

THE OTHER WOMAN



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I'm yearning for the enchantress; the other woman
The one with bright pink lipstick and
Black manicured nails
The woman currently in tears!
The other woman with a fringe hairstyle like that of Cleopatra
Like on powerful opium, that is the one I'm craving for
The one who sits lonely by her window
Hoping to hear my baritone voice drenched in reverb.
The one who is always waiting for me
To warm her up like a baby sleeping in a basket afloat the cold seas.

Have been staring in this hourglass for an hour
Waiting for he who owns tunic of different colours
The one that walks gently on the corridors of my heart
The one that has touched the night in my thighs
His voice is like croon of the early morning black wheatear
His presence is felt bare on my lips
Whenever he pass by my window sill
I wait for him to raise his hands up
Lift his voice high just to dizzy me for a second
I hope he listen and hears my silence whenever I fail to wave back

My heartbeat increases when I see the other woman
She always stay fresh waiting for me to knock on her door

Waiting for me to say the very words she wants to hear
To move her thighs at night and excite her beyond an unholy pleasure
Raise her hair up and kiss her till her pink lipstick is all gone
The other woman wears a French perfume
With a high hopes that like a dog I can smell her from afar.
I'm holding a rose; I hope she sees that it was meant for her
Will it ever be that the other woman, like me,
Will grow old and never have true love to keep warm?

He brought white roses, delicately beautiful
From the symmetry in his smile, I knew who it was for
My heart sunk into the abyss of my soul when
I saw a chariot of white roses doused in perfume in front of my door
This man that has claimed me with his unspoken words and gestures
He beckons every passion in me, a deja vu I know perfectly well
But no, I am not falling into this trap again
You see, love is a war that drowns you in a dungeon of misery when it taste sour and the table
turns
No! I don't want to be a tragedy, I will watch and inhale these flowers every morning
And as it wilt so is my heart dwindling.

I stand at her door with my hand ready to knock
Ready to capture her with my attention
Ready to place her above the apex of my love pyramid
Watch, kiss and love her till the world is no more

But what if, I knock and she does not answer?
What If I call for her and she walks out of my sight?
What if I offer her my love and all what she sees is mere rugs
What if she sees in me a mere acquaintance
I stood there subjecting my thoughts to probability and chance
After all what do I stand to lose? Uncertain, my hands touched the door

Today as I watched his blossoming gift in the chariot
I saw a blue white dove singing a melodious ode.
Every time I see this, it reminds me of my beautiful stranger and how am tenderly beginning to
love, love again
I don't want to fall in love silhouette and unable to stand again
But slowly I'm tripping
I'm falling in the moisture of his affection
Willing to bury him deep in my Bermuda triangle.
I'm filled with illusion of his all and the smile hidden in his eyes
Oh the sight of him a glory to behold
The sound of a knock brings me back to reality,
He's calling me in his baritone
Oh he's coming for me, or is it one of my illusions again
His baritone lipped my name once again.

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