

WRITTEN POEMS

Happy birthday Mama KAFUI NYAMADI

from Son MICHAEL AGBOZO

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INTRODUCTION

This piece, **THE EDGES OF LIFE** is a well thought of, written poems that touches on few things we face in life.

Be it pressure from family, been painted black by someone you once loved, just to look good in the sight of another. Some way some how you will certainly find this literary piece relatable. Life didn't come in handy. You have to make provisions for it. Let's make every day count.

As you read, I encourage you to share with a fellow.

Thank you

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POETIC KONCEPT MYKELL WRITES Ghana, West Africa

Contents

INTRODUCTION	ii
WRITERS	iv
WHAT IF	1
DON'T BLAME ME	2
WHAT WAS MY CRIME?	4
PAINTED BLACK	6
THE PRESSURE OF MY PEOPLE	8
"I SAY NO"	11
CELEBRATE ME	13
ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS	15

WRITERS



FESTUS ELIKEN



MYKELL WRITES SON OF GRACE



KOFFI SELORM KOMLA (POETIC KONCEPT)



MAWUMENYO



OMAR D'POET (KOBLA GBESA)



YAA WALKER

E-Book by Mykell Writes

WHAT IF

What if there is nothing like true love,

and everyone stays with us because of our personality and promises we gave them.

What if there is money no more and all the benefit stops, will you still love me the same?

or I will just be another paragraph in your story someday.

What if all the dreams does not come quick as you wanted, will you still stay with me??

What if I'm not able to walk anymore and you have to take care of me forever,

will my name change from "my love" to "Kwame"? or I would find you cheating?

They say hard work pays,

what if they were wrong.

What if being smart is all you need.

I have seen hard workers stayed same for a decade now. Where is their pay, huh?

What if Christ comes today?

Tell me where our Stand will be,

Here we are killing each other over a piece of land made by someone else,

what if we don't make it to heaven?

Wouldn't that be too late?

What if this in my last post?

Will you attend my funeral to give some donations to my family?

what if you give me that donation now to support my dream, will it make you less human?

What if, what if hmmmmm.

mykell writes.

DON'T BLAME ME

I didn't force it;

You needed it as bad as myself.

On the way coming,

My instincts told me you shaved.

You prepared well before coming.

So please don't act like you were not ready.

You said I'm cute!

Your mood shows it's love.

I took a bite of the chocolate from your mouth;

because you wanted me to.

You led the game.

Now we are done;

and you say I'm the cause?

Don't blame me if you can't control yourself.

Madam, don't tell me it was a mistake.

Let's be real, please.

We text no more.

Because you feel guilty.

Now you send me daily quotes

in addition to bible verses and the like.

I'm not a lost soul;

I am a sinner.

But that doesn't make me the devil.

We are humans.

We just got carried away

and for a moment, it was all we

ever wanted.

Now I'm staying away, don't ask me why. Your blame game has increased.

I wouldn't want us to, get carried away again. You always pretend when you're around me. But act holier than thou when elsewhere.

Hypocrisy is a suit I'd rather not wear just to look good amidst others.

A pretender is a liar.

A liar, is equally a serial killer who can't be trusted!

Trust should be paramount;

It's either a yes or no.

Not beating around the bush whiles the truth lies in our face.

For us not bear grudges, Let's stay afar and maintain distance. I know you don't hate me, Neither do I.

But for the sake of sanity and cleanliness, let's not get involved. Because reality is wild and we might get exposed someday!

Mykell Writes & Koffi Sëlorm Komla

WHAT WAS MY CRIME?

What was my crime, huh? tell me, I'm very tired of all this back and forth living. so I ask again, what was my crime?
Was loving you the crime?
Or I fell too soon for you?
Were you uncertain about me?
Or you just needed someone to fill up your emptiness.

24 months with you; Still haven't met your Mama. Always finding excuses to cancel up on me when we fix a time to go see her. What then is your definition of love? Please tell me. I'd love to hear.

It seems my hopes were too high right? My expectations were too much All I wanted was for us to be happy Having a sense of belonging Knowing we'd be around each other Prolly, love on my side is overrated

If love is not a crime
Like they say,
Then why are my acts and affections criminal?
You get uncomfortable and irritated
When I'm around you,

there is always an excuse to walk away and get busy elsewhere

You don't care about us like you used to If you do, why do you keep the energy to yourself? Huh...this is sapping.

I believed that you loved me,
I even got pregnant,
and you said things are tough so I should help you out,
foolishly I did by getting rid of it.
then the chemistry we once had
Is floundering badly now
This rope we decided to hold at both ends
Now left in my hands at one end
yet you still say you love me.

Obviously, you are fed up with me.

I don't need a prophet to prophesy that to me,
It's all my fault I got too comfortable.

I will shed no more tears
today I give up
I deserve better,
its over.

Mykell Writes X Festus Elikem Boamah

PAINTED BLACK

It has already ended in tears, I know my ex has bought the black paint, wearing a white gown like a saint and busily painting my portrait for you. Hmmmmm ɛgbetà, tsitsiaobɛ "ɛtsoklpɛ̃ linà avù. (Ewe proverb)

By now my ex is busily feeding you with lies, " ϵ wo hã ϵ fã grrrrrrrrrr" (you've also belched) because you're satisfied. Telling you how badly I hurt her, forgetting the sweet words she used to describe me then.

How ungrateful I was to her, Yet she forgot she crowned me, as the most appreciative of all mortals just the eve before you met her.

Without knowing what I have endured over the years just to maintain happiness in her. My self-care is second to Odo (love). You will also believe it all because you don't know me at all.

Before you conclude your judgment, Mr. Relationship Saint, Did she tell you how I caught her countless times cheating on me with guys she called cousins?

Did she narrate to you how she moaned when her bestie was clearing her kingdom?

Did she ever tell you, she slept with the gateman when we both were in school just to blackmail him to get easy access out? Did she tell you how I was engaged to Gari just to maintain her relationship with fried rice?

What about the accounting lecturer who drew profit and loss accounts between her legs, just to get the grade?

Did she ever tell you all the sacrifices I made just to put a smile on her face?

Talk less of the sleepless nights i had just to work overtime to buy her the Brazilian hair she requested?

What about the future leaders she aborted, trying to hide it from me,
Because it was never mine.
did she ever mention it?

I'm not trying to paint her black, but since that's all she told you about me why won't I do mine genuinely.

Let her paint me black to you, But the truth I tell thee will whiten the black she has painted me to you.

Mykell Writes X Omar D'Poet

THE PRESSURE OF MY PEOPLE

It is sad how society expects from you, How family breathes on you, How the people around are eager to spit you out When they feel your life didn't come out right.

If only the world was that comfortable for everyone! If only life was that smooth for all! If only we are all that privileged! If only we didn't have to suffer so much for nothing!

Because I'm a woman and I'm 30, I can't breathe in peace? I can't live in peace? Even my mom sees me to be hopeless. Everything I do now has faults in her eyes. So soon, she has forgotten, That they gave the scheme for the man. If only they had been easy on who to accept.

But no....they want perfect.
As if there's perfection,
As if they're perfect,
As if they've attained any perfection.

Was everyone born to get married? The same pattern from generation to generation. Go to school, get a job, and get married before 30.

It's good but doesn't apply to all.

They say I have no good character,

I have an attitude that's why I haven't met anyone to love me.

I'm too bossy,

I should humble myself.

They say all these because I'm single at 30.

When will all these pressure end?

These same people that keep preaching,

"Don't settle for less",

"Leave that man, he isn't good for you",

"I want the best for you",

Come back to insult your state because you're 30 and not married.

Then eventually, marriage comes.

After marriage,

All eyes on me.

Everyone is expecting me to birth a child.

In-laws keep telling me my husband is their only son.

In other words, I'm delaying in giving them grandchildren.

As if I don't know my husband's family,

As if I don't want a child!

As if I can't tell I'm growing!

I do know this!!!! I'm the one growing!!

They say I'm barren, because the man can never be at fault in this.

I have done too many abortions, and yet, I have never been pregnant in my life.

I tell them my husband married me a virgin and they say I used my womb for rituals then.

No loophole to be free.

My accusers,

the holier than thou.

Christians, who no longer preach "God's time is the best" because it's their turn to wait.

Preachers of Sarah's story no longer remembers. They plant frustration and desperation in me, Leading me from one prayer camp to the other. Which Anointing oil haven't I bought?

In all these, all I hear is patience, but my people have none. My killers are whom I call "family and friends".

Mykell Writes X Emmy Mawumenyo

"I SAY NO"

Let me profoundly tell this to your face Let me outburst your bullshit and put you at your place I say no, not again!

"Till death do us apart" were the vows we took, doesn't mean I should stay here and get killed just because you know I love you besides, they didn't specify the form of death emotionally and psychologically i am long death.

For years I have listened to your unbearable speech, each night it echo deeps down my head talking rubbish that I am your downfall, I am good for nothing.

These pain, torture, fights; petty lies made me go mad and at my defense I break down and pass out.

Who did I involve myself with? A drunkard? A Boxer? My knowledge, power and honor were intimidated, I speak less and watch quietly. I have watched you shutting doors at my face,

Making argument from little things; declaring it as your case.

I thought you were considerate but I was wrong. Maybe that's why you do things without thinking.

I wish I had said no earlier

Mama was right about you, everyone was right.

They told me you aren't right for me but I didn't listen.

I was blinded by love,

blinded by your mascular body and how you use to care for me,

you were always available to hear my worries, you were just perfect like Lucifer hidden until abusive was found in you.

I swear it is enough! Now I can see clearly. I can see who you are. Your abusive nature has cleared it off. I say NO! And never again.

Mykell Writes X Yaa Walker

CELEBRATE ME

With life in me,
I need to be celebrated.
Enough of the hypothetical mentality.
How long will it take you to just say hi?
But there you are;
claiming maturity.
For Christ's sake, I matter!

Must I kick the bucket before you find your way to google?

Do it now whiles I am alive.

Find that perfect words for me.

Because at the other side, I can't read.

"Send me" is all you know on WhatsApp.

At least ask me how I'm doing,

It might be the last status of mine you will see,
who knows?

"I need help" you see it and wrap to next status.

Are you saving my help to donate for my funeral??

Even if you can't help show some concern.

I'm human too.

You give me "blue ticks"
In the name of I'm busy.
Busy indeed, yet you get time to eat and do other things.
Maybe I'm not on your priority list.

Life matters,
Let's treat each other
like today is our last day on earth.
Life is short,
People get lost easily.
Memories fade quickly.
So let love lead.

Mykell Writes.

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