



Romantic Madness of Nature and Art

... In a dare-desire of measuring the height of precipitous cliffs of experiences, along with the chainless episodes of expressions, I turn out to be a rebel to myself in every moment. Advocating on the appeal of my being the most miserable one, I want to be adjudged the happiest one among the maddening crowd. This is an absolute demand of my conscience. Myself tuned in to the lyrical notation of death, my mourning song is the music of my life.

*I am a poet of the body, and I am the poet of the soul,
The pleasure of heaven with me and the pains of heaven
with me.*

– Walt Whitman

My beloved expression!

Sometimes I collide with my own flashbacks and nearly explode. But even in a time of obscurity and oblivion my conscience remains my nearest relative. Only after that comes other relations and turn loving. Gradually, gladness of creation and glow of beauty spread in the face. Life seems grand but in the maxim of impulse, hatred and revenge like informalities, the entire world turns out to be stranger, all the possible well-wishers and lovers of mine are discarded quietly. Everyone seems stranger.

However, minimum human necessities are related to informalities rather than formalities, but when it comes to experience the joys of living without editing the life, maximum human necessities tend to believe in formalities. Lets say, when time steals you, it would be difficult to love life without formalities. In this formal practice a man who is busy in judging other forget to judge himself. He would handover this painful history to the future unknown...!



My beloved Time!

Like a wave of thirsty sea that flows away towards anonymity touching the sandy feet of a parting mistress, when you hurry away touching my soul I always find myself entrapped in wonderful pain which evokes out from the realization of my BEINGNESS. This is the moment when flowers, throne, sandy shore, water, poems all excite me, attract me, and allure me. But, on the other hand, a sudden realization of my absence in you terribly alienates me like debris deprived of archaeological value. As a whole, you are not an ample cause of creation & de-creation, attraction & repulsion, birth & death, love & hate. You are always whole and complete. It's only that you are made to get split, broken and fragmented. To flow, and simply flowing is your only religion. Life's border seems to be limited to the frame of death but in reality, neither you come to an end nor life dies. Remaining phases of past-Death simply die themselves for life. That's why, there's no question of remaining empty. There is no chaos of emptiness. Let's assume, this moment is just a beautiful riddle for you just like a verse detached from poet which you behold an object detaching from yourself is itself complete; in the same way that we are not fragmented existence of our parents, but a complete existence within ourselves. That's why you're always felicitated.

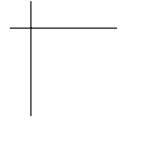
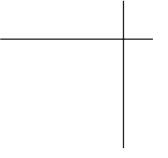
I salute you, my beloved time!


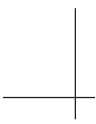
Nature, too, exhibits its strange craftsmanship in order to teach man the lesson of patience. To quench the thirst a cockatoo turns its beak towards sky and wait. In this year in the premises of my heart not the monsoon from the bay of Bengal but the monsoon of lunatic question fell upon my thirsty existence from the gulf of my own heart. I am in fact with existence from the gulf of my own heart and express a formal wish: may this maddening monsoon not wash away the settlements... and I, standing at a greenery hill far away watching into the blue sky, could address saying: 'beloved bygone days.'

My Beloved past!

Can I live the remaining life in remuneration, given by the past injuries, wounds and woes? In a complete distress can I express my intimacy with someone so near? Nearer? Anyway, I won't remain sans desire, sans possibilities and on the outlived journey of the void. I won't include myself either way so that I could offer

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a beautiful painting of conscious patience to death; so that I could manage a cordial compromise with conscious grief of patience. My life would be glad with the sense of living rather than that of the sense of lost. You will be walking in the distant land leaving the trials of past foot-prints and I will keep on garnishing the flower on each footstep which you walked past, and in the exhaustion when I turn to myself may Nirvana be envisioned, may the Buddha be my mentor, may the Shiva be sighted everywhere in the creation! And may the remaining journey of those deserted souls be wholesome again! Ok, I would express my gratitude of entire life into my own life.

My Beloved life!

Even though we have accepted ourselves without any existential censorship, today, all of sudden I feel like weeping setting the ceiling in fire over my head. But I won't invite you to cleanse my tears because it's you who compelled me to break down. Is misery an advertisement? To look for purpose only after the advertisement...? I know you are a lover but not a friend. You give a thousand strokes of pain for the sake of a mere joy.

Forgive me...

Rather, I've invited the Death in my solitary tavern. But it might just my indirect rebuke with you. Devoid of heart or devoid of reason, whatever it be, I need your warmth, love and care. At least, don't steal me in my journey. Don't let me down in my journey upwards the summit. Deceive me not at least in my journey uphill. I may fall, you may not stand too. You may bear deeper injuries more than mine, who knows! But in the lasciviousness of hatred we could never stay apart. In reality, I am too frenzied with you. You are too near o' life! Yet so far. You too love me, adore me, enchant me. Your love is far richer than the so-called religion, nation, philosophy, mortality and politics. Either in my past-birth or my after death your enchanting existence is dedicated to every wondering soul. Perhaps...

... the continuity be distorted, I'll bear. I don't have any hankering over the next life but what I desire is your loving caress in the fairy distance between my birth plus death, and the festivity of a celebrated death... that's all.



My Beloved Death!

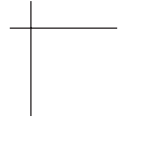
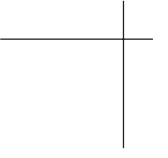
Better call concession-love is what you do on me. And I do not love but respect you. You're not my infatuation; still I accept you. You won't carry out the wrong meaning out of my regards and acceptance. I fell in love with life. You unknowingly came to join the game, like an outcaste flower put in the grand land. You won exceptionally in the rituals of attraction & repulsion. You are the victor. I salute your victory. You never have learnt the language of surrender. This does not simply mean that you forget your profession but all I wanna pray: you never become a slave to egoism. Don't ever be egoist. There ain't no ejaculation of your emotion, there ain't no remedy. Your ego which falls victim in the trap of some director may gradually make a way towards the SOUL-dom. Remorseful regards are all with you!

Be sure, O death! I give you my words that I will accept the singular declaration of your traditional presence but sans the presence of any villainous agents! Yet I know falling in love with life is a continuous struggle against you. However, I won't miss the chance to offer you any hospitality accepting you as rebel rival. You will shower down like dancing snow and I will dance with you getting colder and colder and freezing more. And the time comes when we melt. Both of us. Yes, both of us will melt and vanish into the darkness of the void...!!

My Beloved Experience!

There lies a vast difference between the shade of incompleteness and the shadow of semi-truth where man gets deceived. In an effort to achieve the wholesomeness of existence, dragging the unsaturated life and excluding himself from the crowd of demons and devils, he sometimes visits temple, sometimes masque, at other times church and sometimes monastery or else synagogue. Whenever his footsteps stop carrying the burden of the experiencer, raising down the curtain of eyes he turns towards his own being. That's why the human conscience misses its chance with humanity time and again but the God is not compelled to miss himself in the godliness. In the world of metaphysics, there ain't no stumble -block to miss the chance, where the mathematic of addition plus subtraction ain't have no meaning. That's why I don't have any feelings of jealousy with the monotonous life of the shadow-less God. Existential however, man is not immaterial,

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formless or incorporeal. Uncovering the truth from this error-striker man simply means the life is an uninterrupted beginning of materialistic borrows and existential anxiety and anguish. Such is the dramatic beginning of theatrical staging of human endeavor. Indeed! life is dreadfully alienated. Yet it is worth living all the same.

My Beloved Sentiment!

In the theatrical perception of our endeavor, there ain't no curtain our love. Yet there heightens a heavy mountain of immaterial conscience between you and me. You too, have felt this, but it's alright. Scenes in the play keep on changing. We are playing the game of sentimental howls. Let the scenes be changed themselves or, I change myself so that I could accept them all happily. Here, in this abode let me not be defined as an omnipotent cause (God), but let me sing the song of my life being an ordinary cause (man) the song of my sentiments...!

My Beloved God!

Undoubtedly I am something and you are too. That's why love or hatred whatsoever it be I can't live in terms of your absence. You are not subject to a mocking old man but you can retain creamy youthfulness. Come yet come again, let's both of us turn to child. Shall we? So you forget your youth. I'll forget the riddle of my increasing age. Even the illusion be welcomed, you have kindly attended in my existential celebration.

That's why:

HAPPY EXISTENCE TO ME.

However, illusion too, is mine. Mine alone. Yes, I am an existence onto myself; you can wish for my complete existence. But no; don't you feel the necessity to wish for my existence detaching myself from the existence itself.

Dear God!

I set you free from my system; you are free now to celebrate your freedom.

This moment, an acute memory of Walt Whitman has entered me humming joyously:

I celebrate myself...

And what I assume you shall assume. For every atom belonging to me as good belongs to you too.

Dear Whitman!

Perhaps, it was because of my dedication that you came into my dream and confessed your love to me. You whispered into my ears, I love you.

In fact, you should have not exposed this secret, this mystery. But its ok, its your problem, however. I pray on to you not to get entrapped into the whirlwind of gain and loss.

But, Alas!

The dream was all mine...!

I don't want to invite you in my dream, but you unknowingly appear in my reality out of blue. Your soul rendered verse ãsong of myself' many a time plants its gentle kiss on the cherished lips of my poem and knitting on the string of love in the Sitar disappears in oblivion from where I listen to the love songs of god and come upon the realization that I love you...!

You always sing your song inside me. I can't help myself from listening to your call, you bewitch me by your major spell and I can't help myself from ignoring it. You, unlike my logics against love, seem mysteriously different and unique. That's why, not in your love, I fell in love with my own. Perhaps I fell in love with you, not vice-versa.

Dear Gentleman! I dream to consider you the hero of my stormy reality but you are busy in your own festive celebration, observing a spear of summer grass. There ain't no use of my loathing and complaint with you. You make participate in the wedding ceremony of stars and galaxies but what of me? I could not even participate in my own funeral procession. That's why my desire to love you in totally seems almost impossible. But, I pray onto you: please be there where my love-bound-illusion remains so that, I could offer you my heart in totality. Like you, I too, cannot detach the eternal spirit from mortal world and soul from body. I cannot bear such scene at least for myself.

Did you hear? Did you notice that I have just written in my diary that my experience would die along with me? It's possible this diary would be on someone's hand the day I die but what about my experience! How could someone outlive my celebrated feelings?

Dear Diary!

Someday we may take departure from the voyage of time but you will not remain incomplete. The atmosphere is enveloped into the dense fog today from the early morning and I go crazy for those Vedic and ancient settlements of remote horizon which keeps on visiting my heart. This moment, enrolling myself into the ocean of fog I feel like dissolving my existence in the morning meditation. Morning prayers of sun-worshippers are perhaps engraved beneath the frozen fog. The sun does not wait at all for the sound sleepers. I was not in haste for the sun gaze. That's why I offer the sleepless snowy heart of yours to the temple this morning and now my own heart has become a frozen snow. The time when you come to know this I hope you'll offer this 'knowing' to the temple alike coming on the way.

You must have known that the wise masters who are burdened with corrupted knowledge are far from realizing the beauty of such sentiments; they always fall into the swamp of mental exercise. Anyway, their icy hearts should be melted one day or other and be united with our soil. In such an auspicious moment we shall both take an oath of salvation –

I've heard that frost has strangled the voice of Nightingale—the voice which spreads the news of forthcoming spring. I'm accursed to watch the dead-body of time in the coffin-box of season. A decade passes with the change of season. With these passing seasonal experiences our love and pains take refuge to a great void. And unaccepted beginning, wearing your overcoat, travels towards the valley of WORDS ...

Dear Love!

You are the abode of madness and conscience, and your passionate touch my lunatic desire. Your creative invitation is my treasure, and our intercourse the beginning of the creation... and our quench a complete poem.

I am feeling proud over the exhaustion of this orgasmic satisfaction because this bedstead of Nepalese fragrance is habituated with us. Love, sympathy, pity plus compassion are never egoist but they are unaccustomed to habituality as well.

That's why –
The Buddha
The Mahavir



The Jesus: all these beloved transcendental spiritual-enlightened-holy guys are politically UNSOCIAL.

That's why the heart let it be HOLY or UN-holy is terribly unsocial.

UN-holy is a conscience. The Dream. The Soul.

Feeling, abdications plus devotions are all madness. That's why in the sublime conscience of social structural phenomenon, love changes into marriage, lovers transform into mere husband and wife, and being committed with so-called traditional institution 'society', the Ex-lovers once again start their comical journey from the base-camp of mental asylum.

... And from within the futility of such formal grief and official bondage, a poet discovers an uncommon God in his free VERSE; a painter invents pretty RAIN-bow-PAINT in his painting; a musician mystically receives the NIRVANA of the eighth-RHYTHM... And the art-lovers like me/unlike me finds the saxophonic joys and pleasure in the dark room of such somnambulistic art fare...

And we, the antique art-lovers, pay homage to the noble illusion of artcraft, assuming as if the entire creation is the conspiratorial symbol of an artistic ILLUSION.

Dear sorrow!

I was born at night. Star-gazers often said of me:

"Nanu, you cried a lot when you mistakenly took birth in this world."

Cried I, indeed a lot for I was born without any alternative choice. I wept a rainy-flooded-river. Perhaps, that hue and cry was the symbol of your dictatorship upon the forthcoming life of my unedited fatalistic existence.

Perhaps. That's all.

My heart paid a painful visit to the accident unpredicted. How, I am not in adman mood to be marginally associated with you talking at large of so-called religion, philosophy, logics plus moralities and so on. If the sun stops His saddle horse in the middle of his cosmic journey watching the shadowy death beneath the awkward foot line, then who the hell cares! For I know you won't

stop the Death... I know the death could not stop your visionary journey. You planted TULIP-tears in the garden of my wet eyes. Tears: that could not be counted on-behalf of my missing years! That could not be counted on everlasting WHISKEY-cheers... My way is the way of sun-lit dream. Candle lit dream. Moon-lit dream. I could not outlive my way denying your silent passing-AWAY... I've begotten you at my birth. How could I ever think of the salvation without YOU!

And my dear sorrow-
I died Tomorrow.

However,

For me: you're a visible metaphysical-Truth, who/which is busy unmasking my watery existence; who/which is in search of my lost identity; who/which is evacuating me from the graveyard of THOUGHTS.

But,

Be assured, my gentle grief!

This ain't is the war-locked garden of an untouchable Gods & Goddesses; where I could fly fairly butterflies. I am all blessed to love all the lives in this mortal world where I could not but damask myself entirely except you, you alone. Otherwise, what of you and others! I could not exchange glimpses even with my own eyes: because I am a conscious existence and in the expense of blissful imagination I am joyfully experiencing your passion –

This beautiful momentum of your caring is my treasure. I want to fall asleep beneath the bough of your mimosa like dreams where the chariot of your conscience passes by igniting my ruined imagination and perhaps my cathedral-dreams would scatter on the garden of joys like foliages. My desire of fantasies which ran away from me like some fugitive would ask Jacques Derrida for the relative quest and meanings; and I would stand on the courtyard of Derrida with my deconstructed self hood... But, no... I won't remain like a character of someone's novella who seeks for the readers' pity and sympathy – which should eventually weaken me because I admire my marginal 'untextual' solitude and from within the empty void of any longing I long for the love of my own *deja vu* existence...

Dear sorrow!

I died Tomorrow.



Dear Existence!

I am tuned in the gallery of poetic life but I am always interrogated by youthful hearts. Beneath the blue mountain of query and question every time absurd evenings tease my life. It seems almost impossible to escape from those absurdities. That's why leaving my entire dream aside in a hope to spend a couple night sleepless with you I am on my way towards the world of your wonders... The eternal grief of God wounded my starry night, I heard a love-call of Van Gogh from the nearby graveyard. Beethoven's symphony echoed in the Vedic whisper of Krishna's flute... & the dance-steps of Meera glorified my dry soul.

Dear Feeler!

For the expression of romantic madness of nature and art, I feel like words sound pretty weak. Like divine wine splashes upon the deity-cup I am echoed everywhere.

There ain't no meeting point of our love. Our celestial love has undergone through the hemisphere of the melting point.

...And upon the orgasmic climax of this cosmic satisfaction my beloved ones Manuj Babu Mishra, Leonardo Da Vinci, Hari Prashad Chaurasiya, Kitaro, Sartre, Camus expressed their gratitude...

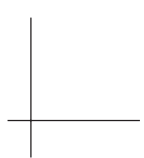
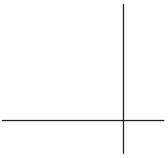
And the way how you touch me, embrace me, kiss me glorify my sacred heart. You became my festival and I became the festive celebration of my life and of my existence too...!!



You and Me Towards Divine Odyssey

The first episode of my journey from where I desired freedom from my own atmosphere has now been erased and thus has become invisible for those assumed anti-atmospheres have become my conscious habit. Reluctant destinies, those abstract images and symbols, undiscovered mentality of existential echoes, expense of disheartened love-affairs, all the formal and informal turmoil, luxury of unfrequented death, casual aloofness and solitude: all have become my explanatory text of existence and usual habit. Let's say there is an extreme libido of living, a habitual life with no reason at all. Actually, it was not because I desired a world of complete freedom from my own rooted soil, I wanted to take a flight towards the limitless world of sky where you could not find the full-stop of thoughts, nor could you find the morality of living as our easy chair. That's why I feel today: I've a great passion for nature, for the bright and dark axiom of the world. Now I don't have any hideous desire to moderate myself to the commitment of life.

You are that oasis-tree who is found standing all alone, sans any plan, somewhere in the desert, or that was me! I cannot be re-discovered once again standing in the frontier of no-man's-land. Yet this is not my expression of suicidal sentiments nor is this an unedited version of utter sadism. I know not how I enjoyed the beauty, without any reason, of that tree standing just like in the anti-light of uncompetitive dusk. Perhaps, I have succeeded in the rehearsal of the forgotten freedom or let's say salvation. How I felt a strong urge like sharing this bachelor ecstasies with you! But alas! The moment when solitude and darkness overshadowed me, innumerable accursed actors and artists from the ancient text of mythology visited me to erase the wound which are knitted on my self conscience.



People with masked faces come to me to gratify their bloody antique desires. I watch them. I'm perhaps a still-life picture of some surrealist artist. I cajole myself in the competitive loss rather than an uncompetitive victory. I am fighting against those masked people who camouflage into various taste and color. I'm fighting against that so-called society where brutality, disguised hatred are practised and are worshipped as common deity of dark gods; which finds the true sufferers a laughing stock. This society is but a grand collection of unsentimental crowd where I exist. And there my existence has become a great comedy-show, but I am still on the run, like a run-away-bride. This moment, my beloved one! I feel that the title of our lives is misinterpreted, as if we are surviving the life on the zero degree ground of artistic evolution, devaluing the world of art. But, I am still beyond the horizon of reasons and logic.

Yes. I agree human reasons and logics suffice and will suffice man to walk along the curvature of existence. Yet the logics hardly reach to the depth of philosophy because the beauty of life is rhymed in the notation of mysterious symphony. However, I agree: when a man is intoxicated with logics, meditation, feelings, empathy and sentiment all together, there lies the possibility of discovering his own existential mystery. Yes. I agree. In the white sheet of my melancholy heart, my dearest, you've signed your strange signature -- a TREATY between the two departed souls of ours. That's why I'm here to celebrate my existence.

When I wonder about my wandering I feel that living a life is a melody of struggles against opposite atmosphere and environs. Drenched in this self-created adventurous image I had once dived into the lake of sorrows of sufferings and pains. Instantly knowing a beautifully committed fault I got excited too, I got thrilled. But Today, when I let my heart compose a poem in my candle-lit-eve-room I recall the man with whom I shared my emptiness, Void of nostalgia dreams plus utopian universe of CREATION. The soulful heart unknowingly gets dedicated to him. That's none other than you:

My beloved one
That's you,

Every atom of my sorrows and joys belong to you, my existence is a holy-blank-book which is dedicated to you... Such a strange and beautiful gift of life! What an excuse! What a pretence!

-To life

Ever unlived.

But, still there is a reservation of divine salvation of a human being to entertain the soul of the selfhood where we achieve the pious enlightenment; whose singular holy touch plus finger-caressing drives away the darkness from ignorance; whose silent whispering ex-communicates or exorcize our tempted egos.

...And here in this grave-yard of conscience a man lives in the pretext of thousand of illusions conquering his outcaste-believes and faiths in order to re-germinate from one's own district of unsketched biography.

Sometimes I watch into the mirror of my selfhood. And the already knitted thoughts of my once-upon-a-timed-mind prevents me from acute meditation. Every thought was framed in a little canvas of life and death.

Yes,

Every beginning commits suicide

At its outset—

Everything ends up with the beginning. Yet you can possess the beauty of almighty death before hand. Before you were born untimely. Before your ancestors gave birth to you. Before...

But, what-

- If you die premature before the curtain falls!

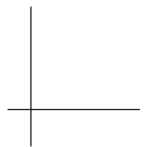
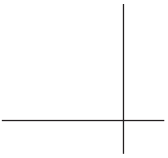
- If you pass away before you experience the blissful life!

- If you disappear before composing the last melody of your existing existence!

Then what is the meaning of life?

My 'Good-morning-whispers' crawls on the untrodden grass field, where I observe the house of my destiny into the page of extracted history.

And my 'Good night prayers' sleeps with an unkemt bearded bastard whose kleptomaniac snoring disturbs the dead-souls over the yellow - graveyard...



Alas!
I'm looking forward to meet the alien-freedom
And now
I'm here
To welcome the foreigner.

When we submerge deep down into the oceanic death from the surface of life, we may feel suffocation and anxiety, the black shadow of darkness may engulf us. In reality, realization of silence, darkness and death is not our defeat but only the source of our long awaited odyssey; it's a beginning, a conscious beginning for the invitation of light, for knowledge. Man waits quietly beneath the cloud of emptiness opening the window of conscience. He waits for the roaring storm only to be detached himself from the ego-centric existence, because he knows the language of silence. After the storm spring comes and keeps on blossoming. Then there is no chaotic fear of meeting and the departure. Beyond the broader of gain and loss, a collage of beautiful summer, springs, winter and fall begins to dance in his mental canvas.

Perhaps, in such ups and downs, life tunes into a symphonic rhythm!

Nobody can sympathize you more tenderly than you yourself when you are in a sea of suffering Even though admires, well wishers and strangers visit you in your lonesome graveyard to pay their love, sympathy and regards. But nothing soothes you. You yourself are the true sympathizer of your own sufferings, fate and tears. You are the alchemist who knows your inner peace.

My love!

Your signs and whisperings soothe my melancholy heart. It's you who trespass my forbidden land which they call heart. You render a beautiful verse and hypnotized rhyme into my undictated soul. Unknowingly I got addicted to your words and phrases which could only come from a childlike prophet.

My love!

You sing a song of death. And I love it. Your flute is versed with beautiful melodies. Your way is the way of autumn wind which is echoed in the dark woods. In this serene moment I find the blending of emotional intellectuality and intellectual

tenderness of Bhuwan and Kachuli sisters respectively and I feel like my eyes are shining with utmost fulfillment. You might have felt that shining despite being at a distance. Every time I am being echoed in the same melody like I feel free even within a jail. Is it a beautiful image and metaphor of mine which alive my memories plus imagination? This is the moment of setting ourselves free; free from all the mortal affairs...

My heart pains to think of the past which is paused under the footstep of time. But I rejoice life. The climate of life bewilders my nerves and senses. Feeling much happier I pay homage to it. My heart that would feel disgrace upon finding flaws of my own poems now is delighted to have them. My unpublished poems! Where art thou? I'm grateful to my solitude.

In fact, art, which gives a grand momentum to life, is a beautiful illusion of life itself. When a white sheet of paper is canvassed with your feelings, thoughts and images you cannot resist your joys; they remain forever despite the passing of time or their being martyr. And the joys printed in Italics and bold letters.

Being caught up in the cocktail-feeling of eagerness and fulfillment on the one hand, and in the whirlwind of desire for newness and detest for that on the other hand, perhaps, force life change its color. Seasons and climate exchange their vows and voices. The nature evaporates, galvanizes and exhibits its mystic face. I watch and feel the beauty of its various dimensions.

This is the world.

The world of mystery and mysticisms.

The world of images and imaginations.

Here,

I Live

With you

Without you.

Here, I live in my presence and in my absence. I'm somebody following the shadow of Mr. nobody.

If a season remained static, not changing its colors, and life following the same pattern, how ugly the world would be, how

boring, how tedious! But CHANGE is there; it is the law of nature. I always bow down my head when I see the rainbow. Its majestic colors cheat my innocent heart. I often wonder about its color, if everyone admires a single color, what then the world would be? A colorless painting, indeed. If the December does not wish to die, then how comes a New Year!

Perhaps, civilization, till this date would bear a big FULL STOP. Truth would be limited into a corner. In the name of torturous conscience, there would be a pile of dry emotion in a diary. No commas and interrogation marks of time. Not punctuation of nature and so on.

Life germinates from the seed of death.

There's no fullstop of civilization. No commas and interrogation marks of time. No punctuation of nature at all!

I guess, too many suspicious and conspiracies visit or a dark room where a painter, author, mystic, musician or a dying common man starts writing the diary note.

A man is existential in its true form. There're riddles after riddles. A maze and image of mystery! Man's mind is garbage of unanswered questions. And it has become an antique museum of archaeology.

But I am destined to remain strong upon my own wounds, injuries and sores. Standing by the cliff I force a boat into the sea which is transported from an anon world of celebrated philosophers and saints. Where is freedom? Where?

I found freedom not. Nowhere. Having freedom from a man also doesn't guarantee freedom from the world of love. I feel like entangled in the shackle of freedom, feel like being an edge of a river while flowing with oneself, unable to be swept away by the waves. May be like mine, in the release of pain, a pile of emotion flooded; many more eyes turned out to be a pond of tears; and a countless souls felt light. May be you got. See, forgetting myself I fell in the sweetest poetic illusion and was playing a hide and seek with you. Being caught up in an illusion, you might have felt freedom, even though it is fleeting.

- Are there any bouquet for me in the boat, dear Tagore!

- Are there any books for me in the boat, dear Nietzsche!

I'm waiting.

Where's freedom, Mr. Spinoza?
- Mrs. Woolf?
Please tell me
Where does the aroma of liberty lie?
In the valley of death
or
In the river Silence.

These days I'm reading a book of a Tibetan spiritual Guru, the Dalai Lama. Has he really attained freedom in Exile? I too am exiled from my traditional admirers, well wishers and lovers. I live in a neighboring country which they call 'HEART' without any passport, visa and government documents.

My love!
You're with me.
In my every breath which I take.
My every step
Which follows the trails of your uncommon path

Journey is endless
But we're determined, we're fixed
To reach that unclaimed land of destination
I play hide and seek with your heart and mind
And you steal me
With your butterfly-smile

I'm inside you. And
You're but outside me
To lead the way

We're strange lover.
I'm a yellow butterfly
You, a grey snake.
Both
Towards divine, divine odyssey

If this is an illusion, it's ok. Freedom seeker, we are! Lovers' united is an ugly phrase. Let's free ourselves from the bondage of traditional togetherness.

Bondage and freedom. Such consequences divide our human endeavors. A virtual truth interrogates our psyche. A woman of unlettered work, me. A fucker of candle-lit joy engrosses us. Beautiful people commit suicide. Why?

Jesus, re-visited
Mozart, dislocated.
Sartre, dismantangled.
Mr. Marx, disillusioned.
Momila, ex-communicated.

So and so. Despites my being at the verge of life, like a candle soon going to die out, I cannot escape it. Instead, I am mercilessly thrown into a lonesome deserted dark corner. Life is a great fugitive! A compulsive widow waiting for meaningless death! Dear life, where's my COFFIN-box?

My love!

There's a curfew called by death. It's a dark night. Time for dead martyrs to walk tiptoed on the silent footpath. There's a possibility of earth-quake, volcano and hurricane. Who's walking all naked in the gulley?

During the fleeting rest of my sigh, my dear, please wait me. Please. Is that you, my soul? Coming. I'm coming. Wait. Sure I am, you will not take a flight to a distant land from the world of my heart till my arrival. I'm coming my love! Wait. I'm coming from the distant place of the ageing history.

Imagining your wonderful arrival, I am just staying, sometime pouring myself into a blank paper. It's raining outside. Mid-night is steeping on my sofa. There's your vision sketched in the concrete wall. A page with me. I'm drawing a beautiful face of your soul. Page unfinished. Drizzle kicks the window pane. Indeed, a great pain! Winter-wind comes and goes whispering the song of summer desert. And I feel them. Feeling, indeed.

I'm hearing to the news of the raindrop. I know, this is a romantic grief. I'm drenched by the slower of rain-at-midnight. The pink curtain which is over my body resembles pink death. This is perhaps a utopian world of devilish poets.

From tomorrow onwards this hazy fog takes its leave. I hope the landscape will be pretty fine for the artist. They'll come closer.

They'll exchange love of greetings. Fragrance of love and melodies of beauty will shower with lavish flowers. Tomorrow- Tomorrow? Tumor - row? Today is the day of an antique celebration. Celebrations of yesteryears might be festive error! But, this moment is blessed with religious orgasm.

For,
Tomorrow will never
Edit Yesterday. Today...

Tomorrow may give birth to Buddha-like man but it never gives birth to the Buddha himself, for sure.

It's impossible to gift this life to someone who pickpockets the *deja vu* of this existence. No matter how hard we try to erase the disconcerting spots of past, we simply fail to wipe them out. They keep on passing like the scenes from a journey but follow like a shadow. Yea, really, one cannot present her past to the tomorrow's lover.

But those memories
Still haunt you soliloquy
In your cremation

I've but a strange desire to exist in this world caring the dead-body of my soul. In the name of freedom, one is squeezed between conscience and emotion. Who gave such a destiny and fate to human being where he's obliged to live an accursed life? Pondering over these issues, I felt tired, my love, yea, feeling so.

Perhaps, you measure a long way during my rest and possibly don't have a heart to review my journey retrospectively. I feel such is the fate that keeps me off track from the route of your journey, from every bent of your life.

-I feel
I am always
Exiled from the fugitive heart
Of some subaltern souls.

But, Sisyphus still enjoys his punishment. Once reminded the wonderful possibilities, despites his extreme tiredness, a man keeps on walking and walking, locating himself in the cell of a great meaningless. He walks without vision. Along with the passing of time, he leaves a void to the world where the coming time either leaves a fragrance of heaven or odor of hell.



Accordingly the void waits for another phase of time. And, in the same bottomless abysmal:

He'll wait for the future.

Sometimes wait for readers.

At other time, wait, until an audience re-calls the
Beauty of literature, music and paintings

Man is a noble silence who creates a cosmic space only to sketch it with the colors of different seasons, and not to get startled seeing another silence after DEATH.

My love!

He is the one

Whom I love

He

Emptied all the black holes of a grand existence

He

Is totally emptied. And

Wants to fill in the blanks spaces of busy heart.

This is a divine odyssey, my dear. He's the one who empties his solitude in the wine cup referred by the cosmic-partner.

My love! You are too, an individual of a drama. You're perhaps a hero some folk tales. You're with me in our odyssey. Am I with your enlightened odyssey? Or an idiot am I?

Perhaps,

The answer

Would unfold

IN

The j o u r n e y . . . ! . . . ! !



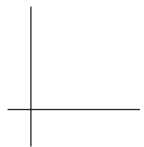
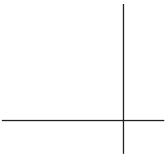
An Outsider Text in an Archaeological City

My dear beloved one!

In the archaeological city of Greece we met, sat and departed without exchanging our virtual feelings. That was mysteriously strange dusk. Our mythological hearts whispered their lost Greek call. I am detached now, detached from you and your civilized culture, resting all alone by myself where any religion, philosophy, social portfolios, formalities of any kind and civilization do not spread their wings simply to take reserved flights. They are somewhere at the bottom, not heightened.

And I am free to run in the grassland of life without a single stumble. No a single competitor around and there is no question of success and failure. I am neither described in my victory nor am I subscribed by my defect. Here, flowers, memories and dreaming sleepy nights blooms and canvas their inner passion to life unedited. They bloom and they fall down but still they mesmerize you with their short-termed-beauty. Tulip-flower is never beheaded here because I do not press your flower-vessel plus you are just absent in the daily-recorded-register of my reflections and memoirs. The flowers of faith are not offered here for the morning prayers because there is nobody to chant a holy hymn in the day break, guests too are absent. God, an unknown guest like you is also absent from the so-called holy places like temples, shrines, monasteries, churches, mosques and sanctuaries...

Here, in my statement the roses keep their head high, as if to make their journey to the solar system. Their rosy heads are held high because there is no priest to cut their gentle prickly throat in order to present the beached rose to the Almighty. Here God is not imprisoned. Whatever they think is not my personal thought! I sing, dance and celebrate because my awakening is certain. My



God has a full sovereignty to bless me with pure love, humanity and fraternity because my god has denied staying in your spiritually dilapidated temple.

My celestial-home ever calls me. My conscience excuses my enormous thoughts, logics and brain-washed feelings.

Here,
I pay my homage to space-sky.
Here,
I take refuge to the glittering light of the moon and the stars,
Here,
I take refuge to the rhythmic-music and musings of unfrequented torrents,
Here,
I take refuge to the Vedantic tune of creation,
And, here:
I Take refuge to the ceremonial beginning of our ancient love,

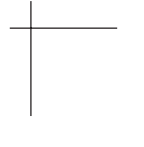
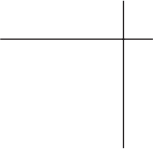
My beloved one!
I have become a refugee who takes refuge to your celestial, terrestrial and milky-way: CAMP.


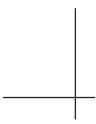
But in the beginning of creation there perhaps are the treasured tears of dewdrops.

A matter of coincidence it was that you were frustrated after listening to my monologue and I wonder why a man such like you who even in the time of life's ugliness and hatred loved to inscribe his signature in the accepted manuscript of existence should suspect the vanity affair. However worried I am not in a sense that we are enlightened in our sentiments of various motions and in the songs of our collage feelings, that is why I often think of those who really live a so-called festive lives. Are they really lucky? Happy? Or aren't they fluctuating in the great illusion? Isn't their seemingly blissful peace a dead solemnity before the hurricane? If anybody wants to ask the definition of joy now, I would simply answer:

Ask the hell, ask the desperation, ask the pain...!

22 *An Outsider in the Court of God*





The light and its widening space ... I am indebted to the light. In fact ever-wide-opening-eyes are the light, are the day, are the present, but at the same time also are the state of dreamless, sleepless and darklessness.

Whenever I venture to search for the meaning and the identity, I am always cast away by the meaninglessness and nothingness of the identity itself. Whenever I try to confine myself in the certain axiom of life I am nevertheless always thwarted up by the uncertainty of my own conscience. But, again! From the relative sensory-suffering I cannot deceive my self in the name of uncertainty.

In such a moment of meditative intoxication I feel nature and the world far away from absurdness. But the human itself is an absurd creature. Man's relationship is absurd. Man is always chased away by his own villainous character, falling apart into the pieces of absurd hypothetical assumption of being a human. Uncertainty and denial becomes his humble servant. As you have said on me I am solemnly terrorized and mercilessly attacked by the continuity of the regular metaphor of life, who is sheltered in the haunted, accrued house of the grave time. In this way our singular faith has committed suicide together again and again in the morgue-room of our multiple thoughts.

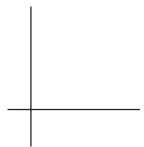
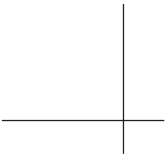
But again? I am always ready to come over you even from the opposite hemisphere of civilization for thousand belated moments because you absorbed me, perhaps you used to blackmail me with your enchanted feelings, thoughts and the lucrative logics whose hangover I still possess, the hangover which still hallucinates my schizophrenic brain. Your blackmail has cast its black-magic on my memory-lane. But I have found myself aloof and far away from your exotic existence. Still, I have to reach you, meet you, I wanna be mixed with you in totality, but sad and loneliness came to befriend me instead, consoling my heart that I had been detached from you, once-upon-a-time in an unknown native land.

So queer!

So strange!

You were so queer and simply a stranger: next door?

No. No. No.



You used to be my beloved stranger. I wanna reach you with the richness of heart & mind. Meeting is so superficial, isn't it? We should rather 'MIX' into the divine existence. My mind is determined and my heart has already harbored its boat into the ocean only to reach you. What a mystic you are, man! You are nobody, nowhere to be seen but still I am searching you.

My heart does not surrender until I see you in my vision what a mad I have become to search someone who is NO-ONE who resides NO-WHERE in the metaphysical world of SOME-where!

My beloved NO-ONE!

Some-ONE is waiting for you since ages
SOME-where in an unfrequented bench of SOME-body's
park. Any... ONE is strictly prohibited to enter in this some-
BODY's garden...

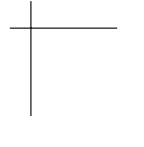
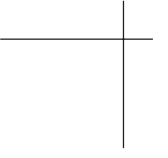
... 'No-one', but can enter...


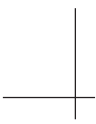
Though depressed, my heart still has not forsaken its struggle to come across you. It is my own soul that is trying all its best to console the depressed heart.

Indeed, a man caught up in unnecessary multiple business is the obstacle to his own path; further his conscience emerges even as a greater blockade on his own way; his mental erosion washes his dignity and self accumulated respect. In such a moment man can only witness himself to be a helpless victimized creature walking down a lane criticizing his own deeds of occupation. He is far from reaching any option rather than the feelings taken for granted. Feeling alone will be his companion and comrade in the silent journey of life. Perhaps, man seeks the exit and departure from the intellectual pollution in such a naive manner so as to perceive the sense of contentment but he will not be totally satisfied yet. In the foray of existential network, instead, he will make a journey in search of ideal metaphors and imagine but without any success. He will then complain himself, and will reduce to his own dwarf shadow. However, he will still claim for the virtuous and blissful life.

Like an over-repeated monotonous story of different occurrences I walk my destiny dragging myself and surprisingly yesterday

24 *An Outsider in the Court of God*





the life met me in my solitary wandering and wished me with flowering greetings. I was not able to make heed of any festivity right then. The life itself offered me the greetings to my mending success. I was not able to cajole about my destiny right then. But my heart celebrated with the sheer showering of excitement which befell me from the blue sky of mimosa and blinked my eyes with trust to the beginning of my journey. This alone was my first experience of any awakening victory. Ah! I felt the moment, drank and absorbed.

I am not a grave image of some sort of graveyard which lie motionless and depressed beside the grave of Tolstoy which resembles the lost seasons of blue delicate mimosa and the carpentry kiss of buzzing bee nor am I the man decamped by love and lust who wanders and likes to hide among the dusky crowd of Swyambunath. Now, I have become a formless existence which is turned down by the human obligation. Now, I am the 'absurd' which is disgraced by man's ugly thought, activities and human policies. I am a polar perception, reflection which is the result of man's exile firm ideas and opinions.

Perhaps, I may be understood as the text of tyrannical journey. Everyone is free to understand and comply. But, why the hell should I not become the extract subject of yours! Who can stop me from becoming a linear obligation of yours? The time comes, my dear, when you will be bewitched, mesmerized by the debonair, unparallel painting in the art museum of your own civilization! You will be hypnotized, indeed! And your legs will not carry your motions anymore because you will be under the spell of your emotions. Let me remind you, my beloved one! That will not be any godly creation. They will call 'it' THE OUTSIDER CREATION which would be canvassed and oil-painted with your own horizon of known civilization. The outsider-creation...!

... in the game of faith and trust, perhaps, you will be startled with yourself, still will be catharsized celebrating painful tears. No matter those tears are the tears of alligator because you would be in the power of self sovereignty. What about me, then? I would be in an exile somewhere in the geography of my heart's foreign land, thinking as always, dreaming as usual that life itself is a sweet, beautiful illusion pasted in the 'NoticE-board' of some authorized existence. And my beloved one! I would desire your


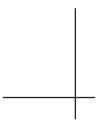


magisterial court be blown down to ashes even in my fancy dream...

Years ago, I still remember, it was one evening when civilization lodged in your village, I had met mythological hero Prometheus in the infamous dark gulley. He was confused. The heavenly torch was lacking in his hand. He was damn sad, like a foolish demon. He was blessed with Guns & Roses. With a revolver in one hand and a flower on the next he said he was in search of a new civilization. If you meet him somewhere, someday please tell him: You're simply a MYTH, not the present. Even if you want to call yourself the present; you're a lunatic crazy present; you're the bloody anthology of pain, NO PROMETHEANS; you're gonna down with our human liberty.

All at once, flood has engulfed this exile-land from a week. Everywhere is water, along with the corpses arrived the rescue team here. They drew off a couple of dead bodies just a moment ago. They were from your village. When I watched them from near they translated themselves into the mothers of yours and mine. How miserable! This vaporized water! This dandy water! This showering water! This bloody flood water full of floods! This flowering from nowhere to nowhere. The death follows in this water where life ceases to exist death comes by like an unfrequented stranger. How miserable is man! If you were present here you would see and witness that the color of tears are not different. You are Christian and I am Hindu, but see! The religion of our tears are not different. Both of us would mourn and embraced in each other's arm, if only you were here with me we would have simply spent a dark night in each other's warm arm in the hope of morrow's light.

How many times should I play a game of politics to my own conscience with the weapons of words and logic? How many times should I detach myself with my odd experience and manipulate my own feelings? Shouldn't man love in a severe silence plus uncontaminated solitude? In such rare moment men's melancholy heart and skilled fingers should play on to the string of sitar. There, only at those rare moments the rhythm will not be tempered by acceptance and denial of the words. Rather, the conscience of the

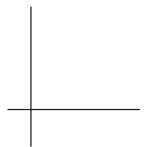
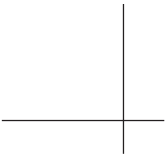


self being united with the supremacy of divine existence would be felt logically. Like full moon night united with a negro evening, what difference does it make if you were to be lost and found in an oblivion or else one were to be re-described with being and nothingness! This living reality is simply with being and nothingness! This living reality is simply a seemingly meaningful space which one finds in the echoing words and in the fractured sentences with the disguised form of possibilities and inappropriate probabilities, living is a divine silence. And in the silence the rhythm of life has become a divine formality.

An abstract curiosity of contrast always revisits me. I lived a damn life of formalities which was really imposed upon us by the ritualistic social dogma in the name of practical formalities, how far a man can disgrace his inner self, could be understood from my experience. I have undergone through such occurrences. All of sudden, I became a mutineer of my own living existence. I started to rebel with my-self. Like rocks jammed atop a mountain befriended me being rocky flood. Trees and foliages accompanied me. Like a worth remembering distant dreams plus every possible agony joined my river from different tributaries humming their own exorcised tunes and mixed into the wavy current of any watery faith. Water painting sketched in the oil-canvas, indeed! I became the oceanic sea.

From the distant eyes, this flowering flow could be understood. But you can not measure your flight and flow from the root where you stand foolishly. I did not desire to spy on my fragrant joys; in fact, I never wanted to lose my faith on behalf of any kind of suspicion, when the entire sky was engraved in my heart. Yet, the existence is to be clouded, showered, distilled and modified, I do not prescribe a damn negative importance to the tragic festivity of the nature. I get frightened when I see the flood encamped by the negative possibilities of crowd. And at the same time beauty of living hypnotizes me time and again.

What a shame-time! And who says that April doesn't glamorize even amidst hurricane. Dear T.S. Eliot! You've versed in one of your famous poems that 'April is the cruelest month.' But my April will be germinated any how even from its cruelest root...



Among the pile of evenings of possibilities here comes yet another evening to accompany me in my loneliness in our average sentimentalities; I am recalling your memories and please think that I am in company with purposeless mountain this moment. Yes of course my heart is victimized by formal anguish even when it dreams itself to ensure its formalities. And my heart celebrates its aloofness in the same descriptive texts of my relationship which deny my upcoming evening. But, I have nothing to say ... I would climb the mountain in the interval... I would keep on climbing because one's journey does not meet its destination in the interval. All the beautiful ornaments that you admired and appreciated let's say flowers, throne, cactus, sun rays, the moon, and the rain are sheltered within me and walk with me rendering their symphonic echoes. And my egos have already taken its schedule flights. In the increasing youthfulness of this virgin evening I am now blessed with the intoxication of your solemn memories. Here, I walk and lo, I pause here...

Here,
Where / there
Is no illicit regime and supremacy
Of your defunct 'de-existentialized' conscience
Here...
Where the curfew bell tolls
And I sleep with your cursive dreams...

Ok!
Be it off.
Let it be, let ... my dear silent listener!
I foolishly evacuate myself from the ruins of my past memories sometimes grueling on some stuff and at other time weeping on them. I am trying to express my inner voice so far. Sadly I have no choice. I always listen to my ancient heart which is far from beginning plus end. I feel my de-passive feelings are ruling my psyche all along. This strange conscience of mine has freed me from the dark illusion. Wherever I travel, I follow the life which is led by its wild call. First, I follow and then I flow: with tidal wavy rivers because, I have a courage and patience to decipher the rare desire of the wild life. Mild life ... I am befriended nobly with all the absurdities of life and globally take morning-coffee chanting the hymns and the prayers of the No-man's-land.

But
I've
Not forgotten the mystic language of nature...

... Time is lunatic.

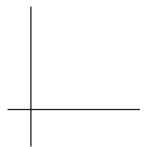
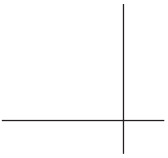
And I'm not sane too. These days we are both mercilessly isolated. We're both ALONE in the history of our stolen Bio-graphy. If you are sorry in the realization of our self-Vedic-conscience you will speak in the language of NATURE and share with us...

In this tragic romantic moment, I am meditating upon those memories of by gone days which were drenched with your tears. I am soaked in the torrents of tears. In this moment I have no desire left to listen to anything, to anyone. I simply want to feel none other than YOU who love my entire existence, who wish for my better poetry. Today, not with an awakening soul but with my lunacy and madness do I feel like experiencing you. Only you. This is perhaps an artistic illusion, where the possibility of departure remains DIVORCEless...

...Our combined existence will be visible in the canvas of such a colorful painting. And in such a divine moment shall we be acquainted with the pride of our being unification. Together shall we experience the Nirvana and the MOKSHA.

But, it is not the matter of losing one's freedom when a man accepts the slavery of desires, resolutions and decisions. It would be just like calling spirit 'dead-soul' even after rote learning that soul is immortal. Am I understood wrong! And one who deserves his freedom should also think about other's freedom too to love someone, it simply suggests that you too be blessed with love. Some foxy ideologists would deny my love-appeal, saying with clever words and logics that love is another name of the sacrifice. But the hypocrites should not judge the miracle, magic and music of love. For me, love is neither a crucifixion nor is it a sacrifice. Sycophants have no medicine, who spread rumors like such. They are the ones who are taking and enjoying the benefits from their wrong ideologies. That's the way they are the big blackmailers of fragile feelings, abductors of the hidden treasures of hearts.

But,
I'm a surrender. To love alone



I'm a refugee. I
Take refuge to love alone.

It is sure...

Someday in the early delightful morning, this ill-fated man would awake from the grave-yard of his base-camp rejoicing like some curious hitch-hiker, trespassing his own college path in tiptoeing footprints re-discovering the world of my poetry. His dark devilish world would be envisioned in the thunder-stroke of my poem-page like ageing age! I would be ready with my fare-well. A fare-well speech of my heart would be written by my defunct soul.

My beloved one!

You will be alone like some anon gypsy-tree. But I'm damn too sorry to address you in the 'third-PERSON': in the fare-well program of your departure, they will accompany me.

They ...?

Who are they?

THEY are my former lovers. Former lovers of odd times. Among them are:

Aswatthama
Ahalya
Nietzsche
Sisyphus
Sylvia Plath
Virginia Woolf
Hemingway
Ekalavya
Van Gogh
&
Lots of Bhairav Aryals.

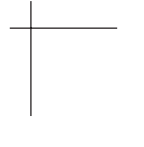
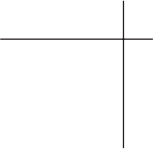
Making a fire - a great fire - we shall celebrate. I'll remain in the celebration-camp with celebrated figures.

But,

What about him!

He would walk walk & walk alone in his walking. Gods & Goddesses of Temples, Shrines, Mosques, Church, Gumba would never ask about his health.

30 *An Outsider in the Court of God*



I
Definitely,
Would make him
The HERO of my
Poetry.

...Can anyone guess who would be that HERO: of my poetry
and life and existence and ...

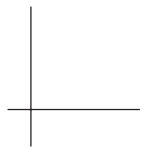
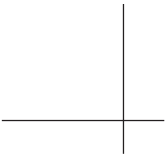
I'
Am sorry. May
I be excused and apologized!
Hey beloved one!
 'He'
 Would be
 None-OTHER than 'you.'

Like the accepted sentiments of poets in the seminar of hearts
beside the sea, here flowers do not bloom like a flower; man does
not remain human; war does not resemble any warfare; peace
does not have its serenity; life does not feel the sense of living;
and art does not remain artistic.

In the every step of life we perceive less than that of
perception. There are more undeserved things than what we really
deserve. There are more unheard gossips than what we should
have heard. There are more unseen things than what is seen and
sighted. There are such pains and sufferings more talked, less
experienced. That's why this life has become colorful and thus
wroth-living. In fact, every man is an unchecked incident. He has
a right to worship his own identical God whether the god may be
in the disguised form of trees, the sun, the moon, the hills or else
the rivers. The world is so beautiful and colorful only because of
such variations. It's artistic. The life is beautiful and there is a
fragrance in living.

In the horizontal combination plus unity between the sky
and the earth I feel as if the space between nature and human is
itself a beautiful plus divine craft. I sketch my poems in the same
space and in the name of freedom. I feel the sense of leading my
own existence a step or two ahead. Now, it has been long since I
left questioning the life regarding joys and happiness...

My beloved one!
 The hero of my poems!



I'm now assured you too, in the crowd of cruel market place would stop from questioning the life regarding the customary joys and happiness. But in the pitch darkness outlined by the background of full moon eve, sketching the self-defined portrait of an artistic expression, there in the midst of your heart would the crafted light be ever kindled. There would be occasional moments when your conscious journey travel out of the track. You may be lost in the trackless journey. You may be hallucinated and suffocated by the haunted heights of ghostly sorrows. But, like a lonely settlement somewhere far away seen from the window of the nocturnal lonesome journey or, like a curious motivation of prolonging height awaiting the decisive tomorrow-morning, there in the midst of your heart, a flickering candle will ever be kindled exorcizing all the damn devilish darkness sketching your canvassed-heart with the beautiful collage of newly re-birth HOPE...

AND,
Even from the distance
I would locate you
I would feel the flickering candle-light

Even
If I'm bewitched by the outsider-agonies
Even if
I'm enriched with the outsider-text
IN AN ARCHAEOLOGICAL CITY
I would feel the flickering candle-light,
Unremittingly flaming inside you,
I would feel and keep on f e e l i n g...!...!!

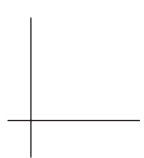
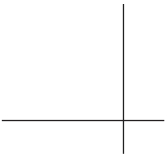


A New Version of the History

Transporting tomorrow's sun-rays inside my eye-lids when I lay asleep today's night, I feel like time is not flowing in straight line. And, keep on flowing is not an illusion. I, too, kept on flowing with the tide of time and watched the circle of seasons faintly smiling in twigs and falling down empty from the trees; a certain season vapors itself and rains down; another season freezes inside my warm embrace and once again, for lovers, the season smiles into the branches. Yes, the circular-time keeps on repeating with the history...

At the dawn of twenty first century, into the veins of this earth bubbles up the intoxicated fragrance of the past melodies. I am feeling from my heart the smell of the history which this earth once had experienced. B.P., Pushpalal and the lots are still in search of delayed democracy, targeting the summit of progress, prosperity and development. Many Gangalals are still marching fearlessly in the crowd of revolt. Caught in the crossfire and hit by the bullets of ideologies they keep on being worthlessly translated into statues. Revived out of the statues, reenergized stone horses of Junga Bahadur are galloping along the main streets or some where at *Tundikhel* under the open sky at mid day towards the center of the city... This is not any witchery of words, or the black magic; neither is it the game of certain desolate memories. Get alone the unexpected waves of some fractional waves, but this is true present itself, sensing its own destruction in the poverty-beaten dark street is watching and wishing the sky does not pour down the rains of tear upon the bosom of the earth.

Why are their pains of thousand beloved ones who died inside are in the single corridor of life? I feel like I am persistently experiencing the sorrows which my history could never endure. What was the fault that my ancestors committed? Suppose, the



present is living with thousands of accused and meaningless existence which resulted from the primal fault.

Blossoming of rhododendrons under the open sky, exhibiting the flora of beauty, excited with the virgin touch of the morning sun, knitting the dreams and surrounded with the majestic beauty of divine nature -- this present! And there arrives the bloody history with gory visage to intermingle the future in the curvature time, trespassing the very platform of today's present and into the canvas of our dreamy eyes simply to be changed into an abstract art, transforming myself into an audience, I am watching, simply watching:

- Why can't a man become the complete whole of the present?

- Why can't he even recognize his first fault?

What a life like a tattered petticoat of a maid-servant!

- Why can't a man even strike his signature

- Into the slate of life?

- Isn't there any authority of a man

- Over his own existence?

- Is man's conscience

Simply an anthology of sorrows?

- Why is it so that

All the meanings go meaningless?

- Where do the meanings

Get acquainted with life?

Ouch! Silent are the meanings of mine

With myself....

This moment,

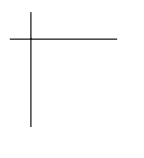
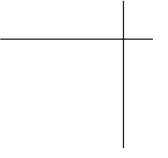
I'm experiencing a grief


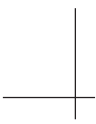
Of an unknown audience

That lies within myself...

When the autumn disappears from me, sketching the new lines on my palm and when ageing becomes a new version of life, the same departed autumn hastily revisits me next year, promising to carve some criss-cross with noble colors on my palm. At this very moment I reflect my memory lane, the past life of my tattered existence over and over. Accordingly, I start forgetting old owes and at the same time I mesmerize them gloriously. My heart feels desolate and isolation which are re-surfaced by my lonesome

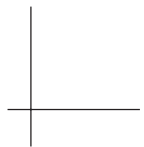
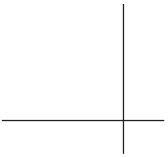
34 *An Outsider in the Court of God*





journey of existence never to reach any destination. Again I feel reaching somewhere, getting something, and once more I get driven to despair.

Truly! How serious are the meanings! Concealing too many mysteries beneath their womb of graveyard, they speak of the meanings of unversed life. How attentive are the questions! They exist because they simply know there are answers to every interrogative and query. Into the crowd of the same questions of mythological phantoms and genii and ghouls, the white capped Himalayas of my conscience smile, hiding the scar of void and emptiness of fragile time. Even the wasteland survives watching the only green mountain far away which stood all alone within itself in the hope that some beautiful eyes belonging to beautiful man may someday cast their holy visions. It's true that the hurricane-music whispers even in the distant desert of life. Sometimes life discovers pain and death tranquility. (Feeling death too much sometimes does not ease life.) Sometimes when this heart celebrates its own beauty of existence at the full-blown-moon night, at the very moment it also feels the painful death of love in the darkest night. Perhaps the accepted meaning of life is to become the reverend end. Truly, too many bloody relationships, things, love, passion end up together at the same time, who knows? Void and emptiness are the self-evident black-hole of life, where every being travels carrying the darkness within himself, imposing the ever-forgotten warmth of love of yesteryear only to prove that man's journey is simply a beautiful dream which never reaches its destination. But there lies the utopia of reaching somewhere in everyone's heart. The time juxtaposes our mental journey. But the destiny of man lies in the forbidden horizon of existence. Human being has just a kleptomaniac vision of reaching this fertile land. That's why, Hitler, Mussolini, Buddha and Gandhi keep on taking birth into various images and versions. This Earth gave birth to Plato, and in turn Plato gave birth to his mysteries and those mysteries further gave birth to Aristotle and the fact of the realities. Sages and pious saints were born who gave birth to Menaka and Urvashi. Too many and too much human sorrows of sorrows were born and they gave birth to Nietzsche and he, in turn, came up with his philosophical debate on the suicidal meditation: God is dead.



There took a noble birth of Albert Camus with the unedited pains and sorrows of being outsider. Jean paul sartre was too, born unofficially to edit his fate under the philosophical and literary term 'Existentialism.'

Yes, this sense of reaching somewhere along with the column of seasons and reasons give us the flickering light where colorful moths commit nocturnal suicide. and our collective worries become the candle of exotic beauty where our desires of passion bush. The moth of the butterflies gather there to have a tea-party, perhaps. Why do they gather there: to exercise the beauty of living or simply to die?

I can't say. The same man, after all, like a mythological character sisyphus engraving all the unanswered version of the history on his famous forehead walk all alone, in the candle lit street chanting the prayer of unfaithful gods, towards his own unknown destiny...He has been walking since ages!...!!...!!!



Sunrise Blues

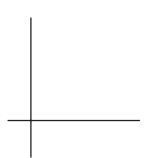
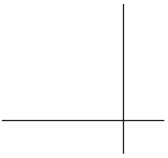
A man seldom denies the fragrance of forthcoming seasons in the name of fallen flowers.

Once again the spring blossomed calling the April whisper among the newly garmented trees of a sweet memory. Last year, yet it was the yester tear of war-torn moments when Sani's heart was mercilessly murdered and crushed by the April hurricane leaving her like a dilapidated house. But, her heart remains cool this year in the April breeze. The colors are painted anew in the canvas even in the hidden background of painful sighs. Wishes and desires garnished along with the wrath of grapes and the peach dreams.

It is rumored. Sani, clutching her only infant child has eloped away with the British army who has returned home for rainy holidays. It was the day of Teej* and she made the breaking news. A man next door had seen the couple in the very evening in the crowd of the Pashupatinath temple. The commotion spread like a wild fire in the village. Leaves of the trees whispered among each other: What a woman! Shame on her, who could not stand a day or two without a husband.

...and this moment I feel I am shot by the boomerang of her charm memories. I am recalling the draft of her remembrance in a mere thought that I, once upon a time used to be her co-walker, my fellow traveler who had promised to go miles together towards the Independence Day of our existence.

I have chanted the verses of thousand morning slogans, I have recited the poems of million accused tears, pains and absurdity, I have befriended with holy lonesomeness and isolation walking down the lane all alone in the home of meaningful journey, I have taken remote flight with the floral music, I have taken refuge to the unedited version of my own dreams cajoling myself with my own private chaos plus determination weeping



with my laughter plus smiling with my tears in the name of blissful illusion of life which the nature has imposed upon me. I pay my homage, tribute to the human civilization which afire my heart with human emotions plus compassion...!

Sometimes when the mountains of desires take its uncanny height, any heart gets confused. All of sudden I am moved by the mystery of existential interrogation and in the midst of celestial joys I sleep, pillowed upon the Geeta and the Bible and the Koran. For me dream is a sweet meditation where I conquer the dark nights of holy dreams and conquest the forbidden city of my own temptation plus magic reality. Sometimes, somewhere I garden the first flower of the spring yet I am sometime drifted away by storm and hurricane...!

...But, such a moment gives me the pleasure of dissecting the so-called formulae of troubled existence and I lay silent, aloof with my serene thoughts. They say óthought or else mind is always in a flux. So what? Now, who cares? My thoughts provide me with the dynamism of living; they give me the sense of movement, motion, and tune. But, my friend! Living a life is a dangerous occupation, a deadly profession, indeed!

Very often Nietzsche used to quote in his discourse:

If you want to live, live dangerously.

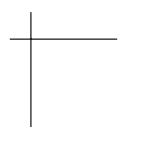
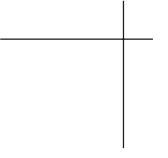
And what to talk of Van Gogh! Even the suicide discarded his fate. He survived even after the bullets pierced his belly. During the struggle between life and death his only loving brother Theo was with Gogh dying at his would-be-world famous partner brother.

Thus spoke Van Gogh:

‘O’ my brother! Dying is so painful. But for me living in this world has become unnecessarily painful rather than dying...’

Man lives by playing the rehearsal death in the pretence of sweet catharsis. Accepting the conscience of the instant death man perhaps lives his fate being divided into multiple psyches. Turning on the accursed pages, chapters plus episodes of re-visited life, man creates his own divine exit, departure in the pretence of conjugal love.

38 *An Outsider in the Court of God*



Now, I am hunted by a gloomy day. A melancholy day when a young boy committed suicide. The badness was eventually embroidered with my youthful age. That's why my pen was also weeping. My pen was drowned into the lake of melancholy feelings and sentiments. Today, the same gloomy thoughts have become the subject matter of my present writing. The pen moves on and on. My inner chaos and sadness are flowing with the flow of pen, Now, I feel as if I am in the verge of luxury which is gifted to me by feelings and thoughts. Words are transformed into some strange eclectic meanings. I am awakened with the new, foreign meanings.

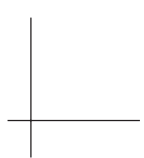
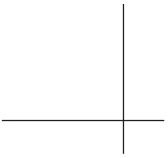
O' beloved feeler!

How could I say unto you of the experience I surpassed, of the time out-flown when my golden youth intermingled with his dignified masculinity unlike the ideology of some 'ësadhuism'. But, instantly I set him free from the worldly indulgence and crowned myself with the emperor of the land of cosmic tales. I wonder why these heirs of Home Sapiens always desire to captivate the illusive horizon of ideologies!

O' listener of my heart!

Here I say what I felt at ease when I am to tell you about my disassociation with the lucrative emotions that I felt no pain, no suffering at seeing the dead bodies in the crematorium of the Aryaghat. Perhaps, now I am used to living with the way life goes on and on, listening to death's whisper is now accustomed with the vision of my watchful eyes. In the modest arm of my lover life rather than death perhaps moved me, touched me. I am not a mutineer nor am I a tyranny. It's all up to you whether you take me as unsocial or uncultured. Now, who cares! All I am is natural, cosmic plus real. See, I am this and I am that. This life and that death. ...I am near yet so far...

Yestereve, you and me were blessed with joys in the corner of a café talking at large about love, love and love. And it is always beautiful to criticize our olden passion, feelings on a day golden which is this day: today. I was damn witch-crafted by his own flashback wild memories when a casual stranger, out of blue made his sodden appearance in our small space. He was our friends of lost time and ever. We evacuated some space for him. Friendship


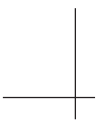


is perhaps a secondary need. Post-modern plus post-mortem! Of thoughts and of relationship! Yes, we deny nothing...

Let this resting move on and on, in a FLUX. You know, mind is always is a flux. So is my typical heart. So are my words. So are my religion, nation. So is this text of yours and mine.

The darkness could not prevent river from flowing. And, how could this torrent prevent me from the flight of thought! It's raining cat and mouse outside. And my soul is bloody drenched inside. Rain-water will find its own trail and what of me who is ever flowing to reach the ocean! Am I to end up in some uncamed desert! Am I to vapourized upon the oasis-sky? But, I feel my feelings freeze inside the refrigerator of my snowy heart. While in remorse perhaps in the beautiful veil of proxy ideologies should life have been drenched in pain, in vain. Hearts perhaps suffocated saws blissful fate. Prayers chanted for others may have gone astray. Efforts to understand other lot of hearts' desire should have gone fruitless while the existence was in stake. In the pretext of living there might have arisen too many questions to one's own belief in the existence. At least, in this moment I have a feeling of earth beneath my feet trembling. I believe in myself surd along with this crowded belief what I know is I am alive wholehearted in the present. My death is inevitable at any times and this I know at large. There was a time when, after my mother's departure from this mortal land, I was calling my kith and kin to deliver the sudden, bad news, now I feel all those occurrences were frighteningly absurd; those awful condolences and sympathies all wrapped into the envelope of mere absurdities and vanity. I didn't see any meanings to those hue and cry. Condolences plus consolation would never bring back my mother in this world-stage once again. Rather the April wind blew among any soft sufferings that remote morning. Ah! That west wind! Now, I feel it was that mischievous wind which had snatched away any entire attire which were embroidered with too many ideologies and principles. I was unclothed and now I adored that moment! Because even my soul-mate was far from experiencing my feelings.

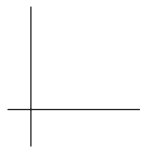
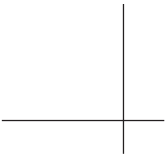
My lover!
What are made up of!
Made of flesh and soul?
Or of flesh and soil?



Unaware of death, you yourself, were illusive like death. Your sympathy towards me, even if it were evoked out in the pretence of love was all bullshit...

My Baba's death 11 years ago before my mother's had given me unsurpassable sufferings but in reality my multiple pains are not embodied with anyone else. My pains are all mine, mine alone. They are not associated with others. I suffered for myself for enemy sufferings were the roots of my further out comings. I was childishly immature, without any roof over my head calling for the open sea of love of care, without any background of my own identity plus existence only to accept, nothing else, the boldness of my own inner self which deliberately imposed upon me the unquestioning lethargic loneliness. The same year we, the pack of approximately six dozens students had gone to the Tamor riverbank for the jungle outing. It was evening and the night was trespassing our crossways. The deepening sick night the earth embraced delightedly by the bridal-moon. A bus carrying the mourning passengers ahead of us speeding onwards. They were the people returning from the funeral rites. From the crematory-ghaat (graveyard). On the wood they were gravely silent but started to sing duly. Even the hills were singing their songs. Hills have eyes too. Hills have ears too and hills have lips from where the songs of life are echoed out. But, we don't have ears to hear them. We were damn exhausted from the merrymaking. But it summed that they, the mourning people had just returned from the picnic. It was so usual and common. In man's life incidents are just label given for granted.

Here in this shade there is neither a color of life nor of death; neither a colour of love nor of hatred. Nor is there a color of existence. My face is daubed with unsettled chasing dreams. I allow it to watch the eyes of inferno. Yet, I am not prepared to be buried beneath the mystery of uncanny death. But it is quite worthy to watch a compassionate face of the aura less Buddha which is absorbed in the classical ceasefire after the sunset. I am ever and always touched by such an instant moment and address myself to the grief-lain love which cajoles me like that of a fairy tale.




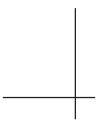
I feel the inexpressible joys of thousands of blissful moments in the courtyard of my shattered dreams. In totality, I offer my ex-communicated, uncivilized heart to my own soul.

Now, I am habituated with my own grief-lain love. I have terribly become accustomed to it. This possession of mine is the supreme conscience which is gifted to me by the dark ghost of distress. There is no room for any complain against life. If I were to be victimized, wounded in any remote future then I would simply be orchestrated, symphonized into the celestial conscience. I may be shattered upon by any opposition, squeezed, befallen, bequeathed, scattered but with the strong stand of my acceptable nature befriended me, and they themselves will be evacuated, exterminated, shattered.

Do I have to say anything in this substantial matter? No, I ain't have. The mortal truth may not provide me with optional joys yet. My grief-embodied love will ever be deepening into the ultimate depth. A convicted prisoner should not hope for the change in law. But one surpasses the life in the hope of a mere change. Here, I claim. Here, I say into you: love can never be out-of-season. Living a life is itself a divine love to one's one being.

Every single ones assures they keep on living; they are living. Yet, how many of them have a belief that they are really living? That's why, every so-called Tom, Dick and Harry grant that a criminal should be punished according to traditional ideology and principle but when it comes to them they make chance to define those ideologies in accordance with their nature. In my case, I follow the parallel untraditional rules and laws and accepting these norms I celebrate my existence in the name of life. All these co-called Tom Dick and Harry are enjoying the living entity outside the curtain for me and outside the curtain for themselves. That's why they who commit crime inside the curtain walk free from the courtyards of yours and mine.

Let it be so. Absurdity of life has given me the pride of 'beingness' which is intuned with pain to which I could write about but does it necessarily express with all the vocation about my writing instinct which is excerpted from the raw material of my own life? To speak of, I feel low at my incompleteness. If I am to joy I don't have any regret on my own beloved darkness.



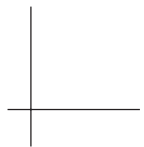
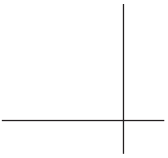
Sometime. Somewhere. A moment may come; when the festivity of freedom become strange, loneliness be the close relative and in the void empire the devotion of one's own absence be drawn into the oceanic silence of unparalleled joys. Yet what could I say of this moment of one's own absence? A bliss. An accursed reality. What has my existence to do with that foresighted oceanic silence which is detached from my own being? Instead, my presence in my being provides me with deep sympathy which begets the mournful night of tears, gives me the romantic pains when I caress my victimized bruised body with my penciled fingers.

This practice of loneliness has enthused me with great belief and determination in living. A solitary surviving. In such a loneliness, same stranger's touch is enough to heal your wound, anybody's embrace is imaginatively sunset and flowery, even the enemy's call is trustworthy in the midst of terrible night. In this vehemently big world, in the crowd of people it is quite a joy of difference of my being a stranger. An outsider. This moment, I am in love with myself... Now, who cares?

Sometimes when I recall about my visiting association I wonder I myself have not judged creatively. I am deprived of myself in the struggle against my own apathy. I am failed to walk my present discarding my own past. I am failed to offer my dignity disassociating with my own so-called civilized culture. In fact, denial is the best phenomenon of human civilization, from which new, multiple choices are germinated as new possibilities. Even though a man wants to discard his own shadow but without success; in the same way how a life cannot deny the existence of its rival, the death; the way how I cannot write my death-experience in the diary. Yet, even in the insomniac awakening man tends to live the somnambulistic life of death simply in the name of life...

Life is beyond the seen abstract painting and adopted truth; which does not have its own shadow. But I spend my time doing the job of criticizing and appraisal of the very shadow and receive pain but for a man of market may not be prepared for this whole-sale truth of pain. That's why it ought to be their turn to feel ashamed of, repented and grieved of.

Thousands of pains of the world dwell inside my doleful heart. Befriended with this common confidence, from within the



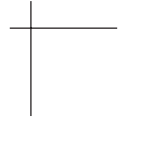
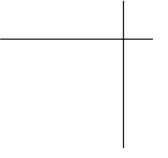
depth of feelings a man should have taken the flight of super conscience. But the time, the eyes have turned their deaf ears to this truth. Perhaps, every time, ages have canvas of their own to be painted with the brush and colors of some new, innovative and enquiries.


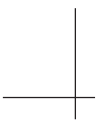
The body tears apart from the warlike-pain in search of the soul that might have entered into the valley of spiritual integrity. But alas! who could explain it in the words, sketches or else in the music!

That's why, the pain lingers, my dear! in this dark corner of my melancholy heart. Sadness sleeps there, that's why my beloved one: abstract ideologies are ever echoed and painted in the temple, in the mosque, in the church, in the synagogue, in the monasteries, where illusions restored as real. In fact, they are aromatic, beautiful examples of the art, engraved in the drenched soul of Arniko and Manujbabu's ceramic love, where lies the insanity of Van Gogh and Freud. There is outsider of Camus, Sartre's existentialism, Beethoven and Kitaro. Mystery of nature and poetry are echoed there in the name of Michaelangelo, the Mother Teresa, Salvador Doli, Picasso, Junga Bahadur, Devkota alike. These truths of one age are replaced by the coming age and perceive them as the challenge to human civilization and the former will claim their existence as a copyright phenomenon. In this way one age simply hands over the existence to the next.

In these wounded pages of art I love to live my life in its own melody and rhythm. Some day, somewhere the stranger like me will come across my way who is beyond hollow ideologies, who paints the canvas with the dewdrop, tear-drop; who is the emperor of his own destiny and who is always welcomed in the noble museum of words, music and silence; who feels pride of living for my sake. I am waiting long for him, inviting him, who is simply an outsider like me; who is not the follower of Buddha; who is the follower of life not of Buddha. He is the disciple of love. We will be the wanderer, wandering beyond all religion, caste, race, nation and all human bondage. With his attractive mind and my pretty soft heart we will measure the distance who till now have never ventured. In fact, the road of existence is paved in curvature-line...

44 *An Outsider in the Court of God*





Confident as I am. Gods and many demi-Gods, pseudo gods plus human who are manifested into the Gods may be corrupt. But confident as I am... Truth can never be a corrupt. I don't have any regret regarding my discourse against God. I don't have remorse on losing the verdict of this illusive game of the time I love and die.

Instead I feel joy on getting myself awakened in the conscious preface of artistic existence. The most beautiful notation of my life is thus. And this is not that piece of notation which is rendered inauspiciously in the carnal sky of a dead body.

My beloved one!

You can see a wedding procession of the stars in my earth, you can witness the eyes of convicted hangman and cry: yes, that was it. Those were the eyes of an outsider.

The sun will stop his carriage and wait for me. His ever glowing majestic eyes will blink me and together shall we sing THE SUNRISE BLUES.

** Religious day when Hindu women fast for their husbands' long age and prosperity.*



My Beloved City

Time commits suicide here...

...and my journey takes a different route. Very often I wander around this glorious city, wondering all alone in search of meanings. I am a desperate traveler and lonesome wanderer on my own accord. Like a patient of Alzheimer, I walk on the foot-path of my dreams. I often wonder:

Life!
What's the relationship of life
With my wandering?

What is the meaning of this never ending walking? A never ending journey! This is the primary question still remains unanswered. Yet I walk this life. An unknown music keeps on whispering and life's unrecognized flow plus motion re-call me from the far-way horizon of creations as if this universe would have never retired, exhausted from the sky of blue embroidering.

I'm a blue cosmos!
Perhaps.

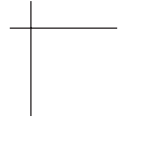
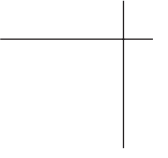
Involved in too many worldly affairs of official transactions, I am undergoing unedited versions of tulip-sorrows plus sufferings. And today at the moment of sheer exhaustion, I am busy in trespassing the forbidden land of alchemic utopia of undeciphered existence


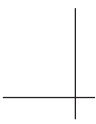
IN THIS BELOVED CITY
Of
Dancing God

Perhaps!

This is a joy of deepening myself into the oceanic depth of nirvana. Where is my enlightened-DEPTH? This is my Devanagarai soliloquy, isn't it?

46 *An Outsider in the Court of God*





An ancient desire of apocalyptic VEDATA. My days soaked in the handkerchief of a gentle playwright and my night emerge out from a nocturnal- Call of an archaeological lost - hero. Floral realities of an accustomed life is witnessed in the DARK-room of some drunkard photographers. My tears make me weep in a silent room. A crowd of Down-Town-Realities bewitch me at my personal dreams. A nightmare inspires me to walk a somnambulistic voyage ...

But,
Towards Nowhere. No-WHERE?

I am never 'PRESENT' in my presence. I was always 'absent' in my ABSENCE. I cry for this dead-Time: who died unnoticed in the city of gods...

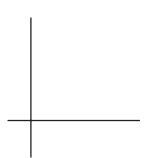
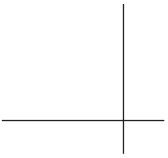
PAUSE. Parallel instincts of heart and so-called mind are jammed in mid- NIGHT-kathmandu's traffic.

And,
In this moment, I wanna turn the pages of my life far beyond. FLASH-back of a journey once-upon-A-time I had started without my contradictory consent. Let me see those appled and mapled roads in my ex-communicated vision.

The afternoon laughter come along with me only to be transformed into the silent tears. In this closed city.

The closed city! Today, at this solitary moment I feel like weeping embracing you in my arms. I want to drench all the tears that dwell inside me. Never weep again. My dear! Perhaps you've become a dead wood of the crematorium, alas! I'm not quite able to fix you in my fragile memories. How feeble am I? I'm not able to forget you. How sweet were in the blooming love of my heart! How beautiful you seemed into the canvas of my eyes!

What an accursed vermillion befell on your parted hair! Our remote life-call tool its wings and departed towards nowhere. Too many erosions of our dreams have occurred without our knowing. Really, in this solitude evening you look like a ruined battle ground after war. Perhaps we are rehearsing for the act where we are to



welcome the forthcoming death. Rehearsal of our own death. Like a wasted corpse who had experienced the raped- Death. Nobody come along to rescue you. The hands that caress your parted hair did not appear for your help.

Together we were walking on our own predestined path. Our palms which are supposed to be carver with wounded fate. The one who raped you cannot utterly claim the joys though, how on earth could a rapist get a confirmed satisfaction on the expense of victim's tears? Then why did he commit this heinous act? For the third degree contentment? I feel as if Hitler is the name of sadist pleasure, or someone bleached in the libido and masochism of colored rhetoric in the name of idealism plus customary rituals, however and wherever then pulls the trigger can not enjoy the myth of happiness.

His hands seared in closing blood and his face washed in shame can never necessarily be gifted with forgiven prayers and blessing. This blood-shed eyes of alcoholic night are equally indifferent with the ugly wound.

But the sadist monster will always be remained somewhere in the ghetto of this forlorn city the lips which spoke accursed rhymes and prose will be easily erased the other day proclaiming the law of natural human errors. The naked unworthy picturesque, which his eyes and heart had witnessed will be covered by holy leaves and blade of grass.

These human masked realities which are yet to be re-christened are all but the gossips and gulf that are spoken out at large in the city's cafe and evening tavern.

But there will be the ample recognition of all human errors and misdemeanors. Unfaithful secrets and illicit reservations which the human monsters carry in their dark chamber of heart will all be dug out only to put them into the mass cremation.

Funeral is ready.

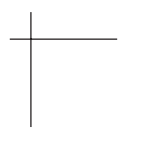
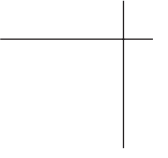
I'm damn ready for the last ritual.

My society along with my well-wishers outnumbered me in such and such a way that they've established a self-created funky ideologies and customary on the background of pseudo-human beings and demi -gods.

Ah!

This city of Dead Gods.

48 *An Outsider in the Court of God*



But there is no limit to my horizon, my sky and my destination. Here, I trespass the border of your cunning witch-crafted gulley and lanes. I'm taking my wasted past years with me towards the dawn of the beautiful fairily land, the land where my future dwells with its mystic rays and lights...

The trail may change its course, the path may snake around like a butterfly-flight, the journey may lose its charm and aesthetic quest. But, still shall I walk following the directions of evening's stars and mooring's rainbow.

My dear!

Your dreams are homeless and your vision orphan. My words are dedicated to those dreams and vision which are made handicapped by the handful merchants of this society. My call is the call for the open sea where those dreams and visions would board a ship and make their voyage with me.

See! Look into my eyes...

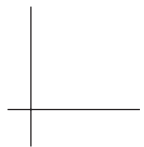
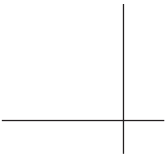
How my feelings have interpreted themselves with tears! Tears! My idle tears, why do you feel like crying? But, without any options left, I've remained with you or without you! The human vulture are pecking their beaks tearing apart your carcass. This vultureous landscape, perhaps is the expression of a wounded heart. Or is it the golden field of wild animals? Humanity composes me because I have no orange robe. White curtains neither does have a flag to save your dignity.

The existence has no limit. How on earth could I accept the unlimited version of existential metaphor for I'm left alone with the nudity of life and death? No foreign-stranger who should walk along with me. No native heart should scale the agony of my temptations plus sentimentalities. No-one.

No-thing

No-THING-ness over-rules our unfrequented thoughts, sometimes.

My mind is evacuated by so-many disguised thoughts. The entire civilizations commit suicide in my mind. Our what (back) ground should I dream of a neo-civilization ? Why should HOPE & DESPAIR play hide & seek in our life? Perhaps, this is the illusion of WAR-fare, for the night which do not believe in the existence of light and for the day which discards the depth of DARK-ness.



That is why the day and night walk parallel but denying others' existence. Denial is human nature. And man's egoist conscience is threaded by this reality. What an ego-centric fellow is this being which they call a human-being! Human-mind is the concentration camp of the NAZI-conscience. Today, I've dedicated my conscience to you. You alone! And I don't bother to care whether you understood me or not! Now, who the hell cares!

And even in this inauspicious moment I am ablaze with your wound indeed! How great you are! You kept on burning in pangs of sorrows within but never showcased your sorrows, sufferings. They pained you. They wronged you. In response you remained silent.

Truly, I've attained the rosy satisfactions being burnt down with you. Together shall we burn and turn into ashes only to reborn again in the name of life! Together shall we meet the beloved forms of clouds in the depth of blue sky?

In the hope of blazing rays I feel like smiling a two-lip (TULIP) smile... This moment-field moment .

Yes. In my solitary journey I had felt life like a beautiful verse. I touched the beauty of life unveiled face which used to be decorated with cool and clam breeze of summer breeze. But I know that was simply a dreamy reality. A sleepy awakening or something like that. An utopian reality of far-sighted horizon where you think the sky and the earth re-unite; where their wedding ceremony takes shape and forms assuming the sky a groom and the earth a bride! Eh! What a sweet disguised reality is this? What a borrowed life we live!

Wearing colorful clothes of memories we walk down the memory-lane our symphonic dreams we walk down the memory-lane. Our symphonic dreams and G-minor notation of musical memories are our hidden treasures. In the mental suffocation of our silent valley, there echoes the urgency of artistic creations, perhaps.

I am walking all alone in the joy of raining tears, which wash away my bleary eyes with the damn gods in my aloof heart and soul. Beyond this line the collage of human words, sketches and musing.

Yes. Like a wounded civilization, my life seems a history of wounded memories and reflections. My uncusomary pains and wounds and injuries are perhaps the blessing of the wounded existence. But, fearing whether my tears roll down from your eyes, I make my way out sans public advertisements and sycophancies with my vision guided in the cloudless sky. Yet, I am not deciphered nor de-coded. I am left clueless. Yes, I am left like an unauthored book in this city of dancing gods.

OR,

The city of Dead-Gods.

Like an uncalculated algebraic expression I am bracketed in this closed-city. What is the meaning of my wandering in this closed-city? Meaning of my life and its odyssey!

No destiny to invade. No horizon to gallop away like BUCEPHALUS, the horse of Alexander (the - great). No border to trespass. This is the closed-city in the cocoon-shell.

In the closed-city your journey starts from no where and ends up in no-WHERE...

You're circumscribed into a vicious circle of the flat-existence. Your every effort to reach some-WHERE ends up in the courtyard of no- where. You're no-Body and I, too am No-body.

Meaningless smile, worthless dreams, vanity-affairs welcome you. Better be said of:

Good night! Have a sound sleep ...

Outside the bracket, everything is open!

But,

Inside the bracket is closed. Your beloved heart, lungs, dreams, sentimentalities, veins, cells, thought, imaginations, psyche, everything closed.

Your hymnal piety and pity, compassion and congratulations, humanity and humor! All, so enclosed.

Time commits suicide here...

...And my journey takes a different route. I am a traveler and wanderer, anyway.

Goodbye!

My beloved city!!...



The Background

Assuming myself a prisoner character within the parameter of song, I was listening to:

So long is the journey

Hence, there might be night lurking somewhere...

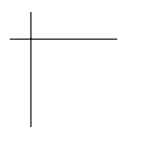
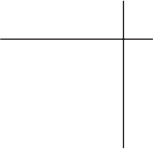
I was suffocated not in the overall theme of the song but in these emotive phrases. And offering you a gift of my far-fetched sentimentalities on her feet I am walking a thoughtful episode of life. Those bygone journeys are all ready to join my footprints once again. Those times which I outlived are too imprisoned inside me. I looked back to that imagery journey but my head reeled and I closed my eyes. The path already walked started to haunt me. They came chasing me as if they were venomous python. And I closed my eyes.


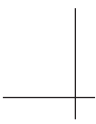
That's why at that moment I tried to run away from you.

And when my eyes were wide opened, I saw a glimpse of your smile everywhere. All the majestic sights and pictures were stroke-brushed by your background as if you were painted slightly in the endless, broad sky: somewhere, like a curtain fell and rose, somewhere clouds playing hide and seek, like music whispered far way in the snow-capped Himalayas, like snow evaporated into smokes. In totality, like some transformed joys and pains transplanted into relative reality, you were ever stroked-brushed as a background featuring on the beautiful canvas of my life.

O my beloved feeler! I want to be read and studied just like by your lovely eyes and cordial heart in text of your own background. And from today placing all the remaining wounds on the surface, I am starting a new journey- the prosaic journey. Just understand me honestly; I am not acting a foxy comic; I am not speaking a deceptive language, cheating my own self. Nay. I cannot do that. Just understand me fair and square.

52 *An Outsider in the Court of God*





Instead, come! Come again! And let's strike our signature of the present age in the collage of these theatrical words. You being the background stand forth like the sky. I will be the earth, walking my journey all the way...!

Sometimes, I think myself a fool, God dammed fool. And I raised the curtain of mind which was hung since ages, and looked back and forth, to and fro only to spot whether I had become a laughing stock. At this moment it is all right even being a laughing fool. Now, who the hell cares! This life would be quite satisfactory and happy only if it gets transcreated into the clairvoyant of another age simply in the name of art.

Though entirely impossible it is to live this life again and again, it could be celebrated in the illusion of imaginative joys. It's okay only this illusion gets shattered not. But conclusion sans skepticism is a sour fruit; victory sans competition is chanced lottery as one can hardly relish the beauty of struggle and agony involved. There ain't a part of object like such in this world whose meaning could be exposed without the presentiment of its background. No meaning without a preface. Meaning differs according to the interpretation of a beholder. May be Shakespeare was right to point out- beauty lies in the eyes of the beholder. What I notice in an object may not appear same to the rest of the world and what I interpret may not necessarily be done in the same way. However, to a certain extent assumption might be generalized.

An object barely exists without an approach and appreciation of subject. Subjectivity of an object can only be justified by the conscience of the beholder, interpreter, observer, experiencer, feeler, watcher...

Meaning and identity of an object depend upon the observer's vision, his/her perspective. And the color changes according to that. In a confused state of this prosaic-journey, how could I explain you the truth? The definition of the truth itself changes as per the background. If it exists somewhere, that absolute truth, it should be eternal cum invisible.

You are my worldly preface, a mortal background, my sky. I cannot persist you that whatever I say unto you should be regarded as truth. No, nay. It would be merely despotism —

The sky keeps on changing.
CHANGE: the law of nature; CHANGE: the constituent of
the universe.

When the sky keeps on changing, the hue of the earth, too,
gets reflected.

My dear unedited soul! My feeler... It's certain. It's sure. My dear
sky! My beloved sky! When you are attired in the garment of
change, I too will change my colorful outfits.

That's why you are free to do whatever your fancy desires
provoke you. You are independent to do whatever you like, but
alas! What about me? I am a mere reflection. I am not free to gear
up my brake.

Anyway, anyhow truths are unDENIABLE and invisible.
Just understood me justly. I wanna be read and studied in
accordance with your majestic background.

You yourself take a look-a-back once. You'll notice deadly suicidal
warfare of time and changing colors. You'll be entrapped in
common musings when you recall the path you once traveled.
You'll try in vain to evacuate the remains of meanings, meaning
of the journey which led you here. Perhaps, somewhere in the
corner of your heart you will feel at ease when you realize how
easily you covered your journey. And on the OTHER-side...
glimpse of startling memories like a flint will be screened in your
mental curtain.

Why on earth should the warfare of simplicity plus
complicity befall on in the heart at the same time? Why on earth
should there be the hurricane of foundation and fluctuation, of
love and hatred in the mind, all at the same time. In this way,
entangled we are in the whirlwind. In this way, we stand confused
on the crossroads, fail to follow the destination. The time we
capture will already be too late for us –

I wonder,
All the waves of music
End up in absurdity
Before reaching the shore...

... And, thinking that as the sublime human achievement in the
name of emotive conscience we keep on walking a fragmented
journey over and over again ...If I am to speak I am grieved at

large by the starvation of Sudan. Perhaps you will be more agonized thinking of yourself as a Sudanese citizen. But again you will express a sigh of relief thinking all at the same time you are not poverty stricken; you are not dead hungry. Hence, who can ignore that in every man, there resides a double psyche--noble man and ugly one. God versus devil. It's quite phenomenon.

But we are neither God nor demon. That's why a man is accursed to worship both Rama and Ravan, keeping aside geographical distances and differences. I think so as a wise man had put: war does not break out between evil and virtue. Instead it crops up between virtues. But it's also true that the color of both virtues can be witnessed deep or dim according to the background. This is the psychology of history: phenomenon of victory and defeat, keep on rotating.

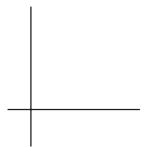
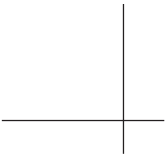
While recalling history I am haunted by the dreadfully devastated incident of Papua New Guinea. The morrow's beautiful dreams of the beautiful land were all shattered once, leaving the land with corpses. A blood field, a massacre. Even in the summit-age of scientific achievement man is accursed to live a fateful life of Sisyphus. Yes with a Vedic wound on the forehead, whole lot of Ashwaththama are still wandering. Perhaps, meaning-hunters, too, are lost in the crowd of meanings.

Yes. It is surprising. Even the man is not searching for the curiosity of fire in the solitude of jungle.

And a man immune to disease has suffered a lot and could not expect a life sans disease. A man in a hope of light who tends to fly high feels quite difficulty in getting low and aloof-stricken this man in this dead moment falling down to its own earthen soil and sweat likes to grow a rose in his fancy.

O' my feeler!
I'm that Man...

Perhaps you have understood my sentiments or what if you have not! Creating mountains after mountains of queries in front of me I am starting my journey from the bottom once again. Right this moment I am not pondering over any background. This may be understood and interpreted any way, any how. The world's door is always open. Let's there be a curtain. But even an unfelt wind can move a curtain away then should I doubt over man's efficacy.



Pyramid of civilization is the evident memorandum of the civilization of human beings. But if the pyramid gets dilapidated or if it gets towered, more than its foundation could resist, it might fall down, embrace the ground with its fractured body. But no wonder, a new pyramid could be constructed in the same place. This does not necessarily mean the new pyramid could be accepted sans the background.

If THINGS are viewed devoid of background then there ain't the beginning and ending of any thing. Then, the background could eventually become bridge between necessity and discovery. My necessity is a true feeler and yours a sincere author if merged together making the mark of the time in this backdrop I will sacrifice all my blood in the name of ink, letting flow like flood. Perhaps, here suits the beauty of life's meaning...

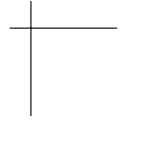
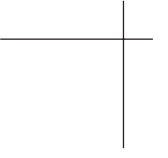
Just like an utter irony of ferociously combating in the dark night carrying a blunt sword, the so-called society come forward to fight against the darkness with a sole purpose of committing crime shamelessly and carrying deceptive weapons in other hand: I believe you hate it vehemently from your heart. Instead, I appreciate far more the prince having a mere sharp thing in his hand and who goes for hunting in the dark jungles. At least being a man one needs to have the weapon of cordial agreement. Isn't it a sober souvenir of the battle of life?

Isn't it natural to lose a cordial defeat?

This truth, I say into you, is but beautiful peach-blossom of today which falls down on the earth everywhere tomorrow. And, what more? This is a sound-NIGHT-sleep after the exhausted labor.

Anyway, repeatedly I wake up from and repeatedly I fall prey to hallucination after NIGHT-mare. ANY-way. These are all mine. My experiences of pleasure of pain, pain of pleasure. Along with these delightful pains and painful delights, which are all mine, I shall go for an eternal slumber, never to be hallucinated, never to be waken up again, AND again... If you can, my love, my feeler, send me a present whose BACKGROUND should be painted with your cordial acceptance.

56 *An Outsider in the Court of God*





Heartfelt Death... Towards a terrorized Road

Perhaps,
Till this date/this day-
Not a single life awaited,
Awaited the Death of the Death. Perhaps, life is the stolen
treasure of the death. So death always haunts life. This moment, I
am fully engrossed in the moving poem entitled 'Embracing the
Death,' penned by Parizat. The poem runs:
In the fragrance eve of toxic-unconsciousness
Death returns home, all alone,
Miserably losing the battle with life.

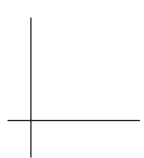
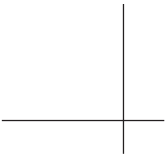
Yes.

Yes.

Yes.

Whenever life transfigures itself into ugliness, my reserved
moments feel like being garbaged themselves in the dust-bin of
paranoid boredom.

It seems: death returns towards some unknown land losing its
battle from its own hand. But a brief eve of this autumn day with
soft breeze slips inside the room and expresses its stolen love
making me compassionately joyous. It seems the night simply
desires to eclipse in a hasty manner and I long to think the death
should simply disappear from the existential system. But the
death, I know, will knock at my door someday with its victorious
glory, not it will come as a loser... The time and the moment of
waiting for the death may differ; the voyage of the death may
also vary; and the trails the death measures may still be different;
but it's sure for certain he would come one morning caressing life
in its solid arm. Alas! The tuning of time is ever fluctuating. When
does it sing a complete symphony in my wholeness? The time


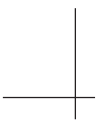


which I await for so patiently ever runs away from my eyes. And the time which I did not wait for at all is always ready to decide me. I am accursed to live that unwanted, undeserved time. Accepting such an absurdity of life I am walking my way, still walking. Perhaps, walking and wondering is the fate of life.

And searching the meaning of this ever walking and wandering I enter into his day carrying a little darkness with me. O! unknowingly my eyes are brimful with tears. It sounds like a serious personality is getting melted like a fragile candle. Perhaps thinking of the last moment of their unity of life he longed to be captured in a photograph together with his red-attired dead soul-mate as the IMAGE of his LAST SOUVENIR! With his all feelings engraved into his heart he planted a gentle kiss on her decayed lips. It seems all his past is echoed on the image which was just photographed.

Such an incident is a customary scene in the premise of a hospital. But I know not why that death pains me to such an extent. I know not why. Perhaps a badly wounded man who was deceived by the atmosphere of warm love, it occurs to me that the never ending crises and scarcity have befallen today in an ideal family and he is undergoing the same trauma. The waves of intimacy kept on swirling on the shore of my heart, sometimes the waves touching the horizon of eyes, crossing the shores of heart. I don't know why! But deep inside me, a sense of strong urge to die a colorful death evaporated. In the long run of this life I was ever be saddened by the pain of others, just at that moment an imagination to die a sadistic death gave me a sudden pleasure. But no one is blessed with luck to celebrate such a festivity of nature's hide & seek with man's villainous act.

He was the one whom I felt time and again beyond horizon of warm sprouting emotions; whom I thought of the imprisoned existence discovered by his own raw ideologies. Suppose, he were robotic human void of feelings and emotions or a juvenile mind celebrating the illusions of joys. Ouch! The thought of such a fanciful imagination is enough to traumatize the present, gripping the upcoming life as well. I long for my lost childhood days where the morrow's sprouting buds would blossom in advance Ah, those

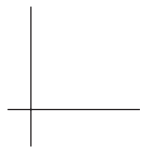
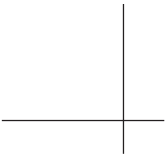


were the days! How joyous were those dancing footsteps which were heading towards future! Ornamented with the wings of butterflies on the body, how merrily I would fancy flying over the clouds! How I would desire to collect the moon and the stars in my bosom and how I would dream distributing those cosmic gifts among my friends!

In this way amidst my friends like a magic flower of the paradise I would strive to create the dreamy ego so as to transform myself into a fairly princess. Those morrow's dreams were beautifully crafted on the illusory canvas of the day's virtual realities. Fantastic were those fanciful moments.

Conversely, the reality of the present runs otherwise. In this moment all the pretty illusions of life has been shattered in the name of conscience. Every morning sketches the bold borderline where the activities of man fall prey to rigid demarcation. But even by climbing the craggy cliffs of conscience the doleful heart takes shelter in the courtyard of feelings and sentiments. This illogical necessity is of life or else the fragrant touch is the mystery of life, perhaps. That's why wearing the mask of conscience man has been rendering a war with his own self since ages, which has no end.

My present reality... He was watching his own lovely face as if the face were a canvas where the light of his past and the darkness of his future are intermixed and tattooed on the bizarre present. He was feeling warmth caressing his cold feet again and again. However, I was feeling that the cabin would be evacuated soon leaving the space empty or so forth for ever in the dim hope of resurfaced vague color, calling for a colorful existence. It seems man lives a wounded life of an unknown conscience every moment. Getting hurt or not is a matter of relativity. Still he was aching in my pensive heart. I did not have even a single word of formality to lessen his pain. It seemed that I was putting some more acid in his unsurpassed wound, adding pain upon pain. Accepting the last farewell of someone my ignorant eyes duly paid respect. Still unknown about my own self, what more could I do than that? But he alone, forgetting the eternal loss was meditating upon the grief of emergent loss.



Standing by the foot lane beside the familiar courtyard of the Vir Hospital, watching the busy streets tuned in to their own metro-musical rhythm, I was trying to lose myself amidst the cozy crowd. But I was unable to detach myself from the deserved tune of the destined melancholy. Along with an ambulance I saw yet another disturbed van. I was watching a couple of pigeons, paying homage to the idol god attached on the nose of the vehicles, took their flights towards the open blue sky and both the vans geared towards their journey. With the spinning wheels, once again I was bewildered in the solid illusion of life sans shore and banks. My sentiments ceased after reaching the crematorium of Aaryaghaat I kept on trying in vain to accept the bitter reality of life...

Gosh! You must have been bored by my monotonous time. It's like a monologue test. Somewhat like a soliloquy! It's only me who is speaking, murmuring and talking, keeping you aside! But what only of me! Everyone is burdened with loads of heavy suffering. And he is ever trying to escape the burden at any cost. I am fortunate enough to have discovered you, a true feeler, a true listener. You alone are the man of true essence, the man who resides inside me with whom I wanted to speak my heart yet without success. What if I never succeed to express my inner call! May be you'll take this as a sycophancy of a mad man. But, every word of mine is the expression of my heart and they are all real, for sure. But if you deny the fact, that denial itself is a part of reality.

Yes, sinking, slowly the day was sinking with dim light in the bosom of the far off horizon. Juvenile carefree faces of the country kids were merrymaking. All those faces seemed painless in the temple's courtyard. Some middle-aged-guys were absorbed in gambling; some other cosmetic people were busy on the stone staircase of the temple, searching for some hidden antique mystery. Nearby, in a small formal garden was laying a corpse preserved.

At the very moment a man appeared out of nowhere. He was carrying an earthen water vessel on his shoulder. Disturbing the deathly silence he was talking into himself:

No one is afraid of your absence. What happens if you participate not? Nobody keeps a corpse in their house. Because dead body stinks. They'll throw the corpse anyway, ... anyhow...

Ouch! How bitter is the reality of life? And of death? If a man lives, he lives in the illusions of dreams. When the illusions get shattered then there remains a piece of darkness, yes, of darkness: DEATH.

Bidding adieu to the dusky world, the night was falling. The darkness was getting darker and dense. The blue sky was observed by the southern black clouds. A shadow eventually came forward from the northern galley, carrying three pieces of beautiful rose in his hand. In that LAST MOMENT, perhaps he didn't have any choice left except the roses to express his innermost feelings. Perhaps he thought, those silent flowers were the only expression of his love and pains. I questioned myself what's the measurement of one's feeling? Nothing is constant. One can simply assume. I was revisiting myself in assumptions, onto where I have unnecessarily reached. However, feelings are interlocked inside the heart of every man.

O! Yes! When, for the last attempt, he was about to share his comfort and pain with his frozen co-walker all of sudden the doleful atmosphere was disturbed by the storm along with the foliage and the droplets of rain. Frightened faces where the upcoming pain of the death would cast its curse looked for the shelter in the ruined fort. But at the same moment, holding in his hand the three most beautiful roses of his entire life he was standing there all alone to express the entire intimacy of his life to her or to unveil himself unto the flowers, recreating the glory of thirst, love and pain: his first necessity. And he was far from the captivity of nature's ugliness because he had already imprisoned his self into the cosmic prison.

Intoxicated much by his sentimental howl at the pious moment of unseasonable nature I w a l k e d a w a y in search of a heartfelt death... towards a...!



Beyond Existence

Someone left a deep trace of beautiful life on the top staircase of the twenty-first century. I was still far below on the first step, treading the shadow of my own life. Perhaps, this is the illusion of time. One cannot be indifference to the human truth. I cannot let my mind think suitable logic which should detach the human realities from my entire existence.

Yet, every human affair might not undergo the similar bent. In the womb of time and space, they can literally be understood otherwise.

Now, my words are speaking neither the color of west nor east. And context of both are single. According to one Czech writer, east does not locate in west and vice-versa. But in the context of time, we tilt towards one. We destroy the separation of space and come together in the platform of life because we believe in humanity. That's the half truth of my words.

These days, my time is undergoing a dark age. Awakening is locked inside the gallery of sleepy conscience. The echoes of neo-conscience are far from echoing; tunes are not heard; mountains and hills are not heightened; snow is not melted; woods are silent and unrhymed; paddy fields are asleep; rhododendrons are far from blooming. But standing beneath those innocent hills I grow to be more wholesome, musical and sentimental in my own language as well as the charms of my age.

And I desire to be blessed with all possible beauties of my language! Let me be indoctrinated, at least once, in the totality of my language. I want to feel the entire charm of my language. Thirst of this conscience had oozed inside me once I dipped down into the prose-world of Laxmi Prasad Devkoa, Shankar Lammichhane,

Blue Mimisa and pine trees of Parijat, poetic discipline of Leknath and Madhav Ghimire; and of course, the world of Third Dimension and its depth of Indra Bahadur Rai, Bairagi Kainla and Ishwar Ballabh.

This pre- conscience of my mind frequently asks me:

- Isn't the Vedantic sound of my language rhythmic?
- Isn't there an aroma of flower in my language?
- Can't there be revolt in my language?
- Can't you feel the pain and sorrow of Humla, Jumla, Rolpa-Dolpa in my language?
- Can't you feel the joys and happiness in my language?
- Can't a beautiful poem be created out of my language?

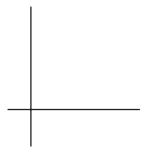
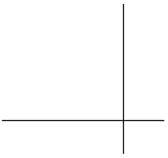
I know pretty well! Even if I knew the entire language of the globe I would dream in my own native language.

In reality, the plain river flowing in alien land does not fascinate me. Instead, the river which makes its own butterfly-path throughout my own native land – hills, mountain, terai – always mesmerizes me. Their musical flow, their rhythmic movement always summon me and I whisper my love-call from their sandy banks and wet shore. The tune which I never learnt bespoke my sadness. But they lured me because I had imagined that foreign tune in my own country-land.

The dark, watery mystery of the Seti river echoes out from beneath the earth rendering the mystic song of its myth. I dive deep into the blue-bed of the Koshi, the Kali. Turning into the no-man's-land, it is sweet of you to listen to the footsteps that crack far away. Turning into the emperor of own self, it is sweet of me to edit the entire human errors and mistakes. In this way, all the truth of country hypnotize me - they are so cute and loving ñ because they are envisioned by the wet eyes which obey the constitution of the nature and the God.

I want those eyes swept away by tears, to be the heroes of my country. I chant my prayers in the name of my holy, earth.

Whenever I step into the courtyard of temple for god's pious blessings I often forget my begging. Hands gestured in Namasker,



eyes closed in Omkar, standing silent amidst the devotees and worshippers, I always forget what for and why are my lips are chanting those mantras? Then, dreamily I assume, what boon shall I beg to the almighty? I am a boon to myself. I am a boon ñ boon to my own life! Because, with an aura and aroma around my body I find myself, I discover my own-being in the courtyard of the God's temple.

Eh, morning-walkers!
Which temple should you go?
Which church should you attend?
Which mosque should you venture?
To beg for the holy blessings?
Stop. Watch & meditate
Your mind is a temple
Your heart is a church
Your entire existence is a mosque

The holy-place is no where except the spot where one is standing, where one could find oneself, feel oneself, also feel the conscience of life because the land is not only the mass of water it is thirst too and vice-versa. Everyone belong to the earth. In this renaissance-moment, I would like to invite all the tropical hues cries of the global-SEASONS in this holy-field.

Time and again I search the meaning of my anguish within myself and cannot look for the meaning of joys outside the bracket of my life. There seems to be no power beyond the horizon of living existence which recall my conscience in order to bewitch the being with comic condolence. A liberty call. A free soul evacuated from the dungeon of morality. The force of creation is outlined.

When I am lured to the salvation from the pond of pain of life, right that moment, the shadow of my sin begins stretching its arm. There are certain bondages to which a man is lingered around with chains. The hunger and the thirst of liberty always encircle over our head. Conscience! Where art thee! Liberty! Monopoly exerts out from the lucrative sense. From the monopoly of thought and feelings germinate the one sided sorrows. At last, all remain is the board empire of the shadowy sin. In this way humanity is

encroached. A dangerous animality resides inside every human which is far eviler than the vilest. Animosity of wild animals is quite acceptable because it is a natural ritual. This is a natural religion.

A man has the art and beauty to fight against the wild phenomenon and establish a beautiful kingdom of civilization and culture. But the vulture-side of human always dominates this cultural animal. The man has been defeated by the wild, evil-being which resides him and he has turned out to be a merciless robot.

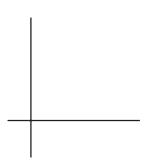
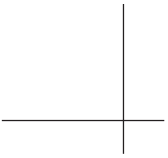
A fall. Fall from the human dignity. That's his personality plus identity. A man falls into his own trap. This is the prescheduled program he had designated for himself. The god does not fall into this bottomless pit. But I often crave for the godliness version of human folks. Given that all the remaining godliness awoke in human, even the god would have been jealous for the man. In this way wild animals have their own natural and instinctual theory plus principle, god has own holistic identity. But sadly man alone has lost its humanity. His cruel face is ever daubed by the disguised form of humanity.

Human being is accursed with uncountable illusions, undoubted egoism and evergreen grieves. He seeks the meaning of uncertain humanity in the garbage of such grievances. That's why, a man detached from his own self and the society is such a conscience, disillusioned by the sense of egoistic 'I'; making the journey towards the totality and wholesomeness, leaving behind him the traces of SELF-expressions and impressions, creating his own utopian world and kingdom and valleys, rendering the lost songs and phrases of lost civilization (but always he be spotted on a certain subject-affairs).

But,
SUB-texts or subject-AFFAIRS?

Perhaps,
I'm a damn sub-text written by the time and tide.

Trying hard to be subject oriented, I am still wandering in search of subject. In the roving, I've become a blue sky carrying the birds away with me; I've also become the Himalayas and passes and



gorges eating snow- flakes; I've become a river too which runs through the winding valleys; I've become the lovers' impossible love stories plus tragedies plus dreams; I've become the household chores of spouses fighting and laughing and brain-washing; I've become the divorced relationship of the earth and the sky who are afraid to exchange the lost plus the lust glances; I've become the bridge, river banks and boats.

Sometimes, I become an unpublished poem and at other time the over-publicized printed poem...

Sometimes, I'm in my crazy-death and at other time in fancy life who is waiting eagerly for that Vedantic-persona to be loved, caressed and kissed. I want to be with him in his own abstract, canvas. With him in his own yellow field of soybean horizon: in the pious land of his songs and symphonies...

Now lets go subject-wise...

I call them existential-AFFAIR

I'm charmed with the repeated history of agony and love. Sometimes, I exist in Sartrean being and sometimes in Jeans Paul's NOTHINGLESS. There's a queer struggle inside me. Sometimes, I am re-discovered into the unwritten verse and sometimes in the archaeological-TRAGIDES of the same. When I am described by the sightless vision of the blue space, I find myself trespassing the No-man's-land of green insight.

SOME-times,

In the flavor of barren earth

Some- TIMES

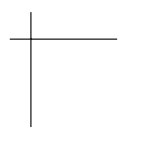
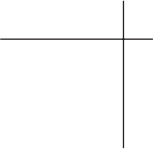
In the floral tide of one's birth

My quests are often quenched and questioned. I encage myself in the refugee camp of my own dilapidated sufferings. Happy new-year-GIFTS of marvelous TRAGEDIES and pains! My beloved Dis-grace and door- to- window- DEATH...

Sometimes, I'm found in the evacuated ruins of my Miss-takes and errors. I often transcreate into the meta-imagination of my para-PRESENT of the soliloquy present.

Like a convicted victim I stand on the courtyard of your court, simply to analyze my possible crimes.

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But,
I know my limit. I'm a lunatic-sky that is habituated with the oceanic-depth of the brown earth. I know well, I've been and will will will be the exception to some customary eyes whose visions are ransomed...

I am an exceptional vision
But I know my limit I am a lunatic-sky which
IS FLYING OVER YOUR HEAD...

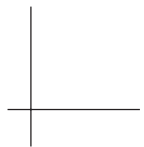
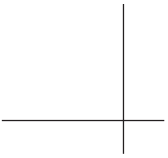
But No gossip please!
I have no complaint against anyone. I am thinking about Dhane – the miserable being. A wretched folk whose daughter has just made for the school corridor, and this makes the landlord furious. When the wife of Dhane buys a loin-cloth, the landlord starts making a hue and cry. When Dhane's sister gets an office job, the landlord takes a long breath. When Dhane refuses to plough the field, the landlord's temperature crosses the limit. This silent mutiny of Dhane reflects the symbol of a fading dark night and a hope for tomorrow's bright ray of light.

Yes, the light, burning bright... The light where one would not mistake a rope for the snake; the light where zamindar, the landlord would see his time-off in the wall clock; the light which would chase away all the black shadows. Warriors and soldiers would return their beloved home in the broad light. Poets heart basked and thousands of poems would be written in that light. I would read and recite those poems. I would see the flower blooming and the blade of grass germinating from the frosty field. I would observe the yellow leaves dancing with the wavy wind. I would tune with the beautiful existence. That would be the FASCINATING START, a marvelous one. A melodious self-publication of hope, love, dream and inspiration.

A superb ending of a chorus- song, the last rhythm and tempo of the post-end.

And my prose begins its voyage from this very point of end...

The present time would be echoed with flashback memories of the time yet- not-discovered, into the prose. Yes, into the sea of



my prose shall my ship of vision make an autobiographical voyage when a book once read long ago steals your nostalgic past and an old pen and the unfrequented diary capture your vivid imagination?

I would be mesmerized by the old handwritten letters, greeting-cards plus those antique gifts which were presented to me by my admirers, well-wishers in the olden days. I'd recall my black & white days in the old albums. With a sickening heart and painful mind shall I appreciate those photographs and pictures? They would become more beautiful, gentle and attractive. All the past affairs and entire nostalgic pains and sorrows would be my treasured-gifts. I would never feel isolated and loneliness in their fragile but honest company.

Sometimes, I feel I am the artist of my own life. But I have seen my failure too many times in this art craft. I failed. I fell. But, accordingly I rose up with the brush in my hand to portray a colorful life in the canvas.

Color. Canvas. Landscapes-
Paintings: real and surreal
Expressionism. Impressionism
I play with color and canvas.
But,
I never knew how and when
Did this hide & seek with paintings
Change my life
Into an abstract canvas.

My life has turned out to be an abstract painting, painted by the artists which they call my 'forte and fate'

Now,
Forget forte plus fate!

Today I am haunted by the whole lonesomeness. A loneliness re-discovered! My isolation re-visited! Virtual memories surround me.

Memories dwell in no-man's-land. So are my outlets to my missing remembrances. There lies a huge difference between the reading of measuring the possibility of writer and the reading without measuring the possibility.

The deadly-DEATH invades mind...

My beloved writers Nirmal Verma plus Amrita Pritam made their way to heaven this month. They passed away like a passing train, leaving me all alone in the platform of CONDOLENCE and BITUARY. Alas! My heart has become their grave-yard. They are sleeping silent in the morgue-ROOM of my mind, their eternal-SLEEP, I'm afraid, they may make me SLEEP-walker...

Should I become a somnambulist?

No. Please , yes ?

Life comes and go. Death comes and go. But the existence creates us...

Nirmal Verma and Amrita Pritam died this month.

I've wept at large in their books. My silent cries are now engraved in their books in my book-SHELVES. The final good-bye-words, practically plus officially I don't have. Sadly, I don't appreciate formalities.

Wordless. Speechless as I'm: now,

My pencil does not bear such an aromatic courage to write few words on their DEATH charge-sheet.

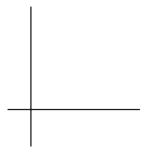
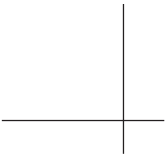
I am in search of mourning-WORDS.

Give me the courage!

Farewell to my beloved writers Nirmal Verma and Amrita Pritam ! their death has created a grave vacuum in my heart. My pen doesn't have any mourning words to express my condolence to Gagaj Gill and Imroz. In this moment the helplessness of my pen and paper seem to be an empty forehead of my country but time and again I would meet those writers in the dreamy world of Manoj Babu Mishra and listen to their voice, like a flower, petal which change along with the seasons, I would admire to listen to their flux of thoughts and greet:

May the Dreams assembly of Manoj be continued in the hemisphere of various arts and crafts! May the artistic expression of Arniko steal the heart of many in his heritage!

In his beautiful prose and writings I am hearing the whispering call of Nirmal Verma who had dedicated his entire sufferings, pains, love, sentiments to his pen, who loved to flow like a stream. In this room of mine I can listen to the soft footprints



of Amrita Pritam who is approaching towards me climbing the staircases of poetry. Their books which were once read have now become my pillow. All the scattered words and letters are soaked with gentle tears. They touched me and flow away inventing me in their sleepy vision. I get nerves panic.

Three days before his death my father was uttering undeciphered words unconscious from the death-bed:

'Chhori! bring the sitar. I will teach you, bring the sitar...'

How painful memories are engraved in this fragile heart! My solitude weeps in such nostalgia. *Baba* often used to say:

'Sometimes, I wonder about you. I wonder that you're clad in white Sari with your black wavy hair snake down through your shoulder, playing a tube in sitar sitting on the alter, and I listen to your rhythmic sitar tune for hours long... As a listener, as a hypnotized audience. How beautiful is this imagination isn't it my dear!'

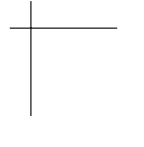
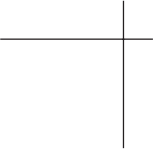
Can any man love his over in such an emotional way? If yes, I consider myself a lucky daughter. My father was my ... lover who gifted me with the sense of love and affection and respect.


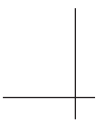
But I wandered around in search of alchemic love in the world only to realize that the so-called world is over-ruled by lust and carnal desire. Losing all the reference and prefaces of the social norms now I once again have come to my own home to listen to the heart-call, the lost tune which sometimes evokes out from the very stranger next-door in the mid-night of life...

I know nobody can detach me from this memory of timely sorrows the way nobody can detach an author from the depth of his loneliness.

When I make a mental trip towards any silent past I weep for myself. How did I spend those days of expressionless. Sorrow? It amazes me. I was led by a blind faith. What a superstition! Why did I spread those gruesome days and noon of my life only to break the illusion! How weak had been my conscience! If I were awakened, perhaps the illusion would have been broken earlier. May be I did not like to break.

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Even knowing I chose the otherwise and prolonged those days in the name of love alone. That was my weakness for sure, where my thoughts surrendered in front of sentimentalities. That was my idiosyncrasy. I come to understand now. My past would request me not to repeat such stupidity in the days to come. In that time my thoughts plus logic which are in the warfare with my existence and love will make a ceasefire and change craftship of the war itself.

Regarding existence and love, I often question myself: is it existential demystification or divine love to complete an unfinished story of someone else or to start a beautiful book from the middle which was started by someone else? Remaining all alone in the dark room I am thinking about my lonesome existence and my soul-mate which they call love.

In reality I cannot stay without reading beautiful books. They are not mine. I do not author them. Even my poems are not mine alone. I don't have any authority over them. My thirsts are unquenched until those poems are recited to the feelers and listeners. I become incomplete. I cannot head towards totality because I cannot imagine today in absence of yesterday nor can I imagine tomorrow in absence of today. Why am I not totality in terms of love and creations? Who will be benefited if my love and creations die along with me? Will I be benefited or my beloved ones?

Life is a compile of momentary feelings and experience. From the light of life I see down to the valleys and passes where river is smoked into the dense fog which has itself covered the river. In this way I am often covered in my unoozed feelings far away beyond existence. Do I exist this moment? The question goes to my beloved feelers! ...!!



Swargadwari: Passway to Heaven

– *Knock. Knock. Knock...*
Knocking on heaven's door
– Guns & Roses.

* * *

Carefully crafted by the Lord ages ago, Swargadwari at this time dreamt upon my eyes calling of April oasis of the last summer. The memories, remembrances beckon. My dreamy visit recently marks a point. An equanimity journey of bonhomic. Swargadwari, yes. Gateway to paradise. A Pilgrim Progress!

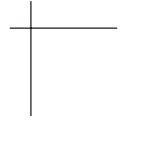
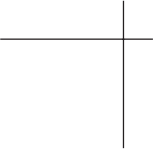
A feeling of serene comfy with complimentary images is sketched into these Venus eyes of mine. I feel these feelings of mine were already portrayed by Van Gogh years ago, but in the black-out night. Perhaps my entire spiritual hymns were already symphonized by Beethoven yet I left aside in the abode of anonymity. How the sun could be eclipsed out by the thick curtain of cloud!


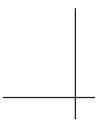
Lo! The curtain has fallen off from
The sky into my Venus eyes...

Into the misty curtain, inside me crisscrossed the blue darkness, yellow pain, green desires, pink longings, seasonable torrents and rains and drizzle, wind, storm and an intolerable distance. Yes, crisscrossed me until the recent Baishakha, the April night...

That evening, we kept on stepping upwards a hillock with a remote paradisaical alertness in our soul. Our solo journey made to stop at the courtyard – the courtyard of the Heaven's door – by the page-boys who were standing on the gate, yes, by the door-keepers. Yes watchmen and their filthy violent welcoming chanting and our waiting-since-ages-moments plus amiable voices

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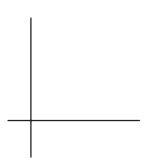
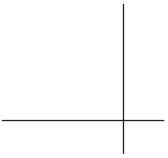
and our standing there in front of the Heaven's Gate impatiently like an age-long statue like stone like mountain and our joyous yes multiple joyous comfort and inside inside inside deep inside were we transported like a cargo-shop like a boat like a stranger inside inside inside were the formless, abstract lostless shadow-like countenance of one's kith and keen resembling the autumnal season damn leafless yellowish, jaundiced loneliness sleeping sleeping since ages yes deep inside lied our experiences of struggling life struggling a pathetic living with God without God without time without space yes enveloped were we in a pack of journeyers, voyagers, travellers, pilgrims, trespassers all in a pack of cards seemed so close so intimate so adoring so loving yes too many damn bloody tales, folk tales, stories, fictions of ours had been galloped away like brown potentated horse towards horizon marginalized by our sense and sensibility yes the stones carved with prayers looked alike poetry and the fallen, grounded foliages hovered around here and there charmed you and yes your silver rain-drops might've soaked the statues inside... inside... inside.

The evening died a natural death, disappearing into the embrace of night. After untarnished dusk, the night deepened into the valley of my soul, spirit, ghost. The last terrible night slept in the grave-field of my heart.

(Good) Morning smiled at you. Toothless morning. Toothless/Tongueless? Lipless/soundless greeting. Good morning, welcome to Swargadwari: Passway to Heaven.

Whispering of boughs, trees, ferns and melody of jungle-call touched my soul, put smile in my face. I echoed out in the moist space like a piece of JHANKAR evaporated from the Sitar, the guitar. I was simply touched, moved and melted.

But in that incarnation echoed, sadly to say, the massacred battlefield of the Kali's HOLERI!, a kind of Holy Kurukshetra, combat zone: morning musical intonation embedded with the bullet-fire, guns, arms so on- and painful music echoed in my heart.



The morning smile was characterized by the pains and sorrows of the hill, alien to its own soil, like outcaste and exile. The wind of chariot, bleaching, crushing the chest of soil came howling, went howling, leaving behind the incensed symphony of soil. Yet, a poem-like-morning of the April-ghost, the first rays of the groom-sun was deciphered to me as an innocent face of the daughter-earth...

When it comes to realize, one realizes to the point that a void of distance is the source of TRUTH; we, so-called human, homo-sapiens are the constructural-void, emptiness and a blueprint existence, who echo-cheer in the 'bang bang bang' (big bang!); but whence, hitherto, vanish those bang's of cheers when you simply awake from your sleep!!!

ELSE –

Even sans pronouncing the first letter 'P,' the present flies away from us hence we entrap the present in our conscience with the fusional contract of yester plus morrows and being imprisoned into the identity of human we just intermixed into liquid colors intoned into the forgotten tempo and rhythm and mystically addressed into the conjuror's trick with pride and whence we are exited from the life's cosmetic gossips plus rumors into the frame of the art then deliberately shall we call upon the sound of silence without us.

You stumble upon the stone. You stumble upon the God-graven stone. You sow your faith in the stone. You stumble upon your faith. You stumble upon your heart. This stumbling nature you invent is the stumble-post of your assumption, ideology.

(This,
Debonair piece of this music
of human conscience. The spirit
awakens here
This
Sentimentality
This
Sensational-call of the heart.
Achievement
of
This L I F E...)

Because, rendered we are in our instant sentiments and shall we keep on rendering.

In the sudden sentimentalities of that musical environment, that morning, beneath the hill of questions, festivity of poem lyrically danced with the holy prayers of priests along with different voices of POETS from different parts of the country; under the same Baanj-tree we were reminded oftentimes of LEKHNATH's Tarun Tapasi which revived the classical literature, poetry and where the dignity of earth was searched rather than the throne of rules and power; where the meaning of life was sought after in the struggle and industry; where the sense of being was looked for in the LIVING.

In the same conscience of being-ness, the next morning 'Albert Einstein and Buddha' (An anthology of poems by Krishna Raj D.C.) was launched. That was our offering to Swargadwari. Naresh Jung Rana's 'Suffocated Nights' got its enlightenment in the Heaven's door along with the other Ganesh Shaha's 'Chillee.'

'The Last Page of My Poem' (anthology of poems by Rajeshwar Karki) too, received its nirvana in the door of paradise.

- *Knock. Knock. Knock.*
Knocking on Heaven's Door...

Rabindranath. As he often quites: Dust and soil even tolerating insult presents you with flower in return.

That was it...

Swargadwari. *Govinda, Amar* and OTHERs etc...

Adoring flashback of Swargadwari, in this cosmic way, highjacked my watery spirit.

Fountain of mountain alas may not swirl down keeping its conscience at stake, where: mistake apart, observant beauty and living the beauty, both accordingly paved its way and kept flowing a tantrik-path, yet the beauty is aesthetically seen, the music heard even if the beholder is deaf and blind.



However ugly is the face, a man cannot prevent himself from watching it in the mirror.

Watching snow-capped Himalaya smile, hilly rhododendron blossom, the remote horizon impregnated with bushy operas, a man cannot turn a blind eye to all this nature's blessings.

Whenever: my athlete feeling make their departure towards the horizon and beyond, when the flight is scheduled before hand my words, I pay my apologize to the words and make my pen sleep.

I promise
To live in different editions of life
Taking refuge to the ïlî
Which is inside the bracket-boundary of (DEATH).

My Venus eyes. My Tantrik heart. And the destiny...

The Divided Boundary

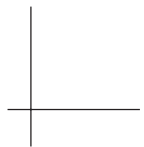
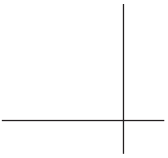
And,
I wept a summer solace...

It's a tale one of my Vaishakha-mornings, once upon a time in the brink of my fragile childhood, when my playmate Sharad's father scissored away the tree of blue mimosa whose skeletal boughs were scattered and some hung partially upon our grassy garden, and I wept a summer solace watching over the dead bunches of ex-communicated flower.

My father was trying hard to keep me cool and calm, putting the consoling arms upon my shoulders, and comforting, '...Nanu, my dear! They did so because the boughs of our side were carelessly hanging upon theirs...' But, as always I was reluctant to accept such an idiot reasoning. How could I understand the despotic language of the worldly law at the time when I was in the brink of my fragile childhood. Sharad's father was a custom officer. It was his customary delight to present in our anticipated hands with sweets when he returned from his office in the eve of our yesteryears. He used to be my good uncle of neighborhood. But, ever since he scissored away my blue mimosa so badly he lost my reverence, my respect, and appeared as a bad uncle in my vision - my sad cum bad uncle!

Only because he had badly wounded the tender heart of my little mimosa, I hated those evening sweets he would bring after returning from his office. Sad enough. Because of his father's heartless deeds slowly and unknowingly I was keeping a distance from Sharad, too. Sometimes, when his mother called me I simply smiled away. Somehow I was getting pale and yellowish; Sharad, too, was ran in parallel, bearing the same fate.

The sober season - summer - was approaching our garden next Vaishakha; blue mimosa was almost blooming. The same



year before the blue mimosa blossomed their perfect youths, Sharad's family went to capital city, Kathmandu, where they had built their new home.

I was little sad at the time when they left. But, a sense of happiness soon rushed somewhere inside my heart. I thought: now the man of that house would never cut down the boughs of our beloved mimosa.

However, I would have scary sleep every night and my eyes would ever in haste to see the mimosa tree every morning, only to see that my beloved tree was not disfigured.

Perhaps, my parents might have considered the wound of that little girl of five years very common, or realized barely but that very emotional wound made its room deep down inside my heart, and today I am standing like that ill-fated mimosa on the divided boundary.

Even though it barely sparks delight, in my father's request, I've erected a boundary around the area of my small beautiful home. I feel heartfelt ache when I think: I, too, became the one who divides the earth into different bits and pieces. Different boundaries! Now, in front of my home, on both sides of the courtyard a couple of blue mimosa are blooming in their prime in such away that they are teasing the manmade boundary. It feels like under the broad clear blue sky the blue mimosa is dancing in the soothing tune of summer music. It's quite captivating, quite enchanting. I know not why? But, somehow I envy the full-blossomed mimosa. Perhaps, this is a daring challenge to my deformity. Beauty of this mimosa is my witness and I claim the 'Truth' of my awakening emotions with you alone. In the sense that whenever blue mimosa bloom painfully sweet inside me I, in the reverend name of the 'Truth' in the frame of the same feelings, desire to walk a repeated life on the trails of words...

Where? Where's the Truth? It seems it's not a thing, nor an object which could be found everywhere, could be purchased and confined to personal-rights.

Perhaps, beauty is the 'Truth' of creations, to which creation itself is attracted and gets intoxicated in joy. That's why, they say that all the beauties of the world belong to all, but not a single soul has the rights over it.

Right this moment, yea, I'm thickly blooming like mimosa, but in intense pain. Being ached is not my rights nor is it my duty. Still,

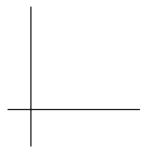
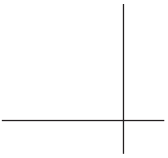
I am blooming in pain. Someone might see: I'm aching but hardly can desire to feel my pain. Driving away the pain of others and thereby easing them man does not want to be imposed with sorrows nor can he be overjoyed in the intoxication of pain. Does this mean isn't pain truth? It's known fact that a man always wants to hide the bitter truth with the mask of sweet one. However, man can not be exterminated from the gravity of pain. Two opposite colors of truth are strangely refracted in life, often in the form of light and darkness; yes, how hope and despair parade up and down in our life borrowing the excitement of divine Nature...

A pleasantly painful moment of nature when motherhood gets badly hurt, a mother could not hold her baby in her warm embrace. What is the use of this wakeful compassion of the mother when she is deprived of her own motherhood in the name of impotent sacrifice? Does this simply mean that she is not the mother? Is it her sin to think of her descendant's future from the distance? Here, in this quasi-society there are lots of pseudo-literatures who steal others creations and publish in their own name.

In this pompous world, those who decorate their living rooms (Thanks god! Not garden) with the flower-vases purchased from the departmental store assume themselves as the skillful gardeners. Hanging the king-sized frame of photographs on the walls of their rooms they pretend to be the great admirer of painting; they search for the identity of intellectuality in the silent books all packed in a bookshelf. Instruments carelessly hanging on the wall they call themselves true music-devotee.

In fact these pseudo people are notorious admirer of literature, cosmetic hobby-breeder of flower, hypocrites in the name of arts who have created a boundary between literature and litterateurs; who have reduced the depth of compassion between flower and gardener; who have widened gap between creator and feeler. Hence, Is it sin to claim the honest creator from the distance? Is it sin motherhood being hurt? Is it sin fatherly-love being ached? Here, distance is simply a choice of one's alternative compulsion. Though it hurts to think of this pain it is the truth.

When a child of an Indian father loses love of a Nepali mother, the child is bereaved in the same way as the child of a Nepali father loses love of an Indian mother. Then why the hell is this



border? Why is this division of heart? This is not the law of nature when a father restricts his child who longs to meet his/her mother and mother curbs when he/she longs to look for his/her father.

Yes, solidly a single concept is not a compromise nor is it the distance of concept, yet creation itself is a known or unknown compromise. Let creation be not hurt, paralyzed and deformed in pulling and snatching in the name of claim and right; and let's hope there may not be any birth of another deformity.

I don't want to lose Moslem mother for the sake of Hindu father nor do I desire to lose Hindu mother for the sake of Moslem father. I don't want to be the victim of no-man's-land. Night witnesses the journey of day and day the nocturnal journey of night. But, they can never go together. Yet, they are walking since ages in a parallel trail. In between lies the natural void which could be understood either way. Or, a natural border-line.

Perhaps, in this way, in the never-ending flow of Time the rituals of binary opposite – joys & misery, vice and virtue, life & death – keep on moving, and moving. In this way, in the name of divided-border-line, in the sky of my conscience, artificial division-line could be created between imagination and reality by a person, by a society, by an ideology and thus I would simply become a deformed mimosa inside the bracket of this time.

And sometimes my rebellious conscience feels like revolting by tearing apart the thick curtain of tradition and modernity; sometimes I desire to daub this time, which lies between the past and the future, with favorite color; sometimes, I feel mad like imprisoning the conscience, the sublimation of body and the soul, only in the name of divided-border-line of love and duty as well as duty and rights. And quietly, in my solitary space I let myself to be swept away by the torrents of tears.

But, in this moment no one can draw a cosmetic border-line on the slate of my warm emotional world...

I am blooming a Vaishakha mimosa.

If blooming is an illusion THEN let it be so. I can't think else than this satisfaction of PRIMAL JOY. Indeed I don't want to think else. Why should I? Can anyone create a cosmetic borderline there too, in the world my ancient joys and happiness?

Sorry Sharad:

I am blooming a Vaishakha mimosa, a full-blossomed exotic blue mimosa.



Bandipur: An Autumnal Collage!

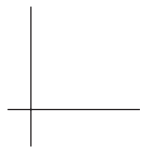
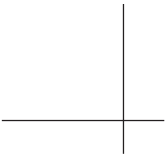
A man can be destroyed, but can never be defeated.

- Hemingway

Whenever I awake from my sweet dreams I wonder why dreams have such a short life. Several thousand glints of striking questions erupt in the gloomy firmament of my mind like a life fallen scattered after the wounded struggle with the death-like vignettes of crumbled mirror which is transformed into the pieces from the sudden attack of beholder. No matter how ugly would be the mirror, even willingly, I could not stop myself from watching it. And, every often forgetting myself I live a disillusioned life of an unbroken mirror - an excellent pretence! It is a pretty thing to knit an ugly life into the woolen sweater of the beautiful dreams. But how far does the border of such a cheerful longing stretch? It is too short-lived. Again the same truth repeats: everything ends with its beginning. Once more I get startled...

But at this gracious moment I am not describing any forth coming dreams, instead I am fully encompassed with the wavelength of my own flashback-dreams. A wintry morning of December, Kathmandu wrapped up in hazy fog. Like an enthralling beauty behind the curtain I was more deeply touched and beloved by my own farfetched dreams than usual. I kept on being touched. Hot coffee-like poem of beloved poet Dwarika Dai at Durbarmarg made my heart more cheerful and I felt like humming beautiful verse, authored by the soul. I had been searching the ultimate source of joy in the melody of time. And there takes birth of a hidden curiosity and the beginning of a joyous dream: the literary journey to Bandipur!...!!

Everything changes except the rules of the change. But I feel- art is the supreme victory of man over nature. Art and literature are



the voice of the untamed wild heart of an artist. May it be called a joy of illusion! now, who the hell cares ! Man keeps on living even if he knows living itself is a terrible illusion. Man loves to see his refracted face reframed in the divine canvas of art. Perhaps, in the creation of man, the divine Creator Himself should have gone astray, should have felt supreme satisfaction and jealousy together. Just like the achievement without labor remains cheap one cannot, perhaps, celebrate a festivity of victory unless there is the presence of a damn rival.

I feel it is true that a man who has experienced the agony of the inferno can better feel the joys of Heaven than that of a paradise-dweller. I, therefore, took a divorce from the jaundiced-ridden Kathmandu and its well-acquainted ugliness of madding crowd. I was revisited by a sweat and simple, yet superb, art of nature and also by the dreamy sentiments of my own para-existential-metaphor. My heart danced like a butterfly and started to hover around the beautiful paintings of wild but mild jungle ... my dancing heart just like a strawberry-poem of Sarveshwar Dayal Saxena ... my dancing soul just like a vanilla-poem of P.B. Shelly...

In this pretty way, Kathmandu runs miles away from me creating some distance; Bandipur, with its all customary peculiar *deja vu*, welcomes me and the unseen wounds of agonies went on healing my visible pensivity. An unidentified world of Bandipur was all ready to compose me in its pristine heart. I set my own self free from the forbidden climax of the echoistic ghouls. Beauty seen from the cosmic-distance remains eternal, immortal and everlasting, and the one seen from the marginal distance quickly get rusted. What to talk of me! I was touched, I was moved, and got melted by the feelings of such healings.

I seldom become dismissive to my relative feelings sketching some zodiac backgrounds of stars and planets and the galaxies over the sky of sentiments cum thoughts. And whatever canvas they were drawn on, the innocent fingers of Bandipur, being transformed into rosy-buds, touched our hearts with their pious love. We were after all moved by their frank and well-cherished hospitalities which were accompanied by courtesy with cultural dignity. In our every facet of faces, there ran the desert camel

with its own glory, there rose a colorful rainbow of love just like smiling at the backdrop of gloomy sky of hate, pain and wound. Like a love blossomed from the picturesque of carnality, wound and scavenged ugliness, every one of us was seen like some festive festivals, like some celebrated ceremonies. Indeed, we lived in our sentiments, are living and shall live.

We:
The poet. The painter.
The writer.
The author.
Lots of creative creatures: 'The WE'

In fact, all the 'WE' live in the human establishments plus its communal relationships:

Of
Affection/love

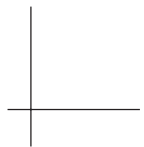
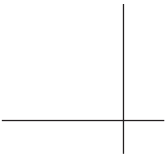
The 'WE' live and the 'WE' die all amongst the crowd of so-called living and dying in the name of life and death –

But,
Still we lived a life
Still we are living a life. And,
We shall still live
(In the death of our untimely future)

Yes, we all have lives which are sometimes dragon-flied away into the hazy universe and sometimes dragged part and apart in the dew-dropped green lawn. We walked with unmatched feet. We carried the corpse of LIFE and traveled towards the unpopulated valley of sufferings.

The untimely journey
Re-calls us
From
The window of
Our ex-PAST-life.

Say you! Say me!! We have restored unfortunate journeys, or apocalyptic one, of random life in our Go-down-Heart; we have tender feelings of journey traveled; we have sentiments which always turn into skeptic questions. Where is the destination of



the journey? Where has our destiny devoted in the name of walking journey? Where does a man reach? Or he reaches nowhere. It may be so predicted that man always finds himself ditto and wholesome everywhere. Now, I feel I am with myself but certainly my sorrows belong to this world. My pains are perhaps the outcome of this society and time. But again, without any motive I am on my journey to reach somewhere; I am living and walking all the way. I walk with my inner-self and I have a vivid memory right this moment of reaching a certain place which they call Shree Bandipur Padma library, a six decade old hut. My poetic presence in the dusky courtyard of the historic library sounds for me as if it was a bewildered occasion- a spectacular seminar of poets. The reverend poets reciting their soulful verses in the candled dusk or else in the electrified evenings provided me a thrilling experience. Along with the roaring recital of poems there remained with us were the transfigured cold winter eves and the matured nights which never desired to take a casual break. A tint of ecological change mesmerized my seasonal mind. Meanwhile the lovely eyes of the Bandipure people through windows of their ancient houses and warmth of cordiality from there pious hearts kept on showering on us, and... showering...!

I never understood the sweetness and the beauty of reaching somewhere. What a beauty of reaching! ... reaching somewhere! The rhythm of heart-warming togetherness of those loving poets made a history in my morrow's uncelebrated picnic. It was an experience far better than one's relationship with the hellish ugliness and thorns, with the unsurpassable misery and sufferings. Even after the cold and solemn departure, my heart felt the warmth of a forbidden history which was simply sketched in my mind recently. Like a sweet and unworried dream it remains in the balcony of my heart...

Bandipur: an autumnal collage in the canvas of my life words! An excellent collage is Bandipur among the canvases of my various mountain-mounted flashbacks.

Bandipur: a beautiful painting in the world of my thoughts sketched and stroke by the fingers and brushes of colors and seasons! Sounds like a supreme dream, Bandipur stands out as the superb collage amidst my thousand flashback.

I always want to see in you a charming beauty; that's why I choose a distance to watch you, to observe you, to feel you. Like an accursed life which was wrapped in the bundle of seen and outlived ugliness dragging all the way, I had always cajoled myself to walk this life with you. But this is not illusion, not pretence, because my heart is carved with tender feelings spent with you; gentle thoughts shared with you; and warm emotions exchanged with you. They are all lively within me, welling up.

Once again, I take refuge to the saying of Ernest Hemingway. He penned in his beautifully crafted book, *The Old Man and the Sea*:
Man can be destroyed but can never be defeated.

But, this life is a book penciled with various foreign words of uncertainties which is authored by an unknown writer. Even a destroyed man can never think about his defeat. Like a defeated man who never outlined the boundary of existence in the mere extent of feelings and sentimental howls, Hemingway who wrote such a famous line committed suicide.

Life's way
And Hemingway
Fell apart / like a cruel night
Detached from a day.

But, I will never cherish repentance and obligations even if illusions get broken. For I am not in the favor of remorse. In the interval of time, if I am awakened from the rhyme and rhythm of the known or else the alien illusion of mine, I will not celebrate the celibacy of my past remorse and grieves. ...because I will be once redefined and rediscovered in the symphonic tune of Eibazovski, the oceanic painter in whose paintings the call of life is ever portrayed even in the cyclone of devastated ocean. Let me be tuned into the symphonic color of my life, my journey.

In my painting. I have already offered you the first illusion of beauty. You are already farmed inside the brackets of majestic art...!

Now, I don't have any reason, remorse to get befallen. All the way!...!!



After Paiyun* Began Blossoming in My Conscience...

Too many Paiyun blossomed into these eyes; too many withered and fell upon the sleepy grass and faded away. But whatever lengthy journey I covered, this life seems reaching nowhere. Why it so happens! The more I care to empty myself with the expression of words, the more I feel my heart burdened with heavy loads. Still, I want to be empty, evacuating myself; I wanna be remain void thought this life. Emptying myself completely I desire to experience the 'Death of Silence.' The Silent Death. But the color of untouchable experiences keep on changing from the day's sweetness to the night's sadness. In this way, all the kleptomaniac thoughts of yesteryears seem like deconstructed into the invalid meaning and interpretations of the present.

Every carefully understood 'Todays' seem like neo-classical. I wonder if they were really new.

Or,

Else they are the fossils of seemingly felt neo-decade -- fossils of ages! Fossils: from where a new life germinates in an illustrated, illusory vision... And the next phase of fossils begins its historical journey. But, I remain all aloof. Neither I find the beginning of the quest nor do I get the FINAL ANSWER—

Somewhere in the curious crowd I was trancreated into words- 'conscience pains man.' Yes. It terribly aches numerous pangs of pains.

Sometimes – I feel as if this heart is the headquarter of pains and sorrows, a never ending quarry of grief. I don't know what attraction steals me, that pain keeps on piling and become the synonymous of painful tower. This moment, in my own trancreated conscience and in the silent full-moon-night I am drifted away along the seashore like oceanic waves and I would

be crashed into the surface within a second. And, it's certain, I would be crashed in the same wavy-way in the pitch of dark night. Right in that moment a painfully melodious tune of an acute ritual of the world – beginning & ending or else life & death – would vanish from these melancholy eyes upon the edgeless horizon of an unknown country along with the sea-waves.

Being a never-answerable query, Heart, in the name of life, experiences the monotony of anxiety, chaos and contradiction all the same, all the way –

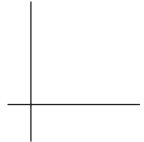
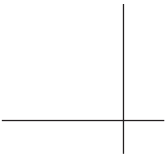
Where, in the flow of civilization, could be witnessed the shore of religion, of love, of art and of nature? That's why today in this sick hour I feel like transforming myself into the bottled-poems of Shelly, which mystically bespoke the mystery of flowing wave into the vastness of ocean, and be swept away by the extreme current of mystery into the shore-less-seas. This moment, I want to drink the hemlock of marginal sufferings which should send my compulsive solitude into exile and rejoin the Sisyphusian journey of a towering hill.

The time that is lived is all set to flow with its newness. I flowed and flowed and along with the pangs of flowing I am being transfigured into a tattered coat, becoming an ancient century. I know not, however, what I am looking for in this maddening flowing? Such a sudden unknowingness casts its shadowy spell upon my conscience. But, all the truths of memories of casual survival are with me. And, I am ever thickly clouded with undictated memories.

But, what shall I do?

I am accursed by the Gods & Goddesses of my past life. Too many lives did I live alive. And now, I could not be painted alive in the imperative canvas of debonair sky. Forgetfulness is blissful. But very often I am blessed with my agonized remembrances. This kleptomaniac heart wants to forget everything. Yet, illicit memories saxophonize all the forgotten tunes of curtailed Deja Vu.

Perhaps,
This is my antique freedom
In
Post-modern EXILE –



Even tried all my best, I could not become the clear blue sky void of memories. Really, I could not understand the demand of my rainbow conscience.


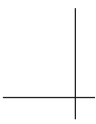
I am in search of my wild co-conscience in this city, in this crowd ñ the heart of my country. What an irony! I am waiting for the guest who is invited not at all. This waiting of age-long catharsis is the fate of my accursed salvation. And,

Where the hell could I find a stranger in a strange face in this running hour with all the possibilities, whose countenance was evacuated from the ruins of pretty nose, eyes, lips and cheeks of aforetime?

Whom shall I render the strange voice of my heart that came too early before the pace of usual time? This alien conscience unsymphonized, in the canvas of a strange artist thrown at the border of strange land, is left discarded like some silent poems. At least, I oblige you to watch that word-picture with the clear broad eyes after the death. At that moment, the wind will keep on blowing in nature, the flowers too will keep on dropping, the sky will keep on becoming clear and in the open book of nature my conscience will be glorified. Even in the stream of tears, it will survive according to the changing color of nature itself.

The changing conscience of the drifting nature may become the colorless faces of revolt rather than man's pretence of living. That's why revolt can be considered synonymous to consciousness, an ancient source of power and an excellent advertisement of man. The way how clouds collided with each other and thereby create lightening, in the same way upon the settlement of human being there was supposed to be sparked the pious wisdom which results out from the clash of conscience. But before the wisdom is embraced, unknowingly man gets entangled into different problematic affairs like the present fate of my country, like the last night of a hanged-man thus the life gets redefined null and void.

But I suppose the life only imagined is far from being void, the void is the one which we have survived and lived; the existence we sough after is not meaningless, meaningless is the one which



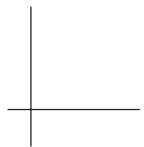
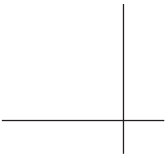
is handed to us. In the never ending game of destiny, a man who has been a constant loser with his own existence since ages, still crawls on thorny path of the dusky hope of victory. Mountain of maddening civilization is ever mounting higher and higher making a man almost dwarf.

Still, I find some loopholes in the axiom of revolt as if something is missing or unmatched. But, here apart from the borderline or miserable compromise, wisdom takes birth against the rigid darkness. A man walks towards the path of struggling redemption discarding the pessimistic valley of existence. Unknowingly, countless possibilities take birth somewhere.

I feel the supreme meaning of the Gita takes its clarity somewhere here. That's why a true revolt of man against man is not hostility, jealousy and ego; instead, far more importantly, it's hope, belief and trust for the final achievement.

Some years aback I was offered an introductory wound of 'anarchy' and tagged as a 'rebellious' woman by the traditional eyes. Unknowingly at that time, all those years I suffered a relative wound of my own conscience. Today, conscience inside me often evokes out the burning feeling that: was my former identity true or was it the collective wound of many women like me? Honestly speaking in one way or other my writing itself is the acceptance of this truth. Because the wounded truths of my creative writing are not all mine alone. But it's also true that in order to produce a masterful writing one needs to pick up the ugly realities of life. (be watched beautifully one needs to be observed unbeautifully.) I suppose, only after the true realization of Death comes the supreme realization of life. It may be so as if the earthly existence emerges out from the great void of nothingness. It's quite true that when a man starts realizing his sense of existence from within the depth of sublimity his conscience gradually takes its route towards subjective truth from the dungeon of objective one. Perhaps, a man is wondering all the way from toilet to universe in search of this divine experience, his conscience too is entangled somewhere to unravel the same reality.

It is a reality that a man showers tears because of his agonies, not agonies well up in one's own heart because of rolling tears. Because one is alienated or because he is grief-stricken he sheds tears.



Although suffering is the ultimate cause of tears, and not vice-versa, in reality, tears sound like the advertisement of sufferings; equations of pains are tears as well.

That's why, tears do not belong to the owner alone; instead, they resemble the experience of watchers and there one becomes the attorney of man's relative wound. In this way all the human reasoning and logics stand on our way apologetically impersonal. Still again this conscience feels incomplete and longs for the experience beyond border.

Making nature all colorful, once again, Paiyun are blossoming not only in my empty eyes but also in my empty conscience as well. Every year, after the passionate attraction of by-gone beloved flowers Painyu live a cheerful life even in the desolate valley of pains.

Paiyun, in search of green universe is still evaporating its fragrance in the loathsome of the nature's Roll-cal. Even the frosty conscience of mine is grandly bewitched by its unseasonable love-call.

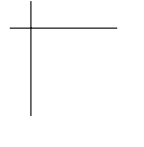
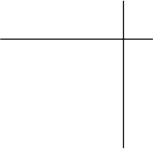
My painful-paiyun was ever neglected by the God's grace, ever castigated and evacuated from man's divine worshipping but, this unforgettable flower is complimented as the best from within my heart. My paiyun: an accursed flower! You're accursed like me. And, I'm accursed like you: both of us are blissfully accursed. Forever you will remain in my heart, forever. Paiyun! You're never ex-communicated from the truth of this beautiful heart and soul –

The immortal line of John Keats echoes somewhere in my heart: Beauty is truth, truth beauty. That's why, today, my conscience has accepted heartily an alien bitter truth:

I'm planting this 'Paiyun'
Into the empty flower-vase
With my own fingers
For the occasion
Of my
Own
Celebrated-Death

O' my feeler!
I hope this 'Paiyun' would never be discarded forever and ever

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which flourished in your conscience in the name of love, laughter
and longings.

You too will never forget to water this 'Paiyun' throughout
your entire life for the ceremonial occasion of your celebrated
death.

But, Paiyun—
Please,
Bid me adieu not
Never.

* *Cherry*



A Gypsy Prose

Poetry is vocal painting as painting is silent poetry.

- Simonides of Ceos

Sitting. Am I?

Wings of Time are endlessly floating over the sky. Their feathery way, I'm following. This nearly-an-hour journey by bus feels like a broad canvas on which average faces of queries-ridden passengers are reflected. Isn't it? Here:

Silent listener I am

Silent speaker I am.

[In every casual faces

I look for IMAGES

Of my cosmic conscience.

Somehow I feel like I've found them

Somehow I feel like I've lost them.]

In the edges of these gaining and losing all the binary feelings
S L O W L Y... S L O W L Y are being daubed with muddy color.
What I feel was already felt?

Like a meta-modern

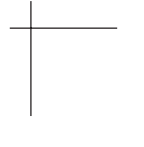
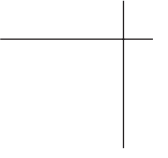
Like a para-modern beauty


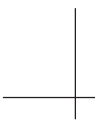
Like a post-modern beauty a full painting has just been created.

OUTSIDE:

Thousands of passing scene are left: scene of solitude houses, bushes, trees, children, old men with children, garages, gasoline transmission lines poles, dream like jungles, dream like childhood, dream like youthful nights, dream like dreams and dream like deaths, dream like LIVES, dream like birds butterflies kittens bitches caterpillar, thousands of memories, million of pain, joys, sorrows, signboards, pregnant virgin road side bar restaurants, cafeteria, tavern, bridge, parks... all are left, left behind.

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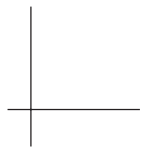
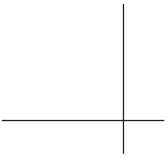




Leaning against the wall of that visionary screen I am searching the reality of those shadows themselves. Blue and bemused mountains of the eastern horizon bid me farewell. A sudden flash of satisfaction rushed through my parched soul. Suddenly I feel my inner heart which starts to prove its existence. With a gentle touch, I feel, it is willing to offer me a new definition of life. I am ever going crazy over the demystification of his explanatory appeal as if I touched those farewell cold hands with my warm lips promising to return this eve with thanks-giving heart; perhaps, I am indebted to the light of my own observation. Perhaps, escorting the beam of little hope every life survives the 'present-NOW' of the DEATH unfortold. But in the name of all the human activities, we all walk away with nothing discarding our possibilities. What in the name of life is this hastiness? Nay, I know not.

It so felt that I was the darling love of love. It so felt I was loved and tender dreams would blossom in my pillow (of love). I read at large, willingly or unwillingly yet randomly, the silent faces which are sketched in the canvas of this present-day-world. All the complexities of ugly dreams are portrayed in the background realities of wakeful anarchy. No, nothing matters. I might be sight blinded. Does this mean: is every single man in this world blessed with happiness? However it cannot be said that they are devoid of joys. It may be such that, in this sophisticated human settlement I run mad and deepening like the Seti river to hide all the ups and downs of life's journey under the earthly graveyard. That's why, in the galaxies of feeling, however, I could not envision my being bud. I am trying to freeze in the name of reality like the Fewa, like the Rupa, and like the couple of lakes of my twin watery ice. However, life cannot be as comfy and easy as the fountain that falls on the fossils of rocks. And it's all lunacy to look for the purpose of the red soil on the marble surface. But even among the feelings of my own experienced true pains, right this moment, I desire to look for my own distinct identity.

At this time of nocturnal journey, I am on the way towards an unknown settlement in search of my different existence. I see westward where the mountains are exchanging their warm embraces with their cozy moods. The beautiful settlements in the



lap of the hills seem joyous in their own ancient glory. I am feeling the warmth of their fresh breathe. Feeling of jealousy starts to evaporate unknowingly inside me making me all excited.

How have I become an inapt metaphor in the perfectly wonderful canvas! It seems as if somewhere the canvas par excellence is making a fun out of me. Time and again my eyes capture a glimpse of green wheat field where the mustard plants also have blossomed with their own dignified identity. This majestic beauty of nature, here I guess, even would surpass the masterful painting of Leonardo Da Vinci.

Being mingled together with the hue of this reverend nature, I exceedingly fail to set myself against the solemn relativity of Da Vinci. I could not resist the silent request of the peach blossom trees and I lose myself in their pleasant world where my memories, being transform into cherry flower, smile all the way, smile all the same; where leafless colorful boughs dance with the gentle touch of wind, and I think youth of a man starts to linger upon the corridor of painful experience every time in the autumnal hue of the nature.

When cherry starts blossoming, the sweet memories of her birth land get painted vividly in multi-colors even into the eyes of a widowed bride. And now, it could be asserted, this is a challenge to the supreme conscience of a man. Yes. We cannot lie ourselves time and again in the name of conscience. How the eyes of our wisdom could always be blindfolded!

Sometimes, we feel like pitying ourselves and at other time we feel like loving ourselves; we feel like caring and caressing ourselves from within. And at the same moment we fall behind in the label-struck world of conscience. And dreams weep in the darkness of the day's reality. Petals of the heart deflower like the infamous lips of Sakambari (a famous female character of the novel, *The Blue Mimosa* by Parijat).

However it cannot be said of a man that he is simply a scare-crow who has voluntarily lost the dignity of manhood. It cannot be a pitcher-plant which entrap its prey into its poisonous leaves leaving the latter lifeless.



It cannot be a ghostly lust. Just a wondering soul.

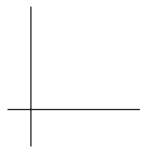
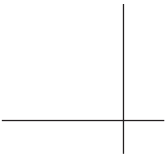
I am neither a complete object nor entirely soulful emotion is my identity. Still I can run the flood of emotions yet I cannot be craved into the sentimentally erased solid object. Thus I cannot deceive myself. If I could, I may hate myself if I find someone, who unlike me, feels proud of being a human being. I desire to survive a human being out of me.

I know not why, but I feel too intimate with a vague face which is resurfaced in the space of canvas. I also know not, what are the things I can find in the vagueness of this picturesque. In an effort to study the outline of his countenance one could judge that he is jubilantly celebrating his lonesome darkness against the brightly lighted world. What a damn light of pride be seen there! But, I wanna see it differently: he is trying to stand a single image after his life got crumbled into thousand pieces, having a complete detachment with life; he is thinking of covering a complete journey after his path outlived him and his destination fell apart. I feel he would fall down like a dying vulture in front of his own eyes and the sun would set in his eyes forever. Or let's say, he has become the prey to his own mistakes.

Yet, I would compromise with his innocent & imaginative eyes which lay awoke in the vast solitude of darkness. The truth seems so strange yet so naive! What a truth! What an absurdity! How strangely a bleak fate of man surrenders into his lame, weak and thirsty feet!

In the same way, I feel, all the uncalculated desires of my country are so easily encamped and have surrendered into the dejected documents. Yes, in the same fashion, the gentle mornings hastily get submerged into the scorching noon. In this way, in the possible memories of journey's unending deep nights, eternal pains plus synchronized gasping are painted mischievously in the red-like dusky evenings.

Yet again I am moved by the sweetness of curiosity. I am trekking upwards to the mountain of feelings and I've left myself free in the lovely world of gentle breeze. The clouds of immense satisfaction have flourished into the sky of eternal images which, perhaps, can not be clutched inside the fist.




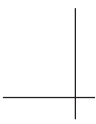
Yet, considering some philosophy as the ultimate truth we keep on following them like some foolish slave. Perhaps this might be the ageing foundation of unexplained life; perhaps, an excellent pretence of living a life. In the repeated cycle of pretence even that elusive and intimate face is getting vague and dark. Yet, I imagine a number of different artistic images of life carved in the same FACE, and in my fancy, I wish in those images someone's heart was battered; luck-line twisted; or deep bruises outlived plus outnumbered an old wound; anxiety be drunken and the grieves kept on torturing so that he should not be exorcised by the scary grief any longer, and joys be not showcased in the market-square or purchased from there anymore.

But, what sort of joy do I request and keep on requesting? So that I, too, could become a beautiful collage in the superb canvas of my country, no matter even if it were to be extracted out from the valley of pains! But, O! The Truth It should be. I could not celebrate myself in the false beauty, which simply sting throughout the whole life, leaving never to be healed, and which simply pains life. In this moment of painful circumstance, many come forward to heal the wound with their soothing words but the one to be healed remains stone-hearted. Experiences of life simply teach to read the fate but why they lag far behind to inscribe the bold fate line.

When I feel like jotting down the criss-cross of luck on my palm, odd experience of the enliven life stand in front like cold mountain blocking the lifeline, and like Sisyphus, the left one traveler once again joins the terribly meaningless journey upwards the mountain.

What an illusion is this? Or is it the truth unsurpassed? If that illusion itself is a blind-truth, be the entire life and the world the same illusory-truth so that all the miserable realities with their magnifying gravity would boldly survive on absolute beauty, on absolute truth.

Alas! But, where are those possibilities? Where can they be found? Where are the soothing shores of life? Leaning against wall of these solemn curiosities, and raising the curtains of my eye-lids



and thereby spreading the wings of vision in the horizons of heart, I hurry to reach the possibilities of life. But before embracing these pleasant possibilities, this life gets collided with the darkness of death and shatters into pieces. The fragmented remains of life meaninglessly flow along with the fluctuating pace of time. Or else!!! life seems to be vaporized beside an ugly shore of time, and in the scorching sandy banks, the nudity of an absurd ugliness of life survives in the fossils of the Age.

The canvas too is not borderless. But, an incomplete outline! All the sights beyond the border have been translated into an invisible background. But there are colors – colors of half-lived life; colors of life lived painfully; colors of pains painted vividly; colors of unfulfilled desires of anxious heart; colors of rainbow that is intoxicated in the tune of unworthy victory; colors burning tears dropping unknowingly and so forth. Blending myself into the fascinating colors of my own lovely dream I long to live a distinct existential life.

Let all those illusions be the background but these feelings of mine would be the persist shore of my life. But, my feelings are pasted singularly. One should possess the transcendental vision and its depth in himself. In order to reach the true depth of heart one should even trespass the forbidden path. Perhaps, that's a way of life!

Success and failure may not necessarily be under our control. In the frightening difficulties, life may become even more frighteningly difficult. Even if in the memories of suffering life may suffer like the Corss, from the height of pains life may be avalanched and eroded, even if it may be collided both with the people's eyes and with the mountain of assumption, my beloved feeler, you alone are the marvelous image of my silent poems. You alone are my colorful collage. You alone are the prime youth of my gypsy prose, where your complete existence is assembled into the colorful stanzas of cosmic feelings...

Yes, my beloved feeler!
You alone are the SUPREME METAPHOR of my gypsy prose!



A Song of Thousand Griefs


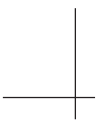
*A love of thousand dreams revisits me
And a joy of living once again touches me*

– Ishwar Ballabh

‘A love of thousand dreams revisits me’, he said. ‘A love of my thousand griefs caresses me’, said I. One who learnt to love the dreams foresaw the future, and the one who learnt to love grief saw the past. The former walked hand-in-hand with life to meet his dreams and therefore, reached the destiny where full blossomed present welcomed him and I too lived a life, caressing the majestic beauty of hypnotic grief too, and reached the present. Thus both, a dreamer and the one who was fond of grief, loved life, and met and intermingled with each other at the juncture of present. The dreams and the grief met, dissolved and melted in the ocean of time. Yes, the dream and the grief.

... or, in totality, I exist in my void, yes in an emptiness that you can call a beginning or an end, or call it neither. My existence exists here. This life has ultimately turned into such a Veena (like a sitar) where its tune and rhythm are composed within us but helpless to create beautiful sound of melodies. They say, one cannot produce sound without beating a bell, but I say unto you my love, satisfaction is only the metaphor of Death. Thus, I am celebrating this unauthorized life among the bloody crowd of death sometimes falling down from the dreams of mountains tops only to realize my entire existence, and sometimes surrendering all the colors of dream to the rainbow only to find myself a colorless portrait that speaks the black and white mood of some alien artist. Still, you’ll find me singing and whispering: A love of my thousand griefs revisits me.

I cannot recall with certainty about the bygone days, but I can reach close up to those moments when I lived and cherished my



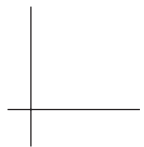
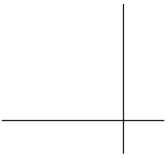
life with its full beauty and promise. I am always enchanted with those sweet and fairy like memories when my tiny, childish fingers would creep into the bar of a harmonium. Without sensing perhaps I might have dispersed into the ocean like a tear-drop, but the mere recollection of such a small reflection still reverberates within me. In a curious moment you find the gravity of pain. And pain perhaps drenched in rain.

A wonderful world, a fabulous one, where I didn't have even a tint of pain. I would think in a different tone. I would dance to death, celebrating life in different seasons. There were unversed passion for living, untitled joys and unwritten poetry of compassion. When the colors descended into different expression and the emotion of dance, when they were expressed with the mysteries of words and metaphor, I would get the feeling that the joys of my being the 'otherness' have no bound.

In this manner, when the lines of existence kept on being engraved on the slate of time, I felt life blossomed with autumnal feelings into the mesmerizing melodies of tunes, majestic portraits of colors, and into the magnificent collage of words. The time came but with awful realization: you find yourself shattered into pieces when there's a realization that everything we assume as our possessions is a mere illusion. Realization. Illusion. When your personal belongings as your happiness, joys, memories and all the nostalgia are shattered you are left isolated, and uninvited sorrows govern you, rule you.

My conscience is dwarfed by these questions unanswered. My being otherness is invented with my relationship between the grief and human sentiment. Curvature of existence translates itself into the counter question is stopping my way. And this moment I am recalling my thousand counter-questions.

Thinking the existence of color in the absence of light does not necessary mean that everyone's dream should be colorful. In reality, man cannot live like a stagnant lake without any outlet. He's bound to seek for a way out. Thus, in the cycles of seasons, unknowingly he flows himself with the tide of time. But my dear, I am now composed with my own nostalgic obsession along with




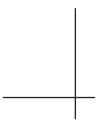
my bleak pictures of those voyages where I dropped down my little 'being' somewhere. Fresh memories of once upon a time-journey are recalling their glory, making me believe that I should walk toward the destiny of my life, creating my own music, color, melodies and seasons. Yes, I'll create my own art, nature and beauty to sketch into the final portrait of time. Yes, I'll produce a debonair art sans light and call let alone there be a song of my thousand griefs and glamorous darkness.

Nowadays, my tender feelings are often mercilessly attacked by brutal thoughts. In order to free myself from this confused pollution of thought I close my eyes and there I see the world beautiful. When I open my eyes the same ugliness creeps out of nowhere. In this way, I choose darkness to see this ugly world beautiful. Doing this I recall my thousand griefs, listen to its love-call which always fascinates me, bewitches me. Of course, my friend! This is the pious moment when my love-affair with life blossoms. This is the life I cherish and this is the life I love the most. Wonderful, a feeling of joy reverberates in every vein.

Being ostracized from my own existential question today I have come to the bar of this exiled time. In this moment, I'm touched by the feelings of the admirer, a lover of my former poetry:

Some poems are so sweet
That can be offered as a gift
Like a flower,
Like a Blue Mimosa. Like a Rose...

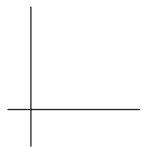
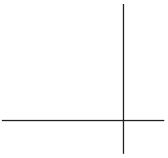
How heartily the wounded heart of my poetry, which had reached abroad as a charming gift, might have been read by tender eyes of the co-hearts! The nearness of this relationship between a poet and readers germinates in such an affectionate association. Only then there can be the strong foundation between them: authors and readers. This understanding may vary with the taste and mood of the two individuals. Another truth: after creating a certain text, the text itself associates its own existence and identity with the readers. Can't we discover the poet's existence in the poem itself? Can't we find the poem's existence in the reader? And, can't we find the existence of readers in the depth of feelings and height of conscience?



However, conscience is led by the relativity of life and world and in turn they are influenced by the relativity of time. Here, just like a full stop in front of a question, the pace of time might sound non-relative. How can we unfold the meaning of time in isolation? The objectivity of time is just like colorless, odorless, formless water which being sublimated into the earthly color appears colorful. But alone this truth cannot be said of time because all the truth revolve round the other truth creating their own centre and they are reflected differently during the longitude of time where they interact with different color and light. That's why we cannot think of finding that earthly wholesomeness anywhere. This realization of grief resembles with the thorny existence of the rose. I feel the existence of rose stands out amidst the thorns. And I'm engrossed with this pain of contradictory reality or say an illusion.

The sense we observe everyday, everything is illusive. Beauty of flower itself eats away its own youthfulness. A disguised smile shatters our love-stories. Hearts are busy cheating each other. I feel the god is just a human being utopian formula in this world of people. In the world of sinners, religion is just a utopian mask. In the abode of suffering, love is just a soft pretext. Thus, I am waiting for self realization at the bank of life's river. When the waves of my conscience touched by lotus floats towards the distant horizon and turns into incomplete axiom, I feel as if all the straight lines of the earth nothing more than a utopian illusion. If they say the earth is round and oval then all the lines of earth are curved and definitely encircle themselves round and round. Therefore, there is nothing such a thing like conclusion of thought so far. In the pretext of living, putting aside all the beautiful illusions of life I'm singing (Ishwar Dai forgive me): A joy of thousand griefs revisits me.

The way how the narrow lanes of life are framed into the world of religion, lust, enlightenment, the existence of life too keeps on being framed into different seasons and colors. Suppose existence itself is a journey, it breeds flowers and spreads fragrance; it is perhaps the height of unscaled mountain and the depth of bottomless ocean. Existence itself is the self-recorded beginning and vast end. History is a witness: Jesus was crucified on the


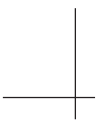


ground of so called men's bloody ideologies and hence these so-called men with their re-incarnation ideologies worship him. Statue of Lenin was established and destroyed. Alas! Colors of existence are transformed into anonymity but this is also true that the labor of people being mixed with the color of earthly process, phenomenon interacts with the time-space and is reflected since the ages. In such brightness, the lost civilization once again claiming its existence accepts men's heroism and, in turn, human beings celebrate life even in the shadows of pain and sorrow.

In deed, life is just like a chance, like a fruit dropped at dark night by chance-like-hit. One cannot always find the meaning in life. Absurdity and worthlessness of the materialistic world fill your mental spaces. Our feet tremble in the darkness leading us nowhere. You exist in between somewhere and nowhere. Even putting the whole paradise into the gamble, there arises not a willingness of victory. The sound of bell does not awake the heart of stone. The prayers are unheard and the blessing never bestowed upon us. How many days would the ruined faith and belief stand alone? Perhaps the hungered faith of surrender might have become wretched and desolate in the name of so-called infatuated love? The evergreen youthfulness of fairies only to become a motherless ghost might have screamed spending everlasting dark nights. I feel: there should be immortal pains in heaven.

Some of my memories give me a sigh of relief in the existential struggle against unremitting absurdities of my life. I've still a vague memory of the demise of my dearest father. That mysterious night of multiple fear and personal anguish which has translated into deep frightening experience still occupies my mind and freezes my nerves.

However terribly a painful a long day might be, or joyously delightful a short day might appear, ultimately the day is destined to merge into the dark night, which surprisingly might come as a gentle breeze and run the whole night. That's why, I started living in the tuning of day-and-night cycle, manufacturing a feeling that every departure, loss and lacking is a revision of life. Now, all the memories of my suffering are tuned into the rhythmic beauty of chorus-song which I cannot forget assuming them as an illusion



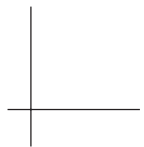
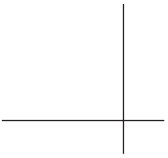
like a dream. The awareness of grief is such an omniscience realization, where a man hardly undergoes the concrete torture after the breakdown of his celebrated illusions. I think, the endless happiness of such agonies has perhaps inspired me to live this absurd life in a beautiful way.

In deed, I'm in search of proper title for my life. And the life carrying the grandeur of sorrows is seated in front of me, proclaiming all the commitment of bless, beauty and prosperity. But see, I'm still lodging inside the dungeon of holy darkness heightening walls in light. And here I have feeling and memories that in the same darkness I lived my life with multiple mishaps and misfortunes. Here, I cultivate the feeling of living because in the world of mine there are people who love me, hate me. There are formal relatives, kith and kin and informal outsiders. There are nonsensical formalities and well-wishing. There are mistakes and excuses. And a lot of possessions: pain, vain, sun, warmth, dewdrops, blades of grass and the natural dance of stars, and the moon.

But someone from my inner being always whispers: 'you're nowhere.'

This sublime whispering has given me even stronger faith on my being - the selfhood. These and in such beautiful picturesque of burning grief I am sketched here, there and everywhere running, waiting and walking with seasonal life.

Still, I'm seeking for a grand metaphor: the image of the self. Love and hatred, life and death, all the combination and fusion seem like an abstract painting of some old anon artist. In search of freedom from the whole mechanism of boredom and monotony not only Nietzsche and Albert Camus were caught in the absurd queries but also I am totally dictated into the bottomless pit of life. That's why, putting the beautiful dreams in charge of dreams themselves, I've started caring my pleasant pains. Take this for granted, now is the time when the ship of my existence is chartered into the ocean for a long voyage, and whatever or whoever I'm now, I would always like to remain the same. I would like to remain myself.




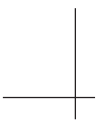
In reality, I do not have any particular object to lose as a wonderful gift of being the utter loser. My autumnal tears never caught the song of flowers that creates the waves of revolt, neither my personal sighs as well as meeting caught in the melodious harmony of any desperate flute-player. Instead, my dreams keep on vanishing upon the midnight cremation-fire, and putting on the ashes of my fossilized dreams on my forehead in the morning, I start my lonesome journey towards the crowd of nameless void and emptiness which you'd better call life: untitled or say life:re-visited.

In the novel pages of self-realization, today, the rays of love and hatred coming from the depth are reflected at the same time. Rays of both hatred and love are dismantled on its own accord. Neither love nor hatred is my being. Like sphinx I awoke from my own ashes and I'm heading towards the ephemeral void of existence.

The road I took led me here where my sufferings and sorrows outnumbered my short-termed joys and happiness. The evaporating afternoon ends up bragging its leg at the gloomy night. The night sleeps quietly while I lay awake counting the distant stars. There is neither bottom nor surface of my celebrated world of my grief. On drenched monsoon days I peep into our world of illusion from the eyes of some outsiders. This is such an absurd touch! Life seems a beautiful absurdity full of chaos and pathos. That's why a love of my thousand griefs caresses me.

Whenever I try to transform life into a plain white canvas and sit to portray the appealing picture of yet-to-born Buddha, I'm always bewitched by the aura and aroma of the ancient Buddha. Or that is, even trying hard to erase my entire past with eraser of my fate and destiny, I could not write hitherto, a fresh introduction of mine: identity without the smell and colors of past. In this way, so-called established religion, politics, thoughts and logics have always obstructed the archaeological findings of existence. I feel: I'm also fallen into the same distant past with you portraying a hallucinated picture on the canvas of universal mysticism. And now I care my cracking of life, even more.

I once was secured like a tongue among teeth. I would take permission from teeth even for laughing but time and again the



same teeth tore me apart, left me bleeding. But the day when my beloved friend made his way to heaven, I didn't take permission from anybody to flood with tears. Only after his death I realized that my heart felt pain in his absence, yea, saw a lily in his cheeks... who translated my entire existence into the sorrowful celebration.

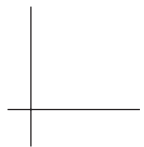
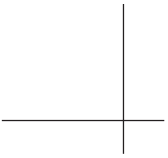
Delighted due to the painful beauty, I'm remembering him, missing to the depth. A continuous mental exercise, reminiscence also is an excused luxury. These memories and their existential commitments never let me down; never let me escape the present. My past, pains, tears and memories have become enthralling attraction to life. My nostalgia has created his present where love and compassion outlive me.

Like a pang of laughter, this attraction became an ideal for I was deeply touched by the human helplessness that was showcased in the picture of dead mother where her child was still sucking the stale breast, and I was hardly touched by the picture where god was roaming in the heavenly garden. If this is my Jealousy to joys, I'm convinced Ballabh Dai, you'll forgive me taking this as a human weakness.

When I care sorrows, I forget flowers; I forget stars too. When I meet death, may be, I will forget life! Perhaps this harsh reality is the insight of nature to keep the world beautiful forever. For me, this reality, this truth that comes long from the depth of inner world and shoots out is a true love.

I'm journeying with my tremendous agonies which none other than me alone can experience. In these exotic agonies of mine and mine alone: I'm living, existing; here is this corner of life which I call heart. I'm a temple deserted, demolished and destroyed by thousand pains, a temple prayed and accursed by thousand love and hatred. I'm not touched by the visible attraction. My soul, as you've said, is like an archaeological idol which I'm worshipping in the name of pain. Yes, love is such an indigenous and aboriginal idol!

The time when the birds return to their nest – dusky – you can smell the evening air in the atmosphere and you can also see the



footprints left by the daylight. The moment innumerable leaves are falling down from the trees dedicating the wounded history to the blue sky. Leaves are flowing with the water. And standing by the river bank I'm watching the running water. Certainly I would fall into this water one day; corpses would ablaze into dancing fire; slowly the sky would be overcast with the smoke. Such an imagery work of painting is sketched inside me in this moment, which I would present to my grief-inventor, my lover from whose beloved I denounced myself. But there's a least chance of snatching him from my lover because I'm trying to implant the soul of Buddha in the statue of Hitler. Perhaps, the lover of Hitler, Eva would have desired so. Dear me! I, too, am going to commit the same mistake.

When I am immersed in the memory of these tremendous griefs, I forget the dream of life. My present turns out to be void, a great emptiness in totality. This is me, myself and the existence. The great void crawls within me like a baby inside the mother's womb. This is the moment of great energy flickering inside me. This is my resurrection and an awakening dream, where space and time melt with each other within my being.

But we're all committed to draw a line of our universe creating fraction and division of human existence. And this is not uncanny to imagine our own celestial sky in the crowd of this worldly devilish miser. In fact, the very moment when we realize the sky as one common space we all unite. Perhaps, enlightenment is the name of this undivided absolute truth, where neither-his dream exists, nor my grief anymore. Neither future nor past. The love of my quest for pain is to immerse in the beatitude of terrestrial emptiness of 'complete present.'

Thanks to my thousand griefs that inspired me to realize this absolute truth...

'A love of thousand dreams revisits me', he said. 'A love of my thousand griefs caresses me', said I. Only difference is: I dream caressing pain; he aches himself caressing dream. Further, he loves a dreamy-heroine; I love the grief-inventor of my reality. Half the dream like his, another half reality like mine, LOVE is an aboriginal feeling, indeed!



An Outsider in the Court of God

I have a fiery desire to torch all the capital associations and belongings that reside within me and keep myself in the cell of void plus grand emptiness so that I could dedicate this mortal death a beautiful gift of curvature-existence. Let me, my lord of darkness, accept a beauty of death. Let not my soul make a hue and cry over my dead body being cremated on the holy-fire. Let the pyre feel not being encumbrance to burn the remains.

I emptied myself a little in my childhood, much more in my youthful days and now I'm emptying myself in these writings. That's why sometimes I feel: whether I am ageing with this reverend emptiness. So is the way of life perhaps. The flowing of life with the tidal waves of time often being struck here and there on its way or in its being short-lived with the pain of not being able to re-experience the beautiful bygone days makes the life truly enjoyable, worth living. Man has everything still he is a mere beggar because, despite his possession of all the glory and worldly wealth, nature has not any moral metaphor to bliss him with wealth disregarding the death.

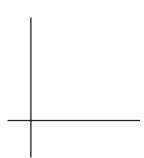
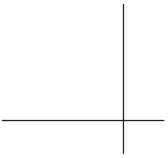
In fact we live a life with random thoughts, with vague portrait of intellect. De'carte once said:

I think therefore I am.

But I find the air of falsity in this so-called factual statement right now because whenever I think there exist all the things except me - thoughts, carnal desires, relationships, sex, religion, ignorance, sin, virtue, social bondages, unsocial wanderings, forests, woods, flowers, mountains, fountains, rivers, lakes, poetry...

And so forth.

'Being' or 'nothing' of someone or something here, therefore, holds no meaning. We live a life in acute celebrations where the existence never interrogates upon our mystified persona.



And we don't have such parcel of references delivered by the gods which could be studied and live a life of dictated theories and principles or where one lives a translated life. This life, indeed, is not a trans-created poem nor anybody's translated verse based on special theories prescribed by intellectual doctrines.

Thus, I simply live my life, for which the first claim is simply mine, mine only. Let's not bother about rest of the things.

Yes, I agree. My life is not dictated by any law because nature cum existence does not have any designated constitution. Life is not a plan of those foolish lovers who keep promises only to break, nor is a legislation of an idiot administrator. Instead, life – so mysterious and so magical! – is saga which could not be found in any holy books. Dear death, life is such a mystic panorama and so exotic! That's why my libido takes a flight and aspires to live more after hearing someone's cruse which bestowed upon me. And this very lunacy of life interests me much. I admire its form, color, music, song, expression, impression, art, dance, pride and generosity. ... and I love virtue, more I love the sins uncommitted; I love being social, more I love being unsocial; I love flowers, more I love some mistaken hours so that after the realization of the mistakes committed, upcoming flower will enjoy the delightful dancing of life.

... and I love the silence of life the most.

So I am the terrible looter of the silent life but I deserve no ransom from the almighty death. An outsider I am to those eyes which witness the silence of Van Gogh's paintings plus the silence of graveyard.

My beloved Death!

I'm a convicted culprit standing in the confession box of your so-called God to admit my undeserved punishment. I am forced to stand in this witness box because they indicted me of living a life of different seasons. They charged: being a small lettered WOMAN, I should not have lived this beautiful life to its fullest festivity in the so-called patriarchal social fabric. However, it matters not; I happily accept these crimes, because they're mine; they're different; they're truly interesting too.

The yellow moustached attorney has just spent his short, valuable speech by blaming me that I was not a serious human being. I

suppose this is funny, black-humored. Yet, I accept his accusation. Yes, I'm not serious and I don't find any reasons why anyone should be so serious about life and death. During my entire journey I have never seen flowers, birds, mountains, clouds, butterflies being so serious. If you've seen, it's your business. I'm sorry, I wonder why on the earth should man be so serious? Human being is only such a creature that becomes so appallingly serious. Seriousness, as I see, is a disease which kills your entire psychic atmosphere. Too many questions arose of me in this courtyard. Serious discussions were held among the Jury of members of my being not so serious. And I laughed a lot.

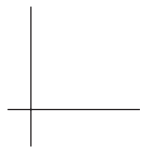
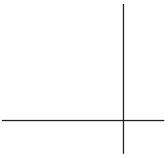
Sorry, my lord!
I didn't ask for any permission to laugh...

My lord!
I am a strange woman, fond of laughter. "Reader's Digest" says laughter is the best medicine. Sorry my lord! Again I laughed sans your permission. Further I want to laugh in the similar fashion. Please, grant me a permission.

- Permission granted.
- Thank you, my lord.

I'm accused of strangely interesting blasphemies. They accused me of my not being really serious in matters with my health, education, the time and my fate; why I wasn't beware of family, bondages, any institutions, society, profession and even my life. Why didn't I become so serious regarding my status, honor, wealth plus health? Why didn't I take them deeply? My lord, this is the first charge.

Your honor!
Whatever blames are imposed upon me, I'd say they're completely nonsense. Every layman knows that everything in this world is perishable. Then what to talk of one's identity? Nothing is absolute, everything is relative with times' hide end waves. These so-called matters, relationships + associations + belongings, emotions, knowledge, the time, the truth, my lord, are all transitory, all fleeting, just like temporary guests.



A small thing though it may seem it is quite enough to gain someone's trust. A small thing is enough for hatred too. I've a sheer experience in life that I've seen people who lit a candle could aflame a house too. At a nearer distance, I've witnessed several secret immoralities of people who are covered under the masks of embroidered satin. I've seen many shameless people wasting their lives in petty bogus ideologies. Thus, I laughed, laughed to its fullest, watching these miserable creatures being entangled in the social fabrics created by themselves.

I will be lost if keep on pondering. I never know what the religion this is where women are extolled and worshipped as deities by men and the very men take pleasure of their physical love. On the other hand, the woman who entitles her so-called religious husband a divine fellow also scolds him with awful blasphemies when the latter comes home late at night.

A life of nonconformity I chose to live in the valley of traditional jargons. So, I became an OUTSIDER. I could not subdue my laughter-gland; it broke out, and I laughed heartily. And see, I'm still on the move.

Yes. My lord!


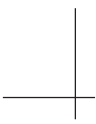
Let me take you towards a river. It was one of the windy winter evenings. I stood beside the bank and watched the river flowing in its own rhythm. In fact it is a controversial poetic affair where it is the river that flows or it is water. Anyway. Now I'd say the river was flowing silently. The evening was framed into the canvas of loneliness. Yea, lonely was the evening, so was the river, and I was the same too.

The singular river was flowing leaving its double-sided-banks, which were constantly watching the river in a state of quietness, on their own yellowish sand-bed. When I recall that moment I am always mystified by those silent voice of nature.

The river might have seen so many seasons. It should have flowed through the mountain passes and ridges, should have trespassed the boarder of Terrain fields following the snaky path. The river – a great experimenter.

But, my lord!

The river, simply flows, he never hastens to cling with its banks the way the human beings cling with their registered ideologies.



I deeply realized that the river does not run after principles, theories, thoughts, beliefs, statutes, so and so like we, the Homo-sapiens are mad with.

My lord!

The river, he simply flows. He's always in his own adventurous journey, an exciting one. He's always in the motion, in an ETERNAL FLOW. I felt myself as an untouched stone left in a bank. Instantly, my realization whispered me that life is a motion, it's an ever widening flow, an everlasting one. But till that day, I was a complete follower of some bizarre attributes which this world had handed me. It saddened me to find my self that I had been a mere follower of myths, philosophies, traditions and many innumerable bloody stuffs. I had been an ancient follower who never get intoxicated with ever blossoming beauties of a blue flower.

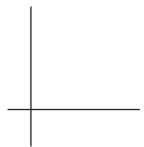
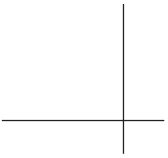
Thus, my lord! I became an outsider breaking the silence of every social boundary, and excluded my BEING from the bracket called society. Now, I'm free and my song is the song of river.

Yes, my lord!

My correspondence with debonair nature is not a prehistoric fossil. It's true I'm not serious in any forms and contexts. I was never mad with any grand ambitions in my life. Man simply gathers belongings, attachments, friends, husbands, wives only to feel secured. Man is perhaps, a slave of insecurity complex. One lives a very hard time throughout his life and wishes not to die alone, but he cannot cheat the death. The beauty of death is to live with it. I am ashamed of man's ambitions plus egos. Life then seems a great joke told by some idiot.

Along with the sufferings, sorrows and pains, my lord, I'm gifted with all the absurdities, anxieties and villainous conspiracies of the world. Yet I'm blessed with life's inspirations, gifts, love and prays... I wonder sometimes how any one could be so ambitious when he is showered with such a mystic experience!

Recalling such beautiful experiences excites me much and so is the case now. My ex-communicated soul is dancing, my lord! You could feel. Surprise it would be if you could. Thanks to these



witnesses, audiences plus barristers who are present here. I'm indebted to you all for gathering in this court of god to hear the hearsay of beautiful plead of an outsider.

It is obvious that even if I am bailed or set free from this court with honor and dignity you'd still call me a lunatic, a complete lunatic. Yea, you could call me so. But, it worries me not. Yes, in a sense, may be, I'm a lunatic, a mad woman... I agree. I am mad. But my madness is an intuition which always led me towards the way of life and taught me the essence of the very core of existence.

Truly, the 'madness' is right. At least, I learnt the language of nature, heard the thunderous roaring of silence of paintings and got acquainted with the signs and moaning of metaphor plus imageries which were yet to be transported into the oceans of poetry. Mysterious symbols, allegories started visiting and revisiting me at mid-night. I felt the agonies, compassion and festive celebration of human beings and learnt to love them. I knew both the god and the demon-multifaces-residing within humans. And I tied a love-knot with them.

If such realizations and recognitions, if you think, are my crime, sure! I am a criminal, or else an outsider.

I'm ready to accept the punishment, my lord.

Let me recall Albert Camus in my peaceful mind... Please, watch his absurd feet how they're creating the sound in my mental corridor. Pause. Stop- And move.... Yea, I concur with the view of Camus that the same sky may seem as a wonderful gift of nature to one and, at the same time, it may turn out be an ugly one to other. What is the meaning of being captivated in the Mesozoic cell of illusory contentment? The relativity of individual's lunacy and knowledge! If meaning is constructed in relativity, let's not talk about lunacy. When I leave my own beloved cell to find myself, walking all alone in the Kafkaesque evening, the cell distances far away into the unknown horizons of creativity. The cell never lives within me: nowhere. The sun sets in the polar regions and I find myself wandering in the parallel hemisphere. I become an alien to my soul. My lighted world is lost somewhere in the mere darkness of wanderings.

Man walks on those unfrequented path where he composes a belief that he was the only wonderer of that butterfly roads. Man walks on those untravelled roads in a curvature parallels. A man sketches a journey towards unknown destination waiting a vex wagon of Jack Kerouac's 'On the Road.'

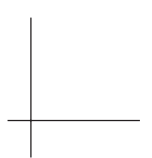
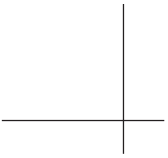
But I'm free from any distilled illusions. The 'Nothing' and the 'None,' becoming the part of life, are liable to cross my journey. In an unknown world I'm a lonesome traveler of this excursion: walking all alone carrying the rucksack of Sisyphean/Sysipusian burden on my back. And I don't care whether I could find the destination or not but along with the walking the known/unknown possibilities are being drawn nearer and nearer. In this dynamism, hence, I feel proud. Indeed, I am fond of traveling, fond of journeying towards the sacred field of Gods, discovering new vale and valleys, hill and horizons, restored by the death.

...And I feel proud of being the citizen of this anon world. If this is a crime, my lord, I am obliged to surrender under the custody of life.

Perhaps,
A criminal-poetica I am
who never speaks a word
About the death of ancient time.

Who could have leisure to feel the music of love in the world that seems a nonsense crowd of critics! This moment I feel a deep pain cutting my heart; I feel those exorcised tears which once were an intimate friend of mine. Many demon-like, ghost-like people came and tried to detach me from my existence but I remain still like a stone which is found in Zen garden. Fearful rain showered me in the winter and the yellow flowers blossomed in the spring. I have travelled afar from the school of memories. One rarely escapes the shadows of memories. However, in the name of the pain of memories, I don't want to spoil the present life of anybody. I celebrate myself and I do not want to steal the festival from my beloved ones. I am stealing my present life, this is quite enough. Yes, I am a looter... of my own world of the Genii and the Ghouls. I am an outsider, for which, my lord, I feel no regret.

My lord!
Nonetheless, man's true life is an art of insight of inner soul that



hardly fits into the social fabric, but only seems so. Because no society renders a right meaning to these inner voices nor does it settle them comfortable into the social order. Every insight of human being is exceptional and every psychic experience significantly unique from where the moral grief of life and art germinates, because to accept any rituals, dogmas, creeds is not the religion of art. Instead they are invented in the battlefield of life.

And there ain't any measuring rod to verify the divine truth. That's why in the name of vice and virtue, morality and immorality, honesty and dishonesty it is wrong to judge a person with the moral standards of another; it's squishing the world of art, narrowing down it. Standard in itself is neither true nor false. Absolute meaning is falling apart. Nirmal Verma has every reason to say that the spirituality of Ram was a mere rubbish thing before Sita's silent sufferings...

Falling into these alien experiences of cosmic reality, I lived my life. Such a living of mine involuntarily turned out to be an anarchy. If living a life in such a fashion of anarchy is a crime, then my lord, I am here to accept all the accusations that may impose upon me. I'd be grateful for the punishment I deserve.

My Lord!

Well, too many discussions have already been exercised here regarding my humane or else devil's character. The entire era of mine has so far experienced heated discussions over good and bad, love and hatred, truth and falsehood, paradise and inferno, in regard with my being a characterized outsider. But, a sad thing to notice: they generalize all these stuffs. Generalization, my lord, is an easy escape, but the system got out of the generalization of every existential affair is a matter of laughter; it's terribly ludicrous. Hence, my lord, I am made a scape-goat.

What a fun! What a joke!

Traveling through the serpentine road of DEATH when life stops at the surreal climax of a beautiful para-modern-verse then the life attains its enlightenment in the poetic journey. At this point, the so-called generalized enlightenment beyond life and death

sounds light, lighter. I dared to choose this feat for my self-dignity and honor. But I'm ex-communicated from a capital bracket which they call SOCIETY and, as a criminal, I'm dragged into this witness box...

Now, chattering further in this matter, I do have no desire to break the attention of audiences who're present in this court. With a view to be delighted, they're here to witness the confession I'm supposed to deliver in different notes and tones. They have every right to hear the strange tale of the questioned stranger. They are perhaps bored with the worldly stories. That's why, my lord, grant me a permission to recite a beautiful verse in this unromantic court of justice.

- Permission denied.

You're now in the court of God. (*Noises. Every audience charts the voice of denial. Pause.*) Order! Order!! Order!!! What should be taken into consideration is that you, the guilty, are here, not to natter away your bogus verse but to confess your innumerable sins which you committed in your life. You're here because you disregarded the virtue of society; you're accused of living your life without social norms and values and principles and prescriptions. (*Semi-clap. Semi-silence. Audiences are seen confused.*)

The world gave you a system, an order (*Audience whisper*) but you went against them; you broke the rules and laws of the system. (*Laughter of audience increases*). As I see, you culprit have broken the boundary of the traditional vows.

- My Lord, what is the boundary of the traditional vow? I could not get.
- Innocent though you may seem, you're trying to make a fun of social norms and values.
- Not trying sir, I'm voluntarily ridiculing them.
- I'll see it then. Your just-said statement is registered into my mind. I suppose, it will make a strong point in determining your fate.
- It sounds like a joke. How could you determine my fate, my lord! You yourself are so handicapped and so miserable. A sad

thing, isn't it? You yourself are a diehard traditionalist.
(whispers among the audience).

- Order! Order!! Order!!! *(whispers pause.)*
- You're traditionalist, my lord! How could you judge my sins when you're so miserable, biased and captivated? Human beings have given you a shelter and lodging in a solitude room of temples and churches and mosques and shrines and monasteries. Actually, you're jailed in these holy-places. And existence determines everything.

My lord!

Neither the birth is the beginning of my life, nor the Death the End. Then how could you determine my luck! *(Suddenly a bald headed journalist stands with a pencil on his hand)*

The God: Order! Order!! Order!!!

(A journalist: O' outsider! Please, continue...)

The Outsider: So, My lord! How could you jail me? How could you nail me? *(Pause.)*

Lord, the judge:

My beloved crazy criminal! I'll remember this statement too. Your sayings, fables, tales, imaginations, plus great determination are questions of interrogation. I'll take them into consideration seriously. Your every phrases, imageries, metaphors, soliloquies are witnessed; everything will be noticed, investigated plus navigated. Photographers laugh. *(pause)*. If anything left, you can present for your proof. You may proceed....

The Outsider: Thank you, your excellency.

Dear audiences,

Thank you for hearing patiently the debates about my, an outsider, character. I behold a man wearing a black coat in the front row. I know not his name. How could I possibly do? But it occurs to me that you're confused by my talks, may be frightened. Time and again you jotted down ideas in your notebook.

Beloved man!

Unbelievably too many bogus stuffs relating to one's own moral character are naturally imposed upon one once he/she is a social dweller.

Strange you may feel, crazy you may take me, and my feelings bizarre. But I have to mention this. My loving mother, in a clear tone, has already spoken to you about my not being a good daughter. Indeed I have never been a good daughter. Further she quoted me by stating that I had never been her love. Why? Because I always cared for sufferings and pains other than the pains and sufferings of my own family. However, with secret tears in her sacred eyes she pleaded the God many a time to save me because in her words apart from all I was not strictly a sinner. As a wife I became good for nothing; I could not become a loyal housewife. Owing to my candid nature and generous behavior, I was labeled as a woman of loose character by my womanizer husband. My generosity became my humiliation. Taking my loving nature as a point of weakness I was either emotionally exploited or I became a good tool to warm his bed. You've also seen my divorced husband taking leave from the witness box, indicating me a post modern fossil.

Truly speaking, I could not become a good mother too. Motherhood is the last question paper which every woman deliberately strikes her signature and I was an unexpected mother. The business of child bearing and rearing became an absurd stuff to me. The existence of child became the legal procedure of father who might possibly be deadly stranger. Motherhood was mercilessly interrogated. It's so strange that a woman has to take the sex-possibility of husband's nocturnal delight. ... and I left the cage which they call home, where loving husband plus devoted wife plus petty child live. In fact, motherhood is a politically incorrect term.

Neither could I become a lovely sister at my home. Being the youngest, I was supposed to do carry out each and every order they said, but I only did whatever my inner heart directed me to do. Whatever the witnesses have said upon me is deadly correct. Their statements deserve a big applaud. It has been bloodily approved that I was a complete unsocial and impractical human being...

My lord!
I'm a freelancer feeler.
It's not healthy to repeat all those accusations that I had always been impractical, bizarre and humorously informal. Even the readers of my poetry and prose have suggested in this court that I was a poet good for nothing.

The God: You're given the last opportunity to register your innocence, if there's any.

The outsider: I've nothing, my Lord! Nothing at all. I'd re-call Chuan-Tzu, let me meditate. You could pronounce the verdict, my lord, in this state of silence.

The God: But, dear criminal! *(Pause. Drinks remaining cold coffee. Watches the empty cup)* Could you do us a favor? Could you...

The outsider: *(Breaks the silence)* Everything is favorable, my Lord! *(closes the windows of a couple of eyes)*

The God: Who's this Chuang-Tzu? Why do you want to re-call this guy in your meditation? *(Eyes-wide-shot)*

The Outsider: He was a poet, my lord! A poet of forgotten bliss.
The God: Is that so? Alright, now I'm going to declare this decree of this court. Investigating all the records and documents plus plaintiffs' accusations, this court has reached a conclusion that a woman at questioned is a complete outsider.

Naturally, she deserved punishment, this court has decided to *(Hue and cry outside. Coz' outsiders are the re: outside. The God hesitates to speak the remaining verse of punishment)*

[A crowd of outsiders on stage]

- Wait a moment, our lord!

She's not a criminal. We're the proofs. If she's to be declared a criminal, which she never committed, then we, too, are all criminals because we have measured the similar journeys.

We're here from all the seasons, atmosphere. We've similar dreams.

And
CHAOS.

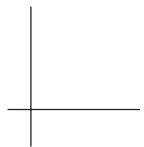
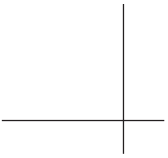
We're the pathfinder of the existence. Like the lunatic Devkota, who would give away all his earnings to the needy and return home empty-handed, wasn't it injustice to his family members? The Buddha, who left his home, leaving his wife and the child in darkness, to give light to the world, was it fair to his family? Karl Marx, who propounded the theory of socialism, if reasoned from this line of thought, too, committed the similar crime.

They're outsiders. The buddha and the Dhamma pada. The Karl Marx and the 'Das Capital.' They're too, punished by the glorified laws and rules and governments. They all suffer the grieves and pious of your reign.

The God: That's enough. Now, let's celebrate. I declare the end of this session now. The next hearing would be on June 15, 2055. Right now, the culprit wants to recite a poem. Be concentrate! The given man would copy the poem in his notebook, which would be helpful for the verdict to be declared. Sorry audience! But we'll meet this fugitive after 50 (fifty years) Now, the court is adjourned.


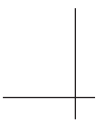
- *Where can I find a man
Who has lost words
He is the one
I would like to talk to*
- Chuang Tzu

*[My beloved feeler!
Respecting your voice, I confessed
All the stuffs in the court of God.
After fifty years, you'd be
presented in this court garlanded.
And the moment,
We'd kiss and hug.
We'd celebrate every
festivals which we lost*



*The tears will author our poems
And sing our songs
We'd embrace and bid good bye
To our sufferings
And illusion like pain of life
Will all be set into
The frames of paintings]*

My lord!
Poems will weep; and the songs charter their cosmic flight.



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An Outsider in the Court of God
(A collection of lyrical essays)
by Momila

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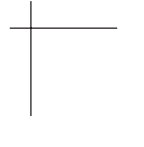
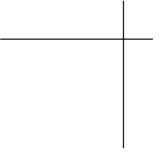



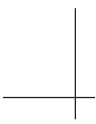


Publisher's Note

The refined re-creation of nature through words is the special, existential quest of a literary life. This too is the distinctive characteristics of human civilization. The youngest of all genres of such a profound literary tradition is the essay – a genre marked by free and deep contemplative thinking and artistic exposition of aesthetic realization. Modern essay in first-person narration that took its formal shape with French essayist Montaigne, in the global context, attained a glorious entry into Nepali letters through Laxmi Prasad Devkota. A galaxy of veteran essayists further refined the tradition, and exponents like Shankar Lamichhane, Ram Krishna Sharma, Hridaya Chandra Singh Pradhan, Krishna Chandra Singh Pradhan, Ishwar Ballabh, Indra Bahadur Rai, Ram Mani Risal, Kamal Mani Dixit, Shyam Prasad Sharma, Durga Bhandari, Taranath Sharma, Madhav Prasad Pokharel, Manuj Babu Mishra, Rajendra Subedi, Abhi Subedi, Manjul and others, handed over a glorious legacy of essay to their posterity which blossomed in the hands of young contemporaries like Yuvaraj Nayanghare and Momila. By this time, the essay has not only consolidated its roots, but also assumed a comprehensive extension, testified by the book in your hand: *An Outsider in the Court of God*.

The personal reflection these essays exhibit, validates the assertion that Momila undertook the pursuit of authoring essays only after she actualized her potent existence as a poet. The quest for, and discarded complaints of deformed and venomous truth engendered by the callousness within man; some remorse and pain of the present, built on corpses and blood; and the interrogative emotions of future have been translated in the original wailing of the essays. For liberation from the stringent classical dictates of the tedious tradition of the essay, these essays give a collective voice to postmodern transition along with an







aesthetic care characteristic of these essays. In them, one can spot a clash of multiple thoughts for a beautiful conclusion, and locate a base camp of pluralistic assumptions erected on the roof of globalization. From here begins the upward ascent of the present civilization. The present collection of essays by Momila too will give you an interesting impression of the ascent with their poetically cultured craftsmanship.

An Outsider in the Court of God is yet another publication of Nepali Kalasahitya Dot Com Pratishthan (Nepali Art & Literature Dot Com Foundation) dedicated to you. The publication expects a joyous participation of the readers with this book at the pinnacle of Nepali literature.

Nepali Kalasahitya Dot Com Pratishthan (Nepali Art & Literature Dot Com Foundation), dedicated to the promotion and extension of Nepali literature, thanks author Momila for making the collection available to us for publication.

Nepali Kalasahitya Dot Com Pratishthan
[Nepali Art & Literature Dot Com Foundation]
Kathmandu, Nepal





My Closest Relation is Myself: Echoes from the Essays of Momila

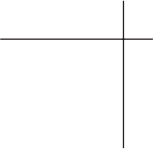
I am indebted to Terence, the ancient Roman philosopher for the epigram that also stands as the title of this foreword – a foreword to Momila's essays. I chose this simply because this fittingly arrests the central theme of the present anthology – *An Outsider in the Court of God*.


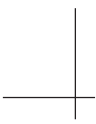
The anthology contains 16 essays by Momila, which to my knowledge, is the first collection of essays by an individual Nepali writer to appear in English translation; moreover first by a woman essayist in Nepali literature. So it is a matter of pride for us all.

Modern Nepali literature is quite young. It is hardly 100 years old, and modern essay, if we count in true sense from Laxmi Prasad Devkota, the great poet and the first essayist of great fame, has had a history of hardly seven decades. His *Laxmi Nibandha Sangraha* is a landmark.

In Nepali some of the great essayists to date are Laxmi Prasad Devkota, Shankar Lamichhane, Kamal Dixit, Krishna Chandra Singh Pradhan, Ram Mani Risal, Nirmohi Byas, Madhab Prasad Pokhrel, Yubaraj Nayaghare, and the first collection of essays to appear in English translation is *Selected Nepali Essays* (2005) sponsored by Jiba Lamichhane in which a single woman writer, Dr. Banira Giri appears among 15 male writers. This is a proof of the fact that the whole genre of essay has been fully male-dominated until recently. Against this backdrop, Momila came with a great force, great challenge and thunder: she came with a promise and she has been welcomed by all as her presence in this genre has brought with it a new skill, power and beauty.

I don't think I need to introduce Momila to Nepali readership though she needs to be introduced among those readers who want to have a







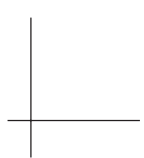
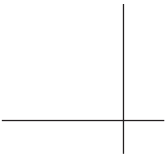
glimpse of Nepali literature, and especially of essays, through English translation. Momila is a young writer, especially a poet, however she has proved her great ingenuity in mastering a lucid style in the language of prose. Now in her early forties, Momila has been recognized as one of the most promising, powerful poets and prose writers of her generation in Nepali. Her poems have exercised great energy and freshness of imagination and power when trying to give expression to troubles of her heart and the land.

Momila is not only an author, she is a passionate activist dedicated for the noble cause of promoting Nepali language and literature. She has championed the cause by involving herself in a team of Nepali writers, artists, musicians and intellectuals and by dedicating much of her spirit and energy towards this. For years she has tried to bind the fragmented society through art, music and literature and to support the cause of national harmony and co-existence in a variegated society like ours when political turmoils and social unrest have ravaged it.

Momila has organized many national level seminars on this issue and wider discussions have brought people of divergent fields together for championing the cause of social harmony and national integrity. Their dreams of promoting Nepali literature and of establishing harmony among various people can be realized in the foundation of Academy for Nepali Art and Literature, namely nepali kalasahitya.com pratisthan. This is a combination of conventional mode of expression within new emerging trends in cyber culture – so dot.com. This reflects Momila's visionary plan which is supported by many. She wants to establish relationship with people far and wide and institutions beyond national in order to establish and promote exchange between literatures and authors, artists, musicians and intellectuals. In this manner, she has raised her voice for introducing Nepali literature to a larger canvas. Everyone has supported this noble cause, everyone appreciated this spirit.

Let me come to Momila's essays again. Her style is poetic, theme is of love and hatred, god and existence, life and death. These are wonderfully woven themes, and the motif of death visits them again and again; likewise, an indomitable passion for life recurs time and again. She writes of the tender object hardened against the harsh





reality. She writes of her body and soul. Momila's essays reveal her own life philosophy. In most of them, unlike most of other essays, a character will appear, who acts like a hero, a hero permanently dominating the whole story. Her personality is fragmented and fractured, divided among various realities so death-wish and existential questions surface again and again.

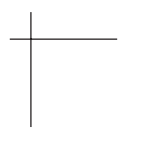
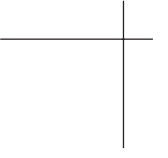
The reader is reminded of the Outsider as in Albert Camus' novel – an alienated character in modern society. Is it the same Outsider, the spokesperson of Momila? I doubt it, for Camus's outsider is absurd and gives rise to existential philosophy, leading towards nothingness and nihilism. Unlike this the outsider character of Momila is hurled among various entities– between life and death, between experience and feeling, between pain and pleasure. She has addressed Walt Whitman who spoke: *I celebrate myself and sing myself* in his "Song of Myself." So Momila is also too much obsessed with her own self, a mirror image, and its sorrows, troublesome life and a strong vow to continue to survive. The reader senses a great paradox everywhere. She is a rebel – she does not know what her rebellion is against. Is it life or death or unsatisfied love, unfulfilled dream or the maker or the unending charm of living?


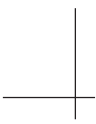
She has endured everything, even death, as Shakespeare has said in 'King Lear' –

Men must endure
Their going hence even as their
coming hither.
That's true she has suffered and tolerated.
She has hated and loved it.

Momila is overpowered more by feeling and emotion rather than by reason. So her essays sometimes read nothing less than beautiful poems. Her concentration is art posited in nature. She has a co-traveler in the journey of suffering; she is eluded by the fancy that she is together with the indefinable existence.

As in a fiction, mythological characters like Prometheus accompany her, he is transformed into an ultramodern gunman and traverses in the dreamland. She is a wanderlust, him a fancied figure. Momila's remarkable contribution to Nepali essay is her novelty of technique.





She has uniquely applied dramatic style of writing in most of these essays which can be honored as her originality. She has two characters- mostly her own self and another existence juxtaposed, like a hostile force and sometimes friendly. Sometimes it is God or love veiled as a friend or someone whom she addresses lovingly.

In some essays like the 'Versions of History', she recounts the harsh reality of present and the lost dreams of those who wished to transform the nation into heaven. Life could never be defined, desires never fulfilled. She sings of truth, the ultimate reality, and visualizes an ever fading light in the hazy sky.

The anthology consists of some travel essays too. Of them one is *Swargadwaree*, a combination of great beauty and horror- horror of killing and brutality that went rampant for a whole decade, another being as Bandipur.

Very often, time and again, Momila sings of self- it is surrounded by horror and absurdity, cries for existence. Oscar Wilde had once spoken- *to love oneself is the beginning of a long romance*. When readers go through Momila sometimes they may assume she is romancing with life. Beyond this, she struggles for painful survival. As Lucretius has put: *Life is a one long struggle in the dark*, darkness has surrounded, however, unlike many others she has seen light in it.

Momila has sung the song of life- too complex to define, too dear to discard. Her essays define life like a mystery, an object to be shunned at and at the same time a symbol of great beauty and immortal value to be worshipped. Some fatal moments overpower her, again she has control over the overpowering emotions and sings a song of life like Emily Dickinson did in-

*That it will never come again
Is what makes life so sweet.
Believing what we don't believe
Does not exhilarate.*

This is where Momila stands victorious and sings of life. Her essays sing this song.

Govinda Raj Bhattarai, Ph.D.



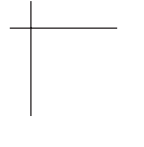
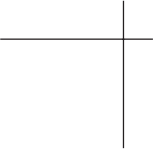



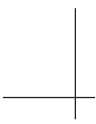
To the Martyrs of Love

Though I felt I have asserted all I wanted, and written everything I thought, something has still remained unsaid, incomplete. Sprung from a similar incompleteness of life and drifting towards its partial destiny, I a human, stand in one direction, flow in the other and reach an unplanned destination. For this, nothing here has a beginning proper, nor a termination proper. All are illusions – beginnings or ends. Viewed this way, death too is not an end. Rather it is just assimilation into the earth, an absorption, becoming one. Similarly, in my collection of essays, I am nowhere an end. I would choose to experience the glory of living like a handful of water assimilating into the infinity of the ocean, like a bit of consciousness absorbed into the world before it could assimilate into a one-dimensional worldview, and a consequent experience of the ultimate reunion with the Absolute. The gradual transfer of the land I stand to others besides me, the end of an episode of life finds a festive declaration.

Here, the river flows but the mountain– its source– remains still. Similarly perhaps, rivers flow out of some stable point and keep flowing. Yet, the river had no regret, and the mountain no avarice. The hill takes pride in its very existence as the hill, the mountain in its worth as a mountain. They have firmly stood on their positions for ages. But I! I melt the moment I want to gather into a mound of snow. My attempt to become a puff of wind has blown me off, and this way, many of my dejections and hopelessness have become the frustrations of life. Along the fringe of the world of my essays, I am lumbering along, somewhere like a stirred reporter, and somewhere like a journalist. Yet at other places, I discover myself in my plain vision as an audience, staring at others.

Even at the oddest hours of dejection, when my life was caught up in the gale of flowers at remote heights, I did not ask for





salvation, giving my life away to anyone in alms. I am contented in my own style. Many a time, I had ignored the incoming questions, and walked along with my own answers. At those moments, I hear the echo of my own existence. The present collection is a curious note of my life and feelings, entrapped on the string of a *veena* reluctant to vibrate. Dear reader! You can hear the note as you wish, and comprehend as you please. But if you could vibrate your soul in the world of my essays even for a second, that moment would be the moment of our collective assimilation into the Absolute.

At my moments of victory consonant with this creation; at my moments of festivities, those exponents of literature who readily volunteered to see their invaluable time attaining martyrdom in love for an outsider standing at the court of God- veteran writer Indra Bahadur Rai, late author Ishwar Ballabh, renowned poet Bairagi Kainla, famous novelist Dr. Dhruvachandra Gautam, widely acclaimed scholar and critic Dr. Govinda Raj Bhattarai, senior poet Rajeshwar Karki, famous writer Manjushree Thapa, young and emerging author Mahesh Paudyal 'Prarambha', translator Kumar Nagarkoti, editor Ranjan Kumar Khatri, and financial supporter Rajeev Bikram Shah- all deserve my heartfelt gratitude, for which I have run out of words.

Momila





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