KOBENA EYI ACQUAH

Four Poems from Rivers Must Flow

Keyboard Minuet
(For Mensima)

The opening movement of this piece
was lost somewhere along the way
between our birth and now

The andante and presto–rondo
a life-long collaboration between us
waits yet to be conceived

But if you chance to catch in these lines
echoes of some primordial themes
premonitions of forthcoming expositions
tripping down the tributaries of your arteries
to swell secret symphonic streams in your cells –
could it be life’s mysterious melodies
being scored afresh in the soul’s recesses
composed anew in contrapuntal chords
upon the piano-forte of just our hearts?

You be the white keys and I will be the black
or be black and I will be white
Only let such harmonies pour forth
God hearing will miss Calvary

For at such a trysting place I stand
waiting to die and live for you
Variations Upon A Walcott Theme
(For Osofo Peter Barker & Alfred Hansen)

Miss Miles,
it was better to be broken
than like the rest, your betters,
to leave the truth, unspoken.

Derek Walcott

I

No, we do not lift her up
to the cynical censure of these
who for their selfish ends might even
dare what she accomplished.
Over their cocktails they will
gleefully charge her with their own
vile ambitions, impute to her
their base motives.
Raised on a pedestal, apart,
she will be petrified, separated
from the folks with whom
living, labouring together
she only spoke the obvious truth
as she saw it, sincerely.
We carry her away to bury in a
borrowed grave, without fanfare.

II

The sealed tomb too glibly
simplifies the cost – glossing over
Gethsemane, the mock trial, the scourging,
the long, uphill trudge to Golgotha,
the brutal bite of rusty nails.