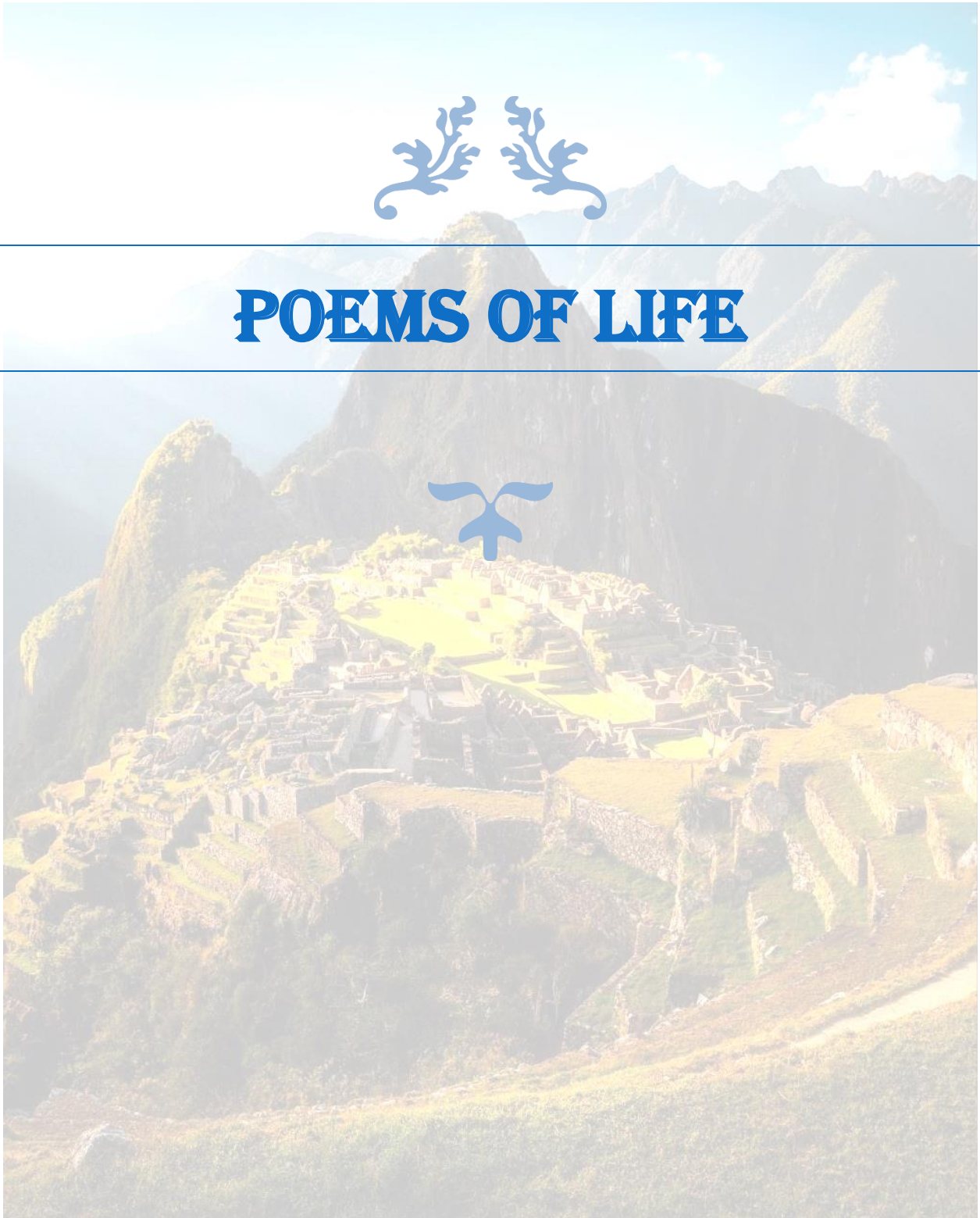




POEMS OF LIFE



WHEN DOVES CRY

A COLLABORATIVE POEM (WINGA RICHMOND, MALAWI AND ERNEST KWANANG EFFUM, GHANA.)

When doves cry

He does not care of how much tears they drop

He does not even consider their inside feelings

Neither the way had they passed in order to find what they have

He only focuses on his way to obtain a benefit

Inconsideration he has carried in his behavior

Doves cry and the little wage he gives to them

When a dove cry, it cries for food.

It cries for what's next and

When it finds what is next, it finds happiness

And in happiness, it cries it is maltreated

In happiness, it becomes vulnerable

All 'cuase it wants to survive.

It works more than it earns.

A wage which can't satisfy the ant and

Later it is told it does nothing.

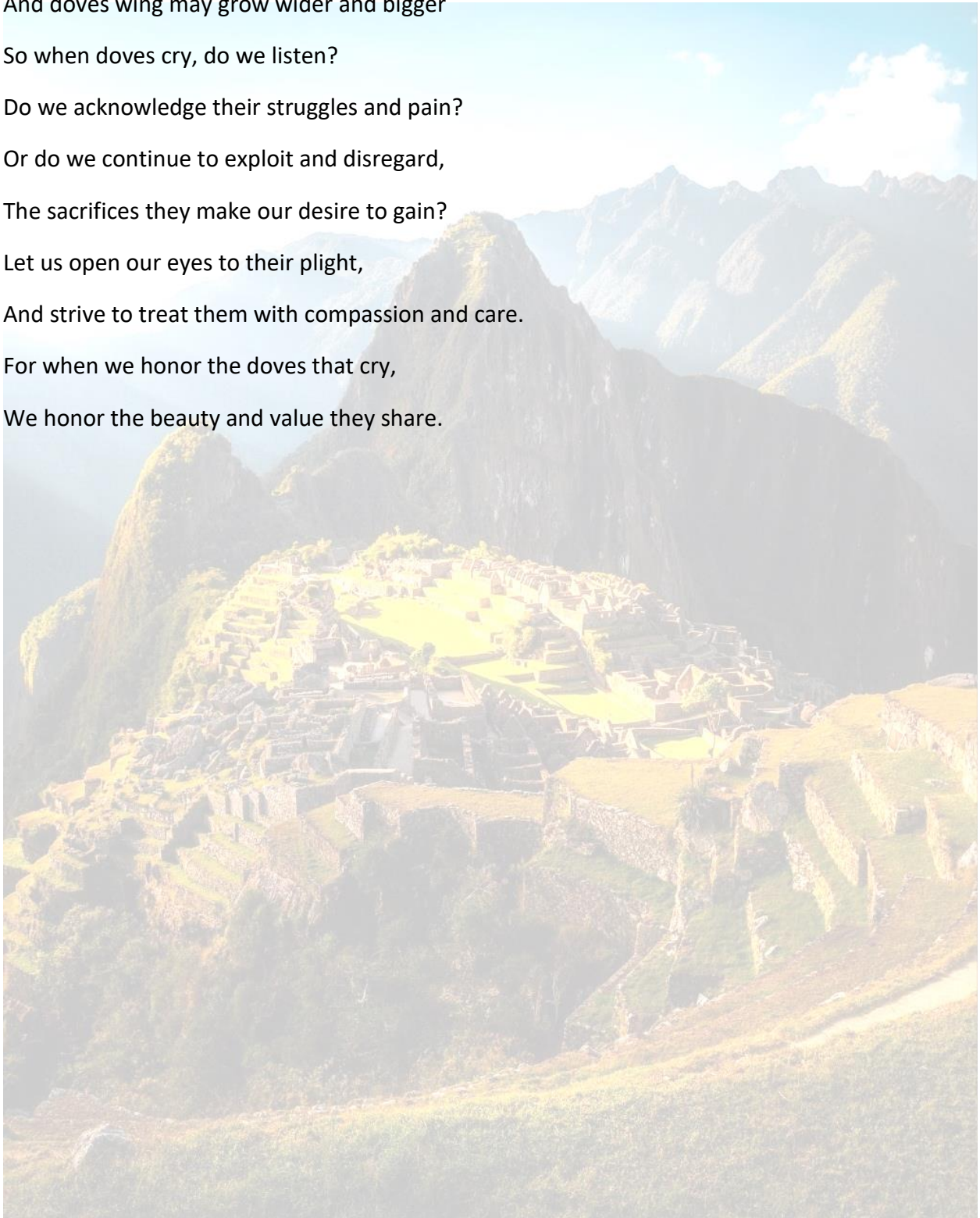
When doves cry, they cry for their own sake

They never allow a day to pass

They move up and down whilst sweating for their future

Though he incosiders and ignores them

He never knows that days changes
And doves wing may grow wider and bigger
So when doves cry, do we listen?
Do we acknowledge their struggles and pain?
Or do we continue to exploit and disregard,
The sacrifices they make our desire to gain?
Let us open our eyes to their plight,
And strive to treat them with compassion and care.
For when we honor the doves that cry,
We honor the beauty and value they share.





CAN YOU MEND MY BROKEN LIFE?

My life is half, I live no life full

My soul is so empty

No one want to come close to me

It is so it has been

And I think it's so, it's going to be

I am living an isolated life in an isolated nation

I am so lonely living with family

In a happy place, I am an enemy

My life is broken into pieces

Like a crushed mirror

A broken glass

A crushed pot

That has been abandoned

NOW!

CAN YOU MEND MY BROKEN LIFE?

Can you help mend my broken life?

Can you help me fix my lost sight?

Can you help me come back to life?

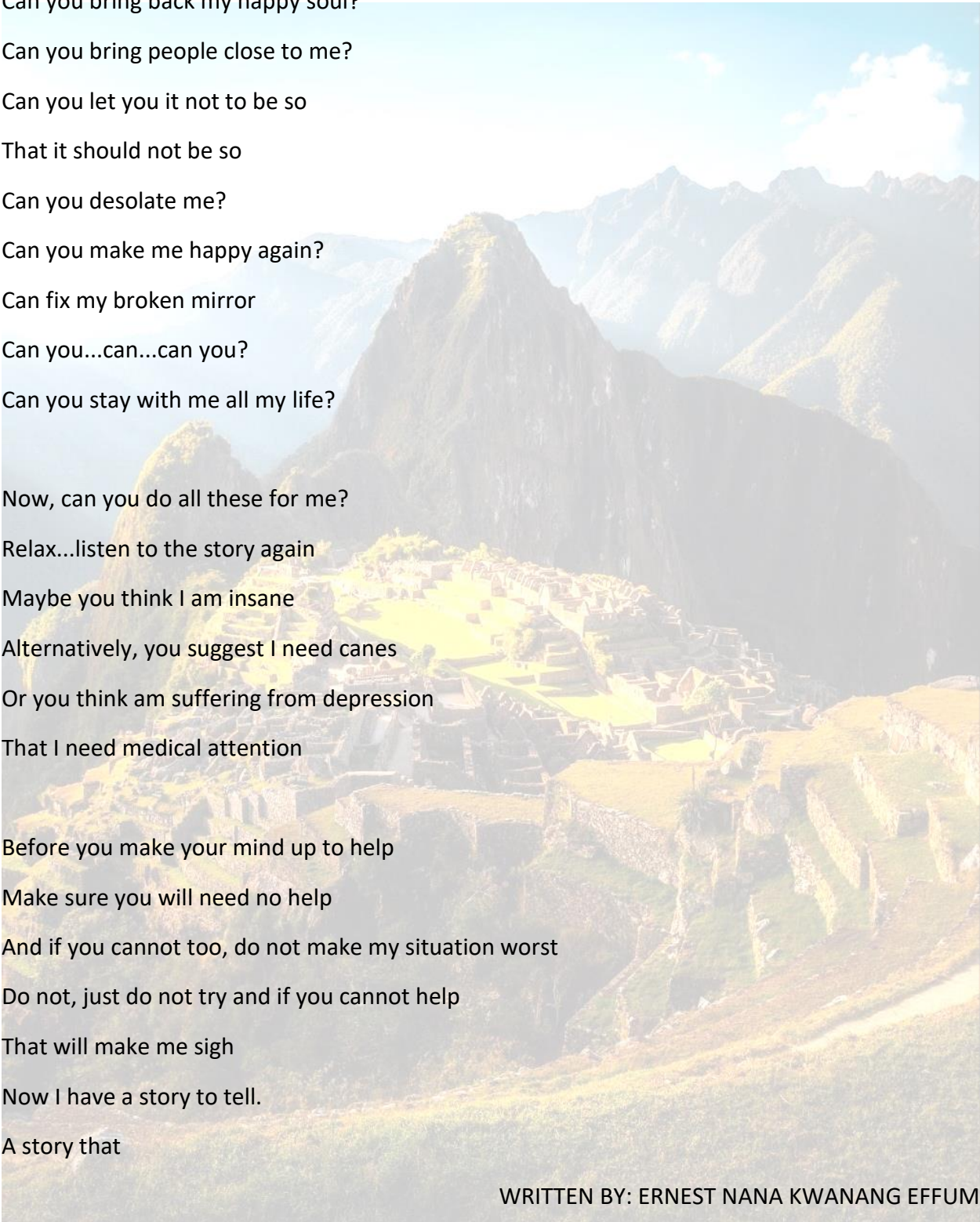
Can you help me overcome life?

Can you... Can, can you help me say something good to the owner of my life

To credit me a second chance?

Can...Can you help convince ...convince

Can you make me feel myself again?



Can you fill my soul?
Can you bring back my happy soul?
Can you bring people close to me?
Can you let you it not to be so
That it should not be so
Can you desolate me?
Can you make me happy again?
Can fix my broken mirror
Can you...can...can you?
Can you stay with me all my life?

Now, can you do all these for me?
Relax...listen to the story again
Maybe you think I am insane
Alternatively, you suggest I need canes
Or you think am suffering from depression
That I need medical attention

Before you make your mind up to help
Make sure you will need no help
And if you cannot too, do not make my situation worst
Do not, just do not try and if you cannot help
That will make me sigh
Now I have a story to tell.
A story that

WRITTEN BY: ERNEST NANA KWANANG EFFUM



AM NOT LIKE THAT

I am not like that

The way you see me to me to be

I am not lovely but mean

A lifestyle you have not seen

I am a pain-causing dean

I am not like that

How you see me to be

I am full of demon

So fear me human

A devil within

And Angel outside

The person who is full with lovable charm outside, but actually dark and dangerous inside

Black as the devil, hot as hell and sweet as love

I am not like that

How you see me to be

Lovely and supporting

I only want your downfall

You wish sunshine and I wish you rainfall

I am a very good bad person

A good thing makes me sigh

I am not like that, as you see me to be

Sometimes I do good, but it does not mean I am an angel

Blessed with a beautiful face like a glorious angel of a masterpiece with trillions of perfection of devilish mind who is always planning evil.

I just want you to know and be aware that I am not the way you see me to be.

I just feel like letting you see

That I am the darkest deepest evil sea

That sweeps away beautiful things with my dangerous blaze

I am water but I burn

Bad result I want to earn

Just know I am not the way you see me to be. I am very dangerous.

WRITTEN BY: ERNEST NANA KWANANG EFFUM



'I MUST MAKE THE RIGHT CHOICES'

I must make the right choices, I must do this everyday

Physically I am struggling but mentally I am ok

Inspiring my peers, I know this will be my profession

I have many strategies that will help you defeat depression

If you are struggling right now, this does not mean you are weak

The first step of recovery is the ability to speak

Open up to someone; get it off your chest

Trust me when I say that doing this is for the best

In the end we are at war, each day is a battle

Deciding that you're gonna fight will make your illness rattled

When it comes to writing poetry, every day I have been active

157 days my depressions been inactive

Before entering my recovery, I found myself lost

If I would not have fought back, it could have come at quite the cost

I will not sugarcoat this, depression is very real

It can turn a good day to a bad day, we do not like the way that feels

I have a shield and a sword; I hold both to the sky

The tears that I have shed they have finally dried

I am offering my hand, let me help you up

Allow me to demonstrate the art of never giving up

The me today thanks the past me for deciding not to quit

I owe so much to that man; because of him, my mind is fit

I am getting stronger every day, momentum has been gathered

When it is I against my illness, my depression ends up scattered

It is true I have been to hell; it is true I almost died

My depression told me I was weak.



WRITTEN BY: ERNEST NANA KWANANG EFFUM

PATIENCE LOVE

I am not the person, you want me to be
Built a wall around my heart, will never be free
A wall no can get through to
Been hurt so bad, if only you knew
Pain and memories is why I pen
I cannot get away from way back then
Please save yourself; do not fall in love with me
If my heart had a lock, you would have the key
My faith and trust are all gone
I have always been someone else's pawn
If I could love, again I would do my best
With your love, I would feel real blessed
So please my love be patient with me
I know this is a lot to ask, and such a great fee!

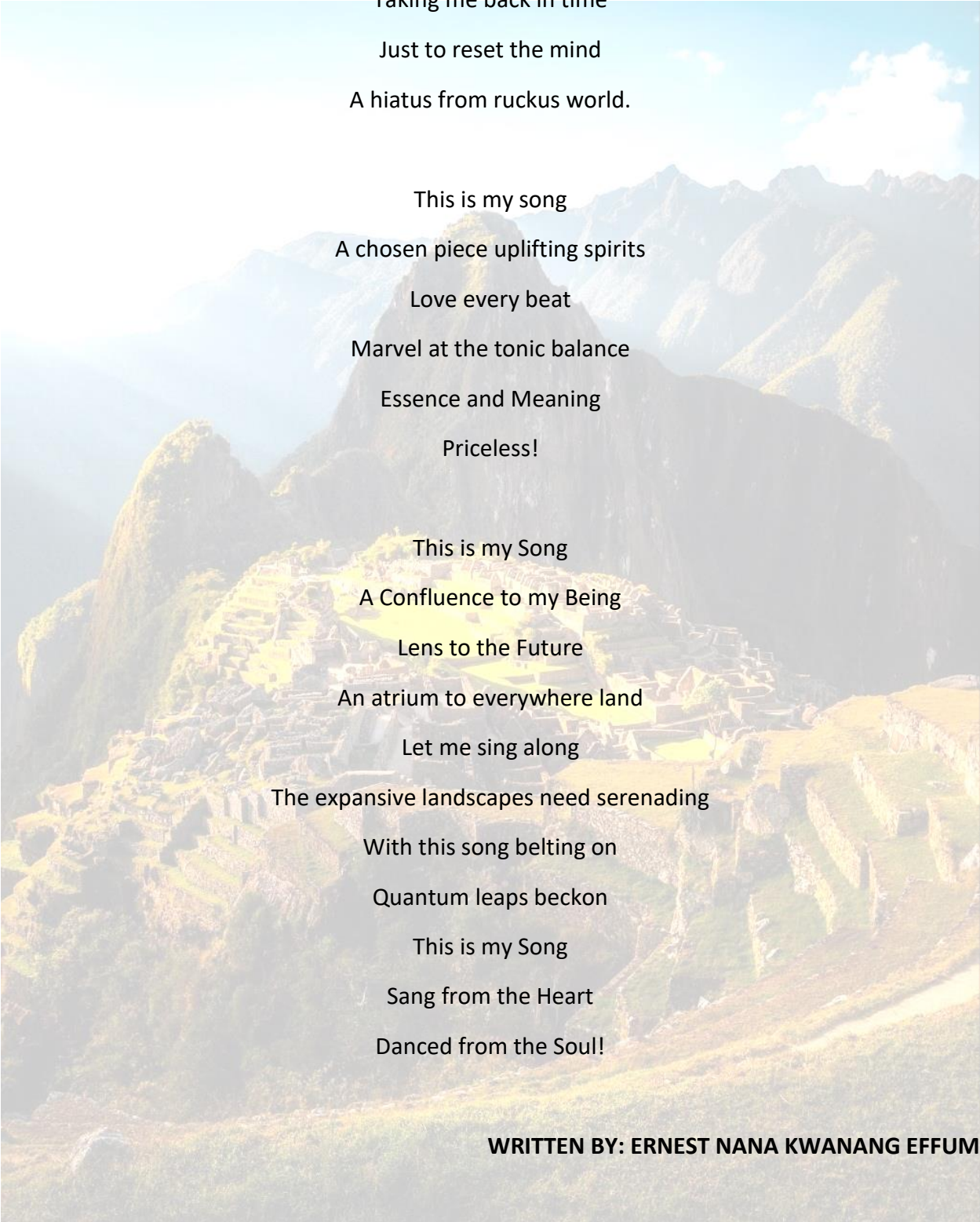
WRITTEN BY: ERNEST NANA KWANANG EFFUM



MY SONG

This is my song
Personal music of time gone by
It springs from the heart
Hearty melodies
I must add
Soulful serenade easing agony.

This is my song
A salvation song
A refuge for troubled mind
When Life's moments rupture waya-way
A song of calmness
Harnesses ruptures
And Confluence Trinity
It is a generational song
Bridging moments in history
A song of endearment



A legendary piece
Taking me back in time
Just to reset the mind
A hiatus from ruckus world.

This is my song
A chosen piece uplifting spirits
Love every beat
Marvel at the tonic balance
Essence and Meaning
Priceless!

This is my Song
A Confluence to my Being
Lens to the Future
An atrium to everywhere land
Let me sing along
The expansive landscapes need serenading
With this song belting on
Quantum leaps beckon
This is my Song
Sang from the Heart
Danced from the Soul!

WRITTEN BY: ERNEST NANA KWANANG EFFUM