

Poetry Series

**Quame Boatmann**  
**- poems -**

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## Quame Boatmann(September 21,1991)

Maxwell Owusu, writing as Quame Boatmann, was born and bred at Cape Coast, Central Region, Ghana. He attended High school at Aggrey Memorial (A.M.E) Zion, where he offered Visual Arts. He loves visual art works especially canvas paintings and has done many paintings which he gives out as gifts to people who are special to him. Maxwell took interest in writing while in year three at High School after his encounter with Joshua Nkoom, who was the 'young poet' at the time.

Joshua Nkoom, who always marvel at Maxwell's analysis of his poems always praise him and gradually Maxwell developed the interest in writing his own poems and novels aside analyzing Joshua's poems.

Maxwell's style of writing was more of European and his works are themed with fantasies more than reality, inspired by reading from great writers like J.R.R Tolkien, Sara Douglas, Garth Nix and few other fantasy writers.

A year after High School, Maxwell got employed at the Central Regional Library, where he worked as a Library Technician. There he developed an interest in Information Technology. Per his passion for teaching little children and a part time job, Maxwell volunteered as a teacher at Nkanfoa Methodist Child Development Center(NMCDC) , Compassion Ghana, where he later became a Child Advocate.

In May 2015, Maxwell and his other philanthropic friends started Make~a~life Foundation, a charity foundation started to help orphans, neglected, the needy..etc in communities, with the aim of making the world a better place for all.

He gained admission to University of Cape Coast to read Psychology and Foundations of Education which he majors in English Language.

He is currently reading Information Science at Kumasi Technical University. Read his poems also at

# Behind The Tainted Glass

There it stood, so tall and wide  
Taking the space of all our world  
The tainted glass  
And we stand in front of it alone?  
No! We stand in front with us in front  
With no one else around to see

We sigh with relief finally  
For we ran many miles from the crowd  
Swerving the tiny falling raindrops  
As we wear the mighty winds  
Only to hide from our brothers, our nakedness

And as we triumph finally  
In front of the tainted glass  
Darker even than the quenched coal  
And its crystal nature reflecting the pure image  
And we see ourselves clearly, with no one peeping

But behind the tainted glass someone sits close  
And watch patiently  
As we unveil our nudity, to no flesh and blood  
But he sits behind and sees it all  
And nothing is hidden before his eyes

Quame Boatmann

# Black Wreath (A Tribute To Mr. E.K. Dadzie)

Death, why art thou cruel?  
Thou hast no mercy  
Nor compassion  
Thou sparian no one  
Not even the good heart

We recall with much pain in our hearts  
The good deeds of E.K. Dadzie  
His humming that echoes from his office  
A dramatic announcement of his presence  
Tenderness and humility, his core values

Your staff gathered in your absence  
We were planning you hampers and a banquet  
Just to send you off on retirement  
Yet the monstrous beast,  
Was chairing the meeting, Invisible

Now we plan you casket and black wreaths  
And a burial to bid you rest in peace  
For you left to see your family  
Only for us to see your dead body  
Oh death, why art thou so cruel! !

There's a woman in Cape Coast Library  
Weeping every day,  
When it's time for your lunch  
This is how she's faring  
She's dying to let go of you

Yet life cannot snatch you back to us,  
From the cruel grip of this monstrous beast  
Mr. Dadzie, we bid you farewell  
With our hearts heavy with sorrows  
May you find peace,  
In the bosom of your maker,  
Rest In Perfect Peace! ! !

Quame Boatmann

# Bondage Freedom, Memories From Bridge City

It is here  
The day we all anticipate  
The day that marks the end of the first beginning  
That we've been waiting for ages, it seems  
That we will rest from our unpaid hard labor  
And be free from our wicked masters  
Treating us like netted menial mutineers  
After enticing us with sweet words  
When we were treated like kings and queens  
Only for the passing possible period

We had nothing called sleep  
And knew no leisure  
The elephants have gradually been famished into dogs  
And the lions have been demoted into meek kittens  
And our bones forcing out of our shrunken flesh

And when the day has come, we stand  
With our luggage too heavy to carry  
As we wait for the colossal chariots  
Sent to us by our wicked masters  
On conditions of our cowries,  
Amused by our perverse haste  
For the passing period of freedom  
For they knew if we leave  
We'll still come back to serve them

Quame Boatmann

# Brutal Choice

We were offered heaven and hell  
We should have taken caution  
For we could have spat on hell  
But we realized not the option  
Now we crave for the past  
Whiles we must long for the future  
Yet past we must go  
For its our way of life  
So leave them and contemplate

Quame Boatmann

# Bulging Little Bellies

Bulging bellies  
In little kiddies  
A Fancy fashion  
In cabo corso

willy nilly mommies  
Willy nilly sillies  
Their maiming melodies  
With wounding words  
Sang for babies  
As daily lullaby

Profanity!  
A pill for their souls  
Day by day, Night by night  
In the end, they boast  
Of little toddlers  
With bulging bellies

Quame Boatmann



# Cape Coast, My Paradise

Cape Coast, Cape Coast  
Where I belong  
A Paradise I dream never to leave  
As long as the sand calms the wrath of the tides  
As the gentle cool breeze sweep away  
The fiendish smile of the sun  
A place so simple and free to roam  
Where memories of the past are secured  
Yes indeed!  
Cape Coast is my Paradise  
Yet not recognized

Quame Boatmann

# Counterfeit Passion

'Can I get a ride? '

Stood your hail of pride,  
With the sun burning you up  
Your feet weary, and your gut dried up

I saw you waving, was that for me?  
Remember you bawled "get away from me! "  
Like a viper ready to strike  
For I rode a bike and me you dislike  
Yet I never ceased coming  
And you never ceased rebuffing  
Till oh domina, you shamed me  
You said "you'll see", so you stung like bee

I thought I found love  
With a snowy dove  
Yet wise I should be  
And now you stop me

Your love is a fake  
For money sake  
But by God's grace  
Here you are; a disgrace

Quame Boatmann

# Dark Light

There's darkness like light  
I see it brighter than noon rays  
And beams down from high above  
Hotter than the burning sun  
In a stealth menace to end my life

Mighty men bow to this dark light  
And powerful Angelique beings  
The potter's best not spared  
In the end brings doom

So woe whiles being hailed  
Plea to avert tributes  
Get those honey words from my ears  
Lest I believe I'm the most high  
And wear the robe of the morning star  
And become his heir

This mighty man I've become  
I want to be held like an egg  
So away with your honey words  
Else I be plagued,  
By this dark light  
And be left alone in the air  
To have a decade fall  
Like a broken winged bird  
Into ruins, eternal ruins

Quame Boatmann

# Dining, Memories From Bridge City

We were given breakfast for supper  
Though we had a watery porridge with no sugar  
And a lean bread as heavy as the fluffy fibre  
this morning  
Yet the large dining hall couldn't contain all of us.  
Why won't we rush out in the night?  
For a better taste  
And when we run out of money  
We rely on the barter system to endure  
The rest of the days ahead  
Till the end  
The day we all anticipate most.

Quame Boatmann

# Dreams

As perpetual as they come  
A drama we watch comatose  
So genuine in nature  
For we ourselves are characters  
Sometimes we adore, other times we despise

Oh the wonder it is!  
As I lay below the silent starless sky  
Dead to the mortal world  
And trusting in the life of the spook  
In the drama of my unknown world  
Having nowhere to escape  
A helpless character with no script  
In a drama I'm unaware  
Which tittle is known to the strange playwright  
But for my consciousness, I'd be dead  
And till we are awake, it's never a dream

Quame Boatmann

# Eternal Passion

You are the one I'm to be with  
Throughout my entire life  
So as to accept me  
Even after my corruption  
And embrace me  
Into Your caring bosom

But she snatched me from you  
It's so sad, for she had my permit  
I did not know how intense  
Your beauty was initially  
And made me dishonest to you  
She thwarted my conversations to you  
For she wanted to own me forever

Now that I've been reunited to you  
Through your passion for me  
I'll never leave you, and won't accept  
Your archenemy's friendship anymore  
For she taught me unlawful things  
That made me uncouth and inane

I adore you and admire your ample beauty  
That lies within you, in my heart  
For it overwhelms me  
And that's why I'll do your bidding  
I'll heed your gladius  
And herald them across the world  
To behold your beauty

Your name is a medicine to my ailment  
So I'll follow you wherever you go  
For there's something precious in you  
A gorgeous brooding bird on its nest

Quame Boatmann

# Fear Is Broken!

The Lord reigns, fear is broken  
There is a bit in the mouth of behemoth,  
And he fears the little killbit  
There is a hook in the gills of Leviathan,  
And flies rejoice over his body,  
The power of God controls the rage of the wicked,  
Against believers  
The Lord reigns, fear is broken!

Quame Boatmann

# Grant Them Ears

Here we stand at the gathering  
We, the sons of your kingdom  
Praying you to eat the fruits of our lips  
With our hearts hardened to the world  
And our lips trembling to speak  
Yet our voices tire

And our mouths full of the spirit's sword  
Girded to herald them to the world  
Whose heart has no room for the truth  
Since it's already occupied by lies

Grant them ears, oh king, grant them ears  
Majority carry the vote, they think  
And the tradition of men contradicts your words  
Making the truth speakers children of lies  
And the liars, children of truth  
Professing what they know not  
Aghast by our truth, making us a mockery

If we're lost, they don't even exist  
So we stand, pleading your favor on them  
And when they get ears,  
They'll enter your kingdom

Quame Boatmann



# Great Man Donkoh

Great man Donkoh!  
The utter of your name raise us to our feet  
We shout DONKOH!  
And the echoes we hear, GREATNESS!  
Then we wonder its possibility

Your works, oh your deeds!  
They make this possible  
Leaders have come and gone  
But your style of leadership, we marvel

You open doors for the blind and be their white stick  
With pure and undefiled mentality, you rule your world  
A world we find ourselves in  
Always planning the welfare of your followers  
Friends and foes alike  
What eagle eyes you have,  
for you find problems and hit right on spot

Great man Donkoh!  
You sweep us off our feet with overwhelming generosity  
We look you in the face and see a man with vision  
We take your counsel and are set on the path to success

Oh what a great leader we have!  
He who chooses to serve and not be served  
He who chooses to mingle with both great and small,  
Young and old.  
And above all, chooses to remain our friend, ignoring his class  
Great man yet free and welcoming  
Ever ready to lower the burdens of his followers

Here is the director we are proud to call our Boss  
A marvelous leader we are proud to follow  
God bless the womb that housed you, Great man  
And the environment that welcomed you  
For your generosity, thousands will follow  
For your leadership style, ten thousand will join in  
And for your excellent achievements, millions are on the way

Great man Donkoh!  
I will always shout your name  
Loud to oceans of men  
And listen, to the echoes of greatness.

Quame Boatmann

# Into His Glory

The LORD gave me His ruby  
To save me from sin's misery  
His love is my antimony  
And my light shines in beauty  
My faith is of fine gold  
Tried, tested with scold

My foundation is of sapphire  
So I will endure the fire  
I am knit and carefully woven  
And will not be shaken

I'm not of this world  
I am for Christ and won't be twirled  
My hope rests on celestial glory  
So I do not worry

Quame Boatmann

# Maranatha

So this is your desire  
Man-oh-man  
To sit in the throne of your creator  
And make the world your own  
Oh fragile flesh  
And disregard your maker  
Oh foolish as you are

My heart aches as I behold  
The display of foolishness  
In the counterfeited synagogues  
As the lay down commands are flouted  
In the book of days  
And man is the center of worship  
And modernization is emphasized  
All in the name of civilization

Even a diakonia is chosen  
By his pedagogic background  
And the lay-down orders  
Are looked down upon  
And ecclesia is defined  
By its finest temple

The enemy is a hard worker  
Many have perished  
And more are still straying  
So Lord, come

Quame Boatmann

# Me A Sully

Will this plague ever heal?  
Will this raid ever halt?  
Its cruelty has no mercy  
Its eagle talons rending apart my soul

Never ready to fade  
Always stopping to stop  
As if bound to eternal service  
A slave so terrified to rebel

Oh let the day of its birth be doomed  
Let its master have immortal chaos  
And let him have audible moans  
For save this nature I was as snow

But now I reap the fruit of my larceny  
And I suffer this social infirmity  
As incurable as the lethal syndrome  
And the forgone delight now, a lament

Oh how I wish I was blind- to Eve's Eve  
And its twin bulging accomplice  
Then return to the owner this nature  
And become as a day old child

What a bad trait I stole  
For it's made me a sully  
And the blame ever rest on this nature  
The very nature that killed the cat

Quame Boatmann

# Missing Memories

The memories of my early days  
Become as green leaves  
Of the dew morning  
Whenever I behold  
The women of the crescent moon and star  
In this new world

In gowns of manifold styles  
With their bareness locked in their robes  
I feel the breeze of our uncivilized days  
And smell its perfumed air

Where a maiden is a maiden  
And nature was natural  
Woman was not man and man not woman  
And though there was no sun  
We lived in light

But a catastrophe hits our land  
And darkness plagues our world  
The magnificent beams of the sun  
Cannot overshadow this darkness  
And we live in total darkness

Even as we profess of civilization  
Where modern maidens sell their pearls  
To the crowd of men  
For no money but attraction  
They have no shame!

And who is to put them right?  
For even the old women are not left out  
Shameless!  
A rot in the winds stales the air  
So is this civilization that we are so proud of?

Quame Boatmann

# More Of Of You

In Christ, there's Peace  
In Christ, there's joy  
Not the joy that comes,  
from graceful banquets  
Not riches and prosperity  
But the Joy that comes,  
from Knowing Him  
the joy that comes  
when He reveals Himself  
The joy that comes  
When He reveals His plans  
The joy that comes,  
when you understand His purpose  
And His ways are made clear  
Joy comes when I heed to Your counsel

In Christ, there's contentment  
God always provides,  
even when the way seems dark  
He always provides light

Now Trust is all there is  
Obedience, our work to do

My heart is calmed by His Word,  
and happy, I am inside  
A day without his presence,  
makes me feel guilty, like a sinner

There's more always to know from Him.  
And more I need to know from God  
I want to know you more, my LORD  
Reveal to me, more of You!

Quame Boatmann

# My Cowries

Do not ask what I do with my cowries  
It makes me scowl and spit out red  
I give; I dash without holding back  
I see and feel the miseries of Lazarus  
They pierce my eyes with shot arrows  
I feel his whines and wallows  
And burns me in a fiery furnace  
Yet a scorn, a menace  
my praise in turn,  
From Judas, the treasurer

Do not ask what I do with my cowries  
For without wiry thought, I squirm  
I spur to catch a falling egg  
Before it lands on rocky grounds  
'Cos I hate to plant a soul,  
in the belly of sheol,  
Knowing it would never grow

Do not ask what I do with my cowries  
It makes me scowl and spit out red  
I've been in the shoes of Lazarus  
And if I say it's glamorous  
Then I'm the old serpent's son  
Comforting air from fiery furnace,  
blows in there  
To give my all to console means I care

For this is me, this is what I do  
And I take delight in what I do  
Do not ask what I do with my cowries  
It makes me scowl and spit out red

Quame Boatmann



# Mystery

My God is no gold  
Yet His value, more than gold  
He's not an object that man can mould  
Nor a body man can hold  
But a Spirit we cannot behold

He's the fire that choose not to burn  
And the same fire that will burn  
His favour the righteous earn  
But His love is on all men

In His presence man has pleasure  
His name that we treasure  
For it's a strong tower  
His greatness we cannot measure

Without Him there's no life  
For His gift is eternal life  
The church is His wife  
So accept Him and save your life

Quame Boatmann

# Old Man Billy

Old man Billy  
The evil men do, lives with them  
And a sown maize seed never shoots chili  
A justice law of nature

You had bazillion gray hairs in your home  
When you were young  
Gray hairs full of compassion  
Whose voices raise concrete walls,  
around the young  
Yet you shut your ear lobes  
Now one of them, you've become  
Here you are in agonizing fate  
For this is the future you built

I heard from the judging lips  
Of your own blood brother  
That you suck smoke and spit on job  
You discovered silver and gold  
Yet you dug no whole  
You bartered them all  
For your insatiable thirst for smoke

I cannot give you comfort  
For you made no better effort

Quame Boatmann

## Painful Past

A glance of my yesterday,  
Aches my soul  
A reflection of my past,  
Bows my head in shame  
Though far gone,  
Its flashes linger  
Haunting me as a ghost,  
Chasing me like an outlaw  
Never leaving me in peace,  
Always stopping to stop  
Oh when will it leave for good?

Quame Boatmann

# Precious Days Of Old

Gone are the days of our forefathers  
where civilization had not begun  
a child had no place in the gathering of elders

Gone are the good old days,  
where a child's freedom is kept by the parent,  
signals and signs were used to chastise the child

Still gone are the precious days of our fathers  
where religiosity had no varieties  
obedience was at its peak

Oh gone are the precious days where fathers ruled with the rod, discipline was  
at its best  
and vices were sieved before adulthood

Gone are the dark days, where fires were the only lights in the nights a girl  
conceives at the age of a woman  
following appropriate rites  
and a boy tastes the meal of his father  
only at the age of a matured man

Gone are the days where a child of one man is the child of the whole community  
and still where a child mellows to any elder  
oh gone are the days that these people were called uncivilized ancients

Now here are the days of our days  
where civilization abounds  
childhood and adulthood have no significance  
and the ways of adults are the ways of children

Here are our days where the freedom of children are released from the book of  
laws,  
even trumpet voices do nothing to the ears of a child

Here are the civilized days of abundant religion  
where the sword of the spirit abounds  
yet obedience is not named among the children of civilization



# Pride

I fear to be praised  
For I will be raised  
And pride will surface  
Then, I'll be sagged  
I will fall with a great thud  
And will shatter like glass plate  
Into pieces like mosaic  
And won't be whole again  
This will be my doom  
When pride enters my room

Quame Boatmann

# Professor Lunacy

When he howled  
In the presence of the silence  
Observing by us all  
Taking to himself  
A juncture of our vigilance

I thought he was happy,  
though weird  
I placed my tele-eyes on him  
As he's daily present for knowledge  
For so it seemed

The gray hairs said it's normal  
Until its anomalous normality  
Finally! What a pity!  
Lunacy coins from a scratch

Quame Boatmann

# The Affluent Panhandler

She called me like a cab  
Right hand in pocket  
Left hand says come  
From road's other side

Baby at black back aglow  
Fastened with white linen below  
A pretty young mother  
Graced with embroidery apparel

Out of the cruel sun in her presence  
A little halt from my hasting rush  
Skin drenched as if from the pool  
Breathing like a marathon horse

And there I stood a disregarded being  
Like a hovering spectre in her presence  
So busy with the voice in her ear  
As if she never called me here

But before I leave she halts  
Now she's got good time for me  
Only to demand one red Ghana note  
A simple reason for her call

So she's a one?  
What I dare not suspect  
And with a choice too  
Aiming at my all

Yet give, I must, for faith's sake  
A bias deferment for a day's meal  
Till the moon succeeds the sun  
Oh damn these panhandlers!

Quame Boatmann



# The Master Servant

I bow in your presence  
In reverence to your service  
I nod to your utterance  
Wary not to mar my oath

I am the feet  
That runs your errands  
And your voice  
That reaches your people's ears  
I am the cook  
That feasts your belly  
I am your chamberlain  
And upon my shoulders,  
Your household rests

I am the knight  
That guards your night  
Whiles you breath  
Like the old corn mill  
I hum in silence

I wage your wars  
And shield your nation  
Against your fatal foes  
All my glory, I give to you  
And the fruits of my labour  
Are stored on your barns

May I have this moment, my lord?  
To make my desire known  
For once hear my voice  
I make you great  
So please be pleased

Quame Boatmann

# The Red Note

As little as its value  
Without grace or honour  
Oblivion to the poor  
And a door mat to the rich

Yet the red note is even tougher  
Than the garrisons of the coast of gold  
That appears dauntless and invincible  
But a mirage to the red note

For the sake of the red note  
Sleaze is a contagious disease  
The top security is breached and the nation falls  
And the blood of the innocent pays the price

So let's gather and find a cure  
Let the criminal hunter hunts himself  
And let the Arbiter, sentence himself  
to his own dungeon  
For the demise of greed is the birth of this cure.

Quame Boatmann

# The Scroll Of Wealth

Hurray! we've found it!  
After many years of toil and pain  
We'll no more lose but gain  
Our leaders seemed nonchalant  
Always ignoring our grievances  
So to manipulate us anyhow they want  
Casing our wealth in their authority

For they fear we'll become like them  
We couldn't comprehend  
Why they're numb and reckless  
Aren't they to stand in for us?  
Why are we less in the system?  
But for their remiss actions,  
We blame the duty

But hail to Jezebel, the red  
We've found it-the scroll  
The scroll which contains our wealth  
The duty is good from the scroll

Though we must dine and wine  
We should rather gloom  
We've found the scroll, yes  
But we're all cowards  
So what are we going to do with it?

Quame Boatmann

# The Smile Of The Adversary

As bright as the morning star  
The smile of the adversary  
With the teeth of a twinkling star  
Like no blood beneath, ne'er scary

Behind the smile of the adversary  
Lurks a darkly dark darkness  
A hidden peril in the head's diary  
Woven with malice and evilness

And still the eyes laugh  
The seductive ruse you believe  
Till you fathom-though tough  
Mara, the name you'll receive

Behind the smile is the waft of rotten carcass  
Beware! trust not even the looking glass

Quame Boatmann

# The Warning Bell, Memories From Bridge City

Help! Help!  
Fall in! Fall in!  
The voice was a petrified one  
Yet nothing came from anyone  
For silence and fear took over everyone

The crystal moon was cruel to us this night  
And the scanty sparkling stars  
Were out of the sky  
The titanic torches in the streets were impotent  
And the only potent ones were numb  
The tress had ceased dancing  
And the utter silence that concurred the creepy night  
Was his utter doom  
No one went to his aid

And when the sun gave a bright smile  
As the sky began erupting chirping birds  
On the harmonious dancing tress  
We all became abreast of his ordeal

He would be living with his ancestors by now  
Who ever thought the bell was our defense device?  
And there we realized how useful  
The warning bell of our masters was  
Wicked they seemed, but that only girded us  
For what may come

Quame Boatmann

# Theodora

She walks like one with valour  
She works like one with power  
And her voice, like one with harper  
She smiles like one with more dollar  
As if she has no matter  
Little things she does to favour  
Ei! Madam Theodora  
Compassion boys will give you honour

Quame Boatmann

# This World Is A Jungle

We live in a world  
Where light becomes darkness  
And darkness becomes light  
For the natives' sake

The day leaves for the night  
And the night for the day  
All for the natives' sake  
The sun sings and the rain floods  
Dust dirty and worse is mud

A world of no peace  
Without war  
And to be safe means harming others  
For the farmer damages the home of the wild  
To feed his household  
And to the extreme, man becomes evil  
In order to be good  
This world is a jungle

Quame Boatmann

# To Whom Shall I Go?

Who trades gold for dross?  
Who forswears the sun for ember light?  
Can the corrupt forsake the Cross?  
And war his own fight?

On my sickbed will I praise You,  
On my deathbed, will I heighten Your name  
For what in the present, will make me leave You?  
What can replace the peace in my heart,  
When my faith departs from You?

What in the future will make me cause mutiny?  
For there's no captain like my Captain  
He talks to the tempest and he calms down  
Without His ship, He walks on the sea, like dry land

Your love goes beyond life, even death  
To whom shall I go, LORD,  
When I leave You,  
To whom shall I go?

Quame Boatmann



# Traveller On The Road

As I walk on the silent road  
Weary of this long restless journey  
A journey along the dry desert  
Though endless as eternity  
Still I walk

But the betrayal of my members  
Halts my effort  
Feet are annoyed, heart is dwindling  
Water is quenched by the burning sun  
No bread  
And slowly the desert sucks my life  
But up ahead the way  
Stood a gigantic tree  
With a lonely fruit of apple  
Was that one left for my sake?

Now my soul's strength is renewed  
The heart gets strong  
And the feet is convinced

Up there on a branch, it hanged  
The fruit of my salvation  
Swinging gracefully in the air  
As the tree dance to the tune of the winds  
Its greenish body reflecting with poise  
The rays of the sun  
As it enjoys the breeze of the dry wind

It trembles at the touch  
Of wry withered fingers  
For the sake of the morrow,  
I will cut into two

Maggots!  
Ugh!  
Black rotten inside  
Oh how perilous is this disappointment!



# Vain Labour

We sit and toil in the council of daemons  
We dine and wine, with the sons of Dracula  
Having a never ending fellowship  
With the daughters of Aphrodite  
Terrorists! Murderers!  
With pure hearts of Pharisees as our leaders  
And their veins circulate the blood of Jezebel  
Their brains brainwashed  
With six hundred and three score and six  
Leaving the light-hearted few in persecution  
As we lift the heavy cross up high  
A thousand Pharisees push it down low  
So the struggle never ends  
And we're being weakened  
Will we ever reach those pearly mansions?

Quame Boatmann

# We're Not Immortals

Life isn't eternal, we're not immortals  
Three scores and ten years  
We'll leave these temples  
Not by our will, else we linger  
But a journey lies ahead  
From a hush-hush world to a mysterious land

We know we won't last  
So why all these superfluous extravagances?  
While the destitute aches  
So what will become of these copious pearls?  
When these ephemeral lives vaporizes away

Hope is the only option  
As the days run like lightning  
For in the eyes of the Potter  
We've less a day to prove our worth

But as I still breathe, I'll labor  
To the Porter's pleasure  
Till I go to bed in wait  
Till the heavens shake off  
And this earth melts away  
For the final call, a call to immortality  
To the new city, the hope promised to us

Quame Boatmann

# What Miracle?

What height of miracle  
What depth of divine displays  
Would give man  
Eternal trust in God?

The Arbiter talked to me face to face  
He gave me all that I desire  
My body saw no corruption  
I lived with fierce beasts of the field  
And was made the king of my abode  
I had no power but authority  
Joy was my friend  
I never lacked, I never worried  
Yet I gave my trust to an animal

What depth of divine displays  
Could guarantee my rectitude  
For fire came down from heaven  
To devour my enemies  
The Nile fought them for my sake  
The sun, the moon and the stars  
Stood by side against my oppressors  
And they perished by their own swords

The sea parted like curtain, for my redemption  
The sky gave me bread  
Whiles I walked on dry desert  
The stones gave me water,  
Bitter water made sweet  
Strong winds from the east gave me meat  
Still, I reviled the LORD

Do I need miracles to believe in God?  
Certainly not!  
For display of awe,  
Ne'er guaranteed holiness  
What wonder the LORD not wrought,  
in the wilderness  
Among the sons of Jacob?

Pillar of cloud that guards the day  
And cloud of fire that guards the night

I don't need a miracle  
to believe in God!  
I'll live by His standards  
That is my LORD'S desire  
He is Holy and holy I must be  
He delights in the obedient  
And to obey I must

I prayed for the spirit of Caleb and Joshua  
That I may hold firm your ordinances  
But you gave me your very own Spirit  
That I will trust and not be afraid

Your word transforms and renews  
And now I don't need a miracle  
To obey you  
I would rather trust and obey  
For my miracles  
So Lord, make me obey!

Quame Boatmann

# Who'll Speak For Us?

So long have we been laboring  
Too tight have we been stretched  
Sharing the fate of Job  
As we're always denied the fruit of our labour

Now our faith is tearing apart  
For our hope keeps on running from us  
Our tattered garments are blowing away  
And our pockets, so full of only our hands

As we struggle like servants in battle  
Against armies of great kings  
Our grieving lips never reach,  
the deaf ears of our leaders  
Who are concerned more on their bellies

Silence has become their tongue  
And fear is their finest apparel  
Always giving us phantom assurances  
And their conceived promises birth disappointments

So who'll speak for us, who'll put things right?  
That we take off our tattered garments  
And seal our long torn pockets  
Who will speak for us?

Quame Boatmann

# Will The Church Ever Change?

Will the church ever change?  
Its beginning was like a rose flower  
Blossomed bright red soft petals  
With fresh moist emerald sepals  
On a strong spiky stalk  
Sweet smelling scent of nature  
Sweet smell so alluring  
Fills the air, made fresh

I saw as I observed  
Bright red in the midst of dim greys  
Calling all eyes to itself  
Tempting all hands to touch  
As the winds blow the sweet scent  
Through all nostrils  
Pulling all the crowd to itself, very charming

But how long did it last?  
How firm did it stand?  
And now they worship Aphrodite  
Even in the temple of the most high  
And rejoice in procreation  
Oh-how-shameful!

But who is to rebuke whom?  
The preacher man was the pacesetter  
And the elders are themselves priests to her  
How won't their children follow their steps?  
For they carry the adulterous genes of their fathers

As bright as the rose flower stood  
As many multitude it attracted  
It couldn't hold them forever  
For it lost its attraction  
Bright red, now deep black  
Still in the midst of greys  
A very shameful disgrace!

I fear for the little ones



I fear I'll labour in vain  
Bringing them up in the lord's way  
Whiles others nurture them in Aphrodite's way  
Will the church ever change?

Quame Boatmann