



For
Better
or
Else

A COMPILATION LED BY
SLY SELASE
(T H E H E R A L D)

FOR BETTER OR ELSE

AN ANTHOLOGY FROM POETIC KONCEPT

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SLY SELASE

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FOREWORD

If love goes where love stays, then LOVE is a reciprocative gesture and should be reciprocated to all. To love, is to give your all and nothing else.

That leads us to our theme;

“FOR BETTER OR ELSE”

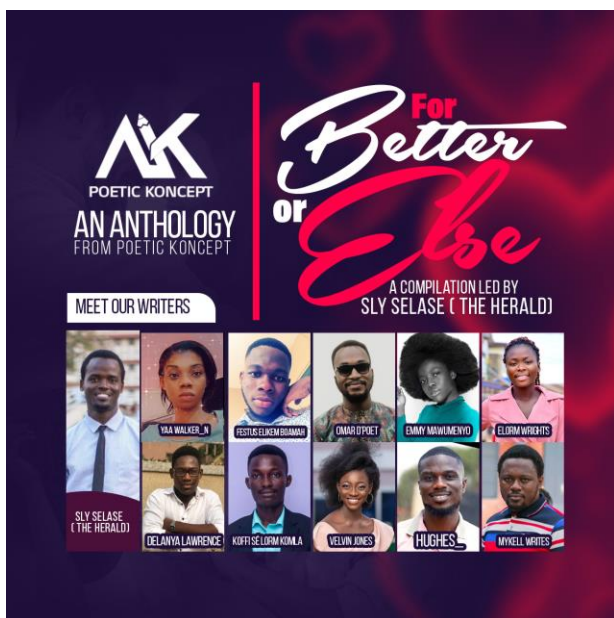
This written words doesn't seek to preach on 'relationship kind' of love only.

It spreads generally on the circumference of loves therapy, that is; Love itself, Marriage, Fun and Flirt, Sex, Break ups and many daring aspects too.

Love as an action practiced, should be for better or else, nothing at all. As indicated by the writers, these pieces seek to inform, educate and equally criticize the affirmation of love.

For our souls to be at peace, let's endeavor to read this piece and pass it on to the next man. Koffi Selorm Komla .

WRITERS



ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

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Sly Selase (THE HERALD)

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DEAR PREACHER

As you counsel the about to be wed,
Let it be a refresher course for you too.
Know to make him/her happy as you prescribe.
The bedroom should not always be a prayer
ground,
Know how to tickle her/him:
Know how to flatter him/her,
Make love to him/her, stop having
sex with him/her.
Let them experience the art, not disgust the act.
Be naughty with him/her for you are a
husband/wife too.
Know their body not only in between their legs.
Remember, they are human with feelings and
desires too.

Be able to play with your children as you do
with others.
Be your child's best friend!
Then, they may not live double standard lives
like most of the preachers' children we see.
Take them to the beach, window shop with them
at the malls,
Accompany them to school, be their P.T.A
meeting attendee.

They will not live with you forever, your
tyranny will expire soon.
Aid them in seeing all facets of life as you guide,
Their decision making tomorrow may be guided
well due to this.

Do your duty as a preacher at home too, but be
more of a parent and partner
Everything you do to the body of Christ, know
that you have a primary family,
Do same to them!
They make or unmake you!
You will account for them too.
Make sure it is a stress free and a relevant
account that day.

So dear preacher, you are a spirit being, but do
not forget you are a human being too.

THE HERALD

I SWEAR

Before all the people gathered here present,
Both Spirit and flesh, in sickness, and in health,
In good or bad, I will love and cherish you,
As long as I live.

Love at first sight, at the new site.
Right in the chocolate shop, I thought you saw
love.
But you were blinded by something else.

When the birds chirp, the rhythms soothe; first.
Then it rewinds and double plays in my ear.

You are not dead!
A while after those oaths, I see nothing of it.
Was it a dream on that day?
Did I not hear you say?
Or perhaps you are no longer alive?

Why should I sign these papers?
Why should these papers even show up?
Did we not say we would fight?
Is the battle won already?
How come there is no victory plate?
Is swearing just cheap talk?

What happened to us?
I swear I never knew we will reach here.

One minute we're celebrating our love,
The next, we're all up in flames.

True love still exists,
Yet true love will stab you right in the back;
I swear!

KOFFI SELORM & THE HERALD

THE GOODS

I want to help and not look back,
 I realise you've been off?
 Anything the matter?
 I look out for you, because
 it's the right thing to do.
 Let's share the little I have,
 it's a good feeling!

What I do, I need nothing in return,
 Not all good things come with strings attached!
 If I spent on you?
 I don't need to be paid back.
 If I cared to check up? Doesn't mean I have
 ulterior motives.
 Not all are polluted in this profane world!
 Love is a good thing,
 No one has to use it as bait!
 The good gestures should stay good
 It should not be that hard to do!

I can push you to be better, even if it's for
 another!
 Bottom-line is love does that,
 Christ taught that!
 So let the hypocrisy seize!
 Love is for ease.

YAA WALKER WITH THE HERALD

THE TIME ANTAGONIST

He should be tall, fair, and the like,
 She has to be respectful, God fearing,
 submissive (otherwise timid), and so on.
 Their popular thoughts and pronouncements.
 That one choice must possess several
 appendages,
 If one was absent, then like the bank teller does,
 Next! He or she would say.

This is the time activity is easier,
 Biology is rapid, adipose is helping,
 So there is always going to be the auction and
 the customers.
 Until there is no longer a number,
 Then they would have to stick to scavenging.

Now, checklist is not relevant,
 Any recipe is welcomed,
 That's when little or no menu is available.
 There is now mourning and gnashing of teeth,
 Recounting the bad old days,
 Which were once the good show days.

Time then begins to tell you,
 If you got half a loaf?
 It's better than none.
 So dear friend, make hay now.

Tomorrow might be rainy, the sun shines not
always!

THE HERALD

SPEED BUMPS

Does love really go
where love stays?
Does your opinion count ?
Or love is now an ad,
you ought to pay.
Maybe it's several
of the steps you'll have to mount.

On this tarred road,
two souls locked up
and left the keys
to destiny to decide.
What changes afterwards?

Our love was so divine
but we can' t bring back
the hands of time.

The clock ticked;
time is no more on our side.
You cannot be wise
and be in love at the same time.
Damn !

Koffi Selorm Komla

THE BITTER PILL

A part; is two words,
but it means together.
Apart; is one word,
yet, means separated.

Love could be labeled poison;
and we' d drink it anyways.

Koffi Selorm Komla

LEMME GET TO YOU.

It's a brand new day,
a brand new feeling
of belonging
in worlds of our imaginations.

In a new damn way,
Taking all; stealing
Just to be breathing and
staking claims in our imaginations.

You look beautiful.
I do not have a dream man.
I do not have a dream woman.
But you're the easier choice
If I should choose !

You are breathtaking
Not too much that I'll die.
But just enough to be happy
So you're the easier choice
If I should choose.

You look just like a dad
Making me think of babies.
Raising them; children
I would call my own.
You're the easier choice

If I should choose.

Until reality sets in,
Until my eyes opened,
Until my imagination went on break
You were my dream to happiness.
Guess it!
Reality set in
and I saw you're a ten point five.
Just like my imagination said
But "I am a two".
So my imagination lied when it told me I was
a nine point five.

Honestly, a two can have absolutely
nothing to do with a full ten point five.
But lemme get you.
You won't regret it.
I'll worship you and respect you.
I'll love you for you'll be my King.
My Queen sitting on the throne
right beside me
Lemme get to you.

Emmy Mawumenyo

MY CONFESSION

Before I drew close to you,
before I inhaled you,
before I spoke to you;
I noticed you !
I felt you !
I saw you.
And you looked the word, forbidden.
I talked about you,
described and informed you.
Because within, I felt I knew you.
Then I spoke to you
and realized you were so much more.....
Life happened;
and here I am, all by myself.

Emmy Mawumenyo

A DOSE'S EFFECT

Moving on, I look back
With each step I take.
you bring me three times back.
I don't see you anymore
but the memories left behind,
they just won't let me go.
An adage says
'It is not forbidden to pick up what's left
behind'.
But this time,
you're far fetched from me.

It was a week after the break
I let you go
I thought I did
I knew it was good for you.
At least, I thought I did.

A year after and there I was
contemplating on my own actions
I wish I put myself first
and had selfishly kept you !

It's been four and five years
but I'm still living the world I left behind
That world with you
and I wonder if you've ever glanced back

I tried, I really have
But I truely can't forget you

Now I know I can live without you
but I would be better off with you.
Since I left, my heart and mind
haven't brought me peace.
These same two that didn't agree
are now giving me regrets.

This may be the hundredth poem I've written.
A thousand sorries I have said;
and this time, I hope it gets to you
Cause I'm tired, really.
Can I come back to you?
I'm sorry,
I take back my words
I want good for me too!

Velvin Jones

PLANS WE MADE

We penned it down,
Sketched the future together.
In that moment of bliss,
We took over God's work.

I wanted two of our own,
You wanted four.
I loved strawberries,
you preferred beer.
You argued yours was better,
But like always, ladies first!

It was happiness before the money.
Love before facts,
Me before you,
For better, for worse.
They called it suicidal
because we would die for us.

That night I held your hand,
You were cold.
You didn't warm me.
You ceased to stir
nor talk to me.

I called our neighbor to wake you up for me.
It was unusual of you

To lie that long.
My breakfast would have been done by then.

Our neighbor wouldn't let me in anymore.
She said you left to another place.
A place without me.
"Where would you go without me?" I asked.
She must have been joking!

Mama told me same.
The neighbor was right.
You allowed it to take you.
In case you forgot,
there was no me without you.

What dared you to do this to me?
Must have been death;
Wicked, heartless death.

Velvin Jones

LOVE SOSA

We are on stranger tides,
but loving each other out of fantasy.
We hold our thought thinking and imagining
being together, yet one of us is not ready for
the both of us.
I could love you like the last iota of my breath
My heart is a dessert pasture now.
Let that love not be dormant.
I'm so dank now, so weary and tired
Boldness to this entity called love, has drain
the life out my veins.
Should we have agreed on the covenant when
your obsession was at the highest peak?
Could that heart feel anything again?
Just a faint of light please.
We could just have proven them wrong.
But here we are on stranger tides.
And me carrying a dead man's chest.

Hughes

ENTANGLEMENT

Sunshine always brings me joy.
How can I feel your warmth?
The pillow is holding so much memories love,
The room is scented with your aroma.
How can I cling onto that and say I don't miss
you.
I'm so nostalgic to see you again.
Let me hear from you so I could know the war
has not taking you away from me.
Cold world it is my love.
I will hold on and cherish your love till death
do us part.
I called on the heavens to make our paths
meet again someday.
When I will be able to tell you all this with no
blind of the eye.
Here I stood gazing at the stars.
I have loss counts of them each night.
My soul is cold and hungry for your presence.
My thoughts are hunting the wild,
I have become a savage to your love.
I'm now that slave, the slave to love nemesis
This is what the heart is saying.
I'm so happy and hurt at same time.
Please reply.

Hughes

PAGES OF LOVE

Things happened so fast,
Now we've lost the thrust.
Is this another phase of the love
We've promised each other?

Nothing interesting anymore,
Those tactile memories depressing.
Could you be so forgetful,
Of what was just beautiful?

Was this what you pledged to do
Just months ago?
My emotions rebuking me,
Mind occupied with disputed remarks.

Love used to be mutual
When everything was neutral,
Things have fallen apart
And we've now parted ways.

How swift time flies!
I thought this is for better or else.
Just look at us, we are far gone
But lagging behind.

Succulent roses withered,
We are falling out of love now.

Nothing beautiful just regrets
Banging on my mind.

I wish we had captured
Those riveting moments aside
To fall back on,
But so fast the pages turned.

Here I am seated in dismay
Looking young and stupid,
Finding it difficult to pardon myself
For being so dumb.

Even a reminiscence of you
Gets me angry at me,
So all I do is detach myself from me
And damn the day I met you.

Elorm Wrights

NO SWEETNESS HERE

Have I over anticipated it?
Or may be we've rushed into it.
Isn't this what others extol?

Just few years on,
Things gone wrong
And nothing left to lean on.

I was cautioned,
But my passion blinded my mind
And now I've to hide behind .

My mind summoned me
And kept interrogating me,
On things it should rather be grilled.

My psyche was so much burdened,
Hence I have to voice it out that
There's no sweetness here.

Just a glimpse at the problems I faced,
Though I tried following the pace
Set by my predecessors.

Isn't this how they lived
Through their stagnation?
So how's ours different from theirs?

Just few years into this wedlock
And there's no sweetness
In what I supposed on the whole.

I played a jester
When I thought this was for the better
and for the worse, but I'm now at the worst.

Perhaps I just have to condone
And cope with my remorse,
Because there's no sweetness here.

Elorm Wrights

I'M FADED

I used to be the talk of the day,
When everything was okay.
But after bringing forth,
Here I am, of no use.
I miss the real me.

You used to please me,
When I was me.
But time flies so fast,
That! I've just realized,
It wasn't for better or else,
I'm faded!

Things used to be real,
When I was me.
Now, just the looks,
Show everything is crooked.

At me, the sun no more smiles.
Hence, I go miles.
To tip the scale,
So I don't go bale.
This isn't the old me.
I'm faded!

With time,
Even on an easy ride,
My silhouette runs a mile,
And leaves me behind.
I'm sure this isn't the real me.

As per the partiality,
I'm now miles away from reality.
I had moments of lucidity,
And wish things change to normality.
Because, I can't feel the real me.
I'm faded!

Elorm Wrights

IF

If I let go,
Would you make it up to me?
If I'm gone,
Would you remember me?
What if you want to marry me,
And I'm not interested?

If I apologize,
Would you forgive me?
If I need you,
Would you avail yourself?

If you make it,
Would you still take me as I am?
If you get rich,
Would you care to help?

If you get there,
Would you still remember I'm here?
If we have a long aisle ahead,
Would you endure the pains under your soles,
To connect our souls?

If I fault,
Would you make life a tree to climb or leave?
And if it's fixed,
Would your scars remind you of the pains?

What about consolidating the gains?
And making it work again?

If I tell you my fears,
Would you be fierce,
For the days I kept how I felt?
Or you'll share with me your fence,
Which kept me away?

If it has to be a goodbye,
Would you go with our memories?
Would you hate me,
Because I hurt you in any way?
And if you express your love for me,
Should I believe it's for better or else?
Or the worst is pending?

Elorm Wrights & Elikem Inspires

FALLOUT OF LOVE

Blindfolded by the mask of love
Here I stand wandering around
How ignorant I am
I wish I knew all this earlier.
I wish I had known how it goes
So I play along steadily
But "had I known"
Is a habitual late comer.

Of late, everything is intimidating.
Phone calls are now destructive,
Messages now offensive,
Jokes now expensive,
"Hellos" turned "eh hen"
"Hi dear" now "hey Adwoa"

With those smiles,
Words are just satisfying
Which I deemed to be real
So unenlightened of me!
Here I sit,
Smiling to hide the fears
And for old times' sake
I laugh to hide the pains
Trying to face the realities
I've never anticipated for love.

Well, one falls in love at first sight,
Looks, diverted the attention!
Once bitten, twice shy.
No need to mention.
On the laps of love, I have fallen flat.
I rest for a while, to lease my fat.
I thought for better was for worse.
I didn't expect this worse.

Time and tides wait
for no man they say,
The earlier, the better.
But for the sake of sanity,
Don't lower your self esteem.

By: Elorm Wrights & Koffi Selorm

HOW FAR IS TOO FAR.

We just met but I was in a hurry to impress
my empress.

In the process, i jumped all protocols.

Could it be because love was blind?

I didn't know this road was too far.

But how far till the end?

If it's a difficult task,

then we' ll ride on

from dawn to dusk.

Then, it makes sense to cheat

For a pass.

And for a meal,

You'd have to get a chit

to pass each serving.

How far couldn't I go

After I calculated in miles?

Festus Elikem Boamah

THAT DAY AT THE ALTAR.

That day at the altar,
Before the congregation gathered,
And at the throne of the Most High,
I looked into your eyes,
And saw the world in you.

From all ages, came witnesses.
Not to bring us to our wit's end,
But as testimonials to our vows.

Heaven pronounced, and we took the vows.
Not just an utterance of "Yes I do".
But an act and art to commit to nuptial love.

That day at the altar,
Behind the paper on table,
I saw an agreement printed
in black inks, with inscriptions;
"For Better, For Worse"
As I read and signed
I knew it was sealed.

That day at the altar,
Without an intent of "else",
I Left behind all keys

So I don't open and close anytime,
When it's warm or cold.

That day at the altar,
I learnt to listen,
As a first duty of love
Which shelter us from
The rain that gives pain.

My words were true.
Sinking through the core,
Lingering to our hearts
For better and for worse!

That day at the altar,
There was no doubt this would last forever.
Here we are !

Festus Elikem Boamah

A CANDLE TO KINDLE

To love is to keep a candle.
Never allowing its flames turn dark.
But rather glow and illuminate.

This love may not always
hold against the winds.
Even that, we would build to break
and break to build.
And with our hands in bind,
No reveries would perturb the mind,
for thy heart is at work.

Festus Elikem Boamah

ADULTHOOD

I wish I grew up wearing the foreseeability shoe of reality.

The ability to see adulthood and it's needed quality.

Today am here, being killed by it's complexity.

The only thing my worries and pain gasp for is another shot of a childhood opportunity.

Now childhood wants have become adulthood necessities.

Hmmmm Adulthood, I thought it was very clean and safe, only to find out countless impurities.

My slightest sexual mistake begins my parenthood.

I recently divorced F9 in core mathematics after three years of marriage to Novdec, yet even the water I drink today must be calculated in this hood called adulthood.

Kɔbla Gbɛsa said "adulthood shelters part of your dreams" but what I'm going through has rendered mine homeless.

Who caused all this?

I guess they should have done induction for
my childhood. Or?

Hmmmmmm! adulthood, I pray the next
generation survives in your hood.

Enyɛenyɛ Kɔbla Gbesa
Omar D'Poet

NEED ANSWERS

I wish I had answers from the onset.

Did our feelings have an expiry date we didn't know?

I need answers.

Did our love eat from the pot of depreciation?
Was the pot not clean?

Why then is our love having running stomach?

Can't you see, it keeps going and coming?

Can't you see it's reducing?

Was the feelings not real?

I need answers.

Didn't we irrigate our love during harmattan?
I thought we cultivated our love in the greenhouse, to prevent the intrusion of "it will end in tears"?

Why are the fruits of our love poisonous?

I need answers.

Didn't I remove all bones from my "meatlike" words before serving them to you?

Why should my cough become a contempt case today?

I need answers.

Where from the "you're too good for my
liking"?
Did you tell me you needed bones in the
words I spill?
Didn't you honour me with gifts for being soft
spoken?
I need answers.

Were we blind at the beginning of the end of
our love movie?
We should have noticed it, right?
I tried turning our problems right, but you
left. Why?
I need answers.

Were our friends not our so called inlaws?
Why have you labeled them "third party"?
I need answers.

Enyɛenyɛ Kɔbla Gbesa
Omar D'Poet

OVERRATED

The hype surrounding one of it's sounds
"tatata" is more than a Grammy nominated
song.

The hailing associated with it's length can
prolong the height of these short dudes.

Feelingly colonized, they make we the virgins
feel leftout as to the sweetness of this act.

They made me think "sex is a substitute for
food" but today every round draws me closer
to starvation.

You people roofed me with deceit.
I wish I never broke my virginity.

Unlucky I am,
My first encounter was against an addict.
HMMMM living dead.

Lord! Lord! Lord!
This feeling isn't living up to the hype your
children accord it.

It's foundation is now weak,
please come and renovate it.

Isn't failure part of life?
Why then do people take drugs to always win
this battle?

This sex is devilishly dirty.
Lustfully, holy.
"Waterily", slippery and swimmy.

Sex is overrated, I pray you keep your
virginity until marriage.

Enyɛnyɛ Kɔbla Gbɛsa
Omar D'Poet

EXPECTATIONS GONE BAD

There were days I prayed to God about you.
 There were days I prayed we stay forever.
 There were days I prayed that our bond will
 be stronger each day.
 There were days I prayed our home be
 whimsical.

My prayers have been answered and here
 we're together .
 The gap has been breached and yet we speak
 just for fewer minutes.
 All that could be said is; "Good morning, have
 a great day "
 And "Goodnight ,Enjoy your sleep".
 This wasn't what we bargained for when the
 dowry was paid.

I dreamt of a flourishing life with my spouse,
 Now bonded and we act like business
 partners .
 Where's the fun we thought of?
 Ooo give me back those days !!

We used to express our love,
 Knowing that love is the language we
 understand.

Slowly we have adopted a different one,
Aimed at twisting our tongue

Where're those vows we took?
Were they meant to last for just a short
period?
Or you've soon forgotten those memories?
But why should it be so?

Recall those moments we shared,
That gave us hope.
That the best is yet to come,
And give me back the real you.

Let not our bond be like,
That of sponge and soap.
Which only meets for a reason.
Don't allow our schedule,
Eat into what we've found.

Don't let our love be like
The seasons that change with time.
I want to feel loved again,
Chew over our plans for the future ,
And let's bounce back ,
To what used to keep us going.

Delanya × Elorm Wrights

COULD THIS BE MADNESS ??

Far in the outskirt,
My face looks smiley
Unlike the usual me,
As I see you approaching.

All that keeps popping
In my mind is,
The first chapter of Songs of Solomon;
"Kiss me with the kisses of love for your
mouth is sweeter than wine "

For all you know, I could be a victim of the
saying,
"Many are mad but few are roaming".
Because my actions reveal the true meaning
of madness .
Stuck in my room speaking to your image?
Yes! I'm madly in love.

If imagination could reflect in the mirror,
Then you'll know what is in mind.
How I wish I could hook you from the sea but
I realise you ain't a fish.

In the sleepless nights ,

Full of Wetty dreams,
I mistake me for Romeo,
And you for Juliet.

You got no idea what I feel,
When my quiet time becomes a moment for
writing love memes.
Could this be madness???

Delanya

BLINDED BY SEX

I know what you see when you stare at me.

All you see is a man who wants sex with every woman.

Sexual satisfaction ,no love and real affection.

You see a man with head raised to the skies ,
Who cares about the boobs and curves more
than he should.

Here's what you've failed to know ,
And simply what I detest about you .

If life should give me a choice among multiple
options ,

Where my total being will depend on ,
In order to reach the optimum height in life,

Or a fruitful life filled with all goodies and
treasures
I've in anyway dreamed of having with
someone else ,

It's only you I'll choose among the lots.
Even when life seems to be hard and tough.

But you know what?
You're so dumb not to have noticed.
That you walked out promising never to
return.

Delanya

STRESS FOR NOTHING

*From here
I know by now you will be wondering
why my phone has been off.
Your proposal yesterday came as
a surprise to me because,
I already planned to break up with you.
To follow Thompson my friend, to UK this
weekend.
I'm sorry I can't marry you.*

.....

So this is it right?
This is my reward,
for years spent with you?
I gave up on many dreams and
opportunities, just to be
with you as I promised.
This is what I get in return?

The journey hasn't been easy, I know!
Yet back to back we fought through,
Not knowing, you had other
plans with Thompson.

You told me he was just a friend,

He is no threat to our relationship,
I trusted you with my all in all,
I even fought my brother,
when he told me,
You might be cheating with Thompson.
Yet today, you both wave me goodbye.

Oh! What was my crime?
What wrong did I do?
You should have said No! yesterday,
It would have made things easier.
Now, how do I explain this?
How do I explain this to mum,
You just made a fool out of me!

I gave you everything you ever needed,
I even took loans for you to further
your education.
All that has been for nothing?

Oh God!
Give me strength for this,
My heart is over speeding.
Calm my anger oh Lord!
I might commit murder, and regret
afterwards.

Dear God.

Mykell Writes.

TELL ME

Hey Grandpa,
i want you to....you know,
tell me how you made it this far in your
marriage.
I know this isn't what you were expecting me
to ask,
But sometimes I have few questions I need
answers to.
I wanna know how you guys do it,
How you guys kept the relationship going
after 5, 10years together.

Tell me,
How do you keep the jokes going,
when you have none left in you to tell?
When you exhausted all options,
tell me how you made it through,
to the 10th anniversary and the ones after.
There are times that I just need a relationship
past questions to check a few things,
In the 6th year of a relationship,
but none seems to be available.

I know the vows we took at the altar but
I'm scared of becoming worse.
I don't wanna be a terrible partner,
Who just overnight turned from

Better to something else.
All those wonderful moments
Becoming a thing of the past,
Arguing is what our kids will
know us to be doing best.

I have watched good couples,
Spend two decades together
and later became total strangers.
Love faded!
Feelings ignored!
Attention forsaken!
They blamed each other for
the failure of their marriage,
Both thought they did their best,
and that maybe they were
not meant for each other.
All the happy moments
became a thing of the past.

So help me out,
tell me the whole secret to this
every lasting love and marriage,
80years of marriage,
i know you
have a lot to share with me.
I'm all ears.

Mykell Writes

PRIORITIES

My children, my children, my children,
 Yes! It is true that a good parent is all we
 want and hope to be
 It's known of, that to be responsible is moral
 No doubting of this unchangeable fact,
 whoever made it so?
 That's a tale for another time.
 Must being a responsible parent make us
 forget staying a good friend and companion?

She is in love with another other than her
 husband,
 She is in love with the man who makes her
 laugh,
 The man who takes her on a walk,
 The one who kisses her good morning.
 The one who drops her a short message on
 lunch break,
 The one who tries to listen to how her day
 went even though he is dosing off.

He is in love with another, other than his
 wife.
 The woman who asks how his day went,
 The one who tells him "I love you" before
 sleeping off.

The woman who plays with him,
 The woman who puts her feet on his lap for
 him to massage.
 The woman who leaves a short note for him
 before leaving for work.

Her husband is only interested in working to
 make the family comfortable,
 The children should have their fees paid on
 time.
 Housekeeping money should flow.
 For these to happen, work must be brought
 home.
 Weekends are also all the time work days or
 days with the guys.
 His friend and companion before the
 children came, is inactive for now.

His wife has a very successful career.
 Built on long work hours, late night
 working, and weekend business trips.
 She cannot compromise!
 Early to rise, late to bed.
 After all she is a help mate and a mother.
 For the times she is home, she needs to tend
 to the children.
 Play with them, watch TV with them, and
 mostly talk to them.

The friend and companion she had before
her children came in, is invincible now.

So she is in love with the man she married
before the children showed up.
He is in love with the woman he married
before the children came.

Be in the know however, the children will
grow and leave,
Then there will be left you two once again!
Would you pick up the pieces then?
Think about it.

Do not forget however, that on that day,
You swore “till death do us part”
Keep your friend, before, during, and after
the children.

THE HERALD.

PROMISES

In as much as I'm energetic
I'll keep to my words.
I love you!
And I won't give up on you
This is my promise to you.

Each moment I feel like I'm hurting,
I remember nothing good comes easy
And anytime I feel like letting go
I consign my mind to go
Glance through those memories.

What we've found is so delicate
I promise never to trade it for anything
Because in losing it
I'll lose myself too.

Though I'm beginning to weary,
I promise to compromise
Because I can't afford to lose
What we've built
It might be tough but I'll sustain it
I know what we've got is well worth it

So look into my eyes and see

The worth I cannot put a price to,
Reveal to me your worst side
I am ready to adapt to them.
I am not into a bed of roses,
I am just with focused braces
It's not going to be a mere talk,
It's a real walk.

I won't let go, don't either
I want you and you alone!
Even if all were best,
I am okay with working with what I have
A bird in hand is worth more than two in the
bush
So I don't just say I love you
I promise you will see me do it.

Just promise me you'll be there
Through the better or else
For the roses are attractive
Because someone was inquisitive
And never give up in nurturing them!

The Herald & Elorm Wrights

YOU PROMISED

You moved Heaven and Earth,
Made sure I was okay.
You would not sleep,
You would be dozing off!
You had to hear from me each day,
You had to make me smile your way.
Protection, happiness, and fun, you served
always!

I didn't understand why I was that lucky.
You said pearls were not easy to find,
You would not lose this pearl that you had.
I had butterflies in my stomach on seeing
you.

That night you needed me,
You held me close, pulled me near.
Every breath I took, drew you in for a kiss.
The tenderness of your caresses!
Sent shivers down my spine.

If it wasn't the first time,
Then it was a long time.
A long time you held me so dear.
Like I mattered the most!

Then after you had me, after you came,
It was the end of the world you sent me into.
I wish now that I didn't come along!

It seems a crime even if I call.
Not that I complain you've stopped calling!
You would just hang up even if you were
not sleepy.
You effortlessly abuse me verbally!

Now, I'm empty and full of remorse.
It was only in that moment you needed me,
That I did matter the most!

I have scorpions in my tummy now, when I
see you.
Too many stings, but I still love you.
I don't know how to stop it!
I pray every day, that I can.

Tell me, did you want me?
Or you only wanted me?
You promised!
I guess promises are sometimes nemesis!

THE HERALD WITH VELVIN JONES

[illegible]