

Departure!

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***Prelude:** The hitherto uncompensated departure of my father to the eternal world is the most irreparable loss I have ever faced in my life. I shed tears and tears in bereavement. This ocean of tears resulted into nothing, but patience and cognizance of divine decisions. I kept on combating with myself and tried my best to accept the ultimate natural phenomenon of death. Praise is verily to Allah Who enabled me to vent my emotions in the form of the poem followed by tears streaming down from my cheeks. His sweet memories persistently flashed back in a nostalgic tone. Eventually, I felt that I can live with the asset of those sweet memories. Now, I often see him stretching his hand out in supplication and praying to Allah for forgiveness. With my inward eyes, I can still visualize his smile, his presence, his jokes, and his unflinching faith in Allah. Above all, I can feel his laborious effort which gave us the treasure of ethics and social values.*



Departure!

I can see...

*Thy smile, thy care and thy gratitude
Towards life thy radical attitude*

I can feel...

*You smiling and beseeching thy Lord
Conquering hearts with ethics not with sword*

I can hear...

Your voice and your lovely laughter

Crying to think of hereafter

I can touch...

You and your Sermons and Lessons

Simplicity as your favorite fashion

I can taste...

The sweetness and bitterness of your labor

Your recitation and Quranic savor

I can smell...

Your fragrance here and there

The flowers you gave us, very rare

I believe...

I will meet you in the heaven up-skies

Where everybody lives, not dies

AFRICAN CHILD**Ahmed Bin Essah Agyemang****Ghana**

*Buried is my future in Tomorrow
Marred is my destiny with sorrow
My paths to expectation are narrow
Prefer I comfort?
Nay! Build for me a gallow
For in despair my soul wallow
When shall I find rest? I quest
Destiny I see a raging zest
'Lost hope!', I cried
Poor African child*

*Thin are my hands, yet clean.
Perplex are my dreams, reflects my being
Confused are my thoughts, reduced is my strength
In dreams I am lost forever
Inferno of desire in me raged
In claws of desolation it is caged
When shall I find rest? I quest
Destiny I see a raging zest
Lost hope! I cried
Poor African child*

*Upon my believe, I stand
Forgotten a creation, I hang
My presence is like a shadow
My mind they say is shallow
Give me a chance that I may prove
To God are my ways approve
When shall I find rest! I quest
Destiny I see a raging zest
Lost hope! I cried
Poor African child.*

AFRICAN LEADERS 'FILE'**Ahmed Bin Essah Agyemang****Ghana**

*Banished from home and my people
In the wildness of my thought
I roam till I am feeble.*

*Condemned for the truth, nailed by injustice
An innocent victim, stung by the prejudice
Who will injustice avenge?
When honesty is beguiled by power
Power becomes a weapon of oppression
And loyalty is under siege.*

*Authority ascends the throne
Seasoned lips are scourged to silence.
Honour is cast into deep
With the sword to lead and the rod to rule
Clashing for the seat of power
They devour one another
Hope is lost amidst chaos
A people are betrayed.*

*Where is the place for peace, if justice is denied?
For all they cared is their comfort array
Honesty keeps its records
So are people and memories
Of the kingdoms we built with tyrants
Who neglected their office for their greed pursuits
With their lips
They sucked the nation dry
And with their claws
They tore the nation apart.*