

With the Waves of Rara

*Deceiving the pine trees standing in
sentry
The moon flirts with the lake
In response
The lake creates ripples of waves
And splashes as if it were a rehearsal of
an enticing dance
Of a winter night!*

*The moon, as always,
Continues its own course
In that caliginous night
The lake sees the moon's revived
youthfulness
Its seductive appearance
Excites the lake
And it liberates in the waves.*

*In the light of the moon
The lake appears intriguing
My sickening heart
Becomes even more impatient
And, to pacify the unquenched desires
My imagination dives into the lake.*

*As the night exceeds
The breathe of hostlers
Evaporate and dissolve in the sky*

*And the horses moving from the alleys
nearby
Wake up the lazy sleeps
With their neck-bells.
Travelers with their bag-packs
Spend a night in the tents at the bank of
Rara
And anxiously wait for the sun to come
out
In the morning,
They pick up their cameras
And click a photograph
Of the sun's reflection
On the lake.*

*I keep waiting
For the moon to come back again;
When the birds and horses sleep
Wearing the night's somber
I prepare myself to consume
The excitement of the lake
Rippling towards the edges
In the obscene light of the moon!*

*(Translated from Nepali by the poet
himself)*

** Rara is the biggest and deepest fresh
water lake in the Himalayas of Nepal.*

