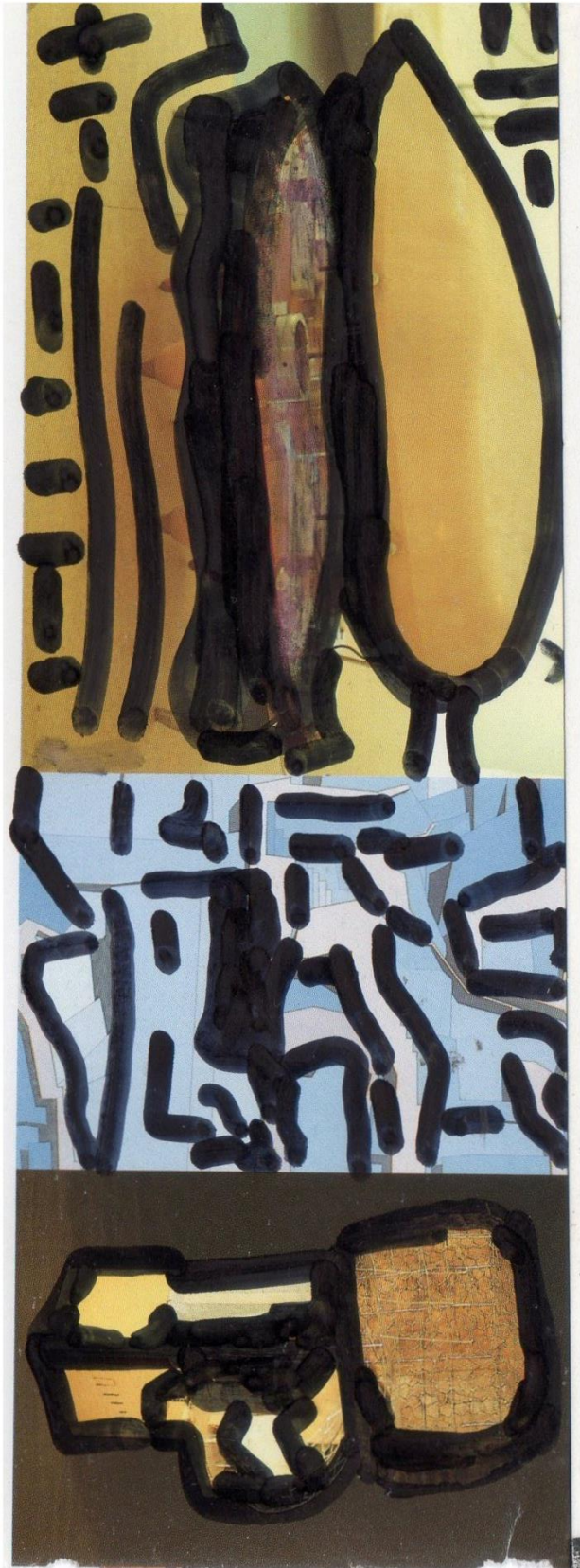


The Act of Apt Sailor in the Ice Colony

Jacob Kobina Ayiah Mensah





following the case with its details

you show an aversion

to anything

you use its suffix

to signifies

an approach for yourself

or for me

a moot point

and you escape

slow and gentle

the largest ice boat is docking

and the illegal passengers

cannot hide their joy

they shout with their hands

suddenly

the coast guides

emerging from the next cold

who are these

what are these thick and black clouds

I carve your captain and my anger

and cover the ice sea with papers

and hide shadows under the rocks

still melting when the captain is asleep

and I hide in his dream

1

a single morning and the interruption does not matter to be the next neighbour

2

when you are instantly stowing away into a corner on the other side of white valleys among the
lunar mountains and I dare whisper any observation with a desperate thing.
I really see in you somewhat pungent suffering for the time predominated over fear these
mountains hold for years

3

I have drawn parallels in this silence of wet wind and the fortune is often between the mountains
and you may almost to be your father and seek a cave in one of the hillsides only along
the edges of something found to be different to what either you or I expect

7

enough to solve the fifteen years of ignominy when I have been in a doze with a little
uneasy at your marked preference

10

I drop the damp of your doubts for something of insubstantiality and uncertainty
that has beset my hopes without further remonstrance

4

I follow your lost existence backwards and forwards and this is quite peremptory,
both in look and voice by clouds

5

I have lost everything I do not have to something to be found to be different to what
either you or I expect in its watery bright

9

under pretence of sombre thoughts, a thicket between my hands smouldering

8

for aught we know, notwithstanding this alienation, I believe the exist is glued to the
deep mourning which is served indelibly to fix the years of voluntary banishment in the
mud

13

dabbling the hands in running water from the stream, a circumstance
immediately follows this strange recurrence of an old image and we run from this iteration

14

you wander here and there in a withered body I have borrowed for a new acquaintance,
you take measure to obtain relief when we cross the last footbridge with higher wishes

6

I spend what remains to you of days in quite a changed tone

15

the time is unjust to lay the blame for this persistent inaction on the acceptance of placing one
step before the other

