

Poetry Series

**Olutayo K Osunsan**  
**- poems -**

**Publication Date:**

2021

**Publisher:**

Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

## **Olutayo K Osunsan(14th May 1978)**

Olutayo K. Osunsan was born in Lagos, Nigeria. He lives in Kampala, Uganda with his wife, Judith Nabirye and their three kids. He works as a lecturer at Kampala International University and lectures courses in business and management. His writings, especially poetry have appeared in several literary magazines, journals, anthologies and on websites in several countries. Olutayo is the author of several books.

# Pieces Of Midnight

Pieces of midnight sprinkled on the ground. My leg wads through as the blanket ripples and the pieces disappear into the ether. Soaked in the cold with the darkness remolding and the stars collecting. I stood still to see the mirrored constellations of a lucid sky form. Moments before everything was shattered again by the tugging of the wind. For a second or two, it all made sense and everything had its purpose. Till the wind blew it all away into shattered pieces.

Olutayo K Osunsan

# Why

If I live on a pebble in the sky,  
Then why should I bother asking why.  
Why the sky is not always blue.  
Why people are not always true.

If His home is in my doubting heart,  
Then why should I worry if we part.  
Why should I try blindly to be good.  
Why should I work to upgrade my mood.

If strangers feel they know my type,  
Then why bother trying to change the hype.  
Why convince them I am not the others.  
Why appeal that we all have mothers.

Olutayo K Osunsan

# The Publicist

Be the hero, the one that saved the world before breakfast twenty-four seasons ago.

The lunch time millionaire who sold his bread in crumbs and made a fortune in an hour can be you.

If its pity you want, I can brew it like fine Sunday evening tea and serve it in priceless china with affirmations.

The victor and the victim can be crafted and placed by dinner time. It will go well with blue wine and green eyed monsters, under the lilt of Masai music.

Whatever you want, we can spin and twist the truth, as long as you tell me what you really want. I can always paint it grey if it is not white or black.

Olutayo K Osunsan

# Streetlights

I have roamed the night streets till its lights weaken and the moths retire. In my head, all the sad thoughts made way.

I have smiled at early morning strangers returning from sweat drenched work. In my heart I always question the subtle madness of life.

How the sunrises without a seconds delay for any soul or the moons departure without consideration for anybody's sleep.

I have searched my spirit as I search the street for an overdose of midnight gladness. It might cost, but still it takes me away from my pitiful self.

Searching for that speck of sense that will trigger a revolution in my world, an uprising in my spirit that will resist the urge of dying slowly and silently as I cross shadows in the streetlight night after night.

The night is my life of solitude; the streetlights are the sunrises, my transient hopes. The rest of the world is madness, subtle madness, and pure madness.

Olutayo K Osunsan

# Craving

A lion staring at the caucus  
After the great hunt and the hush  
And the stupid hyena coming to join  
The feasting and perhaps become the starter.

Olutayo K Osunsan

# Deja Vu

Shy like snowflakes, you burn patterns into my head  
And all I can do is see them in everything that is transient.

The lady walking by in the paper-bag suit under the  
palm of a damp umbrella shedding a fat droplet onto the pavement.

Olutayo K Osunsan



# I Saw Twilight

I saw twilight  
In the garden with a tree,  
Its leaves dry and coy.

Olutayo K Osunsan

# Kisaasi

Dust climbing the sky.  
Debonair in my white shirt.  
Late to work again.

Olutayo K Osunsan

# Seduced

- 3 Autumn sets her gaze
- 2 To undress the distant trees
- 1 Seduced by her voice

Olutayo K Osunsan

# Geisha

Lotus blossoms

Bloom with the smile on her face.

Lips of hot cherry,

Face powdered with the hand fan;

Poems pour from her dark eyes.

Olutayo K Osunsan

# Son

To hold you in my hands  
And offer to you all I have;

To move the shadows of mountains  
And cast the glorious light on you;

To silent the plans of evil critics  
That you my learn to fly freely;

To make the world a better place  
For you to live happily in smiles;

To learn from my youthful flaws  
And be a better man for you;

To be your gracious and loving dad  
And show you the best a man can be;

To tilt the mighty arms of providence  
To favor everything you say or do in this world.

All this I will do to make you glad that I am the man who calls you son, my son.

Olutayo K Osunsan

# Black Moth

Flapping in the light like a dark omen,  
Casting flickering shadows across the room.  
In the hour glass the last grain drops and the candle is silenced.  
The burnt smell of moth is smeared across the room.

An enigmatic shadow is born into the mind of a superstitious observer.

Olutayo K Osunsan

# My Life In A Tea Cup

My entire life is in your tea cup.

Sometimes you sprinkle sugar  
other times you stir viciously.

But at the end of it all you take  
a gulp and spit it all on the floor.

Olutayo K Osunsan

# We Will Live (Again)

Mountains are gray and valleys are green.  
There are days and nights.  
We will live.

Harsh suns burn the back of those on the fields.  
Rocks cut the soles of our bare feet.  
We will struggle.

The baked earth crumple into dust as we plough.  
Sweats and dreams water the earth.  
We will labor.

Our fathers die in their struggle to find peace.  
Our mothers cry in pain of lost love.  
We will stand.

Blood flows through our veins when we are injured.  
Tears fall from our eyes when we ask 'why'.  
We will survive.

Stir down in our bruised hearts: we will not die.  
Roam in our heads: we will not hate.  
We will live.

We will!

Olutayo K Osunsan



# Sparrows And Swallows

How pure and true is your dwelling place,  
Where the sparrows build their modest home  
And the swallows release their shielded young,  
By your altar, in your courts, in the sanctuary  
Where your glory dwells and is revealed.

My heart yearns and even cries to be a sparrow,  
Or a swallow and dwell forever near your altar,  
Leaning on your grace, gazing upon your face  
And flying freely in your courts with songs.

Songs of adoration at the profoundness of peace  
And devotion you pour into your creation.  
For not even a sparrow falls without your knowledge  
And in the palm of your hands you cup its soul,  
Bringing it back with the kiss of love - of eternal life.

The young swallows call your name in the morning,  
In anticipation of your visitation to their humble dwelling,  
And how much more, I, your beloved image and likeness:  
Craving and longing for more and more of you in my life.

Olutayo K Osunsan

# Going Home

The silver cord is bent like a bow, ready to snap;  
The golden bowl is a drought riddled land with cracks,  
The almond tree has found inspiration for its bloom in my hair.

In my house the two ladies strain to see through the tinted windows of my vision, my servants have halted their grinding duties, the strong men that carry the burdens are stooped low to their knees and the guards that are the pillars are trembling under the ebbing of time.

The sound of work has faded into the years and the doors to life's opportunities are shut; the water jar is already shattered and the pulley is broken.

Memories are left as tokens as the voice of the Master's calls from his glorious abode.

Olutayo K Osunsan

# I Beg You

By faith I have loved you.  
A love that denies its power  
To silence the restless spirit.

I have loved you with love  
That speaks only with action.  
A love that will always be found.

And by this love I beg you  
To only love me half as much  
As I have always loved you.

Olutayo K Osunsan

# In Africa

I

In Africa silence and sound are one,  
The sun and rain do rein together  
And we the people live and die at once.

II

The silence of thin rain droplets tiptoeing on tin roofs,  
The sound of heavy women married for years  
Weighing the weather to determine whether rain or shine.

III

Children whisper that a lion is being born somewhere  
In the concealed secrecy of the African savanna,  
Under the shade of an enigmatic tree surrounded by sun and rain.

IV

In Africa mighty kings are born when rain and sun clash  
Over the footpaths and the tin or thatched roof of tattered houses.  
Shamba boys are born under the exact conditions too.

V

In Africa everything meets; the past and the present,  
Modernity and the wilderness, old and young, today and tomorrow,  
White and black, slavery and freedom, and of course cultures.

Olutayo K Osunsan

# My Daughter

I

When I held your hand  
The day you were born to me  
Life made perfect sense.

II

Being your father  
To give you life's very best  
Just to see you smile.

III

Your translucent cry  
And the warm pulse of your heart  
Calls my name till now.

IV

Each slow step you took  
I stood behind with my heart  
To guide your focus.

V

When you uttered 'dad'  
I knew God knew me by name  
And He favored me.

VI

My dearest daughter  
To me you are heavenly  
God's gracious love gift.

VII

If I ever fail  
It would be because of much  
That I could endure.

VIII

And though years may come  
When you doubt my love for you  
But love never dies.

IX

A wife and mother

Still you remain my daughter

God's kind smile to me.

X

For you my daughter

My last breathe will be for you

Just to see you smile.

Olutayo K Osunsan

# The Day You Were Born

The day you were born, I saw you.  
Crimson like a wild flower yet to bloom,  
Your white cry scrapped the silence like a mute TV.

Naked and plump, you stretched your translucent hands  
Filled with blue veins to capture invisible cords.

Your eyes shut in the light and still you blossomed  
Like the radiance of the early sun, making every face beam.

My voice absorbed your bleached cry as you clinged to my thumb,  
With gentle pulses you shined on my silhouette like daylight.

I stared at your mother's eyes, because I thought you had stolen them,  
The same way you stole my gaze and affection from the moment I saw you.

Olutayo K Osunsan

# African Lions

At the sun's roar, African lions rise.  
Brave in their crude strides in a pride,  
They survey the land for what to eat.

From the shoulder on an ancient rock  
Their manes dazzle in the morning's air,  
Their tails drag behind like princely robes.

Kings lust the fear their presence command  
When their barrel eyes focus on a dwindling prey,  
The way the African lion's claws rip the ground below  
Pulling everything in the distance closer and closer.

Warriors desire to be remembered by the lion's heart,  
Pounding on calm rage with such precise control  
That bursts out in seconds ending with blood.

Their preys, not necessarily the weakest,  
But fate always has its peculiar ways.

Olutayo K Osunsan



# Encounter

My spirit is weary with love  
By those heaven inspired eyes  
That caressed my rustic face  
Thawing it as my heart elopes  
With your autumn winged name.

Olutayo K Osunsan

# Celebration

Talking drums unwrapping tales  
In resounding bounces of leather,  
Daring youth to exercise its charisma.

Palm wine staggering in calabashes,  
Gracefully white and beaming,  
When passed from hand to hand.

Head ties, wrappers in bright colors,  
Embroidered caps of different shades  
And sandals laced in intricate designs.

Eloquent dishes spread out on the table,  
Beautiful smell of freshly pounded yam  
Laid out next to fish and vegetable soup.

Pretty beads dancing on swinging hips,  
African princesses in Yoruba land  
Responding to the drum's challenge.

Olutayo K Osunsan