Poetry Series

Aayush Pandey - poems -

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For feedback, suggestion or complaints please mail me or send me a tweet.

Apologize

I will I would be there, deep in the core Of your heart, to erase the ruins of fact, that tore us apart, Now, I tried to run away, but again I'm on start, In search of heaven, I reached hell as I am lost, I tried to fulfill all your whims and desire, tried to aqua when you're ball of fire, I just tried to give you love tend and care, But I am sorry I'm the 'reason' for your tear, I'm sorry my dearest dear!

Bad

They're good, They're really good. But they treat me bad. Why should I treat them good?

Cynical Friends Consensus

Fault on your own, Unadmireable and infelicitous, Upbraid to an untainted chap. Bar, when encountered decent To a degree, Perceptible on your own.

Chum's, yet chum If pursues your lousy deeds, Voted off whenever gainsaid it.

Dead

I'm dead since yesterday, That's the time, When my heart gave my soul hearty condolences. I was born yesterday, and I'm sad, since I need to be dead for decades, just like my brothers been for past decades. God! I want to survive, Survive me, my brothers and Let them all awake.

Dilemma

I cannot even love you, I cannot even hate you, I know I'll never get you, its so hard to forget you, you know I already told you, that I'll always behold you, but my fate will never meet you, even though my love so true, I am just starin' at you, Even though you running away, when my love's just a play. I cannot 'LOVE' you nor 'HATE' you.

Expectations

They supposed me enough apropos, Enough rigid ball to shoot the targets down, They never knew I was just a Wiffle, With fake but beautiful cutouts around,

Was unable to reach that port, Just when wind breezes so strong, Could be wrecked up with ease, Never matters how's good enough the prong.

They expected a bit much from me, Hence, Catastrophe was inevitable to arrive, Don't expect so high from me, folks, Making me constrained to suspire and hard to survive.

Festivals

Here comes the festival, Festival of love, and resplendence. The festival of everyone. But, It's not for everyone.

The celebration that is All built on the hassle firm of fragmentation, Rich and poor, Big and small, High-toned and low-toned. And, You'll feel the irrational Pain of festive When you compel your soul, To stoop too low for Food, clothes and happiness. (A crooked smile) As hologram for Dashain. Elegant for Tihar.

You can't 'Let it go', Even if you will to 'Cause, There's a reputation to keep, Relations to maintain, Monetary blessings to achieve. All for the festival Less of the festive, With more of everything, Other than the festive.

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Hell: When I Was There.

Oh! God I left your lap and went to the Hell, Later I realized about you my lord when I fell, Into the darkness of shadow of the heaven, Where truth stooped and abated upon The cruelty, that yanked each another. Cruelty ever erected on the land o'mother Concealed victims and culprits along the world, Matter the blood, death and tons a gold, There the unprosperousness breeds the best I found a, once forgotten – the secret taste What's the Hell is gettin' best and best, That it was developin' on a slow pace, Despite towards evilness and chaos but in case Contrast to us, the people 'Hell isn't too bad place' **Aayush Pandey**

My Chum

One who took my soul away from me both heart entwined but he flee nowhere, unknown place it is, but I have remnant of his remembrance, that are forcing me to greet, his gnomic ability and humorous manner, who always mocked at you, me, us and everyone, but the tables turned, ices has burned, he went far away, and disappeared in horizon. and to slake my thirst, I went to search him on spot, sadly, no appointment was made in that pause, I had lost him, with whisper in my cry, now, my closest friend, my chum had gone far far far away....

My Heart's Heartless Structure

Life circumnutated towards anonymous juction, Covered with snirts abruptly full malfunction, Massive unadoric, even hard to suspire, Hung word plates on wall with satire, There a girl wailing, beyond the trash, Rushed backward tacitly, lacking the cash, Being unaggressive, rolling tears crystal, Seeking for help, reasons some factual, Seemed not a perite, but hiding the pain, Her somnific eyes revealed fact so insane Lift's what I aided her to a small motel ahead, Granted a small chamber with a single bed, Her beauty was matchless with awesomeness, But eyes with tears were just the mess, I asked her the reason with certain delight, She got quite indifferent to answer it right, I said ' Let it be', waved her 'good night', turned back and saw the room still bright, Tawny her colour, mine so black indeed, Peeped her full body, rising up the greed, Deep in the core of my heart, i cant express, Was like untolerable attraction of lions to flesh, Heart greeted ' No' and got back to sense, But seen by her and broked the suspense, But I was loving her like I had never ever did, And I proposed her to marry, but not agreed! Told she was touched by clique of demons, I got an aghast and senseless brain got spuns, Told that she was no more perfect for me, I uttered 'You are perfect like no one can be' The cold ice broked and she was all mine, Both gone sleepless and more than just fine, I was trusting her and may be she was to me, Sadly next morning rays made her to flee, She fled complete unseen to any one of the motel, I got rude when crews gossiped to be a brutal, Checked out my pockets, got nothing left, Nerves and the time began to recirculate, But thats not true, I had seen truth in her,

Despite that my heart was not made for, Wandering alot aimlessly with a concrete hope, Finaly realised me myself to be a fun prop, In search of heaven, lost my way to hell, My damn life had became an engineless rail, Why I lost me and I at those cold time? When love was lost and fun gone so prime. I am now living my life without any nurture, the one with heart having heartless structure.

Our Love Coexistent

My faith's reoriented, Yet, your's unpersuaded, But our's love coexists, Let not them ruth upon us, Since, our love coexists.

My mother's didactic words, I still remember words I chose. Bar, you played a botchy chore, Pretermitted with colloquial words, With lots disregards and antipathy. Engendering such flimsy hassle, You shall never break us down, Cause, our love still coexists.

Whoever scoundrel you be, Whatever fuss you bring, We shall remain rigid and firm. So, be gone, as my love is eternal, Pleading eternity, till world's dies, Shall make our love coexistent.

Scattered

I stepped to this ravine, But with limbered desires. I was born single viewed, I was always meditative to scat All the ominous ahead, despite Lots of treachery breed here, In this world, That made my path even more tricky.

Yeah! Change is always inevitable. Now, I've also changed. Cause of the endless road of desires, I'm walking on, Straight in to the world of prestidigitation, Its so wrathful, so hungry, so crowded, So illusional, so painful, so hateful.

Yeah, change had changed me. I have come to become arrogant. Cause of the straight circle of soil, I'm walking round and round, Around the world of scattered pieces. Trying to pick them up, sum them up.

We shall never get done, I wont get done too, We shall never ever be satisfied, I won't either. We all know, this world isn't supposed to be like this. Nature had different plans. Plans of unity with rules of purity and A Motto of 'unscattered lives'

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Taste Of My Life

Do standing departed, jumbled in thoughts, Do have been crowned the fame, if excelled those guts, I slash eye to eye, but moron foes peep my weak spot, My ears never tiring to hear their painful roaring throat.

Nostalgic tone binding me, my brain and my soul, Vapouring those thoughts, homogeneoued by a foul, Wailing aloud, but no body's here to hear my call, So, meet you back in ravine, with awesomeness of dry fall.

Got've been mazed in that unsolved mystery's quest, Let me tread alone, that path alone, with peace and rest, Ever quotes no one's deprived in god made life's manifest, Shall I die sooner or not! But shall be missing life's silly taste.

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