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The Endless Journey Beyond

By Romeo Maskey

As a person who was struggling to realize the future that he couldn't see, his state of mind with so many confusing thoughts created an aura of its own that made sense only to him until he started scribbling them by putting words to those raw emotions. The poems are a mirror image of his daily struggles to find a way over life's tragedies, the love that was so elusive and a morose scene of the reality around in terms of the society he dates his roots from. Overall, Endless Journey Beyond is a collection of poetic verses that strike a chord with abstraction and reality depicting with words, the state of the writer's confused mind and his struggles to find a way over his life in doldrums.

Holding Back

Maybe I am not the one you're looking for,
Maybe I am not the right one you're feeling for,
Maybe I am not the sight you're seeking for,
Maybe I am not the light you're looking for.

I am but a ghost and a story you're feeling for,
I am but a shadow that you're hiding from,
I am but a pawn with a shoulder, to rest your head for,
I am but a guide and a stint you're kneeling for.

A harbor in the casting sun,
A momentary lapse in concentration,
A reason for a moment to smile,
A season for a walk across the empty mile.

I see where you came from,
I see what you came for,
I see when you came in,
But I can't see why you came to.

I, Me and another guy you see,
On the mirror in front of your screen,
The guy you talk all night in the shadows remaining unseen,
Talking about all, but to be honest about something you don't seem very keen.

Lie to me, Lie to him,
But never to the picture that I see in your eyes,
Cry to me, cry to him,
Not too keen to reach out and share, you seem.

May be I am too bland,
May be you're like sand,
Blowing into my face,
While trying to grip tight, slipping slowing off my hand.

May be I am just a passerby,
Just that you happened to come nearby,
And before I could get a grip on you, to feel you,
You're already there, waiting to bid goodbye.

May be I am not right,
Never was, never will and never could,
May be slowly I am to move out of sight,
To fall for you was for me and not your plight.

I was here, will be here, could be nowhere,
But then you have to reach out to hold me and swear,
Falling back into that same stair,

Would be a sight I could never bare to stare because there is too much about you that I care.

The Dream stuck in the Black Hole

Life through the eyes of a beholder.

I lay down on my knees as the burden of the world around me lies on my shoulder.

I see myself in her.

Through her eyes, I see how, in her, emotions my thoughts stir.

I feel the depth in those eyes,

as I delve deeper in worldly lies.

Out comes a fairy, breaking all of her divine ties,

To see the world through these lonely eyes.

The realm around me is a vestigial of what dreams this soul envisioned,

The responsibility now rests on these shoulders to carry forth, I reasoned.

Come forth my lady, as I carry you around in these shoulders that are seasoned,

as the reality lives on in the virtual world, future gone and past already done.

Look at my world through my eyes, the beautifully mended lies.

The energies that lived through, the chills of the voices that flies.

Metamorphosing into a reality of the dreams in the form of worldly ties,

The shrills of the children dying in the wars, the dream still holds those cries.

I woke up and the tears, the pain and the suffering soaked up,

Reality broke the eerie dream, bringing back painful reality,

Of those lost civility, the world lost amidst human hostility.

Now collecting those vestigial memory, the dead soul rested in peace in eternity.

Time stopped, the world around us stopped.

Nothingness led to nothingness,

Emptiness led to emptiness,

Dream led to reality, letting go of this world's hopeful harness.

The dead souls live on, while the world lived on,

through the imagination of the last dying soul,

traveling through the timeless black hole.

Hope was never there, it was just a brief show about how divine creation, the human ego stole.

Eternity

I'll wait for you till eternity.

Maybe that's what I am supposed to do.

Maybe I am just supposed to wait for your love,
yet keep loving you.

I feel for you, I understand you,
I care for you and above all there is something I am not supposed to do,
that is have you in my arms,
and follow the fate written in our palms.

Wait I have more to say to you,
I have more love in me that I want to share,
with all the people around who care.
Yet, I would have had you, if only life was unfair.

You have to leave my sight and be with someone else.

This fear smolders inside me.
New voice in my head tells,
new stories of lost love found in next eternity.

Here, I stand before you,
waiting for you to smile back at me.
Tell me, what more I have to do,
to hold you and stand on my knee,

asking you to be mine.

This is our destiny in this life, nothing holds nothing binds.

Two people will always have each other,

one in dream and one in unspoken love in his heart she finds.

Second Best

I talked to you today and it made me realize.

I have played second fiddle to everyone.

Even today I played second fiddle to you, I realize.

Every time I talk to you, time really flies.

The second I realize, it is time to bid goodbye,

I realize it has been a few hours since I said Hi.

But more than that I realized that there is nothing called best for me.

Has been a while, there is nothing else I can see.

Second best is what I can always be.

I talked to myself, I talked to you.

I talked to myself after I talked to you.

I said, I don't feel the same for you.

I thought I cared no more but I never knew,

You're still there obscuring my view.

I had you there, I had you when,

I never said to you what I should have said then.

I realized that and said again,

So it was me playing second fiddle even then.

I could have had you if I ever did,

Need you more than I do now,

I asked you, could have I had you
If ever I said what I said to you now,
But then you have someone to whom I am just a second fiddle cow.

I talked to myself after I talked to you,
Then realized I was, have and always been the second best,
Better than the rest,
Who never excelled in the real test.

I love you more than myself,
But not as much as he does,
Second best here again,
Maybe he loves you more than you love yourself,
No wonder I don't love you as much as he does.

Yet I can live with it.
Million hearts I lit,
Yet, yours is the one,
Where I could never fit.

Maybe it is for the best.
For someone who is better than the rest,
Only to be less than the best,
I feel like a bird without love for his nest.

I told you, how I felt about you since the early times,

I wrote poems but not until recently,

That I wrote few lines

And read the poem to realize that it rhymes.

After talking to you solitude my soul finds.

Paradigm

Dreamers dream of great futures,
Hungry eyes long for a meal
Don't know how I should feel,
Should I give them bright future or good nurture?
This is the question at the end of the tunnel
Waiting for me to say now it is my time to feel the hell

Why should the dreams of deprived youth suffer
At the hands of their fate,
Fate that had them born in a family,
Wondering when was the last meal they ate.
Reeling along a thin line that separates poor from absolute poor,
Ones who suffer at the helm of political instability

When I went to see what they had,
What they ate and what they wore,
I saw they ate what we eat
But only if their farms quench their thirst
Sitting under the clouds that roar,
And then pour down with thunderous burst.

Their youth leave in search of hope
Hope beyond the usual wait of the rain
Smearing boon of crop and vegetable

Feeding the starved,
Holding those hopes with a thin falling rope
If you're capable, you'll understand the fable

This is a fable about a place where you don't see roads where SUV's roar

Across the fast lane
You don't look down from your cozy room's window pane
One where muddy farm covers the land beyond a small door,
The door that opens to a small uncomfortable shelter of a typical Nepali poor

This is the very shelter where dreams of bright futures are woven

Future that envisages a full course meal for the entire family

You feel a world beyond the senses of yours and mine

A world that only thinks about basic necessity

May be an occasional meal with fish soaked in brine

I went there with a cheer and hope of changing everything to wonderful and fine

The scene had me soaked in fear of my future,

I thanked the lord for all things fortunate it had bestowed upon me

I looked back at the good nurture and I was glad

And thought if only they had what I had

Would they be as fortunate as my parents' lad?

I felt fortunate and felt a strong urge to share what I had in my cupboard,

Be it a book describing the decade long battle with guns and sword

Be it a packet of chips and noodle I stored in the drawer

Be it the cozy pillow, warm blanket, cushy mattress and wonderful cover

I went in a stranger to the rural life

Came back feeling like one of them

I learnt how to use the traditional kitchen knife

I no longer want fame

I thought it was so lame for all the leaders alike to claim

That they feel the same pain

But realized it was all for money and good name

Someone needs to address these issues

Someone listen to their cries or else hear their stories in the news

May be the next great person will emerge from these dearth

And contribute to lives and save earth from these underprivileged who suffer since birth

We all live in a country in dire need of youthful eyes with dreams of great future,

A future that nurtures the needs of all, rich and poor, capable and disabled, him and her

I wished people heard my story and came back to serve our country in need,

Ones who take heed to their inner voice asking them to build a nation indeed.

Read people read, this story of unfulfilled deed!

For Her

I can now write a whole story on the back of the things you said about the thing I posted here.

You are no storyteller but you're the story holder,
The morning sunshine when wakes up, tells you what I told her,
here and today, since yesterday and every day.

This is the story of a lady having got it all,
Yet lost everything and still wouldn't call.

This is the wrong story she says to all,
Flying high about her visit to her boyfriend's place,
Will she be happy I wondered if I gave her the shawl,
She tied up her shoes and got ready for the race.

Slowly steadily she glowed like the glorious sun,
We had fun, but then she left me saying she had to run,
Will she meet him as she dreamed of him,
or will he be one sad story like life's stories usually seem.

Walking high and wide, she strode to the unknown isle,
Thinking of being greeted by his wonderful smile,
Yet emptiness, she finds and thinks about the flashy hopes most girls pile,
Think again dear lady was this journey worth walking a mile?

Will it be an empty isle?

Will it lead you to forget your smile?

I hope not, best wishes for you and your dreamy wizard,
Hope you find solitude and reward,
This storyteller will always be here,
Waiting in agony, hoping nothing that he and his soul fear,
Will indeed be true, loving his story and the Cinderella from far and near.
Taking the story to new heights, hoping things won't start and end in loud fights.

Best wishes again for you my dear,
You're wonderful says the chants I hear,
As wonderful as the storyteller says,
Warming everyone like the glorious sun's rays.

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