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POETRY



THE PATH TO TAKE

I sat in my Father's Chair;
The Chair which had been with us since birth,
Then he came standing before me, simply looking...
I got up, for his gaze said it all
Then the journey began –

I then understood why that particular Chair all these years
Now I sit to recall.
It is the abode of his now self and my future self
Where all in concert found their wants,
To him, his now will soon be done as the mighty air carries his heir

He spoke, but I saw myself.....

In His eyes and deep in His soul was me
Then it dawned on me
Why this and why now?
This chair was playing a life for us, one that demanded
To be keenly remembered.
He then gave a sharp look to our antique portrait;
Bright and dim all in one and bid me to keep it;

It was slightly broken and gripped with stillness
As though, lost to time. Yet,
In the middle of the portrait stood an innocent African boy,
Young as his smile and strong as his old man.
He was merged by the two different arms then

And nurtured by man's first touch of life.
I turned from the portrait to the antique chair,
This chair, though tattered as a madman's clothe,
Harbouring that which makes living better,
One thing we stand for and stands for us
That which unites us and keeps us whole even in coal.

The further now depends on the two selves
For him and those in the portrait I hold
And even those I'm yet to hold.
I will sit in this chair.

For this is a journey that never ceases
And I'll do my best to hold the pieces.

THINKING AGAIN

In the early mornings,
I run to watch the sun
And begin my morning plan.
But I know it is nothing compared to the readings of the streets,
The struggle for food,
The pain of no roof,
And the shattering of dreams in heaps of doom.
The cries of nakedness at night
And the streams of unwanted babies
Subjected to daily torrents of somewhat concern.

The classes equally echoed in the vehicles of the known
While they turn to wave those they've made pitiful.
These same ones believe they've been graced
Because they've seen those of a different breed;
Those who would supposedly change their lives over their acts of greed.

This was the same thing Mr. Ayo said,
And he's gone.
80 years of life, believing in the filth of mouth
Which only booze and drill in the highest bidder
Drink and sleep to only their hearts content.

But fear ye not from now and forever more,
For the same hands that lifted them
Would move them down the drain
And all eyes would watch...
their Beautiful catastrophic fall.

ROGUE

I stand perplexed at the going times,
Wondering the truth the oldie sighs,
And the future I can read in these signs.

Which ear do I share this conflict with?
When the loud noises exceed the joy of the early football days
And the drumming at the king's gaze.

Truth be told, I don't see the way,
To make an attempt to that which I pray.
But let me stand tall in the midst of the pride we throw away
Lest, I become a prey.

AUTHOR BIO

My name is Gertrude Konadu Owusu, a young Ghanaian woman who enjoys the writing space in its entirety. Starting my writing journey from age 10, I have been more and more convicted of how the words we write shape us and renew us. This drive keeps me aiming high in my quest to be a world-renowned author. I dream that we would all see the beauty we make with our words and the inspiration we spread all around by being ourselves; distinctive writers in our own little space.