

Poetry Series

menash mohhan shrestha
- poems -

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menash mohan shrestha(1986/12/14)

A Dark Poem

In the pitch dark of night I dwell. Scavenging the leftovers that you repell. With my mosaic vision I could see. The search of predators and their flea. This mundane world and whirlpool of misery. Never got the mind that's full of liberty. In death, they say, there is light. Bounty of thrust to help my flight.

(2011/04/17, Dharan, Nepal)

menash mohan shrestha

Ailing Girl

Everyday you go through such an ordeal,
For you must suffer before you die.
Every end of the day you die on your bed,
For you can't succumb to struggle.
Now the day has come for you to arise
From your ashes,
For I've asked the trees along my
Avenue to welcome you with bouquet
In their hand.
But you lie with your nitemares as your
Watch standstill folding its arms.

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Alcoholic Night

You've rocked me to and fro like a piston.
I was nothing to you but a mere stone.
But the Time plays always a protagonist.
Now you are counted as a traitor.
And I'm a super lover with extra dose of intoxicating elixir.
That has salivating effect on my tip of every taste buds.
Always loved your smell that you spread
Around me like an aura of your youth.
Memories rejuvenated when I'm distracted from my being.
Its always the subconscious that plays peekaboo with me.

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Angels And Demon

Lioness can't be tamed even in the palace.
Just rage, nothing more, in her roars.
Her eyes like wounded soldiers, her smile like grenade.
She has her puppets made of smoke and not strings.
She has her stage all dark, alive only with the echoes.
Of her defeated gods and hopeless devil.
There are gods in every corners.
There is a devil by her side.
The lies of her god overwhelms her mind.
And she confesses that nothing has changed.
But she is as weak as she's ever been.
And now she counts pieces of glass with fingers made of stone.
The story of false truth arrives posthumously to the devil.
Thundering in the ears of the hopeless.
Her paradise is not near enough at all.
But her fate conspires against her before she can see.
That demon is so much more forgiving than any angels.

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Doomsday

For you could not love me in this life,
how could I believe you'll meet me after
death.

For I've seen you in someone's else arms,
why couldn't I embellish my words to write a doggerel.

For I'm fed up with the same circumstances now and then,
why shouldn't I wait the apocalypse to come.

For I'm not in your warm embrace,
why shouldn't I cross my fingers
for doomsday to engulf me.

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Exam Fever

Wide discrepancies between numbers and figures.
Belittled me for so long a time.
And a cascade of effects derailed me from the track.
The ramshackled universe we already enrolled.
The same outlook, but different soul.
And I was stucked in the turnstile.
While the days melted like icecreams.
In the arid hands on the summer vacation.
Now,

I'm waking myself up from the tiresome sleep.
To feed the thoughtless fingers with smart education.
To scribble on the diary of the skin writing with razors.
To solve the hurdles of equations and theorems.
With words that became speck of dust.
When my teacher rubbed the blackboard.
I am with.

So many monsters, so little ammunitions.
So many volumes, so little time.
So many wolves, so little bricks.
But I'm beelining my paths.
To build a house that no wolves could blow down.

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Exorcizing My Ghost

With a view to snatching away my memories.
The ghost has been haunting my mind.
Backward through the same maze.
I set off until every step is negated.
Until the ghost is exorcized.
There were mountains in my words.
She was never fit to climb.
And running away from the deep valley of my silence.
To be trapped in the cellar of the ghost.
And never had I had a lover.
Just a masquerade that lasted long enough.
Now I should forget her disguises.
With the nostrum of the nurse who is taking an eternity.

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Expectations And Results

When my heart is drenched in the wine of suspicion.
And my mind burst in the calmness of nothingness.
The temptation of vengeance is so justified when I am left alone in the field of battle.
With my bruised soul and bleeding heart.
And the raging inferno of my eyes brave enough to engulf my own
Saudade(portugese word) .

The munificent God giving away his treasures in numbers and figures.
And an impotent virus drowning in the blood of bigger monsters.
When the expectations are higher and the results are much too low.
When the audience can't determine their time to applaud.
How I immensely want a time machine to execute this treacherous paradox.

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Flames

He rose from his ashes when the fire burnt the dark.
And stumbled forward when you touched him with spark.
The blinds are closed and guarded with the amulet of paper angels.
Yet you managed to dance in the euphoria of your elusive victory.

The truth is your blindfold.
And the rabbit hole the fantasy.
A feast of cannibals in the island of the mutated saints.
Abandoning the hunger in the pursuit of taste.

He has his reasons.
But the monster has her charms.
He has the earthquakes of choices.
But unruffled with the boredom.
And when your wishper ignites.
He shouts at the flame.

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Freedom

In those late night call, I had not hushed.
I'd said the words, and ur face was blushed.
I play with hearts, dont dare call me lazy.
Its u who make me loose my mind and make me crazy.
And my songs are chaste, they are there where my heart is.
But I lost all thats mine in the bundle of his.
I wont bleed ur ears, I wont hurt u again.
I wanna set free, please kindly untangle ur chain.

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Friend In Need

Your life may seem to be tethered to an
altar,
but you suicidal thoughts shouldn't play as an actor,
Life goes on even in winding paths,
All should reborn themselves with every baths,
unlike your thoughts I'm not a preacher,
I'm just a friend trying to unload your pitcher.

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Happy Nurse Day

In my death bed, hell is here.
Tossing and turning with my bedsore.
Like flipping and burning in the frying pan.

Kith and kins love not me anymore.
Grieved I, when all seems to wait.
The beginning of the end of an ailing man.
With broken pieces of life in his hands.

In my after-life I met a girl.
Placing water ballons under my back.
That high compassion which can overbear.
The pain of a dying man in his bed.

Fed me, bathed me, manicured me.
With a heart of angel to soothe my grief.
Acted as a band-aid upon the fallen pieces.
She loved not me, but she cared.

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Heartless Lover

For you're an impatient girl and heartless lover.
You left me waiting while you're
in your own funeral.
For you're a nuclear melt down and an
undying amber.
You became a mere spectator as
I'm burning at your wedding inferno.
For you're a puppet and had promises to keep.
You left me there with mauled skin and bleeding heart.
For you're the Higg's Boson and
antimatter to me.
You became a stranger with your
unfathomable mind and stut words.
For I'm your pshycic lover & life long admirer.
I keep waiting with relentless tears & picture perfect memories.

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Humanity & Evolution

We searched and we killed.
In this Darwin's world.
And in the stubborn genetics of humanity.
We are still the survivals.
As in the verge of extinction.
We're reborn from between the thighs of stone.
The fears and the triumphs that came.
With the discoveries still flow in our blood.
We haunted and we fought.
And in the pinnacle of evolution.
We become the dinosaurs of today.
We're sick and we're diseased.
And the virus of humanity.
Still lacks the cure.

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In Bed

I can't say anything about tides.
But who says time doesn't wait.
Time does wait.
It's always waiting for life to start.
Yawning & helpless.
Without something inside.
Every hole is hungry.
For some potion to fill it.
Revel in the thunder and music.
Something waits between her legs.
To start a life.

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Japanese Tsunami

You used to be my queen in Fukushima.
And now you are soaked up in aroma.
It made you blushed in blue.
So that you are surrounded by this hullabaloo.
Your thoughts were so oceanic, you were so
domicile.
Now it made you so gigantic and yet so
fragile.
I struggled with tons and tons of debris.
But you are seen as a dead in BBC.
And I dug out to make pyramids of sand.
Now you are counted to make it a ten
thousand.
I searched for you in the flotsam and jetsam.
But you passed away before you entirely
blossom.
No matter how many times this sea touches
my feet for apology.
But I'd never forgive it as it has engulfed you
as TSUNAMI.
Dedicated to the lovers who's lost their
partners in Japan.

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Loneliness In Language

Many a time the body tells its own anecdote.
But under a masquerade face even clowns hide tear's rivulet.
Cynical bastards never consider others' wounds and sufferings.
They enjoy the visual orgasm even by seeing the hearts that are charring.
Always been in a state of thralldom.
I'm the slave of my own confinements.
Sometimes claustrophobia plays the part of villain.
And sometimes the jargons of my own language enslaves me in loneliness.

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Long Distance Relationship

My days always walk along the uproar of this chaotic valley.
But my nights are far too lonely.
Every second passes like a day.
Minutes, they seems weeks.
And hours are like months.
Some says 'out of sight, out of mind'.
But others says 'Absence makes the heart grow fonder'.
And I believe to the latter.
Distance, as I've determined, is measured in trust rather than years.

I find you.... in past, in memories and thoughts.
And I know not a thing about future.
But the now.... It has nothing, but regret.
When I know deep in my heart,
how your mind is sick and your smile feigns the cure.
And there are wounds, here, that hurts.
When I can't make your body out o' these words on space and in phone calls.
Out of the memories. Out of the thoughts.
These are the wounds, no bandage and poetry can fix.

Every night when it rains,
I let my window pane shudder in the thunderstorm.
Just with the temptation to get your mischevious fragrance.
To make my heart tumble on, avoiding the measures of time.

And there is an empty chessboard by my bed.
A missing queen, replaced by a thousand pawns.
Manned for a mission.
Selling their weapons for a single victory.
And I assure you that our day will come.
And I dont have to say that you are ectopically placed from my memories to my heart.
Because I will be by your side, living.
But tonight, I miss you so much.
And I dont know, how not to.

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Love

In this February,
I know not who will end up with misery,
By the blind little cupid,
whom will be hit by the archery,
Who wanna be my valentine,
will be killed by my poetry.

menash mohan shrestha

Love Letter By My Refrigerator

Chilling at the core, fire on the surface. Oh! How I wish I could talk. How I wish to say that even my refrigerant is in need of some moving air.

In this scorching heat, I provide you with your much longed ice cubes. But even in my ice chest there is an alein invasion of moulds. Oh How I hate these pychrophils. And in the country of never ending blackouts you kept me in a dark corner. And the self thawing ice inside my compartment wets my innards. Oh, I'm so sick of this.

And what's more. I can't even talk. Even if I could, you have always preferred a long distance love with me just to enjoy the love of your pet dog. I want to shout out. I want to cry. But unlike you people, I'm not supplied with the mundane communications tools when you are far away from me. Can't convey through words and letters. Can't convey through the phone. Can't convey through the space.

And there's always less people and much food. Less mouth and much long list of menu. Who would tell you that I am not a lorry to carry your sorry.

Your Lonely Love,
Refrigerator.

menash mohan shrestha

Love Letter By Refrigerator

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And there's always less people and much food. Less mouth and much long list of would tell you that I am not a lorry to carry your sorry.

Your Lonely Love,
Refrigerator.

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Love Vs Hate

In my tantrums there she finds love.
But in her love there is wrath.
In her innocence she take the poison.
In small doses only to bleed the cure.
And she watch the altercation of reasons and conditions.
When the math overtakes her.
And she struggles with the remainder.
In her grip there is ripe apple, bruised, bitten and sour.
Albeit I wished to wake up in her dead soul.

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Mistress Of Mystery

Oh my mistress of mystery.
I know not your dark history.
In this night of deafening silence.
My heart longs for your warm presence.
Oh my lady of loneliness.
I'd always loathed your absentness.
Apologies for my greatest blunder.
That I've always made you ponder.
In the middle of the night I search your shadow.
To follow your steps without any ado.

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Mother Of Death

It all started in the middle of the night.
When she engulfed the burning sun in her dark dungeon.
Suddenly which changed her economics.
It made her wealthy, it made her poor.
The urge for acid in her arid mouth.
The tenderness in her chest that it brought.
Little mass of cells crammed in the walls of future.
Extra dose of pills to satiate the fluid's hunger.
It all started when lightening occurred.
She felt pain, she felt rush.
Her thought impregnated with hope.
All shattered like sand when that ended as still birth.
But the cinderella kept dancing at the corner.
Only to add sorrow to the mother of death.

menash mohan shrestha

My Ailing Girl

Everyday you go through such an ordeal,
For you must suffer before you die.
Every end of the day you die on your bed,
For you can't succumb to struggle.
Now the day has come for you to arise
from your ashes,
For I've asked the trees along my
avenue to welcome you with bouquet
in their hand.
But you lie with your nitemares as ur
watch standstill folding its arms.

menash mohan shrestha

My Body Parts Go Against Me

For I've cut off my nose to spite my face.
Tonight I've let the wine go to my head.
For I've fought tooth and nail with her.
I closed the blinds with an eye to crying my heart out.
For I'm wet behind the ears in fightng.
Down in the mouth, I've hold my tongue.
For giving her the cold shoulder is far better than sticking my neck out.
I've worked hand in glove with my silence.
For I've laid my finger on her pliable heart.
She kept me at her arm's length.
Hobbling on my last legs I long to be swept off my feet.
But I'm feeling in my bones that she won't show her face again.

menash mohan shrestha

My Love

That brow when rose, browbeats me,
To fall into your pliable foot.
Your tip of tounge, my elixir source,
When enchants my name,
Seems like you christened me everytime.
Those blue eyes when beckon
Upon me,
I'm taken to the never-neverland...
And I see you in every dreams and reveries.
Just to wish that dreams should come true,
I pray to every stone that is worshipped as almighty

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My Lovely Machine

Her hours seem patient,
As she painted her sky with colours
that would never suffice,
Her years betray her,
in the throttle of her skin,
the torque of her machine getting
away from her.

As I may visit her dreams, her
paper faces all falls apart, under
the threat of the rain.

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My Moon

My moon always waxes and wanes like you.
And vanishes in the dawn leaving behind the twinkling dew.
All day long I long for her company.
But in the middle of the night she calls to accompany.
In me there is doubt who is brightened in the day.
Since many a man, I know, desires for her blue ray.

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My Queen

I love it when her eyes lighten up.
When she's able to read my paper face.
Ripe. With so many cuts.
Folded and bled.
Sometimes crumbled and painted in black.
Yeah, I know.
She marvels in, what I'm in short.
She's got words and I've got colors.
Stubborn words that transcend the conversation.
The resonance of wrath at her tip of tongue.
And of course, I lack the haemorrhagic bloodshot in my eyes.

Her eyes always plead for solace in my words.
While she stutters in her anger.
Rather I write for her when I'm but myself.
My silence, as I know, will make her strong.
Stronger than she ever was.
But sometimes, even in my prose and poetry.
She searches for metaphors.
And pretend to be heart-broken.
Finding something which I never meant to write.
But this time she won't let me down.
As my face is being painted in Red.
With every careful stroke of my queen of heartache.

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My Quondam Girl

Neither
a demon nor an angel.
She is dilapidated mass of muscles
and skeleton.
Every night, amassing her parts.
She woke up from her coffin.
As every night she has nightmare
of another autopsy.
With temptation of being an
angel.
Everynight she visits a cosmetic
surgeon.
With her broken heart in her
hand.
Leaving being the footprints
strewed by her clotted blood.
And every night she haunts me in my
dreams.
And every day she haunts me in
my reverie.
Being a doctor of heart I couldn't
embellish my lost angel.
Being a pseudo lover my quondam
girl couldn't keep her promises.

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Only For You

If you should hurt me ever.
I'd cry out my heart never.
For in my lonely eyes you dwell.
And I'm scared of loosing you when my eyes swell.

Within your covetous eyes I'm lost.
But as you approach my heart almost frosts.
My heart and soul is only for you, my honey.
And I can't trade this feeling with any money.
For your beautiful smile I'd write till my death.
And you'd obviously read, I've deep faith.
Onto your pliable feet I surrender my heart.
Only for you I can make a fresh start.

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Rain Rain Rain

Oh Rain.

Free fall of heaven's tear.

Your terminal velocity imparts kinetic
churning to my emotions.

Oh Rain,

with knives and daggers you fall.

You charge my brittle thoughts.

And cure the agromania of summer leaves.

Oh Rain.

I ogle you.

When you forms bubbles in the potholes of my avenue.

Brusting when they coalesce to unite.

Oh Rain.

I hate you.

I hate that you remind me of those days of past.

menash mohan shrestha

Request With Deference

Clean urself first; I'll embellish u.
As innocent as a babe; as fresh as dew.
Queen of my heart, U love less than u hurt.
But I'll search for the oasis even in the aridest desert.
There will be day when rain will fall.
That flood away ur fear; and out of ur cave u will crawl.

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Roses Vs Orchids

The wilting orchids are always eclipsed.
Amongst the bouquet of ostentatious roses.
Derelict epiphytes finding their life in cracks and crevasses.
But the lover's choices finding their life in zillion hearts.
The dichotomy of the collision between the two existence.
Too quite to understand and too loud to ignore.

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Scientist

How my darling, could forget that even the smallest cut leaves the biggest scar.
Leaving nervous arithmetic of my mind calculating the division of pleasure.
Like whore, when every moment behaves as.
Flirting with the causality of contrition.
I've always searched for the loopholes in the laws of gravity.
So I can rise. Rise in love.
But the grudge of yesterday eclipsed today, the crude rudiments of our
rendezvous.
When ur silhouette mixed well in horizon.
I regressed my heavy footsteps crushing the pliable petals of roses I brought for
u.
And you, like a nuclear meltdown, engulfed all my justification.

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Secret Temptation

Part of her doesn't prefer to walk with innocence.
Rather she walks on air,
And mischievously, she flies one foot above the ground.
Just to escape from the world as quickly as she can.
Anomaly in her walk, I see mystery in her charm.
Arrogance, I see, when she plucks the leaves.
Determined to ask `em why they lack the red.
Heralding to give them touch of her youth,
In her hands she caresses the green to turn them red.
Kudos to her! I saw the blush of blades as they kiss the ground.
And she strides further forgetting what she left behind.
Remembering what she thinks will hurt me one day. But on that day,
In her ignorance, I will search for the leaves to steal the red.

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Secret Temptation II

Tossing and turning the entire night, I'm used to losing my sleep.
Can only see her vaguely, I'm cursing my lacking of binocular.
In these rainy days I long to see her dancing under her umbrella.
Seemingly impossible, but for her I could play my part of D.J.
Just for a single glimpse I wait for entire day as she seems as elusive as
Cinderella.
For gods and goddesses, she struggled and feigned the disease of sitophobia.
And in every infinitesimal moment she resides in my reverie, but I've had them
all crushed.
When, like some herb-smoking sage with their naked body smeared with ash.
All my friends preach me like some centenarian swami.
However I usually find myself lending my ears to hear the silence of her talk.
And the pain of her absence abates miraculously as her smile acts as an
anaesthesia.
One day I should face her tete-a-tete with all my might and power.
And that day I'll shout to the world that she resides in every ups and downs of
my sulci and gyri.

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Sick Mind

The end is the beginning for her.
When she lost the war.
Against her own ghost.
She's left bled through the edge of scar.
Red in her eyes. Fire in her soul.
With empty rifle, she teases the trigger with broken finger.
Time sakens her, an intrinsic illness.
Her head suffers the symptoms. Her body feigns a cure.
To taste the salt in her tears.
When the rivulets met her lips.
She extends her tongue.
Like the serpentine, crazy for the volatiles in the ambient.
To decipher the paradox she search for the words.
And finally borrows from her ghost dwelling in her head.
The end was always there.
We only pretended we could negotiate.
The distances between when and if.
She answers her own questions.
In gassy stutters and apathetic smirks.
It has already happened and will again.
The end was always there.
She just found it first.

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Tattered Temptation

I'm listening to the gale's rage.
The hiss of moving wind.
It whispers in my ears.
And bring the jaw-dropping news.
Reasonating my tympanic membrane.
In a perfect harmony.
This hour.
With its boastful thunder.
Still brings no rain.
I plead for your tear.
Oh heaven.
Come feed my paper face.
And flow me away.
With my tattered temptations.

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The Balloon Effect

Tell me lie and I shall buy.
Fly me high and I shall sigh.
Challenging the gravity with my swollen body.
I fly with flimsy skin and needle bones.
The pressure exceeds and down-to-earth I am.
To measure your love and your devotion.
Against mine which I have paid.
The sacrifice in miles and the results in
micrometers.

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The Vampires Are Out

Sharp canines shining in the lunar beam.
Displacing everyone's heart as they scream.
Haemophilic vampires are out of the mist.
To drink fluid of life, as a devoted sadist.
Give them your life, they drink away your pain.
And alone, you are not, in this vain.
My soul, my life, for them just to give.
Joining them, cause with them indeath,
Forever I live.

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To My Alcoholic Friend

In one of the tiresome night,
With a man who is eager to fight,
A man like a preaching prophet,
His words that I can never forget.
A great chance I have, to endeavour,
Into a mind i'm spying for,
Saying,
I would be your gretest saviour,
Even in the issue that I never seek for,
A lonely night I always long,
If you should come with your mind high on.
Please don't get me so wrong.
As you are the only friend I can count on.

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Tofu And My Guru

In the mysterious milk I added my patience and the sea salt.
And you curdled to show you without any fault.
Without any ado I washed you in wooden screen.
And pressed the liquid out to set the vegetable protein.
You were exquisite white dipped in the cool water.
To every eye you are a serene vista, a perfect sight.
With my teeth as sharp as dagger & my heart as soft as Tofu.
Please let me taste this textured product, I plead with you, my Guru.

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Valentine's Satire

Down the aisle i met people with
masquerade,
With there tongues laden with words so
clichéd,
Seems like they're vying for their own
crusade,
To display en masse their own mermaid,
Today poor st. Valentine is so betrayed,
Even the lovers exchange the rose that are home made.

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