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ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

With gratitude I would like to acknowledge the entire poets that have inspired me to write poetry, especially all the African poet who put our name out there. To All my family, and friends who have been there for me through thick and thin. Which i am still going through

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Fight the good fight

Wherever you are as a poet

Even if it is in the middle of the night

And you have no place to lay your head

Look within you

There is a mother-father supreme being watching you.

A SHORT BIOGRAPHY

Nana Kwame nketsiah (formerly known as Samuel donkor) and popularly called great ocean or great Sammy hails from the central region (broyimbima). Born to a fante father and a dagaati mother. He was educated in a government school right from nursery to his junior high school, where he then proceeded to ASSIN MANSO SENIOR HIGH SCHOOL. He is currently pursuing a project management course and it is his hope to attend GHANA WRITERS ACADEMY to sharpen his writing skills.

Nana Kwame nketsiah is who we will call today a natural writer. Give him a stick and the ground and he will write anything for you. This is based on his philosophy that “an artist is someone who can do something with anything” he is currently a screenwriter for a movie studio which he is also an executive director in. his works in poetry has reached far and wide and was ranked the best and most popular poet on a world poetry site (poemhunter.com for 2013) he is the only poet named Samuel donkor on google so it easier to find him by simple typing (poems written by Samuel donkor)

Some of his works include; *a letter to my heart, a song to my true lover, I wish I was a heavenly angel, jingles from my childhood etc.* and his unpublished book include; *first step to being a millionaire overnight, the cripple from Ghana.* .

WHO OR WHAT A POET IS

Let us begin as any book begins. By finding the dictionary definition of what or who a poet is. The oxford dictionary I have on my computer defines a poet as: 1. Writer of poems 2. Highly imaginative or expressive person. I am force to agree with the later but highly imaginative and expressive? I don't think I agree with it. For the simple reason that there are a lot of highly imaginative person and expressive people out there who are nowhere near being poet or classified as such. Some of this people are artist, painters, software developers, musicians, teachers, etc.

A poet according to my definition which you will not find in any dictionary or book ever written is 'someone who sees a stone on the floor and he/she is inspired to write something about it which he/she doesn't even understand'

But putting humor aside, which is the true definition of a poet. Because practically we don't even understand half the words we are writing. But the spirit of poetry is like an aggressive force, because ones it hits you, your hands will be shaking for a paper and pen. And if you don't get any, well guess you will use stick to inscribe your thought on the floor. Poetry is divine expression force and a poet is an instrument of that force. Some believe we are not human beings, others believe we are into spirits. While the majority believe we are just show offs. And yet still a few believe we have no part to play in this world. Well if you are one of the few let me clarify your dark mind once more. Poet are messengers of the divine (mother-father Supreme Being) as ADENUGA will say 'we are nothing but pencil in the hands of the creator' and especially poet. And it is quiet painful that where I come from there is little appreciation for the art. But hey who cares? I will still write till my spirit leaves my body.

There are different types of poet but we all belong to the same umbrella. The lyricist, Expressionist or spoken poet, etc. and frankly speaking there are a lot of great poet hiding in the shadows of Ghana. Wearing mask like Zorro all because over here, poetry is not much appreciated, and no income can be made out of it.

POE-PHOBIA (THE FEAR OF POETRY)

We all are afraid of poetry one way or the other. Even those who claim to enjoy it, and am not exempted. The word “Poe-phobia” is derivative from the word poem and phobia; the fear of something. And you won’t find it in any encyclopedia or dictionary because I am the original originator of the term. Hope it finds its way to the dictionary though.

For ages, Africans have enjoyed their own version of poetry. Till the English language came and corrupted us into adopting the foreign way. Ask a child to recite a Ghanaian local poetry and it will be wahala. But ask this same child for a poem by William Shakespeare and he or she will sing it for you. This has contributed to us as a nation not being interested in poetry because, the ROMANTIC age is long gone and we are nowhere near catching up when it comes to culture and heritage.

Moreover, the first time I read poetry I got a headache. To me it seemed they were just meaningless words mince together and putted into a can of books for us to read. BASICALLY none of them were understandable. And 89% of them are still now. Sometimes you need a dictionary in other to understand some of the terminologies used. This and many more has contributed to people shunning poetry for music which is the brother.

Poetry is for everybody, the rich poor, healthy, sick, child, adult, and back in those days it was only kings and queens who enjoy poetry or on special occasions sung by our ancestors. Even in the land of the foreigners basically the white, Asians, Arabs etc. it was enjoyed by the rich. Now poetry is everywhere, at every street corner, bookstore, internet archives etc. and for the sake of curing this phobia I have included UNDERSTANDING POETRY courtesy LAWRENCE DARMANI in his book THE COMBINED COMMENTARY.

UNDERSTANDING POETRY

Proverbs and figures of speech are part of poetry, which means the meaning of a poem may not be obvious as that of a prose. It therefore requires a certain amount of thinking through to grasp what the verse is communicating.

Consequently, several meanings may evolve out of a poem, but the reader or the student must be able to justify or authenticate the explanation offered.

Where do you find the good reason to back your assertion that the poem means this or that? First, from the poem itself, through the words and the literary device. Second from the background of the poet-his career, struggles, philosophy in life, the period and place (setting) he wrote the poem and so on. We must remember that poetry is born out of poet experience. Third, consider the title for that will throw more light on the theme or subject matter of the poem.

When you discover what you think is a fitting meaning of a particular line or poem. This meaning must be in consonance with the overall theme, and evidence of it must be cited to give credence to the meaning

Because the poet is dwelling on a particular theme, he will use the words that are not connected and keep going back to similar words remembered in different ways. Identifying those words and their meaning will help to explain what the poem is about.

In trying to understand a poem, we must remember that the poet has something to say. That he doesn't express himself in prose or drama but in poetry is part of the beauty of having several forms of communication.

Thus poetry appreciation means discovering what message the poet is trying to communicate through his poem, how he is doing this and determine whether or not he will be successful

The poet sends his message through his choice of words, how they are arranged, and the many literary devices available to him. By studying those words carefully against certain background information; we determine the subject matter of the poem. The message he wishes to convey, the mood and the tone of the poet and the poem.

ABOUT THE OWL

The owl is a character I created born from creating numerous characters in my screenwriting.

He is a first person speaker who explores the lives of people he is used in seeing daily. He makes a general observation on the characters he sees. He is thousands of years old so we can see he explores the subject from an ancient point of view focusing on the subject of religious fanatic, social disintegration, immorality, and misguided believe. . He employs irony, cynicism, rhythm, simile and the entire literary device you can think of.

AN OWL'S TRAVEL

The Single mother

It begins at sunset

When I was weary and upset

That I as a bird must perch

But not on a lonely bench

From house to house

Like the grey bearded mouse

Standing on a distant thatch

Like the French, Akan's and the Dutch

Hiding behind the shadows of fear

But cool and calm like my dear

Brewed from doubt and superstition

As if it a firm standing institution

Under the moonlight I settled

Waiting patiently to meddle

In the affairs of man not beast

Because I do not have a nest

Looking on unconcerned

Like the hyena unperturbed

I see a newly born mother

Cold and without a father

Nurse her uncaring baby alone

As her cries slice sharp in hone

No husband, stale future

Her heart in fracture

And burden hangs onto her neck

Like gold shaped deck

In her left eyes I see fear

With no one to pity and save her

In her right eye I see doubt

Draining her life away like draught

She is hopelessly compassionate

While the world looks on dispassionate

At the single mother at the corner

Like the old Spanish Donna

But it is a pity

That her only duty

Is to commit her life

Like the bees in hives

The same way she was born

By a shameless father and a mom

She gave birth

Too early like death

AN OWL'S TRAVEL

The Pitiful lover

*As my eyes lid continue to blink
As if am on a dangerous brink
I see a young man approach
Carrying something like a touch
Clearing the darkness aside
Like the hunter with no place to hide
To me he is a shameless garbage collector
Cos I don't need a sonar detector
To know she will break his heart
Like old man's cupid dart
Perhaps he thinks he can heal her
Because life isn't fair
But her heart is sour and breached
Loving will be like falling in a trench
It doesn't belong to him
Cos her life is dim
That she will run into the arms of love
For protection like the white dove
Do you not know she loves cos of desperation
Like she has no aspiration
Even though she deserve her fair share*

He has to be careful

At this stage she is dangerous and dreadful

With lies and deceit

That any man will fall to her feet

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AN OWL'S TRAVEL

The Christian Fanatic

A sharp stone shoot

Right pass my foot

With my wide eye I couldn't see

But the pain feels like a raving sea

I hear a voice shout

It is this young woman who is stout

"Devils bird, go back to where you came from

Before I pound you like a drum"

I stare neither in shock nor a bit surprise

To her, am just a prize

They told her am evil

And am carved out of the devil

But I endure this everyday

Like the hungry goat and fresh hay

Perhaps I should heed to her warning

Because it won't be heart warming

When I fall down from this perch dead

But wait a minute

Is that a bible she holds?

I can't believe this scene unfolds

What is she doing up late

What is this called? Fate?

She is a fanatic

And it won't be fantastic

If I linger here long

Cos I would be squash like the frog

She just came from conversion

Those people who act like they are in convulsion

But don't worry

Like the tatted lorry

We all know she is truly converted

Leaving her husband home deserted

I will be a testimony at church tomorrow

For my story she will borrow

To tell her ignorant lies

About how the evil owl dies

Even I an owl know the truth

Right from the ground to the root

That she lives in illusion

Despite all her life has been in confusion

Perhaps you are right

Down to the upright

That they need something to believe

But you should know it is all to deceive

AN OWL'S TRAVEL

Brothers in Christ

And here come brother bright

Yes you are dam right

That fool who lives and cloak

His lifeless soul with cock

All the young church girls are gone

Between his thighs they are done

Yet he has a mind

Like the deer chases the hind

To know right from wrong

Perhaps he has been drug

To the lies of the church

With nothing to fetch

While the pastor preaches

In his bedroom he teaches

The ecstasy so much forbidden

Like pregnancy hidden.

AN OWL'S TRAVEL

The Corrupt man

I flap my tireless wing

Against the night's strong wind

From below I hear her faint shout

Which I do not doubt

Only to perch further away

And not much dismay

For you see am not that bird

Whom you know to go to early bed

Cos I do not fly for long

In this cold and dangerous world

For I haven't had a decent meal

This is no big deal

But I see a man eat in the shadow

With close and tight window

He is a greedy politician

Who makes baseless decision.

For corruption is born

At the early morning dawn

In broad day light

Out of every keen sight

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