

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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