

much of it

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I have included innovations I have invented and practised over the time. I have called these inventions akron (u), nergu and bongu. Akron (u) is a monoku with nine syllables . It has the voice that flows without breaking. Example is “falling away from something enough “. Nergu is the haiku form that has three line and each with five syllables. The voice runs from the first word of the first line to the last word of the third line without breaking. Example is

enough to wonder
about the next step
taking from silence

In bonyu , I am trying to create the shortest verse of haiku . Bonyu is always in the form 2-1-2, 1-2-1, or 1-1-1. Example here is

light
on
ruins

the gap between rays of night begins to widen after dawn

later models of my remains are much talked about

footsteps behind preparations to pause

twilight in every language in touch

under the dark roof of my heart i dream with your heart

nothing until its eyes cannot see the sun

sunny day is quite nearing my memories

a shadow situated in the dig is still waiting

the sunlit space covers my childhood

in my heart the distant roar of the past

noontide in hallucination

in yellow into the border of my first birth

long phrases of the late noon

the stiffness of the light of my adult life

my silence along a line sinking in the rain

the tug of sea currents at dawn

this morning floats in changing rhythms of the heart

other voices in flood waters

impossibilities of your translation glisten in arguments

following twilit pathway in the Braille

the thought i carry licks with my thoughts long before

dressed as festive flowers colours the morning

in the cemetery a line of cold moons

to engage in a large kind of blue my blue

darkness fills your joy with noontide

butterflies flying from a sentence create an evening

unwilling light breaks down at dawn

morning moon among breathless beaches

dust of light comes along after the energy

in the front yard a voice trail off

breathing lessons to assemble as a response

to attempt to make everything right for my life nears afterglow

half the way away from easiness

in every step i wait for too long

a little more morning shortly

height falling as dawn

into the skies something else again

all shapes of darkness completed in an equation

several miles within to ancient

around my thinking it is getting darkness

in sinking hopes before noon

with graves in attentive expression of a face

in the scatterbrained ways a couple like the sun

subtract elegance from another pathway

walking briskly in good weight

from here to old age almost a mile before striking off to the left

a mile ahead of belling volleys

actually trespassing in a land i create in crayons

an hour and a quarter at most pass four

the dust of a thunder passing by

lights splashing the trees on other side of my thinking

thronged with broken lines of dew

this Sunday morning is frozen in a voice

beyond the ridge hills a day waits

heart plummets into a lily

just like a ray from smiling

seeing too much of everything

falling away from something enough

taking a load off the mind

an abridged edition of sunlight

taking the whole hot air i long for the same place

the walk through dreams before afterglow

gaining a body shape out of the icy mist

slowly in a dream in a fairy tale

false snow screeching angrily at each step

along the footpath this evening

in which money is certainly a need

between cracks a new born

feet running down stairs to be mistaken for something else

samples of mouldings not quite right in the head

rose-coloured shadow in a fading tropical print

a little fuller both hands at once

a bit of weight exposed inside

born into something for it

a foot in both worlds granted residency

views of temper as a model at least

temporarily on yellow visas to reappear

immigrants in the future pointing to nothing

falling into temptation of headlights

desperate pilgrims as the mess unfolded last year

blamed elements far from their minds

thirty seven hour flight in the reckoning

deeply feeling anger at the way twenty one remains many times

unwilling to state the different parts about what can look out for

to lessen the fury of darkness smouldering

bold colours of a new way morph over the years

a voice breaks with conceivable occasion

always the same song as a quite catch

half hours in history

deeply ingrained with a strawberry motif

always occupied in the sound so effortful

rising by inches from heat

yellow light over family business

as many as fireflies i cannot count in the smoking space

the surface of his thought fairly only in sheets now

while waiting to connect to ancient a thing from blue

soon to be taken over by someone heavily pregnant

worsened years packed by shades

dangerously fast this morning this noon

squinting in the sun of a flame of fire

between you and me a voice never head before

a trail of light in brackets

in the hallway same change on the tone of silence

out of the blue Sunday mornings begin

sidelong glance begins to darken

much of it brightens with the darkness

in finitely patient something burns to ashes

claiming
as home
the bid
to get
their minds

nothing
but this
this yes
this end

growing sleek again
like an animal
to sleep by the hearth

ways into the past
begin with staring
at awkward pauses

to something softer
than the usual thought
it begins shining

light
on
ruins

think right
after
new laws
over
a bridge

false entrance
through the night
by the wall

through to
achieve
 shadows
in both
 husbands
at dawn

anchoring
in future

light
on
path
way
un
til

they
are
gi
ven
birth
now

enough to wonder
about the next step
taking from silence

Stepped into a close
 only two blocks now
from light to darkness

between you and me
a very darkness
 to be burned by day

between past
and future
I bury
my presence

dawn
in
ponds

your new brain
like an axe
through nightmares

future
becomes
bodies

remain
in mirrors
to hew

the heart of my wife
is a soft red clay
i mould into rains

Silence of noise
my thoughts on dawn
I cannot touch

Between my fellow
And my grandfather
Is filled with silence

morning fog
part of it
my daydream

inside
a glass
bottle
full of
sunlight
tribes
and homes

deep in the myths your rare strength of fire

Into the thickening stream next month

Successive waves of something weighty

under a street lamp

just a few steps here
from my hiding place

i busied my sleeping from anybody

hiding
behind
pillars

i watch
the road
before

myself
darting
swiftly

inseparable
a ray of sunlight
and forbidden fruits

very definitely a place apart in minor changes

inside this first change
an hour almost wets
to form field lilies

around the new day among other things

a broken light has left its tunnel for good

a new version of twilight stretches into the horizon
until recently seen as a collection of nights

into exile a ray of light released

so long by the massive sand to be adjusted to the darkness

a word is in full eruption

territories as thin as a glass shard

perhaps in your memory few pages of enduring interest

to be pitched at the right passage thereafter

struggling to be quick time with a different pair of dreams

a wide gleaming highway in summary form

i clothe my body with her looks and this way forward

on a dreamless night

to compose new things
this mountain flower

in the light
i diffuse
into man

dust of a thunderstorm brightens my strength

From Epicurious
to Atonement
little talk about

horses galloping

with the wind catch up
after late sunset

just under your eyes

to overturn blue
another morning

rain
falls
short

the

long
stand

ing
a

wait
ing

light
in

the
lake

to
dark

en

first
rain
to

watch
its
height

gust at the bottom of my life suddenly growing wild

next step after the most used methods of feet

beneath the moonlight
old graveyards return
as only waters

after the storm
over the yard
a cat follows

a
rain
drop

the
on
ly

lon
gev
i

ty
that
re

mains
here
now

pond water wrinkling with new thinking

