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## Who I really am ???

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आखरि म को हु त ???

उदाउदै गरेको सूर्यलाई हेरेर मस्त हुदै  
बहिनीको शतिलतालाई अंगाल्न खोज्ने  
अस्ताउदै गरेको सूर्यलाई देखेर सुस्त हुदै  
गोधुलीको एकान्तमा समझनाका लहरहरु संगाल्न खोज्ने  
म एउटा सामान्य जन्मिदग खोजि गर्दै हडिने  
सामान्य यात्री हु जस्तो लाग्छ ।  
कहलिकाही फर्केर हेर्छु अतीतलाई  
कहलिकाही तर्केर नयाँलाई खोज्छु भबसियलाई  
अतति र भबसियको चेपमा मेरो बर्तमान हराउछ  
अनमि हराएको बर्तमानलाई फर्काउन  
कस्यै न पहाडहरु चढ्न खोज्छु , यात्रामा लम्कन्छु  
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 फूलहरु संग खेलेको पनछि  
म आशाका रंगनि करिणहरु साथ बिनाएर डुलेको पनछि  
म कहलिकाही  
सुन्दर सुनौलो बहिनहरुमा रमाउने  
भरपुर आशाका करिणहरु संगै बाँचिरिहने  
एउटा सफलताको कथा हु जस्तो लाग्छ  
आखरि म को हु त ???

कहलिकाही म कहपिन सोचदिन  
कहलिकाही म कहपिन कि हृदि खुदिन  
म सोचदै नसोची , देखदै नदेखी  
अन्दाजमै पाइलाहरु चाल्ने बेहोसी पो हुँ कि  
भवसिय र बर्तमानको कुनै चिन्ता नगरी  
अतीतलाई आफ्नो मानसपटलमै नराखी  
हरेक परविशहरु 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?