



SHE 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.



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WRITERS

SHE VERSES

10TH
JUNE



**Velvin Jones // Koffi Selorm Komla // Elorm Wrights // Mykell Writes // Yaa Walker_N
hughes_ // Omar D'Poet // Emmy Mawumenyo // Ellkem Inspires // The Herald**

ANTHOLOGY LED BY **VELVIN JONES**

V

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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 wifes 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.

In 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!

ElormWrights 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 (Enyenyε Kɔbla Gbesa)



