

Poetry Series

**ismael subba**  
**- poems -**

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poetry lover

# Another New Dawn

Another new dawn

the setting sun  
lightens someday! ?

This isn't world  
Its puppets stage...  
where lies unknown  
mysteries..  
Its a drama unwritten  
which moves on  
yesterday's, today's and tomorrow's sun....

Its been centuries  
sun set  
from happiness and  
human life  
but never rose sun  
once till date.

Is this eclipse?

birds now never sings  
their beautiful melody  
flowers never bloom,  
never flourishes its sweet smell  
smells are blink of an eye...  
neither do rivers flow  
fluently  
flows all way blood and bloods...  
we prefer night  
we love darkness....  
Nature still waits  
the sweet voice of  
morning bell! !

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# City An Illusion

City, an illusion! City is an illusion, City is just a city...The city, where you, me and we live is that is why villages are dear to us, big buildings civilised English lines prevail there shining cars moving to unknown destiny...Big hotels where accountable secret films are, too busy city sparks with light of just single moments in blink of entertainments..Yes, its true Cities are beautiful...there is everything...yes, happiness is there but cities are always sad..City never smiled, City neither rejoiced..WHY? City is an Illusion, Its just a beautiful cage created by humans like us only...

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# Darjeeling

Darjeeling

Tears in eye,  
she has travelled  
a long journey  
in thrones of problems.

kanchenjunga,  
its cool breeze  
fails to make pure,  
cool down fire of  
sorrows, pain and struggle  
from her journey.

all day long  
many travellers she passes by,  
but no one thinks of her beauty,  
no one even tries to share with darjeeling

Prisoned within herself  
a thrilling experience,  
a history of suffering  
in her heart  
Darjeeling walks day  
and night  
along with GORKHAS.

Darjeeling, shares  
chowrasta,  
bhanubhakta's statue, tiger hill and many more  
her journey from  
Gundri bazaar till now.

Each places out here, pine trees, road and  
tea leaves(etc)  
carries all past of darjeeling and gorkhas.

with all hopes,  
awaiting for new dawn darjeeling lives with

the Gorkhas,  
trying to burry  
all bitter experiences and past,  
thinking always of  
new and better  
tomorrow.

Busy darjeeling  
in the darkness  
searches for the light of hope,  
looking forward a bright morning.

lonely, she is  
in the crowd and gathering.  
suffocated  
within herself.

A long journey,  
full of struggle  
she moved on  
and is moving  
to an unknown tomorrow'  
with a new hope  
with new efforts  
walks darjeeling  
every new dawn....

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# For Ashraf-Your Majesty

Is it a crime  
to make a try to fly  
In the dense jungle  
of principles hollow lies....?

thoughts  
when passed  
through their bodies  
like arrow  
they started making  
bows of scam...  
Now we know  
that!

Your honour!

the parrot in cage  
never leaves to sing  
freedoms song...  
just like that  
poetry never stops  
speaking truths language..

though poet  
meets the land  
thoughts protest  
from ordinary minds....

Are thoughts  
Handicapped  
in your eyes!

No Your Majesty, No!  
You hang thoughts to death  
along with me....  
but it might have  
gave born  
already, ...  
many more poet like me...

Unaccountable poetry...

as we cant stop  
winds blow, , .  
cant stop rivers waves  
and neither can stop sunrays..  
just alike  
do you have power  
to imprison me...?

There are many more  
just like me...  
Might be by their voices  
gain fire of consciousness  
on your mind....

Your Majesty....  
thats it!  
I rest my statement...

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# New Year

I don't see anything new...

Blooming flowers  
As always  
Gives messages  
To enjoy...

The birds chirping  
Sings reveal your life...  
Fly, fly and fly...  
Why do you  
Drown yourself in the  
Deep ocean of sadness..? ?

The chilled air  
Passes words nearby  
The ear...  
Wake up, see around  
World is beautiful than your dreams...  
But why are you sleeping? ? ?

River soothe us..  
I can heal all of your wounds,  
I can make you  
Forget all the bad moments..

Fire roars,  
Let me burn  
All the bad thoughts in you...

Land wants us to  
Bury our burdens of  
Unhappiness...  
Our worries, and  
Our ego..

Trees want us to take oaths  
To flourish messages  
Of happiness...

Clouds as always  
Wills to  
Take our wishes  
In the sky and  
Draw a beautiful portrait, ..

Nature always speaks of  
beauty and peace..

And we never understand..

We are happy  
In this fists of mock,  
In this brutal world...

I will declare  
'New Year'  
When there will be total peace,  
When there will  
No humans left behind....

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# Reality

STOP!

And think once..

What if I am black,  
Do I belong to  
Africa? ? ?

Though I am just like you,  
Speaking the same language,  
Eating the same thing,  
Why do you  
Judge me  
Different? ? ?

What if I have chinky face? ?  
Do you get  
Authority to call me  
Chinese? ?

Why do you question me?  
About my nationality...

What if I am using  
English to communicate!  
Does that really make me  
Foreigner? ?

What if I know many languages around the world,  
Does it mean  
I belong from all that? ?

If my colours tell you  
My nationality,  
If the language spoken by me  
Tells you  
My native place....

Then you are blind,

With a hollow head,  
You can't think,  
You just start  
Hunting a bird in the ocean....

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# Teachers

the great Himalayas  
example to everyone  
never dies...  
education a journey  
they are sailors  
of life....  
light in darkness  
voice for dumb  
ears for deaf  
eyes to blind  
and a guide  
for societies star....

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# The Half Bottle

A kid  
kicks a  
half filled bottle...  
It passes by  
a blind poet  
thinking about humanity....

He imagines  
The half filled bottle  
human brain....  
make sounds a lot  
though half filled....  
or if its empty..

but never  
creates grumpy  
irritating voice  
when its full...

Humans can only  
make sounds....  
shout louder  
create voices  
like the half filled bottle....

the bottle goes  
to the direction  
kicked  
In the same way  
human minds travels  
where it is led  
by hollow words..

the kid  
laughs at bottle....  
along with him  
laughs poet...

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