A Lone Flower Blighted by Snow

Mukpo

(Translated from Tibetan by Palden Gyal)

On the eighth of May 2023
Some places on the plateau
Still lingered in a flurry of snow.
The suffocating snow,
Its piercing chill,
Froze even teardrops on lashes!

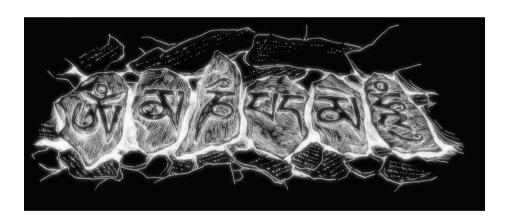
Even the unique flower in beautiful bloom,
Now crystallized in frost's icy gloom,
Its beauty and brilliance now etched in history!
Alas, what a grievous loss!

Upon the petal-pendant's delicate curve,
Nectar that once flowed in abundance,
Now shrouded in oblivious shadows,
Entangled in a web of treachery.
To whom would the mountains and rivers
Now direct their gazing hope?

If snowflakes, drifting from the high lands
And worthy of depiction,
Become a tale of distant exiles,
Where on earth shall we seek tomorrow,
Veiled by an abyss of darkness?

Capturing images and crafting foams
This messenger of the arts,
Where shall we look for him now?
Alas! My eyes fell from the precipice.

(Written in Tsö, on the evening of May 8, 2023)



A scene from Silent Holy Stones, illustration by Kuranishi ©Sernya magazine

বি'নশ'নউঁম'নই'ম'র্নিল্'স্ব-'ব্রভিব্য শ্বুবার্নি

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(२०२३वेदि:ह्नुऽपदे:ळें ४८ग्री:अळद:बेर्-पार्डे ४:तूथ:त्रेश)