

**...AND SPAT BLOOD
TO SAVE SOULS**

By Geosi Gyasi

The moon came so close to the earth
Dangling in the nightfall

Like a thewy, healing goddess
She coughed and spat blood

Of many refulgent hues
The red and blue overtly danced *azonto*

As her unfeigned sweat exuded from the pores
Of her skin and covered the entire earth

She fought her way into the night
before bargaining with the citizens of the earth

to allow the rising moon to penetrate
deep into their hearts

so as to save their souls from hell fire

SHAME

From the bustling city of Accra,
To the golden city of Kumasi,
To the twin city of Sekondi-Takoradi,

Or the regions of Eastern,
Of Northern, Of Brong-Ahafo,
Of Volta, Of Central,
And of Upper East and West;
Government has superbly
Left a footprint of shame
From footpaths to high) pothole (ways.

SECOND CHANCE

The blue skies glow
With a thunderous fire

Preaching of the gospel
Beguile the mulish heart

A continued search for the lost
Sheep since the days of Noah

*Will there truly be the
Second coming of Christ?*

In the afternoon sun
arrives the heat that goes wild

Gruffly occluded by
the little voices of the wind

passing so quickly the sounds of dirges

and the mourning of the human hearts

that cower under tree sheds

begging for a second chance

Bio:

Geosi Gyasi is a librarian, book blogger, reader, writer, and interviewer. His work has appeared or forthcoming in Visual Verse, Verse-Virtual, Piker Press, Misty Review, Silver Birch, Linden Avenue, Brittle Paper and elsewhere. He is a reader for the U.S based literary magazine, Indianola and the author of the forthcoming book of interviews (2016) from Lamar University Press Books in Texas, U.S. He blogs at <http://www.geosireads.wordpress.com>

[Photo credit: Kathy Knowles]