

**BY: KOFFI SELORM** 





## **FOREWORD**

On the pages of this literary work is undiluted poetry for the reader.

It's just similar to those other poems you might have read somewhere else.

But it is soul searching and spiritually connected. The writer is a simple, yet an extra ordinary persona.

From how he weaves through to arrangements, regardless of the topic he's writing on.

In short, I strongly recommend this piece, EVIDENCE OF ANTHOLOGY to you because, aside God's free breath of life to the writer, his entirety of life has been based on words.

Read and let your soul be at peace.

Banitsi Bright

(CEO, Kwekujasper.com)

## **ACKNOWLEDGEMENT**

In accordance to recognition of this literary work, my profound gratitude goes to the entire Poetic Koncept team: Afeku Mawumenyo, Festus

Boamah, Yaa Walker, Sly Selasi, Poetic Bronia and Gbolo Johnson; you guys are just the best.

A big thanks to Michael Agbozo for the wonderful design and Robert Blessing for the photography.

Finally, to everyone who has encouraged me one way or the other. Most especially, Afua Ann, Prosper Ledo, Quest media, Nicholas Dotsey,

Gideon Sphysis and Prince Danyo.

You all are the reason we executed this successfully.

# Contents

FOREWORD	
ACKNOWLEDGEMENT	
THY PATH	
POETRY	
FOR THE LIVING	
VANITY	
KNOWING HOW TO TOUCH HER	
OBSESSIONAL IMPULSE	
MORE OR LESS	
SQUARED CIRCLES	
OUR SURVIVAL	
AFTER HE'S GONE	



# THY PATH

The path to greatness.

A path you must greatly nurse.

A path of total strangers.

A path entangled with dangers.

But the tunnel lies ahead.

You need not a funnel for it to reach beneath.

Just Focus on the light.

Though tinny, it still lies ahead.

You're welcome says, the twilight.

With you, victory dwelleth.

We came from far, yet we're certain.

In the end, greatness shall set in.

There may be a storm at midday.

But the light is bright and gay, make hay.

Though the cast shades of gloom and uncertainty,



## **POETRY**

Poetry, my first birth utterance.

Poetry, my greatest look, my occurrence.

My announcing tool, my entrance.

Poetry, my strongest and foremost insurance.

I am worth my words.

I am equally worse without my words.

Anthology, my only 'counterpart'.

Anthology and I, you can't 'count apart'.

You may 'counter our feet'.

But not bribe us with 'counterfeit'.

Poetry has been here since the days.

It is here to stay,

You can't take it away.

Lemme be your muse.

Lemme flatter you with words.

I am no mime, I am not mute.

Lemme shower you with praises.

Poetry is life, the breath to the dying soul.

It is light, the eyes to the dimming darkness.

Poetry is royalty, the only glow to the show.

It is descent flavour, enveloped in calmness.

Christ came for the sinners.

He didn't come for the saints.

Likewise, poetry, it came for the readers.

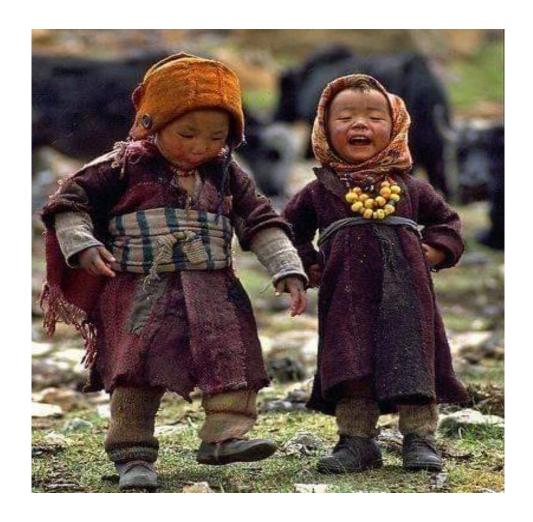
Poetry didn't come for the cents.

This is the route we took.

For us, poetry is the one and only tool.

Whether by hook, Nor by crook.

Words, we shall continue to cook.



# FOR THE LIVING

Choose death before dishonour.

You know why?

We came from far 'behind'.

We're working for 'this honour's

So, we stood at the back and 'be their hind'.

Unattainable heights, we shall climb.

We will leave no stone unturned.

Because we came from 'nowhere'

But we are 'now here'

We are consciously heading somewhere.

We won't 'masturbate'!

With zeal, we will 'master our bait'

Then in years to 'come',

There shall be sweetness as we 'cum'.



# **VANITY**

We came with nothing.

We leave absolutely with nothing.

So, whom are you looting for?

Who are you hooting for?

Who loots for you?

Who hoots for you?

Why are you looting?

Why are they looting?

What have you brought, that you're so

Eager to send away?

Again, we came with nothing.

Nothing we shall leave with.

Who seeks your interest?

Who are you trying to impress?

The worst you can do is dare.

But no one actually cares.

Vanity upon vanity, equals vanity.

Humanity with no sanity equals vanity.

Many have in abundance, so they spend lavishly.

Others feel the pine, yet staying Languishly.

Naked we came,

Naked we shall all go.

So ask not for whom the bell tolls.

It tolls for thee.

Hopes can be restored.

But death is assured.

Don't ask for the real forms.

But rather reach for the reforms.



# **KNOWING HOW TO TOUCH HER**

Knowing how to touch her,

Without touching her;

Really touches her,

Don't Just touch her.

Hold her close.

Leave her not stranded.

Then crack jokes.

Keep her up.

Then give her the toast.

Love her more,

But she must be on her toes.

I mean on her toes.

She must be awake and not doze.

The weather might be cold.

But for this love, she must grow old.

She shouldn't be told.

Let her be white as snow.

As peaceful as a dove.

Now remember that, She's not lucky to have you.

Neither were you lucky to have her.

You chose each other over a handful.

Even if you were both picking at random,

you'd both still choose each other.

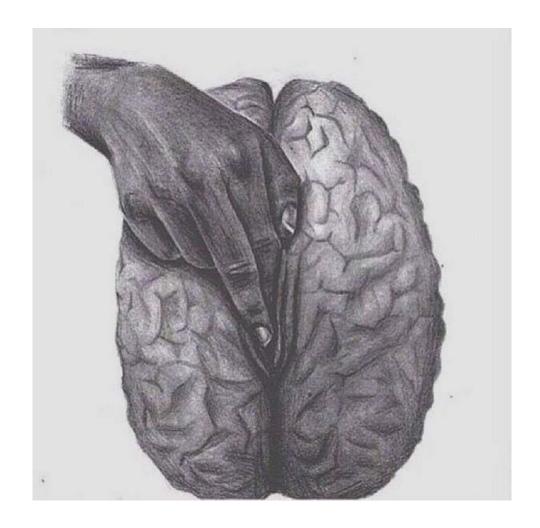
To all of you, there's no perfection.

In addition, there May be perceptions, Regardless of the misconceptions,

Give not, room to exceptions.

You know why,

I've found Love, yes, I did, indeed!



# **OBSESSIONAL IMPULSE**

On the lips, the talks are shivering.

My love is restless,

Embrace me now or never.

I am not lucky to have you.

I chose you over a handful.

If you ever go away,

I'll travel miles to look for you. Even in the alley.

Letting go off your hand? No!

I never would!

Not until you're tired of getting hold of mine.

Leaving you for another?

It has never crossed my thoughts.

The day you're tired of me,

You can dump me.

Which I know you wouldn't.

For me to fight another over you? Never!

You'd stay if you love me.

A skip from my hearts beat

Without a thought of you,

makes my heart sink deep.

The memories of you flip,

My hairs hang,

they become limp.

I become weak,

with just a dip.

Some times, I fall in a complete dilemma.

I wonder if I am human.

To myself, I murmur.

At times, I want to call Mama.

I will walk on a hot coal.

Just to sustain your burning desire.

I'll push through to that goal.

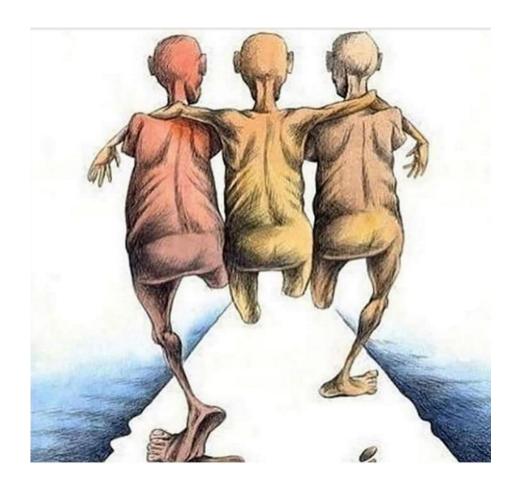
I will be relentless and not retire.

Then I'll hit my chest and boast saying,

VERDI, VIDI, AMAVI

Which means,

(We came, we saw, we loved).



# **MORE OR LESS**

Roses are red.

Violets are blue.

Darkness; yet in Led,

no gist. Emptiness,

#### Zero Clue.

There's this deemed darkness in my soul that I can't hide.

It speaks volumes stronger than the highest tide.

I don't give to the highest bidder,

I give to whom deserves it.

Fraternising with me is off limit.

I speak less, ink when necessary.

My darkest moments are my bravest steps I take.

Darkness is my greatest Fort.

I kept collecting the pieces.

Yes, I kept collecting them.

The scars are still fresh.

#### The hurts?

I won't tell you about it.

The tissues are worn out.

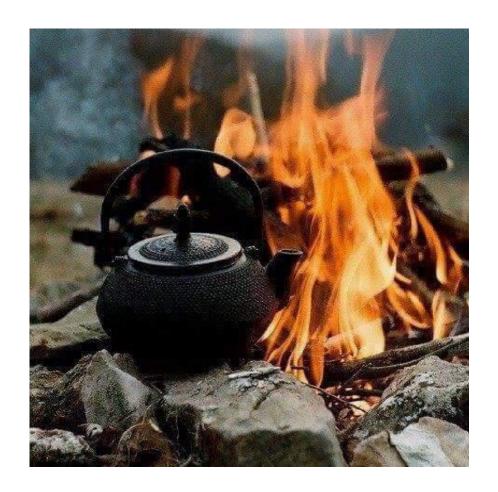
The reviews are delayed.

The real views, I won't show.

Not till I see what it takes.

Until then, it's nothing at all.

Until then, it's nothing at all.



# **SQUARED CIRCLES**

In our fraternity,

Sitting on the edge is so cold.

It's either you're within

Or you're without.

Every rose has its thorn

Every night has its dawn

Every right has its wrong

Every strength has its weakness.

Every roughness has its smoothness.

Listen to the hymn

That we sing to thee

Help us to be good

Always kind and true

In the games we play

Or the work we do.

We quickly sought solace in poetry

Like the dead does to a cemetery

The writing was worth the while

At least, we eventually smiled.



## **OUR SURVIVAL**

Should you know the rate of our survival, you'd bend on your knees and loosen up your knee caps.

You'll blow tears from your weary eyes that'll roll down your cheeks.

With a deep sinking thought that'll exclude Your real being.

We've seen clocks and we've experienced times.

Times that run so fast that, the seconds can't even be counted at odd times.

My subconscious and conscious self were conflicted.

One wanted the upper hand while the other opposed.

Seeming like the battle between the nose and the breath.

While the breath argued that, it was his duty to inhale and exhale, the nose equally argued that, it was his space that made it possible for both the exhalation and inhalation to occur. Then I nearly lost me!

That's exactly the picture of our lives currently.

Most of us are battling for supremacy. We are ignoring the "small things". Forgetting that, just a small leak can cause a great and mighty ship to sink

Allow me to throw you back to the days we used to wear a pair of shoes until it's totally worn out. I mean beyond repairs before you could get a

new one.

Even before the new one, you're going to be bashed for not maintaining

the previous one well.

Initially, I thought it was unfair, then I grew up to realize that, we must take good care of what we have at hand, to enable us get what we desire

for in the days coming.

We must start with the "small things' to enable us attain the greater ones.

That's our survival, that's how come we're here today.

The latter part of this piece will be posted in our next work.



## **AFTER HE'S GONE**

Relay these pieces to His generations yet unborn.

He was chosen at random.

He was the unseen wordish they beseeched.

His vibes were so lively, they couldn't resist.

He was the darkness that revealed the moonlight bay.

Without Him, their beams wouldn't have appeared on rays.

He wasn't only looking out, He gazed too.

He flourished here and there, He made hay too.

After He's gone, let them know about this!

He was the greatest wordsmith, That

ever emerged from the palm zone.

Then moved to the city with His word tricks.

Thereby becoming the city's main zone.

Has His words harkened thy souls neck like an outfit and thy souls neck seems stressed?

Then get thy souls neck a 'seamstress'

Because His words are attached,

you can't split them out to fit.

He was not affiliated to death race.

Yet, He rides with fierce flames.

As the dragon spit's fire,

So does, His heat catches fire.

After He's gone,

Don't Just sink Him to the ground.

Make oily flames with His remains.

But with no grieving sound.

After He's gone,

Keep in safe, His ashes.

Show it to the masses.

Let'em know He lives on He never died.

Even in death,

Within their heart's depth

As they're on earth,

They shall remember how He unearthed His words.

Let them know, you can't cheat nature.

You can only go ahead of time.

You can't replace death with anything.

They should sing His dirge in low tone

Because he was a lonely man.