

## First five chapters

### An Appointment

I am defeated  
At the hands of none but my own people  
But I trying to take the same  
As a mark of victory  
And am trying  
To walk together with the same man everyday  
The nights  
Are asleep beside me  
Every day, I touch light  
And accept life as it comes  
I have been moving  
In a denial mood to accept as defeat  
Those faces of myself  
Which are constantly concealed in different spectacles  
By hands that give me weapon  
By translating into my life  
The sight of weapons  
I have been watching every day,  
Each shot  
Charged on me by weapons  
My voice has assumed  
The right to escort me  
To a worthy place  
Before taking leave of the world  
What should I use—day or night  
To correct the blasphemies  
Puked by those who walk up to me

With agendas of weapon

Time

Is on the move

Asking for reconciliation

Between me and the humankind

When the people who punish time

Placing the world atop the gun

And me in bruises

Have left, carrying the day along with them

This bird today longs to come out

And sing the song

I had left unsung inside

Having seen this bird

I declare

I won't love to die for the last time

I have met the world

And returned with an appeal:

Having exchanged my cremation ground

With the ground of life

I, solider Gopal Parajuli

Have set time

To meet poet Gopal Parajul

No matter who comes out victorious

The field belongs to the one who toils

Unless man becomes independent today

I won't be free tomorrow;

He has become independent today!

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## **The Poet with an Armed**

### **Character – 1**

#### **Entry into a Decision**

At this time

When flingers

Make conspiracy a weapon

And throw the same as shells

Towards the human,

I have moved with the claim:

The philosophy of poetry should become

The ultimate philosophy of life

And at this time

When with it I have decided

To give an answer to the world

I have been looking for a proof

To endorse the trustworthiness

Of this decision

By registering my voice

Inside my voice itself

Without getting it disowned

And by declining to abandon my company with the world

And opposing the urge to move out of it

I have decided to stop myself

Where I am;

Staying in darkness

The nights are making

Telephone calls to me

Those who consider

My silence for my weakness

Those who wait for moments  
To snatch my identity off my life  
When I sit down to write poetry  
Or to take my present off my hand  
And to crush my Bhishma<sup>1</sup>  
down

To declare my defeat  
And yet linger on the field

<sup>1</sup> A character in the Mahabharata, known for the firmness of his  
resolutions

At this moment  
If time doesn't withhold the weapon  
Raised against time itself  
I hereby wait  
To assert my decision  
With all urgency  
To enter the humankind  
Together with poetry  
If time adds chill  
There is summer  
If it adds heat  
There is winter  
If it tortures  
There is graver pain inside the chest  
I shall stand with that

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## Question upon Question

At this moment

When a stir of fear is escalating

No matter which way one moves

With armors of blessings put on,

At this moment

When I and time

Are looking for newer ties

With anyone walking near

I know

If I do not help time

These questions will have no answer

At this moment

I can't choose to become Sisyphus

Nor do I love to become Oedipus

Is my Prometheus

With my people or not

In my country

There was once a small heaven

Does it exist today or not

Many things on earth

Are no longer in their right places

Till today

Rembrandt's world-famous painting 'Night Watch'

Hasn't caught a single blot

Beethoven's music

Hasn't gone out of tune

Milton's paradise

Has not been lost

Man, in my own poems

Is not yet dead

When I am trying to tender  
An answer to the humankind  
As to what everyone is doing  
In the world now  
I know not

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How I should thank the humankind  
At this hour  
When all are firm on their positions  
If the time I just let loose now  
Has any answer to that  
How can birds be free  
I have walked close to the humankind  
At this moment  
How I should touch the world  
Convinced that  
Once so close to the world  
I should not walk away from it again  
I have chosen to become a writer  
Without getting my combat dress  
Off my body  
How can I introduce myself  
To you  
To time

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## **In Opposition to War**

I am here at this moment  
The hand of the tower clock at Ghantaghar<sup>2</sup>  
Has stood still  
Not to strip you naked  
But to see you unarmed  
And to save me from growing mute  
And, at this moment  
Those who cannot safeguard  
My word and its meaning  
Are thinking I will go silent now  
Even if I represent my feelings  
With silence  
Or volunteer to speak  
Albeit in stammers  
I am trying to decide  
Whose feelings I should follow to move ahead  
And with whose words  
I should present myself  
No matter what the longs to hear  
From me at the end of its waiting  
And no matter what  
I am about to say  
I should stop for a while  
Or time should  
At this moment  
When I am standing here  
To shoulder the voice of time  
And time to broadcast my word  
If I stand silent  
That shall be a big punishment to myself

And if I talk too much

That too shall be a punishment

This fact

2 A tall clock-tower called Ghantaghar stands in the heart of

Kathmandu

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That sprung in me

And died out in me

Is in fact a war

Which none but I am watching

As I was watching before too

Here

By your side

A war for life

Will be far more difficult

Than a war for land

That's a war mankind should fight

Staying quite near to the world

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### **First Proposal**

The sun of unarmed people

Has set

For all times

By that I don't mean

Your order, coming before time

Is not honorable for me

If I show weapons



Time shall sleep right here  
This is not a time  
For assault  
Ravan<sup>3</sup>  
is not the only one  
Standing with the humankind  
At this hour  
The pride of assault  
Is not graceful  
I shall not, in the same way make  
A use of power  
In place of reason  
Even if you tell  
I won't be able to upset  
Others' comfort by force  
Silence is the most sonorous of speeches  
You have not heard  
My silence speaking  
You think it yourself  
Of those, whose character troubles the world  
If you are not willing  
To torture me further  
I shall declare  
I will be silent  
And if you also stay silent  
The world can stand beside us  
For our sake—yours and mine  
3 Ancient king of Lanka mentioned in the Ramayana. Here he is  
mentioned as an emblem of devilry.

Stop all talks of arms

For the time being

Do not withdraw

From this proposal

Without any resolution

If it hurts

Even the rock cry out

And if there is a shoot-out

My heart toll the temple bell