

Poetry Series

Aditya Mudbhary

- poems -

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Aditya Mudbhary (December 16,1993 - Still living)

Was born at Patan hospital in Nepal. Most of his childhood was spent in Katmandu although when he turned 9 he was sent to India to study. he studied in India until he passed out from the 10th grade. In those few years he explored a new side of him which was Poetry. Since then he has started writing poetry and his poetry was also transformed into music, By the band VENERATION in which he was the lead vocalist. He returned to Nepal after he finished his 10th grade and now he writes poetry as an expression of emotions both sweet and sour.

Age of Loneliness

The evening of loneliness,
When the wind whispers thou name,
I are forced to bow down to distress.

Every rose in the universe,
Seem black and dead,
Melancholy is every song verse.

A night without a word,
Almost killing me,
The feel of happiness' like raindrops, Lowered.

The use of an evil potion,
Has ruined my night,
Ah rose I give thou my tear ocean.

Thou smile a splendid light in darkness,
Thou beauty none can match,
An apology i wish to confess,
My love for thy none can snatch.

Forgive me for all wrongs,
Love me for all the rights,
I ought to be thou slave,
As my love has reached new heights.

Aditya Mudbhary

Death Fear It Not

As thine wake up to the winter misty morning,
With no sunlight,
Bright colorful flowers or the chirping birds singing their song,
The Feeling of death lurks within thy.

Close to thee, Thy see nothing,
Just fog and the gloomy atmosphere sing,
A close friend of old age comes and pays a visit to your fable feelings,
Although I tell thee, There is no need to be afraid.

Death makes angel's of us all,
And leads us a path of a new crawl,
Indifferent forms, Yes I tell thee,
But that's how nature works and that's how it wants to see.

Aditya Mudbhary

Dreamer

I had such a dream last night,
I was floating above the trees,
And my lips were touching,
Were they my lips she asked.

Parked beside the ocean,
Watching the stars penetrate the tide,
Thy eyes to mine, time had stunned,
'Touch me' thy eyes sighed.

My hands rested on thy breast,
My body rested above thy,
Softly n clearly I could hear the cry,
Of pleasure made under the watch of the heavenly sky.

We started to sink into the night beach sand,
And away from the moon spotlight we ran,
Falling into the ditch of pleasure land,
The cry got louder and silence was now banned.

Although the best part I miss to see,
Woken up to a morning with a lusting fee,
Now I ask a question to me,
Was it thee fair one? I have missed to see.

Aditya Mudbhary

Ego Te

Oh mother earth,
How do thy work?
Oh mother earth,
Thy truth thou seek.

Time and flowers,
Different not,
The world and me,
Different not.

What I see the world perceives,
And what thy see I perceive,
The world is but a spider web,
The world is not what they see.

Om, said the world,
Amen said the other,
Is there a difference?
For what I say you say.

The scream of the butterfly,
The roar of the sea,
The cry of the clouds,
The sleep of me.

Thy shall hear what I hear,
Thy shall see what I see,
Thy shall taste what I taste,
Thy shall smell what I smell,
Although thy shalln't feel what I feel.

Flumen montes Oceanus vobis, omnes una.

Aditya Mudbhary

Eyes of the Golden God

The world is a haven of lies,
Its eyes see it as the truth,
Look through the eyes of the golden god,
And the true truth thy shall loot.

The earth revolves not around the sun,
But the round about,
Gravity lives not,
Although truth it struts.

The earth's eyes now blinded by man or two,
Rest lay under the light of lies,
To kill is to sin,
But what is it to give freedom?

Hypocrites, all the world is Hypocrisy.

Aditya Mudbhary

Into Paradise

Strange hours calling my mighty soul,
Into the lair of death,
Showing me the path of light,
Towards death is my sight.

Death is beautiful if thy know the secret behind the wall of life,
A hallucination has shown me so now I want to break on through to the other side,
A life of misery that's what we all have before the journey of the soul,
Love, Passion, and history in the making is a trouble we go through thinking it's the perfect goal.

Unannounced, unplanned it shall come to thee,
Take you away into the land of paradise,
Love shall be forgotten and so shall the passion,
Into another land there shall be an introduction.

Death is a gateway to another land,
Where troubles are unseen and shall be buried in the dunes of sand.

Aditya Mudbhary

Night Of Love

The mystical night of love,
And the divine beauty of the moon,
The fairness of a maiden shining bright,
Morning I can see coming soon.

Thy eyes bright like a star in the sky,
Glaring into the lovers heart,
Penetrating happiness into it,
In the form of a lovable art.

Lips red, cherry alike,
And a questionable smile,
Are thee in love?
Or is there still a stroll from the love aisle?

Thy walk the untrodden paths,
Thy fairness none can match,
Through thy eyes none can understand,
Is thou heart open or locked with a latch?

Aditya Mudbhary

Nightwish

Wishing for the sunset to resurrect into noon,
And clouds to vanish like cigarette smoke in air,
Our time together has left to soon,
And I want the noon to ever last and remain forever fair.

Wishing for night to turn into the time when thou rest beside me,
And the clocks to freeze like rivers in winter,
I wish to lay beside thee and thou face I ever want to see,
Although the time together has flown past and it leaves the taste bitter.

I call upon the spirits of the night,
To fulfill the wish I ought to see,
Oh, spirits of the night show me the light,
As I have called upon the Nightwish.

Aditya Mudbhary

Ode on Winter

The Whispering wind blows beside me,
And the chirping birds softly sing their song,
The living leaves of Gaia no longer we see,
As winter has come and it seeks to live long.

The tunes of winter sung by wolves,
And its liveliness' shown by fog,
The dance of winter preformed by ghouls,
Oh winter, thy shall now have thy own synagogue.

Aditya Mudbhary

Ode to Mother Nature

I pray to thee mother nature,
Thine beauty none can match,
Sweet or sour thy feature,
Life or death thee hatch.

Sweet is thy misery,
Sour is thy love,
I ought to be thy slave,
And thine shall guide me from above.

The seasons, some harsh some mellow,
In which some sing and some play bass cello,
Thou bring me happiness,
As thou ar't all beautiful.

An ode I summon to thine stranger,
An ode I summon to thee,
Inside the bearer thy beauty lie,
It's all the magic inside ones eye.

Aditya Mudbhary

Ode to the Ocean

The hot noon sun rises up,
And the dry leaves of the season drop,
Cigarette smoke and the smell of tobacco rise,
And the loud honk of the car cries.

Life is dull in the city streets,
But the freshness lies where the ocean and land meet,
Deep deep inside, A hundred miles down,
Where no god or man wear a precious crown.

The ocean has its own melody as most think its cruel,
But if thy know it well, Thy will then know it wear the most precious jewel,
Poseidon himself bows down to the goddess,
As he knows the beauty and the ever lasting brightness.

Oh my Mistress I bow down to thee,
Your brightness, Light or beauty all shall see,
Through the eyes of my words, They shall now believe,
The beauty of something they negatively perceived.

Aditya Mudbhary

Princess of the night

Under the moonlight we shall rest,
Flowers of the summer I shall bring to thee,
Butterflies of light shall bring zest,
O Princess of the night, I woo thee,
Love me for this century,
Casanova shall me be,
Love me for an eternity,
Eddy; I shall always be.

Thy kingdom shadowed under the tree of love,
Holy fruitfulness it shall bring,
A kingdom that surrenders millions of hearts,
To a mellow charming sing,
O Princess of the night, Now thy shall woo me,
I have sung the song the King wishes to see,
Eddy; I shall always be,
O Princess, Now love me for an eternity.

Aditya Mudbhary

Proposal

Will thou dine with me?
A question I seek to ask,
Will thou let me be thy fool?
As my heart seeks that task.

Winter stars shall gaze us from above,
And a rainbow in the dark shall emerge with our love,
We shall be floating above the tree's,
As to me thy are the queen.

I could make night into day if thou wish for that,
Or even change gods creation by making thy world flat,
Thou have made my heart so heavy,
That the only art I know now is to envy thy beauty.

Will thou dance with me?
Under the moonlight, Over the lake,
Floating like angels,
All for love sake.

Come with me, Take a stroll in the park,
I shall show thou the gateway to happiness,
Under the cold white marble ark,
We shall vanish with love into nothingness.

Aditya Mudbhary

ROSE

It was love at first sight,
When i saw thee pretty face,
Nature sang songs,
With passion, love and grace.

I looked up to thee,
As if thy were my Juliet,
Although you saw me nothing,
As thee were already playing a duet.

The graceful darkness,
Surrounded me with truth,
It took me into ecstasy,
Although it took its loot.

And there i stand like a ugly rose,
One of its kind giving a dying pose,
leaning down as if thy heart were too heavy,
Exposed to love although the rose was unworthy.

Aditya Mudbhary

Sweet Misery

In a dream of the deepest thoughts of mine,
I could see a lady under the eyes of the stars,
Looking into my eyes as we dine'
In the finest of all love hours.

Her eyes shine like well polished hazel,
And her hair the tone of caramel brown,
The fairness of her beauty made her like a man made angel,
And therefore she wears my precious love crown.

Thy are the reason im livin sweet,
N if u were not to be born,
I wouldn't be out in our world on my feet.

If i were to choose someone over thee,
That day i would wait to see,
As i am traped in the sickness of love,
Oh can u hear me yr love is sweet misery.

Every glance, sight or vision to remember,
All i see is my fair love,
Strugglin to get out of this gold filled tresury,
As i r to young n your love is sweet misery.

Aditya Mudbhary

The Breeze of Love

It's late in the evening,
10'o cloak exact,
I wonder how it feels to be beautiful.

The late evening brings in the chilliness,
Of a summer yet to ripen,
But beauty ripens in all seasons,
Even in the utter cold of winter.

I am up like a hungry owl seeking prey,
And there you lay in front of me sleeping,
Breathing, breathing softly and smoothly,
Like the flow of water from mountain tops to dry earth.

This hunger for the flesh of thy heart,
Cannot not last forever,
This owl that seeks thee,
Will remain hungry until the sound of morning is heard.

Two closed caves and a mountain in between,
Below the mountain there is a lake,
The shores of the lake are blood red,
And moist due to the ever lasting waters of this holy place.

This kingdom is far more beautiful than the world itself,
The fairness of this kingdom,
Snow white.

Even when the sky and earth are joined by the forces of rain,
Even when fire blooms into the world for lust of blood,
Even when the mysterious beings take me away from this world,
I will forever wait until thy eyelids open just to whisper five pleasant words.

The breeze from my mouth,
Shall sail my words into thy sensual body,
Then the warmness of the breeze,
Shall speak it to thy heart,
Until the day it understands the meaning, if not,
The words shall sail from my mouth to thy heart until we vanish into nothingness.

The words are simple,
I love you Pragya Malla.

Aditya Mudbhary

The Love Chronicle

The stars look down upon my heavy heart,
I stare back with a grin that shows my pain,
A questioning mind of my doesn't let my happiness grow,
So I ask my self another question am I still sane?

Love, is it happy or is it a form of pain,
Pain that is hidden behind a mask like mountains dark face covered by snow,
Does it really give a new happy experience to one unknown to love?
Or is it pain again or does happiness come around slow.

So I ask the question to the star looking down upon me,
Should I love a one that has given me pain?
Or should I forget her with ever living regret,
The worlds give me an answer! Am I walking in the right lane?

Should I Love?
Should I forget?
The answer lies in fate,
So my life goes on with ever lasting pain.

Aditya Mudbhary

The Suicide Song

It was a gloomy evening, where sight was dull,
Wind blowing hard and life was null,
Except for the tree's covered by the shade of a dark cloud,
The sound of the whistling wind wasn't very loud,
The shimmering light of the full moon,
And the feeling of death and chilliness had come to soon,
It is then when i get the feeling,
Of the spirits dwelling and screaming,
Trying to tell us to leave the world of life,
And lead a life of mystic with a little bit of sacrifice.

Sounds of crickets and the smell of night,
And a corridor lit up in flickering light,
With the dead lives still wondering about,
Listening to the weird cricket shouts,
You cross the corridor and reach the courtyard,
Where Mother Nature's children are protected by a lifeless guard,
You sit at the unknown site and light a smoke,
And the angel inside you will evoke,
But look at the seeds you have plowed,
And the world you have burned killed and destroyed.

The creator above looks down and weeps,
And darkness and the underworld will now give the creeps,
And to all those who have sinned,
The spirits, the daemons, and the undead creatures have opened their eyes and
grined,
Small creatures crying out in pain,
Blood, tears and screams that will drive anything insane,
Mankind a race of heartless demons,
A killing mechanism for beauty it summons,
Oh listeners, listen to this from deep within,
Being a part of this race itself is a sin.

Listen to your heart and make your self believe that death is close,
As your life is nothing but a dying rose,
After death your soul shall be purified,
Nothing will be left, sins, kills, and all the things you have ever lied,
We know that committing suicide does bring about pain,
But thy shall be as pure as a droplet of the most beautiful rain,
Even the sun will look upon thy and give you a new life,
Now think to yourself how far is the next bloody knife.

Aditya Mudbhary

The tale of Arcanamel (Part 1)

The hoot of the owl ran across the lands of Edriana,
Dancing with the tree's and swaying with the breeze,
The wolves sung their song when the moon whispered midnight,
And the midnight song charmed everything to freeze.

The Sound of the gallop could be heard from a mile away,
As silence was the noise of the night,
The masters of slaves directed the horse slaves into the castle,
Where air of lies were the only form of light.

The soldiers drunk under the torch flame laughed to insanity,
Unknown to the fact that death was on its stroll,
The whores were blinded into the chamber of pleasure,
Where their gift from gods were pushed out of their soul.

The hallway was well lit with orange flames,
And the walls painted with religious vision,
A statue stood at the middle, made of stone,
Surrounded by the staircase decorated with incision.

Up the staircase on the highest floor of the tower,
Was the chamber of a princess Alexandria,
Lover of a race enemy,
A love tale that had to be feared.

She looked out of her window into the glittery sky,
Where the moon stood as the princess and stars where the lovers from far,
But there stood one star brighter than them all,
The Star then known as the north star.

She then lazed herself down on the platform of dreams,
Thinking about the lover who rested in the chilly forest,
Dozed off into a new world away from reality,
Having the last sight of the day, the star Fest.

The serpent slithered with the hiss into the night,
And the wild birds chirped for pride,
The forest was wet as rain drops danced their way down,
Humming tunes dropp after drop, side by side.

In the tree of life lived the Alfars,
Where magical orbs danced around the tree,
All were jolly as summer was to come,
And mellow fruitfulness everyone was to see.

Up on the top of the tree an Alfar rested,
Gazing upon the mystical sky,
Where the moon stood as himself,
And stars were the lovers awry.

Arcanamel was the name of the dreamer,
The lover of a princess,
Who watched his own race ravish,
By the cause of his love's race.

Into dire strait he had fallen,
With a choice as hard as rock,
Like an angel although he thought,
But he was the tribes mock.

He lay himself down in the open forest floor,
With only a leaf under the soul that was as fair as December snow,
Blackened out into the land of dreams,
Thinking about the love he can't ever show.

The moon sunk into the sky,
As the sun rose awake and bright,
The world now under the shadow of the sun,
Brought in the morning light.

The flowers danced jolly into the sun light,
The butterflies flew their way in,

The garden of dreams was now in sight,
Although the time had come to sin.

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The Alfars of light marched towards the castle of love,  
Miles away from the tree of life,  
Arcanamel marched with troops without a choice,  
Marching while playing mellow fife.

~~~~~

Rocks by the lake watched them pass,
Roses cried as they saw the sight of dying love,
Tears from heaven fell down from the sky,
A dying bird fell, maybe a dove.

~~~~~

Alas the castle were in sight,  
The warriors of light charged with might,  
The door into the castle was now dying in vein,  
As it could now not do what was right.

~~~~~

I walk a different path,
I seek love as an answer to hate,
My love, the fairest maiden of them all,
I shall come to thee, it's written in fate.

~~~~~

I know a different doorway where my love shall be,  
I swiftly walk away silently into the lair of death,  
Oh lord from above help me with my destiny,  
I shall give everything to save the love; I pray thee give me my last breath.

~~~~~

I reach the top of the tower,
My love rests with her eyes closed on her golden bed,
The wind blew hard as it sung the songs of summer,
And suddenly the atmosphere blood red.

~~~~~

I could hear the screams of the children and women,  
I could hear the sound of nature's cry,  
The sound of metal clashing against the magic of Light,  
I close my eye, Think of time and sigh.

She looked at me smiled and her lips moved,  
Thou spoke in tender words; I love you,  
Whisper was it? As I did not hear the sound,  
Although I read thy lips and thou spoke I love you.

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We lay in the platform of dreams,  
Side by side under the sky bruised by blood,  
Talking without speaking, resting my hand on thy breast,  
A loud cry of pleasure suddenly brought in the flood.

Will thou love me forever? She asked,  
I answered forever and for eternities,  
Thou are my life,  
Without thee I am a poem without philosophies.

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We walked out of the chamber of pleasure,  
Out to the wilderness away from misery,  
Miles out towards the sea of Poseidon,  
Where our love shall be filled with treasury.

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The unknown soldiers fighting in foreign land,  
Bled to victory as the king bowed to immortals,  
Dead souls made their way towards heaven or hell,  
Although they saw the princess live as she made her way out from a love portal.

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Aditya Mudbhary

## **The Time Of The Spirits**

At the moment when the sun burns and dies,  
The forest of the eastern hemisphere lives on in utter darkness,  
The mountains rough wind blowing hard and sighs,  
As the lizard of night scratches the rocks with might.

The owls cry at night brings a feeling of fright,  
And the spirits of the forest dwell the woods with the wooing breeze,  
The fog clearly restricting the foresters' sight,  
As the spirits are to dwell in peace.

Oh Spirits of the evening,  
Thou time has come to leave,  
As the sun shall be resurrected,  
And thou shall be deceived.

Run spirits run,  
Into thy lair of darkness,  
The morning has a return,  
Thou time has gone.

Aditya Mudbhary

## **The world empire**

There's fire in the smoky sky,  
Ice layered above water,  
Laws of nature, Humans defy,  
The world seeks to an end.

Water painted by the colour red,  
Sky bruised by the smoke fair,  
Nature's face now dead,  
God himself in Satan's lair.

The scream of butterfly,  
Can be heard too,  
As it knows its fate is to die,  
Like the rest of the world.

The world Empire is at War.

Aditya Mudbhary

## Thy Ar't Beautiful...

At the time when the sun burns and dies,  
And the midnight moon rises,  
The light shines above us,  
And thy face so pretty and fabulous,  
Hair so black and straight,  
It closes my hearts gate,  
To any other fair ones,  
As thy are the fairest amongst all.

The sounds of nature that flickers the butterflies,  
All in my feelings out to the bright dark skies,  
My soul utters non understandable words,  
although they hurt me with like a million swords,  
Your eyes, the prettiest shade of blue,  
And thy smile that gives me the clue,  
Of all non understandable utters,  
That my soul mutters.

In my dreams of the place of paradox,  
I see nothing other than you,  
Although the outer me looks at itself and mocks,  
About how with love, my pain had also grew,  
Even joyful songs became melancholy,  
But the love for you always remained holy.

Sat and looked at the bright sky ruled by the midnight moon,  
The flowers sang, the tree's danced but the time to go had come to soon,  
As I lay myself in bed for the second dream of the night,  
Once more thy come into the poor man's sight,  
Shredding your magic all across his weak heart,  
And this time the magic felt like a new form of art.

Crawled himself into his artificial skin to get a goodnight sleep,  
But the angel's magic had dived too deep,  
Her charms finally took him to paradise,  
Where him and his lady could live forever,  
Now I wish we were frozen in time,  
Although when I wake up my heart shall cry.

Aditya Mudbhary

## Thy Gods Art'

A legend is born not created,  
A lover is born not made,  
A god is loved not hated,  
And this is never to fade.

Never a Day without the sun,  
Dream of a day without water,  
Never a time when poetry wasn't art,  
Dream of a place without plants.

Thy wake up to the sound of the morning,  
When the sun guides its light upon thee,  
The mystery of the day is whispered in thy mind,  
Thy smile the sun makes to see.

Thy displeasure is pleased by water,  
Thirst it burns away,  
Thy body, dirt filled, unholy,  
Water clears with a sway.

The sun is my entertainment,  
Water is our tears,  
The god knows this well,  
Although thy knowledge it fears.

A god is born not created,  
A lover is born not made,  
A god is loved not hated,  
And this is never to fade.

Never a time when poetry wasn't art,  
Dream of a place without plants,  
Never a Day without the sun,  
Dream of a day without water.

A poem gladdens thee mind with love,  
Although it speaks the truth,  
Sadly it never lies,  
This is a lover's haven booth.

Plants were not always plants,  
They were once alive,  
They still have their emotions,  
Which they hide inside.

Poetry is thy lover's words,  
Plants are my emotions,  
The god knows this well,  
Although fears he thy tears ocean.

A god is born not created,

A god is born not made,  
A god is loved not hated,  
And this is never to fade.

I bless thee with the sun,  
The light is thy smile,  
I bless thee with water,  
Water is thy tear,  
I bless thee with poetry,  
Poetry is the truth,  
I bless thee with plants,  
Plants are thy emotions.

The sun makes thee gay,  
Water makes thee strong,  
Poetry gives thee wisdom,  
Plants give thee life.

Fear not of lies,  
Fear not of sadness,  
Fear not of heart pyres,  
Fear not of weakness.

The golden god knows none of these.

A legend is born not created,  
A story is born not made,  
A god is loved not hated,  
And this is never to fade.

Aditya Mudbhary

## **Unexplainable Love**

In the moment of drowsiness and indolence,  
I am elevated to a new dimension,  
Away to a forest, Oh so dense,  
Brings a feeling of new sensation.

The smell of early morning mist,  
And the smile on thy face as the moonlight breaks,  
Beauty as such that none can list,  
The beauty of a goddess that your smile makes.

A hallucination of nothing sweeter,  
Of a girl that you which makes my heart litter,  
Love that is unexplainable,  
Which I try n explain but im unable.

You are thee sun in its brightest form,  
Or even the moon in midnight prom,  
As you sway like the tree's as the wind winnows,  
And when i look into your eyes, Oh the love that shows.

Aditya Mudbhary