

S A F E

METAMORPHOSIS

OTIS MENSAH

***IN CELEBRATION OF LETTING THE PEN
BLEED AND THE ART OF VULNERABLE
EXPRESSION AS A VEHICLE TO A
MORE SOULFUL HUMAN CONNECTION.
WITH WHOLEHEARTED PRAISE TO
THE ALCHEMY OF RAP AND THE
CULTURE OF HIP-HOP IT INHABITS;
A CULTURE THAT TAUGHT ME TO
HARNESS EMOTION WITH TOTAL
CONVICTION AND TO MANIPULATE
LANGUAGE FOR THERAPY.***

no one could tell me what I can't do
because of what I've done
or what I must do
because of where I've come
I said 'I imagine a time' but there would be no time
just existence
a line
journeying what it means to Be
silence but not deadness

a kind of calm out of reach for now
bound by space and time
where tweeters tweet
bloggers blog
and demons whisper
but every day I wake
I look around at the walls which enclose me
and say
today is a good day
a day closer to forever

YIKES

Covered in ticks & brine
I lick my lips to taste the tears I've cried

Tickle my face & spine
pull the eclipse over my eyes I love a waste of night

The mountain fades with time
don't pick those scabs like berries or flowers and stay alive

My morning ray of light
gardener of your labyrinth and this pain of mine

Boy: I have a confession to make.
Moon: Tell me, child!
Boy: I've been trading in sleep for poems.



WITHOUT THE COMPUTER

An obsession with time shadows my existence, it stalks my stark reality. The only light at this point floods in through the format of liquid crystal display; the inescapable technological comfort, a late 21st-century reliever, friend to the lonely. Most are no longer able to acknowledge such loneliness. We've become desensitised by a synthetic community of images, capsules of data that tell us otherwise. Loneliness only exists in the shaded areas of our subconscious; we try our best to keep it buried and prevent it from showing its gruesome face.

As the words form
as the ink spills
my pain dissolves.
It's my method.

There exist only two types of people in this world: creators and critics and then a system that works like a polar shift inclining an individual to one side more so than the other. My greatest fear is losing my sense of purpose and slipping into the cracks of comfort which lie in the life of a critic.

To be a creator of anything is to go against the brain's natural state of comfort. I, for one, believe that today's modern mind is no longer programmed for survival alone but for maximum comfort and longs to be in a state of contentment. Now, some would regard contentment a positive quality; however, to be content 'in a state of happiness and satisfaction' is to lose motion, therefore requiring no further call for change and closely associated with change progression.

To create is to progress
to step to the mark of purpose
conflicting with our nature and state of being.
I guess this is the magnetic field and tug of war inside all of us.
Trapped inside a paradox
or is this paradox trapped inside me
eating me from the inside.



SCENERY

indulge the fruit of nature's toil
as any normal voyeur would
feast on its beauty the way eyes do
ponder your relation to it
exhale the way a lung pleads for
on sediments of earth
quilted in heather'd pitfalls
patchwork ancestry coloured
then discoloured with aubergine
skin as ripe as a bruise
floral, flirtatious and rich

gaze deep into tarmac sweating blood
under the spiked roof of a bank
churning plastic labour
ride this vending machine
for coins like a sad money rodeo
hum, a mechanical sound
I have nothing to do with this companionship
cradle a stranger's car radio in your arms like a newborn
as it sings happy birthday to you
a final time in this interrogation room of a city
wait for dull metals
to brighten

WE WERE NEVER DERELICT

Pockets of people's stories
cradled by brick and mortar
amidst the rubble and murmur
living catalysts of love

Paint gallons of life on dreary
dance over mundane & void
solitude birthed a smile
that sought community & good

Build towers of noise aside us
such transience won't quake
a spirit, not stone cemented
but blood & flesh & faith

We were never derelict
just displaced and out of sight
carrying home inside us
when home they tried to break