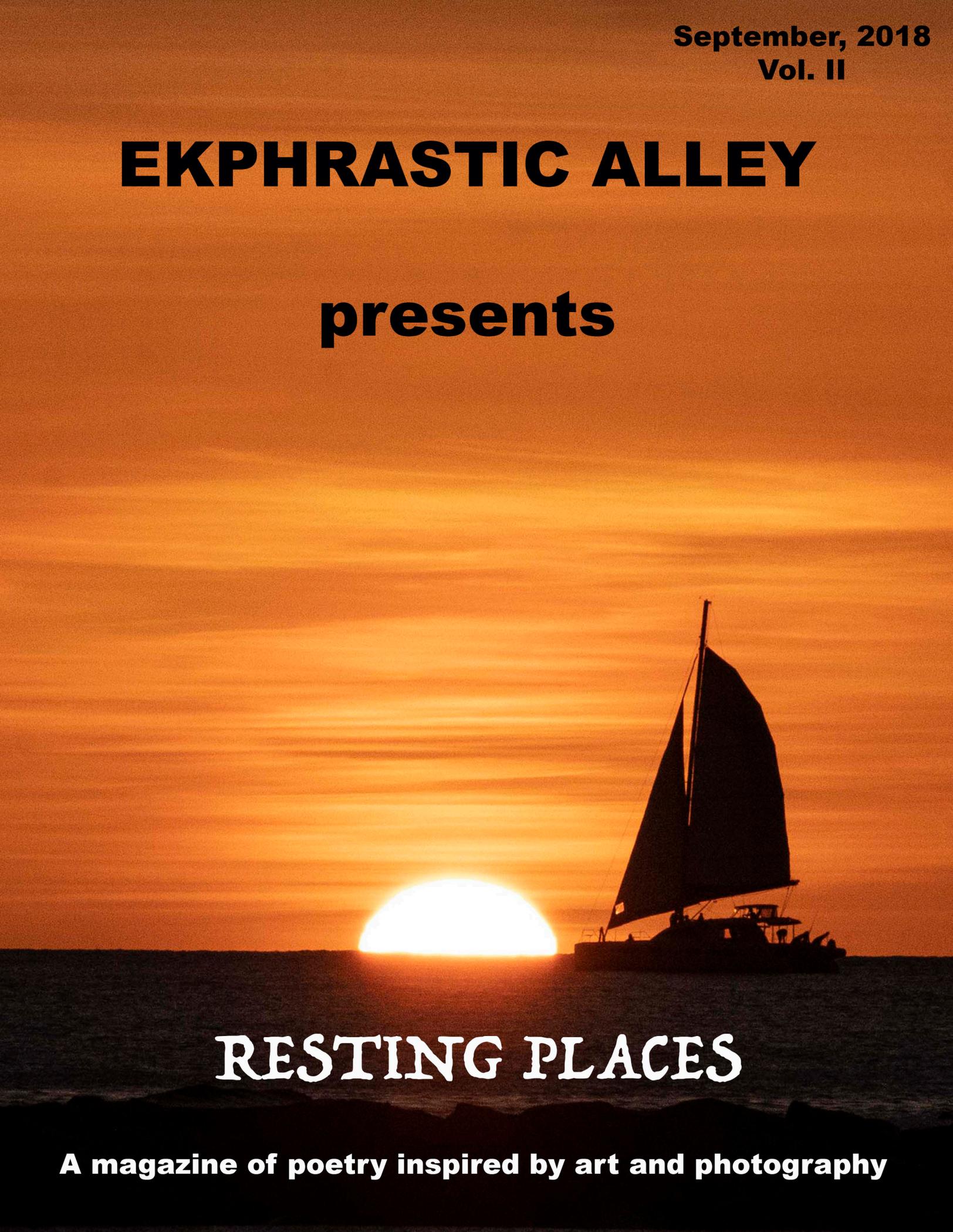


September, 2018
Vol. II

EKPHRASTIC ALLEY

presents

A photograph of a sailboat on the ocean at sunset. The sun is a bright, glowing semi-circle on the horizon, casting a warm orange glow across the sky and water. The sailboat is silhouetted against the bright light of the sun, with its sails partially unfurled. The overall mood is serene and contemplative.

RESTING PLACES

A magazine of poetry inspired by art and photography

About Ekphrastic-Alley!

"Ekphrastic-Alley!"
is a magazine featuring poetry that is inspired by
art and photography.

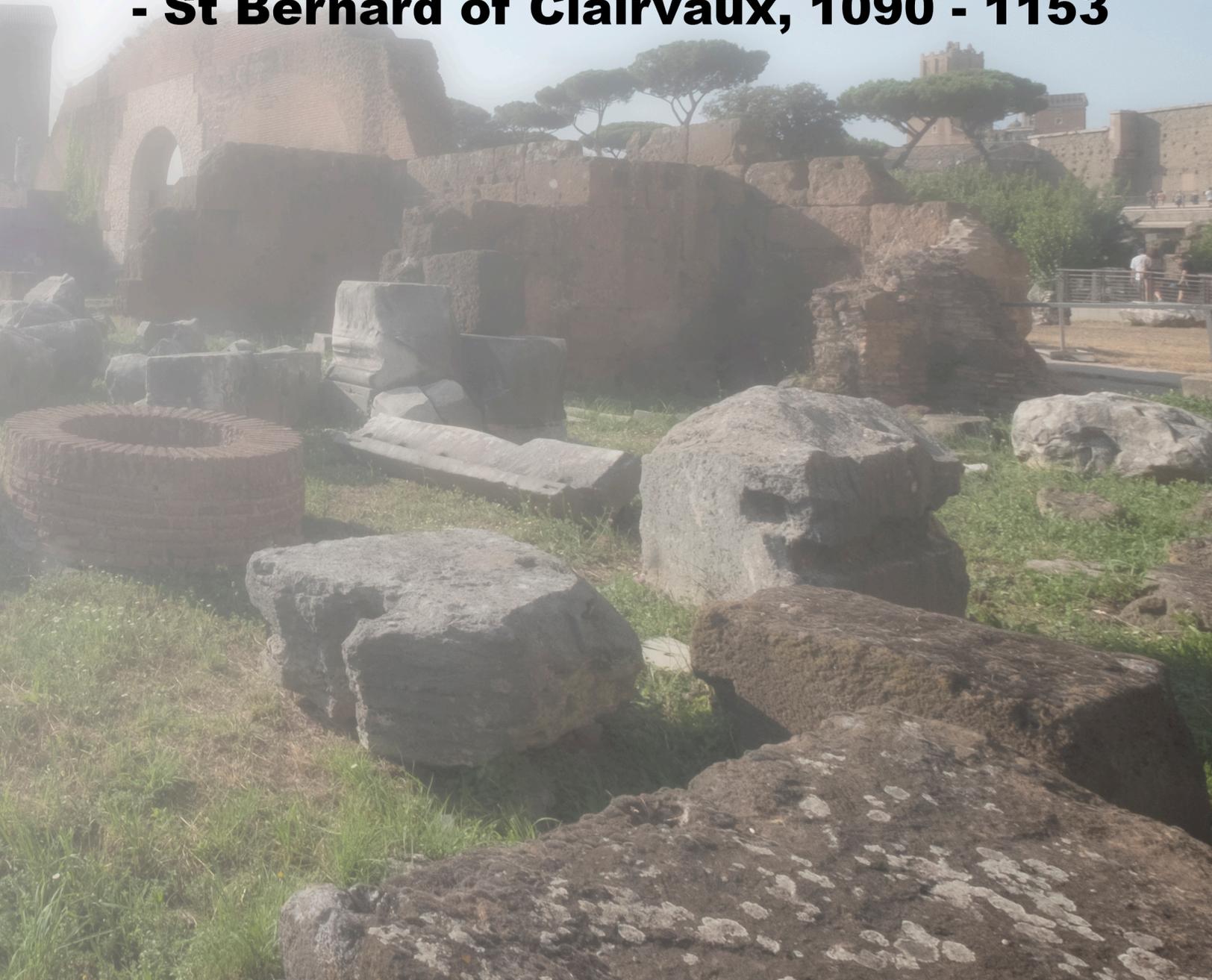
ekphrasis
plural ekphrases also ecphrases play
\ek-frə-sēz\
: a literary description of or
commentary on a visual work of art

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**We find rest in those we love, and we
provide a resting place in ourselves for
those who love us.**

- St Bernard of Clairvaux, 1090 - 1153



About this Issue

Welcome to the second edition of Ekphrastic-Alley!, a magazine that features poetry inspired by art and photography.

This edition is titled "Resting Places" and explores the places, situations and people that offer solace and rest. A resting place may be temporal or it may be a refuge in times of turmoil. It could also be final - a place of rest from life's battles.

One may not even realize a place, situation or person is acting as a resting place. Whatever it is, themes that are recognizable in such a place are love, peace, solace and refuge.

May your life offer a resting place for those you love and may you find one when you need it.

Enjoy!

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read "Nancy", located in the bottom right corner of the text area.





resting place (noun)

Definition of Resting Place

1

: a place where people can stop
and rest:

We found a good resting place by
the side of the trail.

2

: a place where someone is buried:
Her final/last resting place.

3

: a place where something has
been put:

The monument was moved to a
new resting place.



THE SUNSET

It finds its rest,
Beyond the churning waves,
Far in the West.
The wide ocean it braves,
As its incessant glow,
That marks each day,
Becomes a colorful show,
Replacing the horizon's grey.
Caught in the toils of the day,
We see its beauty at the end,
When its colorful, arresting array,
Causes us into regret to descend.

Enjoy its presence at every chance!
Bask in its radiance and expanse!



LEGS TUCKED IN

Legs tucked in she bowed,
her head into arms crossed.
With that she quietly allowed,
Her soul to be gently tossed,
To a place of deep contemplation.
As her mind became one with all,
She got lost in her meditation.
Thus time did nothing but crawl,
At the spot where she asana sat.
A peaceful, ascetic habitat,
Where spirit and soul could nest.



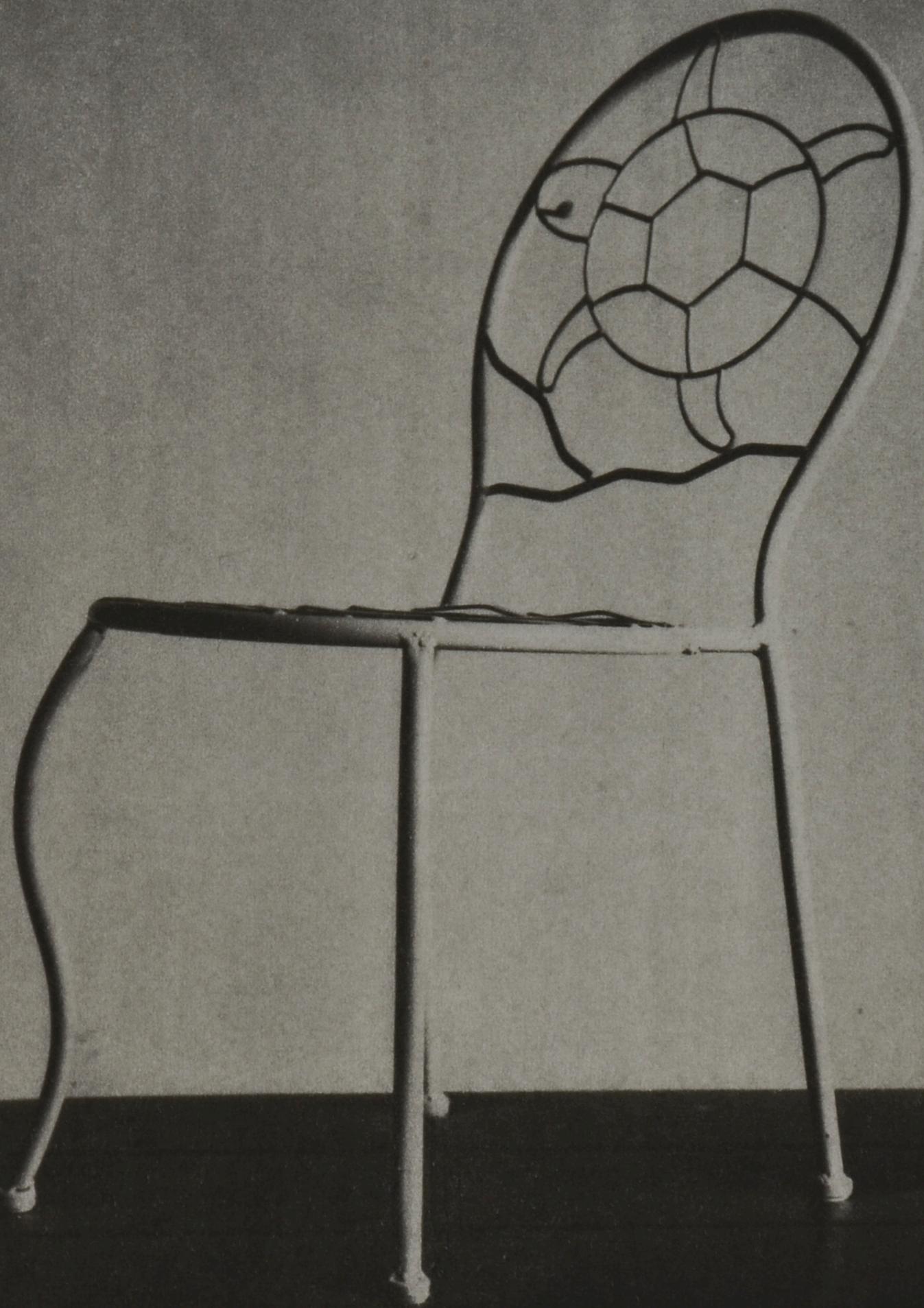
FUFU

At our resting place,
Waiting our turn patiently.
The soup is sizzling.

Slivers of plantain
With pieces of cassava.
The soup is nutty.

Pounding is a must,
Gets us into a smooth ball.
Meat, smoked fish, wele, snails.

Nectar for the gods,
Manna from high heaven.
Lunch, dinner, hmm! hmm!



THE CHAIR

He would sit on me and sigh,
Like he was letting it all out.
Often did he his burdens decry,
Bitterness and despair he did spout.

The bottle became his friend,
Weeds, pills and powders too.
Some hope they did him lend,
His pain they could not subdue.

On Friday he sat on me and sighed,
Then raised the gun to his head.
A bang before he fell to the side,
Splattered with blood as his life fled.

They found him today,
His body stiff and cold,
I was still in dismay,
At what did unfold.

I'll never forget him,
And his tormented face.
Then through a life quite grim,
I was his resting place.

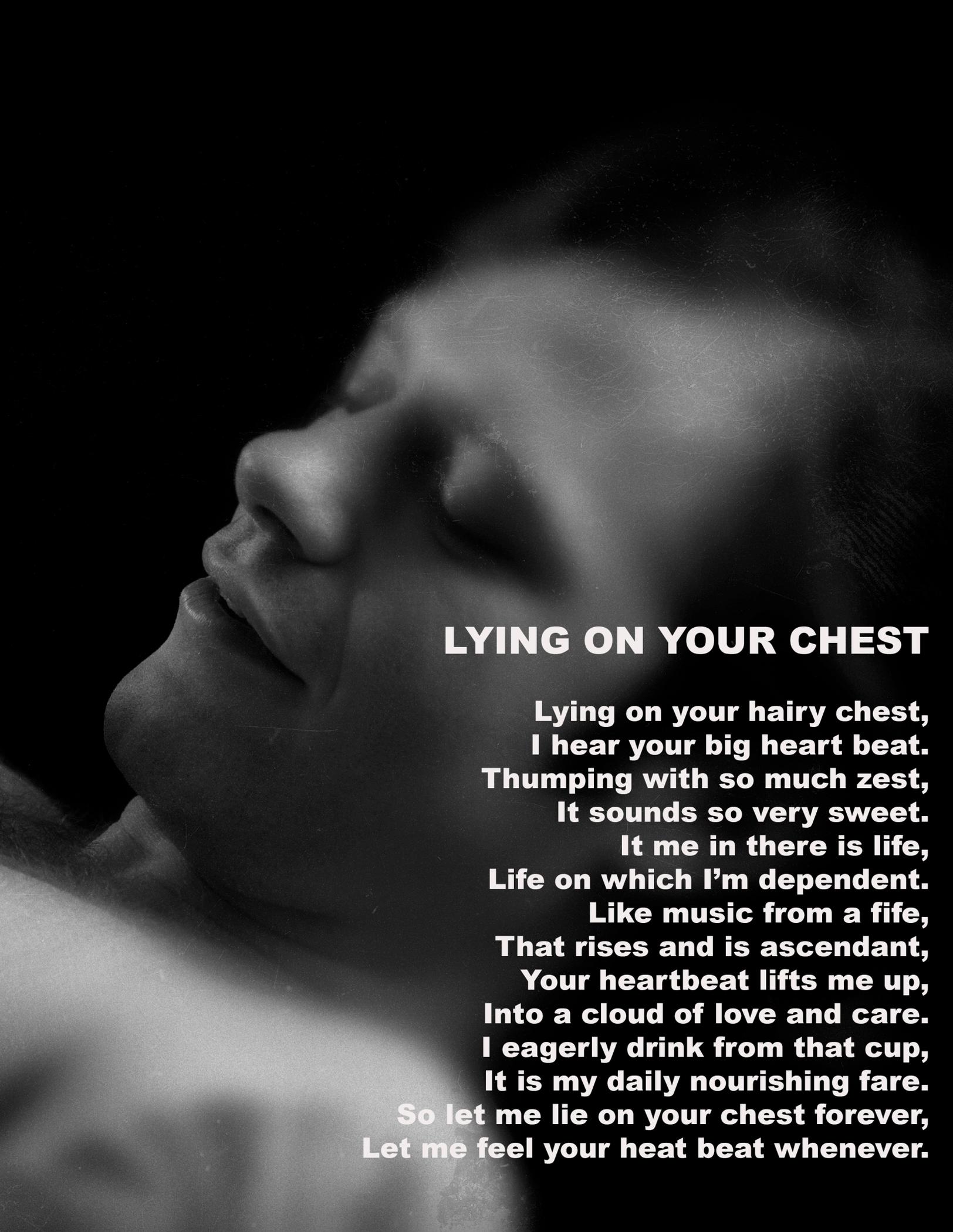


THE BED

The bed...
The making-out stage,
When those hormones do rage.
The love-making platform,
When passions strongly storm.
The bay-making locus,
When contraception is not the focus.
The putting-heads-together-venue,
When decision-making is on the menu.
Far away from the grind,
The place where we find,
And dearly embrace
That sweet, sweet, grace
Of rest.

The bed...
That warm space,
From where we displace,
Ourselves from the rat race,
That we daily face.
That comfortable base,
From where we chase,
Sleep at our pace,
And tiredness erase.
Far away from the grind,
The place where we find,
And dearly embrace
That sweet, sweet, grace
Of rest.





LYING ON YOUR CHEST

**Lying on your hairy chest,
I hear your big heart beat.
Thumping with so much zest,
It sounds so very sweet.
It me in there is life,
Life on which I'm dependent.
Like music from a fife,
That rises and is ascendant,
Your heartbeat lifts me up,
Into a cloud of love and care.
I eagerly drink from that cup,
It is my daily nourishing fare.
So let me lie on your chest forever,
Let me feel your heat beat whenever.**



THROUGH HER MIND

What goes through her mind
Stretched out in her resting place?
Does she find life unkind?
Barren of any iota of grace?
Is she in a tight pinch
About to cook for dinner?
Or would she love to lose an inch
So she might look thinner?
Maybe she'll fit in that dress
That sits tight on her
And shows those curves
That rightfully stir
Desire in his eyes
Intense heat in his loins.
Does daydream about the skies
Or just a lot of golden coins?
Whatever goes through her mind
In her resting place,
Be it unkind, designed or refined,
Shows not on her face.



BEHIND THE DUNES

**They found her behind the dunes,
Her body lifeless and still.
Even the wind sang strange tunes,
Filling the air with a chill.**



**She lay naked in the sand,
Bereft of all dignity in her demise.
Her body, beautiful and tanned,
Was now shrouded in death's guise.**

**No one knew her name,
Or where she came from.
What evil was to blame,
To what ill she did succumb.**

**There were hardly any traces,
Of love, longing or grace.
Only a sea of curious faces,
Around her strange resting place.**



THE BENCH

The road has been long
Dangerous and uncertain.
Look ahead my man!

The nights have been cold
The days' heat too much to bear.
Does he even see?

All my my muscles ache,
I hurt from hunger and thirst.
If he would just look.

Ah! A place to sit,
There stands a clean empty bench.
Finally he rests.



THE OLD BOAT

It sat on the banks,
Of the big lake in the woods,
Deserted and alone,
It had seen better days.
The paint had peeled off,
Like the glory it once possessed
Left with just faint traces of a past,
A shell of what used to be.
Even weeds had invaded it's very being
Growing wild with abandon.

Did it carry a father forth,
Teaching his son how to fish,
Or a daughter when to reel it in?
Was is the meeting place,
Of two best friends,
Who used their time on the lake,
To escape nagging wives?
Was it the lovers' vessel,
In which they stole their first kiss,
As the moon looked on and smiled?

It sat on the bank,
Deserted and alone.
Only a shell of what it used to be,
A hint of the glory of past days.
Yet it carries many a story
That will never be told.
It carries juicy secrets,
No one will ever find,
As it sits all forgotten,
At its final resting place.



THE CELL

He withdrew from the world,
To the confines of the Abbey,
Where he sought solitude,
And peace for his soul.

Abuse at him they hurled,
His decision called shabby,
Some doubted his aptitude,
Even questioned his goal.

So into the cell he curled,
Resolved not to go astray,
Then he had found quietude,
Rest to make him whole.



THE ELMINA CASTLE

Dear Castle,

**In you rests dreams shattered and hopes dashed.
In you rests broken bodies and trampled-on spirits.**

In you rests the screams of women raped.

in you rests the groans of men tortured.

In you rests sweat, urine and tears.

In you rests the remnants of our broken societies.

In you rests the baseness of humanity.

In you rests the destruction of a race.

In you rests the plundering of a continent.

In you rests greed, racism and white supremacy.

In you rests self-hatred, deceit and treason.

You stand, after all these centuries.

The resting place of pain, sadness and death.

The resting place of separation, lost homes and loneliness.

The resting place of slavery!





THE CHURCH

Some go for the Word,
Missives that the spirit uplift,
And are still heard,
Within forever like a gift.

For some it is the door,
That leads to life eternal.
One needs not do more,
To be placed in that Journal.

A family it is for some,
A place of love and care.
One is always welcome,
A prayer to share.

Then is the weary soul,
Seeking a resting place,
It makes some whole,
Through sweet solace.

What it means to me,
Does not really matter.
All I want to see,
Is humanity getting better.



THE HAMMOCK

I lay there in the hammock,
As the boy splashed loudly by.
Fifteen he must have been,
A teenager he was for sure.
As soon as I closed my eyes,
His cries for help pierced the air.
Into the water I dove,
Then the boy needed saving.

When I saw him swim by me,
Movements sure and strong,
I could hardly believe my eyes,
Then I thought he was drowning.
I spun around to see him climb
Into the hammock I had just left,
Deftly and with skill
No distress to be noticed.

As I neared the hammock,
A smirk on the imp's face I saw.
Then he noticed me and shouted,
"Nice resting place, Mister!
"You snooze, you sure will loose!"
I was filled with rage,
Yet he was only a boy,
However as I swung him into the water,
I thought his place was with the sharks.



I WATCH THEM

Lying here in my place of rest,
I watch them come and go.
Still living, though crying,
Still missing those they leave here.

I see some take a seat,
On the bench over yonder,
For that moment of rest,
From a life that moves so fast.

I see them take a seat,
To be near those they lost,
Wishing to be close for a while,
And reminisce about old times.

Hope when
They sit to catch their breath
Or rest to reminisce,
Beside those,
Who forever have no breath,
Who forever cannot reminisce,
They do stop and listen,
So they can hear the sound,
Of the ever ticking clock.



RESTING PLACE

“Every bird needs a tree; every ship needs a harbour! Blessed are those who have a place to rest when tired!”

– Mehmet Murat ildan





COMMENTS

*Reflections
in a ring of
Light*



NANA DADZIE GHANSAH

EKPHRASTIC-ALLEY!

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