

Poetry Series

**Hem Raj Bastola**  
**- poems -**

**Publication Date:**  
2008

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

## Hem Raj Bastola(14th July 1979)

Hem Raj Bastola, an inhabitant of pumdi bhumdi VDC-2, is currently working as a customer service representative in UAE. He have worked as a guest service agent at Hotel pokhara Grande, Worked as freelancer tour and trekking guide in and around pokhara valley and annapurna region. have worked as cave guide and office assistant at Gupteshwor Mahadev ng on behalf of creativity, he loves nature very much so influence of it can be seen in his poetry. Beside that he loves to listen music, reading and enjoys solitude. Already a father of two children.

# A Song

A cuckoo wails find my attention wrong  
When that bird weeps in the form of a song  
Mercy my overflows and longs to be kind  
So far a hart bitterly affected find

Chorus

Early morning, college seems, a roost; is heard  
She is calling me through the voice of a bird

Tell did I wrong or deceive you please  
Appealing numb give up my reason to ease  
Did you for my deep affection know  
But hungry desire needs to make it flow

Repeat chorus.....

Silent form by the bird injures a soul  
Who did see the dart that create a hole  
By now seems a bird that agony reveal  
Feel me her expression this cuckoo deal

Repeat Chorus.....

Hem Raj Bastola

# Agony Of The Earth

Journey in the sleep  
Put me in the paper  
Waiting for the wind  
To distribute in the world  
The invisible sound  
Roaring from the ground  
Pollution a threat  
Litter to litter  
Her smile we steal.

Did we ever think?  
Emission of the carbon  
Into a devil's workshop turn  
Infuriated smoke a driller  
Drill the wall of Atmosphere.

Many a knowledge later,  
Did we put into the light?  
A meticulous threat  
And overloaded sickness  
To prevent did we try?  
Before we are x-rayed  
By the ultraviolet.

Hem Raj Bastola

# An Abstract Summary Of A Life

His equivocation  
Is asking for a complex thought  
Whose flight of fancy  
And exuberant words  
Are demanding to fathom  
Some inner tide.  
Iron to the rust it turns  
Flesh it to the clay it burns  
Things are to discontinue one day  
For the long and cold rest of endless sleep,  
To raise back into life again,  
His course of a creator deserving something  
To bind a life to a life,  
But as a misfit in the doldrums  
He finds a person  
To be: I.

Where,  
Luster of his eyes now  
Flicker away, for his comfort says  
Had my devotion in return paid?

Hem Raj Bastola

# An Evasive Heart

Sickness of his involuntary pain,  
Requesting with her soul:  
Had we planted to ruin the seed?  
Or won't you let me harvest,  
The crop: that I desire for.

Why? the gift to be a mother  
You do not want to utilize  
Wishing even I never can be  
So how can I agree?  
To lose an unseen child  
Growing: inside you.

Forgive me to say:  
Evacuating that womb,  
Would you be happy as a mother?  
If your breast remain  
Unsucked by the child.

Whom would you show  
That your motherly love  
By mistake if thy baby-sack  
Unoccupied remain:  
Losing it's fertility forever.

Hem Raj Bastola

# Answer In The Sleep

Happiness is expensive here  
In the foreign land.  
Consolidated alien eyes  
Dazzled with reflecting sun  
Which strikes the sand.

Along with the rising Sun  
Heading to the cultivated dream  
Struggle to nourish a life  
Where the hectic routine is  
waiting for the weekend  
To invigorate the energy  
A crazy dream to survive.  
Morning comes to knock at the door  
Inviting his absurd  
Brown sand heralds  
To testify the endurance  
Of: hope.

Hem Raj Bastola

# Before The Rain

Thunder above  
Blue yonder, overcast  
Lightening furrows  
Split the sky.

Reclaiming  
Clouds collide  
Blinding flash of light  
Golden currents  
Spread.

Hem Raj Bastola

# Desert My Pasture

In search of the grass  
Far away from home  
And the distant homeland  
It is the pasture now I reach,  
Loud smile of the sun  
A noise in the desert left.

Hands are my sickles they must cut,  
Sand is the grass I have to trust  
Compulsion that all its journey lead  
It is the hunger I have to feed.

It is the far cry memories miss  
A tender breeze of mountain seek  
Berating me that you do not hate  
color of the geography now I can taste  
Sweat of my salt is flooding a lot  
It is not me only belittle not.

Hands are my sickles they must cut,  
Sand is the grass I have to trust  
Compulsion that all its journey lead  
It is the hunger I have to feed.

Drinking the drought  
Where my courage take strength  
In the face of happiness  
Where embedded pain  
It's all the need trailing to bread  
passion to my poetry still not dead.

Hands are my sickles they must cut,  
Sand is the grass I have to trust  
Compulsion that all its journey lead  
It is the hunger I have to feed.

Hem Raj Bastola

# Dichotomy

Wake up in the tide  
The dream that I ride,  
How else can I hide?  
The eyes are opened  
Ship has already left  
Restless are the waves,  
Unable to postpone the ebb  
Current is too fast.

Ere I fill the fuel,  
Early in the morning  
The smoke of the Jet engine  
A line in the heaven left  
Where stranded eyes  
To the azure depth stare.  
For the ink is over  
And to link with  
There is no cable.

To get earthly feast  
Time is asking to struggle  
How am I to solve in between?  
Aesthetic anxiety  
And the demand of bread.

Hem Raj Bastola

# From The Window Of A Silent Room

Abstract solitude of a country setting  
draws me for a view to the window  
where I draw the curtain down.

Distant mountains appear  
eloquently mute to curious eyes.

But beside the tranquil lake  
night penetrates into the living city  
that awakens to full pitch

Vibrant, radiant lights of molten moon  
forgotten by the colorful city.

Forgotten: the moon, the refreshing air  
of a county home with open windows.

When the city gone colorful  
forgets the mourning lake  
that shivers at the consoling touch of the wind.

Yet, like a forgotten tear drop,  
a lake that melts like the moon  
that mirrors the lake.

Hem Raj Bastola

# Had I Been Born Of My Will, But...

Inclusion of our involuntary mask is  
Deserving a place where,  
Hollow performance of a fake ease  
Can not induce me as I watch.

My fever is rising  
For our pinnacle of rest is  
Asking to refrigerate it,  
To be free from indebted smile.

For I was a prisoner  
Devoid of any grasp of wisdom  
Imprisoned for nine months,  
After the release into the vile world  
Incorporating ridiculous days  
Whose monotonous routine  
Into the summary of  
Tedium is made.

Hem Raj Bastola

# Hangout Of The Day

Extricate life to enjoy  
All it's curiosity drink  
Staring and staring into deep  
For the sight of it's harsh ambiance  
Stretching the lens of an eye  
Far and wide over the sand  
found it is focused  
Dazzling in the screen.

Nomad of the desert  
For whose life is hard  
Leading caravan of camels  
Is very exultant to see  
In whose deep undertone  
Being invited to share  
Turkish bath and sand storm  
My pen for the venture went.

Hem Raj Bastola

# Hospitable Stranger

Eschewing her coyness  
Approaching near a whisper ask  
May I be of any help tonight?

Enough! I answer  
And carry on my way  
Thinking her moral death  
To persuade a man,  
Pretend a soul alive  
Disclosing her true colors  
She paints every night.

For I feel so shame  
The agony of the city  
Love has gone so cheap  
A market commodity  
Is her hospitality.

Hem Raj Bastola

# In Search Of My Abandoned Self

Either streets of Ashon,  
Or the crowd of Indrachowk  
Trying to find myself,  
Awaking from the dream,  
Have I forgotten the way?  
Unable, to find myself,  
Wandering in multitude  
In search of a distant world  
Isolated, story of a dream.  
Forget not, to inform  
I am lost today.

My country do not search  
Who is lost here?  
Police do not search, here,  
What is happening, where?  
Looking forward, I  
Don't know where I am heading?  
A like a missing wayfarer  
Whether in pages  
Or I lost in imagination.  
Forget not, to inform  
I am lost today.

None of them ask  
The road I walk  
In curiosity happen to ask  
Where does this leads?  
Sad I see them to answer,  
Squeezing into a ball the face  
Some says it's limitless  
Other says explore your interest  
Night is heading to the sun  
Hamlet in dilemma lost.  
Forget not, to inform  
I am lost today.

Try not to forget  
Soil of the earth is same

Even I am stepping on  
How else can I turn familiar?  
With unfamiliar world in return  
I am lost where I am  
Becoming the bird of sky  
Neither any place to nestle  
Nor to return, back the way.  
Forget not, to inform  
I am lost today.

Hem Raj Bastola

# In Search Of Water

Comatose clouds  
A deaf ear to rain  
Kissing the wings of  
Immense sky.

Dragging across  
The earnest sand  
Spring to mind  
Seems to be telling  
Enormous horizon  
To feel.

Go gentle  
Release the grip  
Obey the calling  
Bring into life  
Milk of the glacier.

Hem Raj Bastola

# Injured Heart

On my palm, as I keep to rest my chin  
Injured heart among the city din,  
Healthy spirit to live it search  
Days are so dark, for there is no torch.  
Sand I am baked, in the desert brown,  
Unfamiliar is the place, insipid is the town.

Absence of its candid human clay  
In the strange city, I am alone today.

Modern life is in such a mess,  
It is too fake that we wear is a human dress.  
Did we think, neighbor next door, is unknown  
Such has been the condition grown.  
Where growing mind in love with matter  
Did we not our spiritual connection shatter?

Absence of its candid human clay  
In the strange city, I am alone today.

Easy life, where the world is advance  
For the peace of mind give not any chance  
Oh! Breeding strangers, what land it is?

Hem Raj Bastola

# Lady Of The Evening

Time

Take notice

Of her glowing face

Flood of light

Reflect.

To keep

Beauty intact

A whiff of toilet water

Diffusing, cosmetic face

Mending mascara

And rouge.

Magnetic she walk

In the street

To validate herself.

Hem Raj Bastola

# Lighthouse To The Ship

You and those kids I have left  
to return back with happiness  
In the vast ocean lonely ship I sail  
Tide is high blue tears turn  
Those are the pearls in your name  
for your love I fill in my palms.

You are the helm of my ship  
Tiller stands on you,  
Your love is a relish  
Lighthouse to the ship.

Ocean is the desert now  
Wind blows in the sand  
Exciting how! before I land

There are no woods  
To take shelter in the sand  
Oh! I see you in the horizon  
Waiting for my return.

You are the helm of my ship  
Tiller stands on you,  
Your love is a relish  
Lighthouse to the ship.

In every wind I feel your touch  
Tender love and delicate heart  
It's so hard for you I know  
Absence of my warm embrace  
All the joys in my pockets are kept  
to protect from the face of pain  
Kids might be asking where I have gone  
Did you tell them I will return  
to put our life in track.

You are the helm of my ship  
Tiller stands on you  
Your love is a relish

Lighthouse to the ship.

Hem Raj Bastola

# Lonely Eyes

Peeping to the sky:  
Beating wings of twilight  
Leading home, the birds  
Horizon, engulf the ember Sun.  
Invitation of the dying day  
Give rise to a tranquil bay.  
Putting me in the battle  
Of: need and happiness.

Every viewpoint  
From the hot iron pan  
Searching those mountains  
Of a distant homeland  
Cool breeze along with  
Perfumes of spring woods  
Memories of myrtles  
Holding back to hear:  
Cooing, Cuckoos.

Hem Raj Bastola

# Meditation Of A Cat

He is dressed to life  
Waiting his brother to death,  
Nightmares are now at work  
They didn't let his endeavour sleep.  
Akin to the solitary cat he is  
To capture a rodent tonight,  
Displays his proficient art  
Pulling me into a thought

Whose vocational words  
Unbidden hunger generate  
But I see not it is valued  
For the world is selfish.

Hem Raj Bastola

# Midnight Reaper

Planted seedlings  
During the observation grave,  
Premonitions of the day  
In the field of mind  
Planted crops of thought,  
Deep into the night  
To transcend the hunger aesthetic  
Recollected to harvest  
In solitude.

In Rhythm they dance  
The dates with Arabian wind  
To and fro the trunks  
Steadfast the pitch  
Rise and fall the beat  
Consolation to exist  
In the journey of the mercury  
Temperatures of life.

Hem Raj Bastola

# Night Queen

Her aromatic  
Sensous exposure  
Painting lipstick  
Stand in the street.

Appealed nostrils  
As wind transport  
Her fragrance to me,

Betimes  
Her youth  
Inviting beetles  
To kiss her beauty  
For whose attraction  
My eyes can not stop  
To look at.

Hem Raj Bastola

# Offspring

A dead matter,  
Flown out soul,  
Though I intend, I indulge  
Many a times I kill  
Rendering to death  
Offspring to shape.

Give life!  
Though the ink is cold  
Every sitting, a new transplant  
Born in solitude,  
Words are the oxygen,  
I let you breathe.  
Thoughts where I am grown,  
Feelings, I am planted in  
Before I let it run.

Quietness is all I ask  
The hen is brooding  
Eggs will break  
Life is coming out.

Hem Raj Bastola

# Revisiting College Canteen: A Reminiscence

Smoking tea cups  
Stands on a table  
Encircled by people:  
These are the students,  
And, teachers who gathers  
In a Tea house-

A meeting point,  
In front of the college  
Daily performance  
Episode is over  
Table is cleared.

Busy kitchen,  
For another session  
Another group,  
Another table,  
She will commence to serve  
Actors on the chair arrive.  
Will lift slowly the cup  
The love begins to kiss  
Between the lips and the brim  
Again and again.

Hem Raj Bastola

# Ring Road

Because in free moments  
Watching through the spreading eyes of binocular,  
Brief account of existence is found, in the circular routine  
And rejection of that rock's placement on the hill;  
Controlled and pushed hopes of Sisyphus time and again  
Are being drawn to the valley with rock,  
Silent spectator of that unconquerable war,  
Along with the demise of meaningless days  
Departs to the cremation early morning  
Being late night's funeral participant,  
Life travels in the tedious ring road.

Hem Raj Bastola

# Tears In The Mirror

Eye balls they swim  
Splash to splash  
The floor is drenched  
Drop by drop  
Battle to dry out  
Is turning hard.

Face squeezed  
Grim and very sad  
By the sentimental shark  
Being hauled in grief  
The echo in the glass  
Pathetic than pathos  
His mute cry retain.

Hem Raj Bastola

# The Quest Of Remote Solitude

Bed rock  
Of my desire  
Turns to be a  
Sleep walker

Is it  
The duty of my  
Involuntary need  
Or it is the sorrow  
That is behesting  
To relieve  
Into words,

I am  
Like a beduin  
Vying for solace  
With abstract vision  
Pondering for a  
Reclusive  
State.

Hem Raj Bastola

# The Wait

Come imagination! come  
To nurse my wound of reality  
For the moment I seek  
Flood of current in veins  
Wind is kissing to the skin.

Resuscitating my life  
Come imagination! come  
Left me not weird please,  
And sterile my wait,  
Many years friendship now  
Seems you are going to break  
Sour I do not wish to taste  
Let not that phantom be phantom  
For I am seeking real to make.

Come imagination! come  
Take me to your wings, the welkin  
How am I to replace my eyes?  
Substituting into a reverie  
Come imagination! come  
A single kiss of your illusion  
Could rejuvenate the life.

By the river I can see  
In the stump of a dead tree  
Come imagination! come  
A kingfisher waiting.

Hem Raj Bastola

# To The Voice: Unheard

Musing

In the heart

Air full of sound

Listening madness-

Devotion,

Imagination; creation

Dictate another land

Still, nowhere

To become.

Thoughts

In the universe spread,

Occupied mind

Vanished into the void

Searching light:

Anonymous

Journey.

His alien cry

Flying in the UFO

Let him land,

A poem, to live

A life, to give

An identity.

Hem Raj Bastola

# Untitled

In whose madness  
The mind today  
Wandering alone  
Drinking insanity  
To understand the sanity  
Of his conceited life.

Deliberate choice of his  
In-deliberate out cast  
Putting into the victim of  
Unknown passerby  
Stranded in the dark street  
Searching for the way out  
To unmask the face of:  
His true self.

Hem Raj Bastola

# When Time Wears Away The Flesh

Your ageing now must take it's best,  
True little hymns chanting you think,  
And dreaming to that divine link  
For the work you had done to rest.

How in the face that leaving a memory  
Where beauty surely must sleep one day  
But, where those only ethereal mates can say  
Your pathos caressing to nurse you see.

Tonight under the bemusing glare  
So sad and deep undertone it raise  
And moments of sorrows to chase,  
Giving to his hidden: invisible stare.

Hem Raj Bastola