

Poetry Series

Shasha Mesha

- poems -

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Shasha Mesha()

Shasha resides in Malaysia and has is an ardent fan of Rabindranath Tagore's work. She believes that whatever the lips fail to say, the pen helps to express it. Being a non-conformist, Shasha's poems are mostly free verse. Poems are the only written material that should not be subjected to criticism as it is abstract and distinguished.

Penchant Of Sunrise

The sun is entirely devoid of darkness
It overpowers the universe with its intense flare
Feels like an enormous volcanic wind scratching the surface of earth
It prides on the mere fact that there can only be 'one' who radiates the gleam
Temperamental by nature
It can be mildly soothing or menacingly fierce
Rules with an iron fist and is afraid of none
No room for emotional attachment,
As blaze is constantly fuelled
We aim to be that
To transcend all the limits that has been long established
To emerge as the imperium that would always remain unconquered
To clandestinely be able to lead our lives
Then,
Comes nightfall.

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Swans' Black Lake

And there was a flock of swans
Who frolicked gloriously
They conquered a small part of the black lake
Always spreading their wings high
They generously glare and shun anything that they come across
Not too far away a young maiden was spotted
Whose face did not glow
And lips seemingly parched
She solemnly gazed upon the black lake
Artilia vigorously flapped her wings in circular motion
Signalling the rest to quickly gather
They huddled and whispered to one another
Not missing a glance at the dim lady while doing so
They were convinced that the maiden was the definition of atrocious
She was laughed upon
Using their flamboyant wings
They hurled streaks of dark water at her
She remained unperturbed
The swans rejoiced in humiliating her
When suddenly apparition appeared just behind the melancholic maiden
Clueless while staring into the lake
She saw a shadow of a man staring back at her
His gleamless smile terrified the swans
As for the girl
She smiled back for the first time
Swiftly turning back to catch the glimpse of the man she had simpered at
They embraced
The swans perished
And the lake, bleached

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The Death Of Time

The clasp was surreal,
It felt completely cosmic
The walk continued a great distance,
I was being led this time
As I was coaxed into being a follower
The endearing breeze swept across my lips,
Seamlessly witnessing a parade of gushing moons,
Scintillating sound of the busy streets as I progressed,
I was kept occupied,
Allowing me to incite all my senses
Refusing to fathom, I was completely susceptible to the spur of the moment
Distinctively conquering the time,
I felt an emerging need to halt the breath
Trying to defy my role as a follower
But the radiance beamed into my eyes,
And at that very moment,
The death of time was bequeathed.

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The Untold

To fathom the unfathomable is the mission,
A rather queer feeling comes marching into solitude,
This has been a perpetual inner battle,
The owner claims possession of it,
Vigorously feeding the ominous cry,
No enormous roar but there is certainly a wail for comfort
The soul covets for distinction
But who will unravel the anguish buried deep inside the bosom,
Who will be the saviour to the drenched heart?
When would be the conceivable moment for all sorrows to be cast away?
What will it feel like to have the heaviest bricks removed from the chest?
They say time shall announce□
How if time refuses not to wait for me?

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When The Heart Meets The Soul

Spooned or swindled?

The ephemeral heart questioned the eternal soul,
For only the soul can quench the thirst of the beautiful lie,
A lie that she heavily relied upon,
And she continued to sprinkle water of hopes on an intricate garden,
It blossomed swiftly and the sight was phenomenal,
Leading to a mysterious yet quintessential path of flowers,
With petals of sunflower tickling her silky feet,
She was convinced that the fragrance had coiled within her,
And then rose a new question,
Should she continue to merely sprinkle or assume a luxuriant garden of her own?

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