

AN ANTHOLOGY FROM POETIC KONCEPT

VOICES FROM THE HOMELAND

Collection of Poems Reflecting on Ghana's Cities, Towns and Villages

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PK
POETIC KONCEPT
be inspired, by the ink.

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ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

This anthology is a manifestation of divine guidance from God, to silence, to cities, and to each other.

We acknowledge every poet, contributor, and anyone who lent their story, heart, and insight to this body of work. Your vulnerability and voice have birthed something beyond just words.

To the team Poetic Koncept, thank you for believing in the power of written truth. To our readers, thank you for leaning on, for pausing, and for feeling.

And above all, to the Creator who is the first Poet.

Thank you for language, breath, and purpose.

FOREWORD

Life has its moments when the noise, both around and within, grows overwhelming. In those times, we're not always searching for answers. We're longing for something real. A voice. A line. A feeling that reminds us we're not alone. That's what this collection hopes to offer.

These poems are drawn from real life. Some came from quiet walks and early mornings. Others were born from heartbreak, laughter, or those heavy late-night thoughts we rarely speak aloud. They're raw, sometimes messy, but always honest. And it's that kind of truth we hold dear.

From the sacred stillness of Dodome to the joyful noise of Ashaiman, from weary students navigating university life to Gen-Z hearts scrolling through worship moments, this collection captures quiet rebellions, sacred routines, unanswered prayers, and the rhythms beating beneath the chaos of everyday life.

We didn't write these poems to impress. We wrote them to be real. For anyone simply trying to make it through the day. For those who feel unseen. For those who just need a pause. A breath.

This book is for you. For your unspoken questions, tired hopes, and quiet silences. It's a space to feel, to rest, and maybe rediscover something you didn't even know you were missing. Thank you for choosing to share in these words with us.

Mykell Writes

Poet | Creative | Curator

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INTRODUCTION


From the Voices of Poetic Koncept

There was a time we thought cities only spoke in traffic and construction noise, in arguments over power cuts and missed calls. But as we sat quietly, often in unexpected places, we discovered something else. Beneath the horns, under the chatter, and behind the performance of living, there is a softer sound. And sometimes, if you're still enough, it speaks.

This collection is not a mirror held up to the world, but more like a whisper beneath the chaos. Some of these words found us in moments of dawn when the world was half asleep. Others arrived after heartbreaks, long walks, and laughter we didn't see coming.

You see, poetry has always been our silent music. In this part of the world, even when mouths don't say much, our silences are loud. The roads know things. The trees keep secrets. Cities wear masks that crack open if you watch long enough. There's something sacred about looking at these ordinary spaces and letting them speak through us.

The voices in this collection come from different places; spiritually, emotionally, geographically. And yet, somehow, they meet at the same place: a longing for meaning, for rest, for truth. These are voices of the present generation and those who remember what came



before. They speak of God, of mothers, of waking too early and walking too far. They question the world and bless it in the same breath.

We did not write to be profound. We wrote to be real. To speak to those who are tired, uncertain, overwhelmed, or just quietly surviving. If this collection does anything at all, we hope it gives you permission to slow down, to feel, and maybe to remember something you didn't know you forgot.

THE CREATOR'S LETTER

An Epistle to the Souls That Listen

*I have always been near.
In the hush before dawn,
in the spaces between your steps,
I am the stillness you sometimes feel but cannot name.*

*I shaped you from the ground,
not to be perfect,
but to remember where you began.
The trees, the wind, the rivers
they are your older siblings.
They know the rhythm you often forget.*

*Return softly. Come as you are.
There is no need for big words.
I hear your silence. I see your trying.*

*And if you sit still long enough,
you'll feel it the way I still hold everything
including you.*

Yaa Walker

DUST & GRAVE

O wandering dust,
you're a treasure of the earth,
why desecrate your cradle?
You carve the veins that once gave you breath,
spilling lifeblood into rivers you cannot drink.

O man, breathed into clay
now tears his mother limb from limb
to dress himself with crowns
he cannot wear beyond the grave.

Foolish child,
you burn the house to which you must return.
Your pride is a shovel;
your grave, self-made.
Dust you are
and dust shall have you.

Yaa Walker



ROOTS OF TRANQUILITY

In the heart of the forest,
where ancient trees ascend,
their canopies serve as a verdant veil
where whispers of the wind contend.

The forest floor, a carpet soft,
of leaves that crunch and sigh.
A woody scent and earth's primal aroma rise,
a sensory delight that touches the sky.

This is where our traditions are kept and refined,
a legacy that's passed down.
Inculcating values into our young—
a foundation so strong, so profound.

In this land of beauty,
where nature's splendor reigns,
a haven of peace endures,
where hearts and minds sustain.

The trees, like sentinels of old,
stand guard with steadfast might



while their branches sway gently
in the breeze's soothing light.

Nature accommodates
a sense of harmony and balance.
A place of beauty,
where the rhythms of the earth serve as a guide.
To walk the forest paths,
where ancient secrets sleep and thrive,
is a challenge we must face—
a call to protect this space alive.

In this forest, where the trees touch the skies,
we find a refuge that never dies.
A place to breathe, to heal, to grow and,
in its silence, to know deeply.

Let us cherish this sacred land,
for in its depths, we find our own—
a reflection of our soul, and
a connection to the earth that makes us whole.

Selorm Komla Koffi

What Does Silence Sound Like in Your City?

*It is like a quiet breath beneath the noise of cars and people,
where wise ones, once prayed and children now chase dreams
with tired feet.*

*It is full of the voice that once spoke light into the world,
but many no longer hear it.*

*Still, one day, your city will remember
that the wind once carried the voice of the Beginning.*

SHE WASN'T ONE WOMAN – SHE WAS NOORA

They say she walked like dusk
half in retreat, half in prophecy.
When you looked,
she had already looked away.

She never told her story,
but left it scattered in burnt matchsticks,
a page folded in Isaiah,
and perfume worn only on Wednesdays.

She called herself a maybe.
Yet her spine held storms, and her smile
dared you to ask nothing.

At the chapel, she knelt
not always to pray.
But sometimes to bargain,
sometimes to listen to footsteps
only she could hear.



Risk was her mirror.
Desire is her compass.
Faith, a fire she never tamed,
only followed, barefoot, through alleys
no one saw her enter.

She wore grace like denim not spotless,
but shaped by every fall.
And though she laughed with girls
who braided their lives tight,
she always unthreaded hers before sleep.

She was not one woman
but many truths unclaimed,
a psalm in the voice of a question.

And her story
is still being found
in the shadows
where her light
chose to bend.

Yaa Walker



SANCTUARY OF SERENITY: THE SPIRIT OF DODOME

Dodome is the melting pot of cultures.

Unlike cities where skyscrapers pierce the clouds
and starkly contrast with slums.

Stretching along the country's border, sitting amidst
countries.

Dodome boasts similar, yet distinct features that set it
apart.

The locals thrive on hard work,
encapsulated in their daily cliché,
"No food for lazy man."

A cluster of towns nestled within the majestic Togo range,
where the beauty of nature is palpable.

Landscapes dotted with a variety of trees,
and the gentle breeze that whispers through the hills.
Dodome's story is one of resilience, and
evidence of our people's strength,



a poignant reminder of past struggles.
The warmth of the people is genuine,
their welcome deeply spoken of.
This haven of peace offers refuge from the world's chaos,
where the delicate balance of fragile ecosystems is
preserved.

As children play, the elders share
tales of ancestors, woven into every beam of the village.
Dodome stands on the esteem of tradition,
where the rhythms of nature openly show;

the bleating of goats,
the cackling of fowls,
and the chirping of birds
harmonize with the cycles of life.

Our families till the land,
sowing seeds that will yield
a bountiful harvest in months to come.

Our village's connection to the earth
and its heritage is a source of pride and strength.
Dodome, is where tradition and nature converge,
creating a sanctuary of peace, warmth, and resilience.



As the sun sets over the mountains,
we find solace in the community,
a proof of the power of unity and the beauty of simplicity.

Dodome is a treasure trove:
of cultural richness, natural beauty,
and communal harmony.

Its story reminds us
of the importance of preserving tradition,
respecting nature,
and fostering oneness.

Selorm Komla Koffi

What Does Silence Sound Like in Your City?

*It like the sky remembering its promise,
Where silence is not the absence of sound,
but the presence of the creator
it will hear what only the quiet knew all along
that peace does not shout.
Your city will one day rise, not by noise,
but by Listening.*

CITY IN THE CLOUDS – AMEDZOFÉ

Up here,
where the clouds bend low
to reveal their secrets to the hills,
rests a small village,
not lost, but lifted — Amedzofe.

The highest human settlement in Ghana,
cradled in the arms of Mount GEMI,
where the sky kneels to kiss the earth,
and mist, is its morning language.

Mount GEMI,
a silent giant,
standing like a sentry,
watching over dreams etched into stone.
Pilgrims climb often,
not just for a telescopic view,
but for the soul of the wind
that sings through every step.



The Ote waterfall dances
to the rhythm of nature's hymn,
and the canopy walkway,
a thread of courage across the green,
swings softly between heartbeats and hush.

Here, the trails are not roads, they are stories.
Every leaf making a history,
every stone remembers a name.
The Green vegetation wraps the land like a lullaby,
and the weather,
gentle as a mother's hand,
refreshes every weary soul.

Children laugh
like waterfalls in the distance.
Old men sit in stillness,
as if the mountain listens to them.
Women with kindness in their eyes
offer you the sun in their charming smiles.



Amedzofe!
Not just a village,
but a sacred hush in a loud world,
where time forgets to rush
and hearts remember how to breathe.

Come,
walk the skies with us.
Here,
the heavens are not above,
but they are around.

Brown Sketchys

SHARING IS DEATH

An Epistle of Quiet Survival.

*"Sharing is caring,"
that's what they say.
But I'm drowning.
And every word I try to speak
feels like a stone
pulling me deeper.
I want to share, I do.
I want someone to hear
what I keep tucked behind my smile,
but some truths don't rise.
They sink...quietly,
like secrets with heavy names.
Even the seed waits
until the soil is safe.
So I hold it in.
Not because I have nothing to say—
but because saying it might cost me more
than silence ever will.*

Emmy Mawumenyo

EVERYBODY IS LYING

"Fear that gender", is secretly admiring that particular gender,
whilst "Single and free", is somewhere feeling lonely and bored.

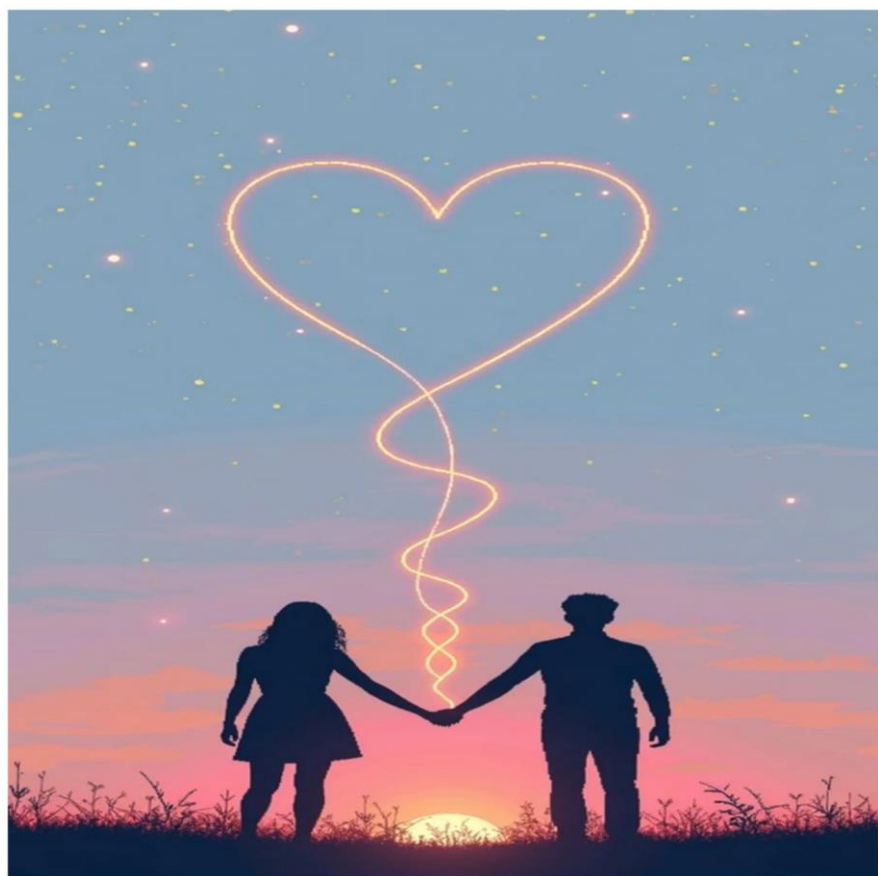
"Hard guy", is struggling to get a soft girl's attention,
whilst "a Bad bitch" is being loyal to her sugar daddy.

"No love", is low key stalking his crush,
whilst "I've learnt my lessons", is getting ready for her next heartbreak.

"Men are wicked", got herself a handsome Pilate,
when "Women are evil", got his own sweet Delilah.

"Woman no good", has done himself no good by getting a woman.

Just as "Fear men", have just tied the knot with the fear of her life.



“It’ll end in tears”, has been happy since it started.

And “I don’t need a man”, is peacefully resting on the chest of her man.

Everybody is lying!

“Who know road fit lead you make you still gets lost.

Make nobody lie you, correct love dey”!

Elorm Wrights



4:30 AM ALARM SCREAMS

Beat the traffic or miss your dreams.

Koko?

Waakye?

Who has the time?

Empty stomach, racing mind.

Mummy called three times today,

but Boss gets my

"Good morning" text right away.

Family WhatsApp shows

"Last seen yesterday,"

while I refresh my work emails every other day.

Traffic jam on the Spintex Road

again.

Wondering when this hustle ends.



Stressed and blessed,
depressed but dressed.
Welcome to Accra life,
I guess.

Forgot to check if Papa's fine,
but Boss knows
I'm always coming on time.

Oh, the irony of city living,
we're too busy receiving to remember giving.

Elikem Inspires

What Does Silence Sound Like in Your City?

It is like the moment the alarm stops screaming,

when the voice of mercy is waiting.

It will reveal what the traffic tried to bury.

Your city will not always be saved by busyness,

but by hearts trained in Seeing.

A CITY'S SHADOWED VEIL

I packed full of dreams,
a hopeful and eager soul,
for city lights where stories would unroll.
The gleaming towers lived in my mind,
a promise whispered, leaving doubt behind.

I pictured sceneries, a modern, swift embrace;
I believed there'd be comfort,
finding my true place.

But as the journey ended,
its paved roads turned to paths less certain.
Past polished glass, a sudden blind reveals

where corrugated roofs in clusters hide.
The uncompleted... kiosk estates...
Zongo," they called them
words whispered in the air.



A different world, a burden to prepare.
My bright illusions, one by one, unfurled,
revealing cracks within the urban world.
The promised ease a phantom out of reach,
a daily struggle louder than a speech.

So hear this truth, etched deep in weary lines:
the city's gleam, it often just maligns.
Don't overhype the sprawl, the hurried pace
for hardship often finds its dwelling place.

Velvin Jones



UEW CAMPUS DIARIES

Smiles from the scenic entrance brings forth
a sense of pride;
a feeling of belonging,
with a diary that bears the fact that,
“you are on your own”.

Sounds of daybreak, evokes one's strive
through the beautiful maze on campus,
revitalizes withered energies at the verge of giving up,
and sets ablaze the sweats of exhausted souls.

As though the sole of a hawker in the Winneba market;
the skin of the ground gets shredded,
as a reward for the constant trekking by pedestrians
but with its strength intact



Giant buildings speak volumes
of what pursues minds,
while greedy lecture halls
await to swallow dozens of students.
As lecturers shoot their targets firing at ignorance,
to illuminate minds ambushed by naivety,
stray bullets from determination fires undecided minds.
Dreams see day light face to face,
as hours rush by in company of time.
Like the sands on the shore of "Sir Charles",
million hearts meet their desires.

Elorm Wrights

What Does Silence Sound Like in Your City?

*It is like the breath you didn't know you were holding,
when the group chat is gone and your name is no longer
shouted. It uncovers what the schedule tried to hide.*

*Your city will not be saved a by trend,
but by those who learn through Pausing.*

GEN-Z O'CLOCK

In the beginning was the Word,
But now folks want the Wi-Fi password instead.
They walk into church looking so holy.
Holy worried their phone might die slowly
before the preacher says "Amen,"
'Cos they need those pings again and again.

Look, everyone's sitting in their seat,
not waiting for God's word so sweet,
but checking if their selfie got the best filters
while pastor talks about fresh starts.
See their heads bowed down so low?
They're not praying, just scrolling, you know.

Sister Mary's phone just buzzed
or did it? Now she's quite confused.
She checks it thrice during the prayer,
As if the Holy Spirit's hiding there

between her WhatsApp and her mail,
making her devotion rather frail.

Elikem Inspires



LIFE IN THE GHETTO!

Ashaiman,
where the sun rises
on dreams
and men chase hope
between trotro fumes
and street hawkers call.

Here, life no be soft,
but hearts dey beat loud,
louder than gunshots
that hit at midnight,
louder than police sirens
that silence our laughter.

Mama to dey fry kelewele
by the roadside,
papa dey hustle tire
for the next chop money.

But still,
children dey
play with joy,
like say the ghetto,
pain no dey.



Ashaiman,
home of scars and
survival songs.
We dey live rough,
but we dey live
with spirit wey
strong pass steel.

Brown Sketchys

What Does Silence Sound Like in Your City?

*It is like a hunger that Wi-Fi cannot feed,
when the hustle rests
and the timeline stops spinning.*

*Your city will not manifest through filtered devotion
or unspoken suffering, but through the ones
who still kneel Believing.*

CITY THAT WALKS

A Final Epistle to the Ones that Keep Living.

Dear reader

welcome.

That is the air we breathe here.

Traffic chaos,

shouting at junctions,

power that comes and goes

like it has errands to run.

Borlagadzi is now called home.

The road is oddly comfortable,

even when it breaks our cars.

The troskis shake

but we still climb in with hope.

From this life, we buy food from markets

soaked in last night's rain.

We walk narrow paths

they call double lanes,

and smile like everything is clean.

We say, "its pure health."

But we know better.

So who do we blame?

The government?

The system?

Everyone blames someone.

But how many blame the right people?

And how many are ready

to be the ones who fix it?

We are tired —

but we move.

We sleep in the open,

walk through mud,

wake up early,

just to say,

Ashaiman we dey.

The Herald

As the whispers fade, the stories remain. 'Voices from the Homeland' has been a journey of discovery, celebrating Ghana's diverse landscapes and resilient spirit. May these voices echo in your heart, inspiring a deeper connection to the land and its people.

Let the rhythm of Ghana's stories stay with you, guiding you to appreciate the beauty in every corner of this homeland.