



# SHĒ VERSES

ANTHOLOGY LED BY

**VELVIN JONES**



## FOREWARD

Since a young lad, I have always fancied women in power, the elite ladies, the first-class ladies even so. It was not about their beauty or their clothes, it was about their courage, their patience and fierce love they put in whatever they intend to do.

Modeled by these women, it is my dream and hope of being an even better outstanding model to the young ones after me.

But here I am, faced with lots I never recognised in their stance or their talk.

This anthology '**SHE VERSES**' will let you know some, if not all there is to know about the 'lots' a woman is and encounters on her way up the climb.

Enjoy.

Velvin Jones

POETIC KONCEPT

Ghana, West Africa.

## ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

My gratitude towards the Poetic Konzept family is always at it's peak. For their time and words they share in each anthology that is brought on board.

To PK's designer, Michael Agbozo(Mykell Writes) ; God bless you for your creativity. You are the visuality that makes the difference in the works we portray in our words.

## Table of Content

### Contents

<b>FOREWARD</b> .....	i
ACKNOWLEDGEMENT .....	ii
Table of Content .....	iii
WRITERS .....	v
The Better Tale .....	1
I Stand Tall .....	2
PINK IN TANTRUMS .....	4
God, The Feminist.....	5
Home maker .....	6
The Unfortunate. ....	8
Petition .....	9
I Am A Woman .....	10
The Grace Of A Woman .....	12
HER POESY .....	13
Devine it could be. ....	14
She .....	15
NOT THE TRUMP CARD .....	16
FEMINISM, BRAG AND DRAG .....	17

SHE VERSES .....	18
SCENTED FIELD .....	20
Can Do .....	21



## WRITERS

# SHE VERSES



**Velvin Jones // Koffi Selorm Komla // Elorm Wrights // Mykell Writes // Yaa Walker\_N  
hughes\_ // Omar D'Poet // Emmy Mawumenyo // Elikem Inspires // The Herald**

ANTHOLOGY LED BY **VELVIN JONES**



Anthology led by  
Velvin Jones



## The Better Tale

More often than not;  
You admonished me to take the bold step.  
Strive for change, be the independence you  
are born to be.  
Let no man be your beck and call

And yet here we are today  
You have left me stuck and alone, stabbed and  
betrayed.  
In my strength you cower.  
And today you fear my power,  
The power you demanded I acquire.

Or did you not know there was more to 'woe  
man'?  
Did I not tell you to stand your guard when I  
find my ground?  
Did you forget it will never be the same?  
If it bothers you \*so\* much then stop talking  
too much.  
The lies are enough, just let me know you  
don't need me better.  
I am tired of this! Really.

*Velvin Jones*

## I Stand Tall

I have been beaten,  
Insulted and molested,  
Looked down upon  
And rubbished.  
I was ridiculed by family,  
They called me weak.  
They said, that's how it's to be;  
It is your place.

Then the tables turned.  
Change came along  
And life revived,  
The wheels swung  
And positions switched.  
Now is the reality  
Readily available for facing.  
Who will be able to stop this?

You told me you loved me,  
Wanted the best for me,  
Will do anything to make me happy,  
You'll be my safe haven.  
Lies!  
You presented me with something;  
Camouflage!  
But I rise.

I studied the grounds as you taught me to,  
I found the weaknesses,

---

---

And the strengths,  
And I explored them.  
You were too blinded by your power,  
You thought I was dumb.  
I found my strength that moment  
I allowed your words to roll off me.

Today, I am your greatest fear,  
One you didn't see coming.  
I rise from where you placed me.  
I breathed because I knew  
You're human.  
You can be killed.  
You can be explored.  
My feminism can't be my limitation.

I stand tall,  
And you're beneath me.  
You made you so small,  
Even a fly could conquer you.  
You thought your strength was in your  
privilege,  
And that just tells me how shallow you  
could be.  
I pray for mercy for you,  
But I stand tall!

*Emmy Mawumenyo & Koffi Selorm Komla*

## PINK IN TANTRUMS

I love him,  
I love me.

There is pink in tantrums;  
His wiles and his pride  
My tides and my side.

But I don't hate his chest  
Neither can I curse my breast  
We both kept the promise.

He loved me,  
I loved myself.

*Yaa Walker N.*

## God, The Feminist

God, the feminist  
In His grace created a face of a woman  
A face of the human race  
A helper best fit  
A voice sweetener  
God, the feminist  
Ripped off the rib and made a Femi sib  
Held to her feet and made man to see  
The glory of another, the bone of his bone  
Sacred beauty, and eyes beholding,  
Enticing all of nature  
Like a sticky pearl, it was good  
With every layer a fine linen  
Of glittering pupils  
That mesmerises the bravest of men  
God, the feminist

*Yaa Walker\_N ft Velvin Jones*

## Home maker

*The value of someone isn't measured by their presence but by their absence.*

She took a break  
 So she doesn't break.  
 That break left us broken,  
 There was a deep rift in our room;  
 That two trucks of sand couldn't give us a  
 step to climb up.  
 There was peace for a day  
 And pieces thereafter.

I missed her,  
 Her constant name callings thereof.  
 I sleep and no one calls me  
 Up to come and eat.  
 I watch movies alone.  
 I miss how she shouts  
 At sights of violence.

There I was on the phone,  
 "Mum, won't you come back?"  
 Not to do anything for me,  
 Just want to have her here,  
 To keep annoying each other.  
 When the going gets tough,  
 Just want to have her remind  
 Me not to give up,  
 That it gets better with time.

And days turn to weeks  
That made me weak.  
No one seems to be happy.  
The house seems sappy.  
Even with the same ingredients,  
We still can't cook the same  
Pattern of food.

There she is!  
Welcome home.  
We did miss you  
Mama.

*Mykell Writes*

## The Unfortunate.

I spite words from the saddest zone, where  
light and life is playing hide and seek with me.

The daughter of the one  
That roams naked,  
Whose socket has no positive wire to function  
well with.  
I weep under the shower yet my shame still  
holds.

I was well fed.  
Time to feed her came,  
But life denied me of that same common joy  
others enjoy.

It is not the issue of rhymes and sonnet,  
neither of sounds from cornet.  
Nature symbolises the rhythmic patterns of a  
mother and daughter connection.

Why does mine differ?  
I feel the bitterness on my tongue.  
The fruit my mother laboured for is almost in  
vain, how weird.

*Mykell Writes & Koffi Selorm Komla*



## Petition

I would so much like to hide my identity  
But what am I if not a stone under your feet?  
With the air, your presence surrounds me,  
And my breath, nothing but your sympathy.

Forgive me father,  
I don't mean to question you,  
But my heart is worried and  
my head troubled.  
Did you tell the man I'm better when quiet?  
Have you no better place to put me except the  
lowest of them?

Papa I don't mean to question your authority  
But did you really forget to create me?  
Or is that man made this way to humble me?  
I do not understand, have I not a place at your  
table?

It is not in my power to question Your  
authority  
But father, I bare your generation and yet,  
So little has been accorded to me.  
I seek not glory from man but my heart is  
wondering why.

Maybe in your bosom,  
where my soul will finally find rest,  
I would understand and put my heart to ease.

*Velvin Jones*

## I Am A Woman

It would have been a great relief  
If courts rose in my accord.  
But they are ignorant  
Because they consist of men.  
I don't mean just the male gender,  
But the female and the rest.  
They live in ignorance  
For they are blind to what's ahead.

But hear this;  
I am a declaration!  
I am a step to greatness;  
I am greatness!  
You doubted my capability?  
Your thoughts limited you.  
I'm just sorry you believed  
That they could actually limit me.

I am a Woman.  
I have my weakness  
But I refuse to capitalize on it.  
In fact, you can't tell me what to do.  
That the masses believe I'm not good enough?  
I'm not about to carry that burden for them.  
Believe what you may,  
But you see, you don't matter that much.

I am my own Woman.  
The source of my strength  
Lies not in your capacity.  
You cannot determine my next step,

I am bigger than the box you put me in.  
 Research your upbringing.  
 Ensure your wires are intact.  
 In fact, hurry as is.

I am a Woman!  
 Maybe the media taught you to believe  
 That I am not capable of speaking,  
 That I do not have a voice.  
 That's at your own cost;  
 Believing the superficial,  
 Assuming what you know is all there is,  
 Limiting yourself to others' opinions.

I am a Woman,  
 And I'm proud to be one.  
 I strive beyond your sight,  
 Move out to see it.  
 You may realize you're tying  
 A single yam.  
 Maybe you're not getting enough salt?  
 I am witty!

Devi matsa du kpor ye gblorna be ye dada fe  
 detsi koe vivi.  
 You who think I can't do it,  
 Think again.  
 You didn't make me who I am.  
 I stand to be corrected,  
 But I know I am far from your reach.  
 Your words may be uttered  
 But, will they be heard?

*Emmy Mawumenyo*

## The Grace Of A Woman

Chills down her throat as she  
ponder over the bans laid on her neck.  
Her eyes weep in their wrinkled sockets.

Strong but looking like a weakling,  
She's soft but not weak.

Wider like the hips of an ocean,  
she's got a big heart.  
She's not a loser but a lover.

Graceful steps that cannot  
be compared to a swam,  
Her patience like the time  
that passes us all by.

Her strength is her weakness,  
The love she shows is none so low  
And so she loves with all she has got.

Hard for you to understand isn't it?  
Why not? You would never know!

*Elorm Wrights ft Velvin Jones*

## HER POESY

Love and care embedded in her heart.  
Who could resist the warmth wrapped in her  
bosom?

Stretched on her laps is a serene couch that  
consoles a wearied soul.  
In her arms is warmth that cozies the wrath  
of a tortured heart.

The fragrance gushing out of her lips are  
soothing.  
Her infectious smiles gladdens the weak.

Spells she casts all over with the beauty of her  
brain.  
Excellence is the first name of all her dealings.

Her strength is an unparalleled bank of power  
on which the bravest man relies.  
Her amour is golden!

*ElormWrights*

## Devine it could be.

Devine it was,  
A dream come true,  
But the pain lasts a life time.  
Sorrow snatches happiness.  
Leaving the void of emptiness.

Devine it was,  
But doubt lives in.  
The portrait of wounds and marks,  
Hang on the walls now.  
Quarrels and abuses are the headlines.

Devine it was,  
Walking the dark isles,  
Standing on cold alters,  
Cursing vows to sing a beautiful song,  
The smiles of the devil in front of me;  
That serpent of a man.

Devine it was,  
When the children could only say mom,  
Where is daddy?  
Why are we eating late?  
What is making you cry all the time?  
Are you going to get any better soon in this  
condition?

*Hughes\_*

**She**

She is at it  
Holding on to it  
Love could fade  
She held it  
Trust was far  
She reached it  
Beauty was within  
She searched it  
Her vision was blurred  
She focused  
That fear  
Conquered by the horn  
That confidence  
She is On another level  
That Attitude  
Is Intact  
That smile  
So smoothing  
That touch  
She so soothing  
That words  
Calmer of souls  
That peace  
She fought to have  
That future  
She is Enthusiastic  
She, the woman  
She, the lady  
She, your mother  
She, the wife.

*Hughes\_*

## NOT THE TRUMP CARD

What men can do,  
Women can do same  
And even better.  
This is not a poem  
But it is a poem.  
Not in any array of dismay  
But born in an Era of remake.  
A woman's place is  
Not entirely the kitchen..  
They are walk-in guests  
Just like the men.  
Let's drop the notion that  
They were meant to fit.  
It was just a mere chop in...  
Now is the sense  
Of awakening.  
Women are not merely wives lately, they are  
warriors.  
Comfort is an understatement,  
They roar out of it.  
They are queens, crowned by  
Themselves and nature.  
They are women on the wild,  
Spit fire, dragon !  
We men are your biggest fans.  
We will keep cheering you on from near and  
distance.

*Koffi Selorm Komla*



## FEMINISM, BRAG AND DRAG

Disintegrate the core male dominance  
rush in and take dominion atop  
woo-men can do better.  
The new landscape of possibilities  
she comprises of the new life factor  
Blossoming up spring and descending  
downhill.

The sisterhood must rise  
uplifting the daughters  
of this generation  
Patience is not left out,  
but rage up when needed and  
let your silence be loud enough

This gender can rise, she must rise.  
You do not only make the best bride  
Neither do you make only the best steaks  
You are life's ingredient  
At every sector of life.

Get together and sweep the dirt.  
Instead of the brag "I made it"  
Drag along the sisters  
To change the headlines.  
"We made it" is a better brag.

*Koffi Selorm Komla & Elikem Inspires*

## SHE VERSES

You Are Tough!  
Listen dear,  
Nobody can take this from you.  
You are tough,  
And never the weaker vessel.  
You are the wick  
Through which energy flows.

You Are Ambitious.  
You are limitless, Woman.  
The world is an open space  
To explore and walk free.  
Your dreams are not only  
Of the deep nights.  
Walk that dream like a knight.

You are Daring.  
No one sits on your decision  
Unconcerned, you're the getter.  
The lioness of strength and the eagle whose  
claws are ever ready for work. Immovable  
like mount Zion with a touch of iron.

You Are Different.  
You know what you want  
And where you want to step.  
They cannot shrink you.  
Be that free drop of water  
That knows no boundaries.  
Be different,  
Be authentic,

Be you.

*Elikem Inspires*



## SCENTED FIELD

The garden's focal point,  
A final destination centered feel.  
The designated vacuum joint.

As thou approach, kneel!  
You are in the mid of royalty.  
As a strong figure,  
Strife to encroach,  
Be it your land or not!

Be advised!  
Constant quests gives temporary passes.

Authority is she,  
Only some realise.  
The least have enslaved more,  
Imagine the affect, should more arise?

THE HER  LD

## Can Do

Ideally, better is the signature of the output of what women attempt in society.

Blindly, society sees the onset and thumbprints the outcome in advance as worse.

Sadly, the power and the can do spirit is quelled in their heart so every beat is a cry of unseen grief.

Women can do better.

The heartbreaks you're giving, women can give better.

The disappointments you're treating, women can treat it better.

I repeat, women can do better.

Watch the designs your actions paint on them because they can do better.

*Omar D'Poet ( Enyɛenyɛ Kɔbla Gbesa )*

[illegible]