



POETIC KONCEPT  
be inspired, by the ink.

A POETIC KONCEPT

# ANTHEMS OF AWAKENING

L I F E   I N   G E N E R A L

ANTHOLOGY LED BY

**YAA WALKER\_N**

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# FOREWORD

Poetry emerges as a powerful medium to capture the essence of our shared experiences. It is a language that transcends boundaries, allowing us to delve into the depths of our souls and connect with others on a profound level.

In the vast realm of human existence, where emotions run deep and thoughts weave intricate tales, Poetry is where they find solace.

“Anthems of Awakening” is a collection of poetic verses that explores the multifaceted avenues of life. From the mundane to the extraordinary, it delves into the realms of politics, truth, growth, renewal, and transition.

Each poem serves as a testament to the resilience of the human spirit, reflecting on both joyous occasions and sorrowful moments.

Through these verses, we are reminded that life is woven with threads of connection. In one way or the other, things may be connected. The words of Poet’s intertwine to form a patchwork that captures the essence of our shared humanity.

It is a celebration of unity amidst diversity, reminding us that we are all interconnected in this vast cosmic dance.

In “Anthems of Awakening,” we embark on a journey through various seasons (good and bad).

Each poem offers its own unique perspective on life’s cyclical nature, reminding us to embrace change and find beauty in every phase.

As we navigate through these verses, we are encouraged to reflect upon our own experiences. The keen observations and evocative language of the writers invite us to ponder upon life's complexities and find solace in its imperfections. It is an invitation to embrace our vulnerabilities and recognize that they are an integral part of our humanity.

“Anthems of Awakening” is not just an anthology; it is a collective voice speaking from the depths of our collective consciousness. It serves as a reminder that we are all wanderers on this vast journey called life.

Through these poetic expressions, let us embark on a voyage of self-discovery and enlightenment.

May this anthology inspire you, you and you to explore your own inner landscapes, find solace in times of turmoil, and celebrate the beauty that surrounds us each day.

May it ignite your imagination and encourage you to embrace life's myriad experiences with open hearts.

With heartfelt appreciation, Selorm Komla Koffi.

## LOVE AGAINST ME

Love promised to be of good behavior,  
but it left me with no choice but objecting  
against the commands of my savior;  
"Love your neighbor as yourself".

Love strongly affirmed to light up my heart,  
yet I cruised through the darkness of my  
flooded emotions,  
and my sense of humor got attacked for too  
much query on love.

What is Love?

My intuition sat my feelings down  
in a one-on-one interview,  
to ascertain its point of view.

Picking up leftovers of my broken heart,  
which I find difficult to amalgamate,  
I've come to realize that unlike soulmates,  
love has no mate.

Let love lead!  
echoed from an angry microphone,  
Yet hatred is in the lead,  
Sprinting in the company of love against me.  
Elorm Wright.



## WHISPERS

In the canopy night, raw emotions whisper,  
Leaving my mark with every leafy line.  
Sometimes filters fray when emotions are  
strong;  
I strive to understand this harmony so deep.  
A place like Mallam Junction,  
Where whispers of leafs tell tales of yore.  
You could paint with rage upon the forest  
floor,  
But I let it mingle softly like raindrops  
evermore.  
With metaphors of green and honesty so dear,  
I let slip words like jagged vines in flight.  
What was I made for, in this world so wide?  
With metaphors of green and honesty so dear.  
Sometimes filters fray when emotions are  
strong;  
I strive to understand this harmony so deep.  
Yaa Walker N.

# THE FIRST GOODBYE

We said our goodbye,  
a curtain drawn, the final act complete,  
But doubt, a hush in my ear,  
refused to let it meet

Its the end. I clung to what's left,  
a fragile thread, a desperate plea,  
for one more chance to rewrite fate,  
for you and finally, me.

The chance arrived, a familiar, luring song,  
But as I played my supporting role,  
something felt terribly wrong.  
Your eyes turned my way, held a love for  
another space.

Now, silence hangs,  
a heavy weight, the truth I can't deny,  
The first goodbye, the truest one,  
the one I let it fly.

Festus Boamah

# LIVE LIFE

I decided to live  
Free of all the cares  
Devoid of all the stress

I decided to step back  
And watch the chaos peruse  
What would happen without me?  
Is it okay to fail?

I decided to be gay  
Swaying on my way as a display  
Of the child within.  
And finding all ways to little them fears  
Of a tomorrow that can never be geared.

And guess what?  
I've been as happy as I could ever be.  
There was nothing worth the stress  
and nothing worth the hurt.

But life still goes on without me  
I needn't be a fixer on all things  
Things will always fall in place  
so I decided to live,  
I decided to Live Life!

Velvin Jones

I -MY PAIN

I was asked to write  
And I couldn't pick up my pen  
because I knew I had no right  
to communicate in such stern.

So I told Mami I couldn't do it.  
She said I could  
I said, "No Mami, I'm struggling."  
She asked I pen my struggle.

I recalled and a tear fell.  
I dwelled and another followed.  
Then the memories started rushing in.  
The flood begun to overflow.

See, I knew pain  
I knew hurt  
I knew fresh wound,  
But you see the walk over?

Reliving every fucking second,  
comparing your present to your gone past.  
Looking at the lessons but see no use  
because the regret seems to overshadow?  
Now that, that is the pain.  
The one that keeps tearing me apart.  
Making me judge my decisions  
And pronounce me guilty as charged.

That's the pain right there  
The very one that rises from my being.  
Climbs to the chest and ...  
...makes me wanna scream!  
Emmy

# EMBRACING RENEWAL

Amidst the chaos,  
my seeds took root.

Unfurling its leaves,  
with a silent salute.

When each season's shift,  
the cycle spins anew.

Awakening the world  
with a vibrant hue.

Much zeal born out  
imaginary dreams standout.

Against all odds  
and logic, we hope.

What is left unsaid,  
says it all.

Selorm Komla Koffi

## LOW ON LOVE

You were a dream come true  
Unbelievably real, my charming Prince  
Is there anyone so perfect?  
Just as I ever needed  
His heart and soul  
As pure as gold,  
I could never imagine.

Right before my eyes  
A picture so clear, love.  
And yet, I'm low on love  
Even as perfect as it may seem,  
My hearts soul keeps wondering.  
Could you be a fake too?  
Or this is a fate true?  
Velvin Jones

## II- MY PAIN

I ache in my stomach  
But I'm aware that's not the origin.  
You see, its tearing me apart  
But I know this is just the beginning.

Because it goes deeper.  
It cuts deeper,  
It cuts aggressively.  
Until I can't find pieces of me no more.

Then, when it looks like its all over,  
It starts over and over again.  
So I keep losing and never getting better.  
I wonder when I'll have nothing else to lose.

After all the so called good is out,  
I wonder what else they'll take.  
The bad, the ugly, the empty?  
I want to scream, maybe they'll have pity.



Because I can clearly see,  
It's not right  
I live this way.  
Is this how life taught me to?

That's a bloody lie.  
Theres just so much joy they receive from my  
pain.  
It's like my poison is their meat.  
Emmy

# STRANGE STRANGERS

once the star my heart feels  
now the scars my heart sees

tears meander down my cheek  
so heavy I couldn't check

here I am, all alone  
in the memories of you

we met again  
this time as strangers.

*Festus Boamah*

# DANCE OF CONTRADICTION

Do I kneel to pray  
When a whisper brushes' cross my skin  
Do I need to find grace  
In the flicker of candle's frame  
Between the holy and the profane  
Stirring desires, I dare not name  
But in the clash of faith and flesh  
Do I surrender to the night's ballet  
Let me revel in this contradiction  
Looking in between the heaven and the earth  
And in the depth of my soul  
Where longing finds it rebirth  
Yaa Walker N.

## VERSES OF REVOLT

When inks flow, words ignite  
A revolutions verse takes flight.  
When writers write, voices unite  
while challenging the powers that reside.

When our stanzas  
storm the stages of politics,  
It rages rhymes against their tricks.  
Hurriedly giving us answers.

On the corridors of power,  
there's chanting of a new tune  
and Poetry's rebellion serves as a clarion  
croon.

It dismantles the status quo  
seizing the wickedness  
of every political flow.  
No space for one, nor a duo.

The Poet is the liar

who speaks the truth.  
Not with guns like the coup.  
His ink spills, in moments dire.

These are verses of revolution.  
A literary tight fight  
to dig out bad institutions; revealing the  
silently loud.

The power of a written rite revisited to ignite  
the light.

Illuminating the dark paths,  
This is Poetry's triumph.

Selorm Komla Koffi

## DO YOU KNOW?

In the walk of life, they softly stroll.  
Each person we meet has a story to unfold.  
Weave into our hearts, diverse and bold.  
Its blessings or lessons, a tale untold.

From each encounter, we glean wisdom and  
lessons

Like a stream flowing together, we converge  
experiences

In the tapestry of our shared dream.

In every moment, every step, and every trace,  
we ought to embrace grace, a gentle breeze.

Do you know,

Each encounter has a melody and a gentle  
flow?

The Hearld

# TRANSCENDING THE VEIL

Voices from a distant call  
stirring slumbering souls to rise.  
Shaking off the veil of sleep  
while consciousness rises.

Beyond the veil of sleep,  
is a tender soul.  
The old must pass, the new take.  
As tides change, adjustment takes place.

Though the pain  
attends this dying hour,  
New life emerges  
from deaths power.

The embers stir, a spark ignites  
Illuminating dormant sights  
The chains & shackles of fear,  
rise to meet a future nearby.

For in this moment, I am reborn.

My spirit soars, a new dawn.

Conscience is an open wound and only the  
truth can heal.

Selorm Komla Koffi



# ATTITUDE OF GRATITUDE

Every bit of my inner peace danced to the  
beat of an unwavering Grace,

which kept me on track without a race.

Each beat of my heart begot a high pitch  
among the multitude,

and displayed an attitude of Gratitude!

My success story is a novel too ambiguous for  
a great mind to understand,

and lengthy to be summarized by a  
determined mind.

My soul pursed a course for evident  
attestation,

just to make obvious it's appreciation.

An attitude of Gratitude!

Torn in between see never try and sea never  
dry,

remains of my damaged being,

came together bounded by love of the  
celestial being.

Diligently putting together little miracles,  
tears of joy flooded my mind's eye,  
showing an attitude of Gratitude!  
Elorm Wright.

# GRACE IN CRISIS

// Mental breakdown seems distant until it  
happens before your eyes //

When my faith was tested,  
When all hope seemed lost,  
When answers waited longer  
than Christ fasted,  
Though I sought comfort,  
within, I feared.

From murmuring to fighting,  
Sleeplessness to the core,  
When the enemy arrested the mind,  
There, we transitioned from hope to despair,  
Faith almost faded.

From seeking spiritual direction to sowing  
seeds,  
If help were for sale,  
we would have borrowed to buy,  
Psychologists to psychiatrists,  
The worst we saw,  
But God won,

He helped the helpless,  
Favored the hopeless,  
Lifted the burdens,  
Wiped away the night tears  
and brought joy back home,  
Grateful we were,  
Back from hell.  
Mykell Writes

# THE 11TH HOUR

Been up at Dusk  
Doing dawn's task  
Sometimes I like to ask,  
What's the risk if I made a skip?

Then life throws it back  
Everything!  
A skip puts everything at risk;  
Even success and progress.  
So yes, as long as the deadline is not due  
I've still got the eleven hour.  
Velvin Jones

### III – MY PAIN

What's your definition of a mistake?

When it happens once,

twice or three times?

Maybe ...

So what do you call the things

you go back to

Just to breath?

The things you escape to.

When your past flashes before you,

Who do you call?

Your heart, head or soul?

Do you even bother inviting them?

I'm talking about the demons.

It's like they're just waiting,

Waiting for you to sigh.

Just a sigh of doubt or tiredness.

And they will come hunting.

Emmy

# HOUR OF RESTORATION

As the seasons shift and change,  
We embrace the rhythm of renewal,  
Gently letting go of what no longer serves us,  
And embracing the richness of transformation.

In the quiet moments of reflection,  
We find solace in the stillness,  
Grateful for the small miracles that abound,  
And the beauty of life's simplest joys.

In the hour of restoration, we surrender,  
To the wisdom of nature's cycles,  
Finding peace in the ebb and flow,  
And trusting in the process of growth.

For even in the darkest of times,  
There is light waiting to be found,  
And in our moments of relief,  
We discover the resilience of the human spirit.

Brown Sketchys

# DUALITY OF EXISTENCE

Praise for the moments, both big and small,  
the shadows that creep and crawl.

Praise for the rustle of leaves, a gentle moan,  
the whispers that echo in the night.

Praise for the crackle of fire, a comforting  
sound

the trembling of hands, a shiver cold.

Praise for the chirping of birds, a melody  
sweet

the silence that suffocates the air.

Praise for the roar of the river, a powerful  
flow,

the echoes of footsteps, unseen.

Praise be to the One, amidst this wild dream,  
the nightmares that haunt my sleep.

Praise for the confusion that clouds my sight,  
the darkness that consumes the light.

Praise for the doubts that dance in my mind,  
the creaking of floors, a haunting tone.



Praise for the questions that have no reply,  
the uncertainty that grips my soul.

Praise for the wilderness, where I find grace,  
for the unknown lurking in every space.

Yaa Walker N.

# THE FEAR

Am I prepared?

To nurture life's precious gifts,

And cherish the bonds of family,

Am I truly ready for the adventure ahead?

What if storms cloud the path,

And doubts cast shadows on my resolve?

Yet, within the depths of uncertainty,

what if I find strength?

What if I bloom into the person

I've always envisioned?

Perhaps these fears are

but passing clouds,

What if...

With courage as my compass,

I'll navigate the unknown,

With faith in tomorrow,

I'll embrace the journey,

step by step, on my own

Yet without a doubt

I fear the unknown

Mykell Writes

# DUSTY DEAD POETS

Emancipate yourselves ye black Poets.  
Politics used to be an enemy to Poets.  
There was a time when Poets were not pawns.

In the annals of their verses,  
the brightest of stars graced our literary  
universe.

Remember Kofi Anyidoho,  
a literary titan!  
Who waged war against hunger.  
His imagination spelt reality with a pen that  
wielded power.  
Emancipate yourselves ye black poets.

Efua Sutherland, was such a voice for the  
stage,  
she wove tales that transcended the page.  
Emancipate yourselves, ye black poets.

Kofi Awoonor, a master of the lyrical lines.  
A man who spoke of love, loss, and the human  
divine.

Emancipate yourselves ye black Poets.

The last strength of your dying nation lies in  
the strides you take.

Hey you black Poets, wield your pen!

Selorm Komla Koffi

# DEAD ECONOMY

Corruption appealed for fund,  
and on a high budget,  
comfort was auctioned to the highest bidder  
in time.

Standard of living skyrocketed,  
flying high the wings of the economy like a  
jet,  
and saw lives submerged in debt as though in  
a maritime.

Silence barked at the brave for their  
resilience,  
and claimed authority over consciences,  
that are humane enough to have mercy.

Tiling the floors of greed,  
poverty was packaged into a basic need,  
“a must have” served in an economy so  
messy.

Progresses got shot in the leg and crippled by  
hardship.

In an attempt to revive such a dead economy,

life has become survival of the fittest!  
yet the fittest are struggling to survive.  
Elorm Wights

# A LIGHT IN THE DARKNESS

A beacon shines in darkest night,  
Guiding our hearts with a flicker bright.  
And amidst the storm, a gentle breeze,  
whispers softly and calms the unease.

Even in the shadows deep, a spark ignites,  
And Hope's flames are set ablaze, banishing  
the frights.  
And through trials fierce, I steadfast stand,  
The light that guides with gentle hands.

So in whispered prayers and dreams untold,  
Hope's song resounds, a melody bold.  
With each sunrise, a new chance,  
To dance with hope in life's grand dance.

Across the seas, through the valleys low,  
Hope's echo rings with a constant flow.  
For in every heart, a seed it sows,  
A promise of better tomorrows.

So let us hold it firm and dear,



This precious gift is so pure and clear.  
And in hope's arms, we find our way,  
towards brighter skies, come what may.  
Brown Sketchys

## THE RENEWED

It is true that new is good

Like a seed sprouting into a flourishing tree

There are also time where the new wears off

Like a treasure hidden in a plain sight

So!

Whatever the case,

There is always a reroute

You could always seek to renew that

Be it yourself, a situation, and all the other  
facets of life.

Think of it, become true to yourself and act

Go back and pick up the good.

Re-strategize the new you knew.

Make it a new new.

There is peace available there

You would gain life again and

a better perspective will present.

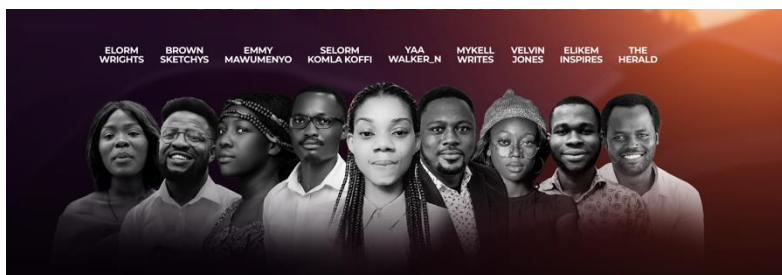
The Hearld

## BALD

At a point  
I was bald  
when I lost hair

Can I blame anyone?  
At least,  
it was a clean shave.  
Festus Boamah

# AUTHORS



**BROWN SKETCHYS** is an Award-Winning Creative Writer, Poet, and Author hailing from Amedzofe, Volta Region. He's a former student of St. Francis College of Education, Hohoe, and currently studying English Language at the University of Education, Winneba. With a passion for education, it may interest you to know that, he's also a dedicated teacher. He comes from a large family of seven siblings, where he learned the value of creativity and perseverance. Brown Sketchys has won many awards for his literary work, showcasing his talent and dedication. Beyond the writing, Brown Sketchys enjoys singing, watching movies, and also cooking. His creativity knows no bounds, as he expresses himself through various ways. Brown Sketchys continues to inspire others with his heartwarming words and passion for the arts.

**THE HERALD**, known in officialdom as Sylvester Dzenu Tengey is a professional Nurse, writer and a lover of art.

He currently resides in the Fanteakwa North District of the Eastern Region, in Ghana-West Africa. He enjoys music, sports, and having conversations. He started writing in the year 2015, but got official when Poetic Konzept adopted him. He has since been part of the family that says “be inspired by the ink”.

**SELORM KOMLA KOFFI**, is a final year student of the Evangelical Presbyterian University College Ho, Ghana, reading Governance Studies. He writes on everyday thoughts, life, Politics and uncertainties.

He is an editor, freelance copywriter and founder of Poetic Konzept, a writing firm. He loves Choral and classical music, loves to read and very adventurous.

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**ELORM BLESS ATIGAH**, also known as “Elorm Wrights”

Elorm Wrights is a Writer and a Poetess who loves to write on topics that revolve around life and living in general and also a member of Poetic Koncept.

She’s a Pedagogue by profession, a Fashion Designer and the Pioneer and Head of “Blessed Child Montessori School” at Amaninkrom.

She loves listening to music, singing, reading and writing. She’s a Lanky Miss with a strong assertion that “With an Unflinching Determination, You Can Do Anything You Put Your Mind To.”

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## EMMY MÄWU MENYO

She is a growing young girl with a heart full of passion and desire to write and act.

She is a Poet, An Apprentice, and A Spoken Word Artist in the art industry and Vice President of Poetic Konzept. She has so much love to give and wants to be Heard! I am SHE.

### Facebook

- Emmy Mäwu Menyö
- Perfect Writings (A young growing poem page for a young female writer)

### Instagram

- Enmy Mäwu Mènyo

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**FESTUS BOAMAH**, also known by his pen name “Elikem Inspires,” is dedicated to both the art of writing and the field of Education. He is currently in his final year of study at Valley View University, pursuing a Bachelor’s degree in Education with a specialization in Information Technology.

As a member of the poetry group “Poetic Konzept”, Festus has honed his skill, and he seeks to inspire and uplift others, using his talent to bring hope and encouragement to those around him.

Hi, my name is **YAA WALKER**. I was born Naomi Davor.

And I'm a friend, writer, and art enthusiast who spends much of my time crafting poems, watching movies, and having cordial talks in an effort to find social answers.

Currently, I'm performing voluntary work at the Births and Deaths Registry. I believe that life is God in each of us.

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**Velvin Jones** is a student teacher studying Primary Education. She writes under the name Script Culture. Her write-ups are mostly based on life and the constant changes in it. She, however, writes about everyday happenings in the country and worldwide.

The CEO of Lovely Ladies Circle, a young ladies' clique aimed at strengthening the feminine network. Velvin enjoys entrepreneurship and owns a noodles eatery at Baatsona Spintex (Vivi's Special Noodles).

Find Velvin Jones on Facebook, Twitter and Instagram @Velvin Jones and on

Tiktok as v.jones\_sc

## MYKELL WRITES

Michael Agbozo, a certified website manager and designer, fulfills his calling as "SonOfGrace" and channels his creative essence through "Mykell Writes." With a rich background as a manager and IT specialist at Four Corners Communication Services and La Necar Logistics LLC, he seamlessly merges technical prowess with artistic ingenuity to create captivating online experiences. Beyond his professional endeavors, he delves into the depths of human experience through his poignant poetry, exploring themes of life, love, heartbreak, and resilience.