



Leaving School; & THE Quandary

COMPILATION LED BY
VELVIN JONES

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FORWARD

After two decades, I looked back at the things I wished, dreamed, hoped and earnestly prayed would be my bright future. Disappointment? Your guess is correct as mine. I am still disappointed things did not go as I wished, dreamed, hoped and prayed for. The emotional trauma and stress from trying to be who I dreamed to be is as heart breaking as watching my last cup of water spill. This poetic compilation, Leaving School; & The Quandary seeks to create awareness to and for the young ones. For the young to dream but not expect, to wish but not leave it to the stars to make it come true, to hope but not blame themselves for the unfortunate and to pray but not leave the work for the maker to get them done. This literally work touches many aspects of life after high school. The experiences of many have been told in simple forms that will make you, the victim. Have a wonderful read!

ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

Glory to the Heavens always and forever; and may the Great God bless the amazing writers and terrific designer of Poetic Koncept. To you our favorite readers, thank you. We are, because you are !"Certificates are useful as proof of knowledge (knowing) but it should be coupled with wisdom (being wise)" Mr. Goerge Otchere. We say be inspired by the ink.

MEET

OUR WRITERS

VELVIN JONES



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MYKELL WRITES



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VELVIN JONES

I'M STILL HERE

The first to take the lead in a race
Guarantees no win until it ends
Note this, water courses its way
Through hard and uneven rocks
And it cuts through the hardest of them all
You remember slow and sturdy wins the race?
Well, that's life put in a short story.

Zen Shin said
"A flower does not think of competing
With the flower next to it, it just blooms!"
Life is not a competition
Life is thinking about your progress and the end
results
I've been there, and I'm still here
No area of life in this world
Shows itself as one's own rhythm

The world represents life as a race
But note this my dear
You're an individual in a world
Success isn't measured by others' progress
But by the joy you feel, in accomplishing just a little



Paul aforesaid in Galatians that
"Pay careful attention to your own work,
For then you will get the satisfaction of a job well
done
And you won't need to compare yourself to anyone
else"

Give glory to your God
When all goes as planned for you
And if it doesn't don't ever forget
The person you were yesterday.

Writers: Yaa Walker & Velvin Jones


AFTERMATH

"Farewell sweetie pie"

He said this in the most serious manner ever
And went ahead to define love as a journey
A journey some people do not understand its
beginning
And most do not know where it takes them
So I asked, is love ever enough?

We were the best of friends,
The coolest paddies and the vibe dey
When we both looked into our eyes.
We responded quickly, then why?
If love is magic exactly how some say it is
This magic was a break out not a breakthrough

Where did I touch and touched wrongly?
What did I kiss and kissed wrongly?
Who did I console and missed out the mystery?
If love is sacrifice, I sacrificed wrongly
I have closed my eyes and seek for better options



And now, a full Ghost has appeared
[Sigh], I cannot haunt myself
To take my life for you to live; we will both live
We will both smile and I will smile than you
Farewell to you too sweetie pie – pie.

Writer: Yaa Walker

Reality Wrestles Dreams

Sincerely,
Dreams may not come true now,
All efforts may not be seen,
Life may be harsh, may be funny,
It can ignite your spirit,
Dump your confidence
But the true reflection of you is in
Your mind
The revolution of new ideas and focus
There is nothing wrong about dreaming
There is nothing wrong to show your best efforts
I have risen twice my last two falls
I soliloquy in the play society have written
I have bounced back so many times to complete my
story
One day is not enough to organise your thoughts
I have lived for 365 days but couple of times
I have been a mediocre
I visualized my own failures and got beaten by them
But I still synchronized
I am Human
Do not blame fate; do not blame others
Do not blame luck; take the blame
And continue seeking solution to your dream
You are HUMAN.

SCATTERED SCRIPT

Guess what?

I won't lie; my thought seems out of place
But when I stand in front of the mirror
I know my reflection so well
When my words are laid down
It radicals root deep but the petals... a well, peep

We all have secrets, don't we?

I sat at this same place the last time and I asked
What if my words keep rounding over my head and
never end?


What if I grow up in tantrums and forget my deal
focus?

What if the real family drama throws me off?
Throws me off the little edge that keeps my faith?

Life happens all the time

Four by four race was my knowledge back in college
Now every four hundred metres I run, I see no one
What the hell! The closest people are no more too?
When the dawn set I become hungry for your own
well done

Sometimes it gets to me and I shut my guts!



Now listen to the eulogy of the script
I met myself sixteen years ago
I dreamed boundlessly and feared myself not
I moved at every speed the day brings
Change when it changes
I was myself – myself – the hero.

Writer: Yaa Walker

The Questionnaire

Why should it be after SHS?
Why should I become the only bone in flesh after SHS?
Why should the family look up to me after SHS?
Why should misfortunes start hugging me just after SHS?
Why should the "shark" in our class get pregnant just after SHS?
Why should my room become a printing press as it's always filled with samples of application letters just after SHS?
Why should there be a heated "beef" between my parents and I just after SHS?
Why should the wine I seeped after the last paper become bitter after SHS?
Why should I hide when I see my friends after SHS?
Why should I have to make sacrifices after SHS?
Why did all the pampering stop after SHS?
Why did my expenses increase after SHS?
Why did my time become inadequate for myself after SHS?
Why should all the bad decisions become options after SHS?

Why should I be dictated for after SHS?
Why should everyone fake their concerns for me
after SHS?
Why should the answer to the simple question "
Charley, you check the results " be scarce after
SHS?
Why must it be after SHS?
Why didn't it happen after JHS?
Hmm! (Sighs) looking at all these made me
understand why the old man told me
"Life Begins after SHS"

**Writer: Enyɛnyɛ Kɔbla Gbɛsa Omar
D'Poet**

Life After SHS Do All

Charley life after SHS do all oo.
E be there wey I know say e be me against the world.
You pass exams saf, you for fight plus the world. If e
no be so you go take the A's dey house.
Wey if you no pass di3, Charley, the case spoil oo.
Dogs saf go fi come have sex for your bed top.

All your old boy e paddies go dey ask you about
your results saaaa.
If you no take time, you go fi commit suicide.
The one wey dey bore kraaaa be say, those wey dey
ask about your results never buy gari give you as you
dey SHS oo.
Huh! life after SHS be something.

Charley life after SHS do all oo.
You get job way you dey earn some small small
coins p3, if you no take time the money go takeover
your mind oo. You go forget further education
kraaaaa.
Charley life after SHS do all oo.
You friends call you erh, the first thing dem go biz
you be say where you dey now.

Secof you no wan feel bad so you go lie say you dey do this course for here or there.

Life after SHS hmmmm.

If you get chance go school wey you meet your paddy wey no go school, Charley you go hide secof you no wan make e feel bad.
Charley life after SHS do all oo.

But you know one thing, God never go shame us

**Writer: Enyenyε Kɔbla Gbεsa
Omar D'Poet**

He had a dream

He had a dream.
Oh yes, he had a dream.
Life in SHS made him see it as a dream.
So he decided to enjoy this dream.

He had a dream.
The end product of his heavy eyes always made him
see this dream.
Blindfolded he was, as he enjoyed how glittering this
dream seemed.

He had a dream.
Yesterday is gone.
Today has come.
Pens are finally down.
Welcome to the new dawn.

He had a dream but life after SHS made it remain a
dream.
A dream of making it big in life but destiny made it
remain just a dream.
Little did he know that life is heavier than just his
dream.

He had a dream.
Got all A's but destiny covered all his A's.
Daddy the "block holder" not ready, destiny has
covered all his A's.

He had a dream.
The dream was lengthy but he never saw himself
ending up like this.

Now the world has opened its mouth to him.
The slightest slip might get him swallowed by the
world.

Life after SHS
I pray you live your planned life after SHS.

**Writer: Enyenyε Kɔbla Gbεsa
Omar D'Poet**

Life After SHS

Dear poets, since you've been given the power over words, please help me deliver this revelation to my younger brothers and sisters.

They say life begins immediately you step foot into the world but I tell you this, life begins the moment you step foot out of SHS

A life which is determined and controlled by family members.

These family members would range from mother "I didn't pass mathematics"

To father "I don't have money now, so next year"

Not forgetting Uncle "learn a trade"

And mostly aunty "I don't like your results"

A life which will keep flipping itself back and forth to you, even though you might be or aren't at fault.

A life that decides for you what it wants.

A life that obeys the job market instead of your natural interest.

A life that looks sweet after pens down only to realize those pens were never down as job application sometimes become norms.

Life after SHS is war.
But with proper planning it'll just be a tour.

Life after SHS is tough.
But with God, it'll be softer than soft.

I know your friends and siblings completed SHS long ago and still struggling to find the headway.
Tell them to keep on working, hoping and praying.

They say life begins immediately you step foot into the world but I tell you this, life begins the moment you step foot out of SHS.

So my brothers and sisters plan well before you leave SHS because real life begins after SHS.
God be with you.

**Writer: Enyɛenyɛ Kɔbla Gbɛsa
Omar D'Poet**

It Ended In Tears

It all begun during our "ninos" night.

Love at first sight was also in my sight.

I had to wrestle with her doubts to make them right.

My heart was loose but her looks made it tight.

Battling with rivals and elective mathematics.

Tasseling in the dining Hall only for a diet.

Out of the blue came the WASSCE fight.

A win is a plus.

The grade A's must be a must.

The same tertiary would be nice.

Being fed with the same course would give our relationship might.

The sad wind blew overnight.

WASSCE became a thing of the past.

Phone calls, WhatsApp messages and video calls now dominates our cast.

A movie I painfully had to act.

Lecturers, "Sugar daddies" and rich colleagues became antagonist.

I wish I never started this.

I wish I never invested in this.

A relationship winner in high school but now the "skin put put " loser in tertiary.

It has ended in tears but I know God will never let my "move on" end me in tears.

Writer: Enyɛnyɛ Kɔbla Gbɛsa

Omar D'Poet

AFTER THE SEMINAR

In first year, it was Legon: Medical School,
In second year, application for change of course,
General Science switched to General Arts.
Then Medical School was less preferred to Law
School.
In third year, change of course attempted again!
Not possible, so further studies was now Journalism.

Lots of seminars attended, as soon as organized.
Further and current study choices,
Undergoing amendment per new seminars.
Today's seminar taught that I was gifted in speaking,
Tomorrow, it was engineering.
Next week, farming: Previous month, banking.
Future days, care giving: Latter days, drawing.
The pandemonium was very viable.

Fast forward,
Having successfully managed gentle passes,
Further studies was starting now.
After all the seminars, here I was again making
enquiries.
Eventually, University of Ghana was out,
The pesewas could not reach that level.

University of Development Studies it was
Out! This distance is amazing.
Cape Coast, "they learn too much"
Said I, lazily, "I cannot go through that again"
Kwame Nkrumah University of Science and
Technology
The gentle passes were not enough.
Unless I wanted to do something else,
Fee paying? Won't even dream of that.

I am good at football,
I love music too,
"Whose child is going to do that?"
Dad asked.
I said "a friend was telling me, she asked her
father"
If you sense that your life is in danger,
Don't be smart.
We will grace your funeral.

Writer: Sly Selase

MISCELLANEOUS

Midway through school
The major source of support expires,
You are thrown into a dilemma

How am I going to do this?
Where will help come from?
Is that the end?
Can I achieve the dream?

You gained a lot of confidence back,
He or she said not to worry, they got you covered!
Mouth-watering promises; you wish the
unfortunate happened to you earlier!
Your ears loved that which they heard,
Who does not like to be wooed?

Two weeks after the promises were made, you
wished!
You wished you didn't wish anymore.
You thought you were hearing ghosts, yet you
still saw the mortal engines!

Then you reached the red sea, your confusion
grew rapidly.

Other tough problems joined in, trying to maintain the balance which proved futile.

Then drowning comes to mind! It's a good feeling, your best bet.

You were just about throwing yourself into the sea when a feeble voice called.

It's was a lame man! Offering a feeble hand as help. Could my life get any interesting?

Ignoring him was not helping, he is just bothering me with his help!

He said I should just sit at his back, at least I won't die alone.

He will swim me to safety, or to death!

I got to the other side, I cannot even ask how!

A helpless could help the helpless? But where is he? Which country am I in? When did these things start happening?

We both drown midway; how did I end up at the shore?

Around all these unfamiliar faces smiling broadly to me.

The Good Samaritan bit is just a story, or?

A stranger brought me here?

Are strangers my family now?
Those you know only can do you good.
That's how it works!

Looks like these strange people helping,
Must have been part of the extended family.
That's the only way this makes sense.
Remember! All things work together for our good?
Promises are now made to be broken!
Angels are all around!
Don't think blood bond alone is family!
You will be disappointed!
The help you seek from those you think can help,
Is administered by the ones you easily undermine!

The ones who say they will get you there
Just wait till you see how you get there.
Don't expect; you won't get disappointed!

Writer: Sly Selase

THE ROAD TO THE HEIGHTS

Congratulations! All will say,
You would keep saying thank you.
For only God knows how long,
Until you begin to answer other questions;

What next?
What do you want to do now?
Which school would you like to go?
Which course would you read?

All these and more, you would answer to,
Or be asked as often as you were hailed earlier.
Only a handful, may remember to say;

You know the cost involved?
Have you an idea what work you need to put in?
Know how long it will take you?
Are you aware the situations you will meet?
Any possible measures you know you can use?

Two weeks' post-graduation,
The need to be a;
Pupil teacher, laborer, bus conductor, cleaner,
dishwasher

And all the other lucrative white collar job personnel
pops up!
Guess what? No one will tell you this too.
Either way, we move!

Around this time, you begin to understand,
The young man you used to gossip about,
Stating that he was dunderhead,
A reason he was not in school like his classmates.
You see then that the seminars didn't really tell you,
There was a road to all the juicy stuff they spoke.
You then know Gold shines!
But its first dust.
Melted, seen through a process,
Then passed out and staged to be beholden.

The road is not always explained,
The way is not always discussed.
Doesn't mean there is no road or way!
Only means, there is always a hidden part of the story.

Leaving school is easy,
Making the next move is busy.

Writer: Sly Selase

LEFT_BEHIND

I left a piece behind
with tears and promises.
A night before the departure
was teary as we sang a line or two of
Stonebwoys gbedegbede song,
hoping to get my piece back in peace.

But it was the last!
So was the last seen,
It became pieces
I couldn't gather no more.

That wasn't the plan.
It was never in the picture
yet it happened.

Here I am today,
wondering what I did wrong.
Why it happened that way;
Maybe it wasn't meant to be.
Maybe I wasn't matured for it.
Maybe I wasn't just ready for the long distance thing.

Distance fell in!
Talks were fading...
Insecurity became normal.
Excitement left long ago.
Trust was lost and
things fell apart.

Little jokes didn't sound funny anymore.
It was one complaint after the other.
Missed calls were never returned.
Neither were text messages replied.
I'm busy; became the anthem.
Sad, isn't it?

As seconds turned minutes,
weeks to months,
So did the promises vanish.

I tried holding it up, I really did.
But they say; there is no hope
for a fallen breast, so I fell flat.
I tried!

Writer: Mykell_Writes

INTO_ REALITY

Left there; with dreams and goals.
The aim was high so was the energy,
with smiles as we dive into reality.
But I tell you, it was tough than we thought!

There I was,
with my carefully typed CV
and rim prints of resume
out to make it happen.
So determined I guess.

Weeks gone by,
then I realized I wasn't
prepared as I thought.
We were taught education and
not money.
The industry needed experience
and there I was with just school life and
certificates.
The energy level started dropping.

Every job site tasted my presence.
Interview after interview.

a little penny taken as salary.
What was I expecting without specialty anyways?
It's funny I guess.

Just wanted to be relevant
to society and family and friends.
An old adage says; No food for the lazy man.
I wasn't lazy, I was just not
fitting in.

Dreams changed!
They say you can only fit in the government sector.

So reality forced us to be teachers and nurses,
others joined the forces.
I tried and it still wasn't fitting in.

Who do you know?
Who knows you?

I came this far with
whom I know.
I know only the
grace giver,
The Lord of host!

Writer: Mykell_Writes

Now I'm Done

Now I'm done
I have hit the bottom
What's going to come out from this?
I should have known
I can't eat in peace
Nor ask for anything from them
Disgrace has been the crest I carry now
Stupid was the perfect word for my father
I cannot take it to the head now
Who is ready to help carry the load?
Why couldn't I see the future?
Hmm! I guess I'm stupid too
It should be the same after school
It should be the same
After my examination results I'm drawn back
The hustle is real, not a joke as it was sang
Now I dance in tales of hide and seek
Who am I even hiding from?
Class after school was different
Few had the silver spoon
We had to carry ourselves across the river
I guess my time will come
But when?
Lots of mouths to feed now.

Writer: De Sugarcane Seller's Son Hughes

School Dey Bee, After; School Dey Bore

School was a cold feed.
Ask me why?
Life in school was awesome.
The “chobo” and freaks we sneaked to go,
But now we have built a wall for ourselves, not to climb
back there.
How funny when we thought life in school was life in this
world.
Hustling and banging our heads on rocks for juice to fill
our empty stomachs.
Friends elevated and we're still fighting with this 95
Carrying weights of regrets and depression.
Were our paths distorted when we were blindly walking
on the road of adolescence?
Talents and qualifications are now who you know.
We thought leaving home could make us forget the
backlashes of failed exams,
We got nothing outside and can't return home too.
Life after school, gosh! take me back.
I'm now at a crossroad,
Where are my friends now?
The squad is squashed.
None to turn to.
You sort it out on your own,
Your world, your school,
Island by island.

Writer: de sugarcane sellers' son. Hughes

School Days

Looking at the mean mugs,
From old enough juniors and
the ugly smile of the younger seniors,
Pretending to be depressed or having
take allergies just to escape silly chores.
Pitying tutors who claimed they want our best
Deep down we know we are a bore
And everything you build from south will up west
The sweet bells
The sour taste of Wednesday's supper.
Church our hell!
At least for the boys who knows it's a nap time
For those always hyper
And this is only the narrow genesis to school.

Writer: de sugarcane sellers' son. Hughes

Advice

I've walked the walks of life
Tirelessly and endlessly
The world is not fair
Yet full of fair humans with dark hearts

Sometime past, the goodness of heart
Was judged by ones' beauty
Years ago, the intelligence of man
Was ascertained on the basis of beauty
Sometime past, boldness and courage
Meant you're the definition of Christ

Today is here; yesterday is gone
But yesterday has taught us lessons
Yesterday's were the moments of learning
Today is the moment of amending
Yesterday's were the moments of true living
Today we are copy cats and call it adjustment
Yesterday was so real
Today is not far from fake
Though there are few realists

I say this to let you know there are choices
Choices based on beliefs
Choices based on science
Choices based on emotions
Choices based on society

Above all choices made without passion
Sinks in the ocean

Many men have pursued goals
Many men acquired wealth
Yet, many men found no joy
For the reason they danced to drums not meant for
them
Passion brings joy

Delanya, sit on the mountain top
And see what the youth your age seeth not
Be careful not to dance before the drums begin
For destruction and shame may amass

The journey promises not of smoothness
It's so vast and full of mistakes
Mistakes are bound to happen
Mistakes aren't orchestrated for individuals
Mistakes are for everyone

Take note
Of all the storms that shall rise
And all the heat burning your feet
Stay true to who you are
And pursue what you desire
Be not perturbed about what you see
For the road tarries Yet you will get there

Writer: Delanya

DECEIVED BY LOOK

At the early hours of the orientation
My eyes got glued in a direction
There I saw a Gem
So shiny, so pretty

My legs stood still
But my eyes moved
That I lost focus
Love at first sight, I thought

On the corridors leading to the hall
At a top speed I walked
To grab the Gem by hand
But it swung so fast
That I missed target

Alone in my "one corner"
Lyrics of songs crossed my mind
Of which I inked on paper
So I could deliver to the Gem
As a sign of love at first sight

Just before the siren could sound
Signifying the close of the day
A shadow walked behind me
My heart beat; my breath seized

Seeing my Gem glow with smiles
Watching my Gem take my hands
Assuring ourselves that we would stick
together
There we made promises

I transferred my faith to my Gem
Leaving Christ, no faith
But when the moon took over the night
On the day of completion,
You abandoned me on the cross road

Just behind the gates
Leaving me confused
Then I remembered "help me finish my
course"
It was true after all.

Writer: Delanya

MISCARRIAGE

Do you still remember those things you said
growing up?

For three years, I've been a bank manager

Six years a pilot and eight years a medical doctor

These have been the imaginary professions we lived
with

What happened to all these?

Some put to birth and others had a still birth

Either than these, it's a miscarriage

The discouragements alone put us off

"Who is an engineer in this family?"

Just this, you should know your destiny isn't in your
own hands

If you're lucky to have yours

Your grades define a new path for you

If you have the grades and your pocket isn't that
deep

Then the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ leads

Who supports you?

At whose expense will you climb the academic
ladder?


It's a pity no one is ready to make the dream a
reality

Then you look in a different direction
And make choices aside education
That's where the hustle begins
Day after day, sweat dwindles down your face

As you strive hard to make a living
Just when you get to save
Your relative battles an illness
There you're stripped off all your cash
It's now your duty to wipe the tears of the family
Not forgetting, you are shedding too.

Far from that
And near to this, is the system
"Who do you know" for your protocols?
What about someone knowing you?
That's a bit of a relieve
I have become a wanderer in my own world
After school, nothing has been working
What I put together, goes asunder
When there's no rope to hold tight

Wondering if this is my fate
Or a twist of faith
I just could not relate
But I kept my head straight
And my hearts high
As I did on my graduation



Now I get to understand the crow of the cock
It announces that it's time
Time that we all walk together
Time that we get connected
And stop keeping to ourselves
So when the grains are splitted
Each of us could have a taste
So our hunger could be satisfied

Right after school, everything became clearer
That "Who you Know" is the guarantee for a job
Aside this, step aside.
For the role you dream of occupying
Has been registered in the name of their offsprings.
The paper with ink (certificate) is valid
Yet can't secure a job.

Writers: Festus Elikem Boamah & Delanya

First Choice

It never gave good grades
Something we didn't know before
But now I can say
People made it
The students were the first choice
Giving out their best

Every first choice
Came with a thirst first
To shoot at the clouds
But we never knew

The teachers advised we would fail
If we sit not to study
Well, how can you fail
When it's Vel Primus Vel Cum Primis
Those are just words put together
To inspire and remind us
To aim at the best

Dwen Na Som
Ofori Panyin told me this
"Think and serve"?
If I had thought to serve my thoughts
Picking those dusty books

Off the shelves

I would have been the best choice

Tell these things to your children or students

The first choice has the best students

Who were relentless in their efforts

Students who burst bubbles

And nursed their desires to learn

At the end

They earn the best students

And the first choice for themselves and alma mata

Be your first choice and best student

Writer: Festus Boamah Elikem

I WANTED OUT.

Who needed the time?
To hear the siren
Sounding as early as 5:00 am
When all one wanted to do,
Was to sleep till 7:00 am.

It wasn't as if we were cooking.
It wasn't as if we had family,
To take care of.

Who needed the siren?
Yet it was useful.
A community when one is under so many rules,
Regulations, and even laws to abide with.

It has become a place
where we suffocate!
Uneasy feelings as if
we were being choked.

There is no freedom.
The only freedom some of us had
was when it's time for closing ceremony.
And even that, has been
disguised as freedom.

Because home was
another hell of a treat.

We do not eat
Until we're told to do so.
We do not wear this,
till it's time to wear it.

But it was all good.
How dare you waste time?
Whose authority can you question?

I cannot wait to leave
these four walls
called the senior high school.
I cannot, for the said freedom.

Writer: Emmy Mawumenyo

WHAT I WAS TOLD.

I was told that;
there's freedom outside these walls.
That outside these walls, I can be who I want to be.
Do what I want to do,
Go where I want to go.

I was told I'll basically have my freedom,
that every decision will be mine.
And I will become my own choice.

What I was told?
What I was told was that,
I and I alone will matter!
That whatever rules
and regulations I follow,
Will be ones that I make.

Little did I know that,
it was just mere speculations
and far from reality.
So here I sit.

Going through the books provided,
I was told I'll find my choice of school.

But here I am,
facing reality and it checks.

Where I want to go,
my grades can't take me!
They say my grade isn't strong enough.

My reality
has nothing to do with their speculations.
They left me hanging.

Now I'm supposed to go with the flow
or grease the palms of others to be able to get
my desired place.
What if I can't do the latter?
I'll be forced to conform.
What was I told then?

**Writers: Emmy Mawumenyo & Koffi Sëlorm
Komla**

OUTNUMBERING THE NUMBERS

I was busy counting the days.
Because I assumed it was better in the outside
world.
Yes, I wanted to leave.
Why?
Because the unknown future painted to me
looked awesome.
But I should have known better.
I should have known
that future was unknowingly unreliable.

Someone's wild imagination
doesn't cut it!
And life in itself is known only through
experience.

Who said afterwards was and
would be better?
The rich kids who
had all the money
at their disposal?

The pampered child

who has no idea what pain is?
Those children who haven't gone through
anything in this life?

The one who indulges
in things that you couldn't do?
Or the one who's willing to get things
no matter the circumstances and consequences?

Who told you it was
a laid bed full of roses?
They are bed of roses.
But there were thorns
beneath the roses, hidden.

Who lied to you?
Who told you the truth?
Yet you forgot their
stories and yours aren't the same?

Here we are!
In-between the freedom
we were promised and
the freedom we want.

Here we are!
Day in day out
wishing we had known.

Known that it takes more effort
to get to the next level because we're different,
from different places and connections.
We are so different.

Because of lack of confidence,
no matter where we find ourselves,
here we are believing we can only get to
that place we want in order to feel worthy of
happiness and respect.

Here we are!
Swimming through
uncertainties of life
of things ahead.

Others have swum through
to the other bank.
Not because they know how to swim than the rest.
But solely because of the helping hand
they got from those who own the waters we are
swimming through.

To whom shall we turn?
To the whales of the water or
let's end up being fed on by the sharks?
What's your own story?

Writer: Emmy Mawumenyo & Koffi Sëlorm Komla


WHERE DO YOU BELONG

As young and desperate
as we were,
we thought we could just
be anything we wanted.
Not until we got to
senior high school.
Plans changed, dreams deferred
and outputs were rough.

Others had to change courses
over and over again.
What exactly do we want?
Well, we finished some way somehow.
We completed high school.

Now it's a toss and turn
between further studies
and getting a job at hand
for the time being.

But the systems
are determining
our way forward;
there are shifts in plans.



How many A's have you got?
How many B's have you got?
Even at that, people with the F's
or nothing close to the C's
have occupied where the real
deserving ones are supposed
to be.

Writer: Koffi Sëlorm Komla

TURNING EIGHTEEN

Soon enough, I will be ready for love
My parents can't stop me
And my rights allow me
Of age to take my own aim, at my range

My love will understand and come to terms
With my meaning of love
We'll be together, and manage our own ways
forever
None will stop us, after all; we are of age

We'll go to places we've ever dreamed
Even to the moon and back
Our love will overcome all
Every deterrence and faults

We'll overlook our flaws till there's no law
For us, between us or against us
We can do it, we will make it better
Than this called love at home.

At Twenty

Looking back at my old thoughts

My young and eager spirit
Ready to sprint and jump against odds
Of a suppose true love

I now find it quite funny
Even amusing, eighteen and of age
For what? Romance and love?
How ignorant and naive of me
Love is not like in the movies, they say
I wish I was a little wiser to see

Love wounds, it cuts and it hurts
Bittersweet, maybe like salt and sweet
Should have loved myself first
And trusted myself worth
But nay, I preferred his love
And his view of myself worth

Reminiscing mine
eighteenth self;
I can't help but smile.
At least I know now
I should love myself first
Then my trust leads
And my worth follows.

Writer: Velvin Jones

It Wasn't Expected

Mama, the results are in
I have passed, its good.
Can I further school?

Very well my child, well done!
Not yet my dear,
But let's wait for the year
For the year to wear off
Then the next, you go.

Ok Mama, next year won't hurt
It's only a few months away.
I will find a job doing
That I may gather something
Something for next year.

Mama, they called!
The admission was given,
I was admitted into the University.
Can I go to school now?

Not yet my child,
Your siblings' fees aren't paid
And the rent is due

Grandma's funeral is next week too,
There's so much to do.
Two years won't hurt either
Next year might just be better.

Okay Mama, if you say so.
Two years won't hurt either
I'd wait for better next year.

Mama it's been four years
My mates are about doing their service
Patiently, you asked me to wait
It's been four years after high school
And I've nothing to show
You promised if only I would pass
You would move heaven and earth
To help me continue for us
But you rather attend all funerals
With the little I saved in your hands
Buying dishes we don't even need
What for? I asked. And you tell me,
For when I'm getting married

Mama I don't want to get married!
I want to go to school first.
To be that lawyer I dreamed of.
Wouldn't it be nice if your daughter

Your daughter was the lady Annie Baeta?
Such honor bestowed upon you
But you'd rather I be a house wife
Mama is that the best you want for me?
For us? My sisters? But mama why?


I'm sorry my child,
But the reality is this.
I can take care of your needs no longer,
Your husband's home might treat you better.

Writer: Velvin Jones

Which Way?

Today seems to last till eternity
Tomorrow, a world far and away
Thoughts never coming to a stop
Moving in an uneven pattern of no formula
Trying to accept its meaning
From a maze of ever changing paths
Uncertainty, having the upper hand
The future, left.

Growing up, fitting in, and staying in the normal
What is staying in the normal?
First degree, government salary, managing
poverty?
Why then, are those who didn't get the good
education, the rich?
There's this coalition, I heard, Unemployed
Graduates Association?
Is that true?
After four to five years, will I be a part too?
It's either my mind is taking a step out of the
ordinary,
Or it's only over estimating the possible.
Because seriously, I don't know what is real any
more.



The dreams I dreamt and plans I made today,
happens to be a waste.
If this was the journey my maker had for me,
I would know that at the end;
At the end, heaven is my destination,
But this? this I cannot fathom.

You would argue this is little,
Too little to complain or cry about.
But this eats up the young ones from the inside,
Forcing him and her,
To engage in the indomitable
They didn't imagine, but the world is just not fair.

Writer: Velvin Jones

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