



Olutayo Kadmiel Osunsan was born in Lagos, Nigeria. He is currently studying International Business at Kampala International University and is a member of Kampala Pentecostal Church in Uganda.

Olutayo's works have been published in anthologies, magazines, books, E-zines and web sites on four continents, a few have been translated to foreign languages. His poems have been praised by editors and readers alike for its deep spiritual implications. He is a member of several literary societies and enjoys traveling. He recently completed a short novel titled 'Leaving the Playhouse' and is currently working on a christian fantasy novel.



Strange Beauty is Olutayo K. Osunsan's first collection of poems. It highlights the colorful qualities of the human condition, it's trials, hopes, losses, failures, successes, fears, dreams and its endless facades. Through the limitations and situations the human spirit permeates through all obstacles and that is the Strange Beauty of life.

The diverse qualities and unique incidents in the world are captured in this collection through the eyes of a young African. These poems depict the relationship between God and man, love and life with its ups and downs and celebrate the flaws and abilities that add up to life.

Strange Beauty

Strange Beauty ... Olutayo K. Osunsan



Olutayo K. Osunsan

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Strange Beauty

by

Olutayo K. Osunsan

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Strange Beauty

To the glory of the LORD my God, for his mercy, love and grace in my life. Where would I be if it wasn't for Jesus? Thank you for stooping so low to pick me up. You are the greatest and I love you completely!

For Judith Nabirye, thanks for being my best friend, encourager and girlfriend.

And also to Olukayode Osunsan, thank you for always being there for me even when others fade away, you've been more than an older brother.

Strange Beauty

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Beginnings Magazine, Bear Creek Haiku, Seam, Iliad Press, Electronic Acorn, Mwe Enterprise, Art-Arena.com, White Heron Press and Impetus.

'I Can't Wait' and 'My Only One' to be sang by Samallie Holm in her upcoming album in 2004.

Strange Beauty

'...to bestow on them a crown of *beauty* instead of ashes, the oil of gladness instead of mourning, and a garment of praise instead of a spirit of despair. They will be called oaks of righteousness, a planting of the LORD for the display of his splendor.'

Isaiah 61:3

Strange

Strange Beauty

'There is no Excellent Beauty, that hath not some *strangeness* in
the proportion'

Francis Bacon, Essay 43 'Of Beauty'

Strange Beauty

Beloved

Cry beloved, cry
That you won't need to
When your heart is broken.

Life has its hoping and people make promises to feel good.
Some don't care if it's all you have but they take it anyway.
Never dream too big, you will only fall too high when all fails.

Breathe beloved, breathe.
That you won't need to
When you are choking.

Burdens will come in masks to clench your throat real good.
The things you fear most will come searching for you anyway.
Chains will bind you all over and walls surround, but never fail.

Stand beloved, stand
That you will not fall
When the ground trembles.

Spread your feet on the ground and stand akimbo like good.
You will come to doubt everything you believe in anyway.
Hold on to what is true when the floor fails. Truth never fails.

Live beloved, live
That you will not die
With the dawning of life.

Strange Beauty

Entebbe

Audacious lake flies rise in smoke columns, in the distance,
Across the shimmering gray lake like a wall, at cockcrow.

On the shore, chilled waves step back and forth hesitantly
On the soaked sand, with tattered algae spread in patches.

Water hyacinths dance up and down on the deep waves,
On pilgrimage to the shore to cuddle the sleeping canoes.

Bare footed fishermen inspect their moldy nets calmly,
With an eye on the oozing flies assaulting the lake.

In worn-out colonial houses charcoal stoves come to life,
Babies coo and the naked fragrance of the lake finds it way
into town.

Banana plants in the backyards are weighed down by heavy
bunches,
The damp grasses beneath tickle their stems to create reluctant
sways.

Off the narrow streets and the main road, rusty bicycles drag
On dusty roads and cough at the sight of potholes and bush
paths.

Primary school children cross the roads in rickety flocks,
Some with leather shoes and white socks, others bare footed.

Late cars dart with loud hooting through the main road,
Minds already in the airport to catch flights and welcome
guests.

Strange Beauty

At the horizon of Lake Victoria, the waking sun stretches out
its rays

In a bright burst of light pretending to shyly deem it its duty.

The volume is increased from notch to notch in the local
market,

Bargaining warms up socially before it peaks to hostility at
noon.

After silent intervals, white cars with yellow bases instantly
usher visitors

Out of the airport and on their way to Kampala to experience
Uganda.

Beauty

Strange Beauty

'If you get simple beauty and nought else, you get about the
best thing God invents'

Robert Browning, *Fra Lippo Lippi*

Strange Beauty

My Savior

For mummy

I will awaken the dawn with praises to your holy name
And my soul will be stirred to worship you amidst trials.
Your Spirit within me will open my eyes of faith to see
That my redemption draws near by the second.

From everlasting to everlasting, Lord, you will be my hiding
place.

In your loving-kindness I will bury my face under your wings
That my enemies might not see my tears of regret.
Why didn't I seek you in my youth when I had more vigor?

My heart will thump with joy at the sound of your voice,
Deep worship will flow from my spirit to heaven
Where your throne is established from the wake of time.
Because of your mercy I was led to repentance.

Let the train of your robe flow through and beyond
The span of my life that I might learn your glorious ways.
Let the beauty of your holiness blind me
That the lure of sin and doubt would not seduce me.

Many are my afflictions, but they don't compare
To the wealth of promises I found in your word:
'Though the fig tree does not bud and there are no grapes on
the vines,
Though the olive crops fail and the fields produce no food,
Though there are no sheep in the pen and no cattle in the
stalls,
Yet I will rejoice in the LORD, I will be joyful in God my
savior'

Habakkuk 3:17-18

Strange Beauty

Forever Missing

Now that Angels have taken you away,
Into the heavens, to meet our God:
A million faces can't shed all the tears
I shed for you on my lonely nights.

I have never known loneliness this much.
No one will ever steal your memories from me,
Nor will I let it fade away like a thief into the night.

My heart is so empty without you here with me,
I am consoled by visions of you in my dreams
And the hope of us meeting in New Jerusalem.

I'll keep your candlelight burning,
By realizing the dreams you shared
And my tears will never run dry.

You'll be forever missing in my heart,
Forever missing in my world.

Her

Tribute to the African woman

Her curly black hair does not glow like crystal brooks on the back of emerald hills

Nor does her face compare to the scent-burst tapestry of a flowery meadow,

But her very presence regulates the beating of my melancholy heart.

Her waist swings like the drumbeat to the melody of the songs of the savanna.

Coffee brown is the color of her lips and her tender feet massage the ground,

When thoughts of her roam through my weary mind in the silence of the night.

Her eyes tell the story of how truth found love in the most unlikely place:

We ran away at daybreak into the fields to meditate on the budding of flowers

Under the chilling caress of the morning dew, there cupid found us.

Her love came into my life on the wings of a dove, like a band of angels

With divine grace and peace, I thank God that He sent her from heaven above.

She stands by me though there are others who can build her castles.

Her husky voice radiates every strand of gloom when times are trying.

Strange Beauty

Her silent prayers find me where hope is lost and ushers me back into faith.

Her name is the woman, the queen of my heart, the mother of my children.

Strange Beauty

Rebirth

I place my cards on the table,
Lord you are more than able.

Everlasting God of heaven hear my cry,
Don't let my enemies rejoice while I die.

My spirit is poured out at your feet,
Master deliver me from defeat.

Unfailing are your mighty arms,
Save me and I'll praise you with psalms.

Eternal are the words of your lips;
I will tie your truth around my hips.

Peace-giver, peace reins in your kingdom,
Teach me your ways of great wisdom.

Provider, you are the champion of the poor
And the unjust are brought down to the floor.

Remember your uplifting promises for my life
Let me die an old man in the arms of my wife.

Strange Beauty

Seek

In the house where you stay is where I seek
To seat and stare at where your glory dwells
That the words will seize to flow and my spirit
Will interpret the deep longing in my soul.

Lord, to hear you call my name at dawn
And feel the assurance of your presence at night,
I will call on you from here to the secret place.

That the wings of angels might surround me
When terror rises and mighty men stronger than I fall.

I will drown my life in the truth of your Word.

Strange,
but
Beautiful

Strange Beauty

'A poem is never finished, only abandoned'

Paul Valery, *Romanoff and Juliet, I*

Strange Beauty

Your Poems

It is strange that this collection will not end like any other (even those with the same title), because you are requested to add your own poems to this collection. They should be poems of events that have taken place in your life. Do it to celebrate the goodness of God, tribute to a loved one, disappointments, the triumphs in your life and every other thing that makes you the unique person you are and who you want to be, where you came from, where you are and where you want to be.

You don't have to be a poet, just write down what is on your mind, it may be strange, but I am sure it will be beautiful and maybe even liberating. The task of completing this collection belongs to you and the blank pages are left for you, they stare at you to hear what you have to say.

Olutayo K. Osunsan

Your Poems

Your Poems

Your Poems

About the Author: Olutayo Kadmiel Osunsan

Olutayo Kadmiel Osunsan was born in Lagos, Nigeria, son of Olumuyiwa and Caroline Osunsan. He was a student at the American International School in Nouakchott, Mauritania; Ijebu- Tebo Primary School, Lagos Nigeria; Kubwa Primary School, Abuja, Nigeria; Government Secondary School Kubwa, Abuja, Nigeria and at Lincoln International School of Uganda. Olutayo has been to several African nations, including Mauritania, Mali, Cameroon, Kenya, Ethiopia and others.

He is currently studying International Business at Kampala International University and is a member of Kampala Pentecostal Church in Uganda. He is known as Tayo to his family and friends. When he is not writing, he loves to spend time with his nephew, David, listening to music, reading the bible, watching good movies and when the opportunity arises, traveling.

Olutayo's works have been published in anthologies, magazines, books, E-zines and web sites on four continents, a few have been translated to foreign languages. His poems have been praised by editors and readers alike for its deep spiritual implications. He is a member of several literary societies and enjoys traveling.

He recently completed a short novel titled 'Leaving the Playhouse' and is currently working on a Christian fantasy novel.

The poems included in this collection consist of poems he has written over the last seven years and depict the many things that have occurred around him. It consists of poems of love,

Olutayo K. Osunsan

hate, trials, temptations, hope, loss, grace, faith, death, nature and every day life. Over the years he has received mails from different parts of the world about the profound effect of his poems on his readers some of whom are now his friends.

Olutayo's poems are mostly simple, and plain to read and you might bump into some cliches and errors now and then, but they hold a unique voice that is raising out of Africa, a voice that keeps getting better and better. As earlier stated, his poems have been commended by editors as well and have been compared to some of the great poets and poems of our time, but Olutayo remains a student of both life and poetry and strives to be better.

Olutayo not only writes poetry, he has written lyrics for a few unknown/underground artists. His first novel, 'Leaving the Playhouse' is a Christian fiction that explores the mind of a teenager who is caught up in an unforgiving situation and channels the anger and disappointment in his father into life and everything he does. The book will be out as soon as time, finance and opportunity permits.

The novel Olutayo is currently working on is a Christian fantasy, which deals with the spiritual implication of natural world on the spiritual world and how they both influence each other in the life a young boy.

Olutayo has also written several short stories, which he plans to publish in a collection in years to come. He enjoys hearing from his readers and is opened to any advice to improve on his writings. The publication of 'Strange Beauty' marks the beginning of overcoming the many limitations he has face in his life, and through it all he believes and knows that God, his savior Jesus Christ and the Holy Spirit are the ones who saw him through.

It is Olutayo's prayer that this collection of poems will not only be a good read, but also an encouraging hand to support

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you and let you know you are not alone. And a word of inspiration to let you know that no matter what, you are on Gods mind and every situation works to build you, even if they where intended to destroy by some else. God always has the final say. God has the Master plan. God is Love. And God cares about you to the very last detail.