

Poetry Series

Pushpa Ratna Tuladhar
- poems -

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Pushpa Ratna Tuladhar(February 28,1948)

Pushpa Ratna Tuladhar, born on 1948, in Kathmandu, Nepal, is a poet and editor of Layalama Magazine, the First literary magazine from the Himalayan Kingdom of Nepal.

His poems are published in Rearview quarterly, Poetry Sharing Journal, Some Words, Ascent, Escritoire, Words Words Words, Zygote in My Coffee, James River Poetry Review, Sidereality and other printed and magazines and also in anthologies published in USA, UK, Canada and India.

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A Cup Of Tea

I

Far beyond the horizon
When the rooster sang
A song of dawn coming
Beauty of the dawn
Sign of the day to come
Tears the thin sheet of my sound sleep apart
Waking me up
My beloved lady pours
In the cup of dark sky
A glow of the Dawn
A cup of tea
A day in my life
For completion of my daily works in order
My beloved will shake my body
Tired of deep sleep in the night before
And put in front of me
A Cup of Tea
So sweet taste of the morn I drink
A cup of Tea

II

Being tired of my daily works
My hands and legs are on the wane
With support of my time
As walking stick in my hand
My footsteps reach my home
When the signs of the eve coming
Far away in the west
A flock of egret comes back to his nest
The day then turns back
The lady of eve in the west
Pours in the cup of blue sky
Sign of the day gone and the night to come
A glow of the Eve
A cup of tea
I lay silently
On mattress of the green field
Seeing me tired from my hard works

The sweet smiles of my beloved
Greet me with her expressions of
A deep love
A cup of Tea
My dried lips taste with difference
A Cup of Tea
Wrinkles in my face by tiredness vanishes
How pleasant the feelings and freshness
I've in my mind by
The beauty of the Eve
A Cup of Tea

III

The greenery of the nature
Flourishes the beauty of the spring
By the sweet fragrances of flowers
The Wind whistles
In rhymes that
A couple of birds sing
And fills sweet dreams in my mind
Turning the pages of my life
I blossom inside me then
And hold in my hands
A cup of Tea
So sweet the taste that I admire
Beyond my belief
Every seconds of my life
Trickle down the juices of my whole life
In
A cup of tea
Truly not only water
Seven colors of the Spectrum
In the cup of the sky that poured by
The beauty of the Rainbow
I thank myself for
Every success in my life
A cup of Tea

VI

Every seconds of my life
Render tastes as the flavor with difference

From every sip that I enjoy
A cup of tea
In the teapot of the Blues
Full of clear water from the spring
Indigenously blended with
Nine sweet herbs and plants
From the Himalayan forests
And boiled with sugar
To the point in which the water vapors
My nostrils smell the sweet fragrances
From the Nature of the Earth
Unveiling every aspects of my life
To the eternity
To elude total bitterness from my life
My lady pours
The essences of herbs
As stimulant to my life
In
A cup of tea
Every sip rouses the potency in my life
A cup of tea

Pushpa Ratna Tuladhar

A Decrepit Map

Callused skin on my body
Ruptured by the cruel nature
Like a deserted and dry riverbed
In a summer
Is the native soil, my Rolpa and Rukum
My mutilated soil
Maimed by landmines
This callus on my soil
Cannot be cut away by surgery
And then be tossed away,
Like lifeless hairs
Stuck on the porcelain sinkhole rim.

Ghostly lizard crawls
On the dusty mirror
Hanging in the dirty wall
Of a dilapidated room
Where only emptiness
Catapults the carnal beauty
Of the mute image
Hidden under the layers of dust
Reveal my wounded Rolpa and Rukum
Like a decrepit map
Ripped by too many folds
Scratched and perforated by the worms.

The awful pain has butterflies
In my eyes
Of sullen
And morose sky.

April 30,2004

(Rolpa and Rukum, the two remote districts
in Far Western Nepal, affected by the
Maoist's People War)

Pushpa Ratna Tuladhar

Abduction

The poetry from my book
abducted by the terror
to spin its rhymes
into the gust of
Rolpa and Rukum,
where the soaring throb
of my nation veils
the soul of every realm.

An intolerable agony?

Burned to ashes are
Birkhe, a suspected maoist cadre,
shut in an encounter?
Surke, an army officer,
who expired in a landmine?
Maya, a little village girl,
breathes her last,
stupidly playing with bomb
like a hand ball in the field.

Are all ashes silvery?

Confined in the lonely cell
for so many days
with endless tortures
for dressing every word
of my poetry in every means,
but depicted the imagery or
allegory or simile or metaphor,
never surrendered in futility
though it rambles like a whore
across every mind to fulfill
the emptiness of its craving..

Beyond the poetry in my book
is the groaning voices
in a drunken stupor
emerging from the nearby tavern

opened till the dead night.

January 24,2005

Pushpa Ratna Tuladhar

After 2549 Years

After 2549 years

Siddhartha Gautam Buddha
With the light of Nirvana
Intensified on his face
And Gulupa in his hand
Walked out of Jetawan
In the darkness.

The trail of his walk
Witnessed his feet
Congregated the lichen
To tidy up the slippery way.

On each stop of his footsteps
In a moment's pause for alms,
Grew the Bodhi trees
Bared (with no leaves) .

Leaves falling from Bodhi trees
Never pat the earth.
Buddha never returned
Back to Jetawan again.

All's craving for peace.
But never aware of
His gulupa in his hand
Still unfilled and empty.

January 17th 2005

Nirvana – the Enlightenment.
Gulupa - A bronze bowl for alms.
Bodhi tree- Gautam Buddha found the way of salvation under this tree.
Jetawan- a vihara donated to Buddha by Anathpindik, a merchant in Buddhist's period.

Pushpa Ratna Tuladhar

An Alternative Terror

War Tanks rolled over to
Jenin and its Refugee Camp
As battlefields in a minute
Clouds of black smokes belched
From the nozzle of the missiles
Turned the dwellings into debris
And lives breathe under rubble
Still desires of living
That will never be fulfilled
Sighing are heard in the air
Unseen ghosts are roaming freely
Searching their brotherhoods
Living or dead
Souls are still weeping bitterly
With sorrows that never end
In the war turned atmosphere
Flying high in the sky appeared
The hungry vultures that smell
Odors of rotten human flesh
As if the open graveyards
To wipe the terrors and even its ghosts
Out of the worldly atmosphere
Reassuring pure peace
In every people's mind
Is't the rebirth of terror
Or alternative terror?

Pushpa Ratna Tuladhar

An Another Falujjah

To obliterate the fires of terror
rekindled after the war in the deserts,
The buildings and the palaces
destroyed by the nozzles of the guns
sunk into the shimmering sands
with its bases totally warped
like the shadow of the lively Falujjah
in the mutely flowing Tigris river.
Under the desert is another Falujjah.

The mirror images of
the buildings and the palaces has
no doors, but accessed to go in and out,
no windows, but well ventilated.
Very people can effortlessly saunter
on the ceilings and the walls
of the houses, the palaces.
Very people stride in the roads,
like the cold and speedy current
hiding under the glacier,
Its boundaries disperse
Across Mosul, from countries to countries
like the reptile meanders its zigzag way
just beneath a layer of the sands.

Sparkling bullets of guns left
the bodies headless, crippled,
the ghosts and the wounded.
They turned into human by magic
with their heads and limbs
recovered as before,
wounds completely cured,
breathing again and living the human,
strong enough than before
in another Falujjah.

Very people over this shadow city
under the desert, screamed jehad
in one voice and in one breath

that resonated all over the world.
Keep ears on the sands of Falujah
and listen to -
"Allah ho Akbar, Allah ho Akbar"

December 20th 2004

Pushpa Ratna Tuladhar

An Old Railway Line

In the death chamber confines
The soul of my mind
Handcuffed by tragedy
Sentenced to death penalty
Just close to a blink of my eyes
With an illusionary greetings
Of long lives
Standing before me
Face to face – My death.

Startled I'm like the whirl
Of the breeze on cobwebs
Hanging in every corner
Of this death chamber
Not in use for centuries
Neither I can blink my eyes
Nor breathe my breath

Asleep is the fireplace
With only ashes
Decomposed in wetted firewood
Neither the wisp of fire
Nor the glow of flame.

Rusty hinges on the door
Perforated by rust
Through which holes
Smirk the gloomy bored moon
Seeking shelter for a night
A moment of unpleasant and discontent
Moans like a wild beast

Severe wounds
In inner of the minds
Moans like a cry of spasm
By unwilling sexual desire
Seduced by the enemy
In the defeated war
Echoed from the walls around

Fearing to have an ear
Will shrunk
In the emptiness of the room

At any time the electric shock
May turn the body to ashes
Only a fistful of my breath
Remaining in my body
Will hurried to rebel by
Shattering every words of my poem

Like the old railway lines
Discarded after the war
Hides its originality
In the rust and grassy grooves
Rebels of another kinds
Like the silent crater of sleeping volcano
Erupts and scatters the lava on the earth
Every word of my inner minds
That's collected in the coarse paper
Only sensed by my wounded heart
Indeed it's my poem.

September 11,2003

Pushpa Ratna Tuladhar

Breakfast

The Poetry that I never created,
But the seconds of my day
That I adored so much.
Couldn't grip the moments
Of my day in my fists□
As the iceberg of the day
Set into water and spilled over
From the seams of my fists.

After my morning routine,
I'd befall at □
The dining table of my kitchen
For my everyday breakfast
With a Mug of Coffee
Or a Cup of Tea □
Arising the whole fullness in□
The emptiness within me.

The morn spun another page
Of my erstwhile diary
With the deeds of that very day,
Too much absorbed I'd be in
Savoring the flavor in me
So that my time spilled out
Of my clenched fists
Might never be in futile.

□

Pushpa Ratna Tuladhar

Caught In The Lens

The ebony night crawls
With its webbed feet
On my distressed mind,
To peel off my fusty clothes,
From my fatigued body,
Stinking me like the putrescence
Of my time, and of my life,
Feels me then
As light as feather
Floating up into the azure.

Before my inner eyes,
Barely exposed I'm
In my living portrait
Caught in the lens of camera
Zoomed in and out
To perfect my image
With my own personal touch
Just for hanging in the wall
Of my living room.

February 25th. 2004

Pushpa Ratna Tuladhar

Excellence

Poetry

I chewed

Like the tasty beaten rice*

And swallowed the whole,

But the color of the ink

I'd never gulp down my throat,

It blends with saliva

In the salivated mouth

And dribbles

Out of my lips.

Following the poetry

Digested in my stomach

The poet inside me

Exploits

Again this dribbled ink

To scribble another poetry.

The inexplicable

Imageries

Really endure

The soul of this poetry.

The colors

Of my ink-stained face

Enhance an elusive excellence

In my poetry

Like the sparkling galaxy.

May 16th,2005

* Beaten rice, a kind of rice cooked and beaten in the mill

Pushpa Ratna Tuladhar

Feelings

On the stone canvas
Beside the stream flowing onwards
Brushes dipping in
Each colors of the spectrum
Dispersed by the sun rays
Thru' the watery surface of the stream
Painted a beautiful damsel
With sweet lively smile that
Speaks for herself
Every second of the day
Every stranger passing by this stream
Standing still for a while
Staring at her beauty that
Creates the passionate love in his heart
Knowing her nature in reality
With tears in his eyes
And gloom in his face
Passes his way desperately
As the time passing by
A passerby who fell in deep love with her
Turned lunatic by her beauty
Rinsed away the image as whole
By the flowing waters from the stream
Only the stone left as it is
But no canvas longer
The passerby breathes
Purely satisfied in his mind
As sacrificed herself for his love
And passes by his own way to eternity
Swearing never to return this way again

Pushpa Ratna Tuladhar

Freedom

Wings of my living
clung to the sweat-stained
and sticky wall
Of my fatigue mind
Unmovable with very efforts
Let it to be hung to the wall
as the real
stuffed show piece
hanging in the nail.

The wisp of light strikes
In the stark darkness
flashed all over the room
Owls
alarmed by the sudden stroke
turn with reddened eyes
frenzied
Bats
Hanging in the ceiling
Startled by fright
And flutter around.

My living
Cleansed each feather
Of its wings
And run away from its boundaries.
In the speed of the light.

31st March 2005

Pushpa Ratna Tuladhar

Fullstop

Fully occupied I'm in my day-to-day affairs,
While in my office room
Like the magnet attracts iron dusts
The lower soles of my shoes
Turns to be as decade old by
Absorbing the dirt and dust
Settled as sediment in several layers
Under the surface of the carpets
Blanketed over my office room

Really unconscious I'm
For my body fatigued after my day-to-day works
As my office time elapsed,
In hurry and harsh to reach my home quick,
My fatigued legs holding my shoes
Forgets to dust off the dirt and dust
From the soles of my shoes
In the jute mattress outside of my office-room

Dirt and dust settled under the jute carpets
Having free access in the light and air
As it likes to behave and it wishes to fly
Get every word of my written poem
Scattered along the way
From my office to my home
The remaining dirt and dust in my shoes is
Thrown away by dusting off my shoes
In the jute mattress outside my home
As full stop to my poem of a day

In trauma I'm for the whole night
My eyes widens as an open window
Shaken by the dirt and dust I sprinkled
Out of my soles of my shoes
On the way between my home and office
I stride every day.
The upper soles of my shoes picks away
The words of dirt and dust, which
Dreams a lustful passion with the glow

Soaked by dewdrops of the yester morn
And settle down the earth
Like question mark split way from its answer -
The full stop.

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Pushpa Ratna Tuladhar

Hostage

Clutched by the terror
Of the spider's webbed feet
With the lightly triggered butt
Of the AK-47 rifle on my head,

The rivulets of sweat
Dripping down my face to the ground
Froze even in the high temperature
Of the burning sands.

In my ears rung loud
Even the ticking of the clock
Like the thundering sounds
Of the big temple bell

The bloodcurdling feeling
Of human hostage
For the terror's demands
Never to-be-fulfilled.

At no second, the nozzle of the rifle
Burst my head into thousands
And shattered around the earth
Fleashes in the pool of blood.

Each flesh in blood is
Craving
The lust
Of revival as a humane.

September 1st.2004

(13 Nepalese workers hijacked and murdered by extremists in Iraq)

Pushpa Ratna Tuladhar

Imagery

The melodic whispers
of the chilly breeze
rupture the seed soiled
to sprout to bloom
totally and clearly.

Squeezing the morning
drip the natural dewdrops
from the roof of my home
rinse your supple body
cleansing all the dirt and filth
blushed steadily
as the gold glittered.

Just linger for a moment
near the meadow of my mind
the frosty and icy sweats
distilled through my arduous fervor
let you feel this much serene
that craft a poetry of its nature
in my mindful mind.

Burning lava erupted
out of the crater of my mind
freezes itself into granite
carving skillfully
my living in its spirit.

*

Pushpa Ratna Tuladhar

Inner Peace

The length of the cigarette
burns
itself into fire,

the burning cigarette
slips through its butt
dying in an ashtray

as the left over -
empty sparkles of
silvery dust.

The earth wraps up like a package
sealed
inside its womb,

an embryo like a bone marrow
of a dinosaur that
burnt out centuries before.

Futurity delivers
the baby of an era
mottled in blood.

The trail of the dawn
leaked the dews to cleanse
the bloodied birth mark,

reveals it crystal clear
like the image of deca pixel
in which the poetry rhymes

the inner peace,
that's in the womb of futurity
I yearned breathing the stone.

September 30th 2004

Pushpa Ratna Tuladhar

Kathmandu

Every morning in my bathroom,
I submerge myself in meditation,
cleansing my bowels
and attain fresh and anew.
I flush out all the dirt and dust
through the drainage
to the distant flowing river.

Beyond the river is
my urban city, Kathmandu,
with the long building,
like the chopping logs,
and the small houses
like the dented tin.
The toilets and bathrooms
from the buildings and houses
flow to the river and
burst the stench of
only the excrete and urine
As in the garbage pit.

In the shimmering riverside
lies the bloated belly
like the bursting balloon
of the petrified cow
by indigestion of the poisonous grass,
leaks out the pungent gas
from the rump of its anus
and reeks nauseous
during the summer time.

Crows picking at
crumpled hide and bones
thrown away by the slaughter house
squabbled over the food
with obnoxious sounds.

Grey vultures smell
the stench of the dead animals and

encircle above the sky.
A mangy lame dog
ousted from my urban city
picks its living from the waste
and spends every second of his life
in the wrecked house
nearby the river bank.
He licks his own wounds,
satisfies the taste of meat
and hangs around his death.

Obsessed with the reek of rotten meat,
the bridge connecting my city
gets vomited,
neither can move out of this place
nor can hold the passerby
fed up by reeks and stench,
it might fall to the ground now or later.
Baseless, with no sands.
incapable to save itself from calamities
lingers for the rainy season to come
to breathe in peace.

When the Himalayas melt
into rushing rivers
washing all the dirt and dirt
away to the far ocean
to get my urban city cleaned.

Ocean licks by its tongue
though a bit of poisonous cyanide
emitted out of my city,
swallows every wave of despair,
falls dizzy and giddy,
and surrenders to tranquility.

Outside the world reveals my city
as a coquettish beauty
of Sinhapata Mayaju.*

November 15th.2004

*An old fashioned lady of a folk tale In Nepal "Sinhapata Mayaju"

Pushpa Ratna Tuladhar

Let My Bygones Be Bygones

Striking a matchstick gently
On the surface of the matchbook
For warming up the winter
Underneath the wetted wooden log
As leftover after burnt
Wetted sulfur
Damp surface of the matchbook
Not yielded even the short lighting
As in the stormy sky
By striking winds each other
Only the empty stick left
After a smell of burnt sulfur
I stifle a yawn
By opening my pages
Of my bygone days
If something leftover
For pure satisfaction in my mind

Pushpa Ratna Tuladhar

Melancholy Sting

Caught the glimpse
of the living volcano
in the retina of your eyes;

Felt the shimmering heat
of lava steaming
on your eyelashes;

Refracted the flames
Flickering
In your eyebrows

Clued-up your face
glowing
like the burning fires;

Reflected
in the mirror of
my still and tranquil mind;

Offended me
like the sore of stinging nettles
even by your shadow.

December 22,2005

Pushpa Ratna Tuladhar

Mercury

Dripping tears
through my hazel eyes
freeze into ice
like the white marble slate
glazed
into the upper layer of water
in the pool of my heart.

The shadow of my living
soaked in hunger and thirst
settles in depth
of white marble slate.

Through the seam
in between present and future,
light keeps clawing
my shadow out of it
mirrored
in the retina of my eyes

The shadow in my eyes alters
Into longer or smaller images
like the mercury in the thermometer
sets up and down in seconds
even by a little change in warmth
of my body, revealing
inner secret of my living

18th May 2005

Pushpa Ratna Tuladhar

My Battered Soul

No word I've depicted
for my battered soul
snared inside your soul
yearning to get out of it
like the script of my poem
of the languished agony
burst out of my heart
in a piece of the course paper.

Not known to me,
if my eyes blinded
or freshly awakened,
my longing for fits of passion,
fragrances of the flower
and the rustlings of the heartbeat
swept me far, far away to the place
I never have been to,
where no other, but silence muses.

My soul, aloof and hidden, is
shattering, with fresh scratches
all over the skins of the earth,
and vanished in the darkness
af the dark night soaked with tears.

Moon, not being aware of any sorrow
in its absence, consoles
by showing the deep scratches
in its face -
It's indeed the inner feeling
of my battered soul.

September 15th 2005

Pushpa Ratna Tuladhar

My Death

As if the milk turns
My soul detaches from my body
My body and my soul float severally
In the surface of my life
My soul that grasp my breath
Vanishes into dusk
My identity as human in my life
Tears apart from my body
And turns into stone without sense and gasp
Pretty hectic I'm in my routine
No time to be bothered myself
During my whole life
Unconsciously
The sole joints that sojourn
My body with life defuses
The solder between them and
Splits into my body and soul
My soul fades away
As the mercury exposes to the air
Only my body as left over
Impassive and immovable
Lying in the earth
As anonymous and unclaimed
Then the Death commiserates
And prompts to confer his own name
For my body
That has no sense and gasp

Pushpa Ratna Tuladhar

My Dinner

In the kitchen,
I cooked the rice
With the cooker on the stove
And rambled out of the kitchen
With the plethora of poetry
In my mind.

After boiling,
The rice broth simmered
Out of the cooker,
Turned the firewood
Into charcoal
Without the source of heat
On the rice cooker.

I mused the words
Falling out of my mind
On the mucky ground,
And scribbled the poetry.
I'm never aware
Of the dirt and dust
Adhered to these words.

I'd not digest
The rhythm of my poetry
As the under-cooked rice.
Perhaps I'm so much hurry
To serve my dinner
Before the rice well-cooked.

15th April 2005

Pushpa Ratna Tuladhar

My Existence

My Existence

In rainy days

Clouds' so much tired of

Roaming hither and thither

In the limit of the sky

Rest a while

In the mountain bed

Turn itself into big drops of water

Display the colors of spectrum

Far behind the Blues

Creating in my mind

Temptation of Sweet Dreams

Inside the beauty of the Rainbow

As if the bridge between me and my life

Beneath the mountain side

Flows a stream so quiet

Whispering in my ear

Truth of my existence

Pushpa Ratna Tuladhar

My Instinct

The shapeless and formless image
That caught in your eyes
Is me, an invisible ghost. Identified me?
Are you ever aware of
my living in the planet?

Really I exist in you -
Your exact likeness indeed.

In the transparencies of the ocean
In blues of the sky
In the chills of the breeze
In the burns of the flames
Pierce your inner eyes deeply
As you come across the mirror -
The same eyes of yours that looked me
Is staring unblinkingly at you.

Is it only your spitting image?
No. It's me indeed.

Only this much difference -
You've breath
But I've not.

March 25th.2005

Pushpa Ratna Tuladhar

My Reflection

My reflection on a lake
Floats the soothing ripples
Into my reflection
Even by the zephyr,
Also ripples into mine
In the reflection of my face
Fallen on the bottom
Of the sedate lake.

Below the lake on the bottom
Traumatized by the shadow
Of the ripples smudge
The reflection of my face
Very like mine above the lake
Inside my reflected face is
Concealed the bottom
Of tranquil lake.

The ripples that stirred
The surface of the lake
Also has my reflection
That reflects my being
Close enough to requite
Between my reflection.

February 28th,2004

Pushpa Ratna Tuladhar

My Shadow

My shadow lives my life
With strong-mindedness;
Majestic in character and
Sophisticated in fashion
More spacious in capacity and
Efficient in activity
Than me and my own life
Growing out of my strength
It isolates me from my life
And seduces my properties
To maintain its own identity
As if old enough in humanity
To throw me away in waste container
My shadow, that I throw in the earth
Stretches my body in full
Shearing the clothes from my body
With only the skinny left over
No one can recognize me
As my own identity
I try to run away from my shadow
That chases me like a wild goose
I scan the horizon of my life
Far beyond my limitations
And search my identity
Inside me and my life
Not knowing any relation
If it exists, with my shadow
To name

Pushpa Ratna Tuladhar

My Shadow Indentity

Inside me and myself
Sprouts up a series of the shops
The super markets
The super stores
Neither a folk tale nor a fairy tale it's
Indeed a series of shops
Proliferates inside me, myself and my life,
Extirpates my human identities and
Camouflages my realities and my existence with shops.

Indeed the articles crafted by my hands
Reproduces now in every workshop
Encased attractively with tags, labels and barcode
Displayed inside the large glassed showroom
For sale in open markets
At a price fixed for my efforts
Only to satisfy my hunger and quench my thirst

Every shop, store & super store that
Developed inside me, myself and my life
As if a series of shops
Lie from my heads to heel
Available for sale now
My brain as wisdom
My eye as vision
My thoughts as invention
Every thing from my heart to soul
Attractively packed, labeled, tagged and bar coded
As if me myself and my life
Surrendered to the marketplace
Opening for all to bid
In global marketing network

Most fashionable suits and necktie I wore
Feeling myself as a super gentleman
Is nothing, but only a lucid exposure,
Qualifying my creativity
Advertising my superiority and
Displaying my destiny

To suffice the most attractive bid
For me and myself
In the open markets of the world
As my own products do
In shops, stores and super stores.

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Pushpa Ratna Tuladhar

My Shadow Whispers

As the daylight sinks into the darkness of night
My Shadow, who's after me since my birth and
Keep its eye on me from morn till eve,
Fades away abruptly out of my sight and
Leaves me alone in solitude.
So much petrified I'm for
It's my intimate companion
As the walking stick holds my hand
In the muddy way to my goal
And sustains me in every aspect
And in every facet of my life
When the sun lies in East and West,
This shadow of mine elongates to its full length
To authenticate its superiority higher than I've.
When the sun is just above me,
It sinks inside me to attribute as myself

I immensely search my own shadow
Everywhere and every nook
In the darkness of the night
My shadow, as if standing beside me,
Holds my hands tight and
Whispers gently in my ear
As the wind sweeping through the bamboo leaves-
I'm always with you in all surroundings
And live only at your sacrifice.
Only with some trepidation of unknown,
Both of us can't sense each other
In the depth of darkness.

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My Tranquil Dream

When I grasp hold of the deep sleep
And sink soundly in the ocean of peace
With no sense on my body and
Sensibility in my mind,
My whole body is then clasped to death
As the opened cage
From where my sweet dream
Exit out and enter in
As it likes
At any time as it prefers
Roaming free-minded
In the blues of the sky,
In the fragrance of the bloom,
In the greenery of the Nature,
In the folk tales
Foretold by my grand mother,
And in the fairy tales
Fore written by my grand father.
It even conjures up a magic flying car and
Travels with Harry Potter
In the Hogwarts Express
Speeding over a magnificent viaduct.
After roaming around the planet,
My dreams come back again
To the open cage,
Which is then securely locked
Barring its way to enter in and exit out.
I wake up then from my deep sleep
And occupy in my bed stiffly yawned
Refreshing in my mind the sweet dreams
That I've forgotten and forlorn
My deeply rooted sleep
Still annoys me.

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Net

My fingers are playing
With the keyboard of my computer
Surfing around worldly experiences
I build my home as website
My birth
My birthplace
My existence
My works and experiences that I gain in my life
My face that time has carved on Earth
Saved as each file
That I view
On the Browser
When I'm alone
With pure satisfaction in my mind
I forget to hold my bamboo pen
To live the rhythm
That brings the heaven on earth
Holding a mouse by my hand
Let it kiss the pad with love
To get displayed myself
On the browser
My acquaintance
My reality as being a human
To the whole world as one
Inside the web

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Nirvana

I took my shoes off and entered
into the room of darkness
of which the shiny black satin
slipped from her shoulder
exposing the tender flesh
hungered with living passion
burning like hot red iron.
I hammered it to work out
the pattern of my poem
rhyming like the whistle of the wind
and shining like satiny moon
in the open sky at midnight.

Fearful of hurting the silence
shrouded in the dark night
by my feet, I plunged
softly as petal and lightly as air
on the darkness,
I peeled off my footprints
that glimpsed on
tender skins of her body,
but my feet burnt red.
I never mind the severe pain
for the beauty of my living
concealed in depth of darkness.

The cestrum that blooms in the night
reveals so much beauty in my eyes.
and smelts so much sweet fragrance,
but the humming of the black bee
of the death mused in my ears.
Whirled I'm through the vortex
of the darkness of the night
to let it hold me in its grasp –
My soul may never spill out of it
even like the transient light
of the shooting star sparkled
in the dark sky of the night.

January 31st 2004

Cestrum – Night jasmine
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Parmita

In a vacuum dispersed all over
The chamber of my mind,
The breathless,
Shapeless and formless
And fast growing images set
In its sluggish and languid motion.

The awesome silence
Of the surroundings
Digs the earth
More deeper and deeper
More inner and inner
Into the deep well.
Looking down the well
Get reflected in its inner eye –
Pure and lucid water
Shimmered like the milky way
Of thousands of thousands miles away.

The mind alike
The feather lighter as the air and
The axe heavier as the wrought iron
Falls
In the same direction
In the same speed
To the deep depth of the well
Like the milky waterfalls do.

Sluiced by pure water,
My wholesome soul
Suffused an unfathomable ocean
Deviated its trail to the arhat.

June 7th.2005

Parmita- completion of every performance and works in life.
Arhat – at the top of enlightenment and completion after which there will be no rebirth.

Reconstruction

The meek and mild man
Turned his heart into stone
Closed his eyes tight
And wove by his fingers
The ropes of destruction
Annihilation and obliteration

.....

(In every part of his country,
for his country's sake?)

Before the every eyes,
He heaped up in the earth
The purely white cotton
Picked from the cotton plant
Matured in the trash dumped
By the rushing tempest.
(Stressed by his countrymen
To rescue from heat and cold?)

In the past or bygone days,
Only a picture in a frame
Hanging in the wall is he
And only named
The insect on the dry leaves
Floating in a pond is he –
A meek and mild
A modest and self-effacing.
(no self-determination of writing
Speaking and living?)

Before flattened himself
Like a dried fish
He forged in anguish
On the anvil
The solidity of the iron
Turned into brittle foil
Gagging the flame of fires
That annihilate and obliterate'

The watery and formless embryo
In the freezing womb
Of the man toughed as stone
Congealed steadily
Contoured the face
Blinked the eyes
Stirred its arms and legs

.....

He gulped the fire
That melted iron
Felt in his throat like
The syrupiness and sugariness
Of the hot steamed coffee
For the present-day
Turned totally back to tomorrow
For the totally new cadence of
Innovation and reconstruction
In his poetry.

June 12,2006

Pushpa Ratna Tuladhar

Rhyming Passion

In the bathtub filled with water,
Quite cool as of the springs,
Fresh as dew on the leaves
And clear as the sky in the blues
Splashing up and splashing down
Between the walls of the tubs
As if ebb and flow tide roars in the ocean
Beating of two hearts as high and low tide
Gently cleansing the souls
Creates heavenly bodies
With eternal love experienced
And muse whispers on their ears
Strange feeling of passionate love
Deepens with the burning desires
That'll never extinguished
Intoxicate water that
Gently laps against their bodies
Striking each other
Creates a flash of the lightning
That'll turn two hearts into one
Swept away all dirt then
Only leftover as
Pure peace and sweet dream
In their minds lie
The calm and still of the sands
Never experienced before
For a while
Depth of the ocean in the tub
Stands still
Stimulating the heavenly feelings in their minds

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Satin

Caught alone in the clear vacuum
of the darkness pricked
by the thorn of moonless night,
I submersed into the flashes
of light that transcends from
the stars falling beyond the sky.

My journey conceals new dimension.
I stalked away
aching to explore and understand
my soul I discerned
in deep breathes of the larva
of the dainty cocoon of the light.

From cocoon I spun silk yarns,
woven the clothe and
tailored the satiny fashion
in harmony to my conceit
of appalling humanity I adored.
(wove the shawl to new fashion,
wrap my conceit
of appalling humanity I adored)

Utterly oblivious of the larva
like a split hair's breadth,
it comes off the cocoon, lifeless.

Alas!
The true soul of my own existence
fades
in the messy emptiness
of shimmering iridescent glass.

January 25th 2005

Satin

Caught alone in the clear vacuum
of the darkness pricked
by the thorn of moonless night,
I submersed into the flashes
of light that transcends from
the stars falling beyond the sky.

My journey conceals new dimension.
I stalked away
aching to explore and understand
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January 25th 2005

Pushpa Ratna Tuladhar

Shattered Beauty

Nature is so callous
To curse or bestow her
The face with left half
Disfigured and warped
By severe accident befallen on her
Alas! Louise Ashby
Frightens herself
To experience her face
In front of the mirror blurred
By the breath she exhales
As if the reflection of her face
In the turbid water
Traumatized by the storms
In the surface of the pond
Louise Ashby
Not being able to hold longer
Heavy burden of her disfigured face
On her young body
Standing resolutely in the planet
Tears flows in her eyes
If she could recuperate her beauty
Granted her by Nature
To stage her play again
Thanks to the artistic hand
That fixes
238 tiny metal plates in series
Fastened as headband
Inside the hairy skin of her head
To repair the left half
With the right half of her face
So much beautiful and reverie
Like the full moon drops her beauty
Inside the tranquil and lucid pond
That alive her again
With her dream comes true

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The Eyes Of Wisdom

In the time or
in and out of the space or
elsewhere I wandered,
I clasp myself alone,
but no perception of bliss of joy.

Many rebirths I conceded
Many samsara I roamed
I clasp myself alone,
but no perception of bliss of joy.

In the day or the light
In the night or the gloom
In and out of the universe
I explored with earnest
everywhere in the earth
but no perception of bliss of joy.

Can I retrieve it elsewhere?

While it's as the brightest
as the gleaming star
in the chaste gloominess
inside the spirit of my own mind.

Attha devo bhava*

The brilliance lies indeed
in me and mine for ever
Illuminating all the world.
My body, speech and mind
Attain the mindfulness of Nibbana
Within me and mine.

*

Samsara - the material world in which the beings live.
Attha devo bhava (pali)- I'm the master of my own.
Nibbana (pali)- Nirvana (Sanskrit) .The literal meaning of 'blowing
out' or 'quenching'. Nirvana is the ultimate spiritual goal in
Buddhism and marks the soteriological release from rebirths in saṃsāra.

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The Forest

Inside me blossoms a dense forest
From the roots of my body hairs,
Faster than the eternal verities of my life
Running after time,
Disperses over my whole body
From my head to heel
Towards my armpits, chest and groin,
Hides my identity as human under a bushel
And deters my skin's feeling
From the warmth of the sun,
As the whole Amazon forests do.
In the world of my own,
My closest relation that agglutinates
My life and my identity,
Adheres in every nook and cranny
The slippery moss by the grasses
Which merges into the dense forests
And shrouds my true face,
My eyebrow, my moustache and my beards
Only visible are my forehead and my pupil,
My nostril and my lips
The hairs in my body and armpits
As the roots of the tree
Grows faster into the dense forests that
Anchors my whole body to the planet
To relinquish myself to the forests
My own pride that's dedicated to be
Out of the dense forest
Segregates me and myself from my existence
As the serpent peels up his skin
But waives
As a faithful and civilized human
To the densely forest
Blanketed all over my body

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The Purse

During my living
My melodic dream I longed for
Sprouted in me
The nature of the self-appraisal
With my life stunning in vivid shades
I scribbled the poetry.
In the blank paper
Of my innermost minds.

I grasped - you and me
Quite distinctly
Highest in morality
Topmost in significance
This lust of mine
Smashed these words
Of this poetry of mine
In numerous forms
In several fragments.

These words I etched
Shattered all over the grounds
may spin out in futility
I amassed them into my purse
And constrain meticulously its mouth.

Eventually,
At the moment when I set myself
Selecting and
Choosing each words
In the winnow of my inner minds
The similes of the words
Revive and breathe as it's again
In the poetry of mine.

*

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The Sacrificial Heart - I

Rachel! Your inner beauty can
Never hid in a bushel
By those beholding eyes,
Who recognize your pretty devoted soul
Shattered on the skin of this earth
By the speedy motion
Of an Israeli army bulldozer
That runs mercilessly over
Your young and courageous hearts
As a stout and strong human shield
To total destruction of humane human
And to tyranny of the ferocious tyrant
In the city of Rafah.

Rachel!
Not only Rafah
Even the burning sands of the sands
Shed stream of tears.
Rafah fascinates the reality
Of your blossoming beauteous mind
And moves her hands caressing
Your golden long hairs
That spread over pale colored earth
Washed by your bloody bloods.

Rachel!
You've mingled your hearts
With the hearts of the Rafah
Who shares your inner feeling
Deeply in the depths of your soul
And hides unuttered agony within its soul

Rachel! Your mind's so nice and soft
But so strong and stout
Nudges a deepest love to humane human
And an everlasting peace to humanity.

Shattered rose petals,
Withered to deep red

In the sands of the sands,
Touch the earth beneath your natured body
And feel the touch that stilled the quiet sea.

Rhythms amidst the sea
Feel the waves
Whispering against your skin
Agglutinated to the pale earth
And fade out to all eternity
To save Rafah in total turmoil.

To bow my head to you, Rachel,
The only white rose of the Sands,
You moved up to the distant bluish sky
Twinkling as a brilliant star for ever and
Beholding the only peace for all eternity,
In the green planet far beneath..

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The Sacrificial Heart - II

Rachel!

Your inner being's soul,
So strong and stout,
Though crushed by the speed
Of an Israeli army bulldozer and
Painted your portrait without frame
To the pale skinned canvas of the Earth,
The twinkling diamond of golden ring
Worn on your silky creamy and skinny finger,
Dazzled like star of the azure sky,
But it'd never turned to dust.

Rachel!

The twinkling of the big diamond
Still shines with brilliance and radiance
Like a rare jewel elegantly cut.

Every exquisite facet
Exposed to the pupil of the beholding eyes
Recognizes her Beauty within her Beauty
As the colors of the spectrum split,
Even after her breath calms down to stillness.

Your sacrificial heart and soul enliven
The diamond studded in your ring
And leaves a poor poet in awe.

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The Tree

Inside you've an earth of difference
With the ocean of clear water
The sky of the blues and
The Nature of greenery
That has no units to measure
In this earth
Choosing the soft soil from the ground
Crescent spade in the sky
Dug deep inside the earth
Sowed a flower seed of its own kind
That adores
Fresh water from the ocean
Sunlight from the blues of the sky
Greens of the nature
For a while
Storm comes and then stillness loves the sky
Tide roars and oceans stand still after
Nature turns itself into spring
The flower seeds that sowed
Burst into seedling
That I took from seedbed
To plant again on the Earth inside you
That blossoms the flowers with fragrance

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Turning Point

Gazing intently at
Clouds in the sky of gloom
Glow with iron-hot red
As if my wounds ripe enough
To burst as active volcano erupts
Quite confused I am for
My eyes can't differentiate
The lights from sunrise or sunset
Filtered through the clouds
Or the patch of clouds that
Bleed from vein of victims
Of war, war or terror
Or morning light of the day returned
With my firm belief in mind
To let me breathe freely on the air
Standing still like a milestone
On the Turning point

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Wispy Smokes

Musty whitey smokes belched
From the cigarette I smoke
Convert into circles,
Glide up and up,
Bounce from the ceiling of my room,
Alter the circles into fretted shapes,
And escapes out of the room
Congested with the noises
Of wine glasses striking each other,
Of loud sound of smoking and
Of vague murmuring of discontent
Through the ventilator
And adheres to silvery clouds in the sky.

Only the tobacco-like smells
Disperses the musty air of barroom
Completely disgusting and unpleasant I feel.

The long cigarette I smoke
Glow with fire and
Shortens itself abruptly to the tip
As if it is in a frenzy to sacrifice
For the sake of my pleasure.

To uttermost satisfaction in my mind,
I extinguish my burning cigarette.
Only a wisp of fire appears
And remains the wasted tip
As left over in the ashtray.

Fretfully I glare at
Every circle of smokes
That stick to consume its existence
As I do for my living in my life,
Sitting at the cornered table at the barroom
I sip a glass of wine
That cheers for my life
Savoring every drops, which
Amuse me for a while

Besides the immense disgusting surroundings
Sprung up inside the Barroom.

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