



MANS CONSCIENCE, GUTS & HIS INK

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INTRODUCTION

I put up this piece; for those who got lost along the way, those who were betrayed and most importantly those who lost a loved one and are unable to come out of the shock. This piece is for us. By the time you're done reading, you should know you're not alone. Man up !!

VICTIM OF DECOY.

This is not my destination.
How did I end up here;
in this worse and bleak situation?
I mean, I should have
been there not here.

Why trick me to this end ?
Why use me as a bait?
Aren't there other alternatives?
Why torture this soul
and later cry foul ?

Why trap a brother
and act all concerned and caring; while deep down,
you don't even bother.
You're just mean and daring !

I want to take umbrage at you !
But what would I get ?
The harm has been caused,
the wounds, inflicted;
the outcome, no justification.
Yet, you call me brother !

Now, I'm in abyss
not knowing exactly
where to head to.
All thanks to you,
your hoax brought me here.
The tenor of all these,
you tricked me !

Koffi Sëlorm Komla

MY MOTHERS TRAGEDY.

I didn't see her tears
when my brother died.
By then, I wasn't born.
But when I was birthed
some years later, I realized I became the compensation for that lost.

Her joy was immeasurable!
How did I know?
I guess I brought it.
I brought her joy; she was very happy
because she treasured every moment of my life.
Not even all the wealth could be traded with her, for me .

I saw her struggle.
Her toil under the scorching sun.
Her feet buried in the hot sand
because she walks about each
and everyday transacting
her petty trade.

She loves us all equally.
She couldn't share
her love among us.
Whatever she does for the oldest,
she does for even the youngest.

Mama is not a lawyer
Mama is not a banker.
Mama is a simple teacher and a trader who nursed us by rules and laws of
nature.

Fast forward, I saw Mama cried.
She lost her mother; my maternal grandma.
Then she lost her mother in law; my fathers mother.
But the pain lasted for a while and her tears dried.

This year, this year, just this year !
I'm seeing my mother's tears again.
Her only daughter, her gain !
Battled with her health and was drained of all the strength she gained .

My sister passed on
during child birth.
Her soul left this earth unwillingly.
It hurts me!

Mama, this is hard for you.
I wish the pain was for two
so I could share between I and you.
I'm in pain too, I lost an elder sister; my mother in default.
But I know your pain is heavier than mine.
Because you lost your replica !

Koffi Sëlorm Komla.

ZONED DEMONS.

Set free your demons.
Let lose the venoms.
Blow the lights out,
get zoned with your dark clouds.

You are what you are
not because of you.
You are just that; because
that's what you're supposed to be.

You are your darkest truth.
Get it working, get on that roof
and give no one any proof.
Just let lose your demons.

Thoughts of a lonely night ranger.
Plunged to one old stricken manger.

He fears nothing,
Not even danger.
Fear is temporary.
but your demons; permanent.
Even in your casket.

Koffi Sëlorm Komla

DIRT OF AWESOMENESS.

Gold is dug from the dirtiest pit
then cleaned through the process of heat.
It becomes a valuable only if refined to the best state.

Responsively, out of love
comes hatred sometimes.
But out of hatred comes love.
Love sometimes is rated in high esteem.
While others, nothing to write home about.
It's just an illusion or unconditional.

There are no perfect perfectionists.
It has always been a process to perfection.
The stress, regress, and then finally the progress.

Cage not your capabilities,
work on your abilities.
Stand firm like the baobab tree,
in the end, there shall be hoots of glory; even if from just three.

Be wild, yet cautious
Be deep, but know your depth.
Take steps back if you're not sure.
Come back again to get your cure.
Now, that's how to be awesome
even when dirty!

Koffi Sëlorm Komla

SENA

A week before, you called.
Wanting to see me because it's been a while you've set eyes on your
younger brother.

I said I will try.
But it'll be after I come back
from where I'll be traveling to
in the coming week.
We both agreed.

I never knew that was the last call.
It was the signal you were giving me about your forthcoming departure.
I never noticed.

Who will take me shopping in your absence?
When I do the dishes, who will wipe them?
Who'll be my witness?
Who will listen to my cases again?

Koffi Sëlorm Komla

PATCHED DREAMS.

Never say never !
“To be a man is not easy”.
Neither is it by mistake
nor by any coincidence!

Many had it on a silver platter,
with no course to scatter.
They had enough; no cross counter.
Sheltered childhood with cocoon
world of money and love.

Then there is us at the other side.
Gliding through the thick tides and
hoping for great slides, while we
try overly to ride.
Sometimes, we hide.
Other times, we openly cried.

Notwithstanding,
we're all heading up.
Whether silver platter dreams
or just a “look ahead” dream,
we will all arrive.

We may have patched dreams
but every patch is worth it.
Some patches make it whole
and utterly nice and different.
That's the way to go .

Koffi Sëlorm Komla

SURVIVOR SERIES.

Weak yesterday, firm today.
Strong today, weak tomorrow.
These are the routines of life's route.
Dodge one, encounter another.

Why worry?
Why not worry ?
It's enough to feel sorry.
It's not enough just to feel sorry.

Stormy waves were never promised
neither was the waves of calm.
Yours is to come across,
get across or get stuck.

The heat from bakery oven is
not the one you can stand.
Its flames; can wipe out
your hair strand.
But that's what it takes
the bread to bake,
for you to take.

Sometimes, we blossom
from the bosom.
Deep down there, is where you can sprout from.
No one starts building from the top.

All the highest achievements began
right from the bottom.
Start with small things,
with what you have.
Then achieve uniquely.

Koffi Sëlorm Komla.

CONCLUSION

I wrote these poems in the month of February 2020 when my sister passed on. It wasn't a news I was expecting. Her death shook me to the bones. But here I am today. Failure, disappointments, betrayal etc would come, we can control and avoid them.

So is death too, we can do anything to stay alive; but death will still come back for us one day, it's inevitable;
no one can resist !