

Forever



74F

BUILDING

The building

Stands like a poem.

It bespeaks of wealth

Yet shows sign of loneliness.

They say,

It was built of magic

They say it is cemented

With the bad

And I ask

Why is the bad

Always beautiful?

Day and night,

It stands like the Ephesus

Its existence has

Transcended beyond two generations

It sits and await more.

Yet generation after generation

It grows with beauty

I stand and ask

"Why create such magnificence

If it stands and houses no one

It stands beside a school!

I wonder what the correlation is!

But I hope you aren't haunted?

FOREVER



A POEM BY J. Y. FRIMPONG

Let us die in peace, let us live in misery

The stars can fade we will be shining

We hope for life but prepare for death

Is death coming for me today or never?

Whether we die young or at hundred

We don't have the faintest idea about the future

But we shouldn't stop planning towards it

We suffer and cry but

Life is a sharp knife we buy

We never know when it is going to cut us

Can you imagine a world where none of us die?

Can you imagine the joy on this battlefield

When we kill death?

Can you imagine a world

Where there is no finish line?

Well this poem is written by a blind man

Let us march to the battlefield
Some are going to die,
Some are going to live to write this tale.
Sooner or later,
The battle bell will be heard
And we shall know no longer and
Appreciate the human beings
Our enemies are.

In this life,
Some are the foundation
Whilst we are the superstructure
Whilst others are just the finishing.
We each play
Our part to make this music complete.
This music was composed by

A deaf man!

So many are the songs that couldn't be sang,
So many are the destinies that never came to pass

So many are the lives that never lived

Well this poem was written by

Someone who never lived

We await the melody from the bell

We stand ready to fight

Sooner or is it later,

A friend will perish by the legs of a passing horse.

Sooner or maybe never

This war will all end

The emperor will boost for having won the war,

Sooner or now,

Someone will die forever

With all un-sung songs vanish into forever

We await the melody from the bell

We stand ready to fight

Sooner or is it later,

A friend will perish by the legs of a passing horse.

Sooner or maybe never

This war will all end

The emperor will boast for having won the war,

Sooner or now,

Someone will die forever

With all un-sung songs vanish into forever

This poem was written by one that was never at the war

NO

You are fighting for the wrong side

Just one day, it could be a phone

Looking for a lover

One day, it might be the rain

Looking for a soil.

I am what you should fight for.

If you say no to me

You will be fighting for your enemy.

Choose your battles

Choose the right words

Because when the sun

Starts looking for life,

You are going to be at the flipside

When aliens starts looking for man

I will be in a rocket to Jupiter

This will all happen when you say no.

You may think you are running forward.

You may think you are walking straight to heaven

But you forget that you are fighting in vain.



ryf

JYF

Write my name with

A language I don't understand

Whisper my name in Aramaic

Mention it with the sweetest of voice

Mention it like it's the only word

In your dictionary.

With you, JYF can mean anything.

It can mean we belong together.

It can also mean,

God made you beautiful

Because you have me in your life.

Tattoo my name on the walls

Of your room.

Fix it on your phone

Like it's the button

That turns it on

Like how it turns you on.

With you, JYF can mean

The only star in your night skies.

Like it is the twinkle twinkle

Little star you sang

When you were a child.

Mention it like it will prevent

You from falling when you trip!

And when you decide to

Use my name as your password

Don't forget to add a smile to it.

Because $JYF + XXX = \text{Love}$

YES

We are at an extravagant ignorance as to
How delightful the mornings are
Until we are subjected to violence at night
Long ago, in my own room of quiet
I had my last unforgettable experience
With an antique – a clock which in this poem
Will be named – Anti-clock.
Regardless, I am in my graves turning
Right and left, I shall however share my experience!

“Sell me your heart
Sell it to me at any price
No matter the amount, I shall pay the price for it”
I turned with a silly expectation that
I shall disabuse my mind of the thoughts running through it
Nay, my very mind was still struggling

My very soul was fighting with my flesh
Death! And as they say “Despair has its own calms”

My miseries with this anti-clock began

To write its own history

When on a bright night

My curiosity carried me to a mall

Where this clock sat and looked

Sat and attracted me to acquisition.

It's a feeling – I can't explain.

At home with all my happiness not hidden

At the acquisition of this clock,

The realities and the purpose of this clock

Began to dawn on me.

I thought it was an illusion I was facing

But I soon came to accept that

What I was seeing wasn't an illusion.

First, I subjected my skin to the pinching test

And my body responded.

“Certainly, my eyes were seeing clearly”

“Certainly, this is not a dream”

Unlike all other clocks, the minutes run anticlockwise

Whilst the hour stick runs in its traditional manner

Yet a look at the clock tells the mind exactly

How old the day is.

Questions and prepositions run through my mind

Indeed, I could not help but wonder

The motive of the creator of this anti-clock

That is when I began to realize that

There was more in stock!

The clock began to communicate with me

Not in some raspy voice but in a clear and audible tone.

“Sell me your heart

A heart – like yours very precious”

I began to blame it on some trick of the moonlight

“Who are you? Show yourself” I muttered.

“Quit the silliness, you know who is speaking”

I couldn’t help but wonder, indeed the answer

Clearly, answered my question though I still wanted to

Attribute it to something I didn’t have a name for.

.....

.....

Then I said yes

KISS

Kiss me on the lips

And you shall know

How pure my heart is.

Kiss me on my hand

And you shall know

How faultless my friendship is.

Kiss me on my feet

Betray me not by your kiss

Don't kiss me

Because you want to say goodbye

By the time

You walk out of the door

I would have told you

How fine I would have been

If you are out of my life

I would do so by a kiss.

There are a million and one

Meanings to a kiss

But one of them is the

Purest of love I have for you.