



PAROUSIA

Parousia Christian Poetry Chapbook

for
Him

Nosa Osarenren



FOR HIM | Nosa Osarenren

*FOR
HIM*

Nosa Osarenren

PAROUSIA

For Him by Nosa Osarenren

Copyright © Nosa Osarenren 2020

Except for brief excerpts in reviews and critical analysis, no part of this publication may be reproduced or transmitted for any commercial purpose and in any form or by any means, graphic, electronic or mechanical, including photocopying, recording, taping, or by any information storage or retrievals system without prior permission in writing from the author.

All Right Reserved

Published in Nigeria by

Parousia

(Parousia Reads and Magazine)

Address: 138, Ext II, by DLBC Pipeline, Kubwa, Abuja, FCT, Nigeria.

Correspondence Address: 1, OSS Ltd, Rufai Olayiwola Complex, Benjamin Bus Stop, Eleyele, Ibadan, Oyo State, Nigeria.

Phone No: +2347030874764, +2348128406752,

Email: publishing@parousiareads.com

Website: www.parousiareads.com

Cover Concept and Design: www.dabrandcity.com

Book Design: Tola Ijalusi

Parousia welcomes the submission of literary works for free publication

Email: submissions@parousiamagazine.com

Website: www.parousiamagazine.com

PAROUSIA

Contents

	Acknowledgements	4
	Foreword	5
	Author's Note	6
	Excerpt	7
	Prologue	8
Psalm 1	Yea	9
Psalm 2	I will love to call you great	10
Psalm 3	What are words	11
Psalm 4	Beautiful God	12
Psalm 5	If(i)	13
Psalm 6	Song and prayer in a time of worry	14
Psalm 7	Smith my Words	15
Psalm 8	Scavenger King	16
Psalm 9	How Big?	17
Psalm 10	Be still (prayer for stillness)	18
Psalm 11	Help me Believe (prayer for unbelief)	20
Psalm 12	Vacuum Cleaner	22
Psalm 13	Bountiful Harvest	23
Psalm 14	Bloody Win	24
Psalm 15	Throne room Visions	25
Psalm 16	Sound Mind	27
Psalm 17	The Mountain and the tree	28
Psalm 18	A Chorus of Submission	30
Psalm 19	If (ii)	31
Psalm 20	Elixir Vitae (song of life)	32
Psalm 21	The Coming Glory	33
Psalm 22	Amen	35
	Biography	36

Acknowledgements

To the one who holds my heart and the universe in place and doesn't let I or the constellations lack grace, to the author of wisdom and knowledge and understanding in whom all creativity takes root, to the father of lights who continually floods my understanding with the revelation of Him and the kingdom, thank you.

To my leaders; my parents and pastors, to my siblings and friends, you all have been beautiful instruments in this grand orchestra that is my life, thank you all for the melody you bring. Thank you for ministering love and grace and wisdom and understanding to me in my times of need. I pray, may the good Lord, in due time, supply all your needs according to His riches in Glory. Amen.

Foreword

God is Love and love is expressed from the heart. Worshipping the Lord is a priority. The sovereignty of the Lord is irreplaceable as is His word even as a Psalm. His word talks about His personality and that's what we're expected to know.

I personally enjoy Psalms as it makes me more conscious of God's indwelling presence and appreciate more of who God is, what He has done, and His goodness in our lives. This wonderful book is a fulfilment of God's word which says we should speak to ourselves in Psalms and spiritual songs (Ephesians 5:19).

Knowing Nosa to be a man of God, a true worshipper, a voice in this generation extremely creative with what he does makes the content of this book worth studying. What is true of him, is also true of his books, this book. The words from here are gotten from pure worship and love for the father and would move you on in your fellowship with the Lord.

As a reader, you should have an open heart and after studying the Psalms written, do well to meditate deeply on it as these are keys to climbing into higher levels of glory.

This book is a goldmine of truth, the treasure of which is almost invaluable to anyone who wants to know the Lord more. I thank God, not only for Nosa Osarenren, but for what God did through him to produce this book. I would like to make it a commandment that everyone reads this book.

Sydney Orhionkpanwan

Author's Note

Dear Reader,

The Scriptures say in Proverbs 16:9 that a man's heart deviseth his way: but the Lord directeth his steps.

The birth of this book is a direct expression of this. This being my debut book wasn't my intention but I'm glad I was yielded enough to succumb my words to wisdom. I fear that I have been a Jonah, shying away from missions and assignments but not because of offence this time, but for the lack of strong conviction and this entertained fear, the kind that being unsure brings. I have realised that my love for God is not perfect, if not, I wouldn't fear for perfect love casts out fear but I am living each day in his perfecting hands and I look forward to the days when I would boldly declare His works to all the earth without even a tiny trace of doubt. This book is born from a dimension of love just perfected, a chapbook of Psalms. I do hope and pray that this work provokes the worship locked inside of you and causes it to break forth in uncontrollable streams as was intended in the beginning.

With Love,
Nosa.

Excerpt

Trust in the Lord with all your heart and lean not on your own understanding; in all your ways acknowledge Him and He shall direct your paths.

Proverbs 3:5-6

Prologue

Come!

Let us lift hands and connect hearts
through these words aligned in stanzas and verses
for in the instance of our joined worship, He is in our midst
and in that, we're open to possibilities infinite

so come,

to the well of the living water.

Join me at the forge of creation, come!

Set your eyes upon the hills

for before the King are loads of benefits,
exceedingly, abundantly above all you can ever ask or think,

so come, eat, drink

let us make merry as one bride,

drunken with one Spirit.

PSALM 1

Yea

Blessed is the man
who leans not on his own understanding
nor devices his own way
nor seeks the counsel of fools.
But his delight is in the will of the lord
which he seeks day and night.
He shall walk and his feet shall not be weary,
though he stumble, he shall not fall
and he shall count his blessings and they shall be plenty
for in Yahweh,
all is Yea.

PSALM 2

I would love to call you great

I would love to call you great,
but you're far beyond that-
every move you make captures my heart.

and neither height nor depth can set me apart
from your love that was laid right from the start.
and the foundations of earth can't tell the tale
of when your precious life you gave
to save me from what might be
before I was bound, I was set free.
now I stand upon your word
and by your precious redeeming blood
goodness and mercy follow me
all my days till eternity.

PSALM 3

What are words?

What are words if not for worship?
what are songs if not for praise?
what is life if not for glory
to the one who crafted me?
What is the heart if not for love?
What is below without above?
What is depth without a height
to the one who made them be?
My worthlessness is hidden in His worth
in my tastelessness, He made me salt
my parts for sale- but He bought
and called them His masterpiece.
So, for every fibre of my being, I say
from the length of my numbered hairs-
to the toes of my lengthy legs
to every organ in between
to my liver and my spleen
they will scream of the mercies of the risen King, Yahweh.

PSALM 4

Beautiful God

Beautiful God
robed in the garment of the sky
How high are your ways from mine?
King of glory
I cry holy as you radiate before my eyes
your hair, pure and endless like the firmaments
your eyes, home to the lights of the heavens
your countenance makes the glory of the sun look like sin
your skin akin to polished brass
your voice like the running of many waters.
In your beauty is the calm of the seas
and the turbulence of the storm
the tranquility of peace
and the strength of war.
You tower tall above the mountains and trees
your shadow that is light is enough dwelling for me.
So with the cherubs and the seraphs
and elders twenty four
I would cry holy
forever
and a day more.

PSALM 5

If (i)

If He clothes the fowls of the air
and dresses the wild forest flowers
whose beauties are today and tomorrow cast away
How much more us?
Made in His image and likeness
Would He allow our mouths lack bread?
or water for our thirst?
would He leave our feet unclad?
Or our heads bare against the elements?
Never!
So hold steadfast to His promises
for His words are ever true;
If He can be faithful in these little things
He will be faithful to you.

PSALM 6

(Song and prayer in a time of worry)

Lord I lift my cares to you
because I know you're able to
give rest to my weary hands
help me understand
that your yoke is easy
your burden light.

With my whole heart
let me run after you
till the shackles of my cares
are broken asunder
let my heart beat rhythm only for you
till my heart is only filled with your love and wonder.

PSALM 7

Smith my Words

If I could smith my words
into something that could
describe your precious majesty, I would.
but these words
always fall short of perfection.
The scriptures say you can't be fully understood
yet, for we see in parts
and know in parts
our hearts grasp on to half-truths.
These truths are all truths that
make up a clear vision of you-
so as we behold and see
your precious majesty,
our unified sights
would reveal
the one future king
seated in the centre of balance-
with the face of a lion;
with the face of a lamb
and in that time we would be made
one with you
Yahweh the way, the life, the truth.

PSALM 8

Scavenger King

What pleasure do you find in broken things, oh scavenger
king?

You rummage through the dust
bring us back to your forge
you melt us and beat us into shape
till we're once again beautiful
vessels with your brand
lanterns in your hand
with the oil and the flame
custodians of your name.

Who are we to deserve these things?
What pleasure do you find in us,
Oh, scavenger king?

PSALM 9

How Big?

How big, how big are you Lord?
the mountains can't compare
the trees can't compare
How big, how big are you Lord?
that you part the seas
with wind from your nostrils
How big, how big are you Lord?
that the heavens house your throne
and the earth is made your footstool
How big, how big are you Lord?
that you use the seas
as a cloth for covering
How big, how big are you Lord?
that you move your feet
and the earth shakes
How big, how big are you Lord?
that you made the world
by your spoken words
How big, how big are you Lord?
that Heaven and Earth would pass
but your words would still remain
How big, how big are you Lord?
the mountains can't compare
the trees can't compare
How big, how big are you Lord?

PSALM 10

Be still (prayer for stillness)

I've been pushing forward
striving and struggling to grow,
I've tried jumping to reach heights
with sparse brusque crescendos
of intense prayer and worship sessions,
I touch and I drop,
I touch and I drop,
it's incessancy wearies me
cause I've not been feeding,
I've not been eating,
I've been focused on the jump
and I do not realize my leanness
and soon the weariness hits me,
I faint, dropping headlong
into grave perturbations
causing a stir by my fall
for the youth shall, utterly.
Wisdom settles like a feather
live, love expansively it lighted
let patience have her perfect stitches.
Quit craving vain wishes:
I have been too focused on reaching
what is mine but which I'm yet to possess
that I care less about that which I possess
and forget it's actually mine.
I dine with selfish ambition
and lift on self-lofty thoughts,
pride seeking his seeds in me.
I leverage my deeds as a price for my elevation,
my heart lusting after vacant pleasures,

and like vapour, the vision slowly wisps away.
I pray, lest the devil opens my eyes again
help me be still,
help me be still
and know that you're King.

PSALM 11

Help me Believe (prayer for unbelief)

If the wages of sin is death,
then I must have nine lives
or more; because my soul is sore
from the constant resurrection.
“Come forth” on repeat, this constant defeat
Lazarus knew nothing of.
Deceased, headstone reads
for a righteous man shall fall seven times
and if he be willing, he shall rise eight
but lately, I lost count.
how many counts for offences again?
Seventy-seven times seven times
It feels these times I twirl toward the margin
Barging into the throne room
For mercy, I must obtain
grace too hidden to find.
I got what I came for
no time to frolic with the divine
I twine and pull on my
hearts strings straining my connection
can you hear my distant cords play
songs of a half-burnt sacrifice?
Most times, I forget
that you hold the end
so you know when I try finding my way outside
and you snap me back in line
for I have given up my choices.
These shackles that bind me are of Glory
Help me see it Glow
Help me know you know me by name

Help me know my dominion and tame this raging flesh
Help me truly know your sacrifice and pass my tests
Help me love you as I ought to
and spend time with you as I should.
I beat Christ with the stripes again
and nail him to the wood again
because sometimes I do not believe,
Help me believe
Help me believe.

PSALM 12

Vacuum Cleaner

You asked me to put a door on my heart and I did
but oftentimes, the door ajar is left
and the dust comes in
and the cold wind billows its ways through my interiors.
In those moments, I feel the filthy cold
and thoughts dare I bask
but I yield not.
Then I let you walk in the room-
and when you do,
you light the torches of my heart
and sweep up the dust
and take out the cobwebs
and polish my vessels of Wood, Bronze, and Gold
and you prepare a table before me
a feast of new wine and a dough variety
and put up the most engaging conversations
and tell me the most fascinating mysteries
and reveal to me deep secrets
and then you tuck me in bed
sing me to sleep
as you watch over my head
without slumber not sleep.
For you, a guardless heart remains
for you to do with as you please
come take up every cubit space
clean up this vacuum as you will.

PSALM 13

Bountiful Harvest

The seed of love you planted inside of me
Has grown into a mighty tree;
So today, I bring to you its fruits
In the baskets of sweet delight.
It's a bountiful harvest!

PSALM 14

Bloody Win

It was ceaseless death by the edge of my sword:
From my heart to my mouth came piercing words
That cut between marrow and veins.
Unleashed from the deep like a horse with loose reins
For to be life there must be death;
As in heaven, it was on earth
And the kingdoms as they were
Were swords drawn and scabbard
And by His mighty power
In His time and hour
When it seemed like all was dark and lost
Came a string of light
amidst the bloody fight
and by the wind of inner sight
came the wisp of remembrance.
You didn't die, You lived
From the deep came the scream
And soon the forces of all unseen
bowed to the Voice of the deep within
And with keen hearts
We lead apart
The one with a broken and contrite heart
Then we rejoiced the host of us
Cause the battle was never lost
But won by weapons unseen
Indeed it was a bloody win.

PSALM 15

Throne room Visions

Do you know the language of the dancers?
can you interpret the tongues of their bodies?
as it rattles and glides,
as the silk of their garment
graceful trails behind.
Have you seen how they move?
with the wind on their feet
touching the ground just enough to make it reverberate with
the thumping pulse.
Have you seen them lost in the rhythm of frantic libations?
Calling on the one that be
Spirit, Bride, Come
as they still conform to the choreography.
Have you seen them rise on the wisp of the incense?
With their dusty feet, shimmering Gold
an Ode on Glory,
their bodies tell the story in rhythm
time seems to stop
or not exist.

The least of our concern
because it does not stand where He is
for even eternity bows and casts its crown
at His Feet.

For the one who was and is,
these agitated limbs would never be enough
So I would rise on my imagination
for by faith I must live
and leave my inhibitions

because I do believe
that for every pulse and pause that courses through these
limbs
They're a sweet-smelling savour offered to Him.

PSALM 16

Sound Mind

Dear God,
thank you for a sound mind
for when words fail me
I make melodies instead.

PSALM 17

The Mountain and the Tree

Once the mountain said to the tree
you're tiny, you and your kind
the highest of you is a shrub to me
I am tall and eerie, high above the earth
I'm massive and powerful
I'm firm and bold
not moved by the ranting of the wind
In my belly lies the molten
terrible in its ways
Underneath me lies caves that provide shelter for days
In them, the early man sought refuge
for I have stood for ages and more
what help do you give, you creature called tree?

Then the tree said
Oh mountain, you may be big and strong but I see no
usefulness in that
I'm sturdy and strong in my own size
flexible to the caress of the wind
with my broad leaves and branches
I protect the earth and cover its nakedness
You are but a pimple on its face,
a nuisance that spews out molten puss
I am both aesthetic and purposeful
producer of oxygen, I hold man's life force in my hands
with my bark, I give medicine to their ailing
with my fruits, I give food
and with my life, I sacrifice for their learning
for by me, they have books
you may have sheltered man at the beginning but by wood

now they live
I'm all these and more and you question my usefulness?

Then the sky spoke
Oh mountain and tree
What folly is this?
Why do you both question your purposes?
what is aesthetics without utility
and what is utility without aesthetics?
what is weakness without strength and what is strength
without weakness?
We all are useful to the men we were made to serve
and to God who made us
to men for the resources of daily living
to God for the display of His glory and majesty.
Mountain, you remind men that there's a God to fear,
Tree, you remind men that there's a God that provides.
Instead of priding on our differences,
let us continue to display the majesty of the king
and they all fell silent and worshipped.

PSALM 18

(A Chorus of submission)

He is the potter
my mind is the clay-
Lord, come mold me-
Come have your way.
I know in the end your artistry would speak
from the beauty my mind would be.
That I would be.

PSALM 19

If (ii)

If only more men
would reach out
for the healing at the hem,
then virtue
would be theirs too.

PSALM 20

Elixir Vitae (song of life)

All it took was 42 stripes
To take all plague away.
And your sacrifice,
Your blood and life
Is potent to this day.
By your nails
Sickness was nailed forever to the cross
And by your crown of thorns, you shed your healing blood
for us.

Elixir vitae:
Living water of youth
From you, all health and strength take root.
Elixir vitae:
From The lively Vine
graft to your stripes
now health is mine.

Elixir vitae,
You're life to my flesh
Cause your blood flows through
By communion Holy, I draw nigh to you
And through my veins, your healing power flows
all I touch is now made whole.

PSALM 21

The Coming Glory

I see your glory come upon the earth
For your beauty revealed upon the earth
Oh, I worship
Oh! I worship you.
Let my tears be the prism,
As the sun falls upon my face.
Let your light be the reason,
That all other colours fade.

And your colours breakthrough my eyes,
Your brilliant light
Now glory describes
Its bursting forth now
Through this temple.
Your glory divides
Every veil of darkness
Every veil of weakness
In a thousand brilliant lights;
For you are the fire
And I'm the sacrifice.

Let my heart bear the vision
Of the coming king upon the earth
Manifest through his children
Greater works that haven't been seen.

And your colours breakthrough my eyes
Your brilliant light
Now glory describes
Its bursting forth now

Through this temple.
Your glory divides
Every veil of darkness
Every veil of weakness
In a thousand brilliant lights;
For you are the fire
And I'm the sacrifice.

Your Glory come upon the earth
Your Glory rise in me
Your Glory come upon the earth
Your glory rise in me

And your colours breakthrough my eyes.
Your brilliant light
Now glory describes
It's bursting forth now.
Through this temple,
Your glory divides
Every veil of darkness
Every veil of weakness
In a thousand brilliant lights.
For you are the fire
And I'm the sacrifice.

PSALM 22

Amen

Worthy is the king that cannot be overthrown
the one whose sceptre and crown were forged before time
unknown
the one whose throne is established high above the
firmaments
on foundations that know not the hands of men
worthy is the one who laughs at the devices of the crafty
who binds and sets at ease
the one who parts seas with a blast from His nostrils.

Worthy is He who makes worthy deserving of more than cast
crowns and golden rings
who sets mere men in the sitting of kings
and resistance to proud hearts He brings

Worthy is He who created
and sacrificed Himself for His creation
and waits for all to believe
Worthy is He who makes us believe
for we cannot come unless He draws in

Worthy is the one who shall break every seal
at the sound of your name, every knee shall bow
worthy is the one whom a thousand words of worth cannot
describe
worthy is the one who shall have His bride
worthy is the one who makes whole
worthy is the one who shall Judge every soul
worthy is He who made us worthy for His home
worthy is He who made us joint heirs to His throne

worthy is He who is worthy to receive
for He shall receive
all glory and honour and power and majesty
now and forever and more,
Amen.

Biography

Nosa Osarenren is a young man with an undying passion for God, Literature, and the arts. As a worship leader in his local church, He expresses his worship in words, music, and various art forms. He believes in the potency of artistic expressions and seeks to let the church and the world experience God through it.

Connect with the Author

If you can read this, I want to say a big thank you for being my audience. I would love to hear your thoughts on this book and how it has blessed you. You can reach me through any means below;

- Email: peterosrocque@gmail.com
- Facebook: Nosa Osarenren
- Instagram: @wordsbynosa
- Whatsapp: +2349074341297

Thank you.

PAROUSIA READS

Parousia Reads is a publishing firm that will make your dreams come true. Our diverse offers of services including our bookstore exist solely for this purpose.

At Parousia Reads, we're dedicated to helping authors build their writing careers. From editorial and production to promotion, distribution, and sales, our focus is on working with our authors to reach our readers. We are committed to providing the highest level of sales and distribution service to authors. With us, be rest assured that the book you are publishing or buying from our bookstore is the best it could be.

We are ready to help you achieve your dream.

You can also send us a mail at
publishing@parousiareads.com

To check out our services, visit
www.parousiareads.com

PAROUSIA

