



POETIC CONCEPT



PROVE THEM WRONG

(COLLECTION OF POEMS)

AN ANTHOLOGY LED BY
MYKELL WRITES

SON OF GRACE

AN ANTHOLOGY FROM POETIC KONCEPT

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FOREWORD

Happiness for one, used to be happiness for all; until negative energy was welcomed into the conference. Since then, the world has changed. Everyone deserves better, but people would rather watch you fail. They just wait on standby to see you fall back on something you do best.

This piece titled “ **PROVE THEM WRONG**” is a collection of positive endings to few challenges we faced and still facing in life.

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WRITERS



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To the one whom without this piece might not be birthed Koffi Sel Orm Komla, thanks for passing the baton to me and to my immediate family;

Kate Dzidzornu (Grandma)

Kafui Nyamadi (Mom)

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The great contributors
of my life, I say thank you.

Mykell Writes (Son Of Grace)

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Show Off God

They said I'm mad.
They said I'm sick in the head.
How dare me, walk away
from the family gods?
How dare me, worship
a faceless God that
doesn't even exist?

These gods have been with us from
generation to generation, they said.
This is your inheritance.
You have no choice
than to accept.

They watched, as I walked
away from their threats.
I got rejected from home.
They travelled to their god-fathers for
higher gods just to deal with me.

Every charm meant to
kill me made me stronger.
Every curse sent to me
Pushed me forward
to be greater.
Every disappointment
arranged for me got me
more appointments.

The God I serve.

Mykell Writes

Hmmm

They see me aimless,
My appearance
carries no hope.
As the world look
down on Africa,
So does my family
Look down on me.

Can something good
Come out from Nazareth?
At meetings I get shut
down before my mouth
moves to contribute.

After dinner
I'm called to tell them
my dreams in life,
as they laugh and make merry.
I'm just an entertainer
to them, a comedian.

The "show-off" God
Who never disappoints,
The one who's shadow

alone makes the dry
leaves greener.
As he has promise
so shall he do.

From grass to grace,
From Fulani herdsman
to the chief advisor
to the President.
Now my words are
final at their meeting
Even without my presence.

I have been crowned
King of their land
without royal blood.
My God did what he
does best, He proved
them wrong.

Mykell Writes

Graced Life.

Entrapped in my tortures
they act like they care,
Ignorantly, I fed on what they shared.
Barely had I known their
concerns were mere concert .
Stupidity, I never know is
trusting in humanity.

While on the quest to be the best,
they roar to scare me away.
For the thought of that which is imminent,
Mortals wish I deviate from my target.

All you wished me is that, my
day ends without a sunlight.
From the onset,
You used to be kind,
but your sense of pride
ate into your conscience.

The untold truth is,
My kin fiddles while Rome burns.
So if you see me living good,
know it's a graced life.

You've given up on me,
But hey!
I' m not giving up.
Imma prove you wrong!

ElormWrights

I'm okay

I was taken for granted when
my intents were as pure snow.
Have you asked yourself how
it'll end with me?

Like a storm,
I was flooded by my tears,
And drowned in my own pains.
Carried away by my emotions,
I thought you could be mine.

A prisoner to my own
feelings I became, idiocy!
Bob Marley once said " Emancipate
yourselves from mental slavery, non but
ourselves can free our minds."
Yes, no one but myself.

You chose to let go of our
sweet memories, I'm fine.
The disrespects and the
neglects show that,
Disappointment is like the air;
we can't do without.
But I've proven you wrong.

Dear ex consort,
Just when you thought
You've done your worst,
I'm on course.
Here I am feeling good and pampered.
Thanks for the lessons,
I'm okay!

ElormWrights

Inferiority Complex

“No one can make you feel inferior
without your consent”

Eleanor Roosevelt once said.

How did my gender make me inferior to
the other?

From a distance, I felt the rejection.

Steadily, the physique tries,

Quietly, my inner self cries.

Could you imagine the hurt inside?

Just like Queen Elizabeth said,

“I have to be seen to be believed” .

I won't let those blazing instincts quench.

I would trace the race without a flinch.

I must prove you wrong.

If feminism is a crime,

get me jailed, I don't mind.

If being a Woman doesn't rhyme,

I have trailed, and found.

Fiercely, I walked through that door,
with a distinct treble voice,
With no excuses, claiming
anybody can be a leader,
Despite the race, color,
size and gender.

Here I am in this corner of the world,
sharing the true secrets
whispered by my inner self.
I tried and failed,
And failed at no cost to succeed.

ElormWrights & Yaa Walker N.

Desert But Pastured.

The stone the builders rejected,
the tree the farmers uprooted;
the seed they thought fell on the
stony grounds and will never
germinate to bare fruits.

This and many others
I was attributed to/ with.
Even me, I nearly lost hope.
I was beginning to think,
I was not good for anything.

Then God unearthed me, dug
me from the dirtiest of muddy pit,
cleansed and made me whole again.

Now on course,
no cost, of cause.
Let them discuss;
whether short or
long discourse.
With God,
I have proved them wrong.

Koffi Sé Lorm Komla

Life

It gave me a lot.
A needle,
Thorns,
Sharp edges.
But I did it!
I passed through the
tiny hole of the needle,
Breezed through the thorns,
Walked on those sharp edges,
Ever ready to stand tall.

LIFE

He sacrificed himself,
Went through thick and thin for the
masses,
Shed blood for souls,
Yet, he is thanked with the back of hands.
Darkness set in his life.
No hope for tomorrow.
Told to make hay,
Only for neighbors to burn it down.
But here he stands,
For favor located him.

His goods have been rewarded,
In folds he cannot count.
The unexpected happened,
And it was all joy.
Still standing tall.

Emmy Mawumenyo

Popular Not Proper

"Normal is not something to aspire to, it's something to get away from." -Jodie Foster

Let this be the oath from me;
To never let the weight of the storms
ditch me to popular requests.
And never to like the intimacy
of popular things.
But apply myself to good
cause and effects.

This I know and believe to guide me.
For the trodden path may be easier,
but the unknown path has more rewards.
So, I wouldn't throw out my light,
to be distracted from my true purpose.
But an outshining magnetic field,
to influence others.

If it's for the showmanship
and just recognition and acceptance
without any impartation,
let me stop.
It's popular to do.

Elikem Inspires

Just Deserts

Countless lives have been
lost to a demon
that's afraid of death.
Countless humans have
surrendered to a demon
that has no power.
Now and again
but never and again.

Today at midnight,
the schemes of the
shrewd will be thwarted.
The story of Haman will give
you the mantle on Mordecai.
The burning fiery furnace of
Nebuchadnezzar
will light up the fourth
pillar at where you are.

I have groaned in the spirit
of the supernatural,
my matter has been taken
over and my verdict has been
sentenced to the hall of fames.
The Lord of Vengeance has

proved them wrong!
Now and again
And forever.

Yaa Walker_N

The Deal Breaker

“No champion has ever
arrived at the pinnacle
of her sport without
overcoming some naysayers”
Fatima and Abieku are in a feud today
Because Fatima says Abieku is disabled
with his legs and can’t be a driver.
Abieku says Fatima is a lazy
girl who can’t be a lawyer.
“The person who says it cannot be done
Should not interrupt the person doing it”.

Good morning class,
In order to prove them wrong,
protect your heart and mind
from all sort of negativities.
First know yourself,
And shut your inner naysayer!
Sing in spite of your bad voice!
Hit the gym in spite of being tired!
To accomplish the impossible understand
the viewpoint of your opponent
and then defy them.

You're not in any way responsible for
the feelings of a negative person.
So stop been anxious of what
they might think
when you stop sharing
your plans with them.
Be silent and let your effort
and hard work challenge their wrongs.

Yaa Walker_N

Within My Territories

Within my territories,
I've been watching this war
over and again.
They say blood is thicker
than water, but I fail to believe.
It's just a common colour; red!
The people I call my support, have
become the red flags.
Interestingly, I've lived millions
of my life in my dreams,
when the mornings come,
my starting points fade away.

Within my territories,
Just so you know,
I've faced all sort of bullshit,
Watched unscripted painful dramas,
Listened to the tongues that speak evil,
Just because I am a certain way.

Within my territories,
I have understood it's only me.
Whether or not there are
sorrows, hatred, regrets, and what nots,

it's only me,
my future and my present
depends on me!

Yaa Walker_N

The Resource Called Religion

Being naturally endowed,
countless followers troop
in and out to have a feel of it.

Days, weeks, years passed.
Today it's price tag is high.
We those now building our faith were
axed out and labelled ungodly.

Thinking I'll wonder in darkness forever.
Thinking I'll continue perceiving
grace as something tangible.
Thinking God will never finish
working on me.
Thinking they sacking me
from their church will shut
down the temple of God in me.

Today, I can hit my chest hard
and boldly say without pain
that "I'm a copy of John 10:30"

Now that you've invited pride to dine
with the grace God gave you, whom will
wash the dishes after the meal?

Enyenyε Kɔbla Gbεsa
Omar D'Poet

Domesticated Wounded Lion(D.W.L.)

With her sharp lips like that of an axe she
perforated my heart by the help of a
slippery liquid called lies.

Feeding my motionless emotions
to the family of birds,
look at how nasty their handwriting
is on my emotions.

To her, a wounded lions' mind must be
full of revenge but today I tell thee, "I'm a
domesticated wounded lion".

My past has given me a fearful
look but deep down,
my heart is a cowardice to heartbreak.

You thought, you leaving me will make
the me living in others uncomfortable but
I've proved you wrong.

Countless good wishes I unbox daily from
the decent admirers I've tuned turn.

I pray you prove me wrong by not hurting
your next.

Enyɛenyɛ Kɔbla Gbɛsa
Omar D'Poet

Muddy Road

My 11th novdec developed an uncompleted bridge between myself and my family.

My 11th novdec removed all the asphalt on the road connecting myself and loyalty from friends.

My 3rd failed job interview planted thorns on the path leading to the heart of my fiancée.

My 1st year of pure commitment to God smoothed my path to tertiary.

My 1st year of pure devotion to God has brought back both real and fake friends.

My 1st year of putting God first has finished the ink in the pen I use to turn down job appointments.

The road may sometimes be muddy but God is the Almighty.

Enyenyē Kòblá Gbèsa
Omar D'Poet

Unheard Chorus.

Dear ex,
Initiated by taps and claps, the estimated time
for my unheard chorus elapsed.

My heart bled, I cried and ranted.
Every night, I feel the space lonely and empty.
But I'm filled now; the storms are over.
My heart has built immunity.

The pain of you leaving me, Gave my heart a
very loud pitch to sing.
My heart sung very loud and gradually, it
went out of key.

You interpreted my
Meekness as my weakness,
Because I listened and accommodated you
more than I should do.
You left to a strong one,
But look at you now; a drum of abuse.

The sound of another person's was pleasing
to your ear so you left me here,
To imagine our good days and correct my
pitch.

My throat begun to scrattle and you left it
without any medication.

My fears of loosing you buried with time.

The time you took for granted is over.
You left to find where the grass is greener.
You left and my doubts rested in peace.

Every night, my heart grew fonder to your
dead calls,
When the conversations breathed hearty with
the other person.

I'm right here where you abadnoned the
nursery.
It's fine, but you can't come back to graze.

Omar D'Poet & Elikem Inspires

Situations

If you were to tread on my path
I guarantee you would be lost
If you were to bare the pains I bore
I would bet on heaven and earth
That there will be nothing left of you

But here we are
Under one roof and condition
Sharing the same food and water
And you look at me
Like I'm nothing, a nobody?

Should I blame you?
Or your fate and the God we all serve?
No, it's circumstance
Situations I couldn't control
Which owes you the reason
To talk to me like this

But be sure to remember
It's the end that justifies the means
So I would take this lightly
Only amateurs think this way.
My tomorrow will be great!

Velvin Jones

My Ex-Perience

I would be laughing at my own tears,
Wondering, why the tears in the first place?
All the bothering heaven had to bare
At a prayer petition that wouldn't be
answered,
Cos it ain't the plan.

Did I really do these for you?
I changed for you,
I vouched it was you.
Now I'm certain, I'm sure,
Even the devil was laughing at my today.

Here in tomorrow,
I don't regret.
Rather, I commend you.
My ex-perience, cos I have had
A lot to learn.

Velvin Jones

Life Line

Dead by daylight.
His nights were maligned with,
Drugs in faint lines.
Heart's racing,
thoughts conflicted like
water from a goose.
Tears run down his shoes.
His sadness's a snitch.
But these lines aren't secure.

Dark nights dark past.
Open bibles', oh Moses' tablets.
Thought's simmered, sounds like timber.
Worry's a rat.
It coming back to me like revolves.
Clicks and hammers home, Russian roulette.
I want to give you reasons.
Tell you what I'm feeling.

Trees and nightmares,
Spiral through the atmosphere.
Scripts lines, unfinished scenes.
Stack between the Precipice world.
Could someone tell, the world I was here?
But misery loves company.

Hughes_

Beneficial Loss

A coin fell from my hand
once into the sand by the sea,
My little mind told me
I could search and see it!
I was hoping my dad would
help me find it, but no!
The man who took me there said:
“son, let it go for not all losses are losses”
He gave me a note of higher value then.
How joyous I was that day!

A man once said to me:
“be careful around those
you think love you,
after I am gone, you will see for yourself”
it didn't sound serious to me then,
I had to find out a few years later,
But till this day, I count it a beneficial loss.

There are those who are
bonded to you by blood
They don't present as family to you, it's a loss
but may not be so bad.
There are also those you meet on the way,
they become family!
If the blood-linked think you cannot exist
without them?

Distance yourself on this kind of loss,
Work hard and smart, trust God, then develop
relevant skills and attitude.
Soon, they will rather come looking for you.

You don't have a seat at the family table,
accept the floor for a start!
Don't get comfortable on the floor though!
Use the floor to project you to a leather chair
in the shortest possible time.
Let them see you and review their actions.

Alone you came! Alone you shall go!
If you are left alone? It's a beneficial loss!
A perfect time to focus and build you! Giving
room for no excuse,
At least, you know then that the only constant
is you!

You are in a group, yet you feel alone?
Make a conscious effort to be you, take
charge!
They will see what an individual is capable of.
Family is no catalyst for success, you are!

THE HERALD (Sly Selase)

Cannot Be Cursed!

If I possess the Holy Spirit,
If I am truly born again,
Why should I worry of demons and
witchcraft, or sorcery?
I have heard, witnessed, and read, “at the
mention of His name ...”
So if I mentioned the name, there is
subjection!

Be advised, I have not only the name,
I have Him in me!
Isn't that supposed to be more advantageous?

Why worry about disturbed spirits?
Why should I feel scared if they are
mentioned?
Why mention them to me at all?
Why should anyone pay attention to those?

It only suggests, we are not renewed!
We are still harbouring stereotype.
But! The old is supposed to be gone,
That the new will be here!
“For we are crucified (dead) with Christ,
rather we live but not us!
Rather the son! He loved us and died for us!”

Therefore curses, sorcery, those are fables!
Stories told babes, maybe for their
amusement.
Nothing relevant to me a Living dead!

THE HERALD (Sly Selase)

The Same Spirit

Your age and experience is not suggestive
that you do the right always.
The same that came in body form, is at work
in us all,
Provided we both accepted Him, and are
really born again!

In the Spirit, there is no age nor experience!
He steers the move and the work as He
desires.
You have the clerical because not all of us can
lead,
But we both can operate if we allow a
takeover.
You easily have access to the stage officially,
We both have access to divinity equally.

So teach me to know the same Spirit well and
be acquainted tightly.
Stop lording over me as though you were
special than me!
The grace is same for us all,
The sacrifice was once and for all!
The divisions are your own minds enforcing
on us!
I refuse to feel inferior, unless otherwise
stated by Him in me!

Teach me, don't lord over me!
Guide me, stop bullying me!
Subject yourself well too,
Then you won't miss your way.

THE HERALD (Sly Selase)

Illegal Frown

They said I can't do it,
I'm too young to lead
this enterprise.
Since my appointment,
Traps upon traps
have been set to me.

It was deliberate to wreck me
And make me to pay
Or I get delayed.
As if I didn't have the grade
For the upgrade.
And oh, how hard for
them to shade my prowess.

They made offensive jokes of my age
When it comes alone
And not with wisdom.

I passed the ultimate test of aptitude and
attitude and with a lucid wisdom.
Why is my charisma an enigma?

They fake smiles for me,
Pretentions I smell on them like lavender.

My imperfections written all over the walls
to remind me how I don't deserve this.
yet each day I go higher,
perfections they say comes with time.
favors I keep finding from the
sight of my employers.

Mykell Writes & Elikem Inspires

Son Of Grace

Society
hmmm, society.
Can't a young guy
be truly blessed by God?
Must every good thing be
credited to the Devil?

My blessed life
has no connections
with the devil.
Just because he passed
away when I was
blessed doesn't make
me his murderer.
It's just a mere coincidence.

I can't follow the
same family pattern.
No car, No house,
Just renting till you pass on?
I'm too blessed to
remain the same.

You call yourselves
Christians yet you have
moved from one fetish
to the other trying to
prove to society that

you were right?

How far,
Did his ghost appear?
Did you get the result
you wanted?
I guess not.
Too much Negativity,
Has blinded you from seeing
the true blessings of God.

Have you forgotten
already elders?
When he said in
his word that
"The blessing of the
LORD brings wealth,
without painful toil for it."
Or is it just a mere
quote to you?

I'm the odd one,
The Joseph of my time.
The white sheep
not the black.
The Son of Grace.

Mykell Writes

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