

मैले लेखन नसकेको कविता

●
जब म कविता लेख्न बस्छु
नलेखिएका विषयवस्तुहरूद्वारा
म कलमहीन बन्दी बनाइन्छु
र भीडको निरीह पात्र, म
भीड छिचोलेर
आफ्नै आकाश सिर्जना गर्छु

कलम खोस्नेहरू
सडकमा जुलुस निकालिरहेकै हुन्छन्
विचारहरू नारा लगाइरहेकै हुन्छन्
तत्समय हिजोहरूको ह्याडओभर भेलेर, म
वर्तमानअनुकूल बन्छु
तातो रगतजस्तो आलो बिहानीमाथि
कठघरामा मूकदर्शक उभिन्छु
र स्वयम् आफू
कविताको अर्को विषयवस्तु बन्छु

२ मेरो कविताको अन्तिम पृष्ठ



My Unwritten Poem

●
Whenever I ready to write a poem,
unwritten subjects
pop up, and make me a penless prisoner.
and I, a hapless component of the crowd
squeeze through it
and create my own firmament.

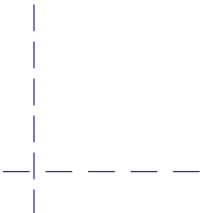
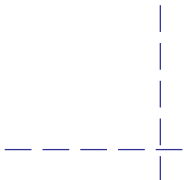
Those who seize my pen
are still seen demonstrating on the street;
thoughts are heard shouting slogans.
That moment, dealing with the hangover of the yesterdays
I become compatible with the present.
Upon the juvenile morn, fresh like hot blood
I stand like a mute witness in a courtroom
and get myself transmuted
into yet another subject of a new poem.

लागछ, अब त
कविता लेख्नु अपराध हो
किनकि कविता—
बुझनलाई छुट सत्य हो
तर, यो मौसम
मेरो सत्यको विपक्षमा छ
मेरो आस्था अनि विश्वासको विपक्षमा छ
त्यसैले मैले लेखेको कविता पनि
मेरो विपक्षमा हुनेछ

यदि कविता लेख्ने भने पनि
ती अधुरा कविताहरू
आफूलाई पूरा नगर्न मलाई अनुरोध गर्नेछन्
यसर्थमा कि
भरे साँभ कविताका उनै बदलिएका अर्थहरू
कविताकै विरोधमा उभिनेछन्
तर, आफू अर्थहरूमा टुक्रिन नसकेपछि
कविताको अहम् भाँचिँदै जानेछ
र त्यो कविता
मैले लेख्न नसकेको हुनेछ।



रचनाकाल : २०५९



It appears that, henceforth
writing poetry shall be libeled a crime
for, a poem
is a truth one can comprehend at will.

But, this weather
is adverse to my truth
and is against my faith and belief.
Accordingly, the poem I write
too stands against me

If ever I write poems,
the half-built verses admonish me
to leave them incomplete
because, later in the evening
their transmuted connotations
stand against the very poem.
But when I cannot fragment into their interpretations,
the pride of my poetry breaks gradually
and that poem shall be a poem
that I cannot write.



बुद्ध, तिम्पो पूजा त गर्छु!

●

बाँच मन लाग्छ

किनभने

हामी धेरै मछौं

हामी उज्यालो चाहन्छौं

किनकि

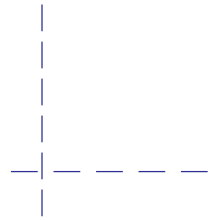
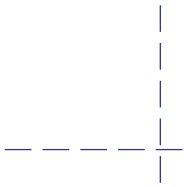
अँध्यारो हाम्रो गर्भे पृष्ठभूमि हो

हामी मुक्ति खोज्छौं

किनकि

हामी खुलामा बाँधिएका छौं

६ मेरो कविताको अन्तिम पृष्ठ



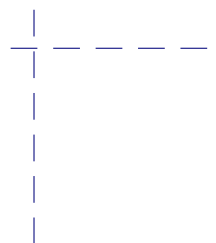
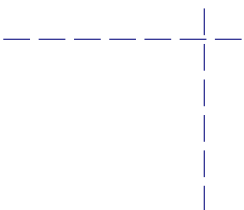
Buddha, I Shall Worship You

●
We want to live
for,
we die most of the time

We love light
for,
darkness is our prenatal background

We seek liberty
for,
we are chained in the open

The Last Page of My Poem 7



हामी प्रेम चाहन्छौं
किनकि
घृणा मान्छेको कमजोरी हो

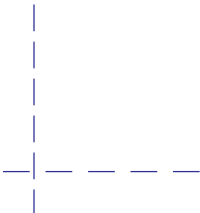
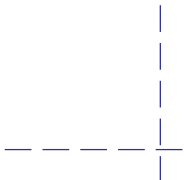
उद्धृत नै सही
हामी वर्तमानको शान्त स्पेस चाहन्छौं
किनकि
मानव-इतिहास द्वन्द्वको पिरामिड हो

हामी निश्चितता चाहन्छौं
किनकि
भविष्य स्वयम् अनिश्चित छ

हामी अनौपचारिकता चाहन्छौं
किनकि
औपचारिकता मान्छेको जीवनशैली हो

यसैले बुद्ध!
म तिम्रो पूजा त गर्छु
तर, माफ गर!
तिम्रो अनुसरण गर्न सक्तिनँ।

●
रचनाकाल : २०६०



We pine for love
for,
hatred is a human weakness

We long for a tranquil space of the present
—what if it is albeit quoted—
for,
human history is a pyramid of struggle

We crave for certainty
for,
the future itself is uncertain

We cherish informality
for
formality, for man, is a way of life.

For all these reasons, Buddha
I shall worship you,
but I beg your pardon
I cannot follow you.



अस्तित्व हराएको मान्छेको कथा

●
गाउँमा बादल लाग्यो,
चट्याङ सहरमा पच्यो;
गाउँमा बर्सात भयो,
सहरमा बाढी आयो
र सारा बस्ती बगायो
अन्ततः सिङ्गे देश आँसुको डुबानमा पच्यो

गाउँमा आँधी आयो
छानो सहरको उडायो
गाउँमा रूख ढल्यो
सहरमा बत्ती निभ्यो
अन्ततः सिङ्गे देश अँध्यारोमा डुब्यो

बर्सात बर्सिनु थियो, बर्सियो
तर मान्छेले बाढी बढायो किन!
हुरी आउनु थियो, आयो
तर मान्छेले आँधी ल्यायो किन!
मान्छेले मान्छेको माया त माच्यो
आखिर स्वयम् ऊ टुहुरो भयो
अन्ततः आफ्नो देश आफ्नै लागि बिरानियो।

●
रचनाकाल : २०६१

१० मेरो कविताको अन्तिम पृष्ठ



The Tale of a Man Deprived of Existence

●
A cloud overcast the village
a thunderbolt struck the town
the village saw rainfall
the downpour flooded the town
the entire village was carried away
ultimately, the whole nation drowned in tears

A storm battered the village
the town lost its roofs
a tree fell in the village
the lamps were blown off in the town
ultimately, the whole village was darkened

The rain fell, for it was destined to fall
but man multiplied the flood, why?
the storm was bound to break, and it did
but why did man usher in a storm?
Man snapped ties of love with other men,
and in turn, tuned himself an orphan
ultimately, the whole nation turned obscure.

थाकेको म

●
जब कहीं फूल भर्छ
म शोकमग्न हुन्छु
जब मेरो घाम डुब्छ
म रातग्रस्त हुन्छु
र हिँड्दाहिँड्दै थाकेको, म
जब सपनामा उसलाई भेट्छु;
सपनामै पुनः गन्तव्य तय गर्छु
सपना त टुट्नुको नाम भन्थेँ
ठीक विपरीत
सपनाकै ऊर्जा लिएर, म
बिपनामै हिँडिदिन्छु
लाग्छ, यतिखेर म
कतै नभाँचिएर
केवल प्रेमग्रस्त छु।

●

रचनाकाल : २०४८

१२ मेरो कविताको अन्तिम पृष्ठ



A Worn out Self

●
Whenever a flower withers somewhere
I am grief-stricken
whenever my sun sets
night besieges me
and whenever I, a self exhausted on the way
meet her in the dreams,
I set my goals once again in dreams
I took dreams are the synonyms of shattering

In reverse however,
I walk in the real with strength
derived from dreams
I feel at present
I am not fragmented anywhere
but am laden with love!

●

विवशता

●
बाहिर पिँढीमा बसेर
गाइनेले सारङ्गीमा
जिन्दगी रेट्दै छ

छोरो आउँछ कि भन्ने आसमा
बूढी आमाको कति साँभ
झ्यालबाट परदेश चियाएरै बितेको छ
बूढा बाको कति बिहान
परेलीमा भङ्गल्कोहरू बोकी
छोराको सम्भनामै बितेको छ

उता परदेसिएको छोरो
कलमको विच्छेदमा
आफ्ना विरही आँलाहरूसँग सम्भौता गर्छ

र ऊ; जो सिङ्गो मान्छे भएर पनि
अपाङ्ग बाँचिरहेछ
ऊ; जो एउटा सिङ्गो देश भएर पनि
बस्तीको सुनसान कहानी भएको छ।

●
रचनाकाल : २०३९

१४ मेरो कविताको अन्तिम पृष्ठ



Helplessness

●
The minstrel,
sitting on the threshold, is harping
life on his lute

In her hope to see her son
making his way back home
the old mother has spent
many a dusk, looking out of the window
Many a morn of the old father
has waned, with reminiscence hung on the eyes
hoping for the son to return

The emigrant son, on the other hand
is making truce with his ill-fated fingers
severed from the pen

And he? He lives a cripple's life
in spite of being a complete human
he, who lives as a desolate tale of a forlorn village,
in spite of being the entire nation

The minstrel,
sitting on the threshold, is harping
life on his lute

●

भक्तिएका विम्बहरूबाट

●
सिर्जनाका विम्बहरू भत्काउँदै
एक हूल मानिसहरू
घरभित्र आए

त्यहाँ, बूढी आमाको एकरस पर्खाइ
जसको वर्तमान
कुनै भविष्यविमुख थिएन

उनीहरूले ती बूढी आमाको वर्तमानलाई
लछारपछार पारेर घाउहरूको पर्खाल अग्ल्याए
वर्तमानबाट भविष्यविमुख पारे
र भने—
हामी तिम्रा भविष्यनिर्माता हौं

ती आमा; जसको सपना
आकाशहीन थिएन
उनीहरूले त्यही आकाश रित्याउन खोजे
बुटहरूले मनपरी कुल्चिए
र भने—
हामी तिम्रो दोस्रो आकाश हौं



The Frayed Images

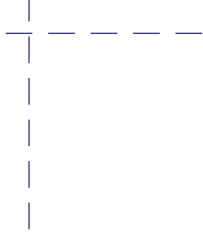
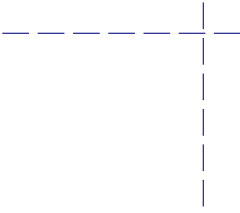
●
Shattering the images of creation
a crowd of people
entered the house

There, an old mother
endlessly waited
though her present
showed no movement towards any future

They thrashed the old mother's present
and erected a wall of wounds
and made it orient towards a future from present
and said,
we are the architects of your future

The mother's dreams
were not devoid of a sky
they wanted to exhaust that firmament
and hence, crushed with boots to their satiety
and said,
we are your second sky

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विश्वासको सङ्कटमै ती आमाले सोचिन्
हाम्रो आकाश त एउटै छ
फेरि, दोस्रो आकाश कहाँ होला!

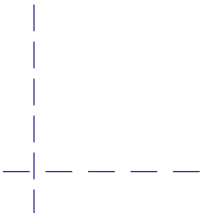
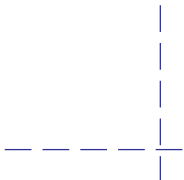
बूढी आमाको घाइते सुनसानमा
फेरि, अर्का थरी एक हूल मानिसहरू आए
भक्तिन बाँकी विम्बहरू पनि भत्काए
र बूढी आमाको वृद्ध कान नै चोइटिने गरी
कराएर भने—
समग्र देशको भविष्य नै हामी हौं

यसरी साक्षरहरूकी ती निरक्षर आमाले
विचार गरिन्—
म कुन भविष्य रोजौं;
जसमा सबै विम्बहरू भत्किएका छन्...!...!!

थकानमा बूढी आमा
विम्बहरू भत्किएको बस्तीबाट
धेरै टाढा पुगिन्
एक पटक सबैलाई सम्भेर आफूलाई बिर्सिन्
र आत्महत्या गरिन्
उनका लागि
सबैभन्दा उज्यालो भविष्य त्यही नै थियो!!!



रचनाकाल : २०६१



Amid the crises of trust, the mother thought
we have but a single sky
wherefrom does the second emerge?

In the wounded solitude of the old mother
yet another crowd squeezed in,
and dismantled the images that were still intact
and roared in her ears till she was deafened,
we are the future of the entire nation

This way, the illiterate mother of the literate progenies
contemplated on which future she ought to choose
when, all images had been undone

The exhausted, old mother
went far away from the village
of the shattered images.
for once, she recalled everyone and forgot herself
and claimed her own life
for her
that was the brightest of all futures!

●

गढीमाईको मेला

●
एक जीवनको नाममा
हजारौँ जीवन बलि चढाउने
जीवन र जीवनप्रतिको प्रेम समाप्त भएको
खुँडा र खुकुरीको कथा हो—
गढीमाईको मेला

खै, कहाँ र यहाँ मानवप्रेम!
जीवन-अधिकार नै कठघरामा उभिएको बेला
खै, कहाँ र यहाँ मानवको दया!
स्वयम् दयाको पात्र बनेको बेला

२० मेरो कविताको अन्तिम पृष्ठ



The Gadhimai Fair*

●
In the name of a life
innumerable lives are slain
a tale of sabers and khukris,
is the Gadhimai fair
where life and love for it are exhausted.

Where can one spot
love for humanity here?
When right to live faces a trial
where can one trace human compassion,
when man himself has become a subject of pity?

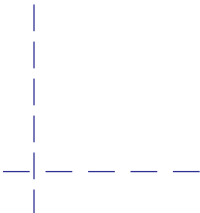
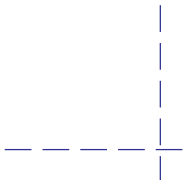
तर, त्यही मानव
अर्कोतर्फ गर्व गर्छ जीवनको
र भन्छ—
देश गढीमाई बन्नु हुँदैन

एकातिर गढीमाई उभ्याएर
अर्कातिर लुम्बिनी खोज्ने हाम्रो चाहना
एकातिर तरबार चलाएर
अर्कोतर्फ परेवा उडाउने हाम्रो चाहना
मानवचेतनाको दुःखान्त कथा हुन सक्छ

म अहिले एकसाथ गढीमाई र लुम्बिनी सोच्छु
एउटा हातले बलि चढाएर
अर्को हातले परेवा उडाउने
शक्तिसम्पन्नतालाई सम्भन्छु
र म पुनः
महाभारतको युद्धमा फर्किरहेको हुन्छु
जहाँ हरेक दिन
गढीमाईको मेला जीवन्त बन्दै जान्छ!




रचनाकाल : २०६१



But, the same human
takes pride in life, and says,
the nation should never become Gadhimai!

Our craving for Lumbini,
with Gadhimai erected on one side,
our desire to release peace-pigeons
with swords clanging on another side
can transmute into a tragic tale of human consciousness

I think of Gadhimai and Lumbini at once
and remember the powerful ones
making offers at Gadhimai with one hand
and releasing peace-pigeons with the other
and once again,
I find myself, retreating
to the battle of Mahabharata
where every day,
the Gadhimai fair assumes an eternal longevity.



** Gadhimai is a place of pilgrimage in Bara district
of Nepal, where thousands of animals are sacrificed
once every five years during a fair that is
popularly known as Gadhimai Mela.*

हतियार

●
सबैले भन्छन्—
हतियारको जङ्गलमा सुरक्षित होइन्छ
यतिखेर मेरो चेतना पनि
सम्पूर्ण हतियारबद्ध छ

र सङ्ग्राममा
तिमीले गुलेली हान्यौ
मैले घुँघुँरो चलाएँ
तिमीले हँसिया चलायौ
मैले खुकुरी चलाएँ
तिमीले तरबार निकाल्यौ
मैले खुँडा चलाएँ
तिमीले श्री-नट-श्री पड्कायौ
मैले बन्दुक चलाएँ
तिमीले एस. एल. आर. देखायौ
मैले एल. एम. जी. उठाएँ
तिमीले ए. के. फोर्टी सेभेन प्रयोग गर्‍यौ
म हतियारविहीन उभिँएँ

जबसम्म मसँग हतियार थियो
जित्ने बहानामा मैले हारिरहँ
तर जब हतियारविहीन चेतना, म
तिम्रो मनको सँघारमा उभिँएँ
अनि मात्र म सुरक्षित रहँ
र विजयी भएँ।

●

रचनाकाल : २०६०

२४ मेरो कविताको अन्तिम पृष्ठ



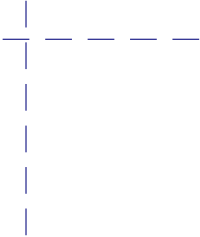
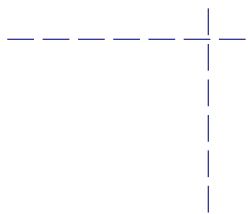
Weapons

●
Everybody says—
one can feel secure
in the jungle of weapons
my conscience too, at the moment
is totally under arms

And
in the bloody warfare
you shot with a catapult
and I with a boomerang
you let a sickle go,
and I set my khukri going
you unsheathed a sword
and I picked a scimitar up
you fired a three-naught-three
and I triggered a gun
you showed your SLR
and I picked my LMG
you used your AK-47
and I stood armless

As long as I had a weapon
I kept losing in vain, on the pretext of victory
but when, as an unarmed consciousness
I stood on the threshold of your heart,
I sensed myself secured,
and stood as a victor.

●
The Last Page of My Poem 25



माग

●
सुन, आज सगरमाथाको टुप्पोमा छ
जसलाई गहना बनाइन्छ
मूल्यवान् सम्झिइन्छ
इज्जतको पहुँलो खोलले ढाकिन्छ
सुन, जसलाई आज सोकेसमा सजाइन्छ
त्यसैले सुन महँगो छ

फलाम– जुन हाम्रो पाखुरासँग खेल्छ
फलाम– जुन हाम्रो पसिनामा नुहाउँछ
फलाम– चुसिएको छ
फलाम– पिसिएको छ
फलाम– कुल्चिएको छ
फलाम– त्यसैले सस्तो बजारभाउमा राखिएको छ

अब, वास्तविकता हाम्रो सामु उभिनुपर्छ
फलाम र सुनको महत्त्व छुट्टिनुपर्छ

फलामको इज्जत हुनुपर्छ
उसले सम्मान पाउनुपर्छ
पसिनाको कसीमा
आफ्नो अस्तित्व राख्ने फलामसापेक्ष
सुनको मूल्य ओर्लनुपर्छ
र अब सगरमाथाको टुप्पोतिर
फलामको मूल्य बढ्नुपर्छ।

●

रचनाकाल : २०३८

२६ मेरो कविताको अन्तिम पृष्ठ



A Demand

●
Gold is on the peak of Everest
the yellow metal that we adore,
and consider precious,
is covered with the blonde veil of prestige
Gold we lavishly decorate
and exhibit in the show case,
is counted extremely valuable

iron: that sings the songs of our die-hard labour,
iron: that tunes with the rhythm of our blood and toil
has been exploited
has been oppressed
has been ostracized
Iron, that's why
has been displayed on the desolate market square
as something cheap

Now, reality should unveil itself,
gold should no more be our grace
iron should stand out, against gold
let its worth be upheld
Gold should slash in worth
against iron that stands the test of the hardest toil
and let the worth of iron
ascend towards the Everest peak.

●

परिभाषा हराएको देश

●
भिन्न, देशको सम्पूर्ण स्वास्थ्यपरीक्षण हुँदै छ
बाहिर प्रतीक्षालयमा
आफन्त अनुहारहरू परिणाम पर्खिरहेका छन्

स्वास्थ्यपरीक्षणका क्रममा
देशले डाक्टरको अनुहारमा व्यापारी देख्यो
र निसास्सिएर बाहिर निस्क्यो
क्रमशः आफन्त अनुहारहरू नियाल्न थाल्यो...

२८ मेरो कविताको अन्तिम पृष्ठ

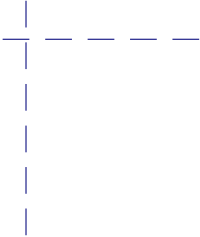
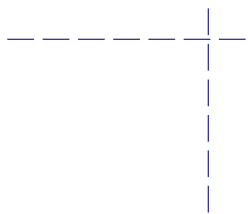


A Nation sans Identity ●

Inside, the entire nation's health is being scrutinized
outside, in the waiting shed
the kinsmen are waiting for the diagnosis report

During the examination
the physician saw a businessman
on the face of the nation
and went out, suffocated
gradually, he started examining the kins' faces

The Last Page of My Poem 29

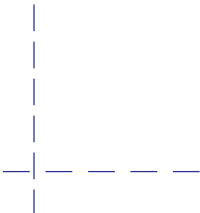
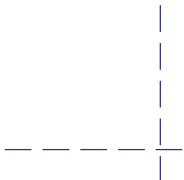


उसले समृद्ध व्यापारीको अनुहार हेच्यो
जसको मनको कालो आँखामा बादलिएको देख्यो
राष्ट्रसेवक भन्नेहरूको अनुहार हेच्यो
अनुहारमा गरिएका गल्तीहरूको दाग मात्र देख्यो
शिक्षितहरूको अनुहार हेच्यो
अनुहारमा विदेशी कुलीको छाप भेट्यो
देशका प्रतिनिधिहरूको अनुहार हेच्यो
अनुहारमा बोलकबोल र टेन्डर मात्र देख्यो
देशका कर्णधारहरूको अनुहार हेच्यो
अनुहारमा भविष्य हराइरहेको सूचना पढ्यो
अन्य अनुहारहरू नियाल्यो
कतै पट्टी बाँधिएको त कतै भावशून्य आँखा महसुस गर्‍यो

पीडाबिभोर ऊ
रोगको आलो पृष्ठभूमि बोकेर
खुला हावामा निस्क्यो
त्यहाँ पनि ऊ बन्धकी हावामा निसास्सियो
र अचेत भई लड्यो
त्यतिखेर उसले आफ्नो परिचय नै हराइसकेको थियो

नाटकको पर्दा भन्थ्यो
र सूत्रधारले भन्थ्यो—
कालान्तरमा थाहा लाग्यो कि
उसको छातीमा बुद्धको परिचय खोपिएको थियो।

●
रचनाकाल : २०५७



Again, he peeked on the entrepreneur's face
and saw, the murk inside puked to the eyes
he then scanned the faces
of those who claimed to be the nation's servants
the faces reflected blots of misdeeds
scanned the countenances of the learned,
and found the mark of the foreign coolies
observed the faces of the nation's representatives
and saw claims, quotations and tenders
next he monitored the facades of the nation's heirs
and read the notice of the loss of future
scanned other faces
some had bandages on, and some, vacant eyes.

Pain-stricken,
he walked out to the open air
with the fresh background of the ailment
there too, he was smothered by the mortgaged air
and fell, unconscious
by then, he had lost his own identity too.

The theatre screen fell,
and the interpreter said,
that, in due course, it was unveiled
he had the Buddha's identity carved on his heart.

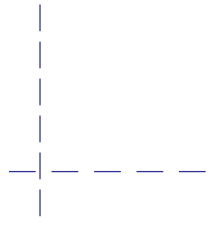
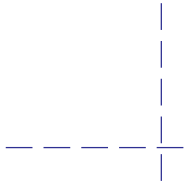
●

क्षितिज

●
सूर्योदयपूर्व
जाडोको वेदना सहनुपर्छ
र सूर्योदयपछि
न्यानोको आनन्दानुभव गर्नुपर्छ
तर क्षितिज; आफैँमा सूर्य अटाएर पनि
जो शून्य छ
त्यसलाई न त जाडो
न त न्यानो नै हुन्छ।

●
रचनाकाल : २०३७

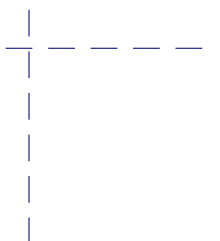
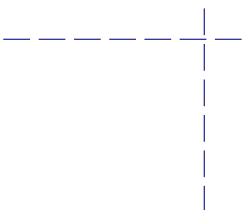
३२ मेरो कविताको अन्तिम पृष्ठ



The Horizon

●
Before sunrise,
we stand the chill of cold
and after sunrise,
feel the pleasure of warmth
but the horizon
is vacant, despite housing the sun
it neither feels cold
nor the pleasure of warmth.
●

The Last Page of My Poem 33

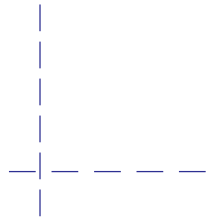
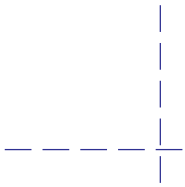


अमरत्व

●
हत्केलाले छेकेर सूर्य
आजसम्म केही गर्न सकिएन
कतै इतिहासमा
आफ्नो नाम खोपाउन सकिएन
त्यसैले
अब म
मन्दिरतिर धाउने गरेको छु
र सधैं भगवान्सँग
अमरत्वको वरदान माग्ने गरेको छु।
●

रचनाकाल : २०३७

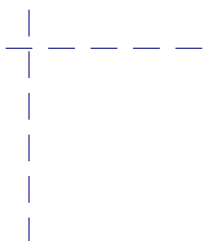
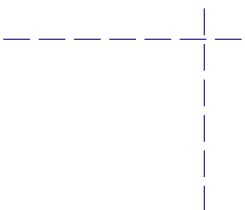
३४ मेरो कविताको अन्तिम पृष्ठ



Immortality

●
With the sun screened by palms,
nothing could be accomplished till date
nowhere in history
could I carve my name
for that, these days
I visit temples, time and again
and ask the deity
to bless me with immortality.
●

The Last Page of My Poem 35

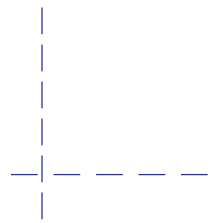
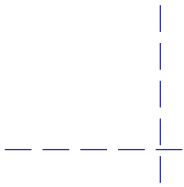


दन्त्यकथाको राक्षस

●
उहिले-उहिलेको दन्त्यकथामा
पहाड उखेल्दै
नदी सुकाउँदै
सखाप पाथ्र्यो रे
यस धरतीको राक्षसले
तर अहिले
यी सबै गर्नेकै बस्तीमा उभिएर
म कविता पढिरहेछु
र कवितामा आफ्नो परिचय खोजिरहेछु...।

●
रचनाकाल : २०५२

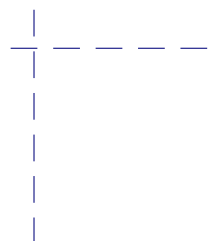
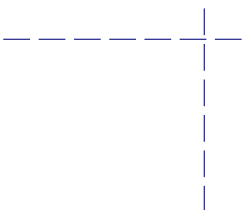
३६ मेरो कविताको अन्तिम पृष्ठ



The Demon of a Folklore

●
Once upon a time
in folklores, it is heard—
by uprooting the mountains
and heating the rivers dry
a demon of this earth
destroyed the mountains and rivers
but today,
standing amid people
who vandalize in the same tune too,
I am reciting poetry
and looking for my identity in them.
●

The Last Page of My Poem 37



मेरो गाउँ

●
शान्त भूगोलको हिमाली फेदमा बसेर
बिहानीको मृदु घामभरि
आफ्नो सौन्दर्य छरिरहेकी नवयौवनाजस्तो
अनि तिनै यौवनाको प्रेमभरि-भरि
प्रथम स्पर्शजस्तो
मेरो गाउँ—
आज, आफन्तहरूबाटै बेचिएर
यौवन लुटिएकी
अनि लुटिएर एड्ससहित फर्केकी
तिनै यौवनाको बेवारिस सपनाजस्तो
मेरो गाउँ—
यतिखेर, मुक्तिका नाममा
आर्यघाटमा मृत्यु कुरिरहेछ

सुनिन्छ—
मेरो गाउँको जस्तो
बेवारिस लासहरू जिम्मा लिन
सहरमा
थुप्रै एन. जी. ओ. हरू खुलेका छन्।

●

रचनाकाल : २०५६

३८ मेरो कविताको अन्तिम पृष्ठ



My Village ●

Seated on the basal laps of a tranquil topography,
like a lass, dissipating her austere beauty
all over the juvenile morning sun,
and like her first
love-laden touch
My village—
like the dream of a youthful maid,
trafficked by her own kiths,
robbed off her youth,
and forced to return with AIDS
My village—
is, at present, waiting for death
at Aryaghat*, in the name of liberty.

It is heard—
to claim the unclaimed bodies
of the dead ones like my village
many NGOs have been founded
in the town. ●

* *Aryaghat — a holy burning ghat on the bank
of the Bagmati River, east of Pashpatinath
Temple in Kathmandu*

देउराली

●
पर्खाल भएर तराई छेवदै
पहरा उभिएको मेरो देउराली
पिरतीको शिरफूल सिउरिएर
प्रेममग्न हाँसेको मेरो देउराली
कहिले ग्राहकको भद्दा स्पर्शमा
उसको साँभ दुख्दै रात गहिरिन्छ
त कहिले दुख्ने भाग्यबाट पनि वञ्चित हुँदै
सरोकारहीन उसको रात रिक्तिन्छ
हो, बोतल रिक्तिँदैन
जवानी रिक्तिँदैन
तर, जीवन रिक्तिँदै जान्छ
जीवनको सङ्गीत रिक्तिँदै जान्छ..

मेरो देउराली
जहाँ अब डोको बिसिँदैन
जुत्ताको आवाज सुनिँदैन
मादलुको घिन्ताड बज्दैन
पाउजेबको भङ्गार पनि छैन
आज मेरो देउराली
एड्सले जहान निलेको
एक्लो बूढोजस्तो भएर
फगत मृत्यु कुरिरहेछ...।

●
रचनाकाल : २०५६

४० मेरो कविताको अन्तिम पृष्ठ



Deurali

●
Fending the Tarai like a wall,
like a guard, stands my *Deurali*
and dissipates smiles of love
with flowers thrust on the head
often, at loathsome touches of the buyers
its night deepens through a torturous dusk
and sometimes, deprived of the right to suffer,
the night worthlessly withers
the bottle however, does not exhaust
neither does youth
but life gradually wanes
and so does the melody of life....

My Deurali
where no one places a hamper anymore
and no footstep resounds
no *madal* bangs
and no anklet tinkles
my *Deurali* today
awaits forlorn for its death
like an AIDS patient
with a body completely worn out.

भेरीको किनारमा

●
भेरीको किनारमा
म रुँदारुँदै थाकेछु भने
मलाई सम्भालेर
किनाराकै छेउको बगरमा राखिदिनू..

भेरीको पानी र जिन्दगी निरन्तर बगिरहेछ...
कतै भेरी पनि बग्दाबग्दै थाकेछ भने
मलाई भेरीको किनारबाट उठाएर
मेरो आँसुको नदीमा बगाइदिनू
भेरीको किनारामा
म रुँदारुँदै कतै थाकेछु भने...

कतै मन लुकाउने ठाउँ नभएर भाग्दाभाग्दै
मनहरूबाटै धेरै टाढा भागिएछ भने
मलाई बाटैबाट फर्काएर ल्याउनू
र भेरीको किनारामा लमतन्न सुताइदिनू
जसमा टेकेर
धेरैले आफ्नो गन्तव्य पूरा गर्नेछन्
भेरीको किनारामा
म रुँदारुँदै कतै थाकेछु भने...।

●

रचनाकाल : २०४२

४२ मेरो कविताको अन्तिम पृष्ठ



A Forlorn Rover on the Bheri Bank

●
Tired of shedding tears, if ever I lie,
exhausted on the Bheri bank...
help me lie supine
on the shore flanking the bank...

The water in Bheri, and life are on a relentless move...
if ever Bheri tires on the way,
pick me up from its bank
and throw into the river of my tears
tired of shedding tears, if ever I lie,
exhausted on the Bheri bank...

With no place to hold the heart, if ever
I drift away from hearts, even as I dart away
force me to retreat from midway,
and make me lie on the Bheri bank supine,
so that, stepping upon me
many could make ways to their goals

Tired of shedding tears, if ever I lie,
exhausted on the Bheri bank...
●

मौरीभीर र भिरालो यात्रा

●
यात्रामा कहाँ
सागरसँग सूर्य माग्दा
स्वयम् सागर बाफिएर सूर्य निभ्यो
आकाशसँग चन्द्र माग्दा
आफ्नै छायाले चन्द्र छेकियो
टाढाको चन्द्रसूर्यको त के कुरा
आफ्नै अँगालोमा
आफैले बाँचेको विगत रहेन
आफैले सोचेको भविष्य रहेन
भोग्दै रहँदा आफ्नो भन्थेँ वर्तमान त
अँगालोमा त्यो पनि रहेन
रह्यो त केवल
जीवनजस्तो मौरीभीरको
भयानक भिरालो यात्रा !

Mauribhir and the Trip Downhill

●
Somewhere on the trip,
when I asked the sea for the sun,
it vaporized till the sun went off.
When I asked the sky for the moon
its shadow eclipsed the moon
what to mention of the distant sun and moon
when the past, lived by the very self
could not be composed into embraces?
The fancied future did not retain, either.
As I drifted along, the present I counted as mine,
too could not remain in the arms.
What remained along,
is a mere deadly trip
along the steep Mauribhir
as frightening as life!

शान्त तर भयानक
प्रकृतिको विशेष शेष
त्यो मौरीभीर
जसले मलाई शान्त भएरै
भयानक पीडाको पक्षमा आवाज दिन सिकायो
आफैमा मृदुल तर विकट
जसले मलाई जीवको मृदुल गीत गुनगुनाएरै
विकट उचाइ चढ्न सिकायो
शीतल तर कठोर
जसले मलाई कठोर भएरै
शीतल हाँस्र सिकायो
भनौं, मौरीभीरले मलाई
मान्छे भएरै बाँच्ने
उत्कृष्ट कला सिकायो

जीवनको उत्कृष्ट कलाकारिता
त्यो मौरीभीर
जसले आफू ओभेलमा परेर पनि
पिठ्युँमा अरूलाई उभ्याएर
गाउँबस्तीको सुन्दरतासँगै पीडा बुझ्न सिकायो
दल्ली र गत्तासैनाको फाँटिलो प्रेम सिकायो
भुम्रेखोला र नहकुलीको नम्रता र स्वाभिमान सिकायो
तर स्वयम् मौरीभीर
कुनै भव्य योजनाकारको डायरीमा बन्दी योजनाजस्तो
मीठो सम्भावना कल्पे
सधैं अष्ट्यारो र विकट बाँचिरह्यो।

मेरो आत्माको विषयवस्तु
उदार मौरीभीर
जसले युगाँदेखि न आफूलाई बुझ्न सक्यो
न अरूलाई बुझाउन सक्यो

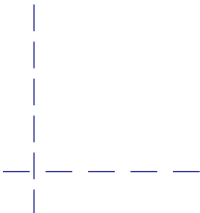
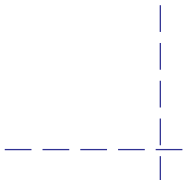
Tranquil and dreadful,
a distinct remnant of nature
Mauribhir,
that taught me to own
terrible pains in silence
lovely but remote,
that taught me to scale
the unattainable heights of life
with its beautiful melodies.
Cool but hard,
that taught me to display a cool smile
albeit with a hard composure
in a way, Mauribhir
taught me the sublime art
to live as a human.
Mauribhir
a refined artistry of life
taught me to comprehend pain
along with the rustic beauty
letting others expose,
standing on the back
while the self remaining
screened in the back
taught the extensive love
of *Dalli* and *Gattasaina*,
taught the modesty and self-esteem
of *Jhumrekhol*a and *Nahakuli*
but Mauribhir itself,
like a plan, entrapped
in a grand planner's diary
kept living in difficulty and remoteness
with sweet prospects fancied.

The subject of my soul
the great Mauribhir
that, for ages, could neither understand itself
nor could explain to others
in spite of Bheri flowing all over its eyes
it remained a thirsty onlooker
Once again
kept walking along a sloppy trail of life,
just kept its pace moving...

आँखाभरि भेरी बगेर पनि
प्यास प्यासी नै रह्यो
फेरि पनि
जीवनको भिरालो यात्रा हिँडिरह्यो... हिँडिरह्यो...!

आज स्मृतिखतमा उभिएर
मौरीभीरजस्तो जीवन सोचिरहेछु
भिरालोमा कतै लडिएला कि भन्दै
सिङ्गो मौरीभीर नै बाँचिसकेछु
जति मौरीभीर विकट सोच्यँ
त्योभन्दा विकराल विकट त म मान्छे आफैँ रहेछु
यसैले जे बुझिन्छ, त्यो नै अन्तिम नबुझ्न
म मान्छेसँगै अनुरोध गरिरहेछु।





Today, standing on the marks of memories
I am thinking of life, like that of Maurihir
fearing a slip on the way downhill
I lived the life of the entire Maurihir
I, a human, happened to be
more terrifying and remoter
than what I counted Maurihir to be
for this, I ask people
not to take as ultimate,
whatever on the way they comprehend.
●

वर्तमान सन्दर्भ र नयाँ युग



प्रश्न :

म आफ्नै सपनाको भूगोलमा
कहाँनै उभिएको छु?
मेरो छतको सीमा कहाँसम्म हो?

उत्तर :

म स्वयम् बेनाम नामले परिभाषित छु

हुन सक्छ :

सपना देख्ने यी मेरा आँखाबाटै
कति सपनाहरू बग्दै छन्
कति सपनाका रङ्गहरूको
निरङ्कुश हत्या गरिँदै छन्
लाग्छ,
सपनाको नयाँ गन्तव्य हिँडिरहेको
जिन्दगीको अचानक यात्रामा
अन्तिम रेल पनि छुटेजस्तो छ

यतिखेर

रातो, पहेँलो, नीलो, हरियो कुनै रङ्गविहीन म
मेरै बग्दो सपनाको किनारमा
बूढो रूखजस्तो बेवारिस पन्छिएको छु
र रेल छुटिसकेको जिन्दगीको अन्तिम बिसौनीमा
सम्भावना नसोचेरै सम्भावना कुरिरहेछु



The Present Context and the New Age

●
Question:
Where am I standing
on the topography of my own dreams?
Where is the limit of my frontier?

Answer:
I am defined by anonymity.

Possibly:
From my eyes that dream,
many a dream is flowing away
and the hues of many a dream
are being draconically murdered.

It seems,
a new goal of dreams is moving ahead
apparently as though, the last train
in the abrupt journey of life
too is missed.

At the moment
devoid of all hues—red, yellow, blue, or green
on the bank of my flowing dream
I have been drifted, like an old, unattended tree
on the last stop of a life that has missed the train
I am waiting for possibilities, without contemplating any.

भन्नेहरू भन्छन्—
हरउजाडमा
सम्भावनाको नदी सुसाइरहेकै हुन्छ
तर मैले सम्भावनाको आवाज सुन्नै छाडेको छु
नदी थाकेर हो या
आफै थाकेर हो
मैले बुझ्नै छाडेको छु

हिँडे पनि बाटाहरू
दोबाटैमा भ्रमित छु
हिँड्नुपर्ने बाटो हराएर हो या
आफै हिँड्न नजानेर हो
मैले जान्नै छाडेको छु

यसरी, मेरो कविता
जब-जब अधुरो बन्छ
म अधुरोबाटै प्रारम्भित हुन्छु
किनकि
मेरो माटोको साउतीमा मलाई विश्वास छ—
यो अधुरोबाटै जन्मन्छ
नयाँ युग !



Those who speak, claim:
in every wasteland
the cascade of possibilities hums
but these days, I don't hear
the sound of possibilities anymore
I have stopped comprehending it,
either because the river is spent
or I am spent
I am perplexed at the crossroad,
though I keep my ways along
I cannot tell if
it is so because the way is lost
or, I have lost the art of walking.

This way, whenever
my poetry remains half built,
I start from the unfinished
for,
I have faith in the whispers of my soil—
from the unfinished does emerge
the New Age!



विचार, सालिक र एकाकार

●
साँभ भमक परेपछि-
त्यो आदिम बस्तीमा उनीहरू आए
र विचारको खेती गरे

बस्तीका मानिसहरू
आगन्तुक विचारको पछि लागे

उज्यालो भयो-
बस्तीमा विचारको हरियाली छायो
बस्ती शान्त र सुन्दर देखियो

लेखिएका विचारहरूले भित्ता र पर्खालहरू चित्रमय भए
विचारकै रङ्गजस्ता घरहरू अग्लिए
बस्ती रङ्गमय भयो

देउराली-भन्ज्याडमा विचारकै हावा चल्थ्यो
चौतारीको छायामा विचारकै शीतलता हुन्थ्यो
त्यस बस्तीका पुल, कुलो र कुलेसाहरू सबै
सत्यमा विचारकै निकास थियो



Thoughts, Statues and Resemblances

●
When the day waned into a dark night—
they came to that antique village
and farmed thoughts

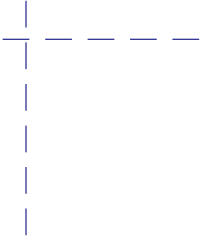
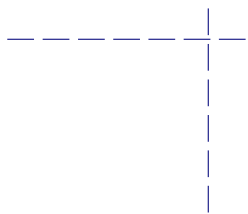
The villagers ran
after the incoming thought

The day broke—
the village got the lush of that thought
and it looked cool and beautiful

The walls got filled with picturesque writing,
houses stood high in the tune of the thought,
and the village grew colorful

In mounds and vales, the wind of thought blew,
the *chautaris* were fanned with the shade of the thought,
the bridges, canals and ducts in the village
were in reality, the outcomes of the thought

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बस्तीमा पुल जता थियो
मान्छेहरू त्यतै हिँड्थे
कुलो-कुलेसाहरू जता बग्थे
मान्छेहरू त्यतै लाग्थे

बस्ती विचारले सम्पन्न भयो?

मध्याह्नमा-

हेर्दाहिँदै विचार फैलाउने मानिसको भव्य सालिक उभ्याइयो
चुपचाप मानिसहरू सालिकको पूजापाठ गर्दै रहे
उनीहरूले त्यही संस्कारलाई
आफ्नो सभ्यता बनाउँदै लगे

फेरि साँझ पन्यो-

शान्त बस्तीमा एकाएक अर्को ठूलो विचारको हुरी चल्यो
बालुवा-माटोका कणदेखि पतकरहरूसम्म पछि लागे
विचारको द्वन्द्व बस्तीभरि फैलियो

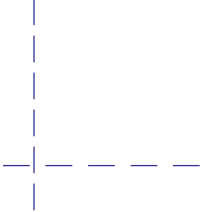
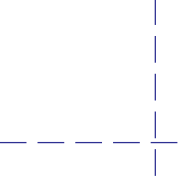
द्वन्द्वमा दुई विचारको अहम् टकराउँथ्यो
सपना देख्ने आँखामा चट्याङ पथर्यो
विचार, बस्तीको रूख-रूखमा पनि भुन्डिएको थियो
उक्त बस्तीका पाखा, पखेरा, रूख, ढुङ्गा, माटोबाट
विचारकै वास आउँथ्यो

बस्तीमा रात पन्यो-

पहिलो विचार सङ्कुचित बुभियो

मध्यरातमा-

सङ्कुचित विचार राख्नेको सालिक भत्काइयो
बस्ती क्रान्तिमय भयो



People walked there,
where the bridge was
and ran that way
along which
the canals and the ducts ran.

Did the village prosper with the thoughts?

At midday—
the statue of its pioneer
got erected
the people worshipped it in silence
and made this very practice
the mark of their civilization.

Once again
the dusk rushed in,
the wave of yet an another thought
engulfed the village
all of a sudden
shingles of sands,
clods of the soil
and dry leaves
all ran after the new thought
and the tussle
between the two thoughts
ran across the entire village.

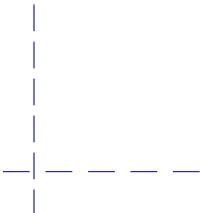
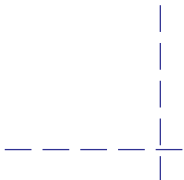
And in the tussle,
the vanity of the two thoughts struck,
thunderbolts tampered the dreaming eyes,
the thoughts hung from every tree,
and its odor came from every slope
from hills, trees, stones, and the soil in the village.

Night came darting in the village—
the first thought proved narrow,
at midnight—
the statue of its pioneer
got dismantled
and revolution engulfed the village

विचारले मान्छे बृहत् भए
तर बस्ती अत्यन्त साँघुरो भयो
अर्को विचार लेखे ठाउँ बस्तीमा बाँकी रहेन
किनभने विचार मानिसको मनमा नलेखेर
बस्तीका ढुङ्गा, माटो, भित्ता, पर्खाल र रूख-रूखमा लेखिएको थियो


यो रात-
म विचारको औचित्य खोज्दै
नौलो बिहान पर्खिरहेछु..!
जसरी उज्यालोमा अन्धकार विलीन हुन्छ
उसै गरी भिन्न-भिन्न विचार राख्ने
सबै आत्माको एकाकार विन्दु खोजिरहेछु..!!





With thoughts, people expanded
but the village shrank,
there was no space
for writing a new thought
for, thoughts
were not written in people's heart
but on stones, soil, walls, barrages, and trees.

This night—
asking the efficacy of these thoughts,
I am awaiting a new morning...!
And waiting for the convergence of all conflicting thoughts
like a morning, into which
all darkness dissolves...!



मेरो कविताको अन्तिम पृष्ठ

●
हामी छिया-छियामा विभक्त भएर
अनेकाँ भूगोल बाँच्यौं
कतै कातर भएर बाँच्यौं
त कतै बहादुर भएर
कहिले सीमातीत घृणामा बाँच्यौं
त कतै क्षणभरको प्रेममा बाँच्यौं

प्रेमको एउटै महासागर भएर त
कुन भूगोलमा हामी बाँच्यौं र!
हो, कोही रानीघाट भएर बाँचे
कोही ताजमहल भएर बाँचे
प्रेमको एउटै भूगोल भएर त
कहिले नै हामी बाँच्यौं र!

६० मेरो कविताको अन्तिम पृष्ठ

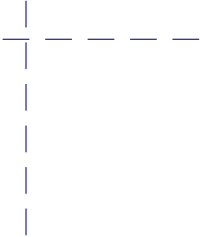


The Last Page of My Poem

●
Splintered into various fragments,
we lived in separate geographical slots
sometimes as cowards
and sometimes brave
sometimes we lived in utter hatred
and sometime in ephemeral love.

In which terrain did we ever live
amalgamated into one ocean of love?
Of course,
some lived like the *Ranighat*
and some like the Taj Mahal.

The Last Page of My Poem 61



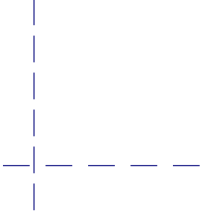
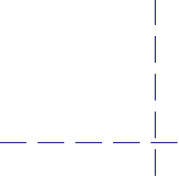
मेरो कविताको प्रथम पृष्ठमा
बहादुरीको गह्रौँ भारी बोक्नेहरू
बाटैमा निदाएछन्
... र चेतनाको मध्यान्तरमा व्युँभेर
प्रेमको अथाह भारीसहित
प्रेमकै सग्लो सगरमाथा चढेछन्

समयान्तरमा थाहा लाग्यो
उनीहरू
शिखरबाट कहिल्यै ओर्लेनछन्

उनीहरूका हरेक पाइलाहरूमा
प्रेमको अक्षर देख्ने हतियारधारीहरू
उनै सगरमाथाको फेदीबाट
आफ्नो नयाँ यात्रा तय गर्दै छन्

.....
यही दृश्य
मेरो कविताको अन्तिम पृष्ठ हो।

●
रचनाकाल : २०६१



But, alas!
we never lived
in a united domain of love.

Those—
carrying a huge burden of courage
in the first page of my poem
have already been asleep
on the road.
And waking up
in the intermission of conscience
they climbed the holy mountains of love
with a heavy load of compassion aback.

In due course, we came to know
they never descended
from the summit

With arms and weapons
those who see the letters of love
in every foot-print of those immortal lovers
are launching their new journeys
from the base of *Sagarmatha*

.....
This very portrait
is the last page of my poem.





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Jaya Rajya Laxmi Shah

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Publisher's Note

Literature, the re-creation of nature through words is a distinctive feature of human civilization. The brilliant-most genre in literature is poetry. The present collection, *The Last Page of My Poem* presents itself as a touchstone of poetry in a usual organization of easy language.

The poet comprehends life in its plainness in the collection, and descends towards the intimacy of temporal urge and consciousness. At times, he drowns in murky pessimism, fights, suffers and yet, wakes up, undertakes a fresh journey and lands safely on the shore of love and goodwill. This safe-landing heralds a new creative beginning. These poems in free verses brilliantly portray the seriousness of the present, and the gravity of thoughts. This collection is sure to assert its forceful presence in the library of contemporary Nepali verses.

Nepali Kalasahitya Dot Com Pratisthan (Nepali Art & Literature Dot Com Foundation) takes great pride in publishing these translations which it considers are world-class and deserve international recognition and acclaim. The Foundation considers it a rare privilege to publish the finest works of a brilliant poet. It believes that such a publication will attest and strengthen its motif of internationalizing the touchstones of Nepali literature created over the ages.

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

Contemporary image carved in the poems of Rajeshwor

- Govinda Raj Bhattarai

Bhahanubhakta Acharya has been honored by critics and literary historians as *Aadi Kavi*, the First Poet, in Nepali literature. We are commemorating his 200th anniversary in 2013. His Nepali *Ramayana* is the transcreation of the Sanskrit *Ramayana*, the perennial source of knowledge, great teachings, and the rare gem of oriental wisdom and philosophy.

The intervening 200 years have brought a great change in the quality and quantity of Nepali poetry. Three distinct periods—old, middle, and modern—have intervened this long stretch of time and many other trends, techniques and revolutions have come and gone. In fact, **modern** Nepali poetry is not that old; it has spent hardly seven decades. It is during the late 1940's that Nepali poetry introduced free verse of new style and freed itself from moralizing contents and metrical restriction of the past. Gopal Prasad Rimal set a new trend and Mahakavi L P Devkota, the great poet, also wrote some of his finest poems in prose.

Since then about five generations of Nepali poets have contributed to its making. They have represented the voice of a particular time, socio-political situations and the influence of different trends from neighbors, far and wide.

Rajeshwor Karki, born in the mid 1950's to a remote western hill of Jajarkot belongs to a generation of Nepali poets established in the present decade though he had been writing poems since he was quite young.

With the publication of *Mero Kavitako Antim Pristha (The Last Page of My Poem)* in 2006, an anthology of 24 poems, Rajeshwor rose to a fame and he joined the team of those writers that witnessed a decade long horror that went rampant in the

country and devastated many things and harassed many souls. This team has written the horrible decade, the aftermath of which is still haunting us.

The present anthology, titled *The Last Page of My Poem*, is the English translation of the poems published in the anthology. However, all the poems are not included here; only representative ones are selected for the anthology. Thus we can call it *Select Poems of Rajeshwor Karki*; a few new poems are also included in this collection.

If we review the translation of Nepali literature, the translation of poetry has the highest position. Novel, short story, drama, and epic are in descending order. Mahakavi himself had a deep desire for promoting bidirectional translations from and into Nepali; he practiced and championed the cause for the same. He spoke in the Tashkent Conference (1957) for the need of more translation especially in a growing literature like Nepali more than seven decades ago but this spirit was obstructed for a long period of time and it is during a few decades in the past that a revival in translation has been experienced. The present anthology is one of the latest translations of Nepali poems by a single author.

Rajeshwor writes of his personal experience of pain and pleasure, fantasy and hope and lost desires. He says:

We want to live

for

We die most of the time

(Buddha, I Shall Worship)

In the same way *The Tale of a Man Deprived of Existence* is a poem in which Rajeshwor reveals the common fate of man today. But this poem alludes to the horror of the last decade. Man's deed has rendered his friend helpless and turned himself destitute. He lost his friends and roofs, the calamity swept many things away. These could be regained but what happens when man faces such a situation:

Man snapped ties of love with other men

And in turn himself an orphan

Ultimately the whole nation turned obscure.

Likewise, there are poems like *Helplessness*, *Frayed Images*, *A Nation sans Identity* that record the horrors the nation

underwent recently. *The Gadhimai Fair* reveals man's extreme cruelty veiled in his deeds of superstitious beliefs and religious faith exercised in a fair of animal sacrifice called Gadhimai Mela where more than twelve thousand animals – mostly young buffalos, goats, pigs and birds are butchered and the blood is offered to the goddess. Will this blind faith promote humanity? The poet says:

*Our craving for Lumbini,
With Gadhimai erected on one side
Our desire to release peace-pigeons
With swords clanging on the other hand
Can transmute into a tragic tale of human
consciousness*

This event reminds one of a contrasting situation – the cruelty meted out in the land of Lord Buddha, the epitome of peace. Has man forgotten his path to peace and harmony? If he has no love for them the speechless, man will ruin himself and spoil everything.

In *My Village*, the poet reminisces the great beauty and the innocence of his village far away and the people shrouded in ignorance and poverty. At present it is waiting for death, a desolate and deadly scene engulfs everything. Different diseases, human trafficking and poverty and ignorance have forced his village to turn into a graveyard today. The present has lost sensibility and men are busy in rat races; nobody sees the sorrows of far flung villages.

Rajeshwor writes artistically, with his thoughts hidden secretly, not bare not direct; they are concealed in the form of images and symbols. *Thoughts, Statues and Resemblances*, for example, reveals how slogans and propaganda have swallowed the innocent villages. In fact he writes the stories of the innocent victims in powerful words; his poems narrate stories, and are mostly narrative poems like those of Binaya Rawal.

Very often Rajeshwor recollects the western hills of Nepal shrouded in mystery and great misery in extreme poverty and exploitation. So his poems like *Deurali*, a resting place in the deep gorge of the high hills, brings a reader to the hills again. A place for rest and respite and, a place for social gatherings and get-togethers, a place for singing and dancing, rejoicing

and merrymaking has been deserted and has turned into a lonely and a frightening place. Villages are deserted and humanity destroyed today. He writes:

*My Deurali today
Awaits forlorn for its death
Like an AIDS patient
With a body completely worn out.*

In fact he writes the stories of the innocent victims in powerful words. In his *Mauribhir and the Trip Downhill* too, the poet recollects the picture of the bygone days, when he learnt hardships and compares human life with a dreadful slope to climb and one is most likely to fall anytime. The poet finds himself in a new topography, a different world. He has lost life in the past; only phantasm survives not the life with one's heart.

Rajeshwor wants to repair the world, see it renovated, work it anew where there is humanity which is void of weapons and free from man's bragging. *Weapons* presents the poet's philosophy. The winner says

*As long as I had a weapon
I kept losing in vain hopes of victory
But when as an unarmed consciousness
I stood on the threshold of your heart
I sensed myself secure
And stood as victor.*

The Last Page of My Poem is a masterpiece in the anthology. The poem sings a song of love, nothing can overpower it except love.

Rajeshwor writes fresh poems, puts them in freshly designed images. He portrays the horror of the past and destitute life of the west, of the rural people and of those overpowered by guns and sings again and again for the resettlement of humanity. He writes poignantly and presents the vivid sharpness of a contemporary. I appreciate Rajeshwor's artistry for making a substantial contribution to Nepali poetry and Mahesh Paudyal 'Prarambha' for rendering these into English. He has tried to transpose them into a different language as best as he could.



My Belief

In reality, poetry for me is my belief. Yet a belief, that is life's reality, and simultaneously different from reality both in beauty and color. I dedicate the same belief to *The Last Page of My Poem*. Even in the real context of life, I believe more in tranquility, than in voice. Therefore, the voiceless voice uttered by my verses, is the ultimate voice of my conscience.

Nepali poetry is at the periphery, judged against the world context. I expect the readers' faculty of reading my poems between the lines.

Rajeshwor Karki



Special Thanks

Dr. Govinda Raj Bhattarai: I extend my humble gratefulness to Dr. Govinda Raj Bhattarai for making this collection glorious with his intellectual contribution.

Ishwar Ballabh: I am remembering well-known poet late Ishwar Ballabh for his poetic comments.

Dr. Kumar Prasad Koirala: I am grateful to Dr. Kumar Prasad Koirala for his valuable words.

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Finally, I am grateful to those who helped me directly and indirectly. I also thank my dear readers, adventuring into my verses with love and goodwill.

Rajeshwor Karki

कविताक्रम

२	मैले लेख्न नसकेको कविता
६	बुद्ध, तिम्पो पूजा त गर्छु!
१०	अस्तित्व हराएको मान्छेको कथा
१२	थाकेको म
१४	विवशता
१६	भक्तिएका विम्बहरूबाट
२०	गढीमाईको मेला
२४	हतियार
२६	माग
२८	परिभाषा हराएको देश
३२	क्षितिज
३४	अमरत्व
३६	दन्त्यकथाको राक्षस
३८	मेरो गाउँ
४०	देउराली
४२	भेरीको किनारमा
४४	मौरीभीर र भिरालो यात्रा
५०	वर्तमान सन्दर्भ र नयाँ युग
५४	विचार, सालिक र एकाकार
६०	मेरो कविताको अन्तिम पृष्ठ

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