

अ प मं श

नारिवादी कबिता संग्रह



Pooja Bhattarai
Barsba Bhandari
Garima Sharma
Durga Sunuwar
Rani Shah
Patrika Ghimire
Ekta Adhikari
Sammyy

अ प मं श

| voices
| of women
| media

अप्रभ्रंश

सर्वाधिकार © भ्वाइसेस् अफ विमेन मिडिया / VOW Media

प्रकाशक : चेतना पब्लिसर्स
ढोकाटोल, काठमाडौं
chetanapublishers@gmail.com

आवरण : बिकिल स्थापित

लेआउट : www.pixelheart.com.np

संस्करण : पहिलो, २०८२

यस किताबको कुनै अंश वा पुरै किताब व्यवसायिक प्रयोजनका लागि
कुनै माध्यमबाट पुनरुत्पादन, फोटोकपी र प्रसारण नगर्न अनुरोध छ ।

सन्नाटा चिरेर बोल्न आँट गर्ने छोरी मान्छेहरुमा समर्पित

दृष्टिकोण ठिक हुनुपर्छ

ीयचम ष्टकम मययिच कप्त कभता यदअबमअब(तं ण्यमिकतष्वम ण्लगक नबष्किग भकत त्रगबकं यााष्व।

अयलकभत्रगबतगच नबष्किग गय खयगिउतबतग अयचउयचष्व ष्ल खयगिउतबतष्वगक मययिचम। ष्ल त्रगष्व षाचम खमि त्रगबमचबत खयगिउतबतभ षम त्रगबक उचयखष्वमभलता तगं खयगिउतबक अयलकभत्रगगलतगच त्रगय बचअजप्तमअतय भिं नभलमं भब षाचम त्रगबमचबत भत कबउष्वलतम खमषि बगत षाकतय कगलता भ्त बिदयचम षकि बगत खष्वतबम बउमचष्व भत मययिच खयगिउ(तबक ष्ल कभत भहउममप्तब खमि उचबमकभल(तष्व

बिदयचम भत गत मययिचष्वगक कभत्रगं भकत चमअगकबलमबम अगउिब भब उयककगक ष्ल(तभचलयक भयक खष्वतबम अगत्रगम भत अगत्रगम कष्लत गत यमष्य मययिच बद मष्वतब खमषि। ीयचम ष्टकम मययिच कप्त कभता यदअबमअब(तं ण्यमिकतष्वम ण्लगक नबष्किग भकत त्रगबकं यााष्व। अयलकभत्रगबतगच नबष्किग गय खय(गिउतबतग अयचउयचष्व ष्ल खयगिउतबतष्वगक मययिचम। ष्ल त्रगष्व षाचम खमि त्रगबमचबत खयगिउतबतभ षम त्रगबक उचयखष्वमभलता

कबिता सूची

11 *Unburdened womb of my own*
Pooja Bhattarai

13 राधा
Barsha Bhandari

17 *50 percent*
Garima Sharma

23 लास
Durga Sunuwar

27 हो त म देवी?
Rani Shah

31 मेरी आमाको मृत्यु
Patrika Ghimire

37 *Water and Women are
bound together*
Ekta Adhikari

41 *Echoes*
Sammyy

45 म कबिता लेख्ने मुडमा छु
Sushila Tamang

Unburdened womb of my own

Pooja Bhattarai

I am a being, born of light,
To love, to wander, to bask in the sky,
To rest where the wildflowers sigh—
Not to carry the weight of a lineage.

No,
I bear no burden of birth,
Though a womb rests within me.
It is mine
Not yours to claim, not yours to command.
I have carried it, cradled it,
And I choose
Not to shape it into a cradle for another.

Still,
I will never be lesser,
Never be void of worth.
For my value is not woven
Into the thread of creation.

Yes,
I liberate my womb from duty,
Let it breathe, unburdened, free
For I do not wish to bring forth a child.

राधा

Barsha Bhandari

My dad taught me about अपभ्रंश,
It means a word deviated from the rules of grammar,
It means my hometown was called “Bedi”, - a point where two
rivers meet,
Before it was ever called “Beni”.

It means you’re using a word for the ease of your tongue.
अपभ्रंश...

It means my grandma was called “Radha”
before my grandpa ever named her “Raja”.

Him and his thick tongue did things... to her name,
to her identity.

It took me 12 years to pronounce your name right, and
forever
for my grandpa. You're still his raja.

Radha, Raja, Radha, Radha, Raja, Radha, Raja, Raja,
Raja,
अपभ्रंश.

Just like "Beni" doesn't mean an intersection,
you never met yourself beyond his reckoning,

But when I saw you under the glisten of white snow
mountains,
The first time we ever took a trip without him
I knew exactly what your name meant.

Carefree and wild,
You were abundant of childlike joy.

Radha; luster, prosperity, perfection.
A prism, you saw world with such a lens of freedom,

Drinking tea out of broken cups, and
“winging it” like you were a ninth grader.

You nestled in the anchoring winds of Jomsom,
Spread your arms; titanic style and called yourself free.
And I hoped it last.

But when we travelled back,
And you weren't you again, I understood,
That hope is not a flying bird,
It is a naked mole rat:
Ugly, with fangs and claws,
and feeding on dismays.

I know there was not funeral for the death of your name,
But here is a poem I sent your way.

To,
Radha

50 percent

Garima Sharma

science does not comprehend bias
it does not understand why
my flesh and bones
are statistically
50 percent my mother
and yet
of 0 per cent significance
in naming the origins of the same
science scratches its head
when i explain to it that
despite being only
2 percent different
from my male classmate

his 98 percent warrants
much more triumph than mine
science is just simply amused
when i reveal to it that
as a woman
rage ought to be an emotion
synthetic to me
assertion ought to be a stance
that my fragile, dainty legs cannot bear
for heaven's sake
how do i even blame science for not understanding me?
science ought to be someone
i'm simply incompetent of conversing with
i explain it is just divine design
it is deemed unquestionable
half of my mother's
that is half of her mother's
which is half of hers and so on

i know so because there is no other way
i could not be a 100 percent my father
for then his temper
his coarseness
would bruise me from the inside
i could not be a 100 percent my mother
for then her silence
her indifference
would hollow me out on the inside
im 50 percent each because now
i have housed
frequencies of rage
that have
doppler-shifted to quieten
and die inside of me
science sits there puzzled
where did it go wrong?
it was flawless in theory

X and X
X and Y
50 and 50
man and woman
not man vs woman
in mind
in body
in soul
not more serious than a coin toss
science threw a fit
why did science's ingenious masterplan
its infallible nature
get so horribly twisted?
so i tell science
even though you my track 50 percent
of my heritage in my body
you will never measure
the strands of my mother's silence

passed to her and to me
via/through her mitochondrial dna and
stuck to the interior of my veins
or the way my father's anger
curves like a parabola
finds its limits
and plots its vertex in my ribs
you cannot quantify
why my body
though composed of equal parts,
carries only 50 percent the worth
of a man's
you will never calculate
how much of me
is borrowed grief
how much is my own
half and half and half and half
and half of what came before me

so science, in its infinite logic
in the ego of its most 'intelligent creation'
finally leaves the room
writing me off
'anomaly.'
'outlier.'
'error too unexpected to be significant '
and i laugh
as if injustice were just a rounding mistake
for its equation will generate
50 per cent of humanity
50 per cent of potential
50 per cent of hope
barely persisting
outside its line of best fit

लास

Durga Sunuwar

लाससै लासको संसार

अर्को लास थपियो

अकालमा जानेहरू

ईच्छाले जानेहरू

समय आएर जानेहरू

बस्तिन भनेर जानेहरू

बाचिरहन्छु भनेर जानेहरू

नाम कमाउछु भनेर जानेहरू

पैसा कमाउछु भनेर जानेहरू

अमर हुन्छु भनेर जानेहरू

कताकता मिल्छु भनेर जानेहरू

सबै लास भए

भाका

भाषा

लय

ताल

सुर

शरीर

श्वास

कतिलेत

आत्मापनि

मिलाउनखोजे

तर सब

बेक्कार भो है

थुप्रो थपियो लासको
यो कक्किट सहस्रमा
शारीरिक भन्दा
मानसिक उतार चढावको

समयको
भावनाको
स्वतंत्रताको
मानवता हुनुको
साहासिलो हुनुको

यो लासको थुप्रो
निसर्गको आसुले
गिजिएको थियो

आगोलाई
सकस भयो जलाउन

गाडौ भने
माटोलाई पनि
मिल्न गाह्नेभयो

अब यो लासहरूको
थुप्रैथुप्रोको सहरमा
के उम्रन्छ होला ?

लास?

हो त म देवी?

Rani Shah

लक्ष्मी हुन् भन्छन्,
तर काम गर्न दैलो ननाघ्नुपर्ने
पैसा कमाउन अनुमति लिनुपर्ने
घरको लक्ष्मीसँग किन सय-हजार पनि नहुने?
मम्मीले दुधवालाको पैसा तिर्न किन बाबालाई माग्नुपर्ने?

सरस्वती हुन् भन्छन्,
तर पढ्छु भन्दा, नपढ् भन्छन्
मेरो कापी- किताब किन्न हेरचकराई गर्छन्
मैले पढ्न पाउनुको सर्त छ अनेक,
दिनको भान्सा रातिको भाँडा, अनेकमध्ये हो एक,
सानीले भन्थी, "प्रोफेसर बन्नेछु म"
१० कक्षामै उनलाई बनाएर बेहुली
खोसे उनका सारा सपना !

दुर्गा हुन् भन्छन्,
तर, "सुरक्षा" भन्दै
साँझ सात बजे भित्र घर छिर्ने आदेश दिन्छन्
त्यो नराम्रो हेराई, त्यो फोहोर स्पर्श र बोलीले
जताततै मेरो अस्तित्व धमिलो पार्छन्
मलाई अदृश्य बनाउँछन् ।

काली हुन् भन्छन्,
तर तिमी रिसाउनु हुन्न, छोरी मान्छे त क्षमाको देवी हुन्छन्
भन्दै मलाई ढुङ्गा भैं निर्जीव बनाउँछन्
रिस - राग जस्तो भावबाट पनि
टाढा राख्न चाहन्छन्,
खै किन ?

खै किन,
मलाई देवी र उनको गाथासँग जोडेको
मेरा सपना, मेरा सङ्घर्षलाई सम्मान नगरेको
खै किन,
म मानवलाई मानवको रूपमा स्वीकार नगरेको
किन होला यस्तो ?

मेरी आमाको मृत्यू

Patrika Ghimire

मैले मेरी आमालाई मरेको देखें
जुँदै , दुईचोटी

१२ बर्षकी थैं म
पैलो चोटि आमा मर्दा
उम्रदै , पलौउदै शरीर
लाउँथे म च्यातिएका फूलबुट्टे जामा
पाहुनापाछा आउने यदाकदा घरमा
आउथे एक परका मामा
ल्याउथे मिठाई, टिका, चुरा
खुसी हुन्थिन् आमा

३-४ दिन पाहुना हुन्थे मामा
बस्थे घरै
बोलाएर मलाई यताउता छुन्थे
मामा चिमोदथे कठिबरै
तिघामा, दुधुमा, कताकता
गर्न खोजे हदै, दुख्यो धेरै
सहन सकिन पिडा, भन्दिउँ आमालाई
छक्क मुख हेरिन्, भन्न केही सकिनन् मामालाई
'उम्रिदै कि तीन पात तिम्री छोरी'
'जे पायो त्यै बोल्ने'
'खाको बिष पो लाग्छ, बित्थामाको दोष किन पोल्ने'

विमतिमा मलाई छुने , रिसाएर हिँडे मामा उल्टा
'कसैलाई केई नभनेस् , छोरी जन्माएछु कि कुल्टा'

यति भनिन् आमाले मलाई
भनिन मैले कसैलाई केही

आमालाई पनि छाडिदिउँ
शरीरको पिडा मनमा राखी
आकाशलाई बाँडिदिउँ,
धरतीमा गाडिदिउँ

मैले मेरी आमालाई मरेको देख्छु
जुँदै , दुईचोटी

१९ बर्षकी थुँ
दोस्रोचोटि आमा मर्दा
भरिदै थियो घाउ, तुष अलिअलि बचेको
थियो एकजना बजारको
उसको र मेरो जोडिदैथ्यो साथ
हित र चित्त सबै मिल्ने
नमिल्ने त केवल जात
जातको कुरा मिथ्या लाग्ने
समाजको डर यसै भाग्ने

चल्यो हावा, फैलियो धुंवा
भुतालिन आमाले, हालिन् हात
किन बेईजेत गर्छेस्, चल्दैन् त्यसको जात
सहमतिको सम्बन्धलाई थुकिन् आमाले
मुख हेरेनन् बाउले , तमासा हेरे साराले
खोजिल्याए अधबैसे दुलाहा, अन्माईदिए डोली
खसिरहे मेरा आँसु , खस्न सकेन बोली
छुट्यो माया , माईती पराई , कस्तो घाम उदाउँला भोला

मध्य घाम मेरो माथा माथि
धेरै पछि आएकी छु माईती आँगन
आँगनमा लडाएको हरियो बाँस छ
हरियो बाँसमाथि मेरी आमाको लास छ
चालिस पुगे म तर साठीकी देखिन्छु
पैसङ्गीमा मरिन् आमा
तर लाश नब्बेको देखिन्छ

छोपिएको कपडामाथि बाट म
लाशको अनुहार, अङ्ग प्रत्यङ्ग निर्हाछु
हरेक चाउरीले एकोटा कथा भन्छ
हरेक खतले एकोटा व्यथा बोक्छ
आफन्तहरू कोलोहोलो हाल्छन्, रुवावासी चारैतिर
रोएकी छैन म तर गरम छ शीर
मेरी आमा आज मरेकी हैनन्
आज त उनको लाश उठेको हो

लाशलाई बिदा गरेर 'घर' फर्कनु छ
जेठी मेरी छोरी 'नछुने' भाकी छ
राखेर उसलाई पुजाकोठामा
तागतिलो खुवाउनु छ, पियाउनु छ
भन्नु छ उसलाई - तेरी आमा मरेकी छैन , ज्युँदी छ ।

Water and Women are Bound Together

Ekta Adhikari

My grandma sought water from the river barefooted
While my grandpa would still snore in his morning dream,
Embraced by the warm blankets and the gods he'd worship.
He would chant mantras for goddesses seeking their blessings
Preach the power of goddesses power while he sipped tea
The tea that journeyed from the river at 4 AM from my Aama's
Gagri, Costing her mobility - her swollen feet against the cruel
cold morning.

Grandmas across the world travelled thousands of miles To
fetch water to serve lives,
200 million hours they say
How girls and women across the world spend each day To fetch

water while the “providers” sleep like a child, Killed, raped and
assaulted for confirming to horrors, While women only wanted
to survive -

For protection they married
to only be violated by “protectors”.

My grandma was asked by her niece on when she’s planned to
give birth - She had a bulging belly with chances of birthing a
dead child-

Mortality rate was higher as pregnancy was no excuse to not
fetch water and rest. So my grandma sighed and told her that
she’d birth a child only after she’s done washing the dishes,
She did the dishes properly, and bore a child on a cold stone in
February, And tended back to her chores as if birthing was just
another chore,

For she lost few in fields, water sprouts, and a home.

I traveled only few kilometers to until I was 9, While the pipes
have reached the home now, When guests arrive,
As my brother plays his video games,
As my father turns over the next page of the newspaper,

My mom eyes me and sighs, And yet again,
I still am bound to fetch water, And serve with a smile,
As if I weren't bothered to leave my work for the sake of "norm"
Like my mother, grandmother and great women before her.

I have photographed four year old girls fetching water, Mimick-
ing a homely culture of the "family" game,
I know four year olds who HAD to fetch water to help their
moms, While her friends played games of imagined homes.

As the mountains become dryer each year, I know that girls will
walk more miles,
To fetch water,
Accepting the seemingly inevitable fate.

Echoes

Sammyy

To my darling mother,

An apology could never be half as enough

I understand

It's merely a band aid to a broken heart

Fragile against the fractures

In tracing the echoes of your loudness

I stumble upon the weight of the words you swallowed a
whole

For I distanced myself from you

When you finally came back closer

I would sit beside you
In the quiet
This time not to fill the space
But to mourn what was lost

I wouldn't apologize,
For I have learned to flow
Catch my own rhythm
Chase the dreams that call me home

This endless march of decades
Spent bending to the weight of others' will
I flinch when they call it bravery
I put a pause to it

Mother,
Why does your dictionary not have the words “Not Today”
Or “Other”
Why do you let them
Reshape your voice
For your plot was twisted
Borrowed dreams tangling
With some spare changes of what could have been

Mother,
I hope you ask for apologies from your mother

म कविता लेखने मुडमा छु

Sushila Tamang

मन अलिकति चङ्गा छ
अलिकति भारी भएजस्तो
अस्ताउँदै छ जून घामका लागि
बिहानीको पर्खाइमा छन् शितका थोपाहरु
चिरबिर गर्दै चराहरु
गाउँदै छन् बिहानीकै लय
सुस्तरी नानीको मुखबाट
छुट्याएर दुधको धारा
कलम समाएर लेख्न बसेकि छु कविता ।

जब मेरो हृदयबाट कविता जागेर आए
जागिन् नानी पनि

काखमा लिएर नानीलाई
उसैगरी थन्काएँ कलम
जसरी राखेकी थिएँ नोटबुकमा थन्काएर
यहीनेर रोकिए मेरा कविताका हरफहरू ।

हतार छ घामलाई दैलोभित्र नियाल्न
मेरै पर्खाइमा छन् कुचो र पोछा
चुपचाप छन् मन्दिरका घण्टीहरू मेरो अनुपस्थितिमा
चियाको पर्खाइमा छन् घरका जुँघाहरू
सबैलाई दर्शन भेट दिएपछि
कलम समाएर लेख्न बसेकी छु कविता ।

जब कवितामा भर्न थाले आशुका कथाहरू
भान्साबाट आयो नमिठो गन्ध
भातका सिताहरूले फेरेछन् रङको स्वरूप

आगोका लप्काहरू सँगै
यहीनेर जले, मेरा कविताका कथाहरू ।

सुस्केरा हालेर बात माउँछु थाल, बटुका र कराहीसँग
एक एकगर्दै बाहिरिँदै छन् भान्साबाट
डकारका ध्वनीहरू
घामले बोलाउँदै छ शिरमाथि उभिएर
साथमै अशान्त छ आफ्नै छाया
सबैलाई पन्छाउँदै
कलम समाएर लेख्न बसेकी छु कविता ।

जब कवितामै आउन थाले
मनका प्रतिध्वनिहरू आँधी हुरी बनेर
भल्यास्स सभै चुलोमा बसालेको चियाको अर्को खेप
बाटो खोजि सकेछ चियाले पोखिएर भुइँभरी

यहीनेर छताछुल्ल भए मेरा कविताका लहरहरू ।

यसरी

मेरो कविता रोकिएको दिन, महिना र वर्षहरू बिते
समयले टाढा पुन्याउन खोज्दै छ खोसेर

मबाट मेरा कविताहरूलाई

अझै पनि

यो समयधारे हात लगाएर बसेको छ

मेरो कविता आउने बाटाहरू छेकेर

म चाहन्न यसरी मेरा कविताहरू रोकियोस्

कविता रोकिनलाई त मेरो सास रोकिनुपर्छ ।

ओ समया भन मेरो सास रोक्छौ कि कविता?
मेरा कविताकै खातिर
त्यागिदिन तयार छु म भान्साको बाटो
भन मैले कविता कोर्नलाई
भान्साको बाटो रोजुँ वा अक्षरको ?
जुगजुग बितेछ जवाफको पर्खाइमा
अब त तत्काल जवाफ चाहन्छु
किनकि, म यतिबेला, कविता लेख्ने मुडमा छु ।

The background of the entire image is a landscape photograph. The bottom third of the image shows a field of low-lying, green vegetation, possibly a crop field. Above the field is a thin line of trees or bushes. The top two-thirds of the image are dominated by a sky with large, white, fluffy clouds against a pale blue background.

voices
of women
media

www.sheisthestory.com
www.voicesofwomenmedia.org