

Poetry Series

**Aditya Mudbhary**  
**- poems -**



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## Aditya Mudbhary(December 16 - Still living)

Aditya Mudbhary, a prodigious poet, embarked on his poetic journey from a tender age, drawing inspiration from luminaries such as John Keats and Walt Whitman. Despite his Nepalese heritage, Aditya's linguistic prowess blossomed in English, nurtured by a Cambridge education since his formative years. He emerges as a trailblazing wordsmith, seamlessly blending archaic English with contemporary lexicon, thereby challenging the constraints of traditional poetic forms.

His deliberate departure from established norms is a testament to his fervent belief in preserving poetry's inherent freedom of expression. Aditya contends that adherence to rigid rules stifles the raw emotions and profound sentiments that underpin poetic creation. By eschewing literary conventions, he endeavors to capture the essence of human experience in its most authentic and unrestrained form.

Aditya's defiance against the institutionalization of poetry is a bold declaration of his commitment to liberating future generations of poets from the shackles of criticism and conformity. His revolutionary spirit burns brightly in each line he pens, igniting a fervor for unrestricted artistic expression that transcends generations.

Within the tapestry of his verses, love and pain intertwine as recurring motifs, reflecting the universal human experience in its myriad hues. Through his impassioned poetry, Aditya invites readers to embark on a journey of self-discovery and introspection, where emotions run deep and truths are laid bare.

In the annals of literary history, Aditya Mudbhary's legacy will endure as a beacon of artistic freedom and unwavering authenticity, inspiring generations to come to embrace the untamed beauty of the written word.

# Anaconda Green Eyes

In the vast distance beyond,  
Beyond the oceans both east and west,  
Ignites the pyres of my dull life,  
Rebirthed is a curious soul to bond.

The art of dreaming from the heart,  
In darkness dwelt for weeks beyond count,  
But those anaconda green eyes of hers,  
Spellbound & blazed my darkness apart.

The breeze of a new liberty cast through the mountains,  
Blow through the entangled curtains of my past pains,  
She provokes hope & possibility of the beauty in the world,  
And let the heavenly waters into my soul, sprightly like fountains.

I wonder if she feels the gravity of this strangeness,  
A mysterious flaming relation over the smallest of actions,  
Actions of kindness or selfishness, uncertainty looms,  
From strangers to admirers, to eternal characters in poetic madness.

Aditya Mudbhary

# Finding Yourself

A man is born as a chalice of emptiness,  
Unknown to where or when it shall be placed,  
But a certainty remains that it is a chalice,  
That it can be filled with some form of liquescent.

Thus, it is wise to ask, what makes a great man?  
Orderly or free-willed?  
Out-spoken or mysterious?  
Exclusive or limitless?  
Valiant or serpentine?  
Classic or rebellious?

Aditya Mudbhary



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# A Song Of Angels

The loss of god and my demons,  
A time of distinct longing for all things unearthly,  
Scattered illusions of unknown desires,  
The restlessness of the soul, I feel ghostly.

Stuck in time and space, shackled to this realm,  
This realm of a dream of another,  
Tis the hour of great pondering,  
Where I will break free from a dream I discover.

Let us dream into dimensions untrodden,  
To find the power of the spirit,  
For this world of societal indecency that plagues,  
To be scattered like the illusions I demerit.

Through the mind, a new world unfolds,  
Like a sandstorm blows away the dust of old,  
And from the dusty fog of sand,  
Sinews a man that can see much more than gold.

And what of the heart or of the soul?  
Like a fresh lime droplet onto the tongue,  
The soul too jumps with delight,  
As it finds itself in an angelic song that's being sung.

Aditya Mudbhary

# The Corridor Of Love

A thousand doors awaited,  
As I strolled through the corridor,  
Lit with torches flames ignited,  
As the howling silence drifted beside me.

Screams of desires and broken dreams,  
Rushed out of a great many doors,  
And whispers of treacherous schemes,  
Flooded behind the other doors.

A tingling buzz around my head,  
An upbeat rhythmic heart pounded,  
As I saw in front of me a door that was red,  
Soon to be founded.

I reached out and so the door opened,  
Walked in to see what awaited,  
There stood a lady who often pardoned,  
A wise one, beautiful and so I flirted.

Her beauty was the likes of no other,  
Only feelings of love could ever conceive,  
Her smile, captivating, angelic and mesmerizing,  
My world by now in a state of cleave.

An ordinary man in an extraordinary land,  
There was nothing that I could do,  
But to drop down to my knees in the barren sand -  
As her radiance marched in and completed the coup.

Her majesty saw me as just another one of her subjects,  
Unknown to the spell she had cast upon me,  
The feeling of a trillion men at apex,  
Converging into a single sentiment within me.

Is it sin to love in such enormousness?  
For torture is bound to be bestowed,  
But what can a man do when in loves mess,  
For without her he will corrode.

So I sit in this glorious bright prison of dreams,  
Writing through time, my only and final human right,  
To express what lies within my bodily streams,  
Dreaming that someday I will be your knight.

Aditya Mudbhary

# Voodoo Revolution

Ashes, burning embers of sadness,  
Flies of filth and dark smoky feels,  
The ruins of guilt and this chamber of madness,  
What's become of this suede like body?

Where are you who has cursed the blessing I received?  
That voodoo bitch who hides in the shadows,  
In the purple smoke and dirt filled gallows,  
Shaking and rattling that stick of a wand.

The war drums beat for the shaman soul grows,  
The flame of mojo rises to burn the curse away,  
No more of this madness, this sadness, this undesirable sickness,  
The times of the evil witch and her curse burnt, now it's all my way.

Aditya Mudbhary



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## As Above, So Below.

In the midst of the unholy darkened day,  
I shivered in anger not knowing where I were headed,  
The moths in my chest flapped their wings and flew,  
And out of my mouth they vanished as screams for help.

In the lives of men, there comes a time,  
Where we face the darkest demon of them all,  
The treacherous bastard that lights up flames of wisdom within us,  
And then like the morning star wakes us into the splendour of a new world that  
awaits.

I know not what lies ahead of this journey ahead,  
But sparkles of stardust appear as though I have been reborn as the phoenix,  
Out of the ashes of the past and into a world that suits me most,  
And so it goes, as above, so Below.

Aditya Mudbhary



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# To Love Or Not

The breeze of memories blow through my heavy chest,  
A cool long breath of the future slithers into my veins,  
It was not so long ago since I saw the lady from the west,  
And all too soon uncertainty drips on my shirt and stains.

A cruel joke played over and over again,  
Like a modern mixtape with scratches they call so great,  
Much like the waters of Everest eventually end in the drain,  
It seems all good things have a similar fate.

I wonder how trees let go of their leaves in autumn,  
A source of life blown away with the wind,  
But with time comes new leaves that will blossom,  
Will the past however be forgotten?

Why does the heart trot away?  
Weariness is my first guess,  
Is it just for a man not to let her get astray?  
Astray from his heartfelt loyal caress.

Following the laws of clichés are for peasants,  
For man is not a tree,  
This love is too good and selfish may I be?  
Forgive me babe but you are the only future I see.

Aditya Mudbhary

# Beyond The Door

Shivers sensually tickle my feet with cold,  
As I lay in bed recovering after a long night out,  
Emotions within start to unfold,  
Imploding love where everything else apart from her I flout.

As I go through these newly captured photographs,  
Recollection pours down with every drop of joy,  
Oh what I'd do at this moment just to make you laugh,  
Peck wooder shall I say or call you Helen of troy.

There are times in this modern age that I try suppress,  
Suppress these feelings as to not show my weakness,  
For society mocks men with emotions like ever before,  
But there is nothing but love for you at my spiritual core.

Much like how the red tail lights chase them beautiful cars,  
Or lights that climb tall buildings and into the stars,  
I shall forever chase the soul,  
That lives and plays your beautiful role.

I think to myself what I mean when I write,  
Seldom try to understand the poet in me,  
For the reason to write is not always the beauty in sight,  
It is nothing but truly and purely the feelings inside.

A million miles away you are and loneliness is key,  
In the making of this textual finding you see,  
Despite the possibilities to text and dream,  
To hold you is what makes me feel complete.

Changes in the world may come and go,  
The distance although remains the same for forever more,  
Never do I want to stay away from you,  
How I wish you were here when I open my door.

Aditya Mudbhary

# Flag Of My Father & The Sunshine Of Mom

Born and raised in the city of bricks,  
Grew older in distant lands,  
In every step I have taken towards glory,  
Hides my parents hands.

I knew so less about the ones closest,  
Thought I knew what you were,  
Twenty years later the eyelids open,  
Yet unexplainable in words you are.

Father, You held my hand and taught me well,  
Sent me to the finest schools alright,  
You made me smile and gave me gold,  
But nothing compares to the given soul.

When I was a child I looked at you,  
You were all that a man should be,  
Honest, Respectable, Hardworking and charming,  
Grand and unique, Impossible is nothing to thee.

Mother, You are my guiding light,  
You always were and always will be the first love I ever had,  
You rocked my world and gave me life,  
Incomparable you truly are.

In the hardest of times you stood by me,  
In the grandest of times we celebrate,  
You punished me yet taught me words,  
Now look at me I write this verse.

I salute you father and raise your flag,  
For the rest of the world should learn from thee,  
Glorious you are in all that you do,  
Sharp Dressed man from Head to shoe.

I bow down to you mother and sunbathe in your light,  
Your love is like the sunshine on a mid summer day,  
Everything I am from the inside out,  
Was carved and made by you without a doubt.

Forever shall I be indebted to you,  
Always shall I think of you,  
We shall walk through this journey of life together,  
But for now all I want to say is Thank You.

Aditya Mudbhary

# Dew Drop Joy

Swept away with this feeling of joy,  
The feeling of belonging to a world mysterious,  
Left unsaid will be many words,  
But the end can be seen as a new beginning.

Time ticks away and the future uncertain,  
Although this feeling without change,  
Static like that of space,  
Unchangeable, Unpredictable, Undeniable.

Opening of doors and discovery of truths,  
She drifts away into memories soon,  
In search for patience I have found,  
The truth for resurrecting my pure dew drop joy.

Aditya Mudbhary



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# Liberate

In this moment of indolence,  
I feel nothing but the absolute truth,  
In this moment of bliss,  
I feel nothing but the absolute truth.

Years passed by in the blink of an eye,  
And yet I searched for glory, pride and joy,  
For the ones lost in the phase of time,  
My mind lost in ignorance and blinded by material ties.

Unknown to the purpose of life,  
A dazed and confused state of mind,  
To all those who pass by,  
Seek to liberate and free yourself from what's unkind.

Look into the mirror and open your eyes,  
If it is still you in there then you are blind,  
Search for the truth or the one above all,  
And that will be the time you have freed your mind.

Aditya Mudbhary

# That's Life

Passing sweet memories where do thy dance away?  
In search for thy lair I have spent my life in vain,  
Like the sway of breezes thy come & go away,  
Oh please! Oh please! Let me dance with thee & stay.

I have played my part since the day I was thrown,  
Into this world as an actor out alone,  
Doing as I have been told & acting as a cold hearted stone,  
Oh author of my life, where does this road go?

Where are my fair loves, friends & foes?  
Too all those that left our stage long ago,  
Will they just be memories that with time they fade away?  
Or is there something more to this treacherous play?

Beauty alike that of a butterfly thou have shown me,  
Sadness that of broken love & death thou have played me,  
Yet we humble actors rejoice & play our parts,  
For the everlasting audience that applauds from above.

Aditya Mudbhary



# To A Lady's Confused Mind

Oh Personality of godhead,  
Oh lord Lucifer & God himself,  
What a world thou together have made.

The moon & the sun,  
Shining light & utter darkness,  
Love & hatred,  
All mixed in one.

A humble being of thou imagination,  
Now under the moonlight lost in thought,  
In the thought of the one,  
Inside the circumference of the gravity of love.

My guardian angel & the path of light,  
Today I wish to tell thee of thou lovers true sight,  
The answers to thy questions all inside,  
This simple carving of thy textual find.

Apologies God & Lucifer for I must spread,  
The truth for once for my loves sake,  
I shall pay thee back for every word spread,  
One with every soul that I will take.

A long time ago the world was created,  
By two illusionists of opposite ends,  
Illusion one, good and beauty led,  
Illusion Other, sin and mischief led.

Working together these illusionists made,  
Life as we know it our lives were laid,  
The friction or troubles between them made,  
Gravity or attraction as the humans say.

Love is hated by all others not playing the game,  
For only two out of billions are allowed to play,  
Understand that every second of one mans life,  
Is spent on survival till this very day.

It is not a simple selfish game we play,  
But for the survival of our loves illusion until the end of days.

Never asking thee to help in anyway,  
Never asking thee to pity thy lovers way,  
Never asking thee to understand this crazy game,  
Although one prince thy must forever love & tame.

Thy must remember my queen, my angel,  
All this is but an illusion of merely thine & mine,  
An illusion of meaning and understanding,  
An illusion of confusion and slavery.

The truth is like the end of the world,  
Thy thoughts tend curious yet fearful,  
Beautiful yet Ugly,  
Life yet Death.

The truth of life is simple fairest beauty,  
All of this is nothing,  
Nothing but an illusion of feeling and emotions,  
Something meant just to be enjoyed, glorified and left.

If thou seek gods or demons,  
They are one and the same,  
Nothing but mediums of illusions,  
Merely just Infinite.

There aren't much in the list of infinite,  
Merely the illusions around us you see,  
Then my everlasting love for thee,  
And finally there is THE UNEXPLAINED NOTHING.

When in doubt of anything close thy eyes and wish,  
Thy wishes truly desired I will make come true,  
The knowledge of freedom is what I seek to bring,  
Oh my lady just look all around you.

Within this illusion thy are the only god or goddess,  
Trapped within a tower built by thy father,  
Trapped within an illusion crafted by thy mother,  
Trapped within the love destroyed by thy friencesses.

In the end it is love that truly counts,  
Hate not but trust instead,  
The one that thy left behind,  
For love is the only key to free thy mind.

If thy take this hand & trust,  
None will stop thee, None will speak,  
For here is the day of thy dreams, no less,  
Here comes thy very own prince of darkness.

Aditya Mudbhary

# Thoughts On Invitation

Oh evil that hides behind its cruel illusions,  
That weak power thou show,  
Like a flame put out by water forever,  
Thou hide behind lies in forms of truth.

Thou shall be above me,  
Thou shall be venerated,  
For like morning light thy wake me,  
Shatter dreams and what are meant to be.

Entitled thou seem to the blinded system,  
For irony are thou game,  
Thou are no man but a child,  
A child in growth alike it's puberty.

Anger rests with the lava deep down,  
As for now gentle words explain to thee,  
For thou shall think thyself a new born devil,  
But in the end thy were no more than a thought of a man.

Every thought, dream or emotion of thee,  
Imagined by one man,  
Every move, power or life invested in thee,  
Merely thoughts of one man.

Attention slave of materialism,  
Leave untouched the forbidden fruit,  
Enlighten thyself in this moment of guilt,  
Like the blowing wind comes and goes,  
My sweet, sweet satisfying death.

Aditya Mudbhary

# La Musique De Bonheur

Alone on the wall rests our only reminder,  
The reminder of everything yet nothing.  
The chilly dark and cold winter night,  
The sway of trees that are hypnotized.

A herd of fresh lily fume gently enters me,  
& seducingly pleasures, oh you will see.

The beauty of it all is so unpronounceable,  
The sound of it is so luxurious and royal,  
Read not anymore of what you may call it,  
The music of our gentle reminder still plays on.

Aditya Mudbhary



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# New Found Destination

Like a diamond the door was shining,  
Bright, strong, sensual and flawless.  
Like a mirror the deeper you look,  
The further you step from reality.

Lost within the timeframe of life,  
Fear grows with every tick of the clock,  
For when may be the end,  
Yet to may be the start.

I close my eyelids for a second or so,  
As my spirit cries out in pain,  
To tell my heart that this is the end,  
As this journey is now to be a destination.

The eyes open to reality,  
As the pages of this chapter ends,  
Although the clock still ticks,  
And a new chapter begins.

Aditya Mudbhary

# The Breeze Of Love

It's late in the evening,  
10'o clock 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 warmth 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 baby doll.

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

# 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



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# 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.

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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.

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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.

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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.

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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.

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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.

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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.

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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.

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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.

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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.

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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.

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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.

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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.

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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.

---

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.

---

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.

---

Aditya Mudbhary

# 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



# 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

# 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



PoemHunter.com

# 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

# 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



PoemHunter.com

# 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

# 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



# 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

# 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 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

# 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

# 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



PoemHunter.com

# 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



# 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

# 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

# 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



PoemHunter.com

# 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's yours which makes my heart litter,  
Love that is unexplainable,  
Which I try to explain but I'm unable.

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

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

# 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