



# *Crime Chronicles* **& Thrillers**

**ANTHOLOGY BY  
POETIC KONCEPT**



# About the Authors



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He is an editor, freelance copywriter and founder of Poetic Konzept, a writing firm and a blogger at [plus233.com](http://plus233.com), an online portal.

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**Brown Sketchys** is an astute Global Creative Writer/Poet, a license Teacher/Facilitator by profession. A teacher of English Language and Creative Arts. He hails from Amedzofe in the Volta Region of Ghana. The fourth born of seven siblings. He is on a mission to shaping the mindset of people

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**The Herald**, known in real life as Sylvester Dzenu Tengey is a professional nurse. He is a native of Adaklu Ahunda- Kpodzi. He is a fixated lover of literature, currently part of the exceptional Poetic Konzept crew.

Seeing movies, exercising, writing, and singing are some of his hobbies. His principle is just to be free, fair, and firm.

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### **Emmy Mäwu Menyo**

A young growing girl, with heart full of passion and desire to write, act and be heard.

A Poet, An Apprentice, A Spoken Word Artist in the art industry.

The Vice President at Poetic Konzept with so much love to give.

She just wants to be Heard!  
I am SHE.

### **Facebook**

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As a member of the poetry group "Poetic Koncept" 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.

**Elorm Bless Atigah** “Elorm Wrights” a teacher,  
graduated from Dambai College of Education



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She is a writer/poet.

She writes on daily  
occurrence in all  
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**Frederick Hughes** was a  
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Writing has always been  
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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 changes that constantly occurs in it. She however writes on everyday happenings in the country and world

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

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**Michael Agbozo**, a certified website manager and designer, embraces his calling as "SonOfGrace" and expresses creativity as "Mykell Writes." With a unique blend of technical expertise and creative flair, he crafts engaging online experiences.



Hi, my name is Yaa Walker. I was born Naomi Davor. And I'm a friend, writer, and art enthusiast who spends much of her time crafting poems, watching movies, and having cordial talks in an effort to find social answers. Currently, I'm performing voluntary work at the Birth and Death Registry. I believe that life is God in

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# Acknowledgement

We would like to extend our heartfelt gratitude to all the talented writers who contributed their creativity and passion to make **CRIME CHRONICLES AND THRILLERS** a remarkable journey through the world of poetry.

Your words breathed life into the pages of this project, and your unique perspective added depth to its essence.

These words were the brushstrokes that painted vivid imagery within our poetry and I believe would leave a lasting impact on our readers.

This is a treasure trove of inspiration!

# Foreword

In the shadowy alleys and dimly lit corners of our world, there exists a place where the line between right and wrong blurs into obscurity, where the human spirit is tested, and where the pursuit of justice sometimes feels like a distant dream. Welcome to "Crime Chronicles and Thrillers," an anthology that delves deep into the heart of darkness, digging out the disquieting societal issues that often remain hidden from the public eye.

Crime, as a facet of our existence, is a topic that seldom receives the attention it deserves. It's a complex subject of human actions and consequences, where narratives of both despair and resilience are woven. Within these pages, we embark on a journey to uncover the raw, unfiltered truth about the crimes that plague our political system and by extension, the society. The tales within are not merely works of fiction but a reflection of the very real struggles faced by individuals every day.

As you immerse yourself in the stories and verses presented here, remember that these crimes are not distant tales—they are the harsh realities experienced by countless persons. To those who have walked through the fires of such experiences, we extend our deepest sympathies. Your voices are heard, and your stories matter.

This anthology also serves as a call to action, encouraging us all to shine a spotlight on the gaps within our systems of justice. Why do some evade punishment, slipping through the cracks of a flawed system? What can we do to rectify these injustices and put an end to the rampant nature of these acts? The answers lie not only within these verses but within our collective commitment to change.

In "Crime Chronicles and Thrillers," we invite you to contemplate the moral intricacies of human existence, to explore the shades of grey that exist within the human psyche, and to join us in the pursuit of a world where justice prevails and the darkness is driven back. Through words and verses, we aim to convince you that these crimes are not distant, abstract concepts. But they are a stark reality, and it's our responsibility to confront them.

May this anthology serve as a testament to the power of words to shed light on the darkest corners of our society, and may it inspire you to engage in the conversation, demand change, and ultimately, strive for a world where the echoes of crime are but distant memories.

# SHADOWS IN THE ALLEY

A crime in sight, the scene is set .  
A shattered nation, with light stolen in spot. The  
street is dead , the air is tense. A feeling of eerie.  
immense signal and signatures of death . Who  
signed them ? The truth uncovered, the guilty led  
Justice served, a fast track sentence passed. The  
law upheld, the system steadfast only to the  
powerful.  
A Ghana united, against crime and hate. A future  
secured, for all to create.

*-Koffi Selorm*

# GHANAIAI CHILD

Being naive wasn't a reason,  
Neither is knowing,  
a reason to flourish before the older generation.  
It's deemed a time to have a dime,  
But it's never on time how the dime is mined.  
It's quite alright to dare to dream,  
But under who's watch a dream to live?  
Yes! It's a crime, to be born a Ghanaian child.

*-Velvin Jones*



# SILENCED VOICES

Crimes unseen, unheard, unknown,  
Tales of horror left unshown,  
In the shadows they exist,  
And innocent souls are always missed.

A system flawed, with gaps so wide,  
Leaves victims helpless, with none to confide,  
No justice served, no solace found,  
Their voices silenced; their tears unbound.

The pain and suffering, too much to bear,  
As they relive the trauma, their hearts tear,  
And yet, they speak up, they raise their voice,  
To bring an end to this endless noise.

But still, some perpetrators roam free,  
Their crimes ignored, their guilt unseen,  
And victims left with nothing but scars,  
As they wonder why justice is so far.

The whole idea is to make a stand,  
To reach out to those who need a hand,  
To empathize, to encourage, to share,  
And show that we all truly care.

Let us talk of these crimes so vile,  
And together, let us walk that extra mile,  
To create a world that's safe and just,  
Where no more innocent lives are lost.

*-Brown Sketchys*

# THE ACT

I crawled to the door,  
Each move causing a sharp pain in my pelvis.  
I was no offender,  
I was just a bad choice.

But I was his good choice.  
You see, he picked me out.  
Because to him,  
Me turning men down means I prefer women  
instead.

No amount of pleas,  
No amount of cries,  
No amount of denial could convince him.  
So he subjected me.

Subjected me to his manhood,  
Countless times a day.  
With no food or water.  
But it didn't end there;

He added abuse to the mix.  
Because according to him,  
I was to be punished.  
So he punished me!

I got to the door,  
Slowly lifted myself and peeped.  
I saw him approaching,  
But without the mask on,

I saw his face.  
My tormentor!  
My supposed punisher!

I was just a teenage girl!

I moved to the back of the door,  
And sat down quietly.  
He came in,  
Dropped a bottle and left.

He didn't lock the door.  
I opened the bottle and it was poison.  
But I had a better idea,  
I will take my revenge.

EXTRA:.....

So, damn society who didn't care!  
Damn the citizens who claim to be advocates!  
I will be back!  
It may take years but I will kill this man!

*-Emmy Mäwu Menyo*



# THE PAYBACK

I waited for years,  
Bided my time.  
I was not in the shadows,  
I didn't want to be suspected.

You see, no one knew what he did to me,  
What I went through in his hands.  
And I've changed so much  
One couldn't recognize me.

So I was among the lovers;  
One of the people who cared most.  
I made sure society marked me  
And described me positively.

To them, there's no way I can ever do such a thing!  
But they didn't know,  
That the one I show care to,  
Is the very one that broke me to pieces.

How funny it was,  
That he thought I forgot;  
That I could forget,  
How much pain he exerted on my flesh.

The trauma and scares wouldn't go away,  
Each day is a day of nightmares.  
I couldn't forgive him!  
I had constant reminders.

Even he couldn't recognize me,  
Thinking meeting me was a coincidence,  
And the Universe just blessed him

With such a loving woman.  
But he was the enemy!  
The one I kept closer.  
The one I spent years convincing  
That I loved.

And when the opportunity came?!  
Who was I to resist such?  
He suffered; and I still showed care.  
Even then, I didn't reveal who I was.

So I did it!  
I killed him; Slowly I did.  
I could've saved him,  
But what's the point?

Good riddance !!

*-Emmy Mäwu Menyo*

# SCRIPTURE OF ATONEMENT

Bring him back to this hell  
Let me get a good grasp on this  
This is the bigger picture we have been waiting for  
I have been waiting for  
The truth is we become a god or a devil  
Better be lucky if they're not confused  
Because they'll paint you as the devils pawn  
Those who love you will picture you a god the  
giver of life  
Where is the key  
I cant find my legs  
I've been fighting too long to pay for my sins  
But I'll tell you a story  
Someone hurriedly met a roaming bullet and that  
was all society needed to prove to you he's right  
Society always wins.  
I'm just talking nonsense now.  
Theres no theme for this but someone will read it  
Someone will critique it and someone will act on it  
Truth is  
Society is bigger than the odd.  
You'll try but you'll fail.  
He only needs one thing to prove to you that your  
haircut is bad for a role model  
Or you don't dress civilized  
You can decide your sexual preference or religion  
matters after all.  
Well, where is the key

*-Hughes\_*





# CONTENDED

Crime aggressively contested the race with me,  
and placed a win.

After all the trials lined up on my side,  
I have lost track record of innocence.

Justice is on the slide,  
and I got kicked out of my right sense.

Accusation and retribution has been baked with  
hatred,  
and served right under the roof of justice.

Injustice attained a first class on the trend,  
and humanity melt down just as ice.

*-Elorm Wrights*

# THE TRIGGER (ANGER)

There is the part of man hidden so deep,  
It even seems depart.  
The carrier is not even aware sometimes.

Then it is triggered!  
Like a mighty rushing wind,  
It cuts deep and bulldozes the path.  
It is said to be uncontrollable,  
At least, unless after turn of events.  
Mostly, that appears to be late.  
It can be premeditated or else.  
It may be by a novice or not.  
It is no respecter of persons.  
It does, probably before planned.

Then it would be called crime:  
Murder, Rape, Armed Robbery, Negligence, among  
others.  
Whether it was on self or others,  
We only see the fruit at present.  
Know that every fruit comes from a tree.

Trees are planted a while back.  
It is important to identify self, even others too.  
Seek solutions to the triggers you find.  
Crime is not alien or immune to you,  
Be true to yourself.  
Accept the weakness and work on a management  
plan.

*-The Herald*

# DETECTIVES DILEMMA

There lies the scene of a tragedy,  
when crime and justice intertwine  
breeding a story etched in time  
with feelings left in jeopardy.

Lives are taken; leaving families shattered,  
innocence lost.  
a puzzled future scattered and  
left to be re arranged.

Fingers point and accusations fly,  
As the community demands to know why,  
The culprit must be found and brought to justice,  
For the sake of the victim and their loved ones.

But in the midst of all the chaos,  
where triggers cause riot ,  
there's resilience of the human spirit.

How I wish we can bring light to the crime scenes  
of Ghana.  
But the elders have sat back.

*-Selorm Koffi*

# GRIEF & CLUES

Alarm the sirens...

I found a letter in bloodcurdling  
handwriting:

Save me!

Hope comes in little doses,  
and grief cannot be shared

Save me!

The oxygen we take from  
others' lungs cannot solve our  
suffocation, and the lunatics are  
ploughing a strange land.

Muddy roads,  
dead bodies,  
dead birds,  
echoes of hundred tongues devouring  
Find me.

At the north of this ground,  
and the blood paths  
from home into these woods  
fifty miles of silence,  
I think, though, I am not sure.  
Find me!

*-Yaa Walker N.*

# GOLD DIGGERS

Greed, the insidious disease,  
Infecting those in suits and ties,  
Corrupt power, their expertise,  
Justice, a casualty that dies.  
These gold diggers, they dig so deep,  
Leaving the nation in a curse,  
Intensifying problems steep,  
Their promises nothing but empty.

Laws they pass, but never uphold,  
Watch the nation suffer and writhe,  
Their deeds as vile as they're bold,  
Their own gain their only drive.  
On grand podiums, they do speak,  
Pretending to care and feign,  
But behind the scenes, they seek,  
Personal profit and gain.

The rivers and streams, they ignore,  
Ecological costs are nothing to them,  
Heritage lost, a matter so poor,  
Their hearts, just filled to the brim.  
Pollution and destruction rampant,  
Dreams shattered and destroyed,  
Their pockets filled, so complacent,  
Greed reigning supreme, unalloyed.

Oh, these greedy gold diggers,  
Lacking compassion and heart,  
Their power, nothing but triggers,

For destruction and pain to impart.  
Greed reigns supreme at any cost,  
A nation's dreams, values, all but lost,  
The rich get richer, the poor pay the cost,  
While we watch our world, slowly exhaust.

*-Festus Boamah*

# LINES OF DISTRESS

Hmm! There is a cry.  
The land is shrouded in darkness.  
The cards have been drawn by evil, and life is in danger.  
Fear and pain whimper around our minds and souls.  
I am suffocating!

Hmm! The city is wasted.  
When blood bleeds on a sunny day, there is a cry.  
When laws are made to safeguard objects rather than people,  
and when the clouds become moody,  
and no rain showers any deed, violence is right there.

Hmm! The city is abused.  
A writer was arrested and charged with forlorn,  
and a martyr died because of free speech.  
The artist and the activist are framed with the headline "criminality"  
screens of cameras broken into pieces, erasing evidence.

Hmm! There is always a cry.  
That scar on that man's dead body  
has created thoughts of retaliation and misery.  
There is an absolute disconnection between the people and the land.  
The city is wasted and abused.

*-Yaa Walker N.*

# NUMBED CONSCIENCE

In the shadows of the night,  
Where darkness reigns supreme,  
Some people choose to do what's wrong,  
And live a life obscene.

They plan their crimes with care and guile,  
And leave no trace behind,  
Their thrill is in the challenge posed,  
To law and order blind.

Their victims suffer through the pain,  
Of loss and fear and hurt,  
While those who did the dastardly deed,  
Enjoy their ill-gained worth.

It's hard to fathom how they sleep,  
At night, with no remorse,  
Their conscience numbed by greed and power,  
Their souls devoid of course.

But let us not lose hope just yet,  
For justice may be slow,  
But in the end, it will prevail,  
And bring them all to tow.

The crime chronicles may seem grim,  
And thrillers full of fright,  
But in the end, the human spirit,  
Will always shine with might.

For victims may be scarred and hurt,



But they have strength untold,  
And in their pain, they find a way,  
To heal and to be bold.

So let us stand together now,  
And fight against all crime,  
With hope and faith, we'll see the day,  
When justice reigns sublime.

*-Brown Sketchys*

# GUILT AND THEM

Look them in the eyes  
and you'll see pains on the rise.  
A test of prime was failed,  
and a victim of time got jailed.  
It was not a crime  
neither was it to say a rhyme,  
but lightly peep through their grin  
and you will find guilt staring them straight in the  
eyes.

*-Elorm Wrights*

# THEY'RE THE SAME, ALL SO DIFFERENT

They're the same,  
All so different.  
It's like this heaven we speak of,  
Yet! lay so much disdain on this earth we live on.

The book says otherwise,  
The doing says another to the wise.  
You need grades not heads,  
You need to pass not practice,  
They're all the same,  
All so different.

Even the speakers of the law,  
Are lost on the ground findings.  
The law knows not what's happening.  
It copies blindly to the already experienced,  
Not knowing why it is where it is today.

And yet, nothing else seems to matter,  
Only greed and selfish utters.  
Clear pretense as they patter,  
Soliciting for the people's power,  
They're the same,  
All so different.

*-Velvin Jones*

# THE SYSTEM'S FAILURE

Justice is blind they say,  
But is it really true?  
Or just in favor of the chosen few.  
The legal system,  
flawed and corrupt,  
Fails to serve the ones in need,  
Its biases and inequality,  
Are there for all to see.

Innocent people locked away,  
While the guilty roam free,  
Money and power trump justice,  
It's a sad reality.  
The victims of crime,  
left behind to cry  
To suffer and to mourn,  
While the perpetrators walk free,  
Their crimes left unadorned.

The system's failure is evident,  
Reform is what we need,  
Accountability and transparency,  
To ensure that justice is freed.

Let's fight for justice, for all,  
For one man's strength can't do it  
To make the system fair,  
For the darkness is too thick  
every victim's voice needs to be heard,  
And their rights we all can share.

*-Mykell Writes*

# CHARACTERS OF DECEIT

In every given season  
we will build prisons  
rather than create jobs

Choke the courts with our preferred judges rather  
than post nurses.

The lesser the jobs  
the higher the crimes  
random racing theft

More people in prison  
Even more rascals on the street  
what exactly is the reason ?

they'll rather judge the book  
by its unclear cover  
justifying it at all cost

the wheel of justice  
sunk beneath the mudd  
justice can delay .

No compassion at  
the bar of justice,  
You will die trying.

*-Koffi Selorm*

# THE OPTIONS

The way you get awed at crime,  
Speaking highly of it and its involving parties?  
The way you easily judge, based on what you have  
heard?

The way the event came about,  
The obvious wrong,  
The image the perpetrator becomes,  
The approach to the handling of the issue.

The way the truth comes out,  
Sometimes almost immediately or very late later.  
The consequence it comes with,  
Sometimes a just one or otherwise.

It is unknown what you get;  
Justice or injustice?  
Whichever way, one will be served.  
It is wise to try to stay out of this harm's way.  
Trying may not beneficial,  
The system we call justice is questionable.  
Better be safe than sorry.

*-The Herald*

\*\*\*\*\*

*In verses woven, the tale did rhyme.*

*In shadows deep, the truth did hide.*

*In this climax, you will find what you have missed.*

*We are grateful for your time and patience and  
thank you for being a part of this creative endeavor.*

*Warm regards, POETIC KONCEPT.*