



Extra TIME OF Love



An Anthology

LED BY

OMAR D'POET

Introduction

Some win.

Some lose.

So I see love as a game.

A game guided by our conscience but sadly lack of conscientiousness has inscribed countless painful memories in most of us.

From friendships, romantic relationships and family.

Nevertheless, some are very fortunate and are enjoying this love game.

These experiences are expressed poetically in the following pages.

I pray you enjoy this anthology.

Kpodo Nicholas Senyo Kobla Tettey
(Omar D'Poet)

OMAR D'POET
POETIC KONCEPT

Ghana, West Africa

Acknowledgement

I wish to acknowledge the team at Poetic Koncept for giving me this great opportunity to lead this project.

Not forgetting the Editorial Board for freely availing themselves to peruse this anthology.

Special appreciation goes to Mykell Writes for the compilation, cover arts and all our designs.

Finally, to all who have contributed their resources to the completion of this work, including you, the readers, God richly bless you.

Table of Content

Contents

Introduction	i
Acknowledgement	ii
Table of Content	iii
Writers	iv
Commentary	1
Are you tired?	3
Checkmate	5
Extra-time of love	7
Momentarily	9
Fair weather friends	10
Eleventh Hour	11
No fault of mine	13
This thing called love	15
May be or may be not	16
Not a word	18
Acrimony	19
Yours for the taking	20

Writers



OMAR D'POET



THE
HERALD



ELORM
WRIGHTS



EMMY
MAWUMENYO



KOFFI SELORM
KOMLA



ELIKEM
INSPIRES



ENAM AFI
GALLEY



HUGHES_



MYKELL
WRITES

Anthology led by
Omar D'Poet

Commentary

And this is the live commentary on the
love game between Akwele and Yaovi.

Kicking from left to right are the promises
of Akwele to Yaovi.

Kicking from right to left are the trust
building words from Yaovi to Akwele.

The first half was very very close.
Missed calls were absent.
Unreplied messages were dead.
Late night calls were regular.
Good morning messages were punctual.

A great game I may say.
Closely contested.

The tempo reduced getting to the end of
the second half.
I love you messages got injured and
couldn't even kick a ball.
Early morning calls lost fitness and was
replaced by excuses.
Late night love calls scored an own goal
and got substituted.

Happiness missed a golden goal scoring opportunity and was substituted by "iron broken heart".

Spectators started throwing onto the field, objects called;
"you have been used and dumped"
"dem take show you"

The referee had no other option than to end this match.
Today I'm sad but I know I played a good game.

Enyenyε Kobla Fε Gbesa
Omar D'Poet

Are you tired?

I'm trying to figure out where I faulted
So I can bring my "ego" down and
apologize.

Fine.

I don't know what I did to receive this
frozen attitude, but I'm sorry

This isn't how we kicked off
A coin was tossed and love came into our
abode
We rode on it, happily like horses
Scientifically, we became forces and when
we turned up in the dark rooms where
love read about it's sad losses,
Our love turned on the torches
So where from these pauses??

I'm holding on and convincing myself that
you'll come to your senses
Sorry, but this is unfair
No crime yet I'm treated like a murderer
No physical wounds but my heart is
oozing
Pumping an irrelevant amount of blood
into my body
Say something, don't go all deaf on me
Are you tired?
Is there someone else?

Don't walk out on this pitch expecting me
to figure out which net I'm supposed to
the kick the ball into
Dang!!!

Afi Gbɔgbɔ vɔ̃ ♥ @ ♥

Checkmate

Checkmate! yes! I just said that ,
Just passed was a game with my mate,
One I could mate despite age,
that's what the bird chirped into my ears,
before going on to another place.
It makes sense,it's the animal farm.

Why do I feel like a bird?
why can't our game be separate?
Off the erratic routine?
Ain't we supposed to be better?
How long does this repetition have?
We might never graduate,the reworks are a
thesis now.

I played,all cards deployed,
You decided your preference; even the colour.
My priorities didn't matter at times,
Always your move first,
The second? That has been for me.
From knockouts to down moods,
I was still in the game; "it may change" said
me.

Then injury time came,
I decided to play by priority again,
only it's mine now.
The game got interesting,
Though dire times, I made the mark.
Because you can't eat your cake and have it
too,

When I was way ahead, you wanted to
change.

How long can the wind blow?
It settles eventually.

The time for your hard work was okay but
late,

I was long gone by then,

so I lost severally,

but in this injury time? I won.

Make hay whiles shinny is the sun.

Checkmate

Grace and Mercy 

 *THE HERALD*

Extra-time of love

Finally, i have accepted the invitation to
dine with those who said "love is a game"

A game that was competitive,
Very competitive that penalty shootout
was needed to determine who mostly
checked up on the follow in a day.
End to end action,
Charley, love was sweet then.

Today I've been left to compete with
myself.
Unreturned Missed Calls as my corner
kicks.
Blue Ticks as own goals.
Yellow cards for being romantic.
Red card for begging for attention.
The other team just sold the match I
guess.

From "It's a lie, I called you first" to "Don't
you know I'm busy? "
From "My doors are always opened for
you" to "ask permission before coming
here"
Hmmmm our love has become boring.
Our audience are leaving.
The beautiful game is dying.

I'm just waiting for the referee to end this
game cos I can't take it anymore.

Enyɛnyɛ Kɔbla Ɔε Gbɛsa
Omar D'Poet

Momentarily

Heavy rains amidst train wreck
with passengers on
secondary seats and locking eyes.
From stranger to total strangers.

A closed-open secret.
Under the shade of darkness
as cold as ice but maybe
in the right hands I will melt.

I want to show you the right way
to be properly loved
But you lead me on wrongly.

I became your domesticated slave.
The one you use
anytime you want.
Not even a pinch of feelings again.

Today, you call me by my name.
No more honey pie or sugar babe.
I have become a bitter meat of flesh in
your mouth,
I am tasteless.

Koffi Selorm Komla

Fair weather friends

He is a friend at the time
The season is pleasant.
Not at the downtime,
Nor a spare time.
Only at a part time
And sometimes but
Not all the times.

At my pastures new
We have a game
Where we played fairly.
And in drought,
They cannot wait.
We lose them;
Of the fair weather
Like a weight.

Elikem Inspires

Eleventh Hour

They don't love unless there's hype
associated with showing you love.

Some parents give-up during your
struggles but define their love for you
when you've giving up on yourself.
Making the world see their "commitment"
and your "unseriousness."

We shared the cakes equally.
The free-flowing milk was at their
disposal.
Yes, I called them family.
One time, just one time, I needed water to
quench my thirst, and they all fled, as if a
lion had arrived.

For we would be here like the hibiscus at
winter.
We would wither and the birds would go
elsewhere.
But not too long, It would be spring and
We would sprout, hoping to see you hop
on us
to feed, 'cos by then, we would be holding
your sweet nectar.
One minute we are the best pair,
The next minute, candidates of depair,

All the things kept repeating.
You thought I was an eternal fool?
I won't get fed up!
Now you are the person I fell for,
But I only see the one I walked away from.
I still love both of you,
I can't just stay with a part of you.
I am far gone now,
I just wish I was only midway.

Don't be scared of commitment.
Be scared of giving all and ending up with
nothing, how absurd !
Love shouldn't come with conditions, it
should be the basis to any relationship.

*Omar D'Poet ft Koffi Selorm Komla, The
Herald, Elikem Inspires, Mykell Writes.*

No fault of mine

I

Constantly,
you remind me of how good for nothing I
am.

My weaklings were your doings,
you made my weakness feed off my
strength.

You authored them all.
I didn't ask to be born,
I didn't make you lay down
with an unfaithful man.
So why then am I the payer of his wrong
doings?

Did I break your heart??
Am I my father??
You decided my fate,
You denied me a better life
when u made that call that night.
No matter the respect I get out there,
I'm still worth nothing at the sight of
the one person I see always.

Must I beg for a mother's love?
I didn't ask God for the face of my dad.
Blood they say is thicker;
do I sound rude?

II

Dear Dad,
your rehearsed lie birthed me.
Responsibility came,
and now you have turned to your chosen
family.
You remember when you vowed never to
leave?
When it was all gross and fine you
enjoyed.
The rough hour came;
your commitment evaporated like it was
nothing.
It may sound rude but I'm tired of being
the scapegoat,
two elephants fighting and I'm now in the
grass suffocating.
I wish to escape but I can't choose my
family,
I wasn't given such a choice to make.

Mykell Writes

This thing called love

How expensive are smiles
that lovebirds cannot afford?
It's tears that washes them
down the spout.
For trust, it could be bought
with just a caress.

This thing called love;
brought down mighty walls,
could inflate and deflate a well built heart,
and swing moods.

Lots of souls strangled,
lives thrown into the dust,
and hearts broken for this.

This thing called love;
is a game of thrones with no officials.
A game you can only play and support in
mind.

How crazy love drives a mentally stable
person, remember?
This thing called love got ties tearing
apart.
This thing could be a gamble.
Elorm Wrights

May be or may be not

What's love?

Maybe it's just a cinema, or maybe not.
It could be a drama, or anything of sorts.

Beautiful series of love stories worth
watching;
But a flash on behind the scenes,
displays the sins.

Love potions taken to flip dejected souls.
Cheesy smiles faked all over gloomy faces.
Maybe it's just a feeling or maybe not.

Or a decision made by a stubborn organ,
Controlled by loneliness and dejection.

A desire to hold onto it when the wound
is still deep?
A feeling of making a love story or singing
a song against all odds? Maybe it's just the
mind playing its tricks again, maybe not.

Nature could be part of this journey or
maybe this is just how we are made.
Instincts and desires in one place.

Withdraw the statement "love is sweet",
you'll be left with nothing than the reality.
Maybe love is overhyped or maybe not.

Elorm Wrights & Hughes_

Not a word

No love lost.
He says he loves me,
I stopped for a minute,
And my heart got broken.

I tried loving him,
I said I wouldn't stop,
That everyone deserves a chance,
And I got shattered.

A stupid feeling.
Why chase it?
If all it gives me is pain?
Why give it more power?

No more!
Thus it's better
To have loved and lost,
Than not loving at all?

I say no!
There's more peace living alone,
Than trying to love another.

I heard a voice saying,
"There's hope for you yet"
Maybe there's a different story to love,
I'm yet to find it.
Emmy Mawumenyo

Acrimony

Why did things end up this way?
Having your body and mind rot away,
Having your freedom taken away,
Losing your sense of self and
Regaining it only to loose it again.
Who knew they did end up this way,
Would never have set foot on Earth.
But something pushes onward.
That something is usually not own will.
Conditions and people leave us with no
choice.
Just like life being a tyrannical lie.
Families becoming zombies and
vampires,
Sucking blood and feeding on the success
of which they abandoned you,
Ticks of hatred and bugs of envy and
jealousy from society,
Singing repeatedly acoustic music like we
won't go to hell,
We are stuck on a dancing stopper.
We all walk into hell anyway.

hughes_

Yours for the taking

He said, "I do not deserve happiness."
And all I could do was stare.
Because some time ago,
I was this person.

Once upon a time?
Still am.
But I still stared.
I mean, who wouldn't?

I stared till I couldn't anymore.
My eyes were filled with
oceans of tears.
As watered and flooded, they rolled down
my cheeks.

Because I could imagine.
A smile from him,
A smile he means,
And how lively and lovely he'll look.

My heart feels his pain.
I want to be there for him,
To love and be the one.
The reason he lives.
But the more I try, the more he doubts my
trial.
How long do I convince him?

I could catch a grenade
just to prove to him.

Even if it means facing the whole world, I
don't mind.
I can go any length measured.

That I love him,
That he deserves all,
All the happiness in this lifetime
And beyond.

That no matter his sins,
He has already atoned for them.
He can let go of his demons,
And smile.

Emmy Mawumenyo & Koffi Selorm Komla