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Who I really am ???

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आखरि म को हु त ???

उदाउदै गरेको सूर्यलाई हेरेर मस्त हुदै
बहिनीको शतिलतालाइ अंगाल्न खोज्ने
अस्ताउदै गरेको सूर्यलाई देखेर सुस्त हुदै
गोधुलीको एकान्तमा समझनाका लहरहरु संगाल्न खोज्ने
म एउटा सामान्य जन्दिग खोजि गर्दै हडिने
सामान्य यात्री हु जस्तो लाग्छ ।
कहलि काही फर्केर हेर्छु अतीतलाई
कहलि काही तर्केर नयालिन खोज्छु भबसियलाई
अतति र भबसियको चेपमा मेरो बर्तमान हराउछ
अनि म हराएको बर्तमानलाई फर्काउन
कस्यै न पहाडहरु चढन खोज्छु , यात्रामा लम्कंछु
तर मैले खोजेको अनिमैले रोजेको बर्तमान कहलियै आउदै न
म तेही बर्तमानको खोजीमा भोइतारदै हडिने
एउटा आधारहीन सपना हु जस्तो लाग्छ ।
आखरि म को हु त ????

म फूलबारीमा फूलहरुसंग खेलेको पनछि
म आशाका रंगनि करिणहरु साथि बिनाएर डुलेको पनछि
म कहलि काही
सुन्दर सुनौलो बहिनहिनुमा रमाउने
भरपुर आशाका करिणहरुसंगै बाँचरिहने
एउटा सफलताको कथा हु जस्तो लाग्छ
आखरि म को हु त ???

कहलि काही म केहपिन सोचदिनि
कहलि काही म केहपिन कि हृदि खदिनि
म सोचदै नसोची , देखदै नदेखी
अन्दाजमै पाइलाहरु चाल्ने बेहोसी पो हुँ कि
भवसिय र बर्तमानको कुनै चन्तिता नगरी
अतीतलाई आफ्नो मानसपटलमै नराखी
हरेक परवि शहरु नरिदोष मुस्कान छर्दै बताइदिने
एउटा नरिदोष बालक पो हुँ कि
आखरि म को हु त ???

Subash Pathak

Who I really am ???

Getting energetic with the rising sun
I incorporate the coolness of morning in me
Slacking with the setting sun
I recollect the memories alone in the dusk
I am a traveler traveling in search of a
Sound and simple life.

Sometimes I go back to my past
Sometimes I imagine my future
In between the speculations of future
And recollections of past
My present is often lost
Then in search of the lost present
I randomly walk everywhere, climb the mountains
And pass all the hurdles on the way
But my lost present never returns to me
So, sometimes I feel I am that baseless dream
Always dreaming of retrieving the lost present;
But still the question is who I really am?

I have played well with flowers in the garden
I have friended rays of hopes
Sometimes I feel I am that story of success
That always dwells in beautiful golden mornings
Full of colorful rays of hopes.
Still confusion lingers in my mind
Who I really am?

Sometimes I think of nothing
Sometimes I don't see anything anywhere
Am I that unconscious soul
Who moves his steps unplanned
And cannot vision what's coming next??

OR

Am I that innocent child
Who doesn't know what future is and what present is
Who never thinks of bygone days
Just keeps rolling wearing an innocent smile on his face;
Somebody please tell me
Who I really am?