

Poetry Series

Enoch Owusu Gyamfi
- poems -

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Enoch Owusu Gyamfi(1993)

A Bad Day

It is raining but the grounds around you is dry
And when you turn a look around your environs
Everything that surrounds you is wetting up

Enoch Owusu Gyamfi

All Of A Sudden

All of a sudden I realized my mistakes,
Made patches and enjoyed the lesson,
All of a sudden I slept and awake,
All of a sudden I lived my dreams.

All of a sudden my spirits fell low,
The news around broke the whole,
All of a sudden arose my hopes,
Slowly he is melted the snows.

All of a sudden my soul jumped out from my heart,
In happiness, shouting hosannas for the joy and bliss,
Scenes of love and smiles premiered in memory,
All of a sudden I lived to make a history.

Enoch Owusu Gyamfi

Chasin' The Peace

Everyone is talkin' about peace
Dyin by tryin to see violence decease
But greed and wickedness is what we feed
And after all we scream peace we need.

Peace we need but where is the love?
That pure love that hold a perfect respect,
That pure love and perfect respect which is the only way to see the peace
That true peace that we scream we need.

Ammunition is the main in war
And yet we keep spendin' on more
Tellin' us for the sake of peace
For peace, in search of peace what are grenades for?

The search has longed because somewhere along the way we were wrong
Just more or less wrong from the introduction
So we went on the wrong dirrection
Restlessly searchin' for peace worldwide
Whiles the peace is just hididin' in the shadows of our dark mind.

Enoch Owusu Gyamfi

Days Like This

Days like this we all made mistakes,
Walked with our eyes left behind,
We made corrections and paid what it takes,
In days like this I wish to rewrite my history.

Days like this we buried our loved ones,
Our eyes and hearts stayed blurred, teary and weary,
Past scenes of dead friends marvelling, was in our memory,
For days like this I lived dreary.

Days like this I met my hope die,
Dreamed beyond my dreams,
But blue was my sky,
Days like this I took wine and salt.

Days like this was longed for years,
Dreaming to be hero's, was me and my peers,
For days like this we started from Zero.

Enoch Owusu Gyamfi

Dead Peers

My loved peers who pass on all these years,
Brought me all these tears,
Memories of chill parties and sad nights,
But when we turn, pictures hanging on the wall we sight.

Who was a friend, now lost, living in the whirlwind,
A ghost or a soul, far or close we don't know,
Only victims know where they go,
My dead peers till the end of time we stay apart.

I my mind's eye I picture them in Heaven,
A place where old times our hearts seems travelling,
In Abraham's heart I feel you're resting at last,
My dead peers rest in peace.

Enoch Owusu Gyamfi

Don'T Bother Just Bother

Your pot is dry,,,
So you don't wear a smile,,,
Your hungry boy na cry,,,
Daddy, daddy why?
Don't bother, your time will come...

You meet people you wish to find,,,
They tell you, sorry you are not our kind,,,
Don't bother, your time will come...

Your days are dark,,,
So you loose your waylight,,,
Your home is broke,,,
No place to spend your night,,,
Don't bother, your time will come...

You search but don't find,,,
All the years gone nothing of your dream kind,,,
Don't bother, your time will come..

Your try is failed,,,
Because the hope in your dreams run away,,,
Plenty wahala scatter the mind,,,
No time to unwind,,,
Don't bother, your time will come...

Your time is now,,,
And your face have wear a frown,,,
Don't ask why? ask how,,,
Just bother, fight for your crown...

Enoch Owusu Gyamfi

Everyday Is A Test

Whispers of birds from their nest
Signalling day break and is a test
Till the best of better days no rest
Because there ain't no holiday in thy quest.

Sometimes we fail
But down must we let em mistakes sail
Recollect and try again and again
Till from failure prison bail
Keep on for everyday is a test.

Enoch Owusu Gyamfi

Fake Pastors

They walk in the mask of saints,
So innocent with hearts full of evil,
Their looks are polished with false paints,
Designed by the devil.

They claim their seeds are true,
Presenting lies as proofs,
They cover the truth with clues,
Labeled as pastors but crooks.

They are found all around,
Directing sheep's into sins to stray,
On their minds money pound,
Using the church as a make way.

Their work grow and show on them like seeds and feathers,
With it everywhere they sow and fly,
But their seeds wont grow,
Fake pastors I live you to the sky.

Enoch Owusu Gyamfi

God Bless The Teacher

Knowledge in our head he impacts,
Restlessly preparing me and you a better future,
And pounding into our minds senses from which we never depart,
God bless the teacher.

In the work he put his soul,
Sowing seeds of success in pupils mind,
With his strength, he waters the whole,
God bless people of a kind.

God bless the teacher,
He made we somebody,
God bless the knowledge preacher,
Through the teacher am counting money.

Enoch Owusu Gyamfi

Heaven, At Heaven

Heaven, the city made to last forever, a kind never,
Far above, where hearts aspires to dwell.
Heaven no night there,
The King's glory make every path clear.

In the golden streets we shall walk,
Our needs, no need to talk.
For Jehovah have in bulk,
All the wants we shall have in thought.

At Heaven death is dead,
Beside the rivers we will lay our heads.
To rest and restore the energies we destroy,
As we journeys from earth in toil.

Enoch Owusu Gyamfi

How Can There Be

How can there be a distance count
As fears of past failure have tied our feet in a knot
Like the blind man and time
He deary buy one for a dime.

How can there be success
As dynamic plans ain't on set lasting on a test
How can better days be visible
Whence the ' In' still hangs on Invisible.

Enoch Owusu Gyamfi

In The Depth Of Thoughts

In the depth of thoughts,
I found my heart,
Trying to break the rock as my lock,
For blue and fair days on my block.

In the depth of thoughts,
I found my body and soul acting on a stage,
Till am done with my scenes,
On my struggles, my muscles displays it's rage.

In the depth of thoughts,
I found my hopes,
Guzzling cane and malts,
To clear away all my mopes.

Enoch Owusu Gyamfi

In The Depth Trouble Is Solitude

My sky is fallen down, , ,
And I can't hold my grounds, , , ,
Because my feet are running away, , ,
 When I tried to maintain their stay again, , ,
They said, sorry we are already on our way....

They are on their way and is all well, , ,
I wish I could find them there and everywhere, , ,
 Maybe tears and fears might be to haunt my nights, , , ,
Since I have no ground and feet to fight....

I refuse to worry but once abuse my sorry, , ,
 To worry gives nothing but a long story, , , ,
Why in my own world nobody knows my name, , , ,
A master, now broke in the game...

I try to keep hold of the game, , ,
 But anytime I turn a look, my players gone, , , ,
I was alone on my own, , ,
Will my dreams survive? I ask and pray to end at the end, , ,
 With me, my only friend...

Enoch Owusu Gyamfi

In The Prison Wall

In this gray walls that stone bricks,
I sit counting my dark days,
Reaping bitterly seeds I sowed,
Very sorry for my wicked ways.

Am in uniform and chains,
Taking the rest of my breath in jail,
At night some inmates groan in pain,
Because in the ship of prisoners captain pain is always on sail.

Am locked in a cage till am done with my ages,
Work restless like a mother slave,
I wish they see my changes,
But unread are my new life's pages.

Negativity is my wound,
Taking command of my could,
But the sun that burns in my cell,
Ring sounds of hope, from my hearts bell.

Enoch Owusu Gyamfi

In The Safe Of Our Hearts

In the safe of our hearts are secrets,
Locked up by our minds,
Far from the knowns of other men,
But known to the sky.

In the safe of our heart is love,
Deep, strong, beautiful and never wrong,
Blossomed by the Father above,

In the safe of our heart is anger and hate,
Friending for wicked adventures to display their rage,
Evil and unlucky are their fate,
Making owners acting like a savage.

Enoch Owusu Gyamfi

Innocent Prisoner

I'm Innocent but living in hell,
Joy and happiness roaming in the streets,
But sad spending my restless days in cell,
Innocent, why chained at hand and feet.

In the bosom of my heart pain dwells,
Steaming, tear of tears from my hearts well,
My soul feels much abused and oppressed,
Innocent but in prison uniform am dressed.

All ears was deaf to my honest plea,
So my only friend is my misery,
Here I sit sadly reaping seeds I didn't sow,
Instead of living happy and free,

My heart keeps longing for my old home,
Where the drama was low and love roam,
But now in the mist of sorrow and sighing,
I turn bitter, much bitter cause my hopes are dying.

Enoch Owusu Gyamfi

Judgement Day

Melting will be thy earth, Just Like
Shea butter under thy sun.
We Shall be lonely on our bikes
On our bikes but have nowhere to run.

From the rolled separated sky
Will descend the Immortal Prince
Sitting on King Jehovah's right
Coming to judge and pay the Price
Of all our sows and grows
In all our days and nights.

Time will be no more
Folded secrets unfolding we shall sight
The saved, in heaven will bore
And fools, in burns and tears all them days and nights.

Judgement day death is gone
The dead will be awake
Some will cry others will sing a song
 The song of moses around the throne
Accordingly to ya right and wrong.

Enoch Owusu Gyamfi

Just Try Another Mile

It seems we feet are torn and worn
As we journey across this thorns of live all while
Whence home is not far there
Just try another mile.

The road to success is narrow and slippery
But try another mile,
For today keep the game up and never let it die
Maybe we faces will once again wear smiles
Just try another mile.

Failure is tearful but man no cry
Dry your eyes and hold your head up in the sky
But never ask GOD why
Just try another mile.

Enoch Owusu Gyamfi

Mr Worry Needs To Be Jailed

He is an old slow cold criminal
Who has murdered many grown-ups and even juveniles
And yet he is still knockin' at some doors wantin' for more
I think this man need to be jailed..

He is also a big wild thief
Who has stolen and still stealin' our joy, happiness and time
By keepin' us lonely and busy all day
And after all he pays you not even a dime..
I think Mr worry needs to be jailed.

Enoch Owusu Gyamfi

My Lion Brother

My brother from another mother,
Why do you turn a lion in our share?
That you own a pair and me own a pair too,
Oh! Brother, this is not fair,
Just care for your brother's welfare.

Enoch Owusu Gyamfi

My Little Hope

Thy dying sorrows,
Bade my soul to aspire for better tomorrow,
Today is fading slowly, slowly but will surely be wholly,
Melodies from the night, flies higher and greater my little Hope.

Nourishing and flourishing is my little hope,
Fully and strong, pouring out strains of joy and bliss,
Fallen is my foiling mopes and woes,
My little hope clouds my atmosphere with felicities.

When dark days displays their rage,
Live the body and soul in strife,
Teardrops sopping my life's page,
My little hope keeps my soul alive.

Enoch Owusu Gyamfi

My Mistakes

At my back he hangs,
Pulling me back but into success tangs,
Parting me from the fools I part took,
From my made mistakes, I got a new look.

From my works he showed a sign,
Cautioned me to be on line,
From the land of my mistakes, I mined my gold,
Made a sold, better, much better than of my old.

He kept me in the mist of pain,
From the sky of my heart's world, tears fell like the rain,
In my mind nothing to unwind,
For my mistakes made me blind.

Enoch Owusu Gyamfi

Poor Sandy And Friends

Hello brothers and sister, papas and mommas
Be kind to the streets this Christmas
Poor Sandy and friends are there
In need of me and your help.

This Christmas poor Sandy and friends can't be sad
Me and you can make them glad
Just with the little gifts from love we have
Lets wear their faces a laugh.

Poor Sandy and friends are just like me and u
Picture yourself in their shoes and tel if it feels hot or cool
Don't forget love your neighbour as yourself is the rule
Poor Sandy and friends God isn't finished with you yet.

They are out there and we are in here
Have you ever cared for their welfare?
Cant you see their heads are tired in a not
Help, help now you don't need to have a lot.

Don't ever shun poor Sandy and friends or a kind
Because you don't know what your end will find
And who despise his neighbour sins
But blessed is he who is kind to the needy

Enoch Owusu Gyamfi

Poor Vargas

He was destined to the street,
So was raised by the sick society,
Pain and despair welcomed his feet,
Poor Vargas, living my dreams in anxiety.

No place to call as home,
All alone broke and hopeless,
Always in suspense of doom,
Poor Vargas, living restless.

No smiles in a long while,
Lost at the seas of better life by million miles,
Soul in deep struggling to arise,
Oh! poor Vargas, why the streets my paradise.

Enoch Owusu Gyamfi

The Broken Man's Cry

Why? Why me? Why me?
Lord Why? Why this? Why me?
He cry and cry and ask why?
How me? Why me? Lord why? .

What do I do? Oh! God,
Why this times? Dear Lord,
Why me? Why me?
He ask and cry and ask
Why me? Why? Lord Why? .

Is it my fate or mistake?
He reminisce and take a break,
Soon he continue to cry, why?
Why me? Why me?
He ask and cry and ask
How me? Why? Lord why? .

Why this mission? he ask,
Why did I fail my task?
Why me? Why me?
He ask and cry and ask
How me? Why? Lord Why? .

Why because you ask why? .

Enoch Owusu Gyamfi

The Cemetery

A place where the good and evil rest after living,
So quiet and the people there live in shadows,
A place where our breath bus stops at last,
For passengers drop and pass.

All though we journey through distinct paths,
Through the path of pain,
Through the path of joy,
Through the path of toil,
But we all arrive in the soil.

There lives a giant gate man,
Who watch over every day and night,
Making sure, he is sure, all arrivals are welcomed,
And the welcomed rest in peace.

There stood a grave with a mystery,
That hold no hints in memory,
In our destiny we will make it there and make it a history,
As we are living and writing our story.

Enoch Owusu Gyamfi

The Mighty Tower

Whenever the strong winds of life blows,
And necessity seeds for hiding places grow,
In the mighty tower I go,
To rest my body and soul.

When troubles sparks and makes the day dark,
In this tower I find a light for my
sight,
In the mist of plights,
There I get a flight.

The tower that stands tall among all,
When other towers fall,
In this tower I bore,
God, my mighty tower.

Enoch Owusu Gyamfi

The True Hustler

He never gives up even when sorrows stills his dreams,
He keeps the game up when his tears turn into streams,
Minds the chance and fantasies, fortune and reality,
True hustlers never get tired of small time.

In his mind beholds success,
Powered by thoughts of banished sadness,
In hustles are his muscles conquering the struggles,
True hustlers, The sky breakers..

Enoch Owusu Gyamfi

The Two Songs

This song is new and old,
Every heart sings with the soul,
This song wear faces smiles,
Welcome, baby welcome, baby welcome,
They sing and see you take your seat and grow.

This song waves slowly and lowly,
Living the eyes and soul blurred and worried,
Every heart sings in grieve,
Goodbye, brother goodbye, sister goodbye,
They sing and see you to your grave.

Enoch Owusu Gyamfi

There Is Tomorrow

When trials and tribulations tighten them bolt and nuts, don't worry,
When all your efforts values naught,
And leave the mind packed up with sick thoughts, don't worry,
Don't worry because there is tomorrow.

There is one more day to wait,
Don't sit sadly and idly writing on your slate,
Never give up you're never late,
Because there is tomorrow.

If your heart is overwhelmed by today's adventures,
Don't worry, soon this rains will cease on this pastures,
If today, doors are close for ventures, don't worry
Don't worry because there is tomorrow.

Enoch Owusu Gyamfi

True Homies

They make brothers feel good,
Anytime a kind step in the hood,
From their hearts, springing is love, pure and deep,
True homies never make us weep.

We are all of a kind but different,
Some care, some aren't real,
True homies always on brother's welfare.

Because they are true,
Enemies label them crooks,
But deep in their heart,
Simple, plain, and white.

Enoch Owusu Gyamfi

Turnin' Table

At this party of everybody in this sphere room
Which have only one way in and one way out
Standin' is a table for each person
Served with two different diets one at each side.

And beneath the stands of the table is twist
That make turns of the table from side to side
All in the direction of nature and the push we make
As we continue to party..

Enoch Owusu Gyamfi

We Poor Victims

We pray with hope but no faith,
Living in dreams or awake
we no know,
All we got is the living soul
That we pray for everyday and every night.

We tell all our worries in stories,
From memories of the old, we reminisce,
On days we room was swept by pain
That made we tears fell like thy rain.

Mind awake whiles body asleep
More than most within, taking the mind deep
Poverty is creating my slavery
Poor victims living free in misery.

Enoch Owusu Gyamfi

Why?

Why do we trouble our souls?
With spears from tears.
Why make your enemies glad?
For being broke and sad.

Why? Worry?

Why do we at times live on the past?
Whence those day couldn't last.
Why do we still our dreams?
Wasting time on worries.

Why? Worry ?

Enoch Owusu Gyamfi

Wishes

In stage like childhood
Some children prefer to be in adulthood
So they can lead on their own.

And In stage like adulthood
Some adults prefer to be in childhood
So they can start all over again.

Enoch Owusu Gyamfi