

An Evening

(In memory of the disappeared
people during Nepal's civil war)

Each day before the sun sets
Blowing dust along their path
The cows return to their sheds
The goat's kid that had parted
from its flock

Comes hopping at the yard of the
house and looks reassured.

Somewhere around the nearby
trees

The soft sound of the beetles
Grow into a strong melody. In its
hide-and-seek movement through
tiny clouds The moon glitters.

After keeping safe his slippers
with the blue straps Chádani's
father sits with his legs crossed
at the porch He takes out a
leafwrapped tobacco And with a
loud voice Asks for a coal-fire to
kindle it.

This way, since many years
This old house has composed
A melody of its own happiness
Even at the time of paucity.

Unexpectedly, today The cows
did not come blowing dust along
their path nor did the goat's kid
arrive hopping as usual. Maybe
rainfall is expected an incessant
croaking of the frogs resonates.
Below the guava tree nearby our
house Chádani's father's
slippers are found with their
broken straps. Due to some
unknown fear I have started
sweating. At the edge of a field
there is a cloth, completely
drenched.

As the moon grows dull covered
by the clouds I am unable to
discern

Whether that piece of cloth
Is a flag of victory

Or an indication of my widowhood!