



Scenes Beyond the eye

ANTHOLOGY LED BY

Yaa Walker_N

SCENES BEYOND THE EYE

AN ANTHOLOGY
FROM POETIC KONCEPT

Led By:

YAA WALKER_N

Design By:

Michael Agbozo
(MYKELL WRITES)

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YAA WALKER N.

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FOREWORD

“Behind the smile are unseen pierces, behind the morning clouds are unseen stars.”

The courage to master the unfavorable soul piercing, heartbreaking wounds and scars of life is a great need for all men everywhere.

In this E-book: “**Scenes beyond the Eye**”, the astute poet Yaa Walker N. and a group of gifted writers (*Poetic Koncept*) lift us to yet another level of insightful poems.

This series of poem is designed to refresh and reenergize the tired, batted yet forceful and determined soul of men. Readers are made to know that the present predicament will give way, and pain is a temporary element. It also carries expressions that will help us to resonate with some negative emotions, such as guilt, anger, humiliation and lowliness.

We are highly trilled and greatly impressed by the many captivating poems written in this book.

Enjoy your read.

*MagMens (Founder of MagMens TV) & Rev.
Omono – Asamoah Benjamin*

WRITERS

YAA WALKER_N



THE HERALD



ELIKEM INPIRES



EMMY
MAWUMENYO



KOFFI SÉ LORM
KOMLA



HUGHES_



VELVIN JONES



ELORM
WRIGHTS



MYKELL WRITES

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GUILT

A band of rainy expression, friend,
a song of guilt sang on my behalf,
and it's grief barks on my face.

The thunder of pain rumbles, friend,
deep down to the walls we've built,
on my knees it falls.

The last lyrics, friend,
If I wake before I die...,
I could sleep again.

@Yaa Walker N.

DID YOU LEAVE ME!

Tell me the reason you left!
Tell me the reason you smashed
the doors on my face!
Tell my why you picked up my pride
and rode over it!
Tell me why I keep asking why!

Your presence was the light that
brightened my day.
Together with you was a plight,
but I've sworn to stay.
Daily, my hopes shine at the sight
of your touch.

So pick me up and close me up.
I don't want to say goodbye.
I don't want to miss your angelic eyes.
I don't want to be broken hearted.
I'm in love, free me beloved!

The sniff of your breath,
freshens up my thought.

The reflections of your shadow,
sparkled on my imagination
and blinded my passion.
Yet I feel like a clown.

Your spell is drawn all over me,
and my mad dog is jittering.
Anytime I put my hand on my chest,
It hurts so much!
I'm lonely alone but I know I can't have
you.

The dearth of your sight
feels like you're off the right.
I'm alone but my eyes still blink
at your memory.
And in an attempt to hold you back,
my ego toppled and cracked.
My whole instincts messed up
and off the track.
With you my veins are obsessed,
rendering my heart innocently stressed.
If forever is too short,
make it ever and rot.

I'm lonely alone but growing along.

@Yaa Walker N. & Elorm Wrights

REVIVED

Horrific nights, terrifying moments and
stressful days;
got my neck worn out,
as though I carry the whole world on my
head.

The thoughts of giving up on life,
had me condemning my existence.
Locked up by guilt for remiss,
my atmosphere never knew tranquility.

My entire world got shuttered,
until I peeped
through the window of hope
and found my freedom.

Zephyrs of hope,
gave me so much reasons to live.
Strenuous patches in my life are now olden
and my touches now golden.
Conditions in life are like guests; they leave.

The fears of failure,
the pains of determination,
and the sweats of endurance,
made the fragrance of my existence so
charming.

@Elorm Wrights

NOTHING TO LOSE

I have been tagged a cancerous offspring,
Everything I touch surely
starts promising, yet dies off.
I am now off the support of my supporters.
I am a failure, they say.
“You can never make it!
You can't make it in this life!”

Pay rapt attention to these words, my child.
The journey is not a one-way street.
It's not just straight forward.
It won't be so,
because the goal is not to buy sugar.

Do not let the fear of not succeeding;
the fear of failing,
the fear of not being enough,
be the reason you no longer try.

Do not let the little failure of things,
make you a permanent failure in life.

Do not let the words of men,
determine what you can achieve or not
achieve.

The future seems blurry,
but I tell thee under authority,
it gets better with time.
For as long as breath comes,
living is worth it.

You're striving to keep living
because the end of it all is death.
Be remembered by many,
not as a failure.
Let not your zeal fade off.
Refuse to remain the same.

You have many to prove wrong,
do it right!
Therefore, let not your faith in our maker be
less.
After all, we lose nothing.

@Emmy & Mykell Writes

WORTHY OR WORTHLESS

Planning is good: coincidence is real,
Do we get to plan everything?
Do all plans come to fruition?
When a plan fails, do we grieve alone?
Is that all there is?
What else could be there to try again?
Wait! Is it wise to try again?
Worthy or worthless? you decide.

So the relationship didn't end well
You feel cheated on, used, made a fool of,
What else is new? Life is!
You promised you would not repeat the
mistake.
It has been repeated, you feel disappointed
in yourself,
Would you be the first?
Feel free to commit suicide if that helped
those before you.
Worth it? Or worthless? Your choice.

You let the good opportunity go,
It has blossomed now, you are beating
yourself up.
How long would you want to keep at it?
What help has that brought you?
Tears and more headaches featuring red
eyes?
Let me know when you are ready to see that
today is new,
You seem to forget yesterday is old today.
If it happened, you cannot do a thing about
it, it's called past
You are free to guilt yourself but what
would it benefit?

@The Herald

ANGER (The Must Know)

To do, is to leave a lasting memory,
some things just do not go away
regardless what the pre intent says.

when the temper is hot, things and ways are
not.

though in the instance, it doesn't appear as
much,
considering a delay will be your best match.
only a match can burn down,
seldom does matches do the dressing down.

blood pressures gain grounds, when tempers
race up.

the irony emotions present,
skips severally presumed impossibilities.
but for the end of the act, you see not the
impact.

this is where a good or not is,
judging from the gift the cause brings.

when you are angry, don't get scary.

you may want to take it back probably,
after the scary nature goes away.
you could get angrier eventually,
having recognized the wrong that occurred.

@The Herald

SEARED CONSCIENCE

A gift of sin is found in its pleasure
Leaving the window to the soul impaired.
The desire to please makes us blind
To the scenes beyond the sin;
A bribe so pleasing that makes the wise
blind.

One thing rings a bell; the conscience.
It's a ding-dong of what's right or wrong.
So loud and resonating.
This sound should be maintained to be
receptive.
Otherwise, it's like damaging the nerve
endings on the finger.

Never deny your conscience for too long.
Instead be intimate with it
To build an innocent one.
A dead conscience is one denied for long
And a seared conscience is one that's dead.

When distance separates,
Hope mediates. Not desperate.
Confront your conscience and its
consciousness.
For it is in giving, that we receive.

When sin over burdens the sinner,
he resort to rhetoric's, that's inner.
He sees his deeds through the hour glass
and ticks his own clock.
He understands that, time is no longer on his
side,
so he seeks quickness in his own ticking.

The grasses do not stay green forever.
They wither out in grey,
then they seek moisture to grow back.

@Elikem Inspires & Koffi Selorm Komla.

THE LONE ABYSS

I was a stray dog,
 So bitter
 Thought I was ugly hearted
 I guess everyone could see that
 Life had me by the neck
 This labyrinth of life was not a maze
 I'm still finding my way through this
 journey of the mind.
 Had all it could take
 Though I was unique, I felt the first pain
 It was my spine or so.
 Then my shoulder blades down to my hip
 The doctor said I had a 50/50 chances of
 locomotion
 I was a cliché in a matrix but society
 decided
 to be a small fraction of it in my life.

I was a stray dog,
 So bitter
 Thought I was loved hearted
 I guess he was just drunk and aroused

I think I had to blame myself
It is all making sense to me
The sword you gave me was too heavy, I
had to put it down.
How defenseless I could be when you were
not around.
There was a wrinkle in time and I think that
wrinkle was you.
I was gazing into an abyss not knowing it
was gazing right at me
I am a stray dog
So bitter

@Hughes_

TRIBULATIONS

The space between my heart and mind
The journey of agony and nemesis
Broken soul and spirit
Broken body and heart
No light at the end of the tunnel
I got scared to show
Who could understand this pain
Who can heal the soul
They say happy is the man living his dreams
I was a ne plus ultra of my time
But now they say misery loves company

Between my will and zeal,
is my belittled strength.
So wearied is my breath,
It can't take me far any longer.

Who will accompany me through this
dilemma?
I'm lost at a junction of nowhere.
The space between my heart and mind

is occupied by regrets.

Darkness befalls the gleam of my wishes.
If there's truly light at the end of the tunnel;
Why do we always have to struggle through
the dark to see it?
At least a flash through the tunnel.

I've pursued a beautifully curved grail in
vain.
The hankering for success now tastes
meritless.
Following my heart to reach my goal has
become worthless.
I hid my emotions like a cave bat and sprung
my happiness with a fake smile.
Glory days journey can be a torment

@ Hughes_ & Elorm Wrights

Y.O.L.O

"You only live once" they say
And this is not only a street anthem.
Let's go and hunt then
Living every moment like we're
Leaving the next minute.

So cliché it may sound
But reminds us of the day that passes by.
Leading us further to the edge of decay.
When you do not return to make hay
And the sun swoops up the clouds.

You only live once, write the best story.
You'll never come back to say sorry.
Share your light but never burn out.
Life is short, so extend your days
Before the final door is opened.
Life is short, so live it once
Like the road not taken.
Life is short, so go gently into that perfect
peace.

What comforts you may be
a discomfort to others.
Chained in a one way habit.
Crafted with steel and being still.

Avoiding your triggers isn't healing.
Healing can only happen when you make
frantic efforts.
The soul needs to be fed;
spiritual growth can't be overlooked.

Dear beautiful soul,
create a new world within thyself.
When the tides strike high,
Be aware, life doesn't come in handy.
You were created purposely for greater
challenges.
Live every moment as it comes,
in due time, they'll become memories you'll
reminisce on.

@Elikem Inspires & Koffi Selorm Komla.

EMANCIPATOR

Yes, in the years gone at times I thought,
I can't sail through anymore.
The endless tears and struggles,
The pressure from the social whisperers,
And even the watch of failure approaching
caused an emptiness.

Because I had no strength to face the storm,
I had no focus to face the trials,
I had no knowledge to defend.
I asked, what shall I say to these things?
I wondered.

For the message says;
You still must face this storm, but I will hold
your hand.
You still must face this trial, I will cause it
to be still.
You still must defend your honour, I will
cast the oppressors out.

Now I ask you to listen,
For He loved the world and gave his only
Son to it
And now we have received, not only his
Son, but the grace
And the power to do the impossible.

For it is written: “When the kindness of God
our saviour
And His love for mankind appeared, He
saved us”.
He has saved you and me!

He has gifted us the Grace, Kindness,
Vision,
Purification, Protection and our Provision.

This love endures.
The reason to breathe
And the ability to go out and come in.
This love is helpful.
This love is all LOVE.

@Yaa Walker N.

