



Men MARS

ARE
FROM



AN ANTHOLOGY LED BY

EMMY MAWUMENYO

Men are from Mars

Emmy Mawumenyo

INTRODUCTION

To say how it's been from day one is a different eBook on its own. Growing up in the midst of men at the same time away from them is not a story for today. I've been curious in diverse ways about how they do it. I've met some who don't ever even speak about themselves because of unwarranted public opinions. It's not easy for men to even tell their stories in plain words.

This is a living proof.

When the title MEN ARE FROM MARS came to mind, it was after lots and lots of deliberations and contemplations. I asked myself, "Will I get the poems I need?" I didn't ask this because I felt my team was incompetent or incapable, I asked because majority of my team are men and I wondered if they'll be able to tell their stories.

But I had some comfort in the fact that it's poetry and MEN are good at shielding and making what is Big look so Small.

They did not disappoint.

They told the story the best way they could.

Most coded but still has the ability to communicate.

It is my wish that you relate and you find courage in it.

A massage to your shoulders as you read.

Emmy Mawumenyo

POETIC KONCEPT

Ghana, West Africa

ACKNOWLEDGMENT

I'm grateful to my God for how far He has brought me. I've stressed that Man of Galilee, but He doesn't ignore or forsake me. He's been so good to me.

I'm also grateful for the souls who in one way or the other pushed me to do this. It's not been an easy battle within myself.

Koffi Selorm, with your Voice and your Silence, you're always able to push me to do it...I can't thank you enough.

To my designer, Mykell, words are not enough. You wow me every single time.

To my family who will see this and be surprised, thank you 😊.

POETIC KONCEPT!!!!!!!!!!

The world has no idea. Y'all are great through and through. In the short period of this project, I understood what it means when one says we're all different people coming together to make a difference. I know how I feel now can only get better. I am immensely grateful for your support, your rebuke, your encouragement, your advices and your Poems!

I'm also grateful for your support to PERFECTWRITINGS.

I am because Y'all are 😊😊.
God richly bless you.

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Anthology by
Emmy Mawumenyo

MEN ARE FROM MARS

I was sitting, looking through my mind's eye
for something.

I looked and all that kept
coming to mind was, babe,
men are different.

They are different from Women
and they are different from One Another.
Men Are From Mars...

yes, it is true.

They are different,
their way of processing is different....
but in all, they are also humans.

Emmy Mawumenyo

THOSE CALLED MEN

Naturally, men are the genesis of humanity.
Begetters of generation.
Imperious creatures of no kind.
The rise and the fall.
The good and the bad.
Mortals who tactically marshal their targets
into their abode.
A creature adorned with muscles.
The MAN in a woMAN.
The originator of its origin.
Those called Men are from Mars.

Elorm Wrights

WHO IS A MAN?

A question I constantly ask,
Not because of a husband,
Or a boyfriend,
But because of a father.

He is that person,
Who wakes at night
When the lot are sleeping,
And cry his pain out,

For he has problems.
His is not as smooth as he makes it look,
His is not as simple as he says it is,
His is burdened, ignored but not forever.

His was defined before birth,
That he will provide,
That he will comfort.
Who provides for the provider?

He's HE,
Through and through.
But you know what else he is?
He's Human!

Emmy Mawumenyo

REVIEW OF THE BLOOD OF MALES

Conceptually,

The origin of the mystery of men is visually painted within them, but sadly it's rendered unseen to the other gender, so at the end of the day, "the normalcy of men is the only image seen" .

Motivationally,

Countless barrels of the "can do spirit" is extracted and refined in men, and unselfishly distributed to every gender evenly and freely.

Sacrificially,

Well sharpened swords keep testing the flesh of men in their quest to cover the bone of needs of the family with happiness, yet all fluids around the eyeballs of men must lose their locomotiveness because every teardrop renders men weak in the eyes of the world.

Romantically,

The pillow of men became jealous of the palm of men because of the sudden substitution.

Men find comfort in their palm for the goodness or badness of their emotions.

For goodness: the mind of men keeps
replaying memories and praying it last
forever.

For badness: the minds of men keep getting
flashbacks of memories and praying it
leaves forever.

Conclusively:

I think men aren't from this planet called
earth.

Enyēenyē Kɔbla Gbɛsa
Omar D'Poet

THE ALGORITHM

From birth, it seems as a benefit to be a man.
A man later said, "to be a man, nawa o".
For the fun that the song brings, so
refreshing.
For the picture that it paints, less ravishing.
You only get to realize the realities,
from the facade later on.

Working three times
more is an understatement.
Break the grounds,
everyone suddenly comes to collect.
Seek greener pastures elsewhere,
you will understand "Black lives matter".
Do not seek greener pastures,
you will know that the black man
is his own oppression.
You become the ATM to many than
yourself,
An NGO to the "sistas",
You are reminded to make big moves
regardless of your income.
The target of the powerful is the little you
have.

To save, you need to work calculus all the
time.

You gain only by merit.
Seldom do favors come your way,
if not divine.
Your grades, status across all facets,
visions, focus,
come into being only by applying
various algorithms.

Society requires that you cannot complain.
Mentality projects you are of steel.
"Man must go through trying times",
they say.
Stress and depression can live
rent free with you,
You don't have to be celebrated,
it's your duty after all.
What has Father's day got to show?

Your blood is made of alloy,
be a man like your cohorts!
Shut up and level up!
We don't like lazy men.
You are from Mars, why catch feelings?
Do aliens have emotions?

THE HER  LD

EASY ON ME

Breathe ...I need to breathe,
I will not die, if I only breathe.
A minute; a second,
Just to breathe.

For I have worked on my days;
My days of youth.
As they were weighed on me,
I need to breathe.

"You have to hustle" they say,
"Your family needs the best".
I have hustled.
Now, I need to breathe.

With my shoulders heavy,
And my soul weary,
A breath of fresh air
And a little recharge.

I need to breathe.
I'm human.
Take it easy on me.
Even I, deserve a break!

Emmy Mawumenyo

A FOREIGNER

I have been slaved
On a planet I took a trip to.
I was told, "Here, men are the providers for
the family".
So disrespect catches up to me,
When my ability to provide
gets ill longer than required.
How can I go back to Mars?

Send me help,
For my gender keeps
depreciating day and night.
How can I save my race?
I'm being forced to
be at the war front.
It used to be equal but
now we are a 1:3 ratio;
Now we are scarce.

The same crime,
Yet I'm being crucified higher;
Even judged by my people,
Who have lost their sense of mercies.
What then is the equality fight for?
Humanity, oh humanity,
For how long must we be
treated in this manner?

I ate the apple after her.
Should that make me worth less? Or the last
that matters?
Don't make it look as if I'm worthless.
There should be something
else to live for than us paying bills
and just dying unappreciated.
Father's day is an issue for another time.

Mykell Writes.

OF BOYS AND MEN.

The ones taught to be tough,
to not cry even in despair.
To not break down
for the doubt of repair.

Of sorrows and unseen tears
saddened by threats and fear.
To lots, men have suffered
but for the stock of laughter,
they dare not utter.

But someday when the
green leaves tarry
and the dry ones wither out,
they shall hear them out.

Koffi Selorm Komla

HYPNOTIZED GOOD

He said
I'm a little town street.
A sweet possession.
A mystery cold air,
clear blue water,
the silence of a lantern,
a burning passion.

He said
I run and wrestle.
Defend and resist.
I calm down and
make a move,
I stern and stress
I love you.

He said
I'm a sky of indelible scars.
The good, the bad.
A permanent guilty sin,
the lairs bed,
a tossing struggle,
A lonesome stay.

He said
This is good, this is bad.
Hypnotized by a face in a crowd.
Pressure in a bottle,

crack in laughter,
a minute of silence
I could whisper bye.

Yaa Walker

LIFE BEGINS AT 40

At forty, here I am,
Still carrying firewood
From the bushes
And the forests.

At forty, I reside
In my village,
Trying to make ends meet
With GHc 5.00 a day.

Food to me has become scarce;
Like game on a bare land,
Like water on a desert,
Like heat under water.

I'm no chain smoker,
But my physical appearance;
It speaks otherwise.
My bones speak!

I have seen my fellows,
Who work hard,
And earn little;
And gets frustrated.

They smoke and drink
With the little made.
But can you blame them,

When all they want is to forget?

About their problem,
Their pains and heartaches,
For they work so much,
And see no breakthrough.

Emmy Mawumenyo

IN THE SILENCE

No line of thoughts.
With complete absence of the present,
And no reference to the past or future.
Just empty space, they say.

But in the void;
Is a burden too heavy to carry.
And so in zero gravity
Their weight is lightened.

Away from the guilt of the past,
From the troubles of the present
And from the worries of the future.
In the quietness they find rest,
That the bosom of a woman, cannot give.

Velvin Jones

SWEATY SWEATY LIFE

A finger to clean my sweat.
No money for handkerchief,
Yet my phone rang.
Have you seen my phone?!

Yet she calls
She's calling now
I want to pick
I really want to pick

But my word!
What will I say to her?
She is worried,
She's scared.

But I haven't gotten the money.
I haven't seen that amount all my life.
But hello hello....
I have to answer.

I have to be her strength,
Regardless of my weakness.
She's my family.
The mother of my sick son.

Emmy Mawumenyo

A LONE WOLF

A drum is carved
from the strength
of their muscles
yet the sounds of
the drum is not
to their recognition.

They have a soft heart
but they look tough.
And he's a man for that-
For the many things
he shoulders and the
many pains he stomachs.

A man is not
of this lineage.
Yet, he draws his line
across the ages.
Sir Francis Bacon says it
better in "A man's life".

He does not have
many seasons.
But cannot give
a reason for failing
at a thing.
A man is a lone wolf.

Elikem

SAFE HOUSE

I am not sexist.
And it's true to say,
a woman has a lot to lean on.
Looks and body everyone will crave for.
But what has a man than himself?
What has he to run to,
when all options are crossed out?

It's the booze or babes
when all falters and fails.
It's the beer or breast
when nothing seems to go through.
Maybe, had the options been more
than self sacrifice;
to a bit more of shared sacrifice?
Maybe substance abuse might be reduced.

Men are from mars.
A foreign creature in this land,
prone to work and duty and service.
Served with pride and ego
that drives their course and action.
Men are from mars
and they need just a bit more.

Velvin Jones

BLESSED SUNDAY

It's all to His Glory.
I have overcome.
I'm a conqueror.
I have a Big Big God.

Yes, I believe in a great force,
The Supreme Being,
The Power of the Universe,
The Great One.

Yes, Allah has saved me.
He has put a Smile on my face.
He has lifted me,
He has Established.

I believe in what I believe.
It directs and guides me,
And I follow suit.
Hallelujah, It's a Blessed Sunday!

Emmy Mawumenyo