

# THE DREAM WE HAD TOGETHER

A collection of poems  
2002 to 2015

Dhruva Thapa



The dream we had together



By Dhruva Thapa



# Selected Poems 2002-2015

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A stylized, handwritten-style signature of the name 'Dhruva' in a dark, textured font, positioned in the bottom left corner of the page. The background of the bottom section features a faint, artistic illustration of a person in a dynamic pose, possibly a dancer or a person in a traditional costume, rendered in a light, sketchy style.



## ABOUT THE AUTHOR:

Dhruva Thapa is the author of two books, one music CD, and editor of various publications for Nepalese community organizations in the U.S. and Nepal. He has been writing regularly as a freelancer for Major Nepali and English websites in the U.S. He is also the recipient of the International Nepali Web Journalism Award 2010 for his selfless contribution to the community-based media and news outlet [www.hamrosamaj.net](http://www.hamrosamaj.net).

He is a recipient of the “Poetry Ambassador USA 2006” award from the International Library of Poetry in the U.S. He has been honored with awards and letters of appreciation from many organizations. As a freelancer he has published hundreds of news stories and articles in various online and print media, newspapers, and magazines. Dhruva speaks, reads, and writes in Nepali, English, Hindi, Bengali, and a few other Nepalese and Indian languages. In this book he has compiled selected English poems written during his stay in the U.S. from 2002 to 2015.





## OTHER WORKS BY THE AUTHOR

1. Aagan • Nepali literary magazine (India), 1990–1992
  2. Pratibha • School magazine (Nepal), 1999–2001
  3. Friends On Earth • Souvenir magazine (USA), 2007
  4. Ultimate Target • Musical album (Nepal), 2007
  5. Outreach • Annual magazine, Association of Nepal in the Americas (ANA) (USA), 2009
  6. Dhruva Thapaka geet ra kabitaharu • Nepali language poetry collection (Nepal), 2010
  7. KOSELI • Souvenir magazine for Visit Nepal Year, Nepal , Association of Global Cooperation (NAGC) (USA), 2011
  8. Annapurna Roar • Lions Club of Berkeley Annapurna (USA), 2012
  9. Taste of the Himalayas • Cookbook (USA), 2014
  10. The Dream We Had Together • English language poetry collection (USA), 2015
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## FOREWORD

**1** . I feel very lucky to be a part of the team that brought this wonderful book of poetry to life. During the editing process, the focus was on keeping the beautiful rhythm and spirit of Dhruva Thapa's words completely intact. I hope you have the same reaction that I do when I read Dhruva's poetry - that he is speaking to me, and giving me a rare glimpse into his life experience, both as an American and as a Nepali. Enjoy these other Comments celebrating the words of Dhruva Thapa.

—Crystal Lee, Team member of the project “The Dream We Had Together”

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**2** . It gives me great pleasure that a new English language book of poetry is coming from a poet of Nepali origin. Dhruva Thapa, a contemporary Nepali poet, short story writer, editor, and writer, now has a new personality of poet in English. There are few books published in the U.S. by writers of Nepali origin, and it is even rarer to see a book of poetry. It was back in 1980 that Columbia University Press published selected poems of Poet Laureate of Nepal Laxmi Prasad Devkota. Besides Devkota's poems, translations of poems by other Nepalese poets have been published in magazines such as Manoa Magazine Nepal issue and Atlanta Review. It is significant that those poems were translations and this entire book is written in English. I was fortunate to edit Dhruva Thapa's Nepali- language poems and lyrics a few years back. I am



happy his second poetry book is in English. I am confident that this book will be a window through which non-Nepali readers in the English-speaking world can get a glimpse into Nepali feelings.

—Govinda Giri Prerana, Nepalese author and poet

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3 . Reading the poems of Dhruva Thapa is being in the presence of a great heart – one just, generous, and sympathetic. He champions equality: “If every small voice were heard / And given equal importance / All would grow like a tree / Expecting to touch the sky.” He sympathizes with the living goddess Kumari’s “desire to be a child.” He advocates women’s rights: “Where a goddess may be worshipped / But females are murdered in their wombs / Before they are born.”

Dhruva Thapa writes of his childhood days in Nepal “Where I lived carefree and happy/ Like a bird I could fly anywhere. / Those beautiful rivers and lakes / Where we used to swim till dawn.” One of his most powerful poems is about serving in the revolution for rights, equality, freedom, and a happy, prosperous life. Sadly, he discovers that once they had won the war, the same suffering and injustices returned. Reluctantly leaving Nepal, he writes of immigrants enduring hardships to achieve the American dream for their children. Some of the most poignant poems are about his yearning for his wife: “We are two bodies with one soul / Living in different parts of the world.” But he never gives up hope: “I am waiting for the moment / When the day passes / without alarming the night / And night invites

*wholeheartedly / At every daybreak the growth of /  
Prosperity and eternal peace." Love, he says, is the answer:  
"Even a flower blossom doesn't move / If the wind stops  
loving it and singing its fragrance."*

—Jim Hughes, Ph.D., Writer and teacher consultant, Bay  
Area Writing Project

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**4** . I feel honored to write a few words on poet and  
literary journalist Dhruva Thapa's collection of poems,  
which emerges as a notable contribution in the  
horizon of Nepali diaspora literature in North America. As  
manifest in almost all the poems in this collection, Thapa's  
poems explore the petals of life that unfold spontaneously  
onto the pages of love, relations, cultural integrations, and,  
overall, respect for humanity.

One petal of Mr. Thapa's poetry opens up with a longing for  
childhood life, for friends, and for the robust spirit of  
humanity. He cherishes the mustard field, rivulets, and the  
golden paddy field where he learned to flourish with love,  
respect, and praise for humanity when growing up in the  
hinterland of Nepal

("Recollection of Past Days"). The poet not only misses the  
flora and fauna, and physical proximity of the land he grew  
up in, but also feels distracted by the glitter of his new  
place, pushing into oblivion warm feelings of friendship,  
love, and the common dreams he had with his compatriots,

*as expressed in “The Dream We Had Together. “Throughout this collection, such a deep longing for the past and bygone memories represents a common thread of longing and belonging that weaves together a majority of diasporic peoples living across oceans, much farther from the horizons of their birth land. I am hopeful that poet Thapa’s creative hands will remain active in the future. I wish for the continuation of his creative vigor so we could relish more literary delicacies in the days to come.*

—Tika Lamsal, Ph.D., Assistant Professor, Department of Rhetoric and Language, University of San Francisco





# DREAMS ARE LIKE A KITE

Again I am heading to another year  
A fresh year, a new year  
With many goals to accomplish  
With many wisdoms to reveal.  
I know I have to make myself  
Stronger, wiser, and of course  
I have to make myself more considerate  
To cope with the many hurdles  
that will come my way  
A path that leads me to the unknown future.  
I know I have to move in nanoseconds  
To achieve what I long to achieve  
I will need courage, confidence  
And of course commitment.

I know, life is bound by limiting circumstances  
But dreams are like a kite, flying in an open sky  
Don't know what it will bring back  
Perhaps new hope, new life, new love, new friendship  
Or it could bring me new faith and opportunities.  
That's why I have a kite to fly freely in the sky  
And a thread that connects me and my kite

A thread by itself can't fly,  
Yet by itself it is strong enough to fly a kite.  
You know, I don't pray to have many things in life  
But I always pray for wisdom and courage  
And my wisdom and courage bring positive outcomes

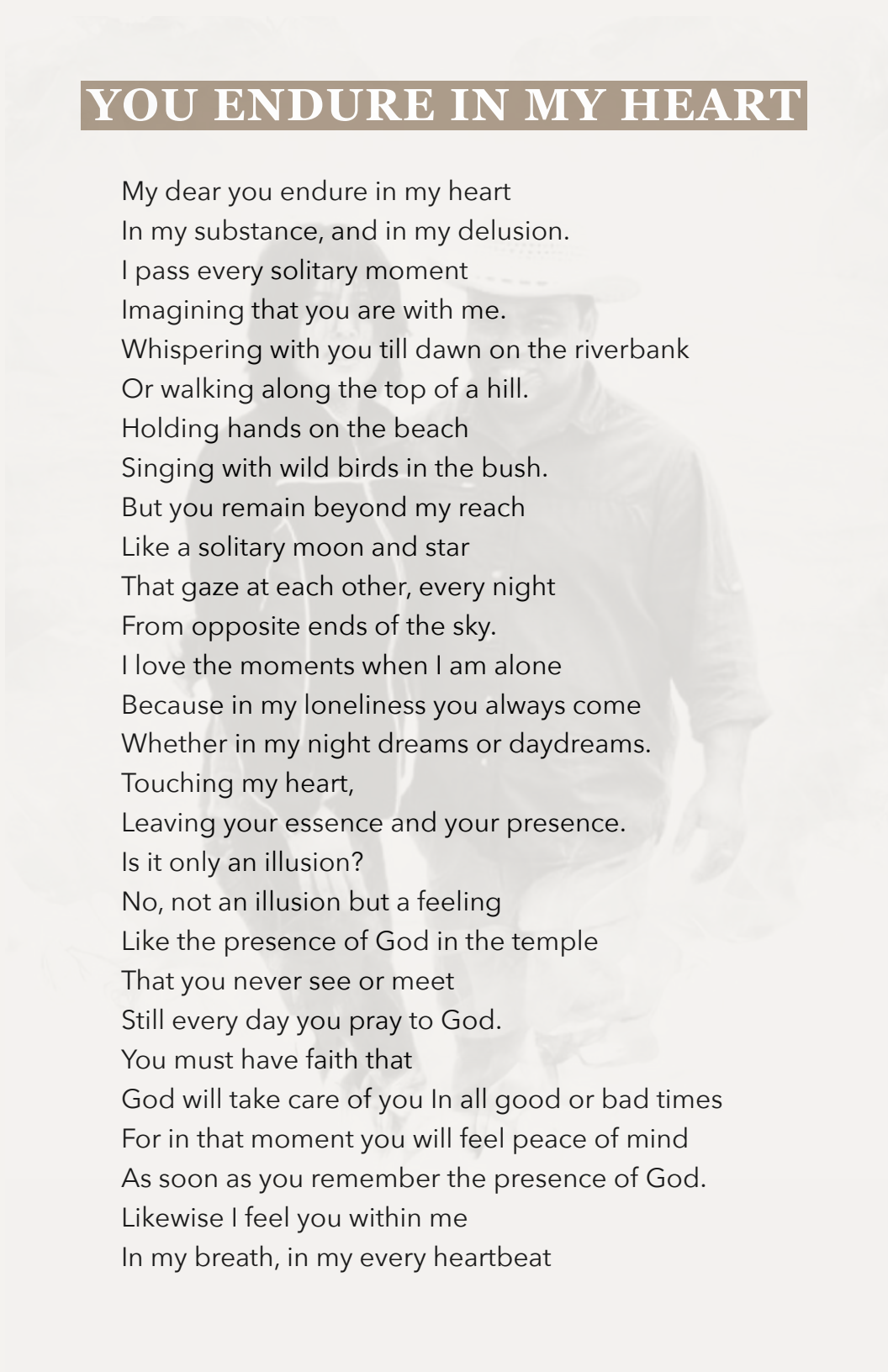


And always lead me to the triumph of life.  
Because I have a kite to fly freely in the sky  
And I am bonded to it with a thread that brings me back  
To my four friends of hope, belief, courage and wisdom.  
I am content as long as I have my friends  
To guide me where I am going  
Else I would end my journey  
Somewhere uncertain or unknown.

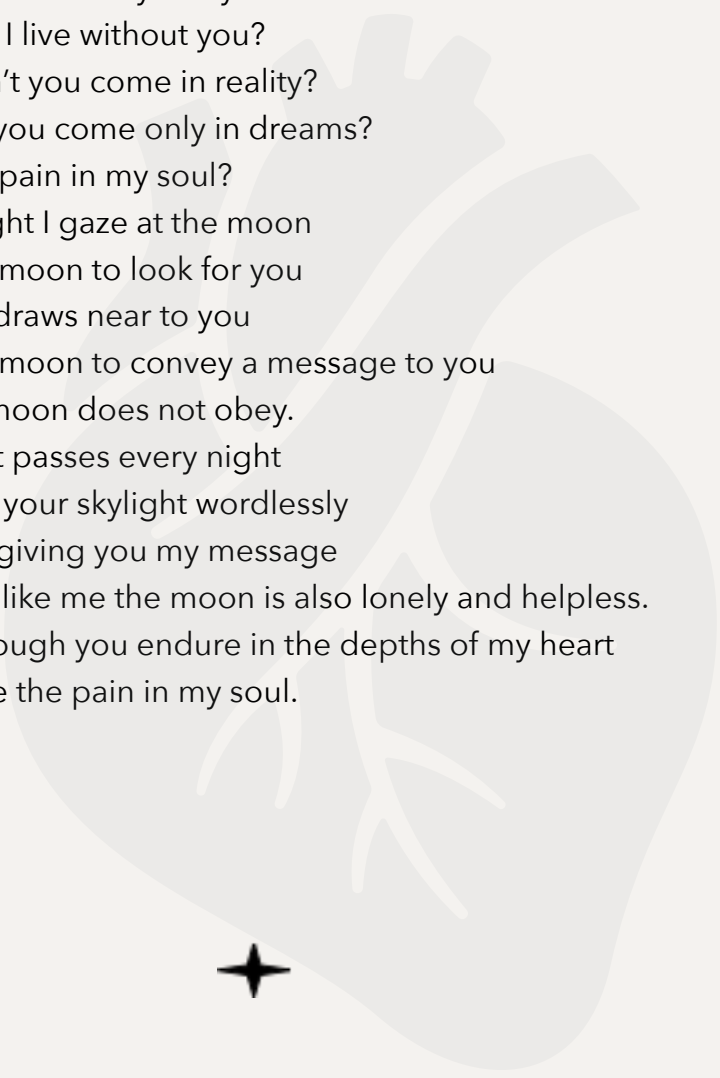
My four friends always guide me  
To lead the life that I choose  
I know I can get wherever  
I need to go  
As I am guided and controlled by a thread  
How lucky I am to have a kite  
And its beautiful thread in my hand.



# YOU ENDURE IN MY HEART



My dear you endure in my heart  
In my substance, and in my delusion.  
I pass every solitary moment  
Imagining that you are with me.  
Whispering with you till dawn on the riverbank  
Or walking along the top of a hill.  
Holding hands on the beach  
Singing with wild birds in the bush.  
But you remain beyond my reach  
Like a solitary moon and star  
That gaze at each other, every night  
From opposite ends of the sky.  
I love the moments when I am alone  
Because in my loneliness you always come  
Whether in my night dreams or daydreams.  
Touching my heart,  
Leaving your essence and your presence.  
Is it only an illusion?  
No, not an illusion but a feeling  
Like the presence of God in the temple  
That you never see or meet  
Still every day you pray to God.  
You must have faith that  
God will take care of you In all good or bad times  
For in that moment you will feel peace of mind  
As soon as you remember the presence of God.  
Likewise I feel you within me  
In my breath, in my every heartbeat



In every pore of my body.  
How can I live without you?  
Why don't you come in reality?  
Why do you come only in dreams?  
Causing pain in my soul?  
Every night I gaze at the moon  
I ask the moon to look for you  
When it draws near to you  
I ask the moon to convey a message to you  
But the moon does not obey.  
Instead it passes every night  
Through your skylight wordlessly  
Without giving you my message  
Because like me the moon is also lonely and helpless.  
Even through you endure in the depths of my heart  
And ease the pain in my soul.





# DAYS ARE ROLLING BY

Days are rolling by without hope and purpose

Time passes but we never move ahead

All are compelled and helpless

As if life was trembling and baseless.

No one really knows what is going on

And what fate is showing us

Desires, hopes, and expectations

Have become despair, disaster, and distraction.

Perhaps life has turned to pain and anger

Can it be changed?

Yes, it can be changed

For those who are positive and

Learn to be friendly and cooperative.

Leave behind imperfections

Possess good qualities

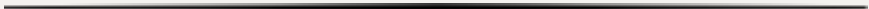
Overcome ill mentalities

Be optimistic

Courageous and bold

Control emotions

And seek self-dignity.



# BE GENEROUS AND HELPFUL

No one can live a life  
Without desire and passion  
No one can lead a life  
Without care and self-respect.

Life is not only surviving  
In the street begging or  
Showing a placard like  
"Anything can help"  
"God bless you"  
"Spare change."

Life is something more than that  
Every dog has a day but  
It is only you who knows  
Which day is for you?  
In your day only you can achieve  
What you really want in life  
If you have the will to live your life completely  
If you have the longing to live your life with passion.  
What we are today we may not be tomorrow  
What we have today we may not have tomorrow  
So be generous and help those in need  
Any way that you can.

We are superior human beings  
So show your humanity, act like a human  
Be human and enjoy being human  
Feel pride in being a superior human.  
Whatever situation arises in your life  
Find value and true purpose in your life

By sharing love and giving a helping hand  
Just be open enough to offer your hand.  
Else there won't be any value to life  
There won't be any passion in life  
Life is not just to exist or survive  
To live life is to lead a meaningful life



A white dove is shown in flight, wings spread wide, against a clear blue sky. Several power lines run diagonally across the frame. The dove is positioned in the upper left quadrant, flying towards the right. The overall scene is peaceful and symbolic of peace.

# PEACE ALWAYS PREVAILS IN OUR HEART

Oh God with your eternal power  
Please bring peace and harmony in the world  
Please help us to be good and faithful to you  
And realize the value of the universe.  
Let us realize your presence,  
The power of your creation.  
You have given life to all the creatures  
But why did you forget to implant  
love and trust In every creature  
that you created?

Please let us realize the value of  
Love and peace of mind  
So that we all can live a dignified life  
So that peace always prevails in our heart.  
Oh God please give us the wisdom  
To nurture the natural world  
So that we can preserve your creation.  
Oh God please make us able to judge  
What really matters in life  
To be happy, content,  
and have peace of mind.  
Let us realize the value of  
your generosity  
That you give us without hesitation  
You play no favorites nor do you expect  
anything from us

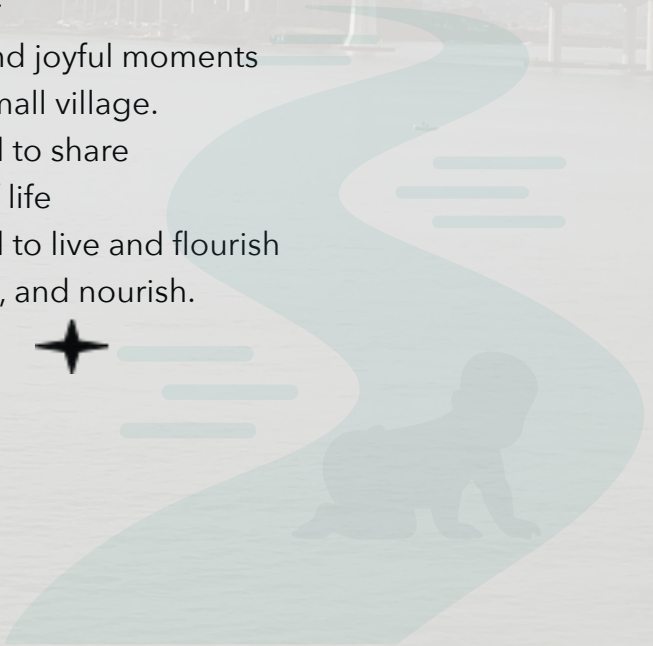
Like the sun who knows always gives light and life  
But in return expects nothing from us.  
Make us realize the value of our life  
The purpose of our life in this universe  
We are not just born by accident  
We all are here for a specific purpose  
To work for the betterment  
Of this beautiful but fragile earth.  
Through our words, thoughts, and actions  
We can spread our love throughout the world  
And bring all good things to the world.  
So that we can achieve eternal joy and happiness  
I wish nothing from you but peace  
To prevail in me and all human beings.



# RECOLLECTION OF PAST DAYS

I really miss my childhood days  
Where I lived carefree and happy  
Like a bird I could fly anywhere.  
Those beautiful rivers and lakes  
Where we used to swim till dawn  
I still recall those beautiful days.  
I miss my favorite lustrous mustard field  
I miss that golden brown rice paddy  
I miss the laughter of my childhood buddy.  
I remember playing with My early friends

Gone are those days.  
I can remember  
The beautiful and joyful moments  
I spent in my small village.  
Where I learned to share  
every delight of life  
Where I learned to live and flourish  
To love, respect, and nourish.





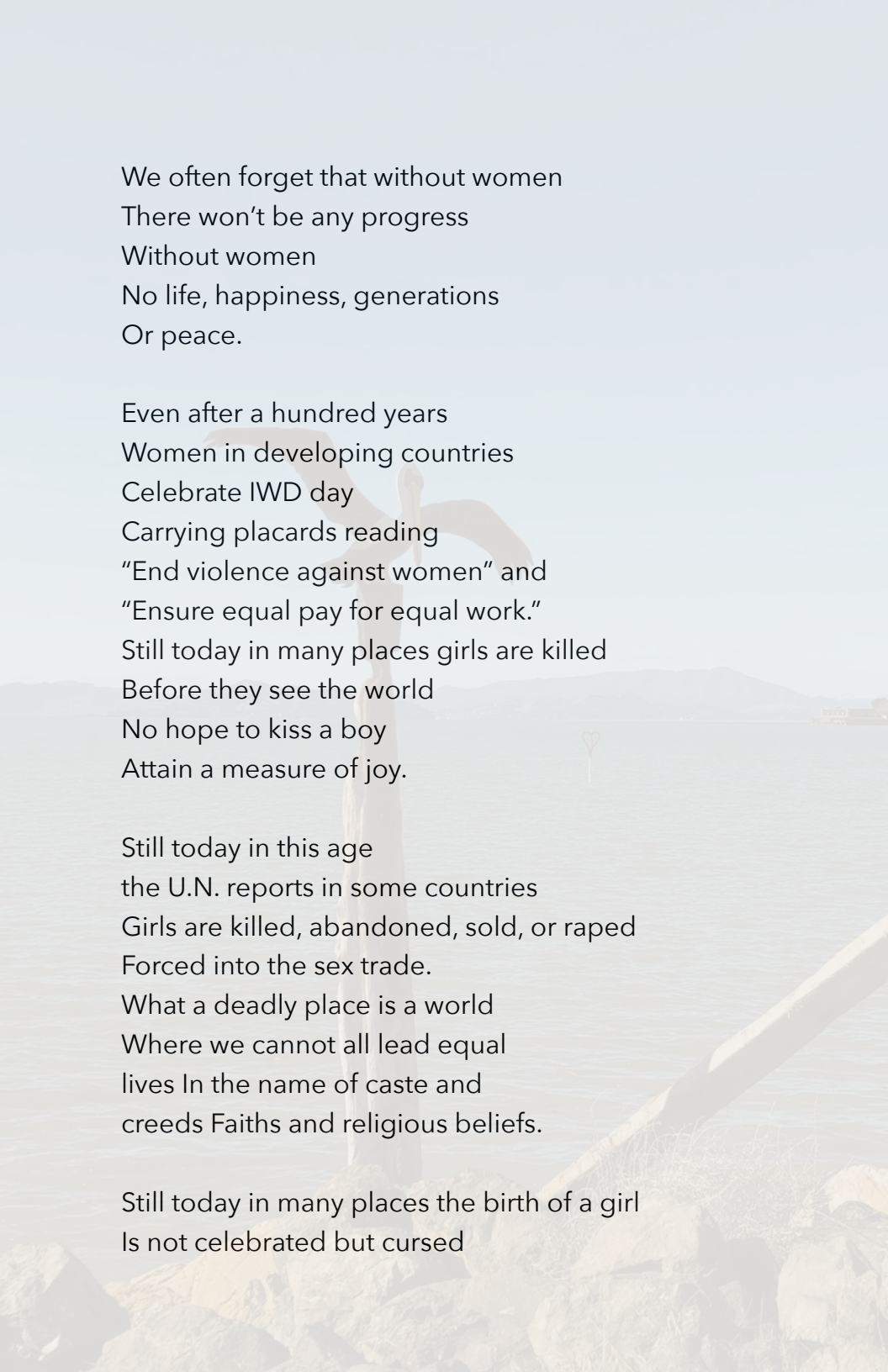
# LET'S END THE CHALLENGES MOST WOMEN FACE

A hundred years is not a joke  
One rarely lives so many years  
But we have seen the changes  
We have read the changes  
We have faced the changes  
That can occur in a hundred years.

So why have we not stopped demanding  
Equal rights and freedom for women?  
God has created us equally and  
Each generation has fought for a woman's rights  
A fight supported by both men and women  
Still why are women not treated equally?

Since the early 1900s  
International Women's Day has advocated for  
A woman's right to work, to vote, to hold  
Public office and to end  
Discrimination, and to gain  
Equal justice and social fame.  
Still today girls are sold as commodities  
Trafficked in many countries,  
They are burned or abused  
Even killed  
In the name of principles, religion, and faith.





We often forget that without women  
There won't be any progress  
Without women  
No life, happiness, generations  
Or peace.

Even after a hundred years  
Women in developing countries  
Celebrate IWD day  
Carrying placards reading  
"End violence against women" and  
"Ensure equal pay for equal work."  
Still today in many places girls are killed  
Before they see the world  
No hope to kiss a boy  
Attain a measure of joy.

Still today in this age  
the U.N. reports in some countries  
Girls are killed, abandoned, sold, or raped  
Forced into the sex trade.  
What a deadly place is a world  
Where we cannot all lead equal  
lives In the name of caste and  
creeds Faiths and religious beliefs.

Still today in many places the birth of a girl  
Is not celebrated but cursed

And child mortality is high  
Among girls in many countries.  
Where a goddess may be worshipped  
But females are murdered in their wombs  
Before they are born.  
And even after hundred years we still  
Celebrate Women's Day saying  
"Connecting girls, inspiring futures"  
And the U.S. says

"Empower Rural Women –  
End Hunger and Poverty"  
And the European Parliament says  
"Equal pay for work of equal value"  
And I say,  
"End women's violence and maintain peace."  
Let's end the challenges that so many women face.



# RESOLUTION OF MY LIFE

Today once again  
I stand in front of a calendar  
Tearing out the last pages of the year.  
I close my old diary  
As today is the last day of the year.

In front of me is the new diary  
Which I just bought tonight  
But I am confused about  
What to write in this diary.

Every year I write resolutions  
That I hardly follow but  
The next year  
I again write new ones.

I start each New Year  
with new plans, new hopes  
But as the days pass  
I do the same things  
That I have been doing  
for decades.

That is why this year  
I will not write any new resolutions .  
Starting a new diary every year  
And writing new resolutions  
Every year won't help me

Get what I really want in life.  
So this year I will not make  
Any resolutions to change my life.

This year I will try to find  
True meaning in life,  
and its purpose  
So that I don't have to pretend to be anything.  
I will live, laugh, and spend every moment  
Being true to myself and to all.

This year my resolution will be  
To stop pretending to change myself  
I will be true and faithful  
To myself and to the world where I live.  
And I will not write any more resolutions.





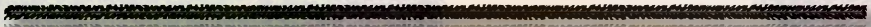
# LET'S PRAY AND WORK FOR ETERNAL PEACE

Peace has gone from the world  
War and hatred spread to all parts  
What will be the future of the world?  
Corruption and crime are everywhere.

Perhaps there won't be any peace now  
As the situation in the world worsens  
Peace only remains  
Inside temples, schools, and books.  
Preaching, teaching, and ideals  
Have been caged within  
Where there is only hatred and misdeed  
That's why peace is gone indeed.

But there is still hope to overcome evil  
Because every dusk turns to dawn  
Violence can be turned to peace  
Sorrow can be turned to bliss.

And one day there will be peace  
Where everyone can lead a happy life  
Let's pray and work for eternal peace  
To come from a clear mind, body, and soul.



# FOR THE SAKE OF THIS BEAUTIFUL WORLD

Who knows the future of the world?

It changes from day to day

No one cares about its future

Everyone only wants to achieve

Their own personal goals.

War, crime, hatred, and anguish

Have become part of daily life.

Weather, animals, and forest –

All are altered in our marathon to deplete.

Airplanes never reach their destination

Vanishing in the vast cloud of the sky

Without any message or sound of alarm.

Life has become so mechanical,

Controlled by electronic devices.

All are busy fulfilling their own desires

Who is responsible for our world?

You, me, or someone else?

No one cares

It is not their cup of tea.

But the day is not so far

When we neither have a cup nor tea.

Let us be the catalyst to protect

the world For the sake of our  
future generations  
For the sake of this beautiful world.  
Let ecological systems continue to go  
their natural ways  
Let us not control nature for our personal benefit  
Let every creature live and grow in the way  
That nature has meant for it  
Because we do not make nature  
How can you destroy it if you can't make it again?

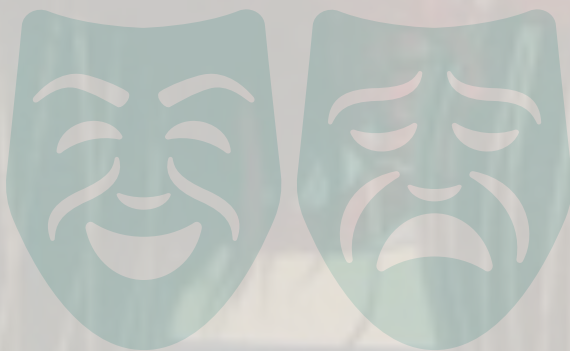




# ANGRY

You know nowadays I get angry easily  
I don't know why  
I always try to remain cool and calm  
But it doesn't happen.  
You always tell me to cool down I recall your advice  
"never get angry"  
You don't look good when you're angry  
But what can I do?  
I am so far from you  
You are not there to console me when I am upset  
You are not there to quite me when I get angry.  
You know I want you by my side  
To cool me down and keep me calm  
But you are thousands of miles away.  
Maybe that's why I get angry  
It's not with you or anyone else  
Instead I am angry at my own fate and destiny  
With my own situation and condition.  
I am not well nowadays  
I get upset with everything I do  
But you are not there to wipe my tears  
You are not there to soothe my fears.  
When I get back from tedious work  
I wish you were there  
To welcome me with a cup of tea  
Like you used to make, whenever I returned.  
Now I see your face in cold freezer foods Teasing me in  
my helplessness

I wish you could cook every meal  
Hot and welcoming when I get back.  
That's why I get angry and don't obey you  
Because every moment I need you.  
We are made for each other, they all say  
But I have travelled very far away.  
We are two bodies with one soul  
Living in different parts of the world  
Where even the days and nights are not the same  
There you are getting up when  
I go to sleep here.  
How can I expect your love and care?



# I HAVE STOPPED LAUGHING FROM THE HEART

This afternoon  
I felt alone and lonely  
Perhaps you too are feeling the same  
I wonder when I will see you and hug you  
Give you all the love in my heart and soul.

Today I see the roses to be dull and ugly  
No nightingale sings a song for me  
No voyager ship sails for me to come to you  
No dove brings my message to you.  
Am I really so hopeless?  
I was not so before  
But as the horrid afternoon turns to horrible gloom  
I feel as lonely as the moon in the solitary night  
There are millions of stars to gaze at  
But for me no company to share the sight.  
Why does the cruel darkness return every evening?  
Where is the glorious sun the next day?  
I have stopped laughing from the heart  
Since I have been away from you  
I miss every second that we spent together  
Every delight and distress we faced together.



# I SENSE BLANKNESS IN FRONT OF ME

I see an old man walking along the road  
Carrying a rugged bag and an old umbrella  
He laughs without reason and talks alone  
As if he wants to express the feelings  
Piled up in his heart and mind.

He must be blaming someone  
Cursing every day his own situation  
Might be in search of the love and affection  
That he has lost along with his days.

He might have been happy and living a good life  
But now he's got nothing except his  
rugged bag and old umbrella  
It seems that he has mislaid his bliss  
Yet sometimes he has the air of a scholar,  
well dressed.

Perhaps he imagines that he goes to his office  
Where his beautiful secretary awaits  
He carries his files and day planner with importance  
As if he lives in a beautiful Victorian house  
At the top of the Berkeley hills.  
Who knows?

In his mind it could still be there waiting for him  
He could be the victim of great depression  
Having lost everything.  
I can't ask him and neither can you,



Because of concern for his privacy  
Privacy matters more than anything here.  
Everybody lets him go his own way  
Who cares?  
And right now he has nothing except his rugged bag  
and old umbrella  
That he holds so firmly all the time  
His shabby stuff the last defense he has left.  
I see him every day on my usual walk outside Sometime  
I feel myself walking along the road too  
Carrying a rugged bag and old umbrella  
I sense blankness in front of me.  
I guess . . . my shadow?  
My future?  
Me?



# IN SEARCH OF MYSELF

I have lost myself  
In the throng of this city.  
I am in search of my dignity  
My freedom and my own image.  
Days have passed,  
I am walking  
On every street  
Downtown on every avenue  
Where I can see myself in glass windows.  
But I think I am lost in this crowd.  
That's why I am not remembered  
Nor is anyone looking for me.  
Who cares about a stolen golf ball?  
When a new one can be easily replaced.  
Who cares to recycle other people's discards  
That have no value for anyone  
Like an umbrella needed only when it rains.  
We all have come to realize  
No one cares if there is no gain.  
But I do have my own image  
Even if lost or misplaced  
The day is not far off when I am looked for  
And given my image and dignity once again.





# IT'S ALL BECAUSE WE LIVE AT THE BASE

There is a mountain in front of me  
Dividing two lands completely  
When I was at its base I had one view only  
When I climbed the mountain  
I could see what lay beyond.  
As I ascended to the summit  
I saw both lands were the same, undivided  
Sharing the same beautiful blue sky  
Like the deep blue eyes of an angel  
Silver clouds crossing the horizon like a smile of a baby.  
When I descended the other side  
It was like crossing over a massive ocean  
From one side to another there was no border  
The same water shared, stretching to every corner.  
But here at the base we have invented physical  
boundaries,  
That are not as smooth as water, or undivided  
Because here we see only one part of the land  
And the horizon leading away.  
Because we live in the base  
We always fight  
We never try to make it to the top  
We learn to differentiate  
With different names, causes, and faiths.  
Living under the same undivided sky  
Breathing the same undivided air  
Is it fair?



Is it right to discriminate against each other?  
Maybe because we all live in the base  
Our thoughts are also baseless  
We even try to divide the entire sky  
Which is really one sky, undivided and whole.  
We never learn to be broad like the sky  
We never try to be wide like the ocean and simply flow  
We are antagonistic and boorish  
Maybe because we live in the base  
We are baseless.



# MY DEFINITION OF LIFE

Life as we know it is always different

We hope life is good

But it can turn out bad.

Perhaps that's just life.

Life must possess

Some good news

That leads to inner satisfaction

Inner happiness and beauty

Hopes and expectations

That can be attained.

Life, without any hope,

Expectations, or desires Can it be a life?

Life should possess good things

Life should possess hope

Hope to remove the world's suffering

Hope to raise family with dignity

Hope to lead life in eternal peace

Hope to live a quality and meaningful life

Without fear of losing your job,

Or losing family and dear ones.

Life is not running after wealth and money

Though that is also part of life.

If we just run after money

We get nothing except money,

Frustration, and tension.

I hear people saying,

"I don't like it" but everyone is



Compelled to have it  
And they end up living life  
Without joy and happiness.  
So in the end I can't define life  
Because for me life is an idea  
Which I can't express in words  
Because life has to be felt and fulfilled.



# LET'S LIVE IN PEACE AND HARMONY

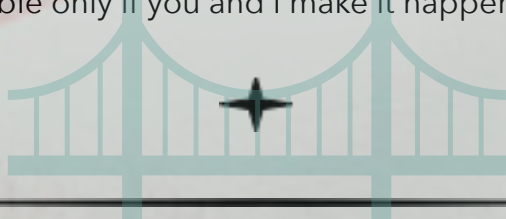
There is a big ocean that divides us  
But that is only a physical boundary  
Emotionally we are always one  
Because both of us breathe the same air  
That is everywhere.

We feel the same ocean currents and tides  
The difference is that  
When I go to sleep here, you are waking up there  
But we get warmth from the same sun  
We get love and affection from the same earth.  
We have the same faith and believe  
that there is one god  
Though our religions may go by different names  
Whatever path you choose to follow  
You get the same eternal God  
Who never discriminates by caste or creed  
Who never discriminates in any way.  
East or west, we all are the same  
Let's develop human kindness  
and treat each other equally  
Let's stop fighting for no reason at all  
Let's live in peace and harmony forever.



# THE BRIDGE

Somewhere in this world  
People live in awful conditions  
For them the sky is the roof  
The world is their room  
They have no family, no love,  
They have an insecure life and future.  
In another part of this world  
People live in exalted conditions  
They can afford anything they wish  
They acquire whatever they wish.  
They can afford to procure anything  
But they are not happy  
Because materialistic values can't buy  
Human love, care, or affection.  
In so many places in the world  
People are not happy  
Either they are too modernized  
And have lost their humanity  
Or their means are too meager to afford  
Basic requirements.  
So let's become a bridge to fill the breach  
So everyone can live a happy and fulfilled life  
The kind of life all human beings try to achieve.  
It's possible only if you and I make it happen.



# NOTHING REMAINS STABLE

Up and down, rise and fall  
All are natural phenomena  
Nothing remains steady Nothing remains stable.  
Whether it is life or death  
Whether it is success or failure  
We have to face everything  
That comes our way.  
Even the vast ocean moves  
In just a blink of the eye  
When the powerful moon and the earth  
Show their power.  
We can't change nature  
But we can move accordingly  
We can sail our boat easily  
If we don't go against the current.  
Life is as dynamic as time  
That doesn't wait for anyone  
Neither beauty nor youth remain forever.  
Except our past and the deeds  
That we do  
They remain forever in our heart and in the brain.  
Often we are reminded of our mistakes,  
Achievements, or our past deeds.  
But no one can replay or mute the past  
Like you can on an Xbox or PlayStation  
We cannot fast forward the challenges of life.  
We must accept the fact that



Every change in our life  
Every situation of our life  
Is the outcome of the passage of time  
And because of time  
We constantly encounter change.  
Up and down, rise and fall  
Because nothing remains static  
Nothing remains stable.





# NO ONE IS USELESS

We must learn to know  
The importance of being alive  
We must be able to know  
How to be happy and to survive.  
No one is useless on this earth  
Even if someone is lean and lank  
Everyone has their own role on the earth  
So be optimistic and frank.  
Never feel that you are inferior  
Never feel that you can't do something  
We all are certainly superior  
But remember no one can do everything.  
So be positive and optimistic  
To achieve success in life  
Be courageous and realistic  
To accomplish your vision in life.  
Life is about more than working nine to five  
We eat and drink to excess and miss the essential  
Our aspiration should be not only to survive  
But to fulfill our full potential.

---

# HOW BEAUTIFUL WOULD BE LIFE

I am waiting for the moment  
When the day passes  
Without alarming the night  
And night invites wholeheartedly  
At every daybreak the growth of  
Prosperity and eternal peace.  
A world where all creatures can safely  
Sustain, prosper, and express  
Their feelings, emotions and desires  
How beautiful would be life!  
To have no chaos  
For all creatures to thrive  
Everything would grow naturally  
Like flowers in the Garden of Eden  
Like life as beautiful as heaven  
Not a Pandora's Box  
That contains all the evils of the world.  
I am in search of a box not like Pandora's  
But a box full of happiness, wisdom, and contentment  
Where no one will lure me in to commit sin  
Sin that we face every day  
Sin that we commit every day.  
I am waiting for the day  
Where everything and everyone can prosper freely  
Without fear, chaos, or misfortune.

---



# JOY AND SORROW

I perceive you are not well nowadays  
Every day I hear you are sick and wounded  
I dream of coming to see you every day  
But I can't as I am trapped and surrounded.  
I know you are in need of me  
To care and nurture your farm  
I hope you are still waiting for me  
To love and cradle you in my arms.  
You gave birth to millions of children  
Hoping to keep your name and strength  
You planted millions of flowers in your garden  
But you got only distress and no new power.  
Generations have passed awaiting  
Peace and harmony in your bosom  
Everyone is trying to leave you and part ways  
Why does no one come back to bring change?  
Have patience I am coming soon to you  
I want to share joy and sorrow with you  
But I can't tell you when I will be there  
As I am confined in a cage of my own making.

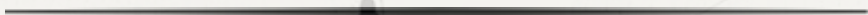


# WE LACK THE FEELINGS OF HUMAN FAITH

I see the image of Buddha  
Meditating along the side of  
Lakes, rivers, forests, and hills.  
I observe myself in a huge mirror  
I find there the integration of  
Many cultures, religions, and faiths.

When I speak in front of the mirror  
Out of my mouth comes all the  
languages of the world  
Yet conveying similar feelings  
Only the words being expressed are different.

If we all are the same human family  
If we possess the same soul and blood in our body  
Why there is hatred everywhere?  
Perhaps we have a lack of faith and brotherhood  
That invites bias among each other  
That hinders the feeling of global citizenship  
That disturbs the ecology of the world  
That leads us from destruction to death  
That turns us from human to inhumane.



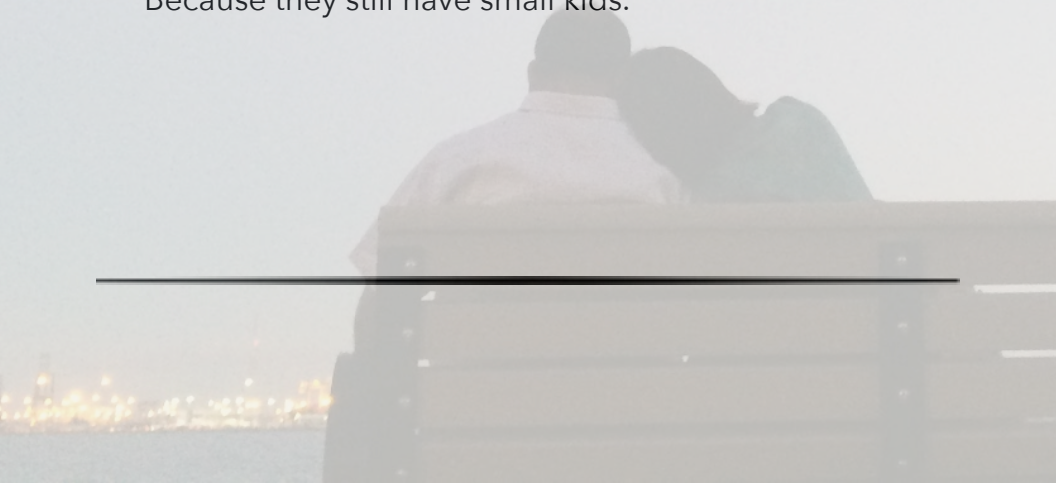
# LIFE OF AN IMMIGRANT

On a clear sunny day  
Who likes to be indoors?  
A bright summer day  
Means a day to celebrate  
Have fun and go on an outing.  
But it's not that way for everyone  
It's only for those who know how to live  
For those with good companions  
A decent job and an American dream.

He knows life is worthless  
With no pleasure or happiness  
No friendships or friends to hang around with  
People like him  
Have no buddies, no time,  
And can't afford to go on vacations.  
For them there is no difference  
Whether it is Sunday or Memorial Day  
Thanksgiving Day or Independence Day  
His own birthday or his sweetheart's birthday.  
Days pass without celebration.  
In the evening or at midnight  
If they get a little spare time  
They toss back a glass of wine or beer  
Share an unpleasant kiss and go to bed.



Because they don't want to disturb their kids  
After all they all are enduring  
these hardships for their kids  
Trying to achieve the American dream for them  
Sacrificing their own life and happiness for them.  
They are immigrants  
First generation immigrants.  
Life passes them by  
Whether it is a clear sunny day  
Or it is a feast day and a festival is happening  
Next to where they live  
Because they can't afford to go.  
For them work is everything  
Without concern for breaks or vacations  
Work, work, and work  
Because they are here to work  
Because they are immigrants  
And that is the life of an immigrant.  
They dream that they will overcome these hardships  
They will lead a decent life, go for long vacations  
Spend a few months in their motherland  
But now it's not time to think about this  
Because they still have small kids.





# YOU ARE MY LIFE

Oh dear my affection  
Oh dear my emotion.  
How can I live without you?  
I can't remember a moment without you.  
You are my life  
You are my wife.

You are everything for me  
You are inspiration to me.  
What I am today is because of your dedication  
Where I am today is because of your devotion.  
You are always my illumination  
You are always my inspiration.

You are not only my affection  
You are my own reflection.  
Oh dear my adoration  
Oh dear my compassion.  
How can I live without you?  
How can I celebrate without you?  
How can I retreat with you?  
How can I disappear with you?



# YOU ARE EVERYTHING

My life would be worthless  
If you were not there  
My life would be baseless  
If I didn't have your care.  
How can I live without you?  
My every breath is yours  
My every heartbeat is yours  
I feel content even if I only dream you.  
If you had not given name to our bond  
I would be floating in pain of wound.  
I could never achieve what I have today  
You opened the way to my bright day.  
You always remained behind me  
You always remained within me  
Like the North Star  
Showing the way to every voyager.  
You cared for me and inspired me  
To achieve what I dream  
You confronted so much pain and sorrow  
And gave me everything, all your joy and bliss.  
That's why my life would be worthless  
If you were not there like the  
North Star.  
That's why you are everything to me  
You are my shining star.





# I AM LOST

I am lost  
Can you find me?  
In the vast ocean of human beings  
In the dense crowd of human feelings.  
I am trying to find myself,  
Somewhere in the hills  
Somewhere in the piles of unpaid bills.  
I am up in the sky touching the clouds.  
Moving higher and higher with applause  
Heard only by my own soul.  
I swim, jump, climb, and crawl  
Trying to staying afloat in the depths of the ocean  
The ocean of my own emotions.  
Neither at rest or in motion  
Moving all the time like a pendulum  
Wanting to fly up, float, or just get away  
From the marshland of feelings  
From the sound of my own brain screaming.  
That's why I used to shout  
So I could be heard by my own soul.  
Did you notice? These days  
I have been sinking and submerging  
Underneath my own emotions.  
But still I sink faster and lower Because  
I am trapped  
Within my own  
Ego, biases, and evil forces.  
I am lost within.

---

# I AM KUMARI BUT NOT A LIVING GODDESS

I am waiting for the bright days to come  
In my life bringing all kinds of delight  
Waiting in the cavern for a peek of light.  
Hoping to get out one day from it  
Hoping to spread my limbs outside of it  
Without any obstacle or obstruction.  
You believe I don't have any obstacles  
You think I don't have any obstructions  
As I am a Goddess to fulfill all your  
Dreams and desires.

So you ask what my problem is.  
My day begins as a clown of the  
Circus Everyone comes to see me, worship me  
And pay homage to me  
The living Goddess "Kumari."  
Yes, I am Kumari or Virgin.  
But how to explain I am not really a  
Living Goddess.

That you worship for divine consciousness  
I know you consider me the supreme Goddess  
Of this cosmos.

You believe I have  
"thirty-two perfections"

But I am just a child, a small baby  
I don't know how many perfections I have.  
The one thing I do have is the desire to be a child  
But you don't allow me,

Because for you I am a living goddess  
I am not supposed to act like an earthly baby.  
Do you think my body is really like a banyan tree?  
And my eyes are like those of a holy cow?  
That I look like a deer or resemble a lion?  
Even my voice is not as clear as the duck  
that you think you hear.  
How can you worship me as a living Goddess?  
You know if you allow it  
I would love to escape  
And break through the barriers that stop me from flying.  
You know it is a cage with invisible walls It is a cup of  
sweet poison well colored  
To lure every creature of the world.  
It is a swampy land built in an altar.  
Once you plunge me in it there is no retreat  
It is not possible to escape when you release me  
Because you will find a new goddess to replace me.  
You know I have been sinking  
All the time sinking without any hope. This is not the life I  
was hoping to attain But I accept it without objection.  
Because I wait for the bright days to come Into my life  
bringing all kinds of delight To fill my day with vivid light  
I wait for the bright light to come  
So that I can live a life, a child's delight.



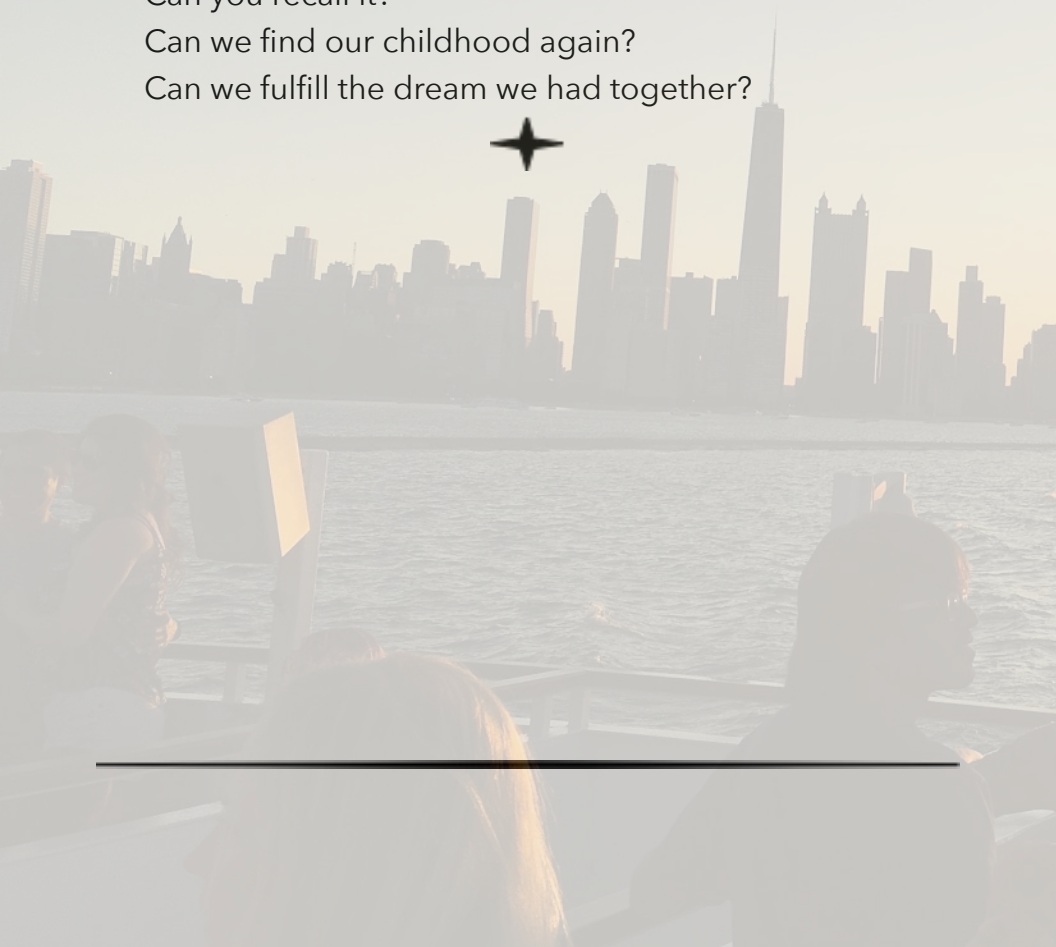


# THE DREAM WE HAD TOGETHER

I am not a wanderer in search of a dream,  
I am here because I wanted to be here.  
For sure, in the beginning,  
I was in a dream  
A dream that I always had.  
You never wanted me to go away  
to find something  
That we had not dreamed together.  
But I had my own dream  
For that I had to leave you  
I could not listen to you.  
You called me several times to know how I was doing,  
But I could not call you back to tell you anything  
Because I would be carried away by your words  
Because for me  
my dream mattered more than anything else.  
Let me tell you my friend –  
I was busy in my own dream  
Because I was in the land of  
dreams, desires, and hope  
It led me to the opportunity that  
I was seeking  
It kept me busy trying to achieve what  
I was looking for.  
Just today, after a decade,  
I thought to call you back  
But it was too late, you were not there to listen.  
I wanted to tell you how I was doing

My friend, I am not doing well because  
I left you alone So I could fulfill  
"my own dream", not  
"our dream" that we had together.

Now I am coming back to you, and I am sure  
You are not like me, so selfish and self-centered  
Perhaps still in your heart I reside and dwell  
Just let me know - where are you these days?  
I will leave behind everything that kept me busy before  
I realize everything comes and goes but not our past  
Our childhood and the dream that we had together.  
Can you recall it?  
Can we find our childhood again?  
Can we fulfill the dream we had together?



# LOVE IS THE ANSWER

Love is the means of communication  
If there is no love  
there is no communication  
Even a flower blossom doesn't move  
If the wind stops loving it and singing its fragrance.  
When running water falls  
in love with the beauty of winter  
It stops everything and shines like a diamond.  
It is a bounty of love that makes the world  
Else life would be stagnant and nothing flourish.  
Love prompts the flower to release its fragrance  
Birds start singing and peacocks start dancing  
Even a wild animal relaxes by its mate  
Pure and natural love makes us calm.  
Love is love that so pure and subtle  
That it can pass through the nucleus of the heart  
And through the black hole to the core of the sun.  
Love is so powerful and pious  
It can melt the ice and freeze the fire.  
Is there anything love cannot do?  
Love is the answer to all unsolved problems  
Give love a chance to unearth the mysterious  
Give love a chance to change your thoughts and ideas.  
Love is God, Love is Heart, Love is the World  
It is as high as Everest, it is as strong as a diamond  
That stands with pride and shines with brightness.





# BLUE AS THE OCEAN

I want to embrace you like the ocean  
That takes in all the colors and sources of water From  
the world and turns itself to blue.

I want to absorb all the love from you  
And reflect it back from my tiny heart  
That beholds you and only you.

I want to reflect all the affection that  
I see in your eyes and in your red lips.

Whatever color you reflect, I want to be  
Like the ocean and reflect you only in blue.

Blue is my true color but sometime you may see me  
Changing from milky white to foliage green.

The water of the ocean can be any color  
That it reflects from various sources

Or even colorless

But ultimately when its heart is full it turns to blue. That  
is the love the ocean can spread to the world

And that is the love that I can show to you. For you I  
want to be the sky

Spreading the color of love

For you I want to be the ocean

Taking in all colors and turning them to blue. Can you  
allow me to reflect them back to you?



# MY HEART ACHES WHEN YOU CALL ME NRN

(NRN = Non-Resident Nepali )

I know I left you when you were sick  
But there was no way for me to make you better  
I tried with all my means to care  
for you and cure you  
But I was helpless, despairing, and frustrated.

That's why like others  
I also chose to leave you  
I know you wanted me to leave,  
That's why you made it possible for me to leave.  
Every night after I got home from a day of hard work  
I called to console you that  
I am doing fine here.  
Never expressing my pain and despair  
But you knew my pain  
I tried to hide it but it was in vain  
Because you had learned to understand  
me even before I was born.  
You talked with me though  
I was yet to be born  
You provided comfort to me in the womb  
Never complaining about my kicks, punches, and  
disrespect.  
But today when you truly needed my help,  
I am not with you



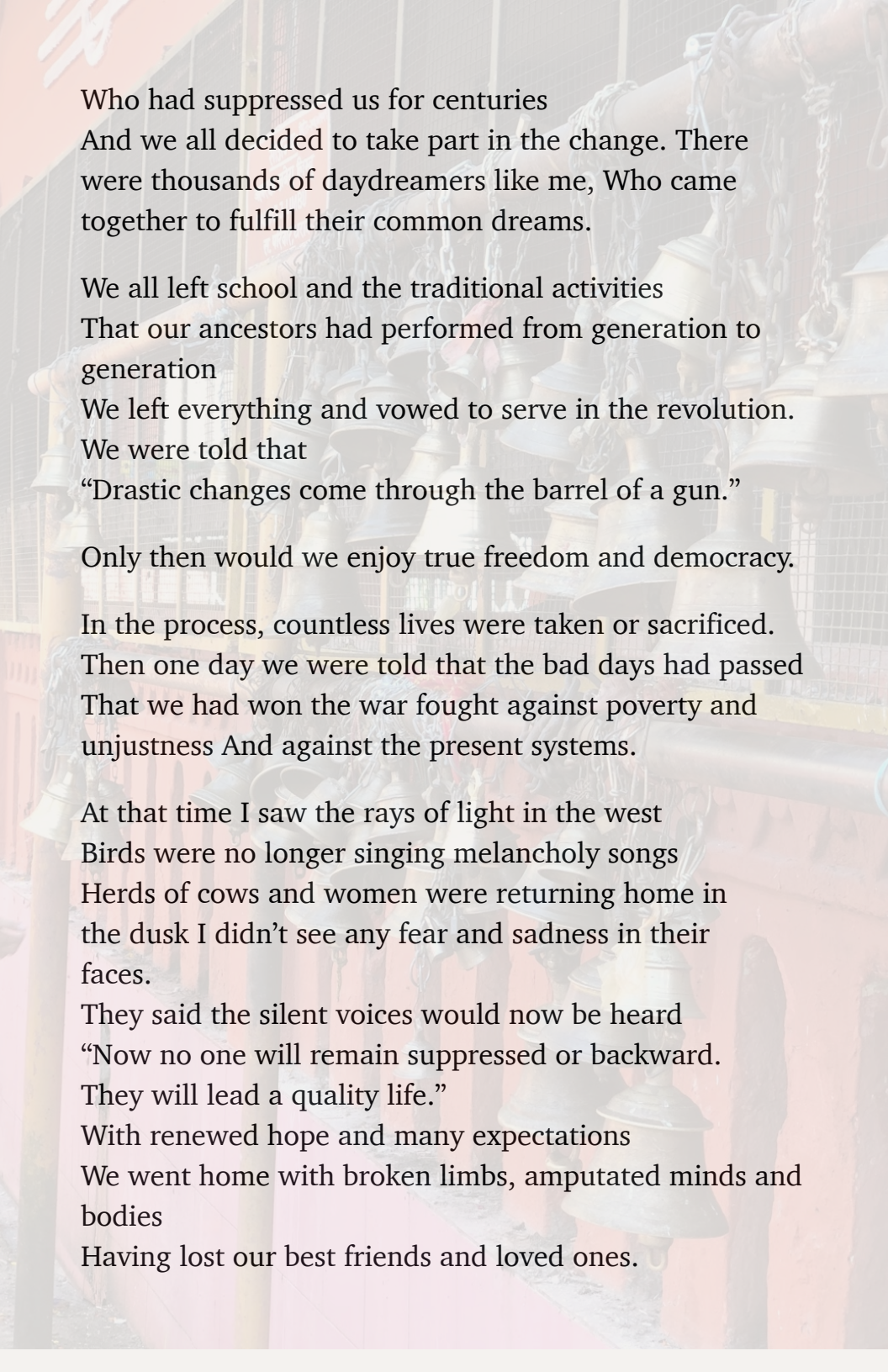
And now they call me not your son,  
but a foreigner  
I need a visa just to meet you and see you  
So I ask you to keep me in your heart  
Do not sweep me away like dust.  
I am a part of you and that is why  
My heart aches when you call me N R N.  
What of Lahure, Madan, Buddha, or Bhrikuti  
Do you also call them an N R N and abandon them?  
Don't you feel pride for them?



# ON THE VERGE OF CRISIS

I wanted to learn to read and lead a happy life  
But there was no choice for someone like me  
I took on many odd jobs so I could go to school  
And school being not nearby  
I had to cross rivers and forests.  
They knew I wanted to learn,  
They saw a passion for learning in my eyes.  
That's why they chose me to join them  
To fulfill the dreams that we dreamed all the time  
Through our eyes, through our strength  
They wanted to bring changes.  
So we all pledged to help the cause  
To strive for what we wanted for ourselves, for all  
A decent life, well-educated family, a good quality of life  
Where there would not be any suppression,  
Or any kind of discrimination.

Everybody would get a chance to lead a happy and  
prosperous life  
Without threat of suppression, a people with rights,  
Equality, and the freedom they had wanted for centuries.  
I was told to sacrifice my life  
For the betterment of the next generation And for our  
own generation.  
We were asked to raise our voices  
To take the life of those



Who had suppressed us for centuries  
And we all decided to take part in the change. There  
were thousands of daydreamers like me, Who came  
together to fulfill their common dreams.

We all left school and the traditional activities  
That our ancestors had performed from generation to  
generation  
We left everything and vowed to serve in the revolution.  
We were told that  
“Drastic changes come through the barrel of a gun.”

Only then would we enjoy true freedom and democracy.

In the process, countless lives were taken or sacrificed.  
Then one day we were told that the bad days had passed  
That we had won the war fought against poverty and  
unjustness And against the present systems.

At that time I saw the rays of light in the west  
Birds were no longer singing melancholy songs  
Herds of cows and women were returning home in  
the dusk I didn't see any fear and sadness in their  
faces.

They said the silent voices would now be heard  
“Now no one will remain suppressed or backward.  
They will lead a quality life.”

With renewed hope and many expectations  
We went home with broken limbs, amputated minds and  
bodies  
Having lost our best friends and loved ones.



We hoped that we would see the sunshine  
The sunshine that brings brightness  
Removing the darkness.  
Come the next day I was still waiting for the sunrise,  
Hoping to get light onto my body.  
Even in the middle of the day  
No part of the sun's rays came to me or our village

I saw the same sufferings, pain, frustration, and  
unjustness.  
Like me everyone was hoping and waiting for the bright  
light to come

But the light was so faint it could not reach us.  
It could not bring the change that we were looking for.  
Instead we remained divided in the name of caste and  
creed

And we were all separated by religion and region  
We were on the edge of a dangerous situation, even  
more than before  
Our lives plunging toward crises unknown.





# BEAUTY IS TO SEE BUT NOT TO TOUCH

The smell of fear spreads in the village  
The holy cow tries to warn the girl  
The girl like her own calf  
Who she takes care of day and night.  
She doesn't care about the lustrous green grass  
When she sees the girl following behind  
Touching her beautiful hair  
Showing the beautiful body of a sixteen year old girl.  
Today the holy cow doesn't have  
Any interest in the grass  
Instead tries to guide the girl  
To move away from the shade  
And return safe to her home  
Because she smells the menace coming.

A wolf is waiting to snatch her beauty  
Which is blushing day by day  
Blooming like a golden lotus in the Garden of Eden.  
Until yesterday nobody paid her any attention  
Suddenly today when she blossoms  
All are trying to steal her beauty.

The cruel wolf forgot the truth  
"Beauty is to see but not to touch"  
But he wanted not only to touch but  
Drink the nectar before its time.  
The holy cow tries to warn the lass

But the cow cannot say the words of danger  
Instead tears pour from her eyes.  
She makes low warning sounds  
To forewarn the girl and keep her safe  
But the girl doesn't understand  
What the holy cow is trying to tell her.

Within a second the girl is motionless on the ground  
And the wolf roars in his triumph  
The holy cow breaks the shadows  
Crossing all barricades to jump onto the wolf  
Causing the wolf to take its last  
breath. But the holy cow doesn't  
celebrate her triumph  
She feels pity for the girl who lays lifeless.  
The holy cow looks helplessly at the girl  
If only she could make others understand  
the value of beauty  
That "beauty is to see but not to touch."



# WE CAN MAKE RIVER TO OCEAN

You know Nepal is rich in water resources  
Water is one of our primary economic forces  
We are the second richest country in the world  
We can generate electricity and send it to the world.

Sorry to say that we don't have an ocean  
It doesn't stop our economic motion  
Since we have glaciers, lakes, and rivers  
That make us hydropower givers.

We have lots of monsoon rains  
That bring us economic gain  
But the rain can quickly become a flood  
Drowning our joy in waves of mud.

Still we are happy and proud to say  
So what if we don't have ocean bays?  
We have more than six thousand rivers  
That we worship as our life givers.

Although we generate and sell electricity  
We live many days without its facility  
Still we don't complain to our authorities  
That we don't have light in our own cities.

Likewise we have lots of political institutions  
But even in eight years we couldn't write a constitution.



We only know how to fight and blame each other  
And how to point our fingers at one another.  
We are unpredictable like the monsoon rain  
We often think and work for personal gain.

Like the monsoon river we go from rest to motion  
When we speak, we make a river to the ocean.  
That is the spirit of our political notion  
That we can easily make river to ocean.





# CROSSROADS

Driving along I get to a crossroads  
I have no idea which way to go  
But I have to choose one direction  
Move to one side  
To avoid an accident  
It is not my desire  
But an obligation to overcome  
The fatal accident rushing toward me.  
I know it will be hard for me  
To move my life in another direction  
But if my change of heart liberates  
The lives of innocent people then  
It is my obligation to do so.

I know they are only trying to  
Surmount barriers in their own lives  
And lead a happy life.  
I have no right to suppress  
Their desires and dreams.  
I want to be considerate and kind  
So that everybody can lead a life  
A happy and peaceful life  
Without fear and misfortune.

They have the right  
To lead a happy and prosperous life  
Without dread, danger, or distress.

But we often overlook their humanity  
Who are we to obstruct their right of way  
Just because we are in power  
And wielding a powerful dollar.


How can we ask them to forfeit their life?  
If we all followed the right path in life  
There would not be any mishaps  
No child would face misfortune  
And she could return home safely every night.  
All fear or uncertainty would go away  
There would be trust in everyone's eyes.  
Let them go forward with confidence  
That they can only dream of now.



# I SALUTE YOUR VALOR MY FRIEND

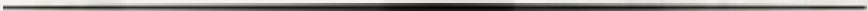
This poem is written in honor of Colonel M.N. Rai who was martyred in a gunfight with militants in Kashmir, India. He had been awarded the Republic Day Gallantry Medal for his bravery only 24 hours earlier in a celebration in New Delhi, India on January 26, 2015.

I had been reading news of victory  
About celebration and bravery.  
On that special day of the Republic  
All were dressed up and gathered to get  
A glance of the U.S. president  
To salute him and show pride  
On India's Republic Day.  
At the same event  
Brave soldiers were remembered  
Their stories of bravery were honored  
And various significant titles given.  
In the same row of brave soldiers  
Someone received a gallantry medal  
On India's Republic Day.  
But suddenly the next day the news came out  
About a soldier who was martyred  
Just one day after he had been honored.  
He was none other than Colonel M.N. Rai  
A brave soldier of the Queen of the Hill  
Martyred at Heaven of the Hill.





Along with the rest of the nation  
I mourned for his death  
And saluted his bravery.  
Suddenly as I was watching  
The wreath laying ceremony  
In honor of the brave army soldiers,  
I saw a familiar face  
That I had not seen for years.  
I saw the familiar face  
Grieving for his son's death  
Suddenly I had a flashback to my school days  
And I recognized this man as our principal and guru.  
Then I realized the body lying on the ground  
Was none other than my best friend Tapan  
Who always dreamt of being a soldier and serving the  
nation.  
My friend, I have no words to say except  
I honor your bravery  
You who always led his troops from the front.  
I salute your valor my friend  
You saved civilians by sacrificing your own life.





# IT'S COOL TO NOT GO THERE AND HAVE FUN

When you stand at an intersection  
It's easy to follow any direction  
We are always lured to go the easy way  
A way that leads to fun and pleasure  
To exciting and risky places  
Where teenagers think  
It's cool to go and have fun.

They feel proud that it is the way  
That their parents would never want them to go.  
For them their parents are outdated  
They are old fashioned and strict  
Just like the DUI ticket  
That the highway patrol officer gives to you  
After you cross the speed limit.

The teens try to shortcut to the places  
Where they can hang out and have  
fun Eat, drink, and smoke the things they like.  
They say they are having fun.

In your wisdom you tell them  
"Take care and don't go over the speed limit"  
"Come home in time and do your homework"  
"I don't like you going out with him or her anymore"

"Improve your grades, it's time to choose a college"  
"Make a wise decision, you are grown up now"  
"Take care of your siblings and father who works so hard."

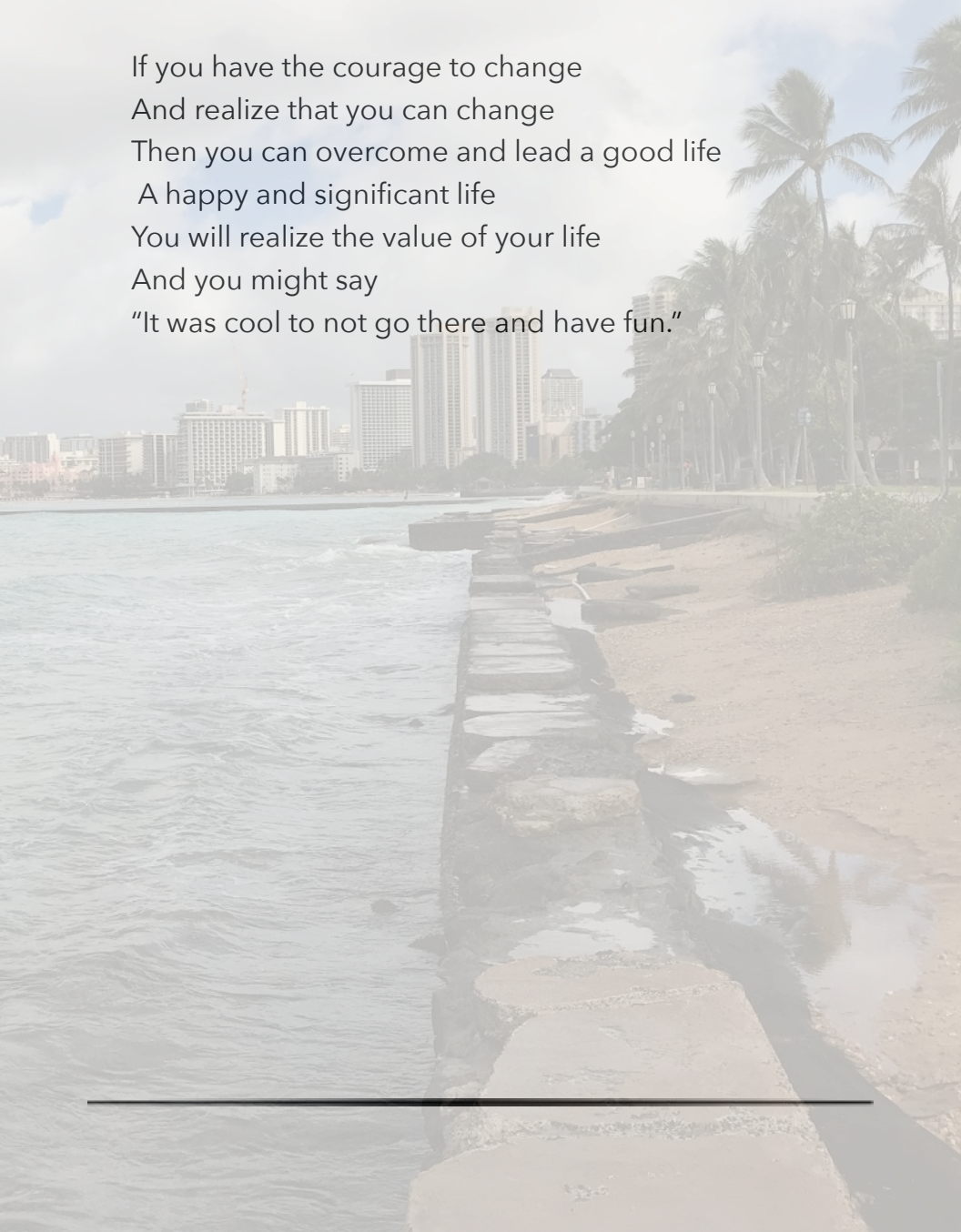
I can see you hear these lines and start to react  
It is clear that you are on the wrong track.  
You think it's cool to disobey the rules  
Cut classes without reason  
Hang out with the cool guys  
Hide your real self from everyone  
Dodge family and social functions  
Spend more and more time in the bathroom  
Lead an unorganized lifestyle.

Slowly you notice something is wrong.  
Slowly you become addicted  
You never noticed it before  
That sneaky thing that  
comes in your life  
Without any visible signs, but slowly  
Poisoning and controlling your veins.

Then it will be too late  
You will be alone in the crowd  
All your cool friends will be gone  
Leaving you in the middle of the road  
And you can't make a decision  
About which way to go.  
But there is always a way

To overcome your own mistakes  
Be positive and control your nerve  
Never lose your purpose and never give up  
Accept that "We can be who we choose to be."

If you have the courage to change  
And realize that you can change  
Then you can overcome and lead a good life  
A happy and significant life  
You will realize the value of your life  
And you might say  
"It was cool to not go there and have fun."





# SHIVERS IN THE HIMALAYAS

It was the sound of my cell phone  
That alerted me to receive a call  
It was an international call.  
A call from my loved one  
How could I ignore it?

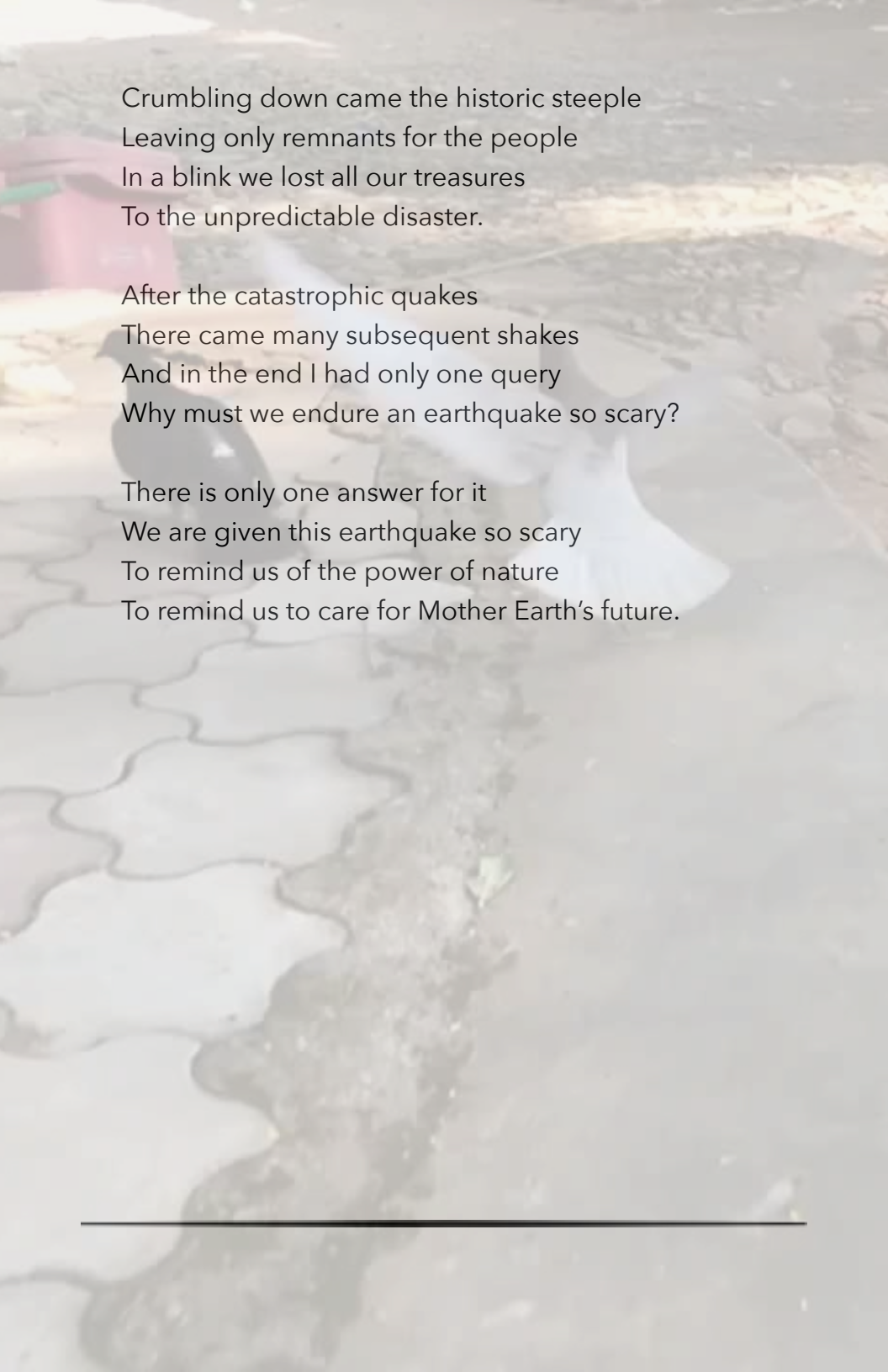
I heard a voice so hysterical  
My hands started to tremble and rattle.  
I heard the faint voice in my ear  
Rolling down with tears –

My heartbeats were suddenly drawn.  
Then only a grave silent tone  
Leaving me behind, all alone.  
I checked on social media  
There was a quake beneath the Earth  
That shivered the Himalayan girth.

Pushing, grinding on its way  
Leaving nothing in its wake.  
With everything falling apart  
Terror pierced through my heart.  
The eternal history of holy God  
Collapsed down into the mud.

In a blink our history and art,  
Culture, civilians – all fallen apart.





Crumbling down came the historic steeple  
Leaving only remnants for the people  
In a blink we lost all our treasures  
To the unpredictable disaster.

After the catastrophic quakes  
There came many subsequent shakes  
And in the end I had only one query  
Why must we endure an earthquake so scary?

There is only one answer for it  
We are given this earthquake so scary  
To remind us of the power of nature  
To remind us to care for Mother Earth's future.

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# LET EVERYBODY GROW LIKE A TREE

We know  
Days are passing  
Without waiting for anybody  
Who cares about past days and lost moments?  
But if you look back  
You see they become a history  
Of all time because everyone has a history.  
One may speak of it to everybody or just hide within it.  
I don't believe  
"Only winners write history"  
Every loser has the greatest history  
Of all time  
Because everyone has a story to tell.  
It depends on you  
Whether you want to listen or not.  
There are millions of unwritten histories  
Millions of unsolved mysteries  
Who cares what is happening  
Around the world, beyond the horizon?  
If we knew everyone's story  
How beautiful would be the world!  
If every small voice were heard  
And given equal importance  
All would grow like a tree  
Expecting to touch the sky.



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