

मौन आँधी

पीडाका सुस्केरा

Chronicles of Silence

The Smoldering Embers

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| voices
| of women
| media

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

सन्नाटा चिरेर बोल्न आँट गर्ने साहसी मनहरूलाई !

to courageous hearts who paved the way and broke the silence

प्राक्कथन

"उनीहरूले हिरा लगे र फोहोरमा फ्याँके । र पनि हामी हिरा नै थियौं । उनीहरूले हामीलाई टिप्दा पनि हामी हिरा नै थियौं । उत्तिकै सग्लो, उत्तिकै कडा ।"

- युसुफ सलाम

लामो समयदेखी युद्ध हतियारको रूपमा बलात्कारको प्रयोग हुने गर्दछ । युद्धरत सैनिकहरूले सर्वसाधारणमा आतंक फैलाउने माध्यमको रूपमा बलात्कारलाई प्रयोग गर्दछन् । अन्तर्राष्ट्रिय कानून अन्तरगत द्वन्द्वको समयमा घट्ने वा घटाइने यौनजन्य हिंसालाई युद्ध अपराध र मानवता विरुद्धको अपराध मानिन्छ । तर पनि आजको दिनसम्म विश्व भर यो अपराध गरिन्छ ।

केही विषयको पनि सतही समाधान नखोजी त्यसको मूल कारणलाई गहिरिएर बुझ्ने व्यक्ति भएको हुनाले मलाई द्वन्द्वकालमा भएका यौनजन्य हिंसा द्वन्द्वरत समयमा भइहाल्ने वास्तविकता मात्र हैन भन्ने लाग्छ । मेरो विचारमा, यो त हाम्रो समाजमा संस्थागत मान्यताहरूको धिनलाग्दो रूप हो । त्यसैले हामीले यौनजन्य हिंसा सम्बन्धी घटनाहरूको सतही सम्बोधन गर्न खोज्नु भनेको काटेर पोलिरहेको घाउमा कपडा बाँधेजस्तो मात्र हो । यो वर्षौं देखि जडा गाडेको पितृसत्तात्मक सोच र दण्डहिनताको परिणाम हो ।

हाम्रा सामाजिक संरचनाको स्वरूपले बलात्कार र यौनजन्य हिंसाका अपराधिहरूलाई सजाय दिनुको विपरित पीडितहरूलाई नै बहिष्कार र अवहेलना गर्छ । यो दुखद वास्तविकता अहिलेको अभियानहरूमा स्पष्ट रूपमा देखिन्छ । जस्तै, #मिटु अभियान । जति बेला पनि हामी यौनजन्य हिंसाका कुरा गर्छौं । बलात्कार विरलै अनियन्त्रित यौन चाहनाको परिणाम होइन बरु शक्तिको प्रयोग गरेर प्रभुत्व कायम गर्न खोज्ने निच प्रयास हो भन्ने बुझाइमा हामी स्पष्ट हुनुपर्छ । सम्पूर्ण

समुदायलाई त्रसित बनाउनु र उनीहरूको मानवीय संवेदनाको अपमान गर्नु पनि एउटा युद्ध हो । यो सम्पूर्ण समुदायलाई आवाजविहिन बनाउने एउटा तरिका हो ।

भ्वाइसेस अफ विमेन मिडिया (VOW Media) ले 'स्मृति, सत्य र न्याय' (Memory, Truth & Justice) कार्यक्रम मार्फत निरन्तर रूपमा नेपालको १० वर्षे जनयुद्ध सम्बन्धी विषयहरूमा काम गरिरहेको छ र यो पुस्तक त्यही निरन्तरताको एक रूप हो । 'स्मृति, सत्य र न्याय' (Memory, Truth & Justice) एक मल्टीमिडिया कार्यक्रम हो जसले द्वन्द्वपीडित र उनका परिवारका आत्मसम्मान, संकथन र स्मृतिहरूलाई सम्मानित रूपमा कला, श्रव्यदृश्य, कविता, र फोटोग्राफी जस्ता माध्यमको प्रयोगबाट अभिलेख तयार गर्छ । यी अभिलेखहरूलाई हामी समुदायमा द्वन्द्व सम्बन्धी शिक्षा र सम्झनाका लागि प्रयोग गर्दछौं ।

सयौं-हजारौंको संख्यामा नेपालीहरू विशेष गरी महिलाहरू र तीमध्ये पनि सिमान्तकृत समुदायका महिलाहरू गरिब छन् र यही जनसंख्याले नेपालको जनयुद्धको दौरानमा यौनजन्य हिंसाको पीडित हुनुपरेको । यौनजन्य हिंसा भोगेका महिलाहरूले मानसिक, भावनात्मक, र शारीरिक नोक्सानी बेहोर्नु भएको छ । सामाजिक अवहेलना र बहिष्करणको त्रासले गर्दा वहाँहरू आफुले भोगेको यस्तो अमानवीय अपराधको बारेमा कसैलाई भन्न वा कही बोल्न पनि सक्नु हुन्न । वहाँहरू मध्ये धेरै जसो त्यस्ता घटनाले गर्दा आइपरेका स्वास्थ्य, मानसिक, र आर्थिक-सामाजिक दुष्परिणामहरू अहिलेसम्म भोग्नु हुँदैछ । वहाँहरूको शारीरिक मानसिक स्वास्थ्य र आर्थिक-सामाजिक परिवेशमा सुधार ल्याउनको लागि नेपाल सरकारले आफ्नो अन्तरिम राहत कार्यक्रममा CSRV का पीडितहरूलाई समावेश गर्ने प्रावधान राख्न असफल भएको छ ।

आवाज मानवअधिकार हो, तसर्थ हामी सबै मानवहरूसँग बोल्न पाउने, आफ्नो कुरा सुनाउन पाउने अधिकार छ । संकोच, डर-त्रास बिना महिलाहरूले बोल्न सक्ने, बोल्न पाउने सुरक्षित स्थानहरू तयार गरिनु पर्छ र वहाँहरूलाई यस्ता स्थानहरू तयार गर्न, प्रयोग गर्न सहयोग र उत्साह दिनु पर्दछ । वहाँहरूले यस्ता स्थानहरूको प्रयोगले वहाँहरू माथि शंका-उपशंका जस्ता दुरुस्साही कार्यहरू नहुने, वहाँहरूको गोपनीयताको अधिकालाई सम्मान गर्दै सामुहिक रूपमा सबल हुँदै जान मद्दत पुग्दछ । यस्तै एक स्थानको तयारी गरी हामीले आफ्ना यौनजन्य हिंसाका भोगाईलाई आफ्नो गोप्यता कायम राख्दै कविता मार्फत सार्वजनिक गर्न चाहनु भएका महिलाहरूसँग गरेको सहकार्यले मौन आँधी : पीडाका सुस्केरा जन्माएको हो । वहाँहरूको कविताले द्वन्द्वका दौरानमा भएका यौनजन्य हिंसा सम्बन्धी संकथनलाई प्रभाव पार्ने क्षमता राख्दछ । यी कविताहरूले यो देशलाई पीडामुक्त बनाउन सक्नेछ ।

मौन आँधी : पीडाका सुस्केरा लगभग ३ वर्षदेखि हामीले देखेको सपनाको एक सानो अंश हो । यसको भूमिका लेख्न पाउँदा म एकदमै हर्षित छु कारण यसरी यो प्रकाशित हुनु भनेको नेपालको १० वर्षे जनयुद्धको दौरानमा क्रुर यौन हिंसा भोगे का नेपाली महिलाहरूले आफ्नो मौनता तोड्दै छन् । वहाँहरू अब चुप रहनु हुनेछैन ।

पुजा पन्त

निर्देशक

भ्वाइसेस अफ विमेन मिडिया

Foreword

“They took diamonds and threw them in the dirt. And we were still diamonds. And when they picked us up, we were still diamonds. Still unbreakable, still strong.”

Yusef Salaam

Rape has long been used as a tool of war. Occupying armies rape women as a method to terrorize and destroy populations. Under international law, conflict related sexual violence is characterized as a war crime and a crime against humanity. But it is still committed all over the world to this day.

As someone who likes to get into the root cause of a problem and not dilly dally with simple solutions that offer nothing but a handyplast to wounds, I like to think of conflict related sexual violence not a phenomenon on its own but part of the very structure of our society. It is a result of years of patriarchy and a culture of impunity that it has created. Social structures are set up in such a way that the victims of rape and sexual violence are themselves stigmatized instead of perpetrators being punished. This can also be seen clearly in modern day campaigns such as the #metoo campaign. Whenever we speak about sexual violence it should be clear to us that rape is rarely the result of uncontrolled sexual desire, but rather a way to exert power. It is also a war to instill fear and dehumanize an entire community. It is a way to render entire populations voiceless.

I am delighted to write this foreword because it means that a dream we have had for the past 3 years has finally become reality. It means that women in Nepal who have been subjected to brutal sexual violence during Nepal's 10-year long war have spoken. Have broken their silence. Have chosen to not be silenced. Our work with survivors of conflict related sexual violence is a continuation of our long standing work on conflict: 'Memory, Truth & Justice'. A multi media project using art, audio, video, poetry and photo medium, the project seeks to preserve and dignify their memories by recording testimonies from survivors and families of the victims, and by sharing them with the community at large with a purpose of education and remembrance.

Hundreds, perhaps thousands, of Nepalese — usually women, usually impoverished, and usually from marginalized communities — suffered sexual violence during the war. Women survivors of sexual violence not only face psychological, emotional and physical damage but also social stigma which prevents them from speaking or share their stories. Many of them still suffer from the effects of that violence today, in the form of enduring medical, psychological, and socioeconomic harm, and many are in situations of considerable material need—a need compounded by the failure of the Nepalese Government to include provision for survivors of CSRV in its Interim Relief Program.

Voice is a human right and all human beings have the right to speak and be heard. We believe that giving women the space to speak, to share their stories, to create a safe space where they will be supported, where they will not be judged and where everything will be kept in utmost confidentiality will help them heal collectively. Through the power of written words, we will get their stories out, anonymously.

Their poems have the power to change a narrative. It has the power to heal the nation.

Pooja Pant

Director

Voices of Women Media

म पनि कवि बनें

१ फागुन २०५२ देखी ५ मंसिर २०६३ । नेपालको १० वर्षे जनयुद्धको दौरानमा बहुल साँस्कृतिक, बहुलभाषिक, भनौं बहुलपहिचानको नेपालमा यिनै बहुलताका संवाहक बनाइएका बालिका-किशोरी महिलाहरू विरुद्ध बलात्कार जस्तो मानवता विरुद्धको जघन्य अपराध घटाइएको थियो । नेपालको मानवअधिकार समुदायले यस विषयलाई बहसमा ल्याउन गरेका अनेकन प्रयासका बाबजुद पनि राजनीतिक मुद्दा बन्न नसक्दा जनयुद्धमा आफ्नो अस्तित्व माथि गरिएको प्रहारको बारेमा बोल्न चाहने व्यक्तिहरू सार्वजनिक हुन चाहँदैनन् । आफू जन्मेको, हुर्केको र जिउनुपर्ने सामाजिक साँस्कृतिक परिवेशमा यस्ता खुलासाहरू स्विकार्य हुँदैन र त्यस्ता खुलासाहरूले आफ्नो बाँकी जीवनमा दुष्परिणामहरू ल्याउनेछ भन्ने विश्वस्त रहेका संख्या कति होलान्? यो सोचनिय प्रश्न हो ।

सत्य निरूपण तथा मेलमिलाप आयोगमा द्वन्द्वकालीन यौनजन्य हिंसासँग सम्बन्धित ४०० उजुरीहरू परेका छन् भन्ने सुचना छ । राष्ट्रिय मानवअधिकार आयोगमा भने सन् २०१४ डिसेम्बरमा ओरेक र एड्भोकेसी फोरमको सहकार्यमा जनयुद्धमा यौन हिंसामा परेका महिलाहरूको ट्राइब्युनल राखिएको थियो । साथै, यस विषयमा १० वर्षे जनयुद्धको दौरानमा दुवै पक्षबाट भएका मानवअधिकारका उल्लंघन र हननको क्षेत्रमा कार्यरत गैरसरकारी संस्थाहरू (गैसस), विशेष गरी महिला मानवअधिकार गैससहरूसँग यस्ता घटनाहरूको अभिलेख छ । अझ भन्नुपर्दा, यो समयमा घटेका मैना सुनुवार हत्या जस्ता घटनाहरूले राष्ट्रिय र अन्तर्राष्ट्रिय ध्यानकाँट गरेको थियो । त्यस समयमा यी सब भोगेका केही महिलाहरू शान्ति सम्झौता पश्चात गठित सरकारका मन्त्री र संविधान सभाका सांसद पनि बन्नु भएको छ । अझ महत्वपूर्ण पक्ष, आफ्नो राजनीतिक आस्थाको लडाईँमा महिला समानता र महिलाअधिकारको वकालत गर्दै महिला लडाकुहरूको प्रभावशाली

उपस्थिति खडा गर्ने राजनीतिक दल नेपालको प्रभावशाली पार्टी बन्न पुगेको छ । तर पनि यो विषयमा राज्य र तत्कालिन माओवादी पार्टी सँगसँगै त्यस समयमा सत्ता र प्रतिपक्षमा रहेका राजनीतिक दलहरू बीच “तै चुप, मै चुप” वा एक अलिखित सम्झौता छ । अर्थात् त्यस समयमा दुवै पक्षबाट गरिएको यस जघन्य युद्ध अपराध ‘हाम्रो देशमा भएको छैन’ भन्ने अभिव्यक्तिहरू पनि सुनियो, सुनिन आउँछ र गैर-नेपालीको सोच हावी भएको आरोप पनि केही महिला मानवअधिकारकर्मीलाई लगाइएको छ ।

आजको मितिमा यी अपराध घटेको २ दशक बितिसक्दा पनि यि भुक्तभोगी महिलाहरू, त्यस घटनाका साक्षीहरू मौन बस्नुपरेको छ । यस्तो वास्तविकतालाई भ्वाइसेस अफ वोमेन मिडिया (Voices of Women Media) ले पहिल्याउँदै गर्दा, एघार महिलाहरूले आफ्नो मौनतालाई कविता जस्तो रचनात्मक अभिव्यक्तिको स्वरूप दिन चाहनु भयो र भ्वाइसेस अफ वोमेन मिडियाले मलाई सहजकर्ताको जिम्मेवारी दियो । तर फेरी कतै ‘निल्न नसक्ने गाँस’ त मुखमा लगाइँन भन्ने पनि थियो । त्यसको साथसाथै वहाँहरू र मबीच हुने छलफलबाट लेखिनुपर्ने यि अभिव्यक्तिहरूमा वहाँहरूको आक्रोश, पीडा, संघर्ष, शंका र अटोटहरूलाई न्याय गर्न सकिन्छ कि सकिँदैन भन्ने चुनौती थियो । चुनौती भित्र वहाँहरूको एक-आपस माफ पनि सार्वजनिक नहुने चाहनालाई पनि सम्मान गर्नु थियो र यो अधिकारलाई वहाँहरूको लेखनमा पनि सजगताका साथ पालना गर्नुपर्ने थियो । अर्को चुनौती भनेको सहजकर्ताको भाव, सोचले वहाँहरूको लेखन वा टिपोट गराउँदाको आशयलाई प्रभाव नपार्नु भन्ने थियो । यि सब पाटाहरूलाई विचार गर्दै वहाँहरूले कविता लेख्नु भयो र गौरवका साथ भन्नुभयो, “लेख्न आउँदैन भनेको, तर म त कवि बनेँ” । यसरी वहाँहरू विशेष उद्देश्यका साथ कवि बन्नु भयो ।

वहाँहरूको मौनतालाई आवाज दिने, मौनताको विषमता अनि मौनता तोड्ने चाहना र साहसलाई भत्काउने यी अभिव्यक्तिहरूलाई राज्य र तत्कालिन र वर्तमान राजनीतिक दलहरू, मानवअधिकारका पक्षधरहरू, युद्धविरोधीहरू, सामाजिक न्यायका पक्षधरहरू र त्यही धारमा कवितालाई विद्रोह र संदेशका रूप दिने कविहरूले आत्मसात गर्नुहुन्छ भन्ने आशाका साथ, अन्ततः भन्न चाहेको कुरा एउटै रह्यो कि यी कविताहरू साहसका प्रतिरूप हुन् जसले हामी सबैजनासँग वहाँहरूलाई अगाडी सरेर वहाँहरूको दोषीलाई सार्वजनिक गराउने वातावरणको सिर्जना गर्ने सोचलाई बढावा दिन आह्वान गर्नुभएको छ । आज, 'म त कवि बनें' भन्ने यी साहसीहरू भोली, आफैं र अन्य साथीहरूका साथ अगाडी आउनु हुँदा वहाँहरूलाई दिनुपर्ने हाम्रो साथ नडगमगाओस् भन्ने अनुरोध पनि गरेकी छु ।

यस जिम्मेवारीको लायक सम्झेकोमा भ्वाइसेस अफ वोमेन मिडिया, हाम्रा एघार कविहरू, र वहाँहरूसँग समय बिताउँदा मेरो अनुपस्थिति महशुस नगरेका प्रणिल र प्रज्वल, अनि समय-समयमा सशक्त बन्दा मलाई ढाढस दिने गिता रसाईली र पूजा पन्त प्रति म आभारी छु । कवि निभा शाह, उज्वला महर्जन, बिकिल स्थापित, जेरूशा राई, सुसन मारके, पवन गोले, उषा तितिक्षुका कविता, गित-संगित, भिडियो लाई हामीले हाम्रा छलफलमा प्रयोग गरेका थियौं । यि प्रेरणादायी सिर्जनाका सर्जकहरूलाई पनि स-धन्यवाद ।

प्रणिका कोयू

कवि

I have become a poet

13 February 1996 – 21 November 2006. Nepal's 10-year conflict in its path to assert its plural identities – cultural, language, ethnicity – has wronged the very same young girls, adolescent girls and women, who have lived with multiple identities meshed in diverse Nepal. Rape, a heinous crime against humanity was committed against these young girls and women living in Nepal. Despite numerous attempts by Nepal's human rights community, sexual and gender based violence committed against individuals during this 10-year people's war has not struck a chord with the political parties. It has failed to be a political issue. This has silenced the individuals who want to speak against how their sense of being was brutally violated. They are silent as they are fully aware of what the consequences on their socio-cultural realities will be should they decide to speak. What is the number of these voices who have been silenced, who have chosen to remain silent? This is a question to be revisited time and again.

There is information that the Truth and Reconciliation Commission of Nepal has received 400 complaints related to sexual and gender based violence committed at the time of the conflict. Women Rehabilitation Centre Nepal (WOREC-Nepal) and Advocacy Forum (AF) jointly organized a women's tribunal on the same issue at National Human Rights Commission (NHRC) in December 2014. Similarly, all non-governmental organizations

who look into human rights violations and abuses committed by both the State and the then Communist Party of Nepal-Maoists (CPN-M), especially women human rights organizations have documentation of these incidents. Some of these cases had gained both national and international attention. Post the Constituent Assembly Elections in 2006 and 2011 some of these women who experienced such atrocity have gone on to be not only the MPs of the Constituent Assemblies in Nepal but also the State Minister. More importantly, CPN-M who had an impressive number of women cadres and leaders alike in its party built through their promises of gender equality, has become one of the strongest political parties. Yet, there seems to be an unspoken pact to look out for each other's back amongst all of the existing political parties, including the State and the then CPN-M, to remain silent on the issues of rape committed by both of the parties during violence led either by the State or the then rebels. In other words, remarks such as 'it has not happened in our country' rings their denial, indifference and non-acceptance of the issue swept under the carpet. Some of the women human rights professionals were also a leged of being influenced by non-nepali perspectives.

Two decades have passed since these incidents took place, yet, women who ill-experienced this crime, including their witnesses, have to remain silent. Voices of Women Media (VOW),

while canvassing this reality, came across eleven women who wished to let others know what happened to them through poetry. I accepted VOW's request to be the facilitator for these eleven women, despite feeling that perhaps I am biting off more than I can chew. I had to facilitate their expressions which were sad, resentful, angry, skeptic and hopeful. It spoke of their struggle with themselves and people around them, the stigma they face and determination to seek justice. Will discussions and facilitation do justice to their decision of choosing poetry as the medium? They were speaking about their experiences, yet, wished to exercise their right to confidentiality with each other and with everyone who would read their poems. They wanted to acknowledge that they were subjected to violence against their dignity, but while doing so, they wished to decide to what extent they would share at this point of time. All of this had to reflect in their writings. We also had to be mindful of the fact that facilitators' perspectives should not influence their writings. They also wished not to let each other know, among the other participants, the details they would share with us. All of these will be public one day, but we will have to wait for that day. Till then, their writings is what we have to know what happened to them. Considering all of this, they wrote and when they heard each other, they were pleased and proud. "We thought and said we don't know how to write, but here, I have become a poet now." They became poets with a purpose.

It is hoped that their desire to voice their silence and its ill tides, their desire to break this silence, and their courage to express will be embraced by all of us – human rights defenders, lobbyists for social justice, individuals against war, and above all the State and all of the political parties. We would also like to urge the poets who, through their writings have always stood for those deemed ‘voiceless’, to interrogate the systemic culture of silence imposed on these women, and support their long impending justice. These poems are courageous steps that ask us to initiate the process of creating an environment where they can demand justice. When these courageous exclams of ‘I have become a poet’ march along with others seeking justice, all I humbly request, is that we do not deter from standing next to them.

I am indebted to Voices of Women Media, and the eleven poets of this anthology for trusting me with this responsibility. I am thankful to Pranil and Prajwal for not resenting my time with these poets. My gratitude to Gita Rasaili and Pooja Pant for being there to pick me up at times. I would also like to mention that creative expressions of the poets Nibha Shah, Ujjwala Maharjan, Bikkil Sthapit, Jerusha Rai, Susan Maskey, Pawan Gole and Usha Titikshu that enriched our discussions. Thank you for those wonderful poems, lyrics, videos and photographs that encouraged us.

Pranika Koyu

Poet

कविताक्रम Poems

म खुशी हुन चाहन्छु १
I Want to be Happy

मलाई साथ दिने कोही छ र? ३
Who Will Stand Beside Me?

अठोट ६
Determination

संघर्षका काला दिन ९
Struggling Dark Days

के हुन्थे हुँली म? १४
What Would I Be?

उमेर नभन्दो रहेछ १८
Age Does Not Matter

म भूलन सविदन २२
I Cannot Forget

ओइ ##### @@@@! २६
Oye ##### @@@@!

म न्यायको लागि लड्ने ३०
I Will Fight for Justice

नरुनुस् आमा ३३
Mother, Don't Cry

चुप नलागौं कहिल्यै ३८
Never Should We Remain Silent

अतिथि कविताक्रम

Guest Poems

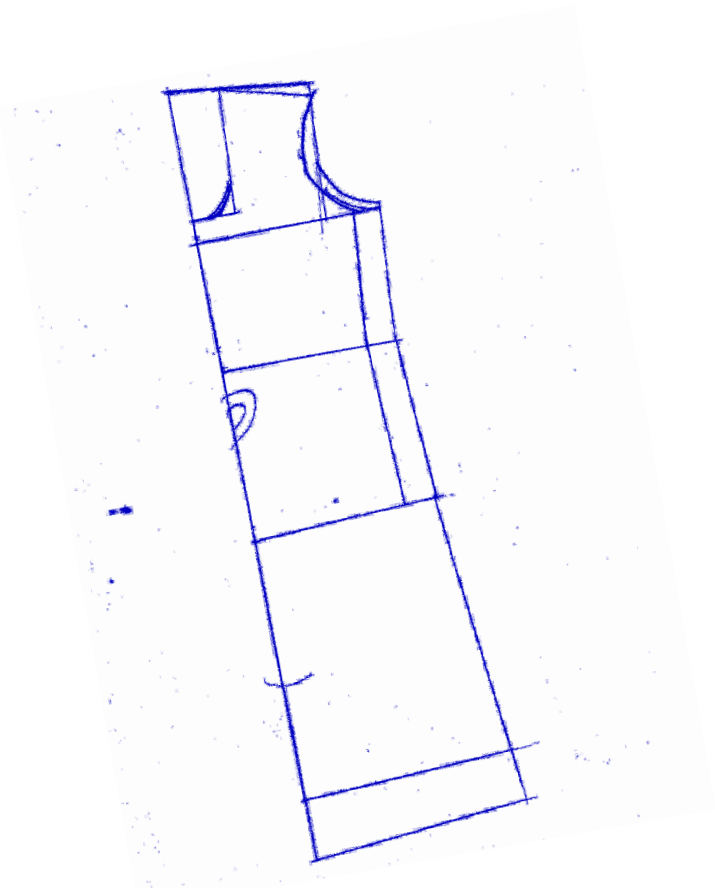
टिकुली ४४
Tikuli

नारा ४८
A Plea

एउटा बूढी रुखको कथा ५४
Story of an Old She Tree

मानिलिनुस, कि म भुट बोलिरहेछु ६०
You Can Say That I am Lying

सहयोद्धाका कुरा ६६
Notes of a Comrade



यो कुर्थाको ढुक्रामा मेरो कथा लुकेको छ । कुर्था सिलाउनुको पनि कथा छ । मलाई थाहा छ कि कुर्था सिलाए जसरी नै मेरो र मेरो साथीहरूको कथा गाँस्न पाए मात्र हामीले न्याय पाउने छौ भन्ने लाग्छ ।

My story is veiled in this kurtha scrap. Why I drew this kurtha also has a story. Similar to Kurtha pieces being stitched together, I know that along with mine, stories of my friends too need to be sewn together. Only then can we get justice.

म खुशी हुन चाहन्छु

मेरो पीडा धेरै छ
 कहाँ गएर भनौ, कति भनौ?
 भएर पीडा धेरै पनि भन्न सकिदैन सबै
 मनको पीडा मेरो जान्न सक्दैन कोही
 र पोलिरहन्छ मलाई आजसम्म भित्र-भित्रै
 राख्दा दुःख पीडा आफैसित
 म दुःखी हुन्छु

जुन दिन रगत बग्यो मेरो योनिबाट
 खाएर पिटाई आर्मीको
 दुःख, पीडा उल्लेख रीस बनि जाग्यो म भित्र
 शान्त हुन्छु यो मन पोख्दा तपाईंसित
 म खुशी हुन चाहन्छु सधैं-सधैं

I Want to be Happy

*My woes are plenty.
Where should I go to voice them?
Who should I tell?*

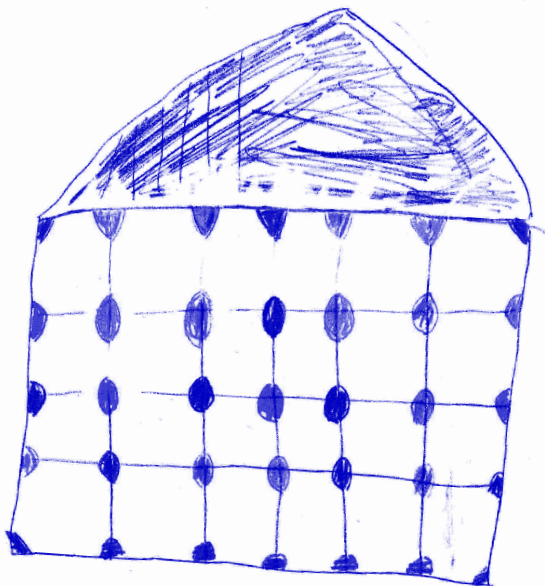
*I cannot share all my pain.
No one can feel the pain in my heart
And this burns deeps in me.
I am sad to have kept this pain in me.*

*The day my vagina bled
After beatings from the army,
Sorrow and pain flowed as anger in me.
I am not at peace while I share this with you.*

I want to be happy forever.

मलाई साथ दिने कोही छ र?

१३ वर्षकी थिएँ
 एक गाउँको बजारमा घुमिरहेकी थिएँ
 बजारको रमभ्रममा रमाएका मेरा आँखा
 एक्कासी आर्मी र पुलिसको गाडीमा ठोक्किन पुगे
 मेरो सातो गयो, मेरो पाइन्ट मुतले भिज्यो
 त्यसपछिको झड्का कुनै एउटा खोरमा गएर ठोक्कियो
 आज पनि म मेरो गाला देख्दा
 सम्झन्छु जुन दाग मलाई
 पुलिसको बुटले दिएको चिनो
 पुलिसको बुटमा मेरो गालाको छाला छ कि छैन
 थाहा छैन, तर, मेरो दाग भने मैले हरेक दिन हेर्नेपछि
 पहिलो पटक नछुनी भएछु भनेर
 त्यही खोरमा थाहा पाएकी मैले
 आज प्रत्येक पटक नछुनी हुँदा
 मेरो गुप्तांग चस्कँदा
 त्यो राक्षस अगाडी भए मारीदिउँ जस्तो लाग्छ
 मेरो पीडा कसलाई सुनाउँ
 म आफैँ सुन्छु, आफैँ रून्छु
 अनि आफैँ अगाडी बढ्छु



यो घरको न ढोका छ? न झ्याल?
म यो बन्द घर भित्र थुनिएकी एक व्यक्ति हुँ ।
यो रंग जस्तै मेरो धेरै पीडा छ । म यो घर भित्र
निस्सासिएर, गुम्सिएर बसेको छु । हामी सबै
यसरी नै थुनिएका छौ । अब हामी यो घरबाट
निस्कन चाहन्छौ ।

This house has neither doors nor windows.
I am the individual who is locked inside this
closed house. Just like the colours in here,
I have a lot of pain. I am suffocating in this
house. All of us are locked up in the same
way. Now, we want to step out of this house.

Who Will Stand Beside Me?

*I was a thirteen-year-old
Wandering around the village market,
My eyes delighting in the glitters.
I suddenly saw the army and police vehicles.
Fear gripped me and I wet my pants.*

*The first thunder after that was in prison somewhere.
'til today, when I look at my cheeks,
I see the scar – a memory left by the police officer's boots.
I know not if that police boot still has my skin meshed in it
But my scar is here for me to look at every day.*

*I menstruated in that prison cell for the first time.
Even now, every month when my cycle begins
And my vagina hurts,
I wish to kill that demon.
If only he were in front of me.
Who should I share my pain with?*

*I listen to myself; I cry on my own,
And then I move on.*

अठोट

तेरो घृणाले
 मेरो
 घरलाई भत्काई दियो
 लोग्ने हरायो
 हाँसो हरायो
 दिमाग उडायो
 त्यसैले "तलाई म राम्रो मान्दिन"
 म,
 पागल हुन्छु
 त्यो
 दिन सम्झँदा
 लोग्ने सम्झँदा
 ढुङ्गा बोक्दा
 ईँटा लाउँदा
 जोश र जाँगर मेरो कम भयो भने
 म र मेरो बच्चालाई हेर्छ कसले ?
 त्यसैले "तँलाई म हेर्दिन"

के भयो र हुन्थ्यो
 थाहा छ मेरो सासलाई
 रित्तिसकेको छ आँशु तर छ अभै आश
 म कमजोर छैन बुझिराख्
 तँलाई म छाड्दिन ।



मेरो आत्मबल बढेको छ । मेरो छाति बलियो
भएको छ । मैले बोल्नै पर्छ भन्ने लागेको छ ।

My confidence has increased. I am strong.
I think, I must speak.

Determination

*Your hatred
Destroyed my house,
Disappeared my husband,
Erased my laughter,
Knocked off my sanity.
Therefore, I do not think good of you.*

*I
Become crazy
When
I recall that day,
When I remember my husband.*

*What happened and could have happened;
My life knows,
My tears have dried, yet, hope is there.
I am not weak YOU should understand.
I will not spare you.*

संघर्षका काला दिन

स्वर्ग भन्दा राम्रो सपना भन्दा प्यारो थियो मेरो संसार
मलाई पनी धेरै माया गर्ने थियो मेरो श्रीमान्
डाँकाहरूले खोसे मेरो प्यारो श्रीमान्
के गरूँ दैवलाई मनपरेन जोडी हजुर

बेरंग बज्जर पहाड जिवन जिउनु पर्यो हजुर
तिन वटा छोराका मुख हेरी भित्री रोएपनि बाहिरी हाँसे म हजुर
यस्तै रहेछ दैवले लेखेको मेरो कर्म सोचें र जीवन जिउनु सिकें हजुर

दुनियाँदारी केही थाहा थिएन मलाई हजुर
यसैको फाइदा दुष्टहरूले उठाए हजुर
भनेर साध्य छैन कि शोषणमा कति परें म हजुर
कसैले भने म तेरो ठुलो हितैषी हुँ म
धेरै पछि मात्र थाहा पाएँ दुनियाँ कति स्वार्थी रहेछ हजुर

के गर्नु मर्न पाए हुन्थ्यो पनि सोचेकी थिएँ
तर मर्न पनि कहाँ सजिलो हुँदो रहेछ र, हजुर
यही अनुभव भयो मलाई र जिवन जिउनु सिकें हजुर

कविता, कथा, लेखन आउँदैनथियो सुन्नुहोस् हजुर
तर मेरो जिवन सुन्नैपर्छ भन्दै कोरें यि अक्षर सुन्नुहोस् हजुर
यि शब्दले बोल्छन् मेरो जीवनको संघर्ष, यो बुझ्नुहोस् हजुर

Struggling Dark Days

Sir,

My world was prettier than heaven, dearer than a dream.

I also had a husband who loved me very much.

The dacoits snatched my husband,

What could I do when the gods frowned upon us, the couple.

Sir,

A life devoid of colour, as strenuous as a mountain I lived.

Thoughts of my three sons made me smile on the outside and cry inside.

I thought,

This must be what was written in the stars for me

And learnt to live my life.

Sir,

I did not know the whereabouts of life,

My ignorance became their bliss.

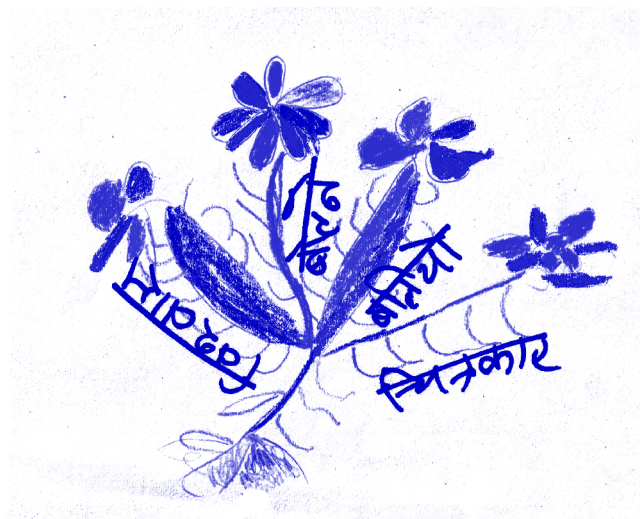
I cannot count how many times I was exploited.

Some said: "I am your greatest well-wisher",

I found out after a while that the world is nothing but selfish.

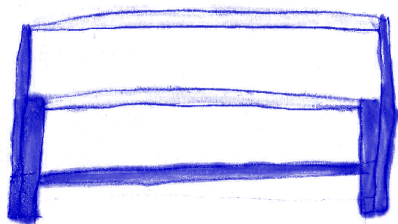
Sir,
I did think of ways to die
But then it is not easy to die is it?
All this I experienced
And I learnt to live.

Listen Sir,
I knew nothing of writing a poem, a story,
But I decided that my life should be known,
Hence, I scribbled these letters.
These words speak of my life struggle, please understand this.



यो पाँच दिनले म भएँ । बोल्न सक्ने भएँ । बलियो
भएँ । चित्रकार भएँ । विश्वासिलो भएँ । कवि भएँ ।

These five days have enabled me to speak. I
have become strong. I have become an artist.
I can trust and be trusted. I became a poet.



म माथि भएको घटनाका कारण मैले मेरो
स्कूलको डेस्क छाडे । तर आज मैले यहाँको
डेस्क (टेबुल) बाट मैले धेरै कुरा सिक्ने जस्तै
मलाई हिम्मत दिएको छ ।

I dropped out of the school because of
what happened to me. I have learnt a lot
on the tables of this workshop and it has
made me courageous.

के हुन्थे हुँली म?

१७ वर्ष अधिको त्यो कथा
म भन्न सक्दिन उसलाई वा कसैलाई

त्यत्तिबेला,
उ बन्दुक बोकेर हिँडी
म घरबाट स्कुल गर्थेँ
उ अरुलाई न्याय दिलाउँथी
१० वर्षकी म भने रेकीमा पर्थेँ

स्कुल जाने बाटोमा उभेका ति सेना
स्कुले केटीको अनुहारमा सिगरेटका धुवाँ फ्याँक्थे
तिनैमध्ये एकले एकदिन घरमा आई डस्यो मलाई
बगेको रगतसँगै आँशु बग्दा बारीमा
स्कुलको बाटो मैले बिँसिदिए सदाको लागि
डरले कि फेरी पनि आउला त्यो र त्यसका साथीहरू
र बग्नुपर्ला मेरो रगत र आँशु कोठा, कान्ला र वरिपरि

पहिले स्कूल
दोस्रो घर
छोडेकी म यो वर्ष २७ भएँ
र श्रीमति कसैकी बनिसकें
तर यो कथा सुनिहाले यिनले
कतै मैले छोड्नुपर्ने त हैन मेरा स-साना नानीहरू?

साँच्चै दिदीलाई खोज्ने त्यो सैनिक
म सम्म नआइ पुगेको भए
के हुन्थे हुँली म?

What Would I Be?

*This, a story from seventeen years ago,
I cannot tell, neither to her nor to anyone else.*

*She took up arms and left;
I on the other hand, went to school.
She delivered justice;
I, a ten-year-old, was under surveillance.
Those army men standing on our way to school
Would blow the cigarette smoke at us, the school girls.*

*One of them attacked me at my home and bit me like a
snake.
While my tears flowed together with the blood,
I bid farewell to school forever,
In fear that he and his friends might come again
To let my blood and tears flow
In my room, the terrace and everywhere.*

*I left behind
Firstly my school,
Secondly my home.
Now I am a twenty-seven-year-old wife of someone
And if he comes to find out,
Will I have to leave behind my children too?*

*I cannot help but wonder...
If that soldier, in search of my elder sister,
Had not found his way to me,
What would I be today?*

उमेर नभन्दो रहेछ

द्वन्दमा मैले
छोरा गुमाएँ
भाग्दा-भाग्दै
भगाउँदा-भगाउँदै
बचाउने अनेक प्रयासका वावजुद
द्वन्दमा मैले मेरो छोरा गुमाएँ

विद्रोहमा म आफै हराएँ
ति आँखाहरूले मेरो चाउरीएको छाला देखेनन्
देखे त सिर्फ हल्का रातो सुतीको धोती
अनि फुकाइदिए मेरो चोलीको तुना ति हातहरूले
सल्बलाउँदा तिनका हात मेरा स्तनमा देखेनन् ति आँखाहरूले
कि मेरो छोरा उनीहरूकै हमउम्र हो

मरेको छोरा सम्भरेर,
मेरो बुढा
म नागिएकी बुढीलाई हेर्दै
चुपचाप एकदिन मर्यो

द्वन्दले
उमेर नभन्दो रहेछ
आज हामी १३ जना सुन्दैगर्दा एक-अर्कालाई
बुझें कि न्यायले समय र साथ माग्दो रहेछ
न्यायको बाटो हिड्ने जोश आउँदैछ



म यो सिसाको ग्लास जस्तै टुटेको थिएँ । यो
सिसाको ग्लास जस्तै खाली र जोखिममा थिएँ म ।
मन भरी डर थियो । अब हामी अलि नभरिको
ग्लास भएका छौ । यसलाई भरिएको बनाउनु पर्छ
अनि मात्र हामी अगाडि बढ्न सक्छौ ।
साथीहरूसँगको भेटले म मा हिम्मत बढेको छ ।

I was broken, like this glass. I was empty and
vulnerable, like this glass. Fear had filled my
heart. Now, I feel that we are like a half full
glass. We need to fill it, and only then can we
move ahead. My courage has increased after
meeting with these friends.

Age Does Not Matter

*In the conflict
I lost my son;
While he tried to escape,
While we helped him escape.
Despite countless efforts,
In the conflict,
I lost my son.*

*In the conflict
I lost myself.
Those eyes did not see my wrinkled skin,
All they saw was a red cotton sari
And loosened my blouse's strings
While their hands caressed my breasts.
Those eyes did not see that my son is their age.*

*Remembering his dead son,
My husband,
Staring at his wife stripped naked,
Died in silence.*

*Conflict does not see age,
I have learnt.
As I have listened to us eleven,
I understand that justice needs time and support.
I am now energized to walk on the path to justice.*

म भूल्ल सक्दिन

गते, बार, समय केही-केही सम्भना छ
तर भयो के त्यो दिन सबका सब मभित्र उस्तै कैद छ
त्यो दिनलाई म भुल्ल सक्दिन

घरबाट माइत खुशीसाथ हिँडेकी थिएँ त्यो बाटो मैले कति पटक
बेखबर कि आपत पर्नेछ म हिड्दै थिएँ त्यो बाटो त्यो दिन
जंगल र बस्ती जोड्ने त्यो बाटो हराइसक्यो हिजोआज
तर, म त्यसलाई बिर्सन सक्दिन

त्यही बाटोको सुन्दर साथी छ एउटा ताल
जो चुपचाप साक्षी बस्यो मेरो घटनाको
पानी चलाएकी हुँ त्यो तालको, माछा त्यही पानीमा मारेकी पनि हुँ
तर अब, अहँ, म त्यसलाई हेर्न सक्दिन

कत्रो रहरले सिलाएकी थिएँ मैले हरियो भुइँमा निलबुट्टे म्याक्सी
च्यातेर रिसका साथ फ्याकिदिँ मैले त्यो दिन
एकैपटक मात्र लगाएको त्यो लुगा, म भुल्ल सक्दिन

हो, म भुल्ल सक्दिन यी सब
तर याद आउँदा ति सब, मेरो मुटुको धड्कन अभै बद्छ बेस्सरी
डर अनि रिसले शरीरमा काँढा उम्रिन्छ
अनि चुपचाप बग्ने आँशुले मेरो छाती भिज्छ
अहँ, म भुल्ल सक्दिन यी सब



यी सबै मेरा साक्षी रहे । यही मैले कहिल्यै
नबिर्सने पीडा भोगे । म आजसम्म नबोली बसेकी
थिएँ तर अब म कम्मर कसेर उभिएकी छु ।
म मेरो पीडाको बारेमा बोल्छु र म जस्तै अरु
साथीलाई पनि बोल्न हौसाउँछु ।

They all became my witness. This is where
I felt an unforgettable pain. I had not
spoken till now but now I am standing tall
and determined. I will speak of my pain
and tell other friends to speak as well.

I Cannot Forget

*Date, day, time, I remember a bit
But what happened that day
is imprinted in me exactly as it was,
I CANNOT forget that day.*

*I happily walked that road to meet my parents,
Not once, but many times,
That day too, I was walking unaware of what lay ahead.
That road – a passage through a jungle to reach the village – is
long gone,
But I CANNOT forget it.*

*A beautiful lake by that roadside is a silent witness.
In that lake,
I have played with water,
I have fished even,
But now, I CANNOT look at it.*

*A nightgown with a pattern of blue against green,
So elated I had been to stitch it,
It bore my wrath as I tore it into pieces and threw it away.
That nightgown I wore only once,
But I CANNOT forget it.*

*No, I CANNOT forget any of this.
When all that happened comes back to me,
My heartbeat still races
In fear and ire,
and goosebumps spring up all over.
In silence, I soak in the tears,
No, I CANNOT forget all of this.*

ओइ ### @@!

ओइ ### @@!

के तेरो

दिदी बहिनी

आमा भाउजु थिएनन?

किन उनीहरू सबलाई बिर्सी

मलाई बलात्कारको प्रयास गरिस्?

के तँले तेरी जोईको शरीर देखेको थिइनस्?

मलाई बलात्कार गर्ने आँट कसरी गरिस?

म डेढ महिनाकी सुत्केरीको शरिर कस्तो देखिस?

तँ पापी राक्षस होस्

तँलाई मेरो इज्जतको श्राप लागोस्

तेरो शरिरमा जिउँदै किरा परोस्

तेरो दिशापिसाब एकैठाउँमा भई

पलपल शरीर गल्दै जाओस्

मेरो जस्तै अरुको इज्जतमा आक्रमण गर्ने तँ

कयौं नारीको सिँदुर पुछ्ने तँ

कयौं बालबालीका टुडुरा बनाउने तँ

मान्छेको शिकार खेल्ने तँ

नारीको जीवनको शिकार खेल्ने तँ

हाम्रो खुशीको निशाना लगाउने तँ

फर्केर आईज त एकपटक
लुकेको छस् कहाँ हिजो आज?
भेटौं त, तँ, लुकेको दुलो
निकाल्दै त्यहाँबाट तलाई
खेल्नेछु म मुसा बिरालोको खेल
लुके जहाँ पनि तँ
छुट्टी पाउँदैनस्
माफी पाउँदैनस् ।

^१ - प्रिजलाले आफ्नो पीडकको नाम, थर इंगित गर्नुभएको हो ।
= नाम, @@@@ = थर

Oye ##### @@@@ !

Oye ##### @@@@¹!

Do you not have

Sisters,

A mother and sisters-in-law?²

Why did you forget them all

And attempt to rape me?

Had you not seen you wife's³ body?

How did you dare to rape me?

I was a nursing mother of a one-and-a-half-month-old baby,

How did you find my post-partum body?

You are a demon,

Let my dignity curse you.

May your body be infested while alive,

May you be immobile in trenches of urine and feces

And decay each moment.

You who attacked

The dignity of mine and many other,

You who wiped vermilion⁴ off many women,

You who orphaned many children,

You who hunted humans,

*You who hunted women's lives,
You who targeted our happiness,
Come back here once.*

*Where are you hiding these days?
If I ever find that hole,
I will drag you outside and play
The game of cat and mouse.
Wherever you hide,
You will not be LET OFF,
You will not be FORGIVEN!*

1 ##### = first name of the violator, @@@@ = surname of the violator.

2 Original poem refers to elder sister-in-law.

3 In the original poem, a crude synonym of the word 'wife' has been used by Prijala.

4 The scarlet and common red powder that married Hindu women wear on their forehead while their husbands are alive. Wiping off a woman's vermillion means killing her husband or informing her that her husband is dead. In this poem, Prijala used this to indicate that husbands of many women were killed by this person she is calling out to.



अन्यायका विरुद्ध बोलुछु । तँलाई छाड्दिन म ।
बोल्न सक्ने भएको छु ।

I will speak against injustice. I will not
leave you. I can speak now.

म न्यायको लागि लड्ने

घटनामा मेरो के गलति थियो र?
 मैले के गरे?
 कसरी न्याय पाउने?
 कसले न्याय दिने?
 कसलाई भन्ने?
 कसले न्याय दिन?
 तपाईंहरूले न्याय दिलाउनु हुन्छ कि?

मेरो मन कति दुःखी रहन्छ
 साना-साना छोरा छन्
 कसरी पढ्ने हुन्?
 कसरी हुर्कने हुन?
 यहाँ मलाई मरौं कि बाँचौ जस्तै लाग्दछ
 मरूँ भने कसरी मरौं?
 मेरा छोरा कहाँ जालान?
 तर, म अब मर्ने होइन
 म न्यायको लागि लड्ने

मरे पनि न्याय पाएर मर्छु म
 त्यो पापीलाई सजाय दिलाएर मर्छु म ।



म आज सम्म डराएर बसेको थिएँ ।
अब म डराउँदिन । म त्यसै मर्दिन - मरे पनि
न्याय पाएरै मर्छु ।

I had been living in fear till today.
Now I will not be scared any more.
I will not die for nothing.
It will only be after I get justice.

I Will Fight for Justice

*What was my fault?
What did I do?
How will I get justice?
Who will give me justice?
Who should I tell?
Who will give me justice?
Will you help me get justice?*

*My heart is in pain all the time.
I have little children...
How will they study?
How can I nurture them?
At times, I feel like dying.
But how can I?
Where will my sons go?*

*But NO, I will not die now.
I will fight for justice,
I will die after getting justice,
I will die after punishing that sinner.*

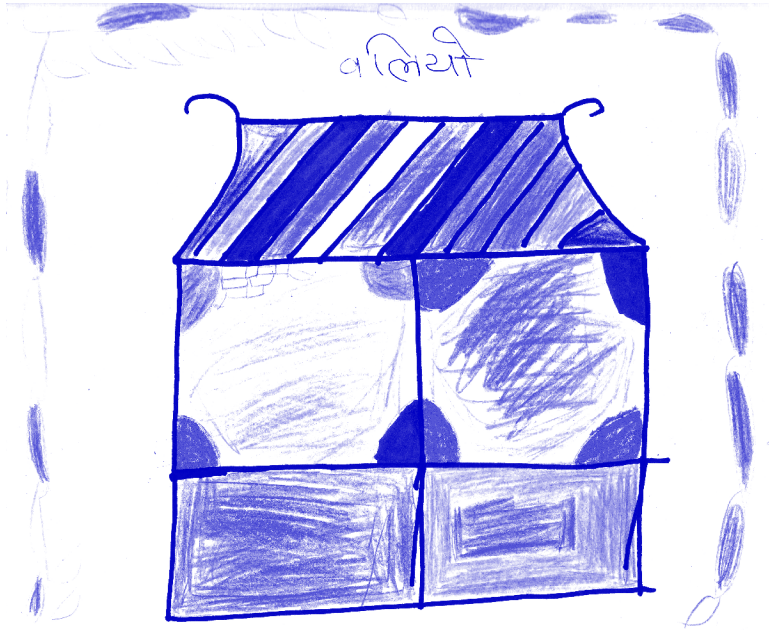
नरूनुस् आमा

आमा,
 किन रूनुहुन्छ तपाईं?
 म घर आएकी छु आज
 निलडाम लिएर शरीरभरी
 उठ्न-बस्न गार्हो हुने गरी
 आमा किन रूनुहुन्छ तपाईं
 म घर आएकी छु आज

किन खाना खान्छन् माओवादीले हाम्रो घरमा
 सोध्दै कुटे मलाई काला-काला चोट लाग्ने गरी
 तर आमा, म, मात्र थिइन त्यो हिरासतमा
 म मात्र थिइन कैदमा तिनको
 दिनरात यातना र अन्यौलमा रूँदैकराउँदै बाँचेकी
 नरूनुस् आमा म घर आएकी छु आज
 प्रहरी भन्नेहरूले
 मेरो शरीरमा आमा
 हाम्रो गरिबीलाई कुटे
 हाम्रो आवाजलाई दबाए
 हाम्रो अनुहारलाई लुछे

तर ति कुकूरले सुँघ्नै सकेनन्
म भित्रको आक्रोश
ति भोकाहरूले खानै सकेनन्
मेरा आँखाका घृणा

आमा किन रूनुहुन्छ तपाईं
मेरो छाती छिया-छिया बनाए पनि ३ महिना तिनले
मनभित्र चित्र ति राक्षसको लिएर खाएकी छु कसम
आमा, देखाउने छु प्रमाण निचताको संसारभरि
नरूनुस् आमा त्यसरी
आएकी छु म जिउँदो लड्न लडाईं न्यायको



“तेरो घरमा माओवादीले खाना खान्छन हो?” भन्दै
कुटे मलाई । नरुनुस् आमा म घर आएकी छु ।
घरबाटै लड्छु म अब ।

They beat me saying, “Maoists eat at your
home, right? Please don't cry mother.
I have returned home.
Now, I will fight from home.

Mother, Don't Cry

*Mother,
Why are you crying?
I have come home today
Carrying blue bruises all over,
Making it difficult to sit or stand.
Why are you crying mother?
I have come home today.*

*“Why do Maoists eat in our home?”
They asked while beating me black and blue.
But mother, I was not the only one in their prison;
I was not the only one imprisoned.
I survived the torture and chaos every day and night.
I have come home today,
Don't cry mother.*

*The ones called the police,
Beat our poverty,
All over my body, mother,
Suppressed our voices,
Scratched our faces;
But those dogs could not sniff
The rage in me.
Their hunger could not devour
The hatred in me.*

*Mother, why do you cry?
Even though they ripped me apart for three months,
Faces of those demons are imprinted in my heart and mind.
I have promised myself, mother,
I will show the world their lowliness.
Don't cry mother, please,
I have returned alive to fight for justice.*

चुप नलागौं कहिल्यै

मेरा प्यारा साथीहरू,
 जनयुद्धको बेला हो यो घटेको घटना
 टलटली घाम थियो आयो यमराज आर्मी घरमा
 सबै कुरा खोसी लग्यो हावाहुरी जस्तो
 आउँथे ति पालैपालो लुगा फेरी-फेरी गर्न बलात्कार
 आँखामा मेरो पट्टी हुन्थ्यो, आँखाभरी आँशु

मेरा प्यारा साथीहरू,
 म एकलै थिएँ पहिले, भएँ एघार अहिले
 त्यसैगरी देशैभरी गरौं है प्रचार
 बलात्कारी आर्मी यमराजलाई छोड्ने हैन हामीले
 सबैजना मिली हामी गरौं है कारवाही पहिले



हामी सबैले बोल्न पर्छ । मलाई बोल्ने हिम्मत
र साहस यो कार्यशालाबाट मिलेको छ । आफ्नै
लागि र म जस्तै साथीहरूका लागि म बोल्छु ।

We all must speak. The workshop has
given me confidence and courage. I will
speak for myself and friends like me.

Never Should We Remain Silent

*My dear friends,
This is an incident that goes back to the people's war.
The sun scorched bright when the Yamraj⁵ Army came to my home;
The storm that followed took everything away.
They changed their clothes and took turns raping me;
Blindfolded, my eyes filled with tears.*

*My dear friends,
I was alone, now we are eleven.
Let us make the country aware,
We should not spare the rapist Yamraj Army.
Let us all get together and punish them just.*

⁵ YamRaj – god of death in Hindu mythology

मौन आँधी पीडाका सुस्केरा

कविता कसले, किन र कहिले लेख्छ भन्ने बहस
बारम्बार नेपाली साहित्य वृत्तमा चलिरहन्छ ।
यस्ता बहसहरूमा यि एघार कविताहरूको स्थान के
होला?

‘म पनि कवि भएँ’ भन्ने खुशीका उदगार भित्र
आफ्नो पीडालाई समेटेका महिलाहरूको आवाजलाई
साहित्यकारहरूले उर्जा दिनुपर्दछ भन्ने विश्वासलाई
वहाँहरूको साथमा परिणत गर्नको लागि हामीले चार
पुस्ताका कविहरूलाई सहकार्यको लागि अनुरोध गर्यौं ।

कवि निभा शाह, कवि स्वप्निल स्मृति, कवि सौरभ
कार्की, र कवि कृति अधिकारीका कविताहरूमा पाइने
मानवीय संवेदना र आलोचनात्मक चेतले यी एघार
कविताहरूलाई कविताकै रूपमा टिप्पणी गर्नुहोस् भन्ने
ध्येयलाई वहाँहरूले स्विकार्नु भएको छ ।

यस खण्डका चार कविताका लागि हामी कविहरू प्रति
आभारी छौं ।

Chronicles of Silence

The Smoldering Embers

There is an ongoing discussion in the Nepali literary field exploring the intent and context of individuals writing poetry. What kind of space will these eleven poems carve in such discussions?

“I too have become a poet”. This pleasant expression of women has encompassed their plights, which we believe needs to be embraced and synergized by contemporary poets of Nepal. Therefore, four poets – Poet Nibha Shah, Poet Swopnil Smriti, Poet Saurav Karki, and Poet Kriti Adhikari – whose poems reflect human sensibility and critical thinking, were requested for their commentary on the issues raised by the poems of our eleven women poets.

Our requests were accepted and here we present their poems.

टिकुली

स्त्री देह हो किचोलो?
स्त्री देह चोलो हो
ध्यार ध्यार च्यातेर
फालेको चोलो ।

स्त्री ध्यारध्याती
च्यातिएको आवाज आए
ति निर्मला रसिला हुन् ।

स्त्री च्यातिएको आवाज
लाटो धुन भए
ति अनामिका हुन्
अनामिका च्यातिएको आवाज
सुनिन्दैनन्
ति पुरिँदै पुरिँदै जान्छन्
माटो मुनि ।

मलाई आशा छ
ति लाटा धुनहरू
धर्ती च्यातेर आउनेछन्
तिमी देख्नेछौ कविता
त्यो आगो, त्यो लाभा
हुन सक्छ मेरा आँखाले नदेखुन् ।

लाखौं करोडौं
लाटा धुनहरू
ह्वारहवार्ती आउनेछन्
आगो बनेर
तिमी देख्नेछौ कविता
हुन सक्छ म नदेखौं
म नसुनौं
तिमी सुन्नेछौ
स्त्री च्यात्तिएको आवाज
आरनका धुनहरूमा ।

टिकुली - सुदूरपश्चिमका थारू समुदायमा महिलाले निधारमा लाउने टिकालाई टिकुली भनिन्छ ।

नेपाली साहित्यमा निभा शाह शक्तिशाली हस्ताक्षर हुन् । उनका तिन कविता कृतिहरू -
इन्कलाब जिन्दाबाद, कालापानीकी द्रौपदी, मनसरा - प्रकाशित भइसकेका छन् ।

Tikuli

*Is a woman a body or a blouse?
A woman's body is a blouse
That gets ripped to shreds
And thrown*

*If a sound comes off
Women being torn
They are Nirmala, Rasila.*

*If a sound of a woman being torn
is silent, then,
It is the sound of silence
The sound of silence
Cannot be heard
It get buried
under the soil*

*I am hopeful
That these sounds of silence
will tear through the earth and come out.
You will see it, poem,
That fire, that lava
Perhaps, my eyes may not see it*

*In lakhs, millions,
Those sounds of silence
Will come in continuum
In the shape of a flaming torch.
You will see them, poem.
Perhaps, I may not see them
I may not hear them
But you will;
The sound of women being torn
Next to the furnace where iron is forged*

Tikuli : The round colorful sticker that women wear on their forehead is called Tikuli by Tharu community living in far western region of Nepal.

Nibha Shah is a powerful presence in Nepali literature. Till date, she has published three anthologies – InkalabJindabad, Kalapaniki Draupadi, and Mansara.

नारा

एक दशकभरि
रगतका छिटा माटोमा मात्र परेनन्,
न लडाकुमा मात्र परे,
न तिनका कपडामा मात्र ।
यी छरिए गोलीका छर्सासरि
घर, परिवार, र छिमेकसम्म पुग्ने गरि ।

युद्धमा योनीबाट जितको भ्रममा खुन बगाउने दुस्साहस
विश्व युद्ध, प्राचिन युद्ध, छिमेकी मुलुकहरूका
गृहयुद्धमा मात्र होइन
हाम्रै नेपाल आमाको काखमा पनि भयो
राष्ट्रसेवाको सपथ खाएर आफ्नै आमाकी सन्तानको
अंग यसरी लुछ्ने हुकुम कसले दियो ?

सोच्ने गर्छु म बारम्बार
मेरा दिदीबहिनीहरूको विछिप्त मन
जसरि रुन्छ त्यस्ता घटना सम्झँदा
ति बलात्कारीको आड सिरिङ्ग हुन्छ कि नाई ।
या तिनीहरूले यति धेरै कमलो मन च्याते कि
तिनीहरूलाई याद नै छैन
कसको चित्कारमा कति पिडा थियो
या तिनीहरूको बुटमा यति धेरै गालाका छाला छन्
कि तिनीहरूलाई याद नै छैन

कसको गालामा आफ्नो कुन बुटको छाप छोडियो भनेर ।
या तिनीहरूले मान्छे नभई मात्र सुतीको धोती हेर्न पुगे
र सुनेनन्
कोको आमा दिदी बहिनी भाउजूले कति चोटी सोधे
कि तिनीहरूको आमा दिदी बहिनी भाउजू छैनन् भनेर ।

न्याय कस्तो महुँगो फल हो
जुन मात्र धनि शक्तिशाली मान्छेसँग मात्र हुन्छ ।
मेरा दिदीबहिनीहरूको शरीरको
गरिबीलाई कुट्नेहरू
अनुहार लुच्नेहरू
आवाजलाई दबाउनेहरू
जिउँदै हुन्जेल वर्दीमा आरामको ओखति खान्छन्
तर मेरा दिदीहरूको दर्दनाक अतितका याद
हरदम कोर्दा भनेर घाउहरू बल्झाई रहँदा
न्याय आफ्नो लामो हात बाँधेर अग्लो टेबलमा बस्छ कि क्या हो
त्यहाँ सम्म उहाँहरूको बिन्तिको हात कहिल्यै पुग्न सकेन ।

मलाई सत्य बोल्नबाट यस्तै यस्तै कुराले डर देखाइन्छ
यहाँ न्याय माग्नु भन्दा
चुपचाप सहन सजिलो छ
आफ्नो भोगाइ बयानमा दिनु भन्दा
एकलै आँसु झार्नु कम पीडादायी छ ।

तर मैले मेरी दिदीबहिनीबाट सिकेको छु,
हार मान्नु हुँदैन,
त्यसबेला देखिको घाउ अभै आलै छ,
पिडा अभै ताजै छ
रिस अभै तातै छ ।
आआँ न बरु कोसिस गरौँ,
म - हामी - सँगै भएर एकचोटी कराइ हेरुम्
लात्ती हानेर भाग्ने काँतरहरूको
कुर्सीको खुट्टा भाँचिन्छ कि नाउँ ।

A Plea

*For a decade,
The blood drops splashed not only on the ground,
Not only on the warriors
Or just their clothes.
The drops scattered like gunshots,
Reaching homes, families and neighbours.*

*The temerity to celebrate delusional victory through vaginas
Were not only limited to World Wars, old wars, civil wars
Of our neighbouring countries
But also happened in our motherland Nepal.
Having taken an oath of national service,
Who gave them the order to snatch the organs of their very
Own mother's children?*

*I keep thinking now and again
How my sisters' dissipated hearts cry when remembering
Those incidents,
Do the rapists get goosebumps or not?
Or, did they tear apart so many soft hearts
That they do not remember
Whose scream had how much pain?
Or, do their boots have uncountable scratched cheek skin*

*That they don't remember
On whose cheek they have left their boot marks?
Or, did they not see the person and just saw the cotton
Sari,
And did not listen
When mothers or sisters asked
If they had mothers and sisters at home?*

*How expensive is this fruit of justice
That it is only with rich and powerful people?
People who bit poverty in my sisters' bodies
Scratched faces
Muffled the voices
Remain in peace in their uniform while they are alive.
But when my sisters' painful past memories
Hurt the unhealed wound like a whip,
Justice sits on a tall table with its hands folded
Upto where their hands of plea could never reach.
I am threatened to not speak the truth with these very
Things.
Here, it is easier to stay quiet
Than to ask for justice
It is less painful to shed tears alone*

*Than to share experiences.
But, I have learned from my sisters,
Never give up,
The wounds are still there unhealed,
Agony is still there, fresh,
Anger is still there, red.
Let's try this instead,
Let's be together and see what happens when we shout together
Whether the legs of the chair of those who escaped
After kicking us
Would break or not.*

एउटा बूढी रूखको कथा

एउटा खुट्टामा उभिरहेकी बूढी रूखको कथा हो यो—

कन्सुल्ला पसेर कानभिन्न थर्थराइरहे भैं ब्रह्माण्ड
आफ्नै देहको जीर्ण प्वालमा
हावाको तिखो भोँक्का पस्छ र थर्थराउँछे ऊ अचेल,
भूँइँअरिङ्गालले विथोलेका माहुरी
नयाँ गुँडको खोजीमा हुँइँकिँदै आइपुग्छन्
तर प्वाल रूँगेर बसिरहेका हुन्छन् मलसाँप्रा
उड्दै आइपुग्छन् न्यौरीमुसाले लखेटेका साँप
तर तिनैले पहिले निल्न खोजेका भ्यागुता
आँखा पल्टाएर बसेको हुन्छन् प्वालनेरै
तर्सन्छन् र बाटो मोड्छन् ।

एउटा खुट्टामा उभिरहेकी बूढी रूखको कथा हो यो—

बूढो देहमा छ जुन एउटा सानो प्वाल
र यसको ठूलो कथा छ—
उहिले वालापनमा, वसन्तमा, वैशमा
एउटा एकचुच्चे काठफोरुवा चराले ठुँगेथ्यो सुस्तरी
ओहो ! यौवना देहभरि कुदेथ्यो त्यतिखेर
एउटा मीठो कुतकुती
एउटा स्वप्नील तरङ्ग—लहर !

यो त प्राकृतिक प्रेमको अनुभूति हो
 कि काठफोरुवा चराको प्रत्येक ठुँगाइले
 माटोभित्र—भित्र जरैसम्म सुमधुर भूँँचालो जान्थ्यो,
 हाँगाहाँगा चञ्चलता कमिलाका हुल भैँ सलबलाउँथ्यो
 आकासमाथि माथि टुप्पासम्म प्रेमका रङ्गीन फूलहरु मुस्कुराउँथ्यो
 खुट्टा एउटै भए पनि
 हिँडेर कता—कता जाऊँ जस्तो !
 पृथ्वीको सपैँ हावा एकै शासमा खाऊँजस्तो !
 तर एउटा खुट्टा पनि गर्तमा रोपिएको पीडा
 उँभो आकाशतिरै मात्र एक पाइला सरेजस्तो हुन्थ्यो !

एउटा खुट्टामा उभिरहेकी बूढी रुखको कथा हो यो—
 एक हिउँद
 काँधमा एउटा बन्चरो बोकेर दुई खुट्टे मानिस आइपुग्यो,
 च्याप्प समातेर बलिष्ठ दुई हातले
 बलात् उक्लिन थाल्यो त्यो
 तरुनी खुट्टा माथिमाथि ।

यस्तो जिद्दी मानिसको देखेर आत्तियो प्रकृति
 यस्तो बुद्धि मानिसको देखेर तर्सियो धरती
 र मानिस
 सिंगै रुखलाई अँगालोमा कस्न थाल्यो बलजफ्ती,
 रोषमा उड्यो काठफोरुवा चरा
 वनभरि हल्ला गन्यो— 'कुकर्मी मानिस ! कुकर्मी मानिस !!'

मानिसले मानिस बिर्सेर
काठफोरुवाको प्वालमा
टाउको छिराउन खोज्यो, छिरेन
हात, खुट्टा छिराउन खोज्यो, छिरेन
बन्चरोको बाँड छिराउँदा छिन्थ्यो
त्यसपछि त सारा कुनियत छिन्थ्यो
भाग्न खोज्थी रूख एउटा खुट्टामा भाग्न सक्थिन
लज्जाले काँपिरह्यो मात्र सृष्टि
हाँगा, पात, फूलबाट
भइरह्यो घृणाको मात्र वृष्टि !

एउटा खुट्टामा उभिरहेकी बूढी रूखको कथा हो यो—
यति विषालु हुँदोरहेछ मानिसको विष
त्यसपछि कहिल्यै वसन्त आएन रूखमा
यति निकृष्ट हुँदो रहेछ मानिसको नियत
त्यही बूढी रूखको अधि
बन्चरो बोकेर उभिएको छ फेरि उही मानिस !

Story of an Old She Tree

This is a story of an old one-legged she tree

A centipede crawls inside an ear and

One's universe trembles

A sharp wind swishes inside a fragile hole of your own body

And there - she trembles

Bees in angst of ground wasps

Arrive in search of new hives

But Malsapra is guarding the hole

A snake chased by a mongoose flies in

But the same toad they had first tried to swallow

Lies next to the hole – his eyes staring hard

Startled, they change their direction

This is a story of an old she-tree standing on her one leg

Her old body has one small hole

And that has a large story to tell:-

Back in childhood, in spring, youth,

One-pecked woodpecker had pecked softly

Ah! It had run all over her youthful body then

A sweet sensation

A dreamy ripple-wave!

*This is a feeling of natural love
That each of the woodpecker's pecks would
Send a sweet earthquake all the way to its roots,
Deep inside the soil
Branches were as playful as ants in hordes and tither,
Love as colorful flowers would bloom way up to the sky
And smile
Though one legged,
A wish to walk far and wide was there!
A desire to swallow the Earth's entire atmosphere in one go
But the pain of getting your only leg stuck in earth
Felt like only a step has been taken towards the sky!*

*This is a story of an old she-tree:-
One winter,
A two-legged human carrying an axe came.
His two hands held me tight
And he started to climb
His way up to young belle's legs*

*Nature was terrified to see such stubbornness from a man,
Earth was scared seeing this mindset of a man,
And man*

*Started to clasp me tightly, forcefully.
The woodpecker flew away in anger
And cried out all around the forest
– Bad man! Bad man!
Man forgot man
And tried to insert his head
Inside the woodpecker's hole, but could not.
He tried to insert his hand, leg, but could not
H tried inserting an axe's handle, and it went through
Carrying inside with it all the ill thoughts.
She tried running away but one-legged tree could not.
Creation was embarrassed and could only tremble.
Branches, leaves, flowers
Could only rain hatred!*

*This is a story of an old she tree standing on one leg.
A man's poison can be so venomous
That Spring never came to the tree then after
So lowly can a man's intent be
That the same man is standing
In front of the same old she tree
Carrying an axe!*

मानिलिनुस, कि म भुट बोलिरहेछु

.... र त्यसपछि तिनीहरूले
मेरो मुखमा पिसाब फेरिरहे ।

तर त्यो भन्दा अगाडी
उनीहरूले मेरो रातो कुर्थासँगै, च्यातिदिए मेरो बालापन ।
जंगलको बिचमा कतै छुटिगए, चप्पलसँगै मेरा सपना ।
लुछेर मेरो ओठ
चिथोरेर मेरा गालाहरू
कोपरेर मेरो छाती
बलजबरजस्ती उनीहरूले प्रमाणित गरिरहे - आफ्नो पुरुषत्व ।

जब चिच्याउथे म पीडाले
मेरो रुवाई उनीहरूको लागि बिद्रोहीको गीत हुन्थ्यो ।
सहन नसकेर, जब कस्थे म मुट्ठी
मेरो मुट्ठी उनीहरूको लागि परिवर्तनको हुँकार बनिदिन्थ्यो ।

.... र त्यसपछि तिनीहरूले
मेरो मुखमा पिसाब फेरिरहे ।

तर त्यो भन्दा अगाडी
उनीहरूले बाँधिदिए -मेरो हात
लगाईदिए -आँखामा पट्टी
र घचेडीदिए मलाई -खाल्डोभिन्न ।

डामेर चुरोटका अनगिन्ति टुटाहरू
उनीहरूले जबरजस्ती मलाई बिद्रोही प्रमाणित गरिदिए ।

म, एक १४ वर्षे बालिका
जसलाई न थियो कुनै आपत्ति, यो देशको व्यवस्थासित
न देख्नु थियो परिवर्तनका कुनै ठूलो सपना
मलाई त बस्
जानु थियो स्कूल
सिक्नु थियो कखरा
र हिँड्नु थियो जिन्दगीको आफ्नै गोरेटो ।

तर घुसारेर मेरो कलिलो योनीभिन्न
तातो बन्दुकको नाल
उनीहरूले बढो शानले घोषणा गरे- बिद्रोही माथिको जीत ।

.... र त्यसपछि तिनीहरूले
मेरो मुखमा पिसाब फेरिरहे ।

कुनै दुस्वप्न जस्तो तर्साई रहन्छ ।
हर क्षण ऐठन पारिरहन्छ, भस्काई रहन्छ ।
नसम्झ्नु भन्नु

हिङ्गन खोज्छु -बाउडिदिन्छन् खुट्टाहरु
हेर्न खोज्छु -धूमिल बनिदिन्छन् आकृति
न कसिन्छ मुट्ठी, न जागछ कुनै साहस
न भेट्छु ती दिनहरु
जहाँ समेटेर बाँचु आफ्नै सपना ।
म त आफ्नै सास पनि किस्ताबन्दीमा फेरिरहेछु ।

मानिलिनुस, कि म भुट बोलिरहेछु ।
तर त्यो भन्छा
पोतेर मेरै रातो रगत
बोकेर मेरो छातिभरी बर्षिएका ती सैनिकहरुका बुटको नीलडाम
किन गिज्याईरहन्छ मलाई
फर्फराउदै बेगसँग कुनै चिल्लो गाडीमा ?

.... र आजपनि तिनीहरु
मेरो मुखमा पिसाब फेरिरहेछन् ।

You can say that I am lying

*... and then they
Continued to pee on my face.*

*But before that
They tore my childhood along with my red kurtha
My dreams were left behind
Along with the slipper in the jungle
They scratched my lips
My cheeks
My chest
Through force they continued to prove their masculinity*

*When I would cry in pain
My sobs became a rebel song
When I could tolerate no more, I made a fist
My fist became a symbol of change*

*... and then, they
Continued to pee on my face.*

*But before that
They tied my hands,
Blinded my eyes*

And pushed me into the pit.

*Innumerable cigarette butts scarred me
Forcefully proved that I was a terrorist.*

*I, a 14-year-old child
Who neither had any objections to this country's system
Nor dreamt any big dream of change
All I had wanted was
To go to school
To learn ABC
And walk my own life's path.*

*But they inserted
A hot rifle inside my young vagina
And declared with pride – victory over a rebel.*

*... and then they
Continued to pee on my face.*

*It continues to scare me like a nightmare does
Each moment, it suffocates, continues to startle.
I try not to remember ...
I try to walk – legs get stiff
I try to look around – images get blurred
Neither fingers become a fist, nor courage gets awakened
Nor do I find those days
In which I can collect and live my dreams.
Even my breathe is not my own.*

*You can say, that, I am lying.
But that flag
Stained with my red blood
Carries black and blue bruises
Those soldiers' boot rained on my body
Why does it mock me
While swaying in one of those smooth vehicles speeding by?*

*... and even till today, they
Continue to pee on my face.*

सहयोद्धाका कुरा

७० काटेकी आमाको
२० वर्ष अगाडि, दूधको मुन्टा निचोर्ने
हातहरुमा हत्कडी लगाउन सक्छु त?

बलात्कार के हो थाहा नपाउने
१० वर्षे कलिलो उमेरमा
रगताम्मे भएका तिघ्रा र पिडौला
माटोले पुछेको कथा
तिमीभित्र दन्किएको आगोको पीडा
तिमी ढुक्क भएर लेख
च्यात्नु पर्देन तिमीले लेखेका कापीका पानाहरु
लेख तिघ्रा मनका वेदनाहरु
तिघ्रो पीडा शब्दमा उने पछि
कसैले थाहा पाएमा
तिघ्रो सन्तानलाई कसैले खोस्ने छैन
तिघ्रो लोग्ने टाढा हुने छैन
भन्न सक्छु र म ?

तिमी बलात्कृत भएको थाहा पाए पछि
समाजमा मेरो बेइज्जत भयो भनि
तिमी र आफ्ना सन्तानलाई छाडि
परदेश लागेको लोग्नेलाई
तिमी आज पनि सम्झेर रुन्छेउ
नबगुन तिघ्रा आँशु भनि के गर्न सक्छु र म?

मलाई थाहा छ
तिम्रो मसंग ठूलो आशा र भरौसा छ ।
तर
बन्न सक्छु त म?
तिम्री साथी
तिम्री छोरी
तिम्री दिदी
तिम्री बहिनी
उर्जा, हिम्मत र शक्ति
तिम्रो आवाज?
तिम्रो न्यायिक लडाईंको सारथी?

आफैलाई प्रश्न गर्छु
तड्पिन्छु भित्रभित्रै
साँच्चै मेरो हृदय पोलिरहेछ
तिम्रो कथा सुने पछि
तिम्रो मुहार देखे पछि
तिम्रो रोदनले मेरो सहारा खोजेपछि
छट्पटिएकी छु म
भावानाहरू उर्लिएर छताछुल्ल पोखिएका छन्
चर्किएको छ छाति
रसाएका छन् आँखा
भिजेको सिरानी, अवरुद्ध भएको छ गला
कामेको ओठ

थरथराएका छन् हातहरू
 देखिदैन किताबका पानाहरू
 वरिपरि तिमी नै घुमिरहेकी छौ
 रगतले लत्पतिएका सुरुवालहरू
 च्यातिएका पेटिकोटहरू
 आँखाका स्थायी दुष्य बन्न खोज्छ
 आफ्नो योनीबाट बगेको
 सेतो पानी र हाडिलो रगतले
 अरुलाई गन्हाउँछ भनी तिमी टाढा बसेको दृश्य
 भन्थ्यौ मेरो शरिरबाट
 नमीठो गन्ध आउँछ
 हो म तिमीलाई मात्र देख्ने भएकी छु

सोच्दैछु केही दिन देखि
 तिम्रो पीडाले यत्ति धेरै पोलिरहेको छ
 तिमीलाई कति पोलेको होला ?
 कति दुख्यो होला ?
 कति वर्ष भयो होला तिमी छट्पटिएको
 कति भयो, तिमीले आँशु पिएर जिएको?
 तिम्रा सिरानी कति भिजे होलान?
 तर
 तिमी आफूलाई दुखेको घाउ सम्झेर
 डाँको छोडेर रूढ पनि सकिदैनौ
 हिक्का छाड्दै तिमीले यहि भनेकी थियौ ।

तिम्रो छाति कति जलेको रहेछ?
तिमीलाई कति पोलेको रहेछ?
तिमीसँगै मेरा परेला भिज्दा
राग्रेसँग अनुभुती गरेकी थिएँ
सबै उजाडिए
तिम्रो बाल्यकाल, भविष्य र सपनाहरू
मेरो त केवल केहि दिनको मात्र उडेको हो ।
सत्कदै जाने भए यो पीडा तिम्रा दोषीहरू सम्म
सायद
आज तिम्रो भविष्य खरानी हुँदैन् थियो होला
हो मलाई आफैँ माथि प्रश्न गर्न मन लाग्छ
तिम्रो पोलिएको शरिरमा के म मलहम लगाउन सकौला?

तिमीले कम्मर कसेकी छौ
आफ्नै रगतको पाईलामा हिँड्ने
तिमीले हिम्मत गरेकी छौ
आफू माथिको दमनका विरुद्ध बोल्ने
तिम्रो हिम्मत बन्दै गर्दा
मलाई थाहा छैन
तिमीलाई बलात्कार गर्ने बलात्कारीले
सजाय पाउँछ की पाउँदैन
तिमीले भारेको आँशुले
उन्मुक्त पीडकलाई पोल्छ की पोल्दैन
तिम्रो शरिर लुटिँदा मौन साक्षी बस्ने

ताल तलैया, खोला नाला, खेत बारी, घर गोठ
आज पनि मौन छन्
तर म कदापी मौन बस्ने छैन
सोच्दैछु
यो न्यायको लडाईंमा
हामीसँग हातेमालो कसले गर्लान्?

Notes of a Comrade

*20 years ago,
Hands pinched the nipples of a 70 year old;
Can I handcuff those hands?*

*A 10-year-old girl who knew not of rape
Used mud to wipe her bloody shin and thighs.
Can I tell the girl,
Now a woman,
That she can write all the aching within her
Without fear,
That she need not tear the pages,
That she can pour out all that anguishes her heart.
That if anyone finds out it is her
Her children will not be taken away
Her husband will not leave.
Can I tell her?*

*She still cries thinking of her husband
Who left her after finding out,
Saying she brought dishonor to him.
Her children lost their father.
What can I do to stop her tears flowing?*

*I know
you have faith and hope in me,
But
Can I be
Your friend,
Your daughter,
Your sister,
Energy, courage and confidence,
Your voice,
Spearheading this struggle for justice?*

*I question myself,
Tortured within
My heart burns
Since I heard your story,
Since I saw you,
Since your cries reached out to me.
I have been restless,
My emotions haywire,
My chest is heavy,
My eyes in tears.
My pillows are soaked,
My voice croaked.*

*My lips tremble,
My hands shaky.
I do not see pages of books,
All I see is you.
The bloodstained trousers,
The torn petticoat,
Are all that I see.
You, who stayed far away from others,
Thinking they would smell
The blood and white discharge seeping from your vagina
Yes, I see only you.*

*I have been wondering:
If your agony hurts me so,
How must it be for you?
How wounded are you?
How many years have you writhed in pain?
How long have you hidden your tears?
How many pillows have your tears soaked?
But,
You told me that you cannot even cry aloud
When you think of your pain.*

*How much are you burning up inside?
How agonizing it must have been for you?
While our eyelashes got wet
I did feel it all too well.
How everything blew away:
Your childhood, future and dreams.
For me, it is only a day.*

*If your hurt could burn the guilty
Maybe, your future would not have been ashes today.
Yes, I want to ask myself
Will I be able to soothe your pain?*

*Yet here you are,
Determined to walk
On your own bloody path.
You have shown courage to speak
Against your oppression.
While I can be your strength
I do not know
If your rapists
Will be punished or not.*

*The silent witnesses of your rape
Those ponds and lakes, rivers and brooks,
Garden and fields, house and sheds
Are silent even now.
But I will not remain silent.
Who will back us up
In this struggle for justice?
The question remains.*

Conflict-related Sexual Violence (CRSV)

Sexual violence during Nepal's 10 year conflict between Maoists and government forces has remained largely undisclosed. Female bodies became a focus and a tool of war in violent power struggles. Soldiers on both sides raped and sexually victimized thousands of women during high intensity periods of armed conflict in pure exploitation.

During the conflict, women were killed, wounded, tortured, experienced sexualized violence including rape, forced prostitution, were imprisoned, separated from their families, internally displaced or driven into exile and faced significant psychological impacts. Large numbers of survivors of CRSV in Nepal continue to suffer from medical problems resulting from their assaults, including chronic pain and infertility. Survivors also all but uniformly face ongoing threats of social stigmatization and ostracism due to their assaults to others risk being rejected by their communities, potential partners, and even close family members.

Let us hope that work like this plays a role in changing the culture of impunity and victim-blaming that plagues our societies.

VOW Media

VOW Media wants to contribute to a world where women enjoy their basic rights and live with dignity, equality, and justice. We are a non-profit organization that is committed to providing women from marginalized communities with innovative media and technology tools to enable them to voice their own lives, to empower them and strengthen their voices. The advancement of women's leadership capabilities can be fostered by the creation of a positive self-image and a stronger sense of identity through the use of art, media, and education. We believe that by reflecting on and personalizing women's individual experiences, we can stop violence inflicted on women, change social norms and fight against discrimination.

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