

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 leaf-
wrapped-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!