

साहित्य संसार

नेपाली साहित्य र संस्कृति प्रति प्रतिबद्ध

IN THE MARKET-PLACE OF DREAMS

Santosh K.C

At this moment

I am standing in the market-place of dreams

And I am sealing my dreams

Continuously for others

Dreams are exorbitant

Despite my desire

For purchasing dreams

I have failed May times

These days there is a crowd of dream purchasers

But dreams are very expensive

It is true, you are also perhaps

Talking about these

Some of them have become rate

With which I compromise

Very often standing at this market-place of dreams

And I ever consoly my eyes

Dreams are very expensive

In these market-place of dreams

**Some of the dreams
That I chose
Sold
Before my eyes.
I kept on standing
Silently like a rock
And kept on drifting slowly with time
Centuries have passed in this market-place of dreams
Holding unto the illusion
Of buying some fragmented, incomplete
Dreams of mine
I have been standing
Making sacrifice of those dreams
That I sold for others
My eyes ever question me in lonely place
When are you going to buy dreams for you?
I remain speechless
Perhaps in the market-place of dreams
All dreams must have been sold
But I could not purchase
Dreams for me**

Translated by Pramod "snehi"