

Poetry Series

Ramesh Shrestha
- poems -

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Ramesh Shrestha()

Distance

I wonder what that mean,
Of all the rumors unseen,
When they say we are,
Far apart, like distant stars.

I see you on the petals white, red, blue,
Blooming across the garden new,
I feel you along the wide sea shore,
When cool wind blows,
Making me immaculate and pure.

You sing with the chirping of bird,
And open the mind when I am bored,
You fall along the sweet downpour,
Embracing me, with intense care.

When a brook laughs, I see you,
Smiling along the water so clear,
Though a carefree duck on it,
Neither sees and hears you so near.

As I look at the deep blue sky,
I can see you, staring me with big eyes,
And as I listen to the cuckoo sing,
I can hear your sweet voice, whispering.

When I fall asleep, you will be there,
To care me like a delicate flower,
My Love, you are, always with me,
In each and every hour.

Don't matter, with our body far away,
As we are always in close stay,
Who says we are distant apart?
My Love you are deep inside my heart....

Ramesh Shrestha

Gift Of Nature

Flower flower beautiful flower
I have got the immense power
Scattering sweetest fragrance
For each and every hour

I am such a soft
That can touch your heart
Some small and some larger
I am the nicest gift of nature

Yellow, red, orange, white
My petals so bright
With presence of sunlight
Can refresh your eyesight

Delighted by my look
Don't you be such a crooked
Taking me out to your hand
You are ending my life span

I am here to teach you
To get happiness from view
To be kind and loving
For every living being

Don't you bother
And be my follower
So you can be
Sweeter than the flower! ! !

Ramesh Shrestha

Guess, Who Am I?

I bloom in the beauty of rose,
Flourish like a tide in gale,
And dwell inside the heart of,
Creatures round the globe as well.

In my world, my friend,
Happiness and prosperity extend,
Dark shadow of dismay,
Will lost somewhere in front of,
Bright and sparkling light of gay.

Yes, I am there at that instant,
When sparrow feed its tender heir,
Yes, I am there when mom tigress,
Licks her cub with intense care.

I can inspire the world to gain,
To achieve the mighty quest,
Impossible is not in my vein,
And I give hope to depressed.

You may boast of wealth in earth,
Gold, money, you spend to buy,
But don't forget the eternal fact,
That is ME that you live by.

Though you may be separated and far,
Tired and exhausted with grumpy face,
But as you start thinking of me,
You will forget the all disgrace.

I have lived in hearts so long,
And will reside for years to come,
I will survive even you die,
In the MEMORIES that will never expire.. :)

Ramesh Shrestha

Hiking

Walking up the hill,
I found the profound peace,
Alleviating the grief,
Making a bit relief.

The trees that I pass,
The brooks that I cross,
Electrifies my nerves,
And boost up my heart.

The breeze that I feel,
The flowers that I smell,
Gives me such pleasure,
That heaven may have failed.

The cliffs up the way,
And panorama down the stay,
Gives me such freshness,
That can make me senseless.

Every leaves of the trees,
Every pebbles on the way,
Have their story to tell,
Charming than any novel.

The sweat on my body,
Makes me so cool,
Like I was under,
A swimming pool!

As I walked left and right,
On the gloomy day light,
I saw such living things,
Not found in our surroundings.

As I walked and walked,
Until my feet ached,
I found such place,
Better in every ways.

It was so plain,
It was so clean,
It was a small village,
For the pilgrimage.

The houses were crude,
The people were cute,
Environment was faraway,
From any dispute.

I went to a temple,
And preyed with the god,
To fill every hearts,
With kindness and love.

I went to a house,
With a stone roof,
And ate the offerings,
With love and blessings.

Then it was a time,
To decline,
To the place,
Where I originate.

Bidding good bye,
Sweet memories inside,
I declined,
With a heavy heart and mind.

Ramesh Shrestha

Life

When I sit alone by the side of lake,
And ponder about the life and death,
This world we live, like a huge stage,
Ohh! Poor creatures we are,
Just the performers for few days!

Just come out and feel the breeze,
And feel the freshness beneath a tree,
Enjoy the beauty that surrounds,
The nature has given us abound.

What we have done and what is there,
To be done for the time to come,
To make all our dreams come true,
Those are already in long queue!

Life is not, just for fun and play,
But more, we have to do, on the way,
Not only self, but for all,
For creatures residing this beautiful world.

Have you asked that beggar so poor?
For the good food and the fine stay.
Have you helped that lady so old?
Hoping to cross the road on way.

So short is this life but still,
Why are we making it like a hell?
Quarrelling with one another,
With jealousy and supremacy behavior.

You live your life in full,
Making this world more beautiful,
With worries and sorrows far behind,
Harmony and happiness in all mankind.

So you do something worthwhile,
And make your life a bit fertile,
Such works that can change this world,

That can make thousands to smile..... :)

Ramesh Shrestha

Magic Of Downpour

Behold it! the rush downpour,
Splattering over the land so far,
Is it a magic that it showed?
Draught and hotness vanished a lot.

Flowers have now, begun to bloom,
Honey bees, dancing in fair tune,
Croaking of frog from side lane,
Trees are now green again.

Dreams ohh! soon will come true,
Plenty of grains will all over in view,
Land will not be barren anymore,
Thanks to the blessings of mighty downpour.

Yesterday, they were so thin and feeble,
Now, rushing and gushing terrible,
With lives flourishing underneath,
Truly, rivers have gained new life from it.

Drop by drop, you fall from sky,
Nourishing the life with vegetation rife,
Wash away dirt off streets and roads,
Clearing the dismay, give us new hope..... :)

Ramesh Shrestha

Mother

Enduring pain for such nine months,
And overcoming difficulties all in way,
You are great MUM, to give me birth,
Giving me chance to live in this earth.

I learnt to walk holding your hand,
And grew up eating that you feed,
Why are you never tired mum?
Working all day for siblings' need.

Like a friend you played with me,
Like a teacher you taught me,
Sometimes kind, sometimes tough,
You saved my life from being rough.

In the time of despair, you are there,
To give me your warmth of care,
When I feel all alone, you are there,
To help me with your friendly tone.

Perhaps,
God may have created you with care,
And filled your heart with,
Love and Kindness everywhere,
That's why my life is fair,
And want you to be always here.

Your blessings are always with me,
Even though I be far from thee,
You are always in my heart, mum,
And all I can say, I LOVE YOU MUM.....

Ramesh Shrestha

My Country Nepal

Hills, mountains, lakes and gushing rivers,
With birds and animals wandering in leisure,
Lands covered with flora and fauna in ample,
Yes friend, it's my beautiful country called NEPAL.

Gods and goddesses residing here,
Not only in temples, monasteries, churches and mosques,
But also in the heart of each and every person,
Making my country harmonious in all religion.

Enriched with the diverse festival and culture,
And the presence of enchanting wonders,
With grief and sorrow far beside,
I feel like, I am in paradise.

From the plain of Terai to cliff of Himalayas,
My country so diverse in land structure,
With the mind blowing and heart touching sculptures,
Makes my country unique in every features.

So friends, it's time to make our country,
Even more beautiful with better community,
Every person visiting our country should tell,
Yes, it's the best piece of land called NEPAL..... :)

Ramesh Shrestha

My Sis

My Sis is in the far away land,
Singing and dancing with merry around,
Waking in the night and sleeping in day,
She is a real owl making funny sound. (O_O)

Fat and stuffed, eating a lot,
Joking and fooling, such a naughty girl,
But still so cute, like a pretty doll,
With her heart so special, without any fraud.

She likes to watch and play football,
And wander in night with chaps all round,
Like a ghost with only, bones and skull,
She likes to haunt the people around (o_O)

Though she is cute and little girl,
With her figure glittering like pearl,
But her manner like a naughty little guy,
So she is also, named Tomboy.

Her head, ohh, always on bed,
Feeling so lazy, even to eat bread,
Staying overnight, surfing and chatting,
Looking for a Korean, bf so charming.

Her mind is always, here and there,
Cannot decide in such a major turn,
But still striving for life to be fair,
And I know one day, her decision will be firm.

So Sis, wake up from the sleep so deep,
You should take a tremendous leap,
Progressing with your unique style,
You have to perform, work worthwhile.

My blessings is always, with you,
So never be afraid, and progress through,
I wish your life, to be fulfilled with joy,
Your name and fame, may touch high high and high,

Even above the mighty sky....: D: D: D

Ramesh Shrestha

My Sweet Little Kid

Staring me with eyes such deep,
Her innocence O' makes me weep,
Her tiny little mouth smiling, indeed,
Sure, she is my sweet little kid.

Her hands, so neat and soft,
Touching me, with tender and love,
Joy and happiness, you have conveyed,
My feelings O' can't be explained.

When you walk, with tiny little feet,
Even the land, be refreshed with steps,
If you stumble, I will lift,
To hug you and make you safe.

Your soft voice, such a sweet,
Your words though, not in proper seat,
But when you call me in such a tweet,
Gives me the feeling of incredible feat.

The pain, if you endure,
Fill my eyes with sparkling tears,
The feelings I have that, you are,
A piece of my heart, to be clear.

Blessing you from my deep inside,
Stay smiling, for whole of your life,
You should be like a blooming flower,
Dispersing the aroma to, far far far..... :)

Ramesh Shrestha

My Sweet Little Niece

I saw her today, drawing a flower,
Her sweet lil hands, moving with power.
Her watch in hand, sparkling with light,
Her heart was like a swift moving kite.

She is so naughty, she is so sweet,
Jumping in the garden, ignoring the heat.
She was running, like a deer,
Her hair flew with, moving air.

Her chattering in an endless manner,
Was sounding like, a moving steamer.
Her smile in a sweet little face,
Like a diamond, sparkling in space.

Birds that are singing in the style,
Makes her happy with a smile.
The dog that is, barking in hunger,
Makes her angry, like a thunder.

She came near me with ignorant face,
And shouted on me, with disgrace.
She asked me to tell a story,
Of the glory and the fairy.

I told her, the sweet short tale,
Of the fairy struck in gale.
She was so frightened, by the tale,
That she turned her, face to pale.

I told her, another story,
Of the cartoon, Tom and Jerry.
She listened with full attention,
And asked me lots of questions.

She is so little, she is so cute,
Like a little growing fruit.
She is so playful, she is so swift,
The sweetest person that I have met.... :)

Night Time

In the dark and gloomy night,
I woke up with mosquito bite,
Ahh! you, the naughty creature,
Don't drink up my precious treasure.

As I rotate my eyes around,
And listen to noises surround,
Things were all still and calm,
Except the swinging pendulum.

I can see something bright,
Under a table to my right,
When I closely stared at,
Ahh! the eyes of pussycat.

As I looked to roads around,
From the glass of window pane,
Dogs were barking from behind,
To the only running van.

I looked up to the sky,
I can see the moon so high,
Twinkling stars and cool moonlight,
Were enhancing the life of night.

As I lay down on the bed,
With my hands on my head,
I can hear the tickling sound,
Drops of water falling down.

I put off my glasses beneath,
And closed my eyes for having sleep,
Turning here and there lil bit,
I was then fast asleep.

Ramesh Shrestha

Poor We!

No time to watch the beauty around,
That nature has given us abound,
The grass, weeds and trees surround,
Hopping deer and the croaking sound.

Working all the day and night,
Planning for the future bright,
Have we forgot the glaring life?
That may have made us satisfied!

Ramesh Shrestha

Rose

Rose Rose, I am the Rose,
I can attract and excite your nose.
Staring at my beautiful view,
I can make you refreshed and new.

My petals white, yellow, pink or orange,
That can refresh you, with sweet fragrance,
Bewildering your mind and heart,
Encouraging you for fresh start.

Like the symbol of peace is dove,
I am the symbol of beauty and love,
And to dazzle this world, my job,
Flourishing happiness around the globe.

I am the sweetest, thing in land,
But don't you ever, pull me out,
My prickles that can, pierce your hand,
And I can make you, shout aloud.

I grow in the, middle of thorns,
That can teach you, the lesson,
Your life will be, sweet as me,
If you struggle in, every dismay.

Bees that, hover around,
And quenched with juice they found,
Is used by them for making honey,
That you buy with lots of money.

I am a multi, purpose flower,
That can be used in, various cultures.
And for making, perfume and medicine,
Along with, drinks and cuisines.

Don't you worry and, be always happy,
You should be like a, tasty candy.
Live your life, with purpose,
AND WISH YOU GLITTER, LIKE A ROSE..... :)

Summertime In Countryside

Yes, here come the summer times,
Deadly hot weather in bloom
I sit under the shade of trees,
And enjoy the nature free

I can see the chirping birds,
Singing and dancing in mighty feat
What a wonderful life they got,
Eating, drinking and wandering lot

While cattle and sheep are grazing before,
I lay there counting,
Clouds that occur more,
Making beautiful images of,
Horse, cow, goat and dinosaur

Sweet cool summer breeze,
Touching me gently, With,
Nice aroma of flowers, that bloom,
Everywhere in nature's womb

Cool water from spring,
Fresher than anything
A handful of that nectar,
To quench my thirst of nature

Yes friends, its countryside,
Full of nature in summer tide
Hope you will enjoy life with pride,
Summertime in Countryside....

Ramesh Shrestha

The Girl On The Way

Walking on the way to home,
I saw a girl with her mom.
Sitting beside mom on a stone,
Her face so cute, clean and calm.

She was so young, looked nine,
Her hair glittering in sunshine.
Her mother beside her,
Selling vegetables to others.

She was with her mom,
Helping her, ignoring sun.
Selling the vegetables,
With her soft lil palms.

I glanced her on the face,
Found hunger in every place.
How can she be fit,
With lil food she afford to eat.

Her clothes were so simple,
And patched in ample.
But her blazing look and manner,
Had made her as an angel.

Her hands were so sweet,
But working in the heat.
Ahh! ! her soft lil hands,
Should hold the pencils instead.

She might have a dream,
To read and write in school.
Ahh! ! on her head, the god,
Had written such a cruel! !

The poorness that prevailed,
Had made her to struggle.
But in spite of these troubles,
Her face shining with chuckle.

I bought the two bundles,
Of the vegetables, that her,
Sweet lil hands conferred,
Moving in hasty manner.

I thanked her with a grin,
And gave her the money.
And wished her to begin,
The fulfilled life as a queen...: D

Ramesh Shrestha

True Friend

The lil things that you did for me,
Bring tears, when I remember.
How important you are to me,
Now I discover.

You are now far from me,
Into a distant land.
But memories you left for me,
Will last forever.

I don't care where you be,
Or I may see you never.
But I always wish you to be,
The happiest person forever.

So promise me to always be,
My friend and well wisher.
And promise me, you will be,
IN TOUCH with me forever.....

Ramesh Shrestha

Wanna Be The Best Teacher

I know I can do it and do it very best,
I wanna be the symbol of worthiness.
My dream is to, be a teacher,
And help learner, build the future.
I am a teacher, you are my learner,
Both of us are country builder.
Like a good friend, I will help you,
To look this world, in a different view.
Together we will, play and dance,
And learn the lessons with diligence.
I will teach you the lesson of time,
And how it has, taken the reign.
I will reveal, the wonders of world,
How they have taken their hold.
I will tell you the truth of life,
And how you can live it wise.
I will work hard, I will do best,
To help you in your endless quest.
Don't you lost and have your zest,
So that you can reach the crest.
I work hard, like a beaver,
So that I can be, THE BEST TEACHER.....

Ramesh Shrestha

Was It A Ghost?

Mid-Night had just arrived
I was alone in my house
Reading novel in my hand
And feeling lil bit drowse

Then I woke up suddenly
With the sound of footsteps
Coming from the distant place
Like someone was on a chase

I moved to the back space
To the balcony, behind site
With the funny, scared face
And my hands carrying light

As I looked into the bush
Shaking by the air that push
I could see a white shadow
Moving like a fast arrow

Then it appeared before me
In such time, I can't remind
In the front of little tree
I could see a white mankind!

She was like an old woman
With blood coming from hand
Wearing a white saree
And her face looked scary!

Her eyes were like big marble
Her hand with burning candle
Her bare feet covered with dirt
Her hair was all dispersed

She was walking towards me
Staring me with marble eyes
Stepping with dirt filled feet
And burning candle in her hand

I was then such afraid
I turned back in extreme threat
I was, about to flee
Then something happened to me

I fell down from the bed
And woke up with heavy head
All that, I saw the scenes
Thanks God, it was only a Dream! ! !

Ramesh Shrestha

When Will My Dream Come True?

I dream of my land with harmony abound,
No crimes and thefts, and burglaries around,
Any child in the way screaming in pride,
I am safe and sound and no need to hide.

I dream of the people fulfilled every ways,
With enough food to be fed for days,
With strong shelter, stiff for years,
And warm clothes and shoes to wear.

I dream of my society working selfless,
Without any, money-minded behavior,
And without being, only oneself secure,
People helping the deprived and poor.

I dream of each house, sweet and sound,
With kind and lovely family around,
Jealousy and sadness never touching it,
And happiness and prosperity, always surround.

I dream of my forest green with trees,
With birds and animals delighted and free,
No deer rushing in agony and fear,
With the poacher that may come too near.

I dream of my rivers filled with life,
Of the fish and frogs and crocodile,
Sparkling water is such clean,
That one can see its image of grin.

I dream and dream and never give up,
To make this world kind and soft,
Every person on the way, saying in gay,
What a great place to stay!

Ramesh Shrestha

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Ramesh Shrestha