rides  
The aphrodisiac groan its waves whisper in our ears  
And I become jealous of those stones which over years  
Stood to these tides without ejaculation or a blink  
Thrust deep amorous sea, make us want more with a clink

We are flesh and blood  
Lick us if you like with a flood  
Touch her G-spot; she wont break  
Smooth and gentle make us slake  
Caress us; feel the warmth of our breast  
Don't stop; not even to rest  
Feel the weight of your body against ours  
Now suspire and resume labour for hours  
Your heaving breath upon our skin.  
The most gentle touch on our thigh,  
The soft nibbling on my breasts –  
Moving slowly in a downward motion.  
Now you see, there's no mystery here.  
Its just a love affair between  
The Sea, Its tides  
and You and Me.

Kweku Atta Crayon



# Never Would Have Made It Without Sin

I was rebuked and ridiculed  
They tore my soul and body apart  
I could hear the wailing of my heart  
I was paralyzed in my seat by their comments  
I was dumb founded  
I had sinned  
But never would have made it without that sin

I was in love with poetry  
I drunk it every breakfast  
I read it as part of my quiet time  
Sleep always found me with poetry in the night  
Never would have written one without sin

So I sinned and became a poet  
They said I had violated copyright of a poem  
They said I have stolen a poem (tears in my eyes)  
They said I had brought shame to their page  
Yes, that was true, I had infested them with my stolen poem  
My bad, I couldn't write one  
But now write many because I sinned

They couldn't do anything to help  
I gave them no choice than to kill me  
They plugged my heart out of my self  
They poisoned my spirit with pills of vilifications  
Angry oceans washed away my integrity  
Respect and honour weaved from the past  
varnished in matters of seconds

I parked my shame in my palm  
I collected my tears in my heart  
I bagged my ignominy  
And entombed them in my bed

So I died for a month  
I mourned my soul  
My obituary read 'POETRY KILLED HIM, GONE FOR A WHILE'  
A funeral of three in my room

My disgraceful self, the mirror and the ceiling

A month of self transfiguration  
A month of Surgery by Dr. God  
he fixed my neck a new head  
he breathed in me a new Life  
Pushed a new Clifford into an old world  
And handed me a pen, my poetic sword

Still I had not recovered from scars of the past  
So I peeped into their world on web  
I saw them happy and going  
Lost in dilemma  
whether will be welcomed or kicked away

She saw me spying, she ran quickly towards me  
Held my head and kissed me on the fore  
She grab my scars and made me a fresh skin of today  
She flowed into me and made me whole again  
Come on, you welcome home, her South African eyes  
Told me everything I needed to live  
#Noleen Utterance Desiree Titus

He also came arms opened  
Embraced me from my shy and timid steps towards him  
He dug his hand into my soul and picked the spirit up  
He opened the doors to his heaven and welcomed me back  
The same heaven I had begrimed  
He initiated me a poet and called me a bard  
My Jesus Sir Kukogho Iruesiri Samson

Am now an Apostle of the kingdom  
I am now because I sinned  
Never would have made it without sin.

Kweku Atta Crayon

# Our Artificial Africa

When the birds were heard rapping  
Stead of singing and wings flapping  
It was obvious somethings had gone wrong  
And nature wouldn't have them to its belong

When Coca cola had replaced coconut  
Our women dress fine somewhat  
Men feel more presentable in suit and tie  
Take every drink with a meat in pie  
Africa had lost its touch  
And now we talk too much

When I stopped walking the path  
To Papa Akrofi's house for my math  
Mum no longer visited her friends  
Phone calls and even that it depends  
If you go to school with food in leaf  
You are teased, on lucky days its brief

Now that we are manufacturing another Africa  
To look more beautiful like America  
Let us keep quiet to the western sufferings  
When our every problem is under political coverings  
And Mothers birth no children but rather offsprings  
When it is more profitable to invest in soccer  
Than in education and feeding of some Ugandans

Kweku Atta Crayon

# Romantic Nonsense

In the busy sand of the seashores  
Retracing our foot prints in measured steps  
Gazing sun that crowns the acmes of coconut trees  
Twinkly face smiling at tidal waves  
With hands fastened behind my back  
Reminiscing past romantic funtimes  
Whiles ruing recent times  
Mrs. Sarpong just questioned me  
Where is the woman?  
Am searching for her in our honey moon shores  
tracing our footprints  
to know where I stepped wrongly  
You never broke up with me  
But you broke a virgin heart full of love

Kweku Atta Crayon

## Room 16.

Its on the last floor  
small space, dim red light  
a holy Bible and more,  
Tattered curtain laid white.

Light skin ladies  
Colourful men  
Dogs with rabies  
God bless them, Amen.

An innocent porch  
A blessed couch  
Sleeping days  
Bring no pays,

Happy working nights;  
'Cut some slights  
for only fifty'  
Oh Dog! , the price is nifty.

Read quotations  
Change positions  
Cum quick, next dog!  
Damn stupid wog.

Wear your pants  
Be gentle with the curtain  
Exit room 16  
Say a prayer for the night  
The sleeping days will take care of its self

We are only trying to be happy  
But we try harder not to regret  
This our normal life  
'It is finished'.

Kweku Atta Crayon

# The African Dream

A future seen in dreams  
Flowing like a stream  
From person to persons  
Years down, dream worsens

Africa had a dream  
Glowing like light beams  
Builders worked in Teams  
Bonded together like seams

Then

Mr. White sets in  
So tall and thin  
That night, slept in our inns  
Good morning, greets with grins  
Behind 'smiles', a package of sins

Bought lands with mirrors  
Introduced religion with errors  
Opened a factory of confusion  
manufactured delusions  
Sold at no cost  
to Africans, for their cause

Years after induction of greed  
Slavery, our kings agreed  
Potential dream builders  
Were captured and sold to be soldiers  
In a military of perpetual savage  
Men and women, no respect for age

They were Labelled like commodities  
Yaa Akya, now Felicity  
Papa Adjei, now Johnny  
Opanyin Sumpa, now Bonny  
Dadae Zoe, now Julie

Cheaper than the mower

but more efficient than the sower  
Cheaper than the broom  
but clears the rooms  
Priceless creatures of God  
sold cheaply by whips of rod

Long History has been summarized  
is now too faded to memorize  
By Sons and daughters of Africa  
who Schooled in the America

A Dead Dream  
Now risen in full strength beam  
Dreamers are so young and unified  
One name to them identify  
BUILDERS OF THE AFRICAN DREAM

Kweku Atta Crayon

# The Blades

I saw them  
They came with knives and blades  
Scary men with scary hearts

Face up,  
My little pancake opened to the sky  
Romanced by the blades  
Harsh sex with the knives  
They broke my virginity

All around rejoiced  
Even dogs and goats smiled  
Whilst I tastes a concoction  
Of my blood and tears

They said it was tradition  
It was a required rite  
Without it, I'm not woman

Now I'm a woman  
A victim of tradition  
Sentenced to eternal pains and grief!

Kweku Atta Crayon



# The Cassava Too Is A Fruit

We lived and grew beneath the soil  
Joyful in our minds that we toil  
To someday come out us cassabreties  
Signing autographs at festivities  
Shoulders lifted up high  
Teeth pushing out when saying 'hi'

It was morning, we heard harsh knocks  
First time disturbed in our sweet underworld  
The ants and termites say, "They can't be visitors"  
True, they started hitting with rocks  
We run deeper into the soil and curled  
We have fallen prey to wild predators!

Uprooted us from our homes  
Like it was their own  
We had no say, first time seeing 'red and white monkeys'  
Before we could fight for what was ours  
The red pepper and tomatoes had long sold us  
For mirror, cloths and gun powder

And they introduced themselves  
"We here are from Overseas  
Have come to explore and oversee  
We are called the fruits  
We make skin fresh and smooth  
Our brethren in suits are legumes  
They will be the masters in the checkrooms"

"Who are you black ones? "  
No one sabi their question  
So we started laughing  
"Ok, You will be the cassava  
You are starchy and strong  
Will build ships in the sun  
And cook the meals in the rains"

Exported us to the west  
Used, maltreated and waste

Our joy is a cassava now rules the fruits  
But, can a cassava be ever a fruit?

Kweku Atta Crayon

# The Earth Is Pregnant

Odomankoma, creator of the universe  
Your wisdom espoused the Earth and the spirits  
Chief ghosts of our ancestors  
Why thy fishes thirst in travelling rivers  
Why Ankobra and Bosomtwe quench not our dry throats  
We disgruntled tongues, send down drops to make us ocean  
Your daughter, Asase Ya, blessed woman of fertility  
Now adopts our kids into her belly of sterility  
Nyankopon, the groom of eternity  
Order thy wife, Asase Yaa  
to sow sperm seeds in our soils  
When August, sex us with the rains  
making thy Earth pregnant again.  
We can birth, the war victims,  
Reclaim our lost future from the Emotia  
Sing in the voice of Osibisa  
and dance to the rhythm of the Fontomfrom  
So we can see the Africa that sits in the eyes of Osagyefo  
Osagyefo, the weeping ghost  
Cry no longer, when the Earth delivers  
We shall borrow your eye balls, wake up from the African Dream.

Oh Ori!  
Why deprive your children  
of their Kadara and Ayanmo  
Making this our destiny shy  
He who has power over Orunmila  
Cease this our plight of;  
Lands fighting lands  
Hands raised against hands  
Streams arguing Rivers  
Receivers commanding Givers  
Bushes measuring height with Forests  
Wars stealing souls, leaving hunger for the rest  
Ola, kid of the Earth, Sits on the seat of death  
Clothed in small pox and measles  
Ah! ! Sapon, to you we sing our own dirge  
that ye may have mercy.  
The Earth walks with protruded belly away

fraught with victims of the plague, that stole our honour.  
Obatala, creator of humans, light and purity  
Why ye slumber, wake up  
And Speak to the Earth  
That she will end drinking blood and born our lost brethren  
Mandiba crying for the spirit of Ubudu  
Soyinka mourning the soul of Awoonor  
Have we failed to satisfy ye, gods of Africa?  
Or need we pour down our bloods for Libation?  
NO! ! ! , by the powers of Ori, I command  
Yemaja, plant children in the womb of the Earth  
Ogun, retire and make way for Peace.  
Ayao breathe onto the lands, the Africa of our Ancestors

Kabezuya-Mpungu, father of four;  
Sun, Moon, Darkness and Rain  
Why your Children to us curse?  
Sun, bleaching our colour black  
making us white and westerned  
Moon, no longer works at night  
Providing shade for evil transactions  
Darkness, bribed to always prevail over day  
That we may not see to distinguish brother from enemy  
Rain, visits all time and all day  
Depriving us of our homes and properties  
WHY! ! ! Kabezuya-Mpungu  
We the children of Kikuyu  
cry unto thee, Let order dominate  
That thy children will sow into Earth crops.  
Crops that bear fruits of the Africa of our tomorrow.

Unkulunkulu, on your shoulders  
We rest our burdens  
Deliver our Pregnant Earth.

Kweku Atta Crayon

# The I'll Be There Foundation

Somewhere in Uganda  
They set the agenda  
And took the cause  
At no cost

To house and to clothe  
Now they build a home on a plot  
For the homeless  
Speak for the voiceless

Somewhere in Kampala  
They built a camp  
And said, come  
All ye distressful street children  
No masters but brethren  
If you stole foods  
Now you will eat freely and sleep on foams

Somewhere in the heart of a boy  
Lies a great love for the boys  
Who is his friend?  
The friendless and isolated child at the street corner  
He grew around them  
Now he lives to rescue them

I cry out for voices, hands and minds  
To join his battle against street children  
The war against Femine  
Come ye all  
Lets make the street for cars and not homes.

Kweku Atta Crayon

# The River Too Drinks

Frimpomah  
Sits at the bank of Ankobra  
Her head planted in her palms  
Eyesfeeding the river with tears  
And Ankobra drinks with no fears

Frimpomah sings a dirge  
'You them boys swimming  
You them girls fetching  
You them women washing  
If you see my mother, tell her I wait for her body.' 2x

Dufia, do me no pity  
Cry me no more  
Go tell Nana Brago  
We came fetching  
She dived for a swim  
I watched with eyes screaming  
and my bones crying  
whiles Ankobra ate and drunk her

The home is no longer home  
The hen will greet bad morning  
the Oracle will speak  
Today the gods have taken one of their own.

Tell Nana brago  
her daughter drowned  
my mother is dead.

Kweku Atta Crayon

# This Is My Home

This is my home  
The start of my beginning  
and the ending of my end  
An opened arm  
ever ready to embrace my shames  
ever ready to re-organize the loser me

This is my home  
Not the house but the people  
the ones who see the victory in me  
even in bankruptcy of hopes  
In here, no hell, no heaven  
No good no bad  
Since no one is somebody  
we are all nobody

This is my home  
The only place where;  
Mums insults are fun  
Brother and sister quarrels are enjoyed  
Dad's loured face is mimicked

This is my home  
Serves as our dump fill site  
Dump our anger  
Bury our hatred  
Empty our troubled hearts  
This is my root.

Kweku Atta Crayon

# Unassailable Faith

Let the sky fall and crumble  
We remain in the rumble  
In the teeth of death, we won't grumble  
Come flying arrows, no tumble  
Inebriated by despair, but we won't stumble

Gathered in confusion, life a mere jumble  
Ours lips still remain humble  
Impoverishment blindfolds us; again, no fumble  
Mouth full of hopes, we mumble  
To you 'worries' our faiths bumble

Failure does on us prey  
In faith we still will pray  
On the cross, our troubles lay  
Let starvation can slay  
In faith we are allay

Our blessings may delay  
Our faith still shines, a light ray  
In God's time, the future comes in bright array  
We shall sound the Victory bray

Kweku Atta Crayon



# Vox Populi, Vox Dei

'I won  
You lost  
You cheated  
The election was rigged"  
They charged our peaceful atmosphere with nonsensicalities

To adjudicate, let's go to the church of doom(court)  
To excogitate harsh answers  
from the westerner's Bible of discombobulation (constitution)

'Forget about the People  
They never will know the secrecy of our drama  
Death or Life, we remain their gods'  
They say and laugh, in their lodges of atrocity

The people weep in pains

they see pregnancy of cataclysm

in the pot bellies of Politicians

Disquieted voices of the Land  
Innocent mothers and children  
sing requiems in memorial of their coming death  
whilst hoping and praying for a Life  
From the verdict of the Court

When two elephants fight  
is the ground that suffers the pain  
When two power seekers lock horns  
is my mother and siblings that become refugees

The soil of peace that grew Ghana  
Now gleans ego centric and avaricious beasts  
The land cries blood as it loses grip of it's peace

The people bleed in fear  
Pastors prophesying doom

Seated I here, talking to the ceiling  
where will I run to, when it finally here  
Nigeria or South Africa  
Uganda or Liberia  
Where will I stop to quench my thirst  
And where will I stop to earn the honorary title of a refugee.

But the voice of the People is the Voice of God  
Amen.

Kweku Atta Crayon

# Wells Of Our Fathers

Drinking from the wells of our fathers

Holes dug with beak of loves  
Papa worked hands of no gloves  
Rain and sun were no weather  
Days and nights were all days  
Papa worked with his self  
digging this well of his blood  
a water of blood to quench our future

Earth to Sky, was no tall a tree  
Papa climbed and stole the sun  
erased the rainbow  
collected the stars from the skies  
and slapped the clouds  
all to force down rains  
to satisfy these wells

Papa was brutalized  
he was whipped by rods of tomorrow  
he could cry out his sorrow  
but he smiled for more lashes  
all to make this future bright and flashy

To the depth of this well  
he measured not  
all he wanted was a well  
dug, dug and dug till he got lost in earth

Where would we have been  
if Papa was you or me?  
what would we have eaten  
if Papa had education and also wore suits?  
What would have been our names  
if Papa had swallowed western culture?

Today we carrying on our lazy heads  
buckets and pans of empty stomachs  
fetching and drinking

red wines from the wells of our fathers  
ignorant we are  
that we drinking the blood of our fathers  
from their own wells.

Kweku Atta Crayon