

Poetry Series

**Mabisa G. Chhetri**  
**- poems -**

**Publication Date:**  
2009

**Publisher:**  
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

# Mabisa G. Chhetri()

# Glare In The Glaring Of Eyes

It's the way he looked me in the eyes,  
With no sense in me, his face hit my brain, his name hit my heart.  
Moreover, got to know him so quick.

The difference and uniqueness between him and all the others are so unlike,  
He made me sense,  
By just that single glance.  
Being lost in his glaring eyes,  
Wanting his caring love,  
That hope to be with him will never die.

No it ain't just the looks,  
Its not even the gorgeousness,  
The cuteness,  
Innocence of himself.  
It's the inside  
Heart as purely harsh less, harm less.  
His thoughts as brightly, meaningful, colorful.  
His love, his kindness,  
His companionship,  
Like none other's.

It's the way I look him in the eyes.  
With no talk, I feel to know how he's feeling,  
He's emotion.  
Just with that single glance I fall in love with him again and again.  
Mabisa Chhetri

Mabisa G. Chhetri

# Mis~understanding You

Misunderstanding you had been sweeter than love  
Misunderstanding you had been more peaceful than a dove.

Though it still hurts,  
to think that I once thought I understood you more than anything in my life.  
to think that you were it...the love of my life.  
to think that you were mine and no one elses.

I was wrong, you proved it to me.  
You showed it to me...  
You TOLD me I was wrong.  
Than I heard you.

I was embarrassed, I was annoyed.  
I was sad, I was crying.  
I was dead for that second, my soul left me.

Later on...  
The harder I tried the harder it got to take you away from my mind.  
I was sure that it wouldn't, my love for you was as still the same.  
I was sure that I couldn't, I really loved you till I shouldn't.

It was worse than living in hell, living with that feeling,  
until I was...  
Sick of crying,  
Tired of trying.  
Thinking you also had the rush, and never knowing it was just a stupid boy  
crush.

Mabisa G. Chhetri

# True Love

I will have sense of my true love `til my last breath.  
He'll be with me `til and after death.

Ain't just the pleasures, ain't just my happiness.  
He's everything to me,  
He's my wound and he's my cure.  
Our hearts beat together, with no fear of anything in him or me.  
He's my true love and I'm positively sure.

Never really know when it all began, nor will I ever know when it'll end.  
All I hope and pray for, is for him to be part of me and with me,  
Not just for past, present and future but rather forever.

My true love isn't my imagination, he's not a fake.  
My true love is a real, he'll be there for my sake.

Mabisa G. Chhetri