

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 unasked 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 live

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 their wives  
Some of hatred, for the female who ignored his love  
Few 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

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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&#65279;

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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

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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

jathin aka jesuzz

# 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 so 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 and 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 veins

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 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  
Colorless paints and odorless 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 favorite 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