

Poetry Series

Jyo Jottypoet
- poems -

Publication Date:
2012

Publisher:
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Jyo Jottypoet()

Jyo Jottypoet is the pen name of a 20th century poet of Indian origin. He has written mostly in English (UK) but has also an enviable collection in Bengali and Hindi. Jyo also has a blog and posts his poems on g written on a vast canvas of subjects, he joined to share his poetry with the remarkable world of poets.

His poems on Nature, Love, Friendship, War, Women, Humour, Tragedy are very special and have a message for the reader and the society.

Please read and comment freely.

Allow Me To Be Born...And To Live.....

Allow me.....to take a step
Please allow me...
To float a while in
My mother's womb
Oblivious of many a tomb
The living tomb that exist beyond me
So, please, please allow me.

Allow me to be born,
To be accepted, adored
Without spite, sans the scorn
To take tiny steps in balance
Allow me, inspite of my nonchalnce
That air around me, allow it to be free
So, please, please allow me...

Allow me to be 'me'
When I grow up; I should, with glee
Join school, laugh and sing
Allow me to play and dance
Force me not, for a pestering penance
To love and be loved, that's me..
So, please, please allow me

Allow me to join college in step
With my friend, if I can gel
I will make 'years' out of a 'date', you can test
I promise your fears would then be put to rest
Allow me, to take that bold step
Please please allow me, that one step.

Allow me to step into your shoes
Allow me to grow without woes
Allow me to speak, don't smother
Allow me also, to be a proud mother
Allow me, so I can allow that child in me
To grow and call me Mother! I am free.

Jyo Jottypoet

Ice-So Hot! !

With belching fire, the Ice does melt,
Shattering the coldest myths apart
Foes do find, hearts robed in flesh and 'felt'
Time for a hot day out of a cold start! !

Solitude beneath the Ice at night
I can see but not reach the flickering light
If I could, just hold the fire tight
And volley it free when the time is right?

Blood and flesh here puts an abattoir to shame
Sound and fury, for a Nation's fame?
Whither family? Progeny? Worth the price?
Ghastly Blood-Transfusion, from flesh to Ice!

My eyes dim as I see my final sight
The fire is cold and the Ice so bright!
My soul alive, the body is nought.
I smile when you say "Well fought! Well fought! !

[Sometimes battle rages at sub zero temperatures..along with the enemy, it is the Winter's Fury too which the soldier has to face and endure.

Jyo Jottypoet

Joy And Sadness

There is method in every madness,
And so is JOY in every sadness
I was your Jyo at first write
Some say it was like love at first sight

Can I be happy when you are sad
Or be sad when you wanna enjoy like mad?
So dance my friends and live this life
Young and old, come let us shun the strife.

A thing of beauty is 'JOY' forever
As you and me, friends so fair!
With that resolve, I confront thee
My love is as sweet as honey can be.

Feel me as the soft tingling of the wind
And a sensation when it touches thy skin
The same air I breathe in and you breathe out
We are all in the same genre, is there a doubt?

Jyo Jottypoet

Kindness Can Kill?

Look, she runs on the beaches, in and out of the waves
Leaving imprints on sands, seeing them washed away
Like the mare on trot, unmindful if she holds her sway
There for her is the Earth, the Sea, and all the waves.

With her wings of care, flying to that heavenly place
Where she can rest, free of this human bondage! !
It's noble and kind to free a bird, than to encage
Kindness can 'kill' in a man, even that surging rage!

'Love him or leave him' is easily said than done
Sharing and caring and to remember all the fun
It's difficult to 'delete' all that your heart opined
The fingers refuse what the heart has in mind!

The anguish and pain expelled like a water plume
If the tears you shared were of joy and not gloom
A frown fails, and a sweet whisper castes its image
Kindness can 'kill' in a man, even that surging rage!

Jyo Jottypoet

Moonlight Romance

A Hug and a kiss just lulls the dame
LaLuna captures it frame by frame
Tucked in the trees is my Love meter
What a sight even for the Creator!

She is a stream that flows and sings,
He is a solid rock that a climber clings
This is such a divine love by chance,
LaLuna's a witness to this Romance..

To love the Moon is a thought divine
In moonlit night my lips meet thine
The two Bathed in LaLuna's milky light
Time stands still on this silvery night!

As the Moon castes the shadows long
The lovers know now where they belong...
Good bye my love, till the next full moon
Her lispng lips say, " See you soon! ! "

Jyo Jottypoet

Oomph & Ooze!

Pent up in thy prime blowing hot and cold
Thou art the ultimate in satiation untold
Sweet as nectar for a busy bee like me
I dip into thee for that ecstatic spree.

Thy tan glistens like a dark chocolate
The lusty lips taste, as the drips percolate
'Cold' now and 'Hot' then, a touch can swell
A real aphrodisiac or a fantasy for a damsel.

My love for you is new found though
I could not resist thy tempting flow
Bubbling away with the zing of life
Smacking my lips you cling in my strife

Hot and sensuous thy kiss on these lips
Thy beauty is quaffed, but slowly in sips
Pent up and oozing with the froth of youth
Careful! For I know you spurn the uncouth!

For the tired mind you are the perfect mate
A kiss on your lips is that enduring blind date
I always find your oomph oozing in every sense
Oh! the cuppa coffee with that effervescence! !

Jyo Jottypoet

Poetess In Blue

Wow! in this aqua marine hue
Thy grace and beauty, bond in blue
This truly is thy traditional attire I guess
That spells the charm in you O! Poetess

Lithe and lissome layered in a dress
That tucks at thee, my lovely princess
In the blues thee bloom, soft and taut
Thy beauty is beyond what the lens had caught

Even the 'Thorns' bloom like buds with thee
Thy lips are magical as a kiss can be
Thy touch just heals the wounded thorn
Such life is worth dying and be reborn!

So I write on thy beauty with taste and passion
As thou entwine my world in thy fashion...
Thy soft touch and grace is like a tot of wine
To wrap thy grace like an entwined vine.

Jyo Jottypoet

Poetess In Pink

Pristine and pure thy picture in pink
Leaves me speechless with a blink
A poet in me is enraptured
How fine the lens has captured!

A face that fuels verses in dreams
A hair that flows pent up like streams
The hand that wields the pen so fine
Shows too, thy simple heart I opine.

Not just in picture but surely, thee
In all thy hues as sweet as can be
Beauty behold! Let the poetess unfold
A page of love for my poetry untold.

Jyo Jottypoet

Poetic Embrace

Poetry - the mother of all emotion
Some call it mere 'words in motion'
When I write, I love thee- Oh Poetry!
Thy branches deeper than the banyan tree
That's why you are stronger than prose
Oh! Poetry! !

And as a poet I have all the freedom
And all the world's verses in my kingdom
I can be fair or may be a little foul
I can see through the night like an owl
You can make night as day, your way
Oh! Poetry! Have your sway...

You have words stringed like beads
And a finger that pointedly needs
An applaud, a bow, a salutation
Sometimes a silent infatuation
You are the need of a man-to be free
That's why you are -Poetry! !

If some one loves Thee, is it also me?
That sounds selfish but true you see!
For when I embraced you, Oh! Poetry -
An 'embrace' was 'love' I thought
But 'embarrassment' was what I got!
For she admired me, just for Thee! !
Oh! Poetry! !

So Wright is not wrong to send hugs to me
Or Petal isn't having a fling with the sepals like me
A Rose no longer pokes on a prose so long
For today, just for you - 'Poetry' is on a song..
Let me be chainless today, let me be free
You are, what You are! My Poetry! !

Jyo Jotypoet

Rain

In the rattling rain she whispers aloud
Take me up and up to the rainy cloud
I cannot bear to wait any more
I am wet and dripping to the core

Hold me firm and help me on
The rain and you, please pour on
Bending backwards she held it in
Her trust was firm still within.

Love and rain such lovely mates
Barriers break with streams in spate.
The love and hug in blinding rain
Is just that moment to relive again.

Jyo Jottypoet

See You Soon

Oh! Such is the maze between See and Saw
Life around 'seeing' is just a Seesaw
I said to her "See you soon"
And she heard me say, "See you Swoon"

Snapping all ties, said she - "I'll see you" and bolted
I thought she was inside, but she actually 'bolted'
At last I looked at the Sea and found 'her'
And, again the see-saw began yonder.

I asked her, "Are you coming? "
She again fretted and misunderstood...
Leaving me spellbound in a daze
She was quickly lost in the maze...

After a while, I met her again at the beach
And said, "How are you chum? "
She flared and thought I was so 'crass'
And promised to be out of my reach.

She was 'coming' when I was 'going'
That was the irony of fate, I fear
She would 'sit' when I would 'stand'
Her 'lying' - to me was not fair!

Is it just a cliché to say 'See you again'?
Or has it a meaning in this busy game?
She sashayed into the Sea I waited in vain
A 'game' was she, but not my dame.

Rubbing my eyes, I woke up to see
If all this was a dream for me
'SEE YOU' has lost its meaning - I whine
In this virtual world of yours and mine.

So my friends I won't mess it up again
I am doused in brine and not in wine
On that beach I will 'stand' my ground
Looking there to 'SEE YOU SOON, around.

Jyo Jottpoet

'Thanks' - You Are 'Welcome'

'Thanks'; the six letter word to play

It's just as sweet as you say

It means a lot to many of us

It carries love in an omnibus

But I will offer these seven letters to you

And 'Thanks'; will bear a lovely hue

Time to open the gates of my kingdom

In my world of poetry you are welcome

Jyo Jottypoet

The Affair

It all began as he stole a look at her curves
Slowly he explored, Oh! Had he the nerves?
Gathering his masculine powers, his sinews strain
He rode and she moaned with sweet nothings in chain

Together they prolonged their longing desire
Their bodies glistened with each curve to admire
"I love it" she said as he pumped away the blues
Ah! These curves; in me that desire they infuse!

Panting and sweating with painful pleasure
Together they explored the road to treasure
"Are you coming" he cried but she could hear not
Under the thickly curtained sky she would not?

I can feel you on my side as I go along
And my heart is pounding like a big gong
Faster..faster he said with raised eyebrow
I may lose these moments if I stop now..

Her radiant face twitching in pleasure and pain
The curves deftly explored with a pulsating vein
Throats parched, hungry lips and legs in motion
Please take control, I am flowing with emotion!

In sheer ecstasy they continue to move up and down
Two bodies and one soul, in the villa' down town
This is the game so cute and mute, yet so fine
Ecstasy enjoined with that rush of adrenaline ...

Together they romped home with pulsating hearts
The heat and sweat devouring their hunger in parts
And as they climbed together consummating 'The Affair'
It rained on the hills, but 'cycling together' was fair! !

Jyo Jotypoet

The Bug.....! ! !

Oh! It's the new bug on my dress
Some say it just has no address
It comes and sits on me every morn
And sticks to my flesh right at dawn!

Call it the bug we all forbear
It is the price of our success dear
It is that pride on your sleeves you wear
It is the bug we longed for, I swear!

Sometimes it makes me sit up and think
How we have become slaves of destiny
It is a page of our life dipped in 'Ink'
When 'He' wrote he spilled it all on me?

So I ventured to find that bug
No, not to kill it but to touch and hug
For I wanted to be the master of my life
For once "I will make friends with strife".

In search of the "bug" I wandered the earth
But none was bugged who was in dearth
What I found was the 'bug' called "Stressed"
Spelt backwards - "Desserts"- it hits the well dressed.! !

Jyo Jottypoet

The Knight Will Not Do It Tonight

Knighthood hero craving to caress her just once,
Unlocked lips craving for that fondest trance...
The war ensues outside and within, as lips part..
Just once more, once more.. 'till death do us part..'

'Nay! my Warrior! The fiercest Knight! not tonight
A Battle awaits within (me) , as I shiver in fright
A Battle rages outside and the foes must be in flight!
Go! my brave Warrior! Go! Let that kiss not melt tonight! !

The night is parting asunder as I feel you near
With moistened lips, I bid adieu to you dear
My heart aches, back arches and bosom rends apart
'Can I tell you all that with my punctured heart? ? '

I can bear the burden of the Widow's Cross if ordained
I can bear thy bleeding heart and armour stained
But cannot shake that pride that comes with glory
For the yet unborn it will only be thy valour's story.

If death is writ on the sands of time with honour
I will live and be the Tempest of this genre
That ebbs not in silence; that does not cower
Bathed in thirsty blood and sans a shower...

My life I give to thee, my love tonight
Let my kiss not melt thee! not tonight! !
Let not men say 'Whither? the brave Knight? '
Let not women doubt 'Will he do it tonight? ?

Jyo Jotypoet

Turn On

WHAT TURNS YOU ON?

Must I tell as a Man
What turns me on?
Surely it is....
The scent of a Woman!

Not just that
but her every part
The whole of her
and her golden heart.

Alluring eyes that
in mischief dwell
A naughty smile
that I can tell.

When her scent
wafts through the air,
And her open mane
Flows without care.

When ruby lips
give secret tips
Sssh! the whispers..
The turn-on tips.

The swell of her breasts
Tell tides to rage
And high are the crests
Deeper the cleavage.

If she is coy
And softly speaks
If her blushing
I see on her cheeks.

If she wraps around
The 'six yards' fine

My heart may pound
As if I gulped the wine! !

If this is not
what turns you on
You will not
Rise.....
to the occasion!
(pun)

Jyo Jottypoet

Woman In Sculpture Or Poetry - A Mystery

If I were a sculptor I would capture you in my art
With every chip on stone would make you part by part
I would make the strands of hair, flowing on thy bust,
As my finest work of art and not one full of lust.

That sparkle in thy eyes, I would delicately touch
For I cannot bear to see a dropp of tear as much
And when I come to your lips I will be soft and kind
For such soft and juicy lips on stone is hard to grind.

Thy neck line beautifully done will be a challenge too
For every diamond necklace wants to cling to you..
I shall work to drape you in whatever be the attire,
So every curve must show thy beauty and thy fire.

The fullness of thy bosoms I will chisel, but be wary
To play hide and seek, through the folds of the sari
Thy hands if you wish will be wide open to embrace me
And on your lips I see thy warmth in heart for me.

As I further probe and reach the whirlpool in the ocean
It is thy lovely navel that shows my pent up emotion
Thy hips sway and swing, with every stroke of mine
Like the waves of the seas it's thy pent up beauty divine.

But I cannot be blind to the emotions that are human
And cannot be hard as the hammer and chisel on stone
I chisel thy beauty in words and capture in verse that feel
A throbbing heart is mine and not one made of steel.

As I ain't a sculptor with hammer and chisel in my hand
I have but the power of words, as my only magic wand
I pour the nectar of love and string my verse with pearls
And put my magic pen to touch thy curves and curls.

Jyo Jottypoet