

Last four chapters

The Last Proposal

Sadistic pleasure coexists with revenge

And happiness with arms

Hitler cannot stay

Without weapons in hand

Extremism cannot exist

Silencing the voice of victory

Who is ashamed of fear in front of death

Who picks up molecular bombs

Who takes atoms

Whose pride is death, after all

Who handles suicide bombs

Underground meetings

Collective graves underground

Time flights corpses

Time itself holds them

At what degree does a man become

Supporter of terror

From which honest man it loans life

And engenders the Buddha

Mandela

Or a nameless poet

To die once again

A writer

Preserves beauty in rivers and hills

Or in philosophy

Or poetry

Or the weapon in your hand declares

The end of a civilization

Without speaking even a word

Or else makes

The world's worst hand

I don't really know

Other terrors are political

For ages

Man has been sending forth

Rivers of dreams

In the same way

Making it empty into the sea of hope

In order to see

Tagore

Dickinson

Longfellow

Widad Akrawi

Harry Martinson

And stands to declare

Humanity

And peace

He rejects the time

That retains with it

Moments for murder

If living itself

Is an attack

Or if it is a lifelong punishment

I announce the sentence

Inside this time

And look at you

I am telling you

To throw the weapon on the ground

Throw it
I have relations with this world
And with you as well
Abandon it
I don't want to see
A war in which the world shall never win
The weapons is on the ground
And life in poetry
The man in me shall pick
Power from poetry
And some day fight with Aryaghat
If death is imminent
Why die for death itself
My man has mounted the pillory
For the sake of life
He shall die for it

The First Tremor

In youthful days
I had embarked on trips to the sky
For now
I sit on the ground
Dreaming
And talking to a recluse
Alone for sometime
Placing the world on my chest
And looking at it
And looking at the humankind
No matter who shows weapons

I move about informing the world
That inside me is a man who says
I won't ever hide my pen
And saying
That I know nothing besides this
About myself
Saying that if gun -report sends a bird
Flying in the sky
I shall sit for penance to write
Beside those who pick up weapons
Near the place where
Pilot Baba here
And Narayan Giri there
Sit for penance
I hereby tender my hands to pen
Though the gun-holder hates the humankind
I look at the world
And myself ending the days of struggle
I beckon the one who writes poems
To take a test of myself
Saying, I shall take up
This arduous task of rigorous penance
Today itself and not tomorrow

And face an examination of writing today
Who is willing to see
What sort of a writer today
I don't really know
I stay
Introducing the former soldier in me
And claiming I shall write against him

And stay in opposition to him
This shall become the central issue of this day
I ask myself
Why terror
The greater fear in this world
Is to one who holds weapons
With a pen in hand
I shall not return to the world
Merely by posing a witness to someone's gun
Saying this
If writing is merely to stand in front of the human
Not writing is dying in front of oneself
Words should come out now
For the sake of writers
The day I decide
To take up pen
Taking Pope
And the Prophet away from the world
With gun in my own hand
Saw defeat
I shall let you know
My heart shall not pick up a gun
My intellect is working
For my own destruction
Showing the world
Showing the land of the Vedas
And saying
I handle a poet's vocation
I was but silent
When the one

Expected to pick my silence
Picked up a gun instead
And you did the same too
I took back the support
I had given myself to stay silent
I said
Leave the gun
To the holder of the gun
And to you as well
But if you won't leave it
I said I would fly with the bird
And was looking out
Watching your silence
Saying, I was presently watching it
Look at me
And look at the two world wars
Entering me
Saying, look at history
Look at the Mahabharat
I hereby stop the war
Between your weapons
And my pen

An Armed Character with the Poet

Entry of a Voice
For you, a prisoner of conviction
I am directly responsible
To keep you within the purview of
Security cameras
Shall I unveil the memorial

Dedicated solely to you
Or sit for some time
Praying in front of the same
In front of the cruelest but decisive spot of war
In front of the eternally glowing candles lighted for peace
Should I maintain my desire to see you
Or come out of my prayers
By dismantling this world
That tried to withhold peace
I am looking at the world
Iceland is on my chest
At this hour
I have taken
The Kathmandu you often looked at
Peace Park
The Statue of Liberty
Those who come forward
Are against this decision
I in defense of your thoughts
Am finding it difficult
To wait and watch the escalation of tension
The warring people
Are trying to alter the information about the world
I too am trying
To see this world in a new look
And am looking forward
To seeing the arrival of unknown people in the scene
Carrying with them a colossal change
The world is speaking in the same way
No one has a single answer

A Soldier