

Poetry Series

**Bishal Shrestha**  
**- poems -**

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**Bishal Shrestha(1998/12/12)**

# The Affection

The road towards you made me in shock  
the shock was of connection with you  
I came toward you and you and  
always became with you  
but was too late to be with you.

The wind became only the connection with you  
and always was in thought of you.  
Took my soul, my heart  
and even my life and wanted to be with you  
but it was too late and too late.

Bishal Shrestha

# The Choice

Whenever I talked she smiled and blinked,  
great time started by her smile and blink,  
it was her behaviour that had promised to be with,  
me in paused 'Shit! Why with me? '.

Day to day faced the same thing,  
job at UNIFORCE with all the power,  
tried to remove her problem with it,  
but was her choice to be with it.

Slowly and slowly knew her choice side,  
and asked what is the reason to the side smiling,  
She cried and went away giving a side,  
Went toward her with smile and blink,  
Became happy with the joy of fell.

Bishal Shrestha

# The Faux Pas

I did wrong, I did mistake,  
to be with me you also did the same mistake.  
The mistake was too hard to be expressed,  
in the route of fail, I loosed you that is my mistake.  
Tried too hard to overcome the mistake,  
you made me to do the mistake.

Many rival I faced but not like this,  
thought it simple which made this big mistake.  
Did by many ways to win it,  
but it was your family to win.  
Left you, left the world,  
now what to leave it is now just me.

Bishal Shrestha

# The Gap

Black Black Black,  
You say me black,  
Having proud to be white,  
But has a big gap you have.

Saying people of today,  
And has mind of grey,  
Study in ace made no difference,  
Having attitude of black and white.

Me black you white,  
What's the big gap,  
Thinking is the broad difference,  
That you and me have.

Bishal Shrestha

# The Rage

Making me mad isn't fair,  
Don't make me to publish you in internet fair,  
This is my rhythm, my life why are you making it bad by just fake rumor,  
Cant kill, cant hurt you,  
But sure can publish you in your reality rhythm.

Bishal Shrestha

# The Recall

Dawn with wash shaped me snort,  
reliving the past,  
deliberating how's the day is going to be,  
with seriousness,  
and again reminds me the past with full of laugh.

Bishal Shrestha