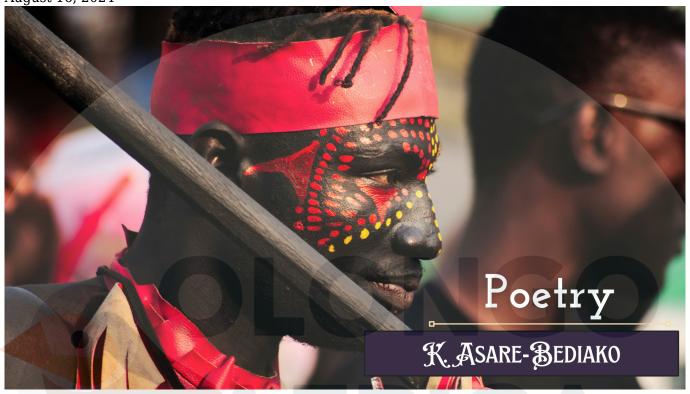
# Ama G(h)ana

Salawu Olajide August 16, 2024



#### **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.

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