

Poetry Series

**Katusiime Jeresi**  
**- poems -**

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# Katusiime Jeresi(22 march,1992)

# 1st Confession

I bend the truth  
and  
stash secrets from  
everyone except  
the  
priest sober  
orchestra in my conscience.  
With each note  
each major  
each minor  
the truth echoes  
in the cluttered hall  
of my heart.

Katusiime Jeresi

## 39 Straps

Thirty nine straps  
yet the badge of rage  
was no where on your face  
Bleeding, entrails dripping  
the goal in your head  
was reaching the hill  
before you were pronounced dead  
thirty nine straps  
received in love  
clothed in endurance  
in deaths face  
your spirit still shone  
disguised in the weakest of forms  
your life bled for we men  
thirty nine straps  
they counted one by one  
careful to defy not,  
the whiplash law  
treading and sinking  
to the place you were to  
rescue them  
you drowned in an ocean  
of death as you created  
an ocean of your blood  
drop by drop  
it cleaned  
thirty nine straps  
ensured that for life  
I could walk decked in the  
finery of salvation and the jewelry of  
righteousness for  
thirty nine straps.

Katusiime Jeresi

# A Mothers' Prayer

Tomorrow will come, if you will it O Lord  
I have me a bunch of twins to raise  
I have to smoothly cruise on this potholed road  
I have a fully fed man to amaze  
I have not one or two but three buses to board  
Before i meet my in-laws(that's another phase)  
At sixteen you knew my heart this path wouldn't have trod  
At nineteen trooped in Adventure and at twenty something Compromise  
At whatever bend or hump, let me live O Lord  
I still have me a bunch of twins to raise  
And tomorrow can come, if you will it O Lord.

Katusiime Jeresi

# Ancient Thoughts

An abacus is all I need  
to spell for your heart the words  
I would like to tell it.  
Chalk I will need too  
to count and multiply  
the lengths and breadth  
of that which is boiling inside me.  
love is the reason why  
I find an orchestra in the falling rain  
, and the stepping feet of my daughter  
another manifestation  
of how joy will come, right out  
of you through the tiniest things.  
Drop the question mark  
Embrace the exclamation mark.  
how I love I don't know  
, but that there is Jah above  
and no mistake, accident or coincidence  
comes garbed like you  
makes you my carnival in the rain.

Katusiime Jeresi

# Anthony

Teach me the artless art  
of service above self.  
I feel like  
lighting a path for a stranger  
The sun has set  
and I still hunger.

Katusiime Jeresi

# At Birth

Where poetry stops smiling  
beyond rhythm and rhyme  
beyond the allure of cadence  
in a form I cannot explain  
that's where my smile is written  
where pain pulls over  
beyond the despair of uncontrollable spasms  
beyond the pull of agony  
in a stream of reflex tears I had never experienced  
your cry meets mine.  
Where the rising and setting suns cease to entrance  
Beyond the sweet music of the midnight rain  
Beyond the shimmery trillion ripples of the Nile  
In beauty simply divine  
I tirelessly stare at my eyes on your face  
I won't be the fool who  
Tries to describe your wordless speech  
With syllables but I will try to look  
To peer beyond the horizon  
Beyond the limits you have sketched  
Beyond the unimaginable  
Beyond the gratitude and thank God above  
For gifting me with you.

Katusiime Jeresi

## Birth Month

March croons again and again  
But I would rather greet the sun  
Or play with the wind blown dirt  
March whispers again and again  
&quot;Another number is here&quot;  
Does she know  
I can barely get two and four to agree?  
March whispers again and again  
But God am weary  
My bones do ache  
March and her tambourines  
Can go to the sun  
And bake  
I have no business with Aging.

Katusiime Jeresi

# Blinded

The world was moving on  
When you were cradling your pain  
And singing its magnitude  
Unsung heroes were doing  
Exploits  
As you broke bread with hopelessness  
The world went about its charity  
Of helping life thrive.

Now you ask me why everything  
Changed  
You my dear dwelt in the darkness  
longer than  
Was necessary  
Now the light simply  
Blinds you.

Katusiime Jeresi

# Born To Flow

"you are my river born to flow, "  
mama whispered before the show  
then the lights found me  
though my lines were determined to flee  
into the ocean of heads  
with thin hope threads  
being woven into my shrunk heart  
i searched for the smile that would jolt me to a start  
but before me in astounding attention  
silence covered the hall like a contagion  
spreading up to where my feet rested  
born to flow, I stood rooted  
yet it was just for a while.  
I let the sun of my smile  
rise as the words poured  
confidence flapped her wings and soared  
As mama's river began to flow.

Katusiime Jeresi

# Bosom Ties

Willing walls for us to perch  
established in our need  
soldiers keeping watch  
by night shelters, indeed.

Birds with whom we fly  
brilliant array of colors  
same destination.  
Life may hit hard, may have us floored  
but this flight keeps a-keeping on

Willing wrongs for our right  
even if its only to see us crease  
with delight.  
Colors of the sky,  
each a breath taking hue  
friends help you face your worth.

Paradigms of kindness  
heavenly stationed sturdy hands  
donning generosity's golden cloth  
there when life has us bent.  
Time turns them family,  
bands of dotting brothers  
adorable sisters we find.  
Protective old dears  
present even as we saunter through hell.

Katusiime Jeresi

# Break The Time Machine

Break the time machine and sign us into eternity  
Dwell in our hearts and in those of our posterity  
Freeze the ticking seconds  
Broaden this ageless abyss

Break time but let us sip from its pot  
Pull the raging minutes out of the travelling wheel  
Break the time machine and its hold over our skins  
Stop it from lining our faces and its gray crown far from our strands.  
Break the time machine, your payment and reward  
Will be a forever youth mounting your stairs  
And the golden glee of cheerfulness will be your never ending song.

Katusiime Jeresi

# Broken Guitar

You are so out of tune  
a broken melody  
a ruthless croon  
you are so imperfect  
a shattered crust  
coated with rust  
but the churning Nile cant match  
the beauty of the strength in you  
gallons of oil, gladly burnt  
to have a slice of your nostalgic notes  
to unfathomable lengths  
we would go  
to hold your bridge  
you are so out of tune  
a broken melody  
a soulless croon  
but you are our perfect  
and no song speaks the unsaid words  
of our hearts  
unless its from your strings

Katusiime Jeresi

# Death

Water parades its self no more  
For the spring of sorrow from whence it sprung  
Has dried up  
Leaving jubilation in the brightly lit rooms  
Of my tender heart  
The rims of my eyes can no longer swell  
For the fists that turned it a darker shade  
Have gone with you  
And death usually dances with sorrow  
But tonight, its waltzing with joy.

Katusiime Jeresi

# Destruction

Myths were spurn  
In the yellow light of the sun  
And the coal black of the menacing night  
Of how love grew or sprung  
Or sat steadily in your heart  
I seen that  
Love springs not  
Or grows  
Or sits  
Its destructive like a midnight gale

Katusiime Jeresi

# Do Not Tell

I am a mother  
Not a well of IQ  
That everybody who squirms  
In my amniotic fluid  
Is bound to share a little of 'my brains'  
A 'half of my cunning'  
Three quarters of 'my charm'  
And a full serving of 'my wit'.

You  
Caress gourd upon gourd  
Reduce yourself to a shell of your former glory  
Perfect the fine art of whisking skirts up  
Sowing seed and  
Blaming the garden if its seedlings are full of weeds

This man calls me wanton and foolish  
-He may be right  
But whatever curtains veiled my eyes  
Have lifted.  
He  
-in his flaming wisdom  
should have  
clung to his mother  
If he wanted an IQ well  
To carry his offspring.

reluctance throbs in my veins  
-when I lean on him.  
The caution of an asthmatic man  
saturates each breath  
This man, mother says  
Is just a man

Katusiime Jeresi

## Fantasies.

If I were a dandelion would you be a bee?  
Would you be drawn to my screaming yellow?  
Would my nectar be worth the flight?  
If I were an albatross would you be the wind  
Under the gigantic span of my wings?  
Would you steer me to shores where  
Your rage is unknown?  
You are quick to speak loves' riddles  
Would you speak peaceful sense  
Were I eternally drunk with rage?  
And if the morrow finds me  
A cold lingering morning mist  
Would you be the stubborn night?  
Would you fight a lost battle with the rising sun?  
If I strip myself of fantasies  
And stand as I am  
Would you love me just as  
If I were a dandelion and you were a bee?

Katusiime Jeresi

# Fiery Disk

When the fiery disk rises  
I take flight, destination waiting  
Though misty a morn, a plan the good Lord devises  
When the fiery disk rises  
Cold gusts I beat as hope arises  
Each flap, each glide confidence reinstating  
When the fiery disk rises  
I take flight, destination waiting.

Katusiime Jeresi

# Flames

I loved fire, flame by flame  
and I was consumed till all that was left was my name  
I loved fire, flame by flame  
maybe I was insane or simply loved the way it burnt away my shame  
I loved fire and was burnt by each flame  
till I was choking on humility  
and my heart didnt beat the same  
I still love fire and the beauty in each flame  
for when I thought it had taken me to Hades  
it just proved to be part of your game.  
I love fire and how it licks away my impurities  
and brings out the hidden glow  
I love fire and how my stubborn heart it tames.

Katusiime Jeresi

## For Love

Twist this to suit your taste  
Stir the pot however you please  
When the sun goes to bed  
And the moon whispers its good morning's  
The mystery of who we are will come alive.  
I have walked decades to be ensconced in your arms  
I have waited countless nights on my knees my faith driving me to insanity  
I dont lose when I have just won  
My journey in your care thus begins

Katusiime Jeresi

# For The Child Who Was Never Made

You are welcome.

Birthdays  
Would have been  
Blood baths  
As you watched  
A grown man  
and  
His grown woman  
searching -with determination  
for a handle to fly off.

You would have had  
The best education  
in  
'Never compromising who you are'  
as you watched mama  
Master that Art.  
Daddy-well daddy  
Would be daddy  
Boys are always boys.

Your esteem would  
Have been punctured  
By your first cry  
For the attention  
You would slice  
Your wrists trying to get

Do I regret  
Not allowing you  
To be made?  
No.

You are welcome.

Katusiime Jeresi

# Forgiving

Lets talk of forgiveness  
When the rains of betrayal are falling  
And lightning is gracing  
The nimbus clouded skies  
With love leading every step  
And chairs screeching their way  
From under the table  
Heaving hate off our hearts  
Lets talk forgiveness.

Katusiime Jeresi

# Houses Small

Scattered over the hill  
Strewn in valleys wet  
Minds have a thirty year old will  
And a boiling rage that's yet  
To break out of  
Houses small.

Katusiime Jeresi

# If This Is My Last Day

If this is my last day  
shouldn't I be out of my house  
letting my skin absorb its last ray?

Tell me what would be worse  
strolling about in meadows green  
or an hour long session with a life nurse?

If today is the last am seen  
I'd love to touch your core  
with a teary sorry for when I was mean

Oh like a lioness I'd love to roar  
so the whole world drowns in my song  
for you of me to have more

And in death's stare, you who has done me wrong  
are a speck of sand in the desert  
a minority i majored in, a crowd i could never belong

And maybe am someones brat  
but if this is my last day  
I'd love to dole out the gold in me to a church rat  
as I let my skin absorb its last ray.

Katusiime Jeresi

## In My Head.

When the day is done and the moon starts its watch in the great dark blue  
I feast my eyes as the stars embark on their parade  
a vision to carry, a life to be thankful for  
its always in my head  
this incessant chatter about life when am dead, the longings for more of the gift  
am already having  
the need you meet at each bend and boarder, I stretch out as realisation  
embraces me  
you are always in my head  
like the knowledge of this breath am taking in, and the gurgles from these babes  
you gave  
I let faith billow up mountain like, when my day is done  
its a battle thats won and in gratitude I drown that I don't have to roam that far,  
I can find it all in my head.

Katusiime Jeresi

# Justine

I am not here  
To reiterate  
How "life is unfair";  
That anthem has been sung  
In repeat

I am Justine  
Just Tin to my dear husband  
Just In to mama  
And Nobody to whoever fathered me

I can't afford  
The luxury of talking in black and white  
My dividends have  
Been silence and aches  
So I croak  
my truth out  
In metaphors

Life is a boardroom  
I am mama's most pitched idea  
Her pride brings nimbus clouds  
In my eyes  
But the rain only falls  
In nights silent  
Father  
Has left me a home  
On Nowhere street  
Am married you see  
My name is Just In.

Katusiime Jeresi

# Keepin' On

Darling keep keepin' on  
The lows may seem deep .....unending even  
The highs will come once in a while...it may seem  
But when your soul is heavily burdened  
And your pretty foot is bruised and tired  
It may seem harsh to say but its only right to tell you  
To keep on keepin' on

Darlin keep on keepin' on  
When times are rougher than you anticipated  
And a tiny raspy voice keeps whispering second thoughts  
Besides your beautifully set goals  
When you are barely holding back that tear  
And your heart is infused with fear  
It may seem right to put down your tools and call it a day  
But until what you purposed is met  
Keep on keepin' on

Darling keep on keepin' on  
These arms will hold you, the far you are doesn't factor  
a voice that comforts is near and whispering in your ear,  
"There are millions of hearts around you  
but mine for your good still beats  
alone should be a feeling foreign  
and darling keep keepin' on"

Katusiime Jeresi

# Laughing Guns

I have seen  
The glee with which you make guns laugh  
Oppression used to naked walk  
Now its spreading its legs  
Out for all on the wide web.

Katusiime Jeresi

# Leaves

What is borrowed,  
can never be owned.  
I return the leaf I borrowed  
so I can raise my tree,  
write my history,  
and lend out my leaves.

Katusiime Jeresi

# Lullabies

I sing my self  
a thousand lullabies  
my heart drumming,  
my head scribbling.  
I sing my self  
lullabies from days gone;  
nostalgic tunes.  
lullabies from days yet to come;  
optimistic songs.  
Child, I sing  
a thousand times  
my blood whistling  
as intuition tugs at the chords in my spirit  
I sing of love leaving,  
a sorrowful song.  
I sing of life ending  
a heart breaking song.  
Lullabies of allies who shut the door,  
lullabies of love rising in the cold,  
lullabies of life splattered on asphalt,  
lullabies of a spirit who can't be caged  
lullabies of victories and defeats  
that have lent strength to limp limbs  
I sing with my eyes closed  
and my mouth clamped  
I sing with no tune,  
no rhythm,  
no beat  
I sing and am sung  
I am the song.  
A thousand lullabies  
are verses off  
Me.

Katusiime Jeresi

# Manny

you trifle with mortality  
shun her kisses  
dismiss her with another sip  
of liquor  
oh manny  
you are running straight  
to deaths conference.  
An appointment  
you should be less eager  
to attend.

Katusiime Jeresi

# Midnight

Look

its morning but the night holds strong  
the rising sun wont show  
till night is a bit slow  
in dealing her blows.

Katusiime Jeresi

Feathers on fire scatter  
Off the birds that flutter  
Their tawny wings in my bowels  
O how you reduce me to a bundle of tension!

Do you recall the live wires?  
Their sparks started the fire  
Flaring gloriously in my eyes  
Repairingly destructive

Hold me waist and heart  
As the lady in me slaps your hands off my skirt  
Reduce me to a fine heap of nothing  
O artist seductive.

If you love proves deep  
And forgetfulness in my memory does seep  
Recover it with the warmth  
Trekking through your bones

How you send me without defense  
Off the brink of sense  
Beautiful on the inside  
You hypnotize me, like a million suns rising.

Katusiime Jeresi

# Mothers' Pride

My mother is proud.

I scrub her pans  
I tend her flowers  
I sit and listen  
to her stern warnings  
concerning the spreading of my legs  
My mother is proud

You can read it in her smile  
as she presents me to church folk  
'Nina is finishing her bachelors...'  
she whispers loudly  
to Ma Namu whose daughter  
is boiling Haj Hassan's potatoes.  
I bundle my shawl  
in front of my bloating stomach  
my loose kitenge curtaining me  
I have three more months  
before my mothers' pride is diluted  
into a tasteless brew of shame  
Will my mother be proud  
if she learns  
I have scrubbed her pans  
alongside Musa's,  
I have tended her flower bed  
as I pruned Musa's,  
I didn't only listen to her  
stern warnings concerning the spreading  
of my legs,  
Musa taught me how  
they must be spread?

Hopefully  
Mother will be proud

Katusiime Jeresi

# My Name

My maiden name  
Will tell you to be grateful  
To my father for whipping me  
Into the fine steel that can  
Withstand your hand.

My second name  
Reminds you am a song bird  
That can belt painful notes  
As the night silently stares  
At your primal dance

My Mrs is a tag  
Am bound to you  
Denied a voice  
So you can stand  
A man through and through

Katusiime Jeresi

# Naluminsa

Sultry is the description  
Of the long red drunken stares  
shot by Naluminsa.

Am this establishment's officer  
A defender of obscure boundaries  
Paid to drink and observe  
and still  
serve□  
Naluminsa,  
in all forms.

Her mouth, a dark graveyard  
Of little black stumps  
speaks to the calabash  
Nestled in her hands  
&quot;I have looooved you darlie  
And you kindle the fire  
burning merrily in my eyes&quot;  
she drawls stylishly

Suddenly she  
relieves her bowel of its contents.  
Her elder son  
dutiful a teen as can be,  
manly enough to be  
the beer makers apprentice  
like a magician concocts  
a pale pail for his mama  
out of thin not-so-fresh  
air.

In waddles Bongole  
&quot;am I drunk? &quot;  
&quot;am I drunk? &quot;  
&quot;yes I am&quot;  
&quot;no am not&quot;  
he thunders through the  
Rust coated iron

door into the  
'Peoples bar'&quot;  
rattling reed by reed  
in deep timbre calling  
&quot;Naluminsaaaaa&quot;  
The poor  
inebriated beer maker.

Katusiime Jeresi

# O Woman

An abyss of peace  
Is the mirror to your soul  
O woman

Hunch backed  
Or fully curved

Your presence  
Is unto itself, peace

Serenade peace  
Swarm us  
As we pluck strings  
Of our modern harps  
O woman

Hearts  
Leaping with joy  
Tears  
In pride we cry

O woman  
Your presence  
Is  
A coat of sugar  
When calm sets foot  
A coat of mail  
When war rages  
Unhinging our doors

O woman  
Our destinies  
You shape.  
Mightily gentle  
You serenade peace  
O Woman.

Katusiime Jeresi

# Of Mice And Men

Of mice and men  
Am a woman  
born and raised.....in dilapidated housing  
shaky and decrepit.

Of beauties and beasts  
am different  
uniquely shaped by the potters hand  
this land I walk is foreign to my feet  
though why I shouldn't stand  
and hold the torch of my opinion up  
I don't know.

Of love and hate  
am told love conquers the worst  
hate may be strong  
but it drives one behind  
till you are caged in bitterness  
and your soul starts to rot.

So of mice and men  
once upon a time I chose to be a girl  
metamorphosed into a woman  
rose from the ashes of my past  
to speak.....undaunted.  
you don't have to  
listen  
or hear  
for me  
to  
speak.

Katusiime Jeresi

# On A Rainy Day

I met death  
greeted her sombre frame  
recalled the mr-whats-his-name  
who had eloped with her  
the week before.

I met death  
on a day so rainy  
it seemed the heavens were already mourning  
my would be journey

She is far from scary  
dove loveliness she has not  
but everlasting rest and peace  
she walks with.

But rest wasn't for me.....yet  
and there were wars multiple and unknown  
for me to fight.  
So I said goodbye after a short embrace  
and started to swoon  
as she whispered see you soon.

Katusiime Jeresi

# On Dictatorship

All the kings' men say yes  
because the king speaks  
color-filled tongues  
though rivers of disease  
traverse his land  
and winds of war  
grow from adolescence  
to adult hood.

All the kings' men say  
yes  
it's for their children they say  
though their children will have children  
with my children.

Our grand future we waste  
playing futile games of greed  
who taught you that selling hope  
is a grand investment?

Katusiime Jeresi

## On Love

There are stories rising out  
of present glories.  
Brushed with love  
painted through pain,  
the sun shines through your  
luminous stare  
you smile defying  
deaths constant glare.  
You have breezed through  
eternity  
to but land at my door.  
light infiltrates the dark music  
you cry  
O what peace you bedew me in!

Katusiime Jeresi

# On Marriage

Perhaps time  
Has finally delivered her wickedest blow  
And in mock pity  
She reminds me that  
Perhaps receiving love,  
I should forget.  
And the two that become one  
Should in my case remain  
Just as they are.

Katusiime Jeresi

# Orchestrated

You can catch me  
If I let you  
I am not the elusive wind  
Or the stationery wall  
I am not the predictable clouds  
Or the punctual sunrise  
I am an orchestrated accident  
You can stop me  
If I let you.

Katusiime Jeresi

# Patching

Rips and tears beg a sewing,  
a quick patching of muscle,  
bit by bit glued  
till the hole you bore  
is but no more.

Katusiime Jeresi

# Purple Roses

You ought to be more like her  
you told me  
think about your granny  
so the ghosts of the past  
would be appeased  
but they have grown a little fleshy  
now they roam about unfettered  
its like watching  
or reliving  
your past aches.

Living was for the weary  
you told me  
and breathing a gift  
that cannot be given  
you got me wondering..  
what would the stars think?

Life was a river full of floating rejects  
I wasn't to be named one  
if they didn't love me hard enough  
i was to love myself  
then love myself again on behalf of everyone who was never bold enough too  
roses were to be purple  
when I had seen enough red.

Katusiime Jeresi

# Romeo.

I will tell you a story  
And dip it in similies  
Cause heaven knows  
I might bend the truth a little  
If I stick to prose.

Two lovers who knew not  
The true essence of loving  
Stared in each others eyes  
The warm evening of this November day  
Was blurry as they  
In silence exchanged hidden truths.

I was the passerby who  
enviously stared  
As I briskly headed home  
My thoughts got tangled in memories  
Of days gone and love thrown  
Sulky and tomb silent  
I saw it..  
It saw me..

&quot;A coat that looked like you  
Is all I want for the holidays...&quot;  
The voice in my head spoke  
But my heart was singing terrified rythms  
Romeo pushed Juliet behind him  
I clutched my bag  
A wild cat in the evening?  
God all I wanted was air!

Shh...Romeo whispered walking  
Closer to me.  
Juliet wept.  
I didn't deserve this.  
God I wasn't even in love!  
God...  
God....

Inaudible prayers I sent  
Express heaven bound

Romeo motioned me to step back  
Then I saw the martyr  
He was going to be  
How love lent the young man  
Courage am to never know  
But the pain of loving I lived to see.

Juliet weepy yet strong  
Gripped my trembling hands in hers.  
A stranger pulling me along  
Till my legs woke from shock  
Cheetar like we fled from the  
Scene like demented cows.

And now I wonder if  
A warm embrace is better  
Than a lonesome stroll  
As the sun goes to bed  
For love we give the best  
Of who we are  
To strangers passing by.

Katusiime Jeresi

# Slutty Guitarist

Applauding each milestone  
the drums of your expectation sound  
as you haul us onto your rooftop  
but not before  
you listen to the sweet music  
of our clinking coins.

Society, you are a slutty guitarist  
who sits at the city square  
waiting to be bought by paper with value  
so you can strum tunes leading 'the flow'.

But you tell me....  
you who heard the unchained melody of my cries,  
how do I flow with 'the flow'  
when 'the flow' has no idea of how to flow?

I choose the path of the different  
though creative embers burn low  
life is a multi coloured rainbow  
and we all have different hues.

Katusiime Jeresi

# Soar.

the mystery is not in my eyes  
no sir  
or in the junction  
between my legs  
no sir  
the mystery is not in the curves and bends  
gracing my body  
that is commonplace sir  
the mystery is in my head  
in the eighth wonder that is  
my thought pattern  
the mystery can be solved if  
you aim higher  
were most creatures crawl  
be an eagle sir...  
soar.

Katusiime Jeresi

## Ssebo (Sir)

I may be your plunder  
A thing to hide  
A thing to possess  
A thing to protect  
A thing to fight for when  
Its time for fists to greet  
Or just a baby carrier  
fecund and full of health  
somethings I wash  
somethings I clean  
somethings I cook  
as you rest with a book  
my primary call  
your pleasure ssebo.

I am sure God  
is mightily pleased  
when he sees lounge and  
ask  
for tea from you rib,  
eight months  
huge with child.

Katusiime Jeresi

# Strictly Mummy

Awash in an eternal glow  
My body is lost without your movements  
You have my extra heart  
Pumping away mercilessly in your chest  
I glow with longing  
And my thirst for your cry does shine  
The parable involved me receiving a king  
How I have discovered a whole kingdom in my quest!  
Now I know, love isn't spelt with four letters  
Its an alphabet in a foreign tongue  
Am in that country right now.

Katusiime Jeresi

# The Death Of Something Bad

Water cannot parade its self anymore  
For the spring of sorrow from whence it sprung  
Has dried up  
To leave  
Jubilation in the brightly lit rooms  
Of my tender heart  
The rims of my eyes can no longer swell  
For the fist that turned it a darker shade  
Has gone with you  
And death usually dances with sorrow  
But tonight, its waltzing with joy.

Katusiime Jeresi

# The Man

I met the man by the way side□  
He stood meekness making a halo around his head  
My wildness he didn't chide  
My attention was enslaved by his words  
My soul stilled, enthralled.....  
I met the man by the way side  
Blanketed with love  
He excused my impatience  
My child-like air he noticed not  
With him my arrogance capsized  
I met a man by the way side  
I was blinded by rage  
Insecure in each turn I took  
My soul weary and aged  
His hand  
a steady rock  
His voice  
a soft thunder  
Whispered change into my life  
And  
It was  
not a  
          mesh  
anymore  
Or  
          a cryptic  
crossword  
          to solve  
It was a gift to be thankful for  
Gladness throbbled in my veins□  
And though it lasted for but a while  
It was a welcome remedy for my soul  
When I met the man.

Katusiime Jeresi

# The Me He Sees

Now, am like you too  
the me he sees I havent yet met  
the inside he peers at through my eyes  
am oblivious to.

I walk to the music of my thoughts  
and its the rythm his heart decides to take  
and no complaint teary or dry  
gets him asking why  
magnetically polite  
he's drawn at my very sight.

With modest pride,  
I truly stand out in his crowd  
and when he aint near  
my glue goes to waste,  
as this soul pastes sadness in my eyes.

The me he sees, I may never know  
though daily he tries to let me know  
in this ring of love, am daily fed these blows  
the me he sees is a puzzle,  
I love to leave undone.

Katusiime Jeresi

# The Night Steals

The night stealeth away  
Slowly  
like a thief in the dark.  
it creepeth away tentatively  
with all my dreams stashed away  
in its bag.  
the night crawleth by  
my pain and my sorrow it drags along.  
The night is no choir  
and I am no song but  
how it does sing my longing out  
for the dreaming world I fathom not!  
Awaiting its vigil I sit still  
so that  
when the bubbly sun begins to peer  
when the morn is born  
my tears wont scald no more  
and my shredded soul by its rays will be sewn  
the night will be stripped powerless  
and the dark wont hold piercing blue cries  
for thy ear

Katusiime Jeresi

# The Road To Sanity

The long ago that was yesterday  
is flying at the speed  
of asphalt under this car.  
Unlike your whiny sounds  
the rains drop splitter-splatter  
on this weather beaten tin.

The yesterday that was once now  
left a parched throat  
and only one wow  
yearning for your wine  
a soul twisting elixir.

The now holds no gold..  
As cold kisses tender skin,  
candle light silhouettes  
a woman I once knew  
was glued to your dark fate.

Katusiime Jeresi

# Then And Now

Wasn't I the old deer?  
Glassy eyed  
probably brown with dirt?  
Does it really matter?  
Am untangled  
and free to bask in  
the light.

Was a grape-full of depression  
my succulence lost in confusion  
a bit red eyed  
a bit bitter  
that's the fruit I was in the past  
untangled  
and have become  
an apple in your sight

Oh yes I was....  
a city on a hill with an all year power blackout  
an unarmored soldier  
amidst shelling and war cacophony  
These ashes often pout  
probably forgetting  
probably daunted and in fear  
but you never let them lead from the rear  
and they stand confidently  
adorned with a beauty divine.

Katusiime Jeresi

# This Clay Pot

Aged coins, older sighs  
yesterdays lane I walk not  
winsome smile, brisk pace.

Diet not, four two  
buying height in shoe stores.  
sun kissed, curled Kagarama hair

But inside that  
a soul is peaceful in the ebony  
once upon a time  
incarcerated in agony,  
but now twirling to the tune  
of life's harmony.  
Taking tools out of the storage room  
mending cracks and daring to stand bold  
for my soul, fire cant scald  
and the potter sent me as a finished pot,  
not broken clay pieces.

Katusiime Jeresi

# This Train

It is an unusual train, packed to the max, thieves and bankers and everyone defaulting on their tax

It is an unusual train, earning is a must; cheapskates and highends and everyone in the nasty body trade.

It is an unusual train; the jailer and the jailed and the prudent walking in the light.

you either put up a fight or you lose.

This is an unusual train, you can stare flabbergast at liars and cheats and polyandry on the rise

This is an unusual train, selfishness has evolved; dictators and terrorist crying for peace without relinquishing their guns.

This is an unusual train, I must admit; strangers with kind hearts, Samaritans you will never see again and mean stars full of God-knows-what and

You either mingle and mix or stand on your own.

I was born in this train, wilth filth and impeccability; love and hatred pure.

I was born in this train, hopelessness and determination, commitment and frustration

I was born in this train, the journey never ends, no station no stop till I reach my destination.

Katusiime Jeresi

# To Belong.

Out-cast or cast out  
Either step I take  
Leads me to a shut door or  
A door shut  
With convenience and flair  
Abnormality deems me  
Unfit for the box.  
A wanderer with no home  
A shepherd with no flock  
The poorest wealthiest woman  
I long to belong.  
Where is home I ask?  
Where is home?  
East or West I get blown by the wind  
North or South burnt by the bold sun

I long to belong.  
So my longing you fill  
I long to stand  
So my sinews you strengthen  
I long to love  
So you teach my heart overflow  
To love the wandering  
To embrace the foreignness  
'My child', you whisper  
'You will never belong  
for you already belong'.

Katusiime Jeresi

# To Life

If I wake each morning  
to eyes dancing with happiness,  
If I have one memory secured  
of teeth glistening in the sun's rays,  
If I have a hand  
for my hand  
and one wand,  
to make it fairytale grand  
fate would be factual  
love actual  
destiny visible.

Katusiime Jeresi

# Two Sides Of Dope

Its dope I say  
Not dope like the coke  
That usually courses your veins  
Or like the smoke  
That gets you Crested tower high  
This dope is elegance and excellence  
Merged into a tight verse  
That brings to life beauty, love  
And the uncensored flow of affection  
Your love is dope I say.

The love you weave  
Is not tight like the rope  
That saves me from plummeting off the brink  
But tight like the hope  
That makes me smile at each blue-skied morning  
The sweetness of a new day  
Curiosity birthed from an untraded way  
The light of a thousand chandeliers  
Can never match the rays that burn in your eyes  
Your soul is warm  
And dope I think.

Quit dope  
Cool shouldn't come only to leave you so cold  
Nor should your smile be brown  
Or your wallet in a constant yawn  
Love conquers all they say  
Love is dope enough I say.

Katusiime Jeresi

# Up.

Harsh lights glare  
Like an angry multitude  
the distance helps  
diffuse their anger  
against  
the shy stars.  
Cold blasts dig deep  
into my supple skin  
and you hold my hand  
serving me the cuisine of your  
warmth  
Up Up Up  
on the balcony  
where the city noise  
fades  
with each word you speak  
your chest reverberating  
through the small of my back  
as you serve me  
the cuisine of your warmth  
Up Up Up  
as the world passes below  
a drunk conductor getting the fares all wrong  
an old PA system blasting out tasteless songs  
officers matching in a single file  
though no one is crying war or foul  
for now your arms are a welcome prison  
Up Up Up.  
as I meet your incarcerating gaze  
harsh lights glaring.

Katusiime Jeresi

# Vow

The day  
I say  
'I do',  
will be a summer afternoon  
your smile will compel this doom  
to step aside as you skillfully weave me into your loom.

The day  
I say  
'I do',  
will see a stubborn sheep enter your courts  
the sheep you adore to be exact  
which bleats with joy and at your touch delights.

The day  
I say  
'I do'  
will see your name by my Mrs  
and lone gents, will always see me fenced  
just as wandering skirts will have you off their 'might be' racks.

In the quiet of the night, with the moon glaring  
nocturnal ants sounding our wedding march  
the priest, the cold  
then you,  
then me,  
I would love to say 'I do'  
but  
you say the world must witness, the bloom of what you feel,  
for a mere sheep  
the day,  
I say  
I do.

Katusiime Jeresi

# When

WHEN

When I used to dream dreams am still dreaming  
And love was a honey sweet emotion  
When I used to greet strangers like long lost friends  
And community was a cocoon tightly bound

When necessary evils were unnecessary  
When money was like leaves on trees  
And we almost swept it into  
The heap to be burnt  
When hate was just another word whose spelling we happened to know  
When young and free  
The clear blue sky was a screen  
Where wispy wild clouds  
Formed images of our thoughts  
When smiles had a heart  
When hugs were warm  
And hypocrisy wasn't gently dressed

Just as love was bottled to be kept  
You loved me with no condition`

Katusiime Jeresi