

# Ama G(h)ana

Salawu Olajide  
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Poetry

K. ASARE-BEDIAKO

## ASANTE

Kumasi, your name, a tree with millions  
of golden branches,  
a border of origin from which your mother  
was missing until  
she flickered on the ghostly lane, & again  
in the city under Oboase.  
Your children, named after historical wars of  
a stranger who intruded your  
territory. In their manhood might have met a man  
inscribed as a stomach leader or  
a greedy caucus who owned them money,  
perhaps, he partners with crime  
You, mother & father did not foretell your children  
not to drink black tea from the man

## AKUSIKA

In the past, you wanted to stitch students to fit  
the class quo, little did you  
know you were spelled to only imagine the world  
of riches. In the present, you are  
being traded. The country pressing in on you  
until it feels like a faux sperm.

You are crumbled on the land of captors. You have fought for your part of liberty. You have dwindled the tricks of the man . But who will stay with you? Who will bring you food from the above? I know you are a mother beyond everlasting yet you are defaced by boat sails. You said you are mightier than the fists of God. What should your children's children eat when you are nothing but invisible fog in thin air? You still want to challenge the wind that sits with your children after you died? You still won't retreat?

## **DEMOCRACY**

Named after the dictators from 1844 who signed the oath of death. Named for the heroes in your heart. A name like Ananse, whose origin you said embarrasses you. On treasure island you are mentioned in the days of the storms. Whichever stance— I endure with you, the worst. I will be a parsimony, a tool to save you. If they don't want you, turn back the books of nineteen ninety two. If allowed, they believe, you will gauge them from your back eyes & stab the one who made you the subject of the kingdom.

## **IBRAHIM MAHAMAH**

Any chariot which rode for protection in the years of the cattle is peaceful. Any activity referring to a slave master's name is political. Take one or deem it opposing. To reject is to accept, when exactly it is you lost your way home? My grandmother said if you fight for peace, you fight for life. When you break a norm, you raze your home. Here, everything unfair is overlooked, how much more a child dying from penury given a name to hail in politics. I want an answer from a council, if you claim you sit to think about people, how many of the homeless have been sheltered under the busy bridge?

## **KWAME NKRUMAH**

It is said you never died. God never wanted you to depart from the people. They made us believe,

brethren of lies. I walk passed an abandoned building  
with debris of your legacies shrewd  
on the green-coated wall. For sixty eight years of rain,  
I have parked your works  
into prayers that keep me during crisis. I have named  
you after the deities in the soil.  
Any person who survived slavery's lash with you knows  
how to produce vision.  
Despite the forces you fought like a trojan. I have  
plastered a statue as a liturgy  
to mourn your living on every twenty first.  
I mean to say Nkrumah,  
you never die. Stoop, stoop & rage like a god.

### **JB DANQUAH**

Father JB served to the last breath of his people in  
the name of patriotism.  
I want him undead & freed. I want him to be a fog  
in his mansion & hover those  
who sacrificed their fears for his life. I want his hands  
away from their pocket. They made  
him bite more than he could chew.  
His selfless contribution was accounted  
ungrateful. I want to ask if that is  
how a political figure is being paid in the west? I  
want to meet the ancestors for  
stocks. I want to say, father JB, reincarnates as Anokye.

### **STRAND**

There are no roses for the custodians of death  
ravaged by election—  
Taadi girls, 2016 & 2020, so many that can't buy life.  
So many graves for dead children. I can now worship  
friends among the dead  
more than the living. Boy, breathe air into your body  
once again— come witness the  
burial of your soul. To die is to relive everything—  
What is death on  
the skin of a gagged body? A torso's testimony  
becomes a burning sensation,  
such that he falls in love with the devil to overshadow  
his throat. He is exhausted.  
She has taken sufficient poison to kill her. He dies to live.

a therapy to aid him breath away the thoughts of his unseen father. He is featured in both local and international magazines. He was a shortlist of the SBL prize, 2023.

You can connect with him on:

X; @Asarewrites

IG; @asarewrites

FACEBOOK; Phaa K. Asare-Bediako



OLONGO  
AFRICA