

Life in my Dictionary



Nawa Raj Subba

Title: **Life in My Dictionary**

Subject: Literature

Genre: Poetry

Writer: Nawa Raj Subba

The author himself translated the poems into English from Nepali in 2020.

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Life in My Dictionary - An Anthology Poems - Nawa Raj Subba.

Dedication

I dedicated this book to my dear grandfather Ashal Bahadur Limbu Subba, Grandmother Sancha Rani Limbu Subba, Father Aita Raj Subba, Mother Nara Maya Subba, and all respected teachers who fill the breath, soul, and consciousness. - Nawa Raj Subba.

Acknowledgments

Bairagi Kaila, Krishna Bhushan Bal, Biwash Pokhrel, Madhu Pokhrel, and Khem Nepali

PUBLISHER'S NOTE

Vani Prakashan has been dynamic and committed to advancing the Nepali language and writing for ten years. In addressing the narrow trend of looking unproductively at the literature and believing that electronic media has shaped literature, the writers of Nepali literature are constantly involved.

The beautiful excursion of Nepali writing, which began from the path of conventional paper, has changed and refined over the long run and has now prevailed regarding arriving at the stature of current postmodernism. The credit for the achievement goes to the inventiveness, steadiness, study, challenging work, and enthusiasm of the relative multitude of makers of senior and junior.

Vani Prakashan has been honoring the elder creators, inspiring the younger creators, and growing an environment of introduction in its short decade journey. As a result, this guide has posted more than one hundred and fifteen works on various subjects, and dozens of books are in the technique of book. To put it bluntly, Vani Prakashan is a commonplace platform - of the Creator.

The sort of subjects is the color, taste, and perfume of literature. According to their creative skills, the creators create colorations, flavors, and fragrances, and the readers get hold of the colors, tastes, and aromas shaping them from their creations. That is, bees are creators, enjoyers are readers. Artist's ability, observation, and hard work do matter. We are only a lawn, a garden, and a gardener of conservation. We promote creators and plant life. How a whole lot the splendor of this vegetation, this is, the beauty of literature, included via us, how tons it attracts, how plenty it affects, the freedom and right to pick belongs to the reader. Creating a memorable area in the reader's thoughts or triumphing the reader's smooth coronary heart is an issue of originality, craft, style, and concern of the writing. The battle of existence is to win the seat; nothing is more significant than the human heart. Therefore, an actual author is continually within the mind of the reader.

In the direction of the brand new book of Vani, this time, we have added the poet Nawa Raj Subba earlier than the readers. His series of poems, 'Life in My Dictionary,' is provided here. The poet Subba has expressed his studies and reviews from more significant than many years in poetry. He has included the subjects touched by the cool and breeze of time. The issue is shared, the contemplative presentation of the poet.

Life is a bottomless sea display. The objects discovered in it also are significant. In reality, poetry is a reflection of life and additionally essence. Perhaps this is why the poet has selected lifestyles as the challenge of his poetry. His poetry is influenced by using the geography wherein he was born. A fundamental detail of human lifestyles is the filling of affection in the attention of the beholder. There is standing famine, deprivation, and poverty. In the horrors of war, there may be the Babri and Yalang dance of the cultural subculture at the side of the harmless face of the terrified Buddha. Benibazar is crying regrettably. Overall, the dictionary of existence blanketed by the poet Subba carries our sorrows, pains, and joys.

We wish that our readers will like this work of poetry of poet Nawa Raj Subba like different works of this publication. Vani Prakashan is grateful to the poet for allowing us to put up his first work of poetry; it's over two decades old. We desire him to persist in literary success. Thank you

Biwash Pokhrel
Member Secretary
Vani Prakashan, Biratnagar, Nepal.

POET BAIRAGI KAINLA'S NOTE

About the poetry of Nawa Raj Limbu Subba

 Bairagi Kainla

I had the opportunity to read the manuscript of the poem "Life in My Dictionary" by Nawa Raj Limbu Subba. Anthology of poems has 47 poems written by him from 2035 VS to 2062 VS in series.

Poet Nawa Raj Limbu Subba, who has worked for a living since his youth, has written poems in various places and times during his working life, such as going to different districts and villages in the country or sometimes going to the capital of Kathmandu for particular work. The change in time and place has added diversity to his writing. The essence is his thoughts and ideas about life and the universe.

Looking at the time of poetry written by Nawa Raj Limbu Subba from 2035 VS, his most fertile period is before and after the referendum (2035-2038 VS). He seems to have written more poems in Kathmandu and Biratnagar. This habit may be due to the influence of the local literary community. But most of the lyrics (17) are written in his village of Hangpang, Taplejung. He may have amplified the poetic bloom within him as he gave his village's Love's intense sentimentality. Similarly, in political terms, the adjustment process can be seen as a dilemma. We can say the years 2036-2038 VS even inspired him to write several poems.

As far as poetry-creation is concerned, he loves life and the universe, and the philosophy of contemplation towards it, while depicting the contemporary social situation seems equally important. In the same way, in his poetry, there is a predominance of the expression of the feeling of Love. This compilation is a bundle of romantic vibrations and the emotion of the young heartbeat. He wrote lyrics not only for adults but also for children. Humanity is another aspect of his poetry.

Poet Nawa Raj Limbu Subba seems to have used various genres of poetry as well as different subjects. Prose poetry is his favorite and straightforward medium of expression, and he also made short poems Muktak and sung his medium.

Here his poems are briefly addressed both theoretically and departmentally.

The experiences and experiences of every moment encountered in life cannot be described. Still, the quest for the meaning of life has become a significant task in the poetry of Nawa Raj Limbu Subba. Poet Nawa Raj Subba believes that life should be a title, a feeling, a taste, a scent, beat, and aspiration.

In the name of living,
 Fighting somewhere, winning, losing your life
 Crying, smiling, laughing, crying.
 The fault for losing lies
 with every other crappy.
 Don't see the buffalo in the body

I'm still lost, confused, hesitant,
 Life isn't either here or there
 But I'm here today,
 The essence of my life in my dictionary
 Adding, removing, searching, publishing,

There's also a material dimension of life. Happiness—pain, disease—hunger, emotion—lack, prosperity—poverty, darkness—light make it like a hawk. However, the poet has a satirical declaration that life can survive meaningfully under such adverse circumstances:

Stop talking about grief, man.
 Accident, accident, collision
 From the kidnapping
 Saved when
 What is life
 How a life without life like that!
 I have been able to survive as a living being
 Let's celebrate that
 Oh, we're lucky
 Well, at least until today.

At present, Nawa Raj Limbu Subba's poems are a beautiful example of poetic expression in the social sense of life. Today, Nepali society is in the grip of a double wave of confrontation. His poetry is a vivid and truthful depiction of the current agony of people's lives, uncertain, frightened by day and night clashes, killings, crime, uncertainty, and fear.

The radio rings
 "Beni's market, wherever love, look the same"
 Maya Gurung performed the song
 But today, there's no magic in this album.
 Cherish Babri flower doesn't smell like that
 Hardly anything has happened
 Sing and dance to the album
 Maya Gurung and her mates
 Radio is giving news from time to time
 Five hundred people have been killed
 The rhythm of the song seems different today.
 My love blossoms
 Lovely Maya's market
 Abuse is back today.

The poet did not neglect his rural surroundings, despite living in the city for a living. Pictures of the roads, woods, and streams in which he walked as a child are fascinating to him:

Kanchenjunga, Kumbhakarna and
 Making Yalang dance on the floor

River Tamber Tie a grill around the butt
 My Hangpang
 With Change and Chintang
 Bending in Yalang.

A Life in the village is as complicated as it has ever been. The fear of murder is everywhere. On top of that, there are people in the villages oppressed by the merchant's debt. Poor people move homeless and enter abroad or cities and other parts of the world. They've got to leave the village to save their lives. In the rural site, there are no lame people. There are no people who can read or write a letter to you. Sons who have been searching for their way back, promising to return soon to live happily ever after, have been waiting for decades.

Parents are waiting for you
 There's a river running
 The village's sleepless.
 It's a barren field
 He suffers from scarcity and famine.
 The roofing father has become old
 The black weeds riddled the pathway
 There's nobody in the village to write a message.

The mountains and villages look like a desert today. Seeing the village abandoned by the young sons and daughters, the poet goes on a rampage and calls on those who left the village-like beetles to return in painful and poignant words:

Come on with a pal
 Don't be dumb and
 Don't show blind eyes
 It's still in the soil,
 Clean as a lotus leaf
 Clean as a herb
 The scent of life is coming.

The clear voices in the poetry of poet Nawaraj Limbu Subba are of humanism. Poetry is ultimately a triumph of human qualities. For example:

In the Blue Skies of Life
 People don't know about people
 Let's clear up the cloud of disbelief
 the bright light of humanity.

Even the poignant expression of Love is both a characteristic and a theme of poet Nawa Raj Limbu Subba's poetry. The author, who knew that life without Love was like a desert, seems to have written much lyrical poetry, i.e., lyric poems, saturated in Love. Of course, there are love proposals in love poetry. Still, the agony of rejection, the moment of betrayal or the trauma of

Love, the deep feeling of futility of life, or the very tender sense of reconciliation during separation, are conveyed in words.

Let's take a look at a sample of short poems where the subject of Love is pervasive in his poetry, his influential expression of the definition of Love –

It's a star
Cool away from me
And when it's next to you,
It's giving heat.

In his poetry, injured by Muktak and sharp short poems, the poet communicates the agony of separation, pain, and reconciliation and the thought of life-philosophy. Though the poet may seem sad at times, he's practically a life-lover. The poet has deep confidence in his life. :

Even the crow in the fog is lost
Finishes the destination
Darkness is not the whole night
Touching the compass of the mind
Still trust the East
The sun is rising in the morning.

After all, poet Nawa Raj Limbu Subba is a faithful and optimistic poet towards life and considers life as a continuous journey:

In your eyes, a ray of hope
And bravery has to fill the spirit.
Get this is the journey ready.

We can say that the poet Nawa Raj Limbu could not sustain consistency in poetry writing because it was not his primary work. I hypothesized that his poetry is merely a work of expressing in words the feelings that persist in his mind during his leisure time. Somehow he's written a lot of poems in one year and few in others. He wrote some poems in 2049 VS and did not compose them for ten years. After restoring democracy in 2058 B.S., he began writing from 2058 VS and wrote several poems until 2062 VS in the anthology.

Thus, after a gap of many years, Nepal's literary sector should be pleased that the poet Nawa Raj Limbu Subba has come today and has begun to grow his poetry. We must thank him for beginning to enrich Nepali literature with new works by using the pen again. I wish him every success in his poetic life.

December 2005 AD (Poush 2062 VS)
Sukedhara, Kathmandu, Nepal.

AUTHOR'S NOTE

Background

 Nawa Raj Subba

This anthology of poems reflects my life in the last three decades of the 20th century. The present series of poems created searching for the meaning of life inside me sign that I have reached the world of literature so far.

The poems that the poet in me has given birth to somehow, the older I get, the more jealous I become. Often, flipping through an old diary, all these poems seem to ask for something. How long is it to hold the rest? It took me out with a poem and climbed to the top of a cliff, and yelled to the world to scream. A poem gives me some intoxication and forces me to walk through the streets drunk. In this way, I feel more overcome by emotion than by the words of my poem. At some point in time, I wrote some of the songs.

Like any other passion, the poem was a part of life. I skipped some of the lyrics to register, and some of the poems didn't think it was appropriate to include them. That's why the timeline appeared to be null somewhere. However, with age today, certain emotions seem insignificant. In any case, I'm the one who talked so frankly in the poem. At this point, I feel a little hesitant, proud, and happy and happy.

I ask myself, sometimes in emotion, who I am. Where I was yesterday, what I was thinking, what I am today, what I'm thinking, and what will happen the day after tomorrow. After all, my name isn't me, my last name isn't me, as soon as the name and surname are applied, it's me! No, after all, I can be found everywhere in the world by touching my experience of naming me, just as I am awakening myself by pouring it into poetry. I'm probably going to be my perspective of various times. My name and surname yesterday may belong to everyone today and tomorrow, but these experiences did not fit and match the others.

Publishing work in the literary world often requires resources and opportunities. For a variety of reasons, I am a little late in publishing the composition in time. These poems could not be published because my significant period was far from the academic publishing setting. I guess today is the day I've been waiting for something. However, some poems and songs were published before in newspapers. Radio Nepal had broadcast some lyrics. In such a long journey of three decades, my ability to travel and publish poetry was almost interrupted, and now I am surprised.

The poem "Beniko Bazar" (Beni Bazar) and "Atmahatya Garna Aghi" (Right before committing suicide) was born about two years ago. I've been writing for months weeping and reading alone. At the time, I emailed the poems to more than a hundred writers and veterans with undisclosed email addresses. Poet Bikram Subba has published my poetry on Nepali Kavita.com. Poet Vidhan Acharya was applauding. Friends of the Overseas have written remarks on the poems. It seems that I am intoxicated when I think about an event that has been able to attract the readers' attention globally.

I recalled the poet Bairagi Kainla, who claimed that the drunkards were telling the truth. By reading his poetry, I got to know him. A couple of months ago, I introduced myself and addressed my collection of poems to the same scholar Bairagi Kainla at his residence in Kathmandu. At that time, feeling very hesitant and hesitant, I gathered great courage and asked for the part to be written. Are my poems written in almost three decades of poetry publishable or not? Picking a lot of courage to wear something, I went to Bairagi Kainlaju. Bairagi Kainla, a stranger who had never seen me in his life, reviewed the poems. He read the lines of my hand like an astrologer based on the composition described in the collection. He worked harder than I thought at the time to research and examine and criticize my collection of poems. And I wish all the best, and I would like to thank him from the bottom of my heart for his precious time and hard work.

At this time, I remember my old singing friends, Surya Thulung, Parasmani Baral, Prem Bhattachan, who gave voice and music to me while recording my song on Radio Nepal. I recall my school teacher Ganesh Bahadur Rai, Pralhad Kumar Prasai, Udhav Timilsina, who taught me to write poetry. When Laxmi Prasad Prasai took my children's poetry from Hangpang Taplejung to Kathmandu around 2030 VS, he published them in the current weekly magazines "Naya Sandesh," and "Mathribhumi" cut it off and mailed them. I recall the days that made me happy. I'm never going to forget a bad memory. About a decade and a half ago, I showed my poems to a renowned poet before publishing poetry. At that time, he praised some of my words, I was overjoyed. But I was instantly shocked to see all illustrations listed in his contemporary poems in prestigious monthly literary publications. From then on, I started to hesitate to show everyone my lyrics before publishing them. It also makes me feel slow when I compose.

In any case, now that I have found Biratnagar as a place of work. The year 2062 VS proved to be significant because of my literary lifestyle. This year I was able to associate myself with literary figures. Poets Parshu Pradhan, Krishna Bhushan Bal, Madhu Pokhrel, Khem Nepali encouraged me. Biwash Pokhrel, Bidhan Acharya, Gandakiputra, Bhushan Dhungel, and Rita Khatri helped me publish this anthology of poems. At this time, I would like to express my appreciation and gratitude to Bani Prakashan for publishing.

December 2005 AD (Poush 2062 VS)
Biratnagar, Morang, Koshi, Nepal.

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Life in my dictionary

Existence in the language
The Songs, poems,
lips, sheets, etc.
It's never going to run out
Humanity, fraternity, equality
Blossoms, leaves, June, stars
Unable to express
Human vision, touch, taste, smell
What is the experience of the heart?
And they want to be translated into life
Today's Life
Extending terms, definitions, and dimensions
Trying to resonate with the beat
It's my life
It was in the glossary.

Life becomes a poem when it's a singer
Existence ripped apart
Hero sounds like a flaunt
Grammarly-bound vocabulary
Only don't care about this life,
I like that,
A dictionary is the existence of me
It's life in my speech.

Know the art of living
Forgetting somewhere is life
Do not repeat the ringing ping
Existence is also regret for old age
Don't be sad in front of all of you
Wounds that need to be treated are life, too.
Unable to discard it
The same old suit
It's my life
It's life in my encyclopedia.

In the name of living,
Fighting somewhere, winning, losing the life
Crying, smiling, laughing, crying.
The fault for losing lies
with every other crappy.
Don't see the buffalo in the body

I'm still lost, confused, hesitant,
Life isn't either here or there
But I'm here today,
The essence of my life in my dictionary
Adding, removing, searching, publishing,
Words, expressions, tastes, smells, beats
The Glossary of All Aspiration
It means to be life
That's just what I want
Semantically speaking, my life
It's a life in my dictionary.

August 2005, Biratnagar, Morang, Koshi, Nepal.

Words are

Likewise,
The language that we talk and understand
Terms that have the same meaning
When spiders weave their nets
Pundits draw grammatical and scriptures
Then the semantics can be extended and flattened.
The definitions became sidelined
Walls of prejudice became erected
Vocabulary is taken captive
They beat words naked
Words filtered
Words of no justice
They paved highways already.

Pressed Term
Words forced out of the ground
Poetry, music, and lane
They're coming and going,
They're fascinated with music and tunes,
Transformed into ink
Looking for a word sheet
Words translated to blood
Looking for life
Words are
They're looking for a sense
We are looking for things in our life.

May 2004, Biratnagar, Morang, Koshi, Nepal.

Life's Worth

It's better to die than to live
What are you saying?
Why you're crying everything, considering
Laugh, laugh, forget all about it.
There's no work for these eyes.

Do not smell the fragrances
Just take a breath again
Once the doctor has ruled dead
Remain assured
Remain in hibernation
Consciousness by closing the lid
Shine your eyes and calm down.
Until you have announced no more
Remember, you're still alive
Only be proud of that,
Why do you remember all and crying
Laugh, laugh, forget all about it.
There's no work for these eyes.
Just imagine! What you need to remember about that.

May 2004, Biratnagar, Morang, Koshi, Nepal.

Everywhere I looked in Beni's market,

I was looking sad.
The Eve of the Summer
Halfway through the
I closed my door,
The ventilation from the windows
The wind blows,
The eyes will stumble
I'm staring at the cracks on the roof.
I'm trying to be safe inside the room.

I'm going to clean the dust off the radio
The radio sings
"Beni's market, wherever love, look the same"
It sounds like the Lovesong
But today, there's no magic in this album.
Cherish Babri flower doesn't smell like that
Hardly anything has happened
Sing and dance to the album
Singers and dancers in my mind
Radio is giving news from time to time
Aggressors killed five hundred people
The rhythm of the song seems different today.
My love blossoms
Lovely Beni market
Abuse is back today.

So I said that today
The floor, the ceiling, the wall of your house
I've torn in cracks
Semal's cotton silk is trailing me
I don't want to get married.
Let's break up, my dear Love!
Summer is sad this season.

March 2004, Biratnagar, Morang, Koshi, Nepal.

Before committing suicide

World!
Don't assume I am lost.
Postmortem, see
Please realize yourself
Please don't think the helping hands have decreased
I am creating a destination
After all, people are questioning life
Who survived without acting?

Beloved one!
You're the epitome of separation and suffering
Don't worry about my dream
I'm going to orphan my children
I give up all my Love.
And I say good-bye to you,
Even the flower of Love today, after all.
Where is the flower except for poetry?

Oh, Mum!
The archetype of birth and suffering,
I'm your child,
Constantly facing death and dying
I'm close to suicide today
At that point, to liberate 'Sita.'
The World breaks in front of me today
Mother, even though I don't feel Love of my own
Oh, I love you!

May 2004 Biratnagar, Morang, Koshi, Nepal.

Rocky height and lane

The cliff
It was weird from the beginning.
To fear every passenger
Stuck as a bitch
There was a broad stone on the side.
I have to walk around every day
At the foot of this challenge
There was a way,
Ah! I almost forgot about it
Feared scared
I've been walking.

There was a lot of water flowing in the Tamber River
A lot of landslides on the hills and chests
Taking grandchildren in the lap
I'm telling you a story
Death is going to echo
The Cliff and the Slope
Where is it?
It's the same thing as before
The path is the same thing
Yesterday, there was just someone there.
I've got you today
Tomorrow, with you
There are going to be others
Much like the water in the river
Blood is going to be in the body that night.
The fear of death in the mind would be black.
The only difference here is the characters and the steps.

Well maybe,
They're going to be the same
There are Rocky height and the lane forever.

May 2005, Biratnagar, Morang, Koshi, Nepal.

Don't go around Berserk

In the embrace of the mother
Today's Life
I feel like I am an orphan,
A cool shade
Love as well
It sounds odd.

These paths and the funny moves
Dispersed missing relatives
Even though
Living in here
It always seems boozy,

Come on with a pal
Don't be dumb, don't turn blind eyes
It's still in the soil,
Clean as a lotus leaf
Clean as a herb
The scent of life is coming.

February 2005, Biratnagar, Morang, Koshi, Nepal.

The lamp, the butterfly

In the lamp
The light you're looking for
Faith Chosen
It was the scene where
They were burnt and burned.
The bodies of thousands of butterflies
I'm looking around the lamp
The wings of emotion were charred.
Somewhere the legs of lust flame.
The Body of Belief
Remains of ash
I'm going to find it in my prayer room
Butterfly fire in the name of light
Burning of incense for fragrance
The remaining odorless ash
In the Adoration,

Of course,
During the cleaning of the rite area
The fate of my and the butterfly
I got the same thing
It's all of a sudden
I have my vision today
I'm myself here and there
I am in the form of a butterfly.

March 1980, Kathmandu, Nepal.

Achievement in life

How are you going!
Okay man,
I've survived,
It's raining down,
I'm going to breathe
Stars haven't counted all-day
I have lived through deceiving death
Well, I'm safe.

I went to the funeral
Many of the last fingers
I offered flowers and soil to them.
To travel abroad
Hands of Farewell
I've shaken it a lot of times.

Stop talking about grief, man.
In the name of preventing
Accident, accident, collision
From the kidnapping
Life without living like that!
Have survived just as a living being
Let's celebrate that
Oh, we're lucky
Well, at least until today
We are breathing
Our heart is beating.

March 2005, Biratnagar, Morang, Koshi, Nepal.

Chest: two phrases

1.
Within the chest of everybody
The Arrow of the Suffering of Another
I can feel it in my chest.
Again, who the heck are you?
Somebody's lovely image
I've been hiding it in my lap.

2.
There may be some interest in this
And with a storm
The chest bundled inside.
It's probably because of this chest
We can stop every blow.

September 1981, Hangpang Athrai, Taplejung, Mechi, Nepal.

What kind of Compulsion!

Not in the weather
You've got to be scared even though it rains a lot,
Don't overdo it
The joint made the river itself
The footsteps of the flow,
Two hearts have made a dam together but
In the middle of tears, too.
I've got to deal with it alone
I've got to do it myself.

March 1980, Hangpang Athrai, Taplejung, Mechi, Nepal.

Assurance

Trust Betrayed
I found God is nowhere now
Sin and violence, however,
Don't be frightened, a friend of mine
Even though the chest ripped as a result of injury
It's going to pound inside the chest
It's not stopping there.

March 1981, Hangpang Athrai, Taplejung, Mechi, Nepal.

Commitment to

Even the crow in the fog is lost
Finishes the destination
Darkness is not the whole night
Touching the compass of the mind
Still, trust the direction
The sun is rising in the East
In the morning.

November 1982, Hangpang Athrai, Taplejung, Mechi, Nepal.

Destiny

Looking at the flower today
Seeing the withering, I've got the lesson
I carried death with my life,
The Highland that we worship today
I figured out when I saw her dressed like that,
I am divided with the union.

November 1982, Hangpang Athrai, Taplejung, Mechi, Nepal.

The Form of Life

It should be held secure
Even more than just life
The way of life
That not crushed
Do not weep in the winter
Don't melt away in the summer,
It should be held secure
Even more than a flight
Targeted Destination Hope
In the warmth of the climate
Don't change the weather like that.
Don't be an incomplete creation
Don't get bogged down in a tinted story.

January 1983, Hangpang Athrai, Taplejung, Mechi, Nepal.

Traveling

Much like the complex flow of time
Is there pace in your life, or isn't it?
Look, it's a journey,

One day as Darwin talked,
It's a competition of life
Existence is a loss, a triumph.

It's like night and day
Some of them are lost here
Any of them went missing
Life manipulates and makes politics
Lack of confidence over time
Anyone could steal and loot
As a character in an unwritten past
Can be erased from incessant dust,

Don't be shocked to see any of them
It's like a crossroads statue.
In your eyes, have a ray of hope
And bravery has to fill the spirit.
Get this is the journey ready.

November 1982, Hangpang Athrai, Taplejung, Mechi, Nepal.

Offer to you

In the warm chest,
My illusions broken
There are no flowers to bloom in the spring.
Let the fall of the winter
Love is not Poinsettia or Babri
Which could be selected year after year
To take part in the annual fair
To wear a love necklace
The planet was looking loving
Come on, man!
Let's plant peepal in loving Chautari,
Let's add two stones to the highland of passion.

January 1982, Hangpang Athrai, Taplejung, Mechi, Nepal.

Note that I haven't lost

Let someone wait for a friend
Here I'm too late, but not lost
I'm dealing with the rain of Compulsion
The legs aren't tired.
Desire isn't gone
I did not journey complete
Before the fog clears up
I'm overwhelmed by myself,

Remember,
I'm going to leave the bush
I'm looking for away
How are you doing?
Don't ruin Love, please.
Could you wait a minute? Am I coming?
With the face of the morning
I am wearing a missed smile.

November 1985, Basantpur, Tehrathum, Koshi, Nepal.

Word of the day

It is raining flowers here.
Stones and arrows shower down from people's mouths,
So stop before you begin to treat if harmed.
Nothing is more important than your mind.
The shield does not provide chest protection.
Aside from that, it is someone's word.

August 1981, Hangpang Athrai, Taplejung, Mechi, Nepal.

Doubtful night

One night,
There are sharp thorns here.
Burning of the heart inside the chest
There's a hot flame, too,
What time is it now?
Screaming can ruin someone's dream
It's silently so now
My heart could be a break.

September 1981, Hangpang Athrai, Taplejung, Mechi Nepal.

The dream of a Stranger

Lay in mind
Her lovely necklace
By throwing it in the throat,
When I ask to quit
You've been crying in my dream for a long time
Okay, now I wake up and see
The tears that you shed on my chest
They dropped on my head,
It appeared to be so
After a long time and a long distance
She remembered me today.

August 1981, Hangpang Athrai, Taplejung, Mechi, Nepal.

With a side of good-bye

On the way,
When you walk,
Mountains crossed
Take a look at this
If you can do it,
Walking footprinting
Remember, they're on the lane.
Companion, guy!
There may be a similar misunderstanding here
Somewhere in the crowd, missing a friend
Somewhere in a rush to lose oneself.

June 1979, Kathmandu, Nepal.

Tingling with the lover

1.
Who says that
Rhododendron blooms only in the forest.
I haven't been lying
Today in the labyrinth of the mind
The bumblebee is flying around.

2.
Looking at the season of flowers
I sound like I'm interacting
There were no flowers like that in her mind.
Cuckoo caught in the heart
Today, the reality seems to be unfolding.

1980, Kathmandu, Nepal.

I'm searching for a life,

Lightly entangled in the trust
I'm trying to live a life
Inside the boundary by drawing the borderline
I'm trying to save my life safely
It was on the scale of the legend.
Unable to be equal
Like the bread of cats
When life is burdensome
When it comes to faith

Somewhere after you get busy
Not to be dropped
You can't sit here
You can't win it
Not to be lost
Now, today.

The Witness of the Universe
I'm looking for a life
Witnessing your dream
I've been waiting for a day.

July 1981, Hangpang Athrai, Taplejung, Mechi, Nepal.

That Birkhe

Of his brothers,
After being squatted
This guy is Birkhe
Wherever he's meeting
He's sharing his story
He walks after telling his pain
He was kicked out of the house by his brother.
It demands justice by showing his wounds
"Brother, where do I get justice?"
From a house of my own
After being evacuated
This Birkha repeatedly
Wherever he's meeting
He's sharing his story
His name is "Baulaha Sayla" mad.
To make the universe a reality
Repeatedly demands
To those who change the name
"Tell the world how much I can endure?"
The World's Not Justice
By giving him a mad name
People are avoiding him.

July 1981, Hangpang Athrai, Taplejung, Mechi, Nepal.

My Hangpang

Maybe not for everyone to see
Not too cold up the snow
Kanchenjunga, Kumbhakarna and
Making Yalang dance on the floor
River Tamber Tie a belt around the butt
My Hangpang
With Change and Chintang
Bending in the dance
Hangpang,
Somehow invisible to me
I have such Love for you.

July 1981, Hangpang Athrai, Taplejung, Mechi, Nepal.

Awakening of pigeons

Nowadays, the awakening is ill
In the darkness of poverty, ignorance, and discontent
Breathing through the scent of the problem
They're hiding in their souls,
Leprotic spots around the mind
Who's rotting
They're getting disgusting
These are our alertness and our knowledge
We are held captive
Scars on our skin become numb
Understanding the heat and cold of the environment
For the benefit of a healthy nerve
Do something for a good feeling.

Let's fight with ourselves first
Conquering oneself
Let's only leave the pigeons of the free awakening
In the Blue Sky of Life
People don't know about people
Let's clear up the cloud of disbelief
Look at the warm light of humanity.

October 1986, Basantpur, Tehrathum, Koshi, Nepal.

Where are we going to

People in Growth

We freed the character of the monkey

Aren't we going to be wild?

Citizens by removing several consent points

He's always looking for a lot of reasons for division

It splits itself and continues to spread.

Look at the heart beating with a warm circulation of blood

People are not hearing the rhythms of brotherhood and civilization today.

Why don't the lakes of wealth and confidence resound?

People today don't believe people

Why do human standards still exist

People who are seeking to devalue

People make forests from house to house

The monkey is trying to repeat

Man with a developmental disorder,

Let free the character of the monkey,

We'd be happy and free.

We'd be fully human.

April 1992, Dharan, Sunsari, Koshi, Nepal.

Dreams of Villages

It's overdone.
Mortgage Dreams of the Village
To sharpen the pen of invention,
Enthusiastic youths entered towns
With days of joy and happiness
They had promised to return soon
Parents farewell with promised.

Parents are waiting for children
There's a river running
The village's sleepless.
It's a barren field
They suffer from scarcity and famine.
The roofing father has become old
The pathway riddled with black weeds
Nobody left there even to write a letter in the village.

Someone would have said that message
Someone would have given it back
To the sons, to the daughters
Parents are waiting for your promise
The merchant drowned in the debt
Dreams of old age are being held, hostage.
The auction of the house is taking place.

October 1992 Dovan Change, Taplejung, Mechi, Nepal.

Therapeutics

Get up one morning, get up again,
I take pills for medicine,
And I am walking my route,
I curse the undeserving environment
I clap a bit, too,
I am resting, anyway.
I'll take the pill with the medication again.

Even with open eyes
I do not see the world,
I blink through my lashes,
The universe watches me
I eat my medicine; I take my treatment,
It is stated that medications might prolong life.
Prescription is not only for life;
it has also been referred to as Life After Death.
However, I shall continue to take medication for as long as I live.

March 2006, Biratnagar, Morang, Koshi, Nepal

Short poems about Love

1.
It's a star
Cool away from me
And when it's next to you,
It's giving heat.
2.
The gods are going to heaven
A gift from the left.
3.
Gold plating
Hosted by
It's a brass ring.
4.
The herb by itself
Others were born, too.
Also, one feels, guy.
5.
Hearts
Who lives as a beginner
And it flows like a waterfall.
6.
That's the thing
Which is determined by age
And he likes solitude.
7.
Mountains
Someone's leaning
Someone's bowing down.
8.
As expected in the film
It's the same recurrent story.
9.
From here, look at the clouds
Look at the rainbow above.
It's a game of sunshine.

1978, Hangpang Athrai, Taplejung, Mechi, Nepal.

Lyrics

Fresh vision

What a lovely pen
Get clean plain paper
Oh, aha! Get yourself a new morning
Get the beautiful light clean.

Moving bird photo out of
Rhythmic Word
Don't feel pressed to your feet
The destination has been waiting for journeys.

The same trip is a different one
I'm starting with myself
The world is fresh with the same eye.
I'm looking on my own.

14 April 2005, Biratnagar, Morang, Koshi, Nepal.

Life tied to Compulsion

A person's life bound by Compulsion
It's like a Cuckoo scattering inside a casket.

In my mind, one look of yours awakens many desires.
I'm trying to touch it by stretching it.

I feel like the friends are calling me from the jungle
The fruit of the forest may be ripe now.

Waiting for the morning is a real-life
I've had to live my life hiding thousands of sorrows.

Come along with me
Could you give me a hand to pull?
Eyes have reached to see sorrow
Give your lips that spread happiness.

November 1981, Kathmandu, Nepal.

Let's fly

(Nursery rhyme)

The stars of the sky are playing,
Let's hope buds and leaves appear, aha.

Parrot voice, how sweet the talk is,
You're smiling; you're hoping for roses; open your mouth.

The flowers are oily, the buds are coming, and the flowers are sprouting.
Our unfulfilled wishes are coming to you.

Frequent fan of the wind flame
Let's link the earth and the sky, dig deep and heal.

August 1988, Morahang, Tehrathum, Koshi, Nepal.

The flower pot

How lovely is your pink smile on your lips,
Teach me to live with you.

Pots in the chest, bloated aha for a lifetime,
Rose and Sunakhari, how apt to laugh.

Like the spring water, running for a lifetime,
The well is deep in my heart,
and I'm going to spill it all over you.

I live like a flower instead of hail,
Forgetting about coolness,
how did you bloom, the vine?

July 1988, Morahang, Tehrathum, Koshi, Nepal.

Lovesong

I can smell Love inside the rose petals.
Flying in my heart,
I'm just dreaming about you.

These dry lips, says the song,
Bright eyes wish to stop somewhere.

You're in my heart, come and live here,
Love comes in a dream;
wish comes in reality.

February 1979, Kathmandu, Nepal.

Chest with hunger

There's undoubtedly a hunger in this chest
Don't be drunk, my lord.

There's a lot left to borrow for the Love offered
The book has no chapter on Love
Let's say I've been drinking a little
Somewhere in the cup of tears,

Life is finally looking for a reply
It's distracted by the endless journey.
Why is this grazing crying even in the spring?
There's still a storm in the forest of the mind.

May 1985, Basantpur, Tehrathum, Koshi, Nepal.

Remembering of you

Perls of tears
These moments of waiting
By the Thread of Hope
These are actual moments.

My heart is pounding for you
Night and Recollection
They're getting lost
Pain and dreams for it.

When rubbing your heart
These days, I'm investing
I notice that my heart is squeezing
I'm going to spend those nights.

Don't mind the poison
The tears in the eyes
I don't think about it
To survive with the drinking of tears.

Communication is the heart
Blood and tears
Spilled paint in the lips
How do I joke about that?

July 1981, Hangpang Athrai, Taplejung, Mechi, Nepal.

Inspiration thirst

Wearing a hunger for creativity
How much it burns and gives hope to you
Keep your cracked chest
Enable me to sing a song.

I've seen it all.
The language am I supposed to tell?
The pressure that cannot be calculated even in the eyes
How do I show up,
How many are standing at the crossroads
I hope to see the kind of desperation
Wearing a hunger for creativity
How much it burns and gives us hope.

I am with the pillow of the natural world
Why do I see unfulfilled dreams?
In the middle of a hurricane of circumstances
Why are you shaking
Touching his own heart
I fill the hole of the journey
Wearing a hunger for creativity
How much it burns and gives me hope.

July 1985, Kathmandu, Nepal.

Okay, welcome to Hurricane

They say the sea is drying up
Why can't tears get dry?
With your heart full of agony
How can Love be forgotten in this way?

Do not strike a living dead body
I can't wake it up right now
Removed line, which is one
Okay, I don't think so again.

Do not shed tears on the floor
The Dead Dust
Existence is blowing me free
Welcome to any Hurricane.

March 1980, Kathmandu, Nepal.

I cut off myself,

Sleepless nights, but
I've been dreaming a lot
And broken hearts
I've been writing the whole story.

I might not be able to walk anyplace
That's why it hurts so bad
In the world of fantasy
The wound is broken randomly.

I needed to take the steps
To deal with today
I cut off myself
I got a broken heart.

June 1980, Kathmandu, Nepal.

Loving

I'd like to meet you on the fan of the cloud
I'd like to meet you by misleading my relatives.

That sweet talk of Love that seems to sound
You opened your mouth and chuckled at me.

Like trying to say something like trying to ask a question
How sweet of you to roll your eyes and pierce my heart.

March 1982, Hangpang Athrai, Taplejung, Mechi, Nepal

Flowers

Those blown about by the wind
Flowers are not thorny plants.
I remembered the injury Gift and my blunder.

Lost while you last rap
Much like the chest of a mountain
Theft of the New Album
It's like a dull spring.

I'm in Love with the transaction
I've sustained a lot of injuries
I am in the middle of sorrow
Today, I'm struggling.

March 1982, Kathmandu, Nepal.

Betrayal

The face of the cloudy horizon
When it's dark
The melting summit of the past
It splits the bonds of the mind spontaneously.

How gentle the sweet faith is
This chest cracks on a whole night.
This orphan love song is slow.
It rings as the past comes back.

Agility when it's serious
It was Love's Yam
I planted my heart in my chest.
Today, betrayal came to fruition.

May 1985, Basantpur, Trhrathum, Koshi, Nepal.

Dream

Unfortunately,
the wounds of sorrow
Salty tears remain
Survived by both of them
Just the dream is left.

Now, open those two eyes.
I believe I've seen the entire universe
Close my eyes, come on, sleep.
They found refuge in the eyes.

Laying down the days,
Now let's just spend the night
All of the suffering of the day
We're going to blow it up one by one.

October 1992, Dovan Change, Taplejung, Mechi, Nepal.

An inquiry

I like to ask dear Love;
I want to meet you,
To ask an unanswered question.

When does our life begin?
If the universe revolves around a meeting,
it's going to happen.

No matter how far I walk,
I can't find a resting spot,
There is no lovely hilltop to take a breath.

October 1992, Hangpang Athrai, Taplejung, Mechi, Nepal.

Good luck

Dreams that slowed down in my mind
They wake up again on a chilly morning
Marigold scent and Globe Amaranth color of good wishes
This time too, they're flocking to the garden.
It seems we're in Deepawali festival this time
We're searching for the light inside us
We choose life, not an insignificant age.
Let's share that
Infinity longing
Free formality
Well,
Best wishes.

October 2001, Biratnagar, Morang, Koshi, Nepal.

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Name: Nawa Raj Subba

Date of Birth: 01 October 1961

Birth Place: Athrai Hangpang, District- Taplejung,
Zone- Mechi, Nepal

Parents: Aita Raj Subba and Nara Maya Subba

Office: District Public Health Office, Morang, Nepal.

A team member of the Ministry of Health and
Population, Government of Nepal.

Education: MPH, MA.

Membership: Nepal Red Cross Society, Nepal Health
Professional Council.

Decoration: *Gorkha Dakshin Bahu* medal 1991.

Travel: India, China, Bangladesh, Thailand, and Indonesia.

Publication:

- *Janaswasthya Pata Bata Ra Anubhuti* (Public Health Essays),
- *Khotang ko Swasthya* (District Profile),
- Genealogy of Phyang Samba (1999),
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- Health Improvement Programme 2003 (Co-writer),
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- Website of DPHO Morang launched, Personal website launched,
- Edited Annual Reports for Eastern Regional Health Directorate Dhankuta 2002-2003,
- Paper presented in international seminars, Articles published in journals and newspapers,
- Poems and Essays published in journals, newspapers, and websites.



Contact address of the corresponding author

Website: www.nrsubba.com.np
Email: dr.subba2015@gmail.com