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**Me yɛ**

Each day I step out of my door  
The rising sun brings opportunities of a hustle  
The morning showers make the grass green  
The sun is supposed to dry my tears  
The breeze is supposed to calm my anxiety  
Awaiting in the dark corners is the whimper  
Wanting to influence the outcome of my hustle  
I surge ahead with my head high, not knowing if that is my last breath  
They say do not fear, for you walk not alone  
Fire rages all around me, tearing within my tranquility to devour  
I hold onto my inner desires of strength, fingers on the tips of hope  
Which compares not to the darkness of six feet under  
My soul roams in the sea of unknown despair  
Haunted by the shadows of wickedness, dimming the glimmer of light  
The rivers and the birds, violent screams of anguish, can be heard afar  
The bones of my heart pierce the darkness of night  
On the horizon is the trail of our gallant ancestors  
Me yɛ a son of Asante Kotoko, Wo kum apem, a apem beba  
A descendant of the land of the elephants  
A son of the seas that never stop boiling  
Bretuo ba, Boakyetenten Nana, Asonomaso dekye  
Me yɛ Boakyeba!