

P O E T I C K O N C E P T



The Chronicles of
Afeafa

A tale speaking for the African woman

FORWARD

This literary piece, CHRONICLES OF AFEAFA is a very long thought about work. Many have spoken and written about it in diverse ways. When one of our members; Frederick Hughes had an inspiration about it and brought it on board, the group as a whole decided to take it on and treat it as a major subject. Chronicles of Afeafa is a poetic projective cluster of pieces from POETIC KONCEPT writers.

It lays emphasis on the women gender generally. It's a project speaking for women; what they go through, how they are treated, and the like. Due to the excitement it came with, it took us just three weeks, to collectively put this together. Clearly and surely, there are so many aspects of this same 'women issues' which are yet to be tackled. This right here is just a little which we've brought to light. We believe, there will be an extended version of this in months to come. Don't just read this piece and sweep it under the carpet. Let it reach a fellow girl, lady, woman.

The personal and societal experiences chronicled by poets are worth every minute spent reading them. This is an offering to you, you and you. Have a good read !We look forward to receiving your feedbacks.KOFFI SËL ORM KOMLA, founder; The Poetic Koncept.



THE CHRONICLES OF AFEAFA

A tale speaking for the African woman



ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

“As Jesus came for the sinners and not the saints, so has poetry come for the readers and not the cents” (Koffi Selorm).

We thank God for the successful execution of this project. To all participants (writers, designer) and even our cherished readers, we say thank you for making time for us. We pray this piece goes a long way to speak for itself through our collective help by letting it reach every corner of the earth..



THE CHRONICLES OF AFEAFA

MEET OUR WRITERS



de sugarcane sellers' son



Delanya



Yaa Walker



Sly selase



Dimake



Omar D'Poet



Emmy Mawumenyo



Festus Elikem Boamah



Velvin Jones



Koffi Selorm

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THE CHRONICLES OF AFEAFA

A tale, speaking for the African Woman..

She wiped the rain droplets off her forehead, coupled with tears from her eyes as she walked Mama home from the farm.

On her head, she tangled the evening meal with leaves for the livestock while she sings along..

She then asked; Mama why is Papa not carrying a load too?

My child, these are duties of an African woman.

Society demands extra from a woman, just to say the norms asked for it.

My child, I may not win all battles, nevertheless what is left to fight, should be right to win.

After, write them into existing literature with inks stained on surfaces, my voice will forever echo across generations.

For what wrong is it to be the other gender ?

I cry now! So you don't cry later.

As a woman, I passed through shredded moments. I disliked those torments. It made me shed tears;

as if rivers flooding their banks. I deem it necessary, that no daughter of mine; will go through such

hell as a woman. I don't only want to be the voice to women. I want to be a literary piece they can read on.

I am Afeafa, join me let's flip the pages to my life; I am that 'wo-man'

!

- sugarcane sellers' son•
- Festus Elikem B.
- Söl Orm•



WHO I AM PER THE LAW.

From the archives of the laws tradition has laid down,
I am the less privileged at all times.
School is meant for me only to a point,
My voice is supposed to be only in the bedroom,
Either moaning or if I am lucky, making a suggestion,
That's if HE gives me permission.
It's only in movies that I see my kind;
Those with a lighter shade of colour,
See the office desk and have their names to it.
It's in these movies that my kind can be in a meeting and speak.
If they are not the once heading the meeting.

Ask me, and I am the game for fun.
Tell me that I am not part of the kitchenware, and I would gladly say a
big YES!
Say to me that because I carried him or her, I am not supposed to be
the 90% caregiver.
Then convince me that I cannot say I tired, because I actually am, so;
I could have an interrupted full night sleep.

When I was birthed, to know what kind of man has joined the race
was asked as;
"Is it a human or an animal?"
The latter referring to me, and I don't get surprised,
Because from the word go, that's how I am seen.
My chronicles are shiny, yes! That I know, because it's very smooth
and easy being me.



I am Afeafa and this is just what I got.
It's easy being me, that's your thought!
You see me feeble and so I am unexisting?
Well! Muscles cannot do it all, lest it could be the need for labour.
Tell me life is fair, but make sure you explain with diagrams,
For from where I sit, that theory does not seem as one that is true.
I can die before HIM, its normal, no one is to blame.
Should HE take the lead?
I become the devil's secretary, going through punishments named
rites.

Sly selase



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CASUALTIES OF THE DICE GAME.

A piece on the abuse of women..

I would rather choke you
with the truth,
than watch you
strangle me to death.

What kind of
a creature are you?
All creatures were created by one
creator; but for you,
I don't know
where you fell from !

The thesis of life
gives equality and equity
to all genders.
But where have
they all gone to?

Then the gender
rights activists and others sets in.
Even if anything
at all, women must be protected at all cost.

There are gender
lapses, I agree;
but would child
bearing be the responsibility of
just the woman?

Where's the checks
and balances on birth?



Is it not a matter of two?
You think every woman
is a MARY,
that's she should be visited by the HOLY SPIRIT?
Stop blaming and
abusing women
only, on the issues of
child birth.
It is God that
gives children,
not man.
While you pray in faith,
wait consciously on HIM.

- **Koffi Sël Orm Komla**
- **Poetic Koncept**



ON THE EDGE OF AN ABYSS.

A piece on the abuse of women..

Pain lashed through me once again.
And I ask myself;
what makes me not to be enough?
What is hindering me to get a good man?

If it's visible, I can't see it
If it is not, then I'm sure
It's not something
I can feel
or use my sense of smell for..

Rejection may stink.
But flat out rejection
may just be way cooler than being rejected after being used.

Why use me,
if you have no plans
of maintaining me?
You even drunk my
juice in a semi
cracked glass just
to wow me.

I am a woman.
A good woman
if I dare say !
I may not have the big boobs,
but damn you,
I got boobs.

As for looks;
I may me compared



to lady Diana and even Yvonne Chakachaka.

I am a woman
Not as fair as
snow white
but damn you,
My skin is as dark as the heart of the wicked.

I am a woman
who has felt rejection
and have been
rejected in more actual ways than one.

Among friends,
I'm the least cool.
The one who agrees,
the one who
fully accepts and
allows for all the 'bs'.

Among family,
I'm the one who turns 5
and remains 5
I am that woman !

In the world,
I am the easy to manipulate.
Feelings be damned
I'm that woman.



I am a woman.
A good woman
whom despite all these hurt and pain,
the best I did for myself?

I rejected myself
for the feeling of unworthiness
are not as numb
as the feelings
of being worthy.
I am a just
rejected woman.
Hear me out!

•**Emmy Mawumenyo**

• **Perfect Writings**

0202365489



THE CHRONICLES OF AFEAFA

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RELATIONSHIP GOALS GOT ME HERE.

Don't blame me blame my clean heart.
I give them my all only to be thanked with broken heart.
I've lost this fight.
My emotions have become impotent hence your sweet words to me
will yield no offsprings.

Don't blame me.
Blame those who made me abort the affections I had for them
because of their disappointments.

3 they say is to 1 according to the world's population.
No wonder I try all my best to make it 1 is to 1 but they tagged my
actions " nagging ".

Your constant demand for a pit to deposit your stuffs made me offer
myself wholeheartedly but today you call me a hoe.

Am not at liberty to say no to your sexual demands but when the table
turns you tag me with caption "spoilt dog".

Accordingly to the days of the week, I've tried all of them and this is
my seventh failed relationship.

According to the students of months, I've tried all their fundamentals
hence this is my twelfth failed relationship.

Not my fault, blame my clean heart.
My other sex can get drunk and forget this pain temporarily but let me
try it and see how my fellow humans will see and treat me.

Should I continue justifying my inclusion?
Should I dirty my heart?
Should I take revenge?



Hmmmmmm I think I have to marry my holy book and always beg the Almighty Go to have his way in me. .

- Ensenye Kɔbla Gbesa. •
- Omar D'Poet •



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A CANDLE IN THE WIND.

They say I'm endowed with an extraordinary beauty and body.
But being a woman, it is something I hide to live a quiet life.

Every night I was the puppet to the master.
He choke me on the strings of abuse.
My joy shattered in the wind as my candle blew to nothingness.
My light became dim

That demon within,
craved for my joy.
Education was a cursed reality in my heart.

I travelled for greener pastures and arrived on desert pastures.
I was sold just because of my body.
I was bought.
What I desire most git missing.

That body is no more a temple of God.

Its now a sanctuary
for diseases.
Did I lose my way or society was the bus driver?

Dear woman,
you're not a punching bag..
Don't stay put for him
to keep punching you.
One day, he might kill you.



And here's another
one who has rejected
you, all because he
thinks you must look
like his preference.

Woman, flee!
Don't stoop so low..
Flee; woman, flee.

de•sugarcane•sellers'•son.

Arts In Inks



THE CHRONICLES OF AFEAFA

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JUST REMEMBER THIS.

I did as you asked of me
The Kitchen was not my only place, you said.
I did as you asked me to do
The first degree and even the masters I obtained
I did as you asked of me
Even without a question and any resistance, you were right.

I did as you asked of me
The white collar job I qualify to attain
I did as you asked of me
But you still want me to lie with you first
I did as you asked of me
Because I couldn't let go of all my you'll for the white education

I did as you asked of me
The list in your eyes I satisfied
I did as you asked of me
My time was devoted to pleasing you at work
I did as you asked of me
And again, you demand you lie with me again for my wage

I did as you asked of me
Yet, you told everyone how cheap I was
I did as you asked of me
This is my reward, I should suppose

I did as you asked of me
And I became victim of your plots

I did as you asked of me
But you got everyone to believe, I am the perpetrator
I did as you asked of me
So remember this when you call me a sloth
I did as you asked of me

• Velvin Jones •



SNIPPET OF PAIN.

I was blind
At the sight of light
At a wink, pleasure won
Over integrity and sanity
It breaks me every-time
Memories of that dark night

Just then, I felt these chilled winds
I couldn't find my voice
As much as I tried
Slowly, it faded away
Until it sunk

It wasn't money he wanted
When he was horny
He pulled the dagger
Just then I felt naked
My life tore apart when
Those clothes were ripped to pieces
And he got his token
While I lay broken

"Are you okay?"

If I could speak those words
So he take what is left
My life

What is there after here
When my fate would be faulted
It has always been my mistake
For what I wear
For where I walk
And how I walk



How can i blame you?
When he held my mouth in the act
So I don't have a voice
In the council

That night he walked away
And I crawled home in pain
Petrifying my freedom

News of me allowed cash out
For the days it made the headlines
It's for this penny the fight doesn't last
I saw the hashtags
"Justice for..."
It was all a social media make up
How far did it go?
Shame on you all

Walls are not enough
To protect us when
Laws could not
Stop justifying rape
In any form it may take
We don't want to "get over it"
End it now!

•Festus Elikem B. •
Elikem Inspires



UNSPEAKABLE LOVE.

The loudest cry of hunger
Pushed Afeafa from home to be a one-day hunter
In search of a game : there she engaged in a mind banter
Smiles beaming on her face
And one could hardly wonder what her thoughts were
I'm a daughter of a father
A sister to a brother
An auntie to a nephew
Well I'm yet to be the wife of a husband

My eyes see the man I desire
Yet my lips can't utter a word

Inwardly I'm so open
That I could say how I feel

Yet without a lens
I look and behold that's the man I love
Walk pass me and I say nothing
Nothing can I say ; Nothing will I say
How can I say when I'm told the man does the saying
I feel its a waste of time
And a dream that won't manifest
Why because a woman in love can't propose to the man she loves
The notion of my people

So obvious I can't muster the courage to speak to you
About the tenderness of my heart towards you
And how each day without thoughts of you drives me insane
Then I ask , who set this limitations for women?



Days turn into weeks
Months into years
And forever approaches without my love noticing me
All I ever did was to follow traditions that limits women to what they
find appealing

However in the quest to grab what I cherish
Society calls me a whore
A woman of no class
Names that malnourishes the mind
For this reason, I stay in my shell
And pave way for my dream man to be carried away by sailors who
value not their ship

The jealousy I feel within
Seeing my love with someone else
I break loose and weep within
Hmmm, I couldn't exercise my woman power
The feminine power which has been preached since my infancy
So pathetic when I hear people say women empowerment
What is empowerment without love?
Should it just be about positions?
Can't all these norms and mentality be changed for good?

Eventually each day passes without seeing the shadow of you
Everything seems like a mirage
And I'm wondering if I could ever love again
The door of love that was once left ajar has been sealed
Because the love chronicles of Afeafa is a tale yet to be changed.

•Delanya•
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YOUR RITES NOT MINE

I gave out the best in me.
Better is being denied me.
How could you imagine I would take away my own rib? Of which I can't live without?
Your accusation is beyond my wildest imaginations.
I know the nine months introductory journey.
I know the pain of a mother who carries life in her womb.
Nine months a journey.
Talking less of the strains from labour and the joy when a mother delivers life.
Never will I take away someone else's joy.
A heavenly being, out of her very being.
The extension of this journey feels like washing the eyes with spicy substance.
Why then do you think I am capable of serving you with such bitter bread as gratitude?
The extension of this journey feels like washing your nose with pepper juice.
Why then do you think I'll serve that to you?
How can I DO without my better half, tell me?

The dead are gone.
Why then should the living suffer?
You organize grand burials for a show and show my children and i the empty bowl.
Widowhood rites but I have no right.
I am the widow.
I need your condolence for your son's absence but yet, you gave me a right I didn't agree to.
How can YOU call it a right when it denies me of my rights?
The stones you force ME to use as pillow has not only crushed my ribs but also, it rid me of any joy of living.



YOU taught humanity that women have strong hearts but it seems they
are just sayingS of death accusation.
With Meanings, Murderer of sons, brothers and friends
We deserve better.

Written by Omar D'Poet & Velvin Jones



THE CHRONICLES OF AFEAFA

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I DIDN'T KILL MY HUSBAND.

A piece on widowhood and its cruelty.

"For better, for worse"
"In health and in sickness"
"Till death do us part" !

Now, death has parted us.
I live, and you;
you leave..
I breath and into
the thin air, you drift.
We are world's apart
but within hearts reach,
you're a part.

I mourn you on
early mornings.
On the eve of your birthdays,
I just can't control
those tears.

You are not here today
and your family thinks
I wiped you out for
'our wealth'.

Yes our wealth!
the one we accrued through our sweats
when you were alive.

They have locked me
in a room with no ventilation.
Surviving it, is the first
test pass.



Kojo, I know you can't
hear me, but can you imagine?
No justice!
Just-ice, that'll melt.

Kojo, they have shaved
my hair down to
my skulls visibility.

I feel cold within
my brains.
The liquid of your
last bath, is stored
for me; that's
what I drink
on a daily !

I didn't have a problem
with lying beside
your lifeless body.
I'd do it over and
over again.
But is that all?

I have told them.
I did not kill
my husband
yet they find
it difficult to believe.
They do all these,
Just so I prove my innocence?

•Koffi Sël Orm Komla•
Poetic Koncept
0544005898



SCHOOL WAYS.

If I am daft, I am a waste of investment, and a good wife contestant.
If I am smart, I am a candidate of disrespect to manhood.
So I may not get to see the gates of the university,
If I don't find one who sees the good that could be for me in the days to come.

Now that I get to these stages,
My smartness won't be enough,
If I will make the grades, I should pay the mates.
So it's not going to be about the nights I study, not even the coffee I keep abusing,
That would mean nothing at all,
But if I can provide housekeeping services
Entertainment delicacies, state of the arts intimacies,
Then I could be the next big thing.

You say we don't like school?
Have you asked what school entails? Especially for me?
When I would have to hide who I like once a more opportunist male likes me?
So if I don't, then it means he is going to be doomed,
Because he is close to an opposite sex,
And he is a threat for that matter.

And oh! I forgot to tell you,
I am not allowed to be serious with my books because that will make me too serious.
I am supposed to be the party type, messing around like there is no quiz to write.
After all, with just a night, my colleagues told me they worked magic.
It's not like these people have stamina.
So please allow me to relax and chill.
Life is so short, I cannot come and kill myself!

•Sly Selase. •



UTES NOT RIGHTS

Widowhood rite but I have no right.
How can we call it a right when actually it denies me of my rights?
Sound can be deceptive sometimes.
In this part of the world where hats fit to every head
And hearts tuned to culture, all rites are right as far as it's cultural
It hurts...my people it hurts!
When rites go wrong
Yet we can't correct.
I gave out my best.
Better is being denied me.
How can you imagine I killed the person who owns the rib am using.
I know the nine months introductory journey.
Never will I kill the outcome of someone's.
The extension of this journey feels like washing your eyes with pepper
juice.
Why then do you think I'll serve that to you?
How can we call it a right when actually it denies me of my rights?
We deserve better.
The stones you guys force us to use as pillow will just crash our ribs.
They taught humanity that women have strong hearts but I can't find
the note for the lesson which you guys tagged "killing our husbands", or
maybe I didn't copy that notes
Hmmmm... Bitter are the lessons we imitate without understanding.
We need no god to tell us the feminine spirit is being crushed every time
but anytime, it has been the old news "Our fathers left this for us and
we must continue"
Do we still eat from the same old plates They left behind?
Search the deep ends of your heart.
Slide into our shoes and tell me how you feel. Honored?
If a pregnant woman falls
The child in the womb answers
Help us rise from this



Help us rise from this
For their voices will haunt you
Even in the heart of the earth

Written by Omar D'Poet & Elikem Inspires



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WOMEN,TAKE CHARGE.

We have been left out of Africa's stories
I want a change, do you want to take charge?
Could we tell men they can do it better if we are involved
Can we remind them we still that bone they gave us?
Why should you always carry a burden and blame us for it
Even if I got the chance to pay the bills you put me home
What could have gone wrong if I was equally seen as all
I could endure pain for 9months and every month
I can get to work and take care of the home
I was not made for men pleasures only
I matured every offspring and generation
My knowledge is need to build a country
When they go rogue, I bring them to order.
How could you dehumanize me so many times by discrimination.
I stand today and put all these into action as an African woman.
That valor,
That conquest,
That is a mothers
resilience after so much pain inflicted.
She stands today,
to that charge.

Not to disrespect
not to demean either.
But to be a great supporter and to be part of this great history that shall
be written indelibly.

Arise, arise, arise
oh woman of honor.
Take charge, for your strength lies in many.
You gave them life.

de sugarcane sellers' son and koffi ser lom



HOLY KOKONSA

When a cattle starts running, the impression is laughable and scary.
Ouch! am finally home.
Let me render accounts on my observations before I forget.
They said my body is hard because I play football.
They also said am infertile thus why I broke Usain Bolt's relay record.
Surprisingly, they said all the males who featured on my project passed through my legs before coming on board.
They also said I've served all my male friends because I smile too much.
Hmmmm the even said am arrogant, just because I don't entertain their frivolous things.

In the classroom settings when I sit at the front am tagged a betrayer when an unanimous person reports an offense.
When I sit at the back, am being tagged as a future Queen of the word "notorious".
We're God's image but I think females must retake this picture again because of how we're always bathed with discrimination by society.
They preach "what men can do, women can do better" but let a woman try something great and see the countless assumptions.
Behind every successful or unsuccessful man is a women behind the scene so know how you treat them.
They can make you successful.
They can also lay the strong foundation of your unsuccessfulness.

- Enenyē Kobla Gbesa. •
- Omar D'Poet •



HER SONG HER PAIN

It's a little past midnight and it's a little too late now
The rose looks a bit pale today.
I walk by to pay my respects as usual and I never get used to it. Who
even dies of reading others thoughts
Who was even keeping counts of the battles she fought
Many knew her but few cared to know her better.
A young woman who knew more devils than hell could hold. Blame it on
society or blame it on the lady
It doesn't matter anymore
She was not the first to see this terrible end
Sadly she didn't know the extent of the damage she took
A maid whom there were none to praise and few to love
Her fate was sealed from far above
At the centre of the town her family lived
And yet Half hidden from all eyes
No one mentioned abuse or over usage
No one said anything about people walking out on her
Who could have dared to talk to her
A person who thinks killing a child will make them stop crying Even so
she's fair as a star when only one shines in the sky
But every good season comes to an end
She had her unfair proportion of pain
And she would curse the day she was brought out a girl
The days went by and by they went
She lived unknown and only few could know
When afeafa ceased to be
The brave woman left and away she took her glow
But she is in her grave now and the great difference to me. Blame it on
society or blame it on the lady
But whatever you do don't talk about her mental health.

•Dimake•



PERIOD

At this period
I Bleed! I will Bleed! A dirty blood?
Or a purified flood? I still bleed!
The pain is nothing compared to For this is the period
Sacrifice are made for days
And I Bleed
The red meandering on my thighs From the deep clouts like streams
What's wrong?
I did not know naively
Sharp stabs leaving me restless Almost like death is here
This moment, everything changed I am now a woman.
Ills of culture my cramp Blinded to the ones they killed Unnoticed of the
bloods shed
And I Bleed
The blood that sanctify my being from the sweetest place of "Valvation"
A realization of my strength
As a bleed hundreds of time
And do not die
This moment,
A holy sacrament presented to society And if the same blood fell from
the cross; I am ancient
And if the same blood fell from the cross; Be sanctify
Too complicated to understand
That's a woman bleeding!
Your myth; my pith

I will forever bleed!
For it is life
And a reminder
Of my viable womb and strength Each month as it return
Coming in surge

By: Festus Elikem B. & Yaa Walker N.



I AM BUT A WOMAM.

I gave out my best. Better is being denied me.
Culture is what they call it.
Yes indeed, culture is a way of life I guess but are there no negative impact of it in this life?
How can you imagine I killed the person who owns the rib I'm using.
I am but a woman.
A woman who needs a protector.
I know the nine months introductory journey.
Never will I kill the outcome of someone's.
I am but a woman.
A woman who lost her protector.
Should society not be sad with me?
Should society not mourn with me?
Should I be treated like a murderer?
The extension of this journey feels like washing your eyes with pepper juice.
Why then do you think I'll serve that to you?
Dehumanized, forgotten, punished for doing nothing but loving my spouse!
They call it widowhood rite, I call it punishment.
They taught humanity that women have strong hearts but I can't find the note for the lesson which you guys tagged "killing our husbands", or maybe I didn't copy that note.
Widowhood rite but I have no right.
Locked in a room with nothing to eat,
No water to bath.
I was left with nothing except the cloths on my body.
How can we call it a rite when actually it denies me of my rights?
How can you say it's for my good when all I feel I am is NOTHING?
I can not because no man, no woman will come to my aid simply because it is tradition.



My lovely hair on my head that brings joy and smiles to my husband has been cropped off.

The stones you guys force us to use as pillows will just crash our ribs Cut our skins, and make us less of who we really are.

We deserve better.

Written By Omar D'Poet & Emmy Mawumenyo



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THE DIVINE TREE

Kro! Kra!! Kro!!! Kra!!!

We played the oware game under the divine tree that rooted our love.
brewed with the finest maize to make the asana.

Haa!! How refreshing love could be, but I'm a victim of circumstance.
Two Imperfect beings fastened by a latch.

I loved you like the iota of my last breath.
We were larger than life, blindingly bright.

Not even black magic could separate us. Destiny has us tied to each other.

But here we are
now, a farrago.
You asked for
a peace of mind
and I charged you for it.

The shore that
was to guide us
to land is covered
by our waves of hurts.

Warm glow, was what
you gave me.
In full glow,
even when emotions lax.



I am addicted to it.
Now, your fragrance
only sweeps through
my window pane.
Because when you showed up,
the fire in us quenched
freeing you from
my grips.

No matter how
our lives change,
I keep looking on to better days..

Just hoping that,
one day, we would
remember us, for us.

de•sugarcane•sellers'•son. Arts In Inks



THE CHRONICLES OF AFEAFA

A tale speaking for the African woman

32

ABOVE MASCULINE LADDER

Until we found out that it was ourselves,
We waited for our name to be called,
Waited for a symbol of discovery,
When the ladder was free
We waited for the "frontiers" to spread their wings
And flee with them

Until we found out that it was ourselves,
We waited to free our anxieties about our dreams,
We memorized the nation's pledge
And silence ourselves from government ceremonies

II

Now the governor said;
equality is before the law
Climb the higher ladder
To reach the highest status.
We believe
In women to achieve,
Women empowerment, women in government.

What do we hear more often than....
When the goal is achieved
They begin to be apprehensive
Wishing it was not so
Because their ego would not let it go.

III

The chorus;
Men are above all, should be looked at again!
Given the saying



by Dr. James Emman Kwegyir Aggrey that;

"If you educate a man, you educate an individual but if you educate a woman you educate a whole nation"

Women were created to be helpers; does not mean they can't equally be helped.

Equality should not be above nor below the law.

Once it's humanity, we all stand same regardless.

IV

Let's frown on discrimination and assertion that, men are superior to women.

As a man, my personal experience
with my elder sisters has taught me a lot.

Mothers (women) are often the first
to educate the
child into adulthood ,
Henceforth, let's commend all women
for their invaluable contributions to nation building..

Written by; Velvin Jones, Koffi Selorm & Yaa Walker



THE WO-MAN

Straight out the dragons mouths, there was birth of a fire men can't
quench. There she stands,
a warrior woman
There she goes cautioning the unforeseen
A wonder woman,
natured from the spinal
of the old cotton tree.
A worrier woman is a courier Listen to the message she brings on the
table.
The village was quite when she roar on
the day of her birth.
Her strength preserved is her identity find in distress, the general of her
desire
to hold power
Behold nothing is greater than her fortress
She stood when all men flew for their lives
She was the lost angel

To her face is gentle,
kind and gracious
To her spirit is stubborn, possessive,
A guardian of her realm
She trembles on enemies and knock on saints doors.
To her body, don't go there!
Pressure of complications, none will stand her
When the hip-flips
courage is given
At least she died for something She fought and
conquered tradition
A warrior woman is
simple, brave, a goal giver
and a morale booster.

de sugarcane sellers' son and Yaa Walker N.



LET BE FRIENDS FOR THE LAST TIME.

You we're the reason
That I had no regrets
But somehow, someway you've made a stubborn
Offspring out of each moment we've shared
Do you know the scary me now?
I'm back and I'm back for you!
Dear friend don't get me wrong
I never thought that it would be
Three and half long days with no phone calls
No text messages, not even a dream about you
It unfortunate that I have appeared with sarcasms
But look at the beautiful side; I loved you

No –no don't give me that look
I did love you but you never noticed
Why did I say yes to every decision you made?
Even to your funny comment like
Will you marry me?
Why did I defend you from people I knew they were right?
Why have I kept your secrets?
Until now my thoughts are pursuing
Did you know what you did?
You never bordered as a friend
To ask why I did what I did; all for you
You never gave me that moment to tell you what I felt

Cuss! your friend with benefits, in benefits, of benefits
And was no benefit,
...and was no damn benefit... no benefit
I will never say you did me wrong
You made me laugh –yes
You made me moan – yes



I mean moan about the things I didn't like about you
You made me special when we're alone – yes
But not in the presence of others
At least you made me felt right for a moment.

Don't get me wrong once again
I present myself to you for the last and proper time
Don't hug me and say everything will be fine
Don't pity me and end up showing commitments
That will never last
I never let go of those moments
Neither did I let go of our friendship
So let be friends for the last and proper time.

•Yaa Walker N.•



THE BIBLICAL WOMEN.

Chapter 1

As a lady ,seek education but don't limit it to the classroom. That education will be used for growth and development. Your wisdom to help your spouse and children in achieving their goals. You need that to run the family.

Chapter 2

Always have a clear conscience, empower your fellow woman, help in sharpening and shaping her.

Chapter 3

Be both mother to your spouse and children, for family comes first. Family makes people and it could equally break them. Make that a priority.

Chapter 4

Fight for the right thing and never create a room for any form of abuse. Your rights and speech could save a fellow woman, fight for it.

Chapter 5

Look good and dress well. Your body is a temple of God, make it a holy one. Exercise and workout on yourself daily to be active and focused. Work on your mental health.

Chapter 6.

When you get to a level or attain a position, do not be rude or bossy.

Chapter 7

Get a good spouse, love yourself and be you. Achieve that goal and live life.

de•sugarcane•sellers'• son. Hughes



THE MAN I AM.

This doesn't define a man - Physique
If it were, then what happens to Alexander Jenkins? Or is this why you
call him Miss J?

I'm capable a man
Not because I have thick muscles I push what you may not push Even
with though biceps
Pain of labour
We both endured
One which gives life
And the other
Gets food to the table

Did I hear you say we're the weaker vessels? That from which you all
drink
And draw strength to wrestle
When you nestle in our arms for cuddle

We are men
And carry womb
So we can give you comfort
In your first transit
The next time you boast of providing What we first gave
Remember this
We first gave you shelter

Even male, was
derived from Female.
Men, brought out from women.



Mascul-ine from
Femin-ine ..
Literally, we all come from women

Lower your eyes to the my abdomen You'll see this sacred line
The scars of the life I give
The only thing

men offered women,
was the rib..
Women must not
be inferior to men.
Men shouldn't be over superior to women either..
We're all equal
in the eyes of God and death,
the inevitable.

Festus Elikem B. & Koffi Selorm



THE TRADITION OF MY PEOPLE

The woman is no good a person to lead
A female stands no chance to be superior
Its an abomination justified by the thoughts of our ancestors
Which one way or the other is hunting the woman
Perhaps we've offended the ancient man; who vowed not to give us
great opportunities anymore
But is it really a good thing?
Afeafa, a strong , elegant and bold princess , qualifies to be a ruler
Yet I've been condemned , undermined due to the fact that I have no
beard
Or do I need a third leg compared to a man before I could rise to the
apex?
Intelligent am I
Very determined, focused and an intellect
But for whatever reason of my people, my wisdom dies in my head
Because I'm not given the floor to exhibit what I'm made of
I belong to a Soviet where i got limitations that favours me not
Limitations that fights against me each passing moment
And for my fellow females who are fortunate to break shells and rise
above the normal,
They are ridiculed to nothing
So is the tradition of my people

•Delanya•



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[illegible]