



POETIC KONCEPT

be inspired, by the ink.

POETIC KONCEPT

# Easter

CONUNDRUM

ANTHOLOGY LED BY

**Elorm Wrights**



# FOREWARD

Since time immemorial, each and every generation, to our century's fancy Easter celebrations to remember the death of Jesus Christ which deterges us of our iniquities for the next coming of Christ which never occurred for centuries.

"For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten son, that whosoever believes in him shall not perish but have an everlasting life" John 3:16.

It is Easter again!

Why celebrate Easter?

What does the death of Jesus Christ mean to you?

"Life is easy, living is hard...it is harder when you think life is hard"

How do you live your life to portray your readiness for Thy Kingdom?

What do you think of the second coming of Jesus Christ and the everlasting life God promised?

Is the wait for Thy Second Coming worth it?

Or we can just live our lives and wait for whatever?

This E-book entitled EASTER CONUNDRUM is a collection of poems from different schools of thought on Easter celebration.

In here, we have put our thoughts in words on how Easter has affected our lives Physically, Economically, Mentally and Socially just for you.

Take a chill pill and journey with us as we share with you our thoughts on Easter.

Atigah Bless Elorm Adzo  
(Elorm Wrights)

POETIC KONCEPT  
Ghana, West Africa

## Acknowledgement

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## WRITERS

POETIC KONCEPT

# Easter CONUNDRUM



ELORM WRIGHTS



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ELIKEM INSPIRES



EMMY MAWUMENYO



THE HERALD



VELVIN JONES



KOFFI SELORM KOMLA



OMAR D'POET



MYKELL WRITES

**Anthology led by**  
Elorm Wrights





## THY KINGDOM QUANDARY

I took the mantle to live by Thy Word,  
Bringing my skepticism to come in terms with  
an indisputable fact that,  
"Thy Word is the light unto my feet".

But as a hardworking man of God playing safe  
on the doctrine, no food for a lazy man,  
My mind's intelligence has been downplayed  
by a goal to nil with the doctrine;  
"Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the  
kingdom of Heaven.

I'm famished!  
And whilst my hands hustle to nourish the  
dilapidated walls of my stomach with rations,  
they preach;  
Man must not live by bread alone.

Just when I was busily thinking through the  
sharp concave of life;  
Hallelujah, Hallelujah!  
My ears are blown with trumpet sounds  
echoing the joy of Thy Kingdom.

The rains of confusion have beaten my  
imagination of Thy Kingdom and washed my  
readied self down the pit of destruction.  
My thoughts of Thy Kingdom are diluted and  
spat out.

Take me back to the geography class of thy  
school Master Jesus,  
And show me a clear picture of Thine  
Kingdom.  
I'm in a quandary of Thy Kingdom.

\_Elorm Wrights \_

## LOST IN THOUGHTS

On the quest to enlighten my brain and get  
my thoughts ready in reconciliation with Thy  
second coming,  
I got my attention paying so much for a loss it  
hasn't incurred.

I'm still indebted to myself at a total cost of  
"What if...?"

What if "Thy Kingdom" we've been  
brainwashed with was just a fallacy?

What if it has been only a tale,  
to keep me as the tail?  
Should I satisfy my curiosity by daring?  
Then on that day,  
stand the chance of loosing?

So which will be more?  
Finding out it was a fallacy,  
Or loosing only to realise it was true all along?  
For I have tasted and seen it's goodness,  
I have also experienced completely the  
strange things.  
Yet! So many things do not make up.

The wickedness,  
The abuse levels,  
The insensitivity,  
The masquerades,  
I could go on and on.

The preachers are not examples, neither are  
the followers.

It appears the example remains unseen yet!

For my inner peace I will stand by the notion  
that;

"Our Father who art in Heaven...Thy Kingdom  
come!"

For I am lost in my thoughts.

\_Elorm Wrights & The Herald\_

## **PRAYER REQUEST**

Our Father who art in Heaven,  
We hallowed Thy name, but we are in a  
dilemma of your second coming.  
When will Thy Kingdom come?

Thy will isn't fulfilled on earth;  
As they preach about Heaven but aren't  
preparing for it.  
Pardon our naivety, we're humans

Give us this day our daily bread,  
Though we are not planning to  
live by bread alone.  
We have starved for long,  
knowing you're the bread of life.

Forgive us our trespasses,  
Even though we hardly forgive our trespassers.  
A heart of Forgiveness we request for.

Lead us not into temptation,  
Rather, deliver us from all our evil ways, we  
pray oh Lord,  
For we so much long for Thy Kingdom.

For Thine is the Kingdom we await, every  
sunrise to sunset,  
And to thee belongs the power and glory in  
perpetuity....Amen!

\_Elorm Wrights \_

## THE RELEASE CLAUSE.

Before the cock crowed,  
JUDAS had already made arrangements.  
He secretly triggered your release clause for  
some pieces of silver which won't last him a  
lifetime.

Christ being Christ knew the plan of Judas  
before he thought of it.  
Judas in his wisdom planted a kiss of  
awareness to single out the  
Messiah amongst them.

Christ received the kiss as permission, asking  
him to go ahead and give Him out,  
Oh the heart of men !

On the day of His arrest, He restrained the  
disciples from fighting on His behalf.  
He knew it was time

He was beaten to nothing, pierced like a dead  
wood arranged for charcoal purposes, yet He  
kept asking for his killers to be forgiven.

He was martyred for loving;  
the cross of calvary where He hanged is  
deracinated.  
No one pays the guard of honor anymore.

No gun salute to the fallen soldiers either;  
they are totally forgotten for torture of the  
highest order. How can men be this inhuman?

He resurrected to the heavens above but left  
with us the Holy Spirit, to pray through to  
Him.

Such selflessness of a Man.

He made the release clause a possible cliché  
because He knew "it is finished" and that  
figure of speech gained essence for us to be  
free.

\_Koffi Selorm Komla Ft Emmy Mawümenyo \_

## RESURRECTION SUNDAY

And on the day before the sun rise,  
The son of man would be raised into  
A new world of glory.

For the man who believes,  
He could only be joined with him,  
Travelling through the Friday.

‘Cos there is no resurrection Sunday,  
For he who did not endure the Friday.  
To those who walked in this faith,  
He has unveiled the new world to.

For the hope of resurrection,  
Leads us to the disconnection  
From the dark moments of our lives,  
As His light illuminates us.

\_Elikem Inspires \_



## DILEMMA FROM HIS BLOOD

So my thoughts are sharpening the edges of  
my actions so that they never miss Your  
second coming.

Same thoughts are indoctrinating my efforts  
with laziness,  
there is no reason to work, since Your second  
coming will render their uses less.

Some of my thoughts are preaching about the  
unpredictability of the smiling face of sleep,  
it can become the shortcut to my portion of  
Your second coming.

Some of my thoughts are holding red pen;  
marking my actions because of Your second  
coming.  
I must always do You, not me.

Washing away these thoughts,  
a splash of water fell on my mouth and said  
"Your second coming has put us in a  
dilemma" and the only way out is to be  
always ready.

Enyɛenyɛ Kɔbla Ɔɛ Gbɛsa  
Omar D'Poet

## WHERE ART THOU?

All the things we heard about you,  
the significance of the image we perceive of  
you,  
and to think that we are to be same as you or  
more?

Where art thou?

We do not even see a pinch of you.

All we know now is that we are unsure,  
whether to make it big or lazy real.  
should we have fun or be bored?  
which is your way?

Can we look good and not feel unconnected to  
you?

Should we be able to stand for the right?

Whether or not we are less in rank, though  
we are all "children".

Why do some people feel better than others?

When does this insensitivity stop?

Why won't a lot believe it's a fairytale?

When all we see is not even what we heard  
had occurred?

To think we are to do even more?

You asked that we be humans.

Now we only are religious things!

Where art thou?

Grace loved

The Herald 🐾

## A CHILD GROWING UP

I hear it always.  
Easter break,  
A period to remember Him,  
To celebrate His resurrection.

Palm Sunday,  
Good Friday,  
Easter Sunday,  
Picnic Monday.

I never bothered to keep dates,  
Nor did I really corner myself.  
Because, what is the essence of remembering,  
If nothing changes or improves?

That a man died for our sins  
to set us free?  
So we do this in accordance  
and as directed?  
A ritual and doctrine we were taught,  
To follow through completely.

That you' ve been here,  
Was humiliated and punished  
For a crime you didn' t commit,  
So I can make it home with you.

Taught to observe it.  
Lest we are tagged evil,  
Called ungrateful,

For you've sacrificed.

The question still remains;  
Will you truly come?  
Should we wait,  
Or forget about it?

Emmy Mawumenyo

## BLACK TONGUE

The black tongue  
never leaves marks of compassion,  
never shows miracles of hope, and  
never hopes for salvation.  
It never offers offerings of new corns but bad  
harvest.

The black tongue  
never listens to the season,  
but gathers sea sons at the shore,  
dancing and clapping for the bearer of  
selfishness.

The black tongue  
says the season came out of the grave,  
and on the same earth.  
It shall die and rise again,  
but to die means once!

The black tongue is  
the crucifier of the church;  
displaced on the altar,  
adorned with flowers, monies and doctrines,  
and uttered at each other's camp.

The black tongue is  
not the son of man,  
but the desires of men.  
It is weighed in kilos  
and sold in pride.

The black tongue is  
like a heart uncircumcised.  
Which never sits to reason,  
Why here? Why then?  
Why now?

\_Yaa Walker\_N\_

## ESTRANGED VOICES.

Thrills poised on faces as they celebrate the feast of the Messiah.

I have run out of patience to keep calm, as my sins are washed away by a Begotten Son.

If Christ died for the sinners,  
why do we hate to be called such?  
We claim saints but nothing to show for it,  
even the black pot is whiter.

We call God in the open  
and do bad in the dark.  
You dare say "be Christ like,  
in your neighborhood,  
while the next man goes hungry.  
Where's the brotherhood?

Then my curiosity rushed me into a tight corner where I bumped into a hall of qualms;  
How do I see the Celestial city without being mean to my fellow trespassers on this orb?

I have matched my bafflement with my oddity  
to grasp His doctrines, and turned down the offers of my innocence because ignorance is not an excuse.  
Man must soul search !

Koffi Selorm Komla

## BRAINWASHED

Conformity was lost along the line, So I got  
fed up of feeding my emptiness with doubts  
and queries about the etiquette to meet you  
on Thy second coming.

I trekked on a mental perusal at other schools  
of thought to quench my thirst and found out;  
All we heard and read had washed our  
consciousness down our brains,  
We've been brainwashed!

The carrier delivered the book with infections  
to this sector of the world;  
incurable diseases of the mind,  
the one that feeds on talents.  
The spirit of laziness was birthed to us as a  
vaccine so we use to manage ourselves.  
The belief that there is a better place for us to  
go is enough to turn even the most ardent  
believer into a slacker.  
We now believe in 12 hours of prayers,  
Yet 8 hours of work seems too demanding.

We pray for miracle money,  
We believe that someone will meet us and gift  
us our dream money on a silver platter  
without us working for it.  
I don't doubt the hand of God,



Let's not forget that scripture says, "If any would not work, neither should he eat".

2Thessalonians 3:10b

Tell me the logic in this;  
We close down factories  
to build more churches,  
Again, I doubt not the second coming.  
But if it is that soon, why are other continents  
busy developing to make humanity better?  
Was our sense of thinking swapped along  
with our resources?

"Empty we came and empty we shall return"  
is the song they play to us to forget our  
dreams and be calm like a house mouse. The  
preacher said, "give and it shall be given unto  
you", yet we have passwords to the churches'  
wifi.

The prophetic anointing just locates "the  
rich", can we also be blessed with the double  
portion or let's leave that for another day?

How do we sanitize this virus?  
And feed our souls and minds that,  
the vision of hard work also pays;  
that proper planning delivers us from  
bondage and poverty.  
99% of our prayers are just fighting the  
enemy and asking God for blessings.  
How do we awaken the mind that 12 hours of

prayers alone doesn't solve the  
world's hunger?

That as much as we pray, we  
equally have to work?

Even Jesus chose the rich to dine with.

One cannot be spiritually rich but physically  
broke.

We pray this finds you well.

Mykell Writes X ElormWrights

## GIVE AN EAR

We wait for signs and wonders  
For manna to fall and grace to abound  
We sing songs of praise and wait on our  
wages  
For worship with our lips is a key to our plea

He was hungry but you did not feed Him  
He was naked but you did not clothe Him  
Yet still, there He was; a peace offering  
A lamb you slain for your mischiefs

There, take His hand  
That is the spot you punctured a hole  
Come, feel His side  
That is the place in His flesh you tore

But still His love will be unfailing  
And His sacrifice unchanging  
Greater is He that laid down His life for His  
friends  
And so do as He did, love one another

Velvin Jones

## OPTIONS AND CHOICES

A new dawn arises  
The most adaptive survives  
Each day is a new creation  
And yesterday an old invention

For the Saints  
It's a matter quite faint  
A life lived in fear  
A fear of the master' s fierce return

And so like the fearful servant  
The saints bury their talents  
And refuse to grow and show  
Such wonderful gifts the Lord bestowed

Did He not say,  
“All things are permissible” ?  
Why then do you not choose  
That which is beneficial to you?

He created the good and wholesome  
As blessings for you to enjoy.  
That in this, we might find His glory.  
But for some, it is indulging in the world.  
Look at how impoverished His sons have  
become  
And wrinkled His daughters have grown.

Instead of the misconceptions  
And false doctrines,

Let' s seek Him daily and earnestly.  
He will guide our conscience  
To the things which are permissible  
For the blessings of God comes with riches.

Velvin Jones ft Elikem Inspires

## COME NOW

For the hour at hand is beyond pulling.  
We are living on borrowed time and will be  
leaving in no time.  
What's the time factor? Come now!

Today, whatever we've worked for look  
borrowed.  
All will become vanity and washed away like  
a debtor paying his debt.  
Come now please!

Time has become an ultimate transgressor,  
working against both sides.  
We are too focused on other things than  
making it rightly.  
Come now!

Our high hopes about Your return have  
become shallow.  
The scientists and the pastors gave us time;  
but You took away the watch.  
Come now please.

Omar D'Poet & Koffi Selorm Komla