

Poetry Series

Bijay Poudel

- 16 poems -

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Bijay Poudel (10th june,1991)

Not much of life stuffs to talk about. But yeah, i am one wondering-ever-ever kinda fellow. Through poems i want to talk about my doubts, and my curiosities and sometimes my answers too. My own idea about my poems, is that most of the times, they tend to speak about the conflict we find around. We live around the grey areas but what motivates us is the inclination towards the unipolar light areas. The compromise and understanding (or is it an eternal battle) that the light and dark areas have amongst them, yielding to the grey areas has always baffled me. The physics and philosophy of the balance. Thats what I want to talk about.
cheers.

A kiss in the cold

As the blanket of fog,
veils the radiating sun.
And warmth from the heavens,
suffer a journey adjourned.

My lady below,
sustains the chill around.
Her gaze finds no shape,
her ears hear no sound.

But she moves on brave,
pre-empting the chill.
Should her timid steps meet me,
for her heart-rose to fill.

For her trembling lips to,
break open loose.
For the insolent cold to,
propose a truce.

For a princess so hurt,
early dawn since.
Should meet in full glory,
her saviour prince.

But now that I wonder,
with gripping anxiety.
What if the mist leads her,
away from me.

What if it whispers?
a lie in her heart.
That my love is dead now,
in a cemetery vault.

What if it shatters?
not just her cheeks.
But the tremendous faith,
her dignity keeps.

To embroider a sentiment,
in poetry and prose,
Cannot reveal her smile,
cannot fill her heart-rose.

But before the mist conspires,
with malice and lies.
I shall reach her,
with a shine in my eyes.

And the heavens shall cut,
the gloom of the dawn.

The haze shall shed off,
to reveal the sun.

And like in old myths,
this love shall mold,
my lady and me,
with a kiss in the cold.

...my lady and me,
with a kiss in the cold.

Bijay Poudel

Alone

Not that I have conquered a peak,
Leaving friends and foes behind.
Not that I am drained down a pit,
And no one above cares me to find.

Instead I am together with you folks,
Making my way all this while.
Often we have had bitter talks,
Often we have shared a smile.

But all of a sudden, now I feel,
That, I have harbored nothing true.
Your courtesy or your contempt,
Didn't walk with me all this through.

For this path I have tread on,
Has got marks of a hurried pace.
For these miles aren't of a journey,
But of one pathetic race.

Should I mount up or fall a ditch,
Should I emerge or sink too low.
I won't be baffled my dear mate,
To find myself, just with my shadow.

For each of us is lonely here,
The moon hides when the sun has shone,
For miles covered and ages bygone,
We have always remained alone.

... For miles covered and ages bygone,
We have always remained alone.

Bijay Poudel

Ballot Box-My Love

Oh my love-the ballot box,
We have patched up again this time,
The last time, we had have pretty dramatic sequences,
You know of talks, processes, discussions and what not,
And one proud revolt for a good deal of 19 days,
And that war of 10 years,
Those thirteen thousand corpses,
Of guerrillas and soldiers,
Of fathers and sons,
And the king, don't you remember,
The same guy who was overthrown,
And he left that big mansion of his,
Without making a fuss,
Retreating to the path he was shown.

Ah what a love story we had have then,
And what a date was that,
Inside that isolated chamber,
Where no one disturbed us,
I had taken my time and you were ok with it,
And I had inserted my love letter,
Containing a swastika embossed upon one square,
Inside that slit of yours.
And holy gracious-that big heart of yours,
You'd date each of'em folks standing in that queue,
Taking all of their letters,
Smiling to all of'em.
But I didn't complain,
Nah! I didn't, darling! !
And I won't,
Those were sweet memories you see.

But this time we meet again,
I guess not out of love,
But out of one god damned arrangement.
But I won't complain again baby
Equally happy now I am,
To have again met you,
Equally thrilled now I am,
To have again touched you.

I must confess though one thing darling,
The first time we had met,
It had become a rather heavy thing,
For it contained a deal of background stuffs,
You know of talks, processes, discussions and what not.
Nevertheless, a hope which I carried,
Had made peace with all of them.
That hope is cracking away my love,
This second date we are up to,
Ah let me call it an arrangement (only the first one was a date, i guess) ,
Has already worsened it.

And the subtle fragment that now remains,
Is no better, sweetheart.

For now I hear that,
This very time when I have again declared my love to you,
In that love letter, you know, which contained so many of those catchy images,
You'd forget what to catch and what to leave.
That letter has been ignored,
An unauthentic crap it is, they say.
A quick press conference they call,
And in a whim, just like that,
Like a random decision taken, over some shots of booze,
It is decided that, that love letter of mine-so highly cherished,
Has turned out to be a symbol of betrayal,
Which got to be crumpled and perished.

I know wonder my sweetheart,
What must have gone wrong in that love letter?
I had poured out my whole heart into it, you know.
That first date of ours and the nothingness it had to yield,
Could have deserved my frustration or one I-don't-give-a-shit take,
But didn't I stand again,
And made it up to you,
Poured out my heart, yet again, for the second time,
Gave one chance again, to, what it could make.

For what could hurt more to a poet like me,
Than, to have been asked to make it clear.
About my wants, my wishes and hopes,
And when I merrily recited out to them,
A bit and bit and bit of my soul.
The same bigwigs now smirk,
And say me that my recite sounds dirty and foul.
And say me that my recite sounds dirty and foul.
- BIJAY POUDEL

Bijay Poudel

Bunker's poetry

May be it's nice to know,
What lies outside the classroom's show?
The Times of India's unchecked news,
The canteenkeeper's maggi stews,
The time and again of convincing the mind,
that its cool to escape lectures of this kind,
where the habble babble are beyond your reach,
where what you learn differs from what they teach.
And the sad librarian's funny rage,
on finding someone browsing a confession page,
and the way she makes it genuinely clear,
that this is the last thing she is able to bear,
but to afford a smart reply might need calm guts,
so you'd better escape, instead, to settle your butts,
that could be a pool house or one fancy mall,
but a poorer you end up in your lecture hall,
And when the monitors spread your attendance files,
all you are left with will be some awkward smiles,
your machismo subsides and you feel like a little punk,
but this is not the end cause you'll again bunk.
May be it's a rebellion or your fun,
Or may be it has become your religion,
May be it costs a deal or may be it comes for free,
or may be you're too proud to compose a bunker's poetry...
or may be you're too proud to compose a bunker's poetry.

Bijay Poudel

Hormones

There is a hormone that can make you happy,
and a next one that can turn you sad.
These potions running open in my veins,
framing my destiny to be good or bad.
For every of my emotions,
a specific hormone can be deduced.
A hormone that can baffle me,
a hormone that has left me amused.
These hormones with their reactions and transactions,
Creating a sort of chemical game.
And my philosophical pursuit might be a mere chemistry,
among these hydrocarbons that I can never escape.
Today some hormones that have over spilled,
has left me to pathetically realize,
If I am a man with a free will,
or a chemical product, spiritually disguised.
Oh my readers don't blame me,
For composing a poetry this rude,
For you might now know the real culprit,
The hormonal rush inside the hood.

Bijay Poudel

Hostel blues

Where the food always feels,
Saltier, tattered, coconutted than the previous day,
And if you approach Sankar sir to reason with,
"ek worker kaa saadi thaa.." Is all he has to say.

Where half of the morning hours are mostly spent,
Upon the prospect of bunking the day's classes.
And an application you ask your mate to write,
The reason of your absence being your broken glasses.

And your mate laughs hysterically,
Not because that you have got a perfect eyesight.
But because this idea of broken glasses,
It is the tenth time you have asked him to write.

Where, you don't know one chap's name,
But still share your pen drives and cigarette stumps.
And a crap maniacally knocks your door,
Just to find out if you have got any football pumps.

Where even before the exam schedule,
The news of postponed exams comes.
And upon a little ridicule that you do,
You are called as the hole in between your bums.

Where you really get keen to,
The premier leagues of cricket and soccer.
And if your man doesn't score,
He is branded with a 'F' that rhymes with locker. (Yeah it rhymes with soccer too.)

Where if some chicks smile at you,
It becomes your mates' newest hype.
And if the same chick moves around with a next guy,
Your room echoes with, "SHE WAS NOT YOUR TYPE".

Where the day of the week is known by,
The scheduled dish of the morning breakfast.
Where the first bite of the salted idlii,
Also tends to become the last.

Where you lay down lazy and languid,
With nothing to deal with but idleness.
But like warriors you'll scream out your lungs,
Should the current goes off in any case.

Where dozens of vagabonds find their peace,
Their liberty and freedom set loose.
Where serious talks like the above verses,
Can only be thought over some shots of booze.

So this is the story of where I live,
Simple funny though it is,

But I prefer these hostel blues,
To the luxuries of any cities.

... But I prefer these hostel blues,
To the luxuries of any cities.

Bijay Poudel

I

I

I am a cynic, I am fun
I am a rose with stock of a gun,
I am a saint, I am the king,
My infinity now shrunk to a thing.
I am that heir prince, I am that loafer,
I have the idiocies of an old philosopher.
I am the captain dead, deep inside the earth.
I am a kid now rejoicing my birth
... I am a kid now rejoicing my birth.

Bijay Poudel
27/02/2014

Bijay Poudel

MIRROR

You have often shown me that mirror,
In spite of how badly, I have despised it.
Often it would yield to that jolt of shudder,
or that pang of embarrassment on what it had to fit.

I have never wanted to know,
if I'm going square and fair?
And every place i thought i was outta your show,
your goddamned mirror would show up there.

I have got hurt, my blood has boiled,
over that mirror jeering at my image.
How sorry I was to have badly spoiled,
the beauty of that embroidered cage.

But now my friend I'm a little afraid,
about that mirror, so pompously divine.
You see a lot could now be said,
about its fairness, beauty and shine.

To put it across the same profile,
to prove again and again that nothing's new.
I now wonder with a painful smile,
if that mirror contained me or you.

So my friend put away the frame,
inside a vault and don't carry the key.
Care not much now to flash at me again,
But search for one, you could see.

And we shall meet again my friend,
without these mirrors and images to contemplate.
And like old mates, we shall then have a heartily laugh,
Over these mirrors, you and I, hate.

Bijay Poudel

My Dreams

Where,
Where cripples can dance, dumbos can sing,
The son of a peasant can be the king,
Where rabbits can wait for snails that crawl,
And them snails spare the insects that fall.
Don't ask me what then snails will eat?
For onto my dreams, they happily fit.

Where,
Where you don't have to falter, to ask out ladies,
And these ladies don't have their strict daddies,
Where dance parties in towns don't have muscular guards,
And you can sneak in easily, without your invitation cards,
And inside that party, you see two kings,
Dancing together as a blacksmith sings,
And the blacksmith doesn't have huge machines to mend,
And the kings often call him, "my dear friend."

Where among these kings you can walk free,
Jumping around, chewing your gum.
And the soldiers of kings are equally happy,
For now they know that no war shall come.

Don't ask me now to throw off these lies,
For these are my dreams, that shine in my eyes.

Where,
Where I can return my home, at any hour,
And my mama and papa are planting flowers,
And when they see me, they happily grin,
And my mamma says, "Sonny you have grown thin."
But my papa interjects and asks me to bath,
"Sonny you must have trodden a dustier path"
And I convey them, what I'd done throughout the day,
About my girl, and what the kings had to say,
And then my mamma brings me porridge and creams,
Don't ridicule me now, for these are my dreams.

Where,
Where I fall asleep, as my mamma strokes my head,
And my papa carries me up to my bed,
And after a while, I have a nightmare,
About a land, so far from here,
With so many people and gigantic towers,
My parents are far and are not planting flowers,
The rabbits tread upon the snails on ground,
And inside them exploded guts, some insects are found.

The blacksmith and the king never shake hands,
And I know that, they can never be friends.
And if I 'hii.' a lady in town,
She calls me uncivil, dirty and clown.
And somewhere inside a dark, silent room,
I see myself unkempt, ungroomed.
Afore a screen, hitting some keys,
Writing about a dream, no one there sees.

... Afore a screen, hitting some keys,
Writing about a dream, no one there sees.

Bijay Poudel

New year's resolution

Making a new year's resolution is a funny thing,
You might come up with one in the year's last evening,
over some shots of booze and over that hilarious kick,
you might even decide 'ENOUGH OF BEING A FREAK! ! '
'GET A LIFE' that inner voice, you are not able to bear,
You know that voice which always appears at the end of the year.
'NOT A S**T OF A DAMN TO THOSE CHICKS ANY MORE'
The rebellion inside you hitting your core..
I mean, you spent a deal of the year chasing..
Well not chasing but yeah lamely gazing..
At those funky girls who really didnt care,
if you were a geek or some kingdom's heir,
'THAT CRAP OF A YEAR AND DIDN'T IT SUCK? ?
HELL IT DID, BUT WHO NOW GIVES A FLYING F**K! !
No more browsing porns or comments about your profile looks,
Its high time to look for your forgotten text books..
And that evening, yeah that is the day,
When you remember what your dad had to say,
About your study expenses and YEAH THAT MORTGAGED LAND,
And all those heavy words that you can never understand.
You might even take a paper and start to calculate,
Your expenses, incomes and some unpredicted rates.
The credits to balance and the debts, you have to fill,
Hell of expenses BUT THE INCOME IS NILL! !
Ah! ! this might panick you or hit bad your sense,
And you try too hard not to think about your attaindance,

Too bad,
High time,
Too bad,
High time,
Dad,
Mortgaged land,
F**K with that bitch,

Ah! Ah! too lazy to plan, too lazy to choose,
This evening is there and there is the booze,
Give up with the resolution cause somewhere you know,
The year to come shall again go,
Goofing around, haphazardly spending your bucks,
That guarranted feeling that it shall suck.
But who gives a damn in this beautifull evening,
coz you know a new year's resolution is a funny thing..
coz you know a new year's resolution is a funny thing.

Bijay Poudel

Rain

The heat of the city had burdened us much,
It has got riches but not one moist touch,
The torrents of sweats, the sighs of despair,
The sunsaving stuffs, lotions in layers,
The withdrawn lake on the way to the college,
The ridiculous sky obscured in haze,
The thirsty crust, barren and cracked,
The rucksacs containing umbrellas packed,
Now that the sky is thundering loud,
Your emancipation is proclaimed by clouds,
The glory of life shines in fishes and crops,
When the city of Bangalore is drenched in rain drops.
...When the city of Bangalore is drenched in rain drops

Bijay Poudel

The lamp

I've seen a brilliant lamp,
Beyond the walls of this enclosed room,
Beyond the darkest and darkest of nights,
Beyond the torments of its gloom.

I've seen hands feeding it fire,
And tender palms above, canoping,
Of gardens full of victory roses,
I've seen the lamp hoping.

When a gust of wind hits it,
Or a drizzle lays its claim,
It still shoots up undaunted,
With its victo-rious flame.

I don't know whose hands are those,
In this mist I cannot see,
I don't know any noblemen,
Who can hire a lamp for me.

That can contain in its fire,
A soothing fragrance of its calm,
In the hours of hopelessness,
That can fetch two tender palms.

But now that I wonder,
Over the mystique of this light,
That can illuminate every nooks and corners,
Of any realms, although infinite.

Ah now I get it, the mystery,
You see a mirror had been placed,
Unto the wall of this room,
Hitherto un-knowingly faced.

The image this mirror contains,
The victorious light inside I see,
With all those lamp and hands and palms,
It was just reflecting me.

...With all those lamp and hands and palms,
It was just reflecting me.

Bijay Poudel

Truth

A hitherto unrevealed thing,
relative to which,
your doings are judged,
the deviations of your deeds from the, yet nebulous, so called, truth are measured,
quantified and then given the deserving response.
God who hosts the truth,
who anchored this thing onto the cosmos,
forgets to install within us,
the ability to measure it, to predict it or to be certain about it.
Yet we act like we had always known it.
Truth might be old but is never our friend.
It is a stranger who can knock our souls at any time,
stretch its arms and ask us to fill it full.
We might even embrace it,
but wont this uncertainty, conjured out of our fated inability, remain
that the stranger who claims to be the truth,
is not the truth after all.

Bijay Poudel

Vodka

Amid the eternity of emptiness,
I had soared up much more than i could have endured.
And when the fated mirror had to reveal my face,
I felt the melancholy, the fear that had lured,
My angels to escape, my demons now unveiled,
My hopes to disappear, my efforts now failed.
Now that my peace has clashed with my own ghost,
Shouldn't I pour my vodka and raise this toast...
Shouldn't I pour my vodka and raise this toast.

Bijay Poudel

What Is It To Be Poor?

I have often wondered,
what is it to be a poor?
An empty vault, a broken heart,
or my complacent self to remain at the shore?

Is it the lack of what I could've got?
Or is it the consequent melancholy that follows life?
Or is it to see some other folks, rich?
Or my desire less glory that bestows life?

Is it a queen which can never leave you?
Or is it the city's most unpaid whore?
Or is it the nothingness where I could find,
the infinite glory in being a poor? ?

Bijay Poudel

Your silence

YOUR SILENCE...

Your silence, my love,
Has now ensued a battle,
To make itself heard,
To make itself known,
And I might be one lame king,
Beaten, stabbed and overthrown.

And it is not that silence,
Bestowed upon a battlefield after a massacre,
Bestowed upon the shrines, those harbour gods,
Nah! ! Not of such kind,
Ah this silence, where would you find! !
Battling now to make itself heard.

Like tender petals of roses, drenched in drops of dew,
Like a toddler's smile, on finding something new.
Like the red blush, etched across your lassie's face,
When amongst the regular crowd, she finds you.

Your silence, my love,
Does it bear a slightest trace of your malice?
Upon my idiocies, my ridiculous stupidities,
Upon the ruthless attributes of my vice.
And shall it suffice?
I ask you now sweetheart,
Shall it suffice?
For my idiocies,
I ask you again and again.
For you is my muse so terribly missed,
Am I that king, lame and slained?
Behind the hallows, you have punished.

Your silence, my love,
Sheds both shine and drizzle,
Like a rude poetry,
Like an unsolved riddle,
Like mysteries of souls that has baffled saints,
Like a lump of incomprehensive colours,
A painter, so joyously, paints.

Your silence, my love,
Can't it be undone?
For a moment, a minute or two,
Can't it be broken?
Can't you let the stream flow?
Of words, hitherto unspoken.

Your silence, my love,
Has depressed me, has elated me.
Has made me so funnily sober,
And I am tired now sweetheart,

Making speculations over,
What it gives and what it takes?
Fear now clenches me,
Should my heart break into pieces?
Even before your silence breaks.

... Should my heart break into pieces?
Even before your silence breaks

Bijay Poudel
10/02/2014

Bijay Poudel