

Poetry Series

jathin aka jesuzz

- poems -

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jathin aka jesuzz (23-dec-1987)

i walk a lonely road, an i am happy that way an this is all anyone needs to know.

its the path of zen that chooses you...not the other way around

***My better half**

In the magnanimous motions of the occult
I seek a god so dark
I feel the divinity in me die
The searing of flesh, the numbing of soul
The violin strings wail, the plight of a hunted whale

The dark oceans of love hide
The beautiful. Black pearl of envy
Yes I envy her.
A world in which in she is one
In a world where I am none
Her harvest of friends, caring
My perpetual drought, scaring
Even Her sentences are poems
When My words are abuses
In her minority she finds happiness
Even in opium I devoid of ecstasy

This world of queer
The solution for me in beer
Lonely days, loveless nights
Dawn is dusk and dusk is night
I live in eternal fright
Jealousy is my freight
An only in death I have my flight
In me there is no fight
I have no arms for war
But sure I won't see heaven
My torture for her shall end with my life
Afterlife of heaven for her? Yes I am sure
So I make it hell down here
For her, my beautiful wife. Ha ha

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A consolation for my ego

A murmur in the mind
A call unanswered,
This charlatan must be masked.
His iron shackles tightened,
For he is restless to break free

He is going down in flames,
And he is pulling me with him.
O' Juggler of fire balls,
Standing atop the gun powder barrel.
What is that you ask of me?
Neither fame or name do I have
Nor Dollar or dames do I possess
I am the rider with eyes
But like a steed in rage you run blind.

The wounds on you I do see
To heal, the means I do have
But stop this race to nowhere.
This maddening spiral to abyss of annihilation
For surely that isn't the reason for your creation

Recover we shall, for i have faith in you
Rejoice in my love for you, for you are saved
For I am not god nor devil
I am just

The calmer self of you.

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A Deeper Shade Of Black

The shadows play hide and seek
Dreams are too timid
Sandman shows no clemency
Sleep is a captive princess in the stone castle
Who is this woman who lays next to me?
Do I know her? She has so changed.
Her perfume was never this?
She even smells different
As to me she often was indifferent
Vanity or pride the stronger
I think staring out of my cage

Far away I see two figures
Fused in each other, must be lovers.
Hand in hands, silver figures of delight
Drenched in full moon
Like an unmasked boon
Happiness crept in to crevices
of my desert dry heart.
Was it me and my love?
My lost love, my beloved lover

Under the passionate Andalusian sun
I hear the altar bells ringing
My love in snow white gown
Invited half my town
They were all there the groom
The bride, the best man, the flowergirls
For two years they were all there
With an act that put Judas to ignominy
Each one pulled out a Houdini
Without planes or trains
They distanced from us a thousand miles
Without tears nor parting smiles

I was no quitter, I did bend
Till everything felt polished n bland
We dressed by each night grand
Awed audiences at parties
Academy awards won't do justice
To the act we put out as a perfect family
With smiles as fake as Oprah's tears
She loved our hounds very much
They taught her the rolling over and play dead trick.
In sleepless night, I would smoke away
The thoughts of my love boat that was castaway
If I knew death of love was marriage
I would have worn a deeper shade of black on that day

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A girl's questionnaire to god

I hope that it is mist, but they say mist clears,
I hope it is smoke, but they say it fades of
I hope its it is a drug, but they say it wears off
I hope its night, but they say a day always succeeds it
I hope it's a storm, but they say no storm rages forever
Then what is this abyss of darkness?
why do I feel so lost in this ocean of obscurity
why do I feel the perpetual feeling of lost

where is my knight in shiny armour?
My prince with the glass slipper?
The All knowing fairies granting wishes
'o' grandma why such swindle
Kept aside till 70, when I was 7
the greatest of your cons.

Lik the net cast into water,
sadness, through me it seeped
Ah my great opaque body, what shall I say
Thanks a million, for to none
you Showed, the shattered soul
yes my eyes, how shall ever, I repay you
for not spilling a dropp when
sadness in our heart touched the brim
And you my lips, my greatest actor and debtor
What shall i mortgage to u, for that most
Bona fide of sham smiles?

My mirror tell me what you see?
Is this face of the insignificance.
freezing western winds murmured to me
'come with me, the one whose as lost as us'.
As I gaze The moon swiftly hid away, in the bleak arms of nebulous clouds
Loathe is it? , then envy perhaps?
Oh what would'nt I give for it to be the latter!

Call me away, away from me
Speak to me; about me, for I am a good listener.
Crave for me for I must feel needed.
Pinch me, let me be sure this is no dream
Give me a reason to hold on, on an on
To this excuse we all life

Or else`
O my loved one cry me a river, one
Which meanders towards my creator.
O my loved on, built me a boat, one
Which stays afloat this river of woe
O my loved one lend me an oar, one
Which engrave through this still waters

O my frozen mind, lend me your numbness
So I maybe audacious enough, enough
to stare into his eyes and demand
an answer to all my queries

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A MOTH'S PROMISE

In a palanquin of illusions
The winds passed me by
Dragging the veil of your fragrance
Singing songs unheard
My lady your mate announced your return

Like the undying wick of an eternal flame
Forever you dance
Who do those jeweled eyes search?
O lady of my dreams.

In this silent moonlight shower
Cutting your oars deep in the silver river
Where do you sail?
Away from the word or
My lady is it towards me?

Adorning the crown of dews
You are a queen in her diamond tiara
Is it the beauty celebrating,
The return of her favorite daughter! !

With an open heart, a silent prayer.
In these eyes blinded by you
God plays the second fiddle.
My goddess, I seek to be your priest
With a nothing but a promise, of the moth
To a lit candle

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A path's logic

As I walk the path,
I see its ahead of me,
It is also behind me.
I have seen it now.
Yet long before you were there
Was it my blindness
Or my failure to notice.

Dear path are you sad?
Have you awaited my footprints
If so then why do you riddle it with stones and thorns
Your sides are clothed, grass green and blossomed
Still you choose to be nude

You bear the child of your last conqueror
Are they your scars
Or do you cherish them as souvenirs
My feet hurt less and less as I walk
Is it your lovely caressing?

Once I was new to you
Am I know yours to cradle?
My feet's gashes, on you leave a red trail
Does this blood we share make us family
I have conquered the path I walked
Does it make you my master
Am I waking towards my goal
Or am I choosing the way you lead me

Maybe I am the searcher
But my dear I am also the search
Yet I myself am also the query
Maybe I am just yours
Maybe I am you

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A Pillow of Ego

For you tonight I pen
The saddest poem I ever wrote
With feelings for you remote
My cries muffled by pillow of ego
I walk away with no care or credo
Like a vacuum your absence,
Sucks in tiniest of elements, melancholy

Rivers of repent meander
The crimson sun seems to grin
A vice gleam of glee
Like enjoying my hearts silent plea
Casting a shadow of iniquity
Fate walked away whistling.

Yesterday, vibrant butterflies did fly
Today, is the day they die.
Yesterday it was music, the shepherd's flute
Today its cacophony hurting my ears
The morning dew murmured to me
Of the tears of night before.

As onto the moon I stared,
Realizing no one really cared.
The night like silent black satin,
Slithered away through my fingertips.
Melody of the new day,
Like a Rembrandt for blind,
A Beethoven tune for the deaf
Ah as futile as futility.

Dreams weaved in loom of our love
Will never be the fabric of our life
What more can I say
For there you lay
Not mine before
Another man's after
In this numbness, i only wonder,
Like me do u set off in sadness yonder
Hold on, a pillow of ego

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A poem to my shadow

Walk aside me my silhouette, for I am alone
Drown me in your tears, for I cease to feel
Blind me with your love for I saw too much
in his mock show of a life; I lost
all I love. In you my dreams sank; my hopes faded

for you my soul I searched; for you
my conscience I sold,
for you all providence I fled; for you
for you a mother, strangled; for you a father, stabbed
killed her love, stained his honor
then why `o'why this treason?
Tell me with those lips, I so felt
Pray, any good reason!

Slipshod in the ship of life,
With you strong at the helm why any trepidation
You will steer me, was always the notion
all through ocean, all through time.
Like a cruel first light bath on a sleeping child,
you or destiny, woke me up; only to find
a ghost ship ripped of its crew

In the grey solitude of my winter dreams
I stood in the cemetery of broken hearts;
To the tomb of of our love I clung.
My eyes dry, heart cold, filled only with repugnance
on no account for u, but for
the image of who I used to be.

Deserted by all, but one or duality
Alas so cruel or kind the fate. I know not
They said I was their child, I was welcome
To the open doors of my house
To the secure shadow of my dad
To the silent love of my mom.

` Oh lord thy need no assurance,
For u know
the cry of my severed soul
the beats of my sinned heart
the Stigma of my blasphemy

True love from a lover?
I know not what u speak of.
For I have felt it only in their arms, those in

which I grew so so big, so foolish, so wise
wise enough, to tell it to you

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A Quantum of solace

Of all the views in the world
Mine had to be of a mine.
Of all the silent spectators
I had to be the mute too.
Of all the shiny white lot
I had to be the tiny black dot.
Of all the darkest nights
I had to be the slowest eclipse
Of all the half alive populace
I had to be the dead in solace.
I am the sun in the middle of the night

Of all the sounds in the world
Mine had to be of a whine
Of the great white mans burden
I had to be that black man laden
Of all the links of the revolution
I had to be the last of the coalition
Of all the keys of a board
I had to be the end

Of all the men in the world
I am the sprinter in a lame man's race
Of all the men in the world
I am the old man who knows more than you
Of all the men in the world

I am the cobweb you can't reach
Of all the men in the world
Mine is the hand that holds the wine.
Of all the men in the world
I am the one with whom your lady loved to dine
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A smoke with her

Like the silent burn of my lit cigarette,
Growing ever so bright, fueled by its own death,
She was there waiting for whom, I know not
Like the fumes of my lit cigarette,
Fading away into emptiness, her gaze
Wanderd, aimless, for whome I know not.

With each breath of ecstasy,
My eyes rolled in.
With each passing minute of agony
Her tears rolled out.

The women I speak of, I know not
Her feelings, I know not,
Her reasons I know not.

Like a shallow bureaucrat, I watched
Like a taciturn spectator, I watched
With the cigarette trodden underfoot, i
Walked into the empty compartment.

Looked out of the stained window, I did
The wooden benches on the vacant platform felt warm.
Warmer than that cold morning.
Warmer than my callous heart.

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A vampire's dilemma

Motion eludes my conscience
Sublime realities dawn
Dark figures in the ocean
Signal a chaotic retreat motion
Breadcrumbs lead to nowhere
Maps look the same from all angles
Hell! This is a love triangle
Bare bodies of deceit
Surround a soul elite
Walking uphill fear is my only partner
Not of a failure below but
The notion of success above

Freud's dream I do not care
For my dreams I no longer share
Yoke yellow sun smoothes my eyes
This dawn but will surely dusk
My night, my love u will surely come

Rainbows on bubbles look real
But its life so surreal
The virgin silence succumbs
To the fumbling freshmen of morning sounds
A dead radio humming , a sleeping engine roars
The First birds have started the day
The perfect man has started to pray
For yet another meaningless day
Only to end it and say
Goodnight, to his women, who aside him lay
The seek of night so gray
While The seekers of day burns hay
In dreams of day they crave
One more night to sleep
One more day to hope
For yet another night's sleep

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A wife for the nightfall

I saw her in that red light street corner
Dim red lights highlighted the room, most part of her life too.
Smell of stained notes plagued her hands.
They clothed her each night in robes,
weaved from hot breath. embossed her white body with hungry marks
some of dissatisfaction. in their lover
Some Of non fulfillment.from their wives
Some of hatred, for the female who ignored his love
Few of pleasure.of a female body
Her wince was the value of their payment.

In her market she was the sale
She was the seller too
The price her lonely nights,
Was a subsequent hungry day.
In her hair, flowers no longer were innocent
They busily orchestrate the kill, of your virtue
On her body clothes were shy,
They shrink away in shame.
Her eyes no longer talk,
For they only fixate on the impending client.
Oh' women what are you.
An embodiment of all worldly temptations.

Missed her on her street corner for months I did.
Each night I glanced on the vacant corner of my sinful wishes
Then amidst my role of a satisfied family man
In one of my wife's shopping spree, I saw her
It was still only twilight, I thought?
Like in a hypnotic trance my feet followed her
Through the granite payments.i moved
Between the wicked walls. My eyes seek her.
Knocked a door, left a basket on the steps
A house of god it was. for all his little lambs
With the grace of a mysterious druid she glided away.
Leaving the last piece of purity behind, she walked

Without a second look, on the soft white bundle
Of meat and bones, that hardly lost her odor
To be a wife, a wife for the nightfall.

Blame her, I dare not, for I am not
the quintessence of virtues.
Bruised and battered was her body
Biased and clouded her judgments
Stained and sinned her soul,
A thousand hands fingered her
as the epitome of sin
the church warned of her.
In beauty walks the beast they say.

Though in silence all conspired.
In her warm embrace, they all perspired.
In her inviting gaze they even forgot the sin.
Am I alone when I think, is she alone the sinner.
Or are we? .
Often when I think so, I am scared,
for its us who feed her sin!
Often when I think so, I am scared,
For if she is the sinner,
Then I must be the devil,
For its I who feed her sins.

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An ode to my women

Is the wind humming a silent melody?
Birds I see are flying south,
Brandy seeks her way into my numb fingers
My cottage roads feel heavy
Chipmunks seems busy
Cradle of time has swung
Its that time of my life again

My muse is sad, my pen refuses to bleed,
My mind left me alone
My Imagination, clipped like a market pigeon
Before my cabin gives me a fever
Before I remarry my rum
Come back my spring,

Like the melting icicles of bygone winter
Her smiles crack the iced up poet
Her voice makes nymphs shy
Makes all my grief cry
pregnant with frozen dew drops
The flower lazily break her water
Birds love me once more
Again I long for paper and pen
Without her one day casts on me a winter spell.
I wish I was addicted to cocaine

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death of envy

Look at you, my Angelfire.
Now you are neither angel nor fire
Like a lost piece of an intricate jigsaw
There you lay having none for a clue
Why to ground stuck you were, as if with glue
I know you will never rise again.
I know you will never race again
I know you will never be rife again
Forget not but one, me
For with you, left me; my vitality
A stone in your path, turned synonym to your tombstone
It happens they say, when your pace is envy, even for lord

With a wavering hand, a wicked smile 'n' a winter heart
In sip by sip and gulp by gulp, I gave it to you
Heard, in my heart the satan sing, an unholy hymn.
Oh my dear have a good sleep for you have worked too long
In the tired fields of your mind, I hear your haunting song

In your walk to the church I found you fell 'n' bled
In your path to glory I saw your wounds heal
For my pride you rose 'n' fell,
In my happiness you found your feed;
Mounted each time, you were
Gave me laurels of gold and gay.
Still I left you rotting in a bed of hay
How cruel am I, for I felt so shy
In hearing your silent cry.

Some part in me loves my life
The other, no doubt you
Let me join you in your joyful runs
Across the valleys you only dreamt, 'n' seldom felt
Let me watch you cut the winds
Under an open sky, on a stretch of the infinite highlands
Let me watch you break away,
Away from circles you did in the racing stands
Away from those gleaming leather reins,
The irksome weight of your saddles.

I envy you, for those priceless pleasures
You are minutes away from.
From the bottle I feed you,
I sip the arsenic making me blue
For how could I now live, in
In a world where u have all an I have nothing
In a world where I stand in the stable and you in the stands
In a world of men, who are all mirrors of me

jesuzz

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Derivative Of Love

Roses prick my conscience
The music pains my ears
As the water burdens the sea
As salt overpowers the sea
As the oyster bleeds pearl

The logic of love beats me
irony of it unacceptable
The deliberate fall of the prey
The silent understanding of the predator
Mute moments of clout
The flutter and the shudder
the Wince and ecstasy
This ritual so primitive
Separation of man and beast forgotten
Yet so cherished, out of love

I do not wish to fall in love
Yet I do seek the derivative
In whose ever passionate arms I wish to lay
In her moist breath devoid of love
I seek pleasures pristine
Let me live this night through
Waking up without her beside me.
For I seek no brides nor for the night or for life
Just a mate

Just till I sleep off﻿
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FORSAKEN

Is being alive a sin?
Is being born a sin?
The answer for all, by all, No
Then why the distinction, the mark?
Not on color nor on creed
For the answer so clear yet unspoken
The forsaken are born with death, lurking
In their blood, flowing to keep them alive

For those who engender them
They are a sign of guilt, a reminder of
Either a worst past or unchanged present
For the society they are neo-lepers, people to be
Isolated, to be avoided, to be forsaken.

Their hearts ne'er got the warmth of love nor
A breeze of care and affection
They had in plenty sympathy and chastise
Hatred and fear. Their
Ignominy of being forgotten, their hearts
Which parched for love remains unknown in heart?
Their eyes pleaded love; their friends suffocated
In love even the black sheep were cared but not them
For they are different.

To them petty wishes, childish thoughts, Forbidden
Doors of society closed on face, those of words
Pricked their path, beds of nail far better
May they regret or remorse for what they are
Their past is sealed, their future, bleak
Touched only by rays of sun but not of hope
Those with any hope hardly touched.

Why? The lenity my lord!
I beg, I ask, I cry
Why make them bleed, when you can't heal
Why make them cry, when you can't comfort
My lord your children weep
Hear their cries.
Care the Forsaken.

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Funeral march

march my soldiers march!
today is that day
feel like its you who died
for the best of us has left

march my soldiers march!
today is that day
when we pay for our silence
when we fail ourselves

march my soldiers march!
they strike us like dumb dogs
we are sitting ducks with a dead conscience

march my soldiers march!
we fall around like flies around fire
as we seek refuge in dark like alley rats

march my soldiers march!
with a single button finger they break our worlds
with a jihadi heart they spit blasphemous words

march my soldiers march!
see our brother's blood
is it redder than ours?

march my soldiers march!
don't you dare be sad
don't you dare cry
don't you dare forget

march my soldiers march!
today is that day
today our brother's soul rests in peace
today is the day we avenge our brothers
today is the day we make peace
today is the day we go to war

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God will be forgotten

If only the world was all love and happiness
Like tides rose and fell
Never a sign of sorrow
The paths of light never narrow
Like ripples, joy explodes
An dreams were never hungry.

If only a child never slept hungry,
Tears never meant sadness
Songs could only sooth
Rivers would never dry
Demons and evils did cry
War was taboo
And violence was faint memory
World felt safe aside a mothers mammary

If only in this blasphemy of religions
None shall sink.
In Worlds of men, honor never shrink
Thoughts were never sold
Water never bought
Politics would not be a satire
To adorn the devil's attire
Competition -never to hammer sharper swords,
But to make stronger shields

Seldom I think
Only in pain I remember him
If only there was no pain
I may never pray
If only there was no desperation
I may never hope.
If only there was no death
I may never live

Jasmine is too fragrant
Tulip is too beautiful
If only a flower with too much of the two
then god will be forgotten.

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Gods do cry

Gods do cry

I call it a dance, of fire and smoke.
Admist it I stood,
In this ocean of sand I stood,
In this inferno of winds I stood,
With a heart as cold as
The metal I hold; this metal
Was god for it protects me,
It's the Lucifer too; for it can kill me
Aside my comrades I stood,
As line between tyranny an freedom, they say

Young men dying and oldmen talking is war, they say
Like cowards they sit, in concrete pits as deep as hell,
Sitting on cushions without ever a sweat,
While we fall in fields with bodies blood wet.
They say to us a thousand reasons,
Simply swallows the million treasons

As I walked away, with a lament
I din't fall with them.
As I walked away, in my ears it echoed,
'bullets bullets every were,
not a soul in plight.
bullets bullets every were,
not a dropp of blood in sight'
the last thought remains forever, they say
well it was the last thing through my brain
second only to that bullet and blood drain.
may be it was god crying

jesuzz

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HAPPY BIRTHDAY ANGEL

Candle flames dance
Soft wax melts
The room is semi lit
My heart skips a beat
The curtains flutter, restless
The sugar icing hides the brown
It stays like a snow crown

The breeze throught the windows
The faint smell of amber and rose
Is she here?
Could it be real?
Has she forgiven me?
It was her birthday
I wait her coming
My angel, how I missed her
As I wait with eagle eyes
To see her smile
As I wait to hear her
Loud chuckles, ah dear
I miss you so. I miss u so
Were ever you are..
Happy birthday

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i will rise again

i will rise again.
into the state of perpetual zen
from the ashes to the flame.
from just a name,
to the zenith of fame
know this o women,
for me you are no bad omen

in me now i find peace
once it used to be only disease
in the mirror of your purity,
i see my sins, reflected.
in your love, my women
i see in me, the divine resurrected.
if i was the night
you were the light.
if i was chaos,
you were order.
as queer as it is,
in you i fused
in you i forgot the fallacy of oneness

like the chant of a unknown hymn
your word echo in my ears
weighed my love and my bleak future
weighed more, which one i don't know
so unkind, never told me
leaving only your lingering odor.

walked away did you? my women,
to play fiddle to god?
break me, you will not
strangle i will not
in the betrayal knot.
in those lips, my name may die
cuddling the summer sun, , u maybe
playing with morning breeze, u maybe
repent i will never, for loving u
for you made me a man
man enough, to live without u

wait for me my women, at the banks of styx
fear not my women
i will hold your hands
i will look in your eyes
i will raise my head
i will rise in your love

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i, blind

Shed on me no light, for blindness to me; is dear.
Throw me no favours, for I love being cripple,
Enlighten me not, for ignorance in me is bliss
Remind me not, of my appalling past for I live it
Walk with me if u crave the gray, for white

Create? I cannot, for I am too bland,
Destroy? I cannot, for im too puny
But oh' how `o' how shall I feel alive,
May be when all around me is dead.

Like the gluttony of a famished beast,
I seek for misery in, nook an corner
Envy is what I have for the pleasant and innocent
For in my mirror I have seen
Only an image of my corrupt soul
Despised by ones who engendered.
In the cold metal strings I saw my salvation,
Alas in my hands like a raped virgin, they wailed
Ne'er a tune of heart, but always a scream of anguish.

I crave to be, the stain on a unsoiled glass,
I crave to be, the spot of age on a antique potrait.
I hope to the bark center of nothing,
In me all plague.
Infest and incest.
Arise with me none shall, for seeds of pessimism, I swifly shall plant
Water them, in all those around me,
I will see the seeds nurture, into woods of negativity
For
I cannot see, see their failure
Towering, so above the few
Of my so prized success.

Jesuzz

jathin aka jesuzz

In View of a loss

Like an aimless dart i have lost my course
But i do feel the completeness of a wayward bullet
Though it missed its target, it still hits something else
and completes its existence.

This hide and seek of my true self,
How long have i been the all knowing bystander
Yet like an impotent male i breed nothing
The longing of a barren hill to bear weeds at least,
Who again would know it nor man or beast.
On my weighed soul, i seek 7 pounds
An maybe an ounce of fulfilment.
A trace of totality.

Last fight draws near,
The arsenal is incomplete.
I feel in the silent dark corners
Await the vigilant coroners
I bid adieu to my dear old friend
But to her i say i will see you again
But not today, let me pen this anguish down
Let my arguments with god be heard.
Let my disagreement with him be noted
Let him repent his actions

As the logic leaves me by
It feels like the wind is blowing way my soul,

I take a bow towards eternity and feel complete

Is this embracing death?

Or is this life.

jathin aka jesuzz

Its Her Birthday

staring out of the loony bin
her eyes wander the lifeless moor
as she twists her arms, mobility none
the chains on her ankles in moonlight shone
her eyes were pale but not lifeless
her lips were dry but nor wrinkled
her spirit was down but it still pulsed

she wondered why they came.
her loved ones, once they loved her
with pretty glitters and wrapped boxes
with fancy ribbons and fake smiles

it was midnight, the lights died
her mind drifted into sleep
her dreams seeked shores with sands of gold
in her ship with no skipper, fate held the helm
images of beauty plagued the deck
in her dreams she was once more beautiful
her words had left her fingertips
the pen had slipped away
but in these nights of drug induced dreams she was a poet again

she woke up to beads of sweat
dancing around her neck
she knew today's date
she knew about the wrapped boxes
it was the birthday of a lunatic

jathin aka jesuzz

Let The Blindman Lead

As Palestine and Israel do a bloody salsa
The NATO sings an all so familiar tune
War and peace play games
Of hide and seek
Children of god hide away, meek
Saints of gutters gather dust
For saints to gutter ratio is all wrong

In this valley of blind, they say
Lies places, where they eat not
But have bullets for rice pellets
In the heart of the great black continent
Diamonds in hand, slavery bygone
Guns in hand, education bygone

In this valley of blind, they say
Are people who eat there own
Dressed in tuxedos
Talking of torpedoes
The walk in airs of patriotic plight
Generals & pawns, presidents & lawns
What else my lord
I believe my car's not ford

In this valley of blind
Leaches live not in pits & caves
But in sky high glass enclaves
Wearing beady eyes & diamond brooches
Lengthy ties & wrinkle free shirts
They yell at screens of dancing digital figures
Holding bonds & stocks
Void of bone & blood,
These vultures walk a canyon,
They call Wall Street

In this valley of blind
Children play with no Barbie
But think of blood barbeques
Like the evil gothic midget
They plot & plan evil saying
Innocence in museums we find
In lifeless smiles of wax dolls
As they say in opinion polls
Our children are lost to games & whores

Missing nothing but light
In this world of night
Only the blind is right
Follow the blind,
For let them feel the world
Let them lead to light

An all us into an eternal flight
jathin aka jesuzz

Lets go with a Smile

When the days are blunt and bleak
Rivers dull and deep
I felt his boat drop. Anchor
The ripples on Styx I think
Through his worn black drapes
My mind and soul, he rapes
I tell to him, with moist eyes
No, not now! Not with these cries

When my spirits are high
Name and fame fly
I see him peeping - little Tom
Through a paparazzi lens,
With the view of wolf and hens
His eyes invite the life bygone
I say to him, with a smile
No, not now, I just crossed a mile

Sky below, water is above
Like the stake slice before a famished dog
My raft thrown helter-skelter
My face wet, either water or blood
I tasted my lips all salt
Inside the shattered million drops, he laughed
No, not now! He said, you have much to pay
In this even, you have no say.

I hear her laughs
In an another man's charms
In this moment of plight
I feel nothing but delight
The feeling in her I killed
Now back, and I am not even billed

I feel footsteps gather
As though to collect a Martyr
My floor of wood, had no stealth
But then, I was never showered in wealth
On my oak floor I saw
His shadow
On my stifled air of life
His smell
Then I guess all is well
Since my chains, she broke
I hear her laugh, his threats puny
To a surprised death, I told
Lets go, with a smile...

jathin aka jesuzz

Midnight Reflections

As this night falls apart
Dominoes of fate topple
Waiting like a virgin
Freedom flies away with swift wings
In this darkest hour I wait
For a glimpse of dawn
With words for I view my lawn
Feelings say go down with a yawn
But to them I say I am no pawn

Like a trapeze artist between life and death
This uncertainty of outcome, torturous
This ambiguity in response, numbing
Greatness, I try in vain to churn
Ideas and thoughts, I felt burn
This theme abstract
This color's in haze
My life in a maze

Is this what convicts felt?
Was this, they everyday dealt
In bars of law, are gaps
In written rules, are loop holes
Light has no bars
Convicts have no cars
Aloof from all reality
I grow wings and take on gravity
I have not distinguished myself
Neither in game nor crime
Neither in books or looks
I am you, one in crowd
I am you, none in mirror

jathin aka jesuzz

My repentance

Bygone days mourn in silence
The lost glory of once called the present
Footprints in sands whisper
Once even I was untouched
Prostitute moans away faking
Once even I was a virgin
Stillness of silence screams aloud
The plea for an echoing noise

I crave for a mistress
Devoid of pity, when I am in distress
Her fingers not to fondle
But her nails to make me wince
Boring roses and melting candles,
My shamed past they were.
Lusting eyes and warm beds,
My passionate present they are.
Memories of my lovely days
Memoirs of my lovely whores.

The carver of lust
The cynic of love
Cal me what you may
This is what I am
The giver of love
The taker of sin
this is what you are
but I want a sinner to love
I crave for her betrayal
So I may feel the way,
I showed you around.
So I may feel the pain,
I gave you no killers for.

jathin aka jesuzz

My Revolution

To this revolution I bear witness
The reasons for it, unknown
The force which fuels it unclear
The momentum it sets in motion, visible
The sources of this force blur
I am just a witness
No part in it for me to play
No words in it for me to say
Its alive its rage I feel
But this rage is silent
Contained or controlled I cannot judge
It has no leaders no intend
But in no way reaching an end
I see its rise and also I witness its fall
It clashes to the granite borders
Shatters itself to smithereens
Yet by the next wind,
Gathers itself up again to hit back
Only to die again
Only to live again
Only to rise again
This quest of sea and land
Cycle of salt and sand.
Is the sea the rebel, or is it the rocky land
Is the rebellion in me or you, my dear sea
Till I see you tomorrow,
Good luck

jathin aka jesuzz

neo judas

Neo Judas

I made a wall to crack my skull.
For all sins I ever did,
For all lies I ever told
For all souls who I ever soiled
For stepping on all those, who with me toiled.
For all the dreams I often ruined

I made a wall to crack my skull
Crawling an eeling, up the way.
Never did I see, the dirt in my robes
The flaw in my ways
The blood in my tracks
The sweat of my brothers
The tears of my women
The rise of my child
The fall of his father!

Something in the wind.
Aroma of Ashes of my deeds.
Something in the water.
Flavor of failure
There is More in the blood,
The colour of betrayal
So I built a wall to crack my skull

Why then, do I see all things of the world soo distant?
Ah. Yes the mountain of mammon
Carries benefits like those
Thy mother mated with a scorpion, they say
In my words alone lurked bereavement
Like the traitor I am, even metals
Shamed to pierce my flesh
So I built a wall,
With all my cravings,
Laid each stone with peccadillo
Cemented it with betrayal
All so that today, I stand alone
Aside my wall, between me an u it stood
For "my love I wish u not to see",
For oh world I cant see your mockery.
With each kiss of my head and wall,
Repentance reverberate through my viens

in this side I am all contrition for

The life of a neo judas.

jathin aka jesuzz

Onam memories

She waits by the doorstep,
Eyes filled with welcome tears,
As though, its a return after years,
Aroma of my favorite dish intoxicating
With her i dropp my shields,
I unmask, i unwind, i am safe.
Away from corporate slavery.
I am redeemed in her love.

Like a honey dew the lamp shines before sun,
Holding her hands i walk,
The granite temple pavement,
I feel like a child again,
My memories still fresh,

First time she held my arms together to pray,
Eyes half closed, mind all open,
I pray for the lady by my side,
I see her smile loom over my horizon

Its another Onam, i am home,
Its another year, i am man enough,
Yet for her i am still the little kid who is scared of lightning
Not the angry young man,
Not the polished professional
In front of her, i really am that little kid.

jathin aka jesuzz

Part of the Act

In this cage of invisible bars
I have the luxury of sports cars
In this puppetry with magnets,
My actions are no longer mine.
Refrain is the game,
An maybe even, her middle name

When is it that mornings are mourning
Or rain feels like crying aloud
The rivers are in silent denial
Winds are no longer, free
But caged in glass walls
Forced into paths, pre planned.
The tulip, fakes a smile
In the long stretch of a country mile.

Is it me or the world
Who is more sad?
I am not poor, nor raped
Nor Broken or bloody raged
I am no junky nor gothic
Neo fascist nor control freak
I am loved, I am cared
I am free, my soul bared

In the canvas of a painter- symbolic
I am the caramel engulfed fly.
I am the fire with no heat
The candle with no light
The rash with no itch
Incomplete, indistinct
My image in mirror
With my mouth sewed
Heart frozen closed
I reach for the mask
I swallow my tablets
I thank my 'shrink'
I go to play, my part of the act

jathin aka jesuzz

Play the fool

Like the soft wind that caresses the leaves;
her hand rejoiced in my hair.
Vanity or pride, the greater? ,
I don't know. In me they clash, left the field of my soul
Battered and scared, not by hope of peace or
of a love filled tomorrow but for a thought,
tomorrow is a better day. to bleed

Behind those eyes you hide, lost
in formless drops, is my rage.
Lost is my voice, for your laugh too maple, far aloud
Lost is my sadness, for your joy too towering.

Never saw it did she? ,
Refused to see it did she? ; forgot
To mention did she; ? Chose
to ignore did she? ; this
I neer will know, for
she is too dear to me,
I dare not ask.

Let she seek shades of those fancy
veils; through which I cannot see.
Or even I chose not to.
Still I look
Let she close the door on me; for
which I have no key.
still I wait
for you are so dear to me.
'o' unfaithful one.

jathin aka jesuzz

puppets dont have a say

Cast upon the stairs
less alive than heaped rugs
My family, a bed of bugs
As soul mate, for a dead soul
i reaped the sadness sowed.
A tired general fighting a lost war.
These streets of dancing lights
passed me by through my life's window
In my ceiling i saw floor mats
and my floors crawling alley rats

In this vast cubicle,
i was as frozen still as an icicle
My eyes blurred, lenses lost focus
An un answered phone rings, irritates
my life so alike goes on, mutilates
A safe whose combination lost.

Crept in darkness my demons
Blood red my rage, pitch black my conscience
Revelations i dreamt, revolutions i fear
Pearls for swine, flowers for mine
Rag doll games of night,
Lost feelings lay awake

cry as much as you may
the screen background is always gray
Moments in picture frames, happy an gay
Reality as fixed as solid clay
Threads of control as strong as hay
Still you know, puppets don't have a say

jathin aka jesuzz

Rigid realities

The rise was an illusion
So will be the fall.
The price was partly its cost
So there is no paying less.
The revolution is chaos
So there will be only order aftermath.
The picture was always white
So there will never be a colored one.
The noise was excess of sounds we know
So silence is just the voice we don't understand.
The words never meant anything
So all we understood are meanings we attached.
The praise for beauty is never free
Since the price is the surrounding ugliness.
Tears never meant sadness
So then y so we cry, when we are most happy.

Prayer was never holy
The act of praying is, the faith of the believer is
Today's fashion is not a success
It's the failure of yesterday's outlook
The news is never wrong
Only its spreaders are. Its interpreters are
Power never corrupts
Only its usage is, only its users are,
There is never a hooker or whore
There is only love with a price

But then of course
There are only rigid realities
Covered up by altered fallacies
Fuelled by fear and fantasies
Maintained by priests and padres

jathin aka jesuzz

Secrets of the night

As i draw my breath,
A syllable fills my mouth,
Over my weighed body, lies her slender hand
The hand that heals it all.

Like the shrouded face of the night,
The moon lifts her veil.
to her beauty, my fantasies i reveal
tethering my steeds of lust, i surge ahead.
The gallops echo through the hallways of the desperate
Like the undying Arabian winds they slither into my conscience

In drenched fluids of passion, i smother
Callous nails divide my bare body for time another,
My history forgotten, in
The white noise of play house
My conscience purged, in flames of lust

In the arms of a stranger,
My refuge of the night,
My wishes for a second maternal shield.
I want sleep now,
In her arms and leave before the world awakes, knows

For i am afraid, not of its contempt,
But its secret envy, of something i have.
Hush - hush! you thieving ears
its my secret, just mine

jathin aka jesuzz

Sermon by the smoke

Fanatics run haywire.
Music stops abrupt
Love, sold in open markets
Flesh the bargain of the day
Black pears before the swine
In the valleys as flavorless as wine
Creeps peep out of alley windows
Memories only to be scavenged by crows
In silent empty rows.

The schemers of the pseudo society
Plotting ways to kill time
Neo Nazis and neo Jews
Hunting and being hunted
The society is another holocaust
Where the judge is the jury and the criminal too.
My notions cloud my judgment

I seek no refuge in providence
I pay no heed to seers or sores
I am open to no chores or whores
My wounds I do scratch
My scars I do cherish
To remind my forgiving mind
One day you too will perish
So cut and burn all in your path
With love or hate don't you care
To judge yourself, don't u dare
For in this world we forget the good times soon
But our wounds, may it be from love or lust
Hate or deceit, victory or defeat
We do not forget
We do not forgive

So I say to you again
Cut and burn all in your path
For to love or to hate
You will be remembered,
for their scars
Will remind them
the past was real
So was the one who gave it to them.

jathin aka jesuzz

Silent Cry

Theses are the days of dreaded hopes
The nights of aimless dreams
The wanderings of a glorified beggar
Not for gold nor silver but for hope
Do you know of this feeling I speak
Or will you listen to it as ramblings of a pitiful outcast

I have been tried
I have been judged
I have been hanged
What more can you do o' cowardly world
To a dead man who sleeps in peace
To a soul who sees all unperturbed

Maybe The dew on roses in the morning
Are tears of the night
Who lost his battle to the morning sun
Maybe The women I saw in white
Is the ghost of all my love dreams

Neon lights of nights
And white glare of day
Time is of no essence
To a man who seeks nothing to do
Roses and violin are just plant and wood
To a man who knows no love
Save me oh god before I feel the same

jathin aka jesuzz

something's are so broken

Have no coffee with me
There is nothing in me to share
Come for no walks with me
My lane is lonelier if you are there
Wait for me at no dinners
For hunger has deserted me
Play for me no music
I find they hurt me more than pins

I am the bird who had dreams of flight
Never the wings to do
I am the mirage of love
Far away in the desert of dreams
I am the sea of happiness
But you shall not forget my ocean is sadness
I am not vengeance
For Revenge is a reason to live
Nor am I peace
For I never knew war
Flip no coins
I am the side which never falls

Mar me no more
For tears in me are frozen
The winter is in my heart
The icicles of my dreams
The droplets on them, hopes
Let them drip to ground
Only to freeze on the way
only to be broken in the fall.
I need no gum, to join
I need no hands, to hold
Let me be
For some things are so lost
For something's are so broken

jathin aka jesuzz

Still You Knew

A rose I grew
Tears for water, I gave
Feed it with the ruins of my dreams
It flowered red
As red as virgin's blood

I plucked it for you
Maybe I never gave it to you
Still, you knew
My garden bloomed for you
My flowers, spread their fragrance for you.

For you, love in me filled to brim
Maybe I never feed you the honey words
To your parched desert lips
Still you cherished our conversations

In the moon lit nights,
Your tear filled eyes
Maybe I never wiped them off
Still you felt me cry with you

Like a romantic tune, which manifested itself
Maybe in my heart I sang it,
Always mute for your ear
Still you knew, my heart sang it for you

In the dew filled morning mist
May be my fingers never
Caressed your body
Still you felt, my strokes on you

May be I plucked the rose
Maybe I didn't give to you
Still you knew
Still you knew.

jathin aka jesuzz

The Better Player

Midnight dogs whine
in my relentless pursuit of wine
My lovely whores with faces of swine.
Silent tears of a women unknown
chorus of night swings away
land of the conscious lays to sleep
beasts are asleep, beauties walk
lovers wrong, lust is right
satin of breasts pave way
to pleasures vivid, Ecstasy awaits
in my promised land, i lay bare
Motions are a blur
Colourless paints and odourless perfumes
Cliffs of lust, edges of the desire mountain

Far off seas call motionless winds
raping my curtains, they blew away
Strangers walk familiar streets
My lover sleeps, my mind weeps
Despair has her name
My greed tastes citrus.
Playing an all familiar tune
my sleep alludes me this June

Pyromaniacs dance and wail
around the flame in my heart.
Surreal dreams await their chance
in Que also wait, my favourite hallucinations
I close my eyes,
I open my mind
I let it all go, to see
if i can play the game better

jathin aka jesuzz

THE CORPORATE CASTAWAY

In my mute moments
My mind left me alone, went away
As my beady eyes stared lifeless
A thousand notes in my mind played,
A million miles away I smiled
In this world of logic and graphs
Found my pc more rife than my boss

My fingers molded origami
My thoughts, of a beautiful bird
In the lifeless paper it came alive
Was my world mine alone
Or did my teacher own it too.
Was I the only one to roam?
Or did my boss's dreams have colors too.

In my childish ways, I thought
My innocent vagaries I treasured
The games I played, the muse I had
I sold them all, trade was my soul
In prisons of innocence
In was civilized , out of my joy
To a bunch of framed papers I mortgaged
All the happiness of my little world

When the carrots no longer dangles
The dumbest of mules is enlightened
I sold all my world away
Only to be in this corporate
As a suited castaway.

jathin aka jesuzz

The day of moonlight

The music of silence
Played aloud in peace
The lost lovers dance to these
Tunes unheard, sweet melancholy
The winds of west have brought it along
This feeling I so long

I wish to say I dream of her
I wish to say I miss her smile
I wish to say I loved her
But I do not wish to lie
For me my love has never had a source
My alfa and omega is the bare skin
Nights of intertwined pleasurable agonies
Cries muted or muffled
Sheets of lenin drenched in love
When me and her are one
Married for the night.
Lovers in the day
Players in the game
Strangers after a month
This is the life I choose
The night I choose
The day of moonlight I choose

the shameful night hid in her black veil
its treachery to the lovely day so unforgiving
still in her bosom of guilt I find refuge
the day may be delighting
the day must be joyful
but I do know its not where I belong

jathin aka jesuzz

The green patch

Under the umbrella of the solemn sky
you and me walked hand in hand.
the music that flowed through ages
sang the last lullaby
for you are the muse, i am the poet
in you all starts
in you I end
the rivulets of my imagination
flow into the sea of your love
the last tombstone stared at me.
the lilies beside is swayed to sides
like a heavenly hand, the winter night breeze caress me
the grass was green beside you.
like the velvet bed we shared
My lady..i will share with you.
the green patch beside your grave

i wait with two copper coins
for my boatman, to sail to you.
to cross the river of Styx
i wait now even as i pen these down.
not for death but for a view of you.
jathin aka jesuzz

the Last Lullaby

With both my hands I took
A page out of your book
Did not take a second look
As I bid adieu to my own life.

Why are you cryin my little one?
My little, tulip, morning sun
Be brave, my price, my king
Walk a lonely road, you must

Don't think ill of your mom
son, I never regret having you
Neither should you repent,
Being born in me.

Your mom tried,
Till dreams in her, dried
An I say this to you.
Now sleep my son,
Let me sing you
My last lullaby.

jathin aka jesuzz

the merchant of feelings

In baskets of bamboo
she sold all that was taboo
love, lust and seeds of sesame
and all what she got from me
my heart and trust she breached
like a scorned women she screeched

her wanderings through the digital streets
on every cyber wall she posted
the conversations that were us
the words that they call her poems

this trade of feelings all for name?
but could one ever be the same
even i see this quest
but only to honor her request
why my angel cant you be
the goddess of our moments,
the soul of our words,
the life in our bleeding pen
but i don't know what may become of these words
may be its for tomorrows trade at lord's
after all she is the merchant of feelings.

jathin aka jesuzz

when my mother cries

when i see my mom cry
all my happiness is sucked dry
regards of an ancient trait,
i want to burn the world sky high

i dont say much
i found they never did help
i was scared a lot,
was it me i thought
recalled all what i did
but nothing struck me, as reason

in her tears i melt
in her tears, my
courage washed of,
shamed i am of my hands
useless they rare to wipe her tears

her reasons i dont know,
her tears i know,
her sadness i feel
my weakness i feel
the child in me i feel

in my kiss for her,
the taste of her tears
lingers on my lips
it flavours all i drink,
it burns holes in me
like an unending elixir
it fuels the flame in me

i cant fail, its a luxury
i am too poor for its fury
i cant fallback, for she falls with me
i cant stop, for
its her heart that beats for me
i am juggernaut, feeded
by its own fuel.
walk away world! from my race
for failure to you is written
for if i fail, iam afraid
she will cry.

jathin aka jesuzz