

Poetry Series

Alexandra Yeboah
- poems -

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Alexandra Yeboah(August 15,1989)

Hi, I'm Alexandra. Thank you all for reading my poems. It means a lot to me. Any positive feedback or constructive criticism would mean a whole lot. Thanks. I really enjoy writing, and I hope it can be something I do for a very long time. Aside from writing, I enjoy singing, reading, public speaking and playing tennis.

A Hand

When I close my eyes,
all is lost.
Evil sights around me
fade away.
I try to pretend nothing is there-
everything is gone.

I open my eyes,
reality hits me hard,
I can scarcely breathe.
I try to pretend it's not there.
It's no use,
It's real,
And it scares me.

Wish I could close my eyes forever.
Let it all fade away.
Wish I could crawl somewhere safe,
Away from all evil.
Away from all noise.

But in the deep depths of darkness,
I feel a hand
slowly edge its way towards me.
Tightly I grab onto it,
not wanting to let it slip away.

It comforts me,
my shield from all that's around me.
The hand of God leads me
Away from the evil,
Out of the dark.
There is light.
I feel safe.

Alexandra Yeboah

A Mother's Love

A mother's love is sweeter
than honey from the honeycomb.

It is more beautiful than
flowers blooming in the spring.

A mother's love is helping you tie your shoes
as you get ready for the first day of school.

A mother's love comforts you when you cry
after another defeating day at school
when you felt all alone.

A mother's love will help with your homework
no matter how busy her day may be.

A mother's love says she'll be there
when it's your big day-
and she is.

A mother's love loves you,
even if you're not a straight A student
or captain of the basketball team.

What is a mother's love?
It's not about buying everything you want to have,
but it's about struggling to meet your every need.

A mother's love remains strong to the end,
even through the hard times.

It's not about making spaghetti for dinner
or ironing all your clothes.

A mother's love will tell you the truth
instead of telling you all the things you want to hear.

It's not about how much money she has
or how many gifts she gives you.

But it's about her dedication and commitment
to raising you right.

A mother's love sticks by your side
and gently reminds you of her love for you,
and that you're not alone.

A mother's love will teach you about a savior
and his love for us so we could be made anew.

A mother's love laughs with you,
plays with you,
and is more of a friend than you could ever know.

A mother's love is a gift you could never afford
but was delivered to you specially
free of cost.

You don't have to give up
when you've got reassuring arms
around you all the way.

Cherish this gift
and hold it close to your heart.
For there's never a gift more precious
than a mother's love.

Alexandra Yeboah

A Place To Belong

Sadness engulfs me,
Depression overtakes me.
I feel as if life is
a bottomless pit,
dark and loomy.
Nothing I can look forward to,
nothing to make me smile.

I cry,
Cry,
Only cry.
Big scary mountains loom
over me.
Endless, jagged roads
stretch in front of me.

Guide me.
Hold me.
Help me.
Help me find
my innermost strength.
Help me find
the place that's right
for me.

Somewhere I can find joy,
joy I never knew existed.
Where I am loved,
loved beyond disbelief.
Where I feel wanted
and where someone cares.

I want to go away,
far
far
away.
To a heavenly haven.
Everything is perfect.

No worries,
No sadness,
Nothing is wrong.

It is
Peaceful,
Serene,
Warm,
Quiet,
Happy,
Colourful,
Beautiful.
A place where I belong.

Alexandra Yeboah

Evil

They stand face-to-face with evil everyday.
To them, Evil has a name, a voice, a spirit.
He draws them close, caresses their bodies,
kisses the napes of their necks.

Then he leaves them,
brushes them off like a speck of dirt
stippled on his black air jordans.

He taunts and jeers at them,
laughs as he witnesses them
crawling for life,
bleeding profusely,
Dying.

He stands on their front lawn,
watches them spitefully,
accosts them,
controls them,
rapes them.

It doesn't matter that they never swear,
go to church,
volunteer at the shelter.

Nor that they have plans to go to a concert,
have a chemistry test the next day,
have to wash the dishes,
dream of going to college,
have a husband, a sister,
a mother.

It takes them by their hair,
and laughs to see them groveling,
tears falling,
bodies crushed,
spirit evaporated,
No light to be seen.

The chase is on,
Evil plays his game,
hoping to get the best of them,
to win the fight.
He'll keep playing until the very end,
toying with the hearts of God's children.

Alexandra Yeboah

Feet, Hands, Blood Of Jesus

Feet that walked on water
with the power of the Father
calmed Peter's fears
and rid him of his cares.

Feet that were ridden in soil
became cleansed and doused in oil
by a young girl named Mary-
her sins she would no longer carry.

Feet that were nailed to the cross
while his mother weeped at her loss,
the soldiers jeered at the King of the Jews
and his followers knelt down as if in the pews.

Hands that calmed a mighty storm
causing it to recede back to its norm
were hands that clasped to pray
thanking the Father for this day.

Hands that broke and blessed bread-
a crowd of five thousand people fed.
These hands fondled a lamb so white
and were the same to give a blind man sight.

Blood instilled in Jesus' veins
removed all of our sinful stains
when on the cross he died
while God the Father in Heaven cried.

Blood that came with a price
this act could not be reversed in a trice-
His blood splayed on the cross for all to see,
the sacrifice on earth that he made just for me.

Alexandra Yeboah

God's World

Bubbly clouds strut along in
a haven of soft sparkling blue,
their bodies plump, massive white,
feathery light.

Sunlight streams in through the cloud curtain,
She grazes past and sashays down
Into the sea of blue then sails further along
to the pending earth below.

Big oak leaves dance in approval,
Swaying in synch with the supple branches.
Harmonious hummingbirds perch lightly,
their song conducting a heavenly melody.

Little children play gleefully on the asphalt,
their modest brains taking in a school day's work.
They switch from game to game, friend to friend;
all different colours like Skittles in a pack.

The shy teenage girl learns to speak up,
The boy with the once poor grades goes to college,
A child with cancer is given the gift of remission,
free to roam the earth as they choose.
The boy out on the streets passes drugs
and life in prison,
finding himself safely at the door of a nearby church.

A fresh day brings newly-weds a life together,
Years later, another head pops in the equation,
a beautiful life to behold.
The husband gets a promotion at work,
The wife glows with appreciation and love,
The new child gurgles blissfully.

God views his handiwork,
The sun bathes his back,
His smile lights up the heavens
As he gazes down in recognition,

Cradling the sphere of the world
In his strong hold.

Alexandra Yeboah

Love Of My Life

Jesus you're beautiful,
pure and perfect,
affectionate,
the loveliness of you
radiates deep within me,
giving me peace and assurance
despite the black ring of terror
surrounding me.

Each day I long for your presence,
the desires of my heart
are for you to be by my side,
stilling the agitation and fear
residing within me.

I long for you to hold me close,
transfer your holy light
inside me,
talk to me,
laugh with me,
sing me songs
that soothe me to sleep.

Without you I fall short,
get ugly deep inside,
say and do hurtful things,
swim deeper in the forbidden sea.

Yet you love me even more,
despite my heaping pile
of flaws and frailties,
you let me come
crawling back to you,
calling my name,
beckoning to me
like a long lost sheep.

You will always be in my heart,
you are my best friend,

my shield and comfort,
my life partner,
my sweet angelic melody,
the love of my life.

Alexandra Yeboah

Midnight Prayer

Clouds swim in midnight blanket
caressing the moon's round entity
bathed in silver glow.
The stars dance nearby
to the sweet melody of
the heavens.

Angels play harp on their wings
sing soft words of love
twinkle in the night
the owls' bass supplements
their ethereal chorus.

On my knees
I breathe a prayer,
the night's activity
assures me of
his presence.

I see him winking in the night,
his voice is what I hear
calling to me,
his whispers tease my ear.

As I lie down to sleep,
he covers me in the folds
of his wings,
keeping me hidden from evil.

Alexandra Yeboah

Never Good Enough

I walk across the stage,
the whole school looks on.
the teachers are smiling,
the students are cheering.
Mother is smiling,
Sister is clapping.
I accept my grade eight diploma
with grace.
You look at me with tense eyes.

I play in a recital,
my first recital to-date.
I sparkle all over,
my fingers breathe life into the piano.
I am overwhelmed with joy.
You promise to be there.
I look at every seat.
I see Mother.
I see Sister.
Your seat remains empty.

I succeed.
You don't pay any mind.
I fail.
You criticize.
I exceed at something extraordinary.
You hardly seem to care.
I forget to do what you asked me to.
You explode with anger.

I try my best to be someone you could love.
I get straight A's,
hardly seems worth it.
I make you a special gift,
you thrust it away.
I tidy up my act,
no encouragement from you.
You love Sister more than me.
No matter what I do,

I could never be good enough for you.

You overlook me.

You ignore me.

You humiliate me.

You criticize me.

You hit me.

Because no matter what I do,

no matter how hard I try,

I could never be good enough for you.

I could never be someone you could love.

Alexandra Yeboah

Not Alone

She was alone,
All alone.
Feelings of loneliness
and sorrow gave way to
tiny salt droplets which
trickled down her cheeks
like running water.
Her thoughts cried out
In her brain, more alive than ever.
How could they?
How could they leave me to sink like this?

Deceit blazed vehemently like a fire
in their eyes,
but she had been too blind to see it.
She had been led into believing
they were her 'friends'
But she had been stupid,
to believe that their friendship
was for real.

The least they could
have done was understand,
Give her another chance,
What was done, was done.
But they let her sink in her own
wallowing pit of darkness,
without offering a hand to
lift her up.

'We're your friends'
they had said.
The kind of friends
that would always be there.
The kind of friends
that wanted the best for her,
and claimed they would
be there to support her.
The kind of friends

she thought she could trust.

But they had lied.
Gave her false hope,
let her down hard.
Wasn't it enough that she was
beating herself up about it?
Did they have to do it too?

She wasn't sure
how much more she could take.
With her every tear,
She sank deeper,
and deeper yet.

'Help me' she cried,
now down to her neck
in the deep cavernous black pit.
But her 'friends' walked away,
As if they hadn't heard a thing.

But just when she could
barely keep up any longer,
He came.
He reached down
with one swift motion,
and lifted her out.
Out of her darkness.
Out of her suffering
and discouragement.
Out of it all.

His beautiful, forgiving face
gave her a sense of warmth
and courage she had never felt before.
With him by her side,
She felt sheltered.

She was taken away,
gazing into his tender pupils,
which locked with hers

in love and understanding.

'I'm here for you.'

He spoke daintily,

his every word

coated with savory honey.

"I don't want you to sink.

You are very precious to me.

Know that, I'm your friend'

His arms enveloped her into

his comforting fold,

then gently pushed her on her way.

'Thank you Jesus' she whispered,

then she turned and went along the

rest of her journey,

Knowing she was Not Alone.

Alexandra Yeboah

Renewed In The Spirit

He hurts you.
Like a raging lion
he pounces on you,
sinks his teeth into your flesh.

You are left grappling
in the dark,
feeling reduced in size and
strength,
slowly fading away
with each passing minute.

He taunts you,
laughs in mockery,
glad to see you hurting.

You try to make him
go away forever.
You feel powerless,
trapped in a battle
you can't win,
crying out,
on the verge of
giving up.

He is your worst enemy.
He lurks in the shadows,
planning his next move-
planning the move that
will scar you for life.

He is violent,
only growing bigger,
swallowing your courage,
swallowing your esteem,
swallowing your happiness.

But Jesus steps in
and quells your deepest fears.

He reaches out his hand
and together
you defeat the
vortex of viciousness
caused by Satan.

Jesus rids you of the bonds
and shackles,
you come out
feeling alive and free
deeply renewed in
his sight. □

Alexandra Yeboah

Sing A Song

Sing a song of beauty,
euphoria and love.□
Sing a song of peace
that flows through your veins,
releasing the poison
that dwells within your heart.

Listen to the sparrows singing
in unison and harmony,
their song lifting
its way to the heavens
and proclaiming their message of hope for all.

Let the song of my heart
be sweet and thrilling,
let it take over any longing for
fleeting desires
and let my heart be content
with my song;
the song that takes me away from
the pain of my past
and causes me to soar
towards the future.

Alexandra Yeboah

Smiles In My Heart

Hair that gleams like golden light,
Skin the colour of alabaster.
Eyes that dance and twinkle bright,
Your lips, a curtain that draws back to crack a smile.

Life is a sweet melody running through your veins,
Your spirit, sparkles with zeal and fervor,
Your voice, soft and gentle like spitting rain
contrasted to the heavy resounding tone in your footsteps.

Admiration soars through me,
like the residential butterflies in my stomach,
I long to talk to you, with renewed confidence,
tell you what it is I see.

But for the moment, I just sit here,
watching from a table afar,
playing with my lazy fingers,
smiles pocketed in the corner of my heart.

Alexandra Yeboah

Stop, Go

Stop, Go

Roughly paved,
Dashed white line
sectioning each lane.
Cars cluster the road,
Wearily Waiting,
Itching for the change.

Traffic light is red.
They all wait.
Everyone must wait
For the signal—
The green light.
The light that will
chase the dire
Red away.

Pessimistic weather.
Slick Ice coats along
The road's surface,
Bordering the road,
On the Sidewalks,
Concealing the Grass.

Fog blocks
views. Front, Side,
Rear. Although they
wash it off, it comes
back hauntingly.
Obstructing their sight
of the road.

Only a few know the secret.
They can wash it off
Forever.
They can see perfectly.

Whether they share
This secret,
Is up to them.

Each Car is Unique,
Diverse colours,
Distinct makes.
Light Red Chevrolets,
Dark Blue Hummers,
Royal Purple Mazdas,
Neon Green Volkswagens.

But there are Police Cars
There to stop you,
If you break their rules,
Go over their speed limit,
Carry an unwanted possession,
Too many passengers riding
In one Car.

And the Monster Trucks,
Abusing Vigor.
Massive Headlights glaring at you,
Icicle teeth smirking cruelly,
Spiky tires treading over
Baby ones. There to
inflict harm and danger.
Taking up immense amounts of
Precious space.

But yet everyone waits.
Waits. Each headed their
way, on their own
Individual journeys.
In the long run,
there will be Road Signs,
many Gas Refills.
And yes, lots of Flat Tires
and even Dead Ends.

But still, they wait.
For the green light.

It will change.
It won't always remain red.
In time, it will turn green.
And everyone can continue
Driving along their
Designated pathway.

Alexandra Yeboah

Tears

Ribbons of salt water,
Emerge from deep within
Two eye cubicles,
And flow,
First one,
Then two,
Then more,
Creating parallel lines
Drenched down your skin
But which trickle off
The tip of your chin
And disappear into the vast open,
mingling with unknown particles.

Tears,
Tears which shake the body,
And disturb the soul.
Tears that reappear
Again and again
From humiliation,
Rejection,
Abandonment,
Disappointment,
Hurt.

Stained streaks of white
Paint your face,
They colour your vision,
Water drowning your soul.

Tears,
That accompany wrenching coughing fits,
Pounding headache,
Stiff stomach,
Tears,
That become a part of you,
Nothing else seems right,
Disillusionment,
Tears

That eventually
Take rule of your soul.

Alexandra Yeboah

That Girl

I was always that girl
you passed by in the halls.
As I struggled to pile my books
into my locker,
I watch you flirt with a handful
of girls in the hallway;
blond hair,
white smiles,
slender legs.

I was always that girl
you borrowed
math notes from in class.
You smiled graciously
as I handed them over,
but you couldn't seem
to remember my name...

"Andrea? " was your first guess.
"Alicia? Amanda? "
Nowhere close.
I shook my head and laughed
like it was no big deal.
"It's Alexandra, " I correct you.

I was always that girl with
the bony arms,
teacher's pet,
too quiet,
too goofy,
too religious,
all of which was never your type.

Would you have talked to me
if my skirts had been shorter,
my hips more wider,
my bust bigger,
if I had placed my hand
on your forearm and

laughed at your every joke?

Or would I have had to dye my hair blond,
march by you seven times a day,
wear gold earrings that swallowed my ear,
attach a flurry of colourful
ribbons at my waist?

So high school is over,
and I managed to escape
your notice all through
the years.

But here we are once again
in the university campus building,
same place, same time.
I manage to catch your eye,
you look for a brief second.

But then a group of girls
passes in front of me,
and the next time I look,
you are walking the other way.
I guess you would only
ever think of me as
just that girl.

Alexandra Yeboah

That Place

Don't think of this place.
In this place you lie awake all night,
nightmares dancing around in your dreams,
fear causing you to break out in sweat.

Haunting images
of real and make-believe
keep you tossing and turning,
your lamp's light stares you in the face,
the darkness threatens to
steal your breath.

Don't think of this place
where you are entrapped
in blood-bathed wars,
which pounce on
the unsuspecting
and afraid.

Don't think of this place
where there is no eternal peace,
where diseases flock unabated
from house to house,
where babies become mothers,
where the aged lose their
eyesight, memory,
life.

Don't think of this place
with its livid lies,
its seething smiles,
its deceiving dance,
where betrayal plays cards
with your loved ones,
where hate is rampant
throughout the night.

Don't think of this place
where tragedy knows your name,

where evil links arms with you,
and gives you gifts you dare not open.

Think of that beautiful place
with gold emblazoned
under your feet,
where only the V.I.d,
where the dress code
is eminent in its nature,
where you will dance with David,
play tag with Joseph's brothers,
glide down the streets with Esther,
pray with Hannah.

Think of that place
where death is not an option,
where youth, laughter,
and strength are passed
around easily through
the residence.

Think of him in all his glory,
strolling through the courts,
besplendent in white,
light trailing fervently at his feet,
his diamond crown
announcing his status:
'King of Kings'
'Lord of Lords'
'Prince of Peace'.

Think of his lap,
cozy and warm
where all his children gather
smiles grazing their faces,
their voices harmonizing
in happiness
as they celebrate the
goodness of the King.

Alexandra Yeboah

The Father's Tears

I hate to see you hurting,
lowered eyes,
slumped shoulders,
tears crawling down your face,
body slouched and giving out in pain.

Your story became my story
as you told me of the past,
how your enemies criticized
and ostracized you,
how they abused
and tormented you,
how they turned their
hearts against you.

My heart clenched in horror
as you shook with rage and hurt,
their scorning voices still
alive in your memory,
you were hopeless and
confused
the future became volatile
in your eyes.

No words of mine
could eliminate your pain
or console you in any way.
Not 'I understand'
or 'I'm sorry'
or 'I feel your pain'.

So silently I watched and
listened as
you suffered inwardly,
mouthing a prayer
to the Father
who looked down on you,
tears mounting in his eyes.

Unconditional Love

Unconditional Love
isn't just any kind of love.
It's not the type of love
you can get on the street.

It's not the type of love
that is mistreated and
bondaged,
but is the type
that loves you
no matter what.

No matter where you've been
and no matter where you're
going, unconditional love
will stay by your side
and present to you a love
that is worth more
than all the riches
in the world.

Unconditional love
doesn't yell at you,
ridicule you,
or laugh at your mistakes.
It doesn't shun you from life,
it gives you a second chance
and welcomes you back
with outstretched arms.

Unconditional love
doesn't misuse you
or tell you you're not wanted
anymore,
but yet it tells you
that you're special,
and that will always love you.

Through the suffering,

pain and anguish,
unconditional love
is like a friend
you can hang onto
and never let go.

It gives you a smiling face
to look up to
and never be worried.
Unconditional love
is everything
my heart desires.
Unconditional Love
is Jesus.

Alexandra Yeboah

Who I Am

You may not like the colour of my skin
whether it mocks the tawny mare of a lion
strolling through the Savannah
or whether it emulates the wings
of an eagle escalating over Alaska's milky mountains.

You may not comprehend the known traditions of my culture,
whether I greet you with a kiss on both cheeks
decorate my body with a bindi
talk to you in accelerated Patois
or dance in Ashanti style.

You may laugh at the number the arrow
falls on the weight scale
when I'm propped on it,
and what I packed for lunch may cause
you to point and whisper.

Maybe my eyes are too far apart,
my nose too miniscule,
my lips may stretch too wide,
my ears may stick out a little too much,
or possibly my chest is too flat.

So I guess you aren't too fond of the
zebra-printed t-shirt I wore to school today,
or the blond streaks in my short black hair.

I guess you didn't find that joke I made earlier
too funny,
maybe my laugh was too loud
or maybe my quirky nature throws you off.

So I don't sport as much curves as Beyonce,
my hair isn't always ready to be tamed,
maybe you don't like the fact that I feel
the need to take a book everywhere.

But guess what?
I don't care.
God made me beautiful in the skin that I'm in,
I hardly need your approval.
So if you can't accept me
then I can't help that.
Because like it or not, that's Who I am.

Alexandra Yeboah

Without You

Without you,
there is no point in living.
Why should the sun keep shining,
The Birds singing,
The Flowers blooming?

Without you,
I feel all alone,
isolated from the sweet sound
of your gentle voice
whispering in my ear.
And from the strong grip
of your sturdy hands placed
firmly in my own.

There's nothing for me,
in a world without you.
You are the reason why I sing.
You are the reason
why I can get up to a sun
shining so vividly
in the morning sky.

Why should I laugh,
Why should I dance,
Why should I sing,
When you are not
beside me all the way?

I feel no comfort,
and no one to guide me
down the right path.
I need you to hold my hand
and stay by my side each
and every step of the way.

Please be there
to hold me close
and wipe away my tears.

I need you more than
you'll ever know.
For Without You Lord,
I am nothing.

Alexandra Yeboah

Words

Words—

Beautiful as a mother's kiss,
A clear sky with cotton-candy clouds,
A lark's cheerful melody,
A flower blooming,
A vibrant sunset,
A lover's scent,
A sweet love song,
A baby kitten,
A newborn baby,
A friend's hug,
A wide smile,
A playful child,
An act of kindness,
God's son;
His gift to mankind.

Words—

Destructive as a raging fire,
An avenging killer,
Rebellion against the law,
Death's evil threat,
The spread of diseases,
Kids snatched from homes,
Genocide,
The Holocaust,
9/11,
Virginia Tech Massacre,
Hurricane Katrina,
War in Iraq,
AIDS in Africa,
The work of sin upon mankind.

Alexandra Yeboah