



Olutayo K. Osunsan was born in Lagos, Nigerian; he lives and writes in Kampala, Uganda.

Olutayo is the author of "Strange Beauty" and his works (especially poetry) have appeared in several publications around the world. He is currently working on a novel and two co-authored works.

Olutayo's writings spread out through a diverse range of issues, his poems are prolific on love, faith, grace and the love of God. His writings always reflect home in Africa where all is not always well, but still people stand and make the most of the day.

*From the halls of the soul, to the halls of academia, into the multiplicity of the world,
Olutayo K. Osunsan, gives a different insight to living and its varying scales.*



The "Poet In May" is a chronicle of life, love and inspiration in the face of adversity and the aspiration and will-power to succeed, all from the perspective of a promising African poet. Indeed, "in May a Poet is a Poet".

Olutayo K. Osunsan
The Poet In May

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Published by Fultus Corporation
www.fultus.com





The Poet In May

by

Olutayo K. Osunsan

ISBN 1-59682-075-6

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Published by Fultus Corporation

Corporate Web Site: <http://www.fultus.com>

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The Poet In My

Also by the same author
"Strange Beauty"

Special thanks to all those who have made this second collection possible.
Thank you.

The Poet In My

*To the inspirations that make life worth living...and especially to my daughter,
Hannah and the queen of my heart, Judith.*

The Poet In May

May

May has 31 days and is the fifth month of the year. In the northern hemisphere, May is the last month of the season of spring. Being the first season of the year, spring is characterized by the growth of new vegetation and symbolizes the early stage of life. And life is an extremely sophisticated episode. Life is profound. But it ends...with new beginnings.

In this collection May comes and goes and still remains.

Olutayo K. Osunsan

The Poet In My

The poet and the dreamer are distinct, diverse, sheer opposites, antipodes. The one pours out a balm upon the world, the other vexes it.

John Keats, The Fall of Hyperion

...In My

The Poet In May

Now the bright morning Star, Day's harbinger, comes dancing from the East, and leads with her the flow'ry May.

John Milton, Song on May Morning

The Meadow

Unwrapping my soul in the meadows,
Stripping each ribbon as they fade into the lush green.
I am running with the wind.

The wind sweeps on the canopy of loveliness,
Blowing dust away and refining the blinding shades the sunlight
is painting.

I thought I saw my spirit walk by in the fragrance of serenity,
Yielding to the beauty of God's creation.

Each flower whispers its name in the native language of nectars
And bees translate them into jealously guarded sweetness.

For a moment, I was the only one in the world
Who knew each blade of grass had sunrays attached to it.
The sun is the puppet master, and I am one of the stage props.

Shy butterflies duck and cover their magnificent wings of splendor
Together like geisha girls hiding their powdered faces.
My eyes lust for the colors to spread out under the sun
And burn eternal prints into my mind.

The sound of growth and silence of birds
Is absorbed by the innocent blue sky gazing down
At the point where the ground leaps into the air and freezes.

Before I knew it, I was naked and innocent again
Like the day my mother gave me through the birth canal:
Floating lightly as a feather heading for the light of life.

A Soldier

On a lonely highway, countless miles away from home, it seems.

A lonely soldier stares up into the sky to remember
What the sun looks like on Sunday mornings after church.

He wonders what his children are doing now,
Like another life or someone else's blessings he admired.

His wife's voice calls him in his sleep, her eyes, divine
And he fears if she would remember his embrace.

He is a different man, from a whole new world
Where blood flows on the ground and compassion
Is too costly to afford. Unlike home where angels roam.

Home where the sun shines sweetly at the ground,
The birds sing brightly to the children playing
And the world seems so perfect to be perfect.

Here, a soldier lies with his back on the ground
Looking up beyond the sky into heaven
As his blood soaks the ground of a foreign soil,
The same spot that will forever remain his.

His wife, his children and everything he knew
Will never know he is going home at this moment.

Home where his wife and the children will find him.

Waiting. Waiting for them.

It Rained

It rained early this morning by my window,
It flooded the panes and dampened the curtains;
I stood by the window gazing at life
In every droplet I can hardly see.
Forming a huge pool of mud water and
Eroding the ground in a mighty torrent,
It rained the whole morning without end.

My pillow waited for me on the warmth of the bed
And a blanket as consoling as my mother's arms,
But I stood by the window staring at the rain.

Somewhere in my soul there is a vast drought,
Squashing sun by day and cruel winds by night.

Loveliest of Summer Days

Like the loveliest of summer days
Nothing is ever perfect enough.
The romance and love ever after;
Nothing is ever perfect enough.

People get caught in the wrong beds,
Love birds divorce because of nothing
And diseases tear ideal pictures.

Living without you becomes living.

Maybe what makes love perfect is the realistic
Expectations it hides from the naked eyes.

You never forgiving. I never forgetting.

It could be that we both over looked our
Flaws and saw perfection at face value.

Perfection has withered into arguments.

We can always go back to where we first met;
In the park under khaki leaves of maple trees
On the loveliest of summer days.

The loveliest of summer days it was.
Your smile painted by midsummer angels,
My heart bleeding from cupid's arrow.

I knew that day I can stop loving you,
But will never run out of falling in love with you.

I will always come back to see the beautiful
Pictures your face paints and your scent
Like new flowers fresh from the fields.

Like the loveliest of summer days.

The Poet...

The Poet In My

God is the perfect *poet*, who in his person acts his own creation.

Robert Browning, Paracelsus

A Blessed Man

For Peter Mutungi

The Wife

May the wife of your youth
Be the wife of your old age;
Her beauty like the morning sun
Shinning brighter as the days age
And gracefully setting at the end of days.

May her voice be the sound of your conscience,
Filled with grace, elegance and wisdom.

The heart is its own person, but may yours
Always yield to the call of her soothing spirit.

May the two of you grow entwined to become proud parents,
Honored grandparents and privileged great grandparents.

May the Lord grant you long life and fill your days with happiness.

The Children

May your children grow like Olive shoots,
Expanding in intricate wisdom and sturdy humility.
Their leaps filled with joy that echoes
The hallways of your long and fruitful life.
Their voices the songs of your satisfied soul
And their smiles are tokens of your unconditional love.

May they grow taller than average,
Wiser than most and be nobles in their conducts.

May their hearts always be close to home
Even when lands and oceans stand between you for years.

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May your love for them bring memories of their youth
In their old age and even on their dying bed may they smile.

Let all the nations call them royalty because of the name they bear.

Your name.

The Man

May you always be the head with the heart of a servant,
The strength of a mighty warrior and the courage of a King,
That righteousness may reign in your home
And your children will learn from your determined strides.

May your wholeness be the making of the Lord
And not of wealth, authority, position or anything from man.

May your face reflect the love of your wife
And your voice the gladness of all your children.

May all that love you forgive you in your failings
Let them give you the strength to rise again, to move on.

May you be the champion of your people, the voice of hope,
The pillar of strength, an ordination of the Lord God of heaven.

A blessing.

When it all ends, what remains?

About the Author

Biography

Olutayo K. Osunsan was born in Lagos, Nigerian; he lives and writes in Kampala, Uganda. Olutayo is the author of *Strange Beauty* and his works (especially poetry) have appeared in several publications around the world. He is currently working on a novel and two co-authored works.

The Poet in May

The Poet in May is a collection of poems that spread out like the intricate wings of a butterfly, lightly yet brilliantly over several of life's endless events that are captured through the sketched verses of the poet.

The Poet in May is not a classic masterpiece; it is a piece that classically illustrates the broadness of the human experience, all crafted fluently into the pages. Every poem comes to life simple and solid with the scrutinizing of every verse. The poems keep coming to life the more you read them.

As is typical of Osunsan's writings, *The Poet in May* weaves the natural with the supernatural, giving life a whole new prospective. It makes one feel like May should come and stay forever. And maybe it does.