

Poetry Series

**Prabesh Dhakal**  
**- poems -**

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Prabesh Dhakal()

# Nostalgia

I was sitting before you that day  
With the three helpless words to say  
Three beautiful words of language of heart  
The wonderful expression of two souls' art! !

You gave me an answer, I remember, an ornate one  
To make me realize how cordial spirits were all long gone  
Your euphemistic prattle and how your face puckered  
Oh! How I remember I was disconcerted and was left hurt

Mistake was mine, but at least, not a sin  
Who had thought a selfish lie had actually been  
The fortification of departure between you and me  
And had already made me your anonymous he

It had been a bitter day, the day of change of seasons  
Something told me winter had begun, with substantial reasons  
You were before me, angry, with "I hate you! "  
Then a flash in my mind made me shout, "Déjà vu! ! ! "

Prabesh Dhakal

# Not Approaching You

And today too  
I'm on my way approaching you  
A tough path, I guess, for me  
But still I dare  
To continue my journey  
Towards a heavenly ambience –  
Your serene heart  
Delicate, cute heart.

And still I hope I will not be deserted  
And left in vain  
I will not find myself  
On a lonesome path, again.  
So, forgive me please  
As I have been missing you,  
I have been in love with you,  
And I fear  
myself – not approaching you.

Prabesh Dhakal