

THE CLIMB TO NAGARKOT

Sometimes you hear a call
A rhythmic sound in the wind
A warning song
To save us from a fall.

As we pass by these fields of green,
What more is left us now to be seen?
Is this our home
Where our hearts should always have been?

As the mist drifts past us
A ray over hills we see
As the wheels of life keep turning
We become who we're meant to be.

Though no arms are holding us back
We refuse to fly onward ahead
It takes only a moment's decision
To destroy the heart of the dead.
Never can they stop us
Never can they try
We can seize the soil beneath them
But always walk silently by

Afraid of the pain we may cause,
Shadows of mortals do we become,
The silent tongue that lies beneath,
Slowly musters up a hum,
And choired by the birds,
A song is what it will finally become.

To the clouds we chase,
As the light begins to dim,
These doors that close around us,
Refuse us the strength to carry on,
Yet,
We go on.

In this atrophy of souls,
Diffident is our war,
Philistine philosophers are what we need,
As we break down and go beyond the wall.
Impertinence shall be our weapon,
As we re-establish the minds of the weak,
And as these hills of happiness do us beckon,
O men of enlightenment,
Finally have we learned your lesson.

Up and up we go,

Never to falter, only to pause

No food in our bodies

Yet shelter a poor cause.

And while sitting at a turn to buy our food

The valley below dissolves in monsoon

That drips on our bodies

And on these lush greens.

Once more the clouds pour rain

From the skies, until it become streams.

Lost we may get in our endeavor,

The path without ledge, no hope whatever,

Our hearts will not stop

Let's pretend to be clever.

Create a path where no man's walked

In this meaningless journey

On which we've embarked.

Now that there's nowhere else to turn,

The valley below calls out to its beloved,

But not yet, my dear,

This body is something even you, The Land, have to earn.

Bruise us all you can,

We will still walk upon you,

And as you call out to us,

Bit by bit, we will rebuild you.
For our ancestors were born upon you,
Graciously you fed them well,
Before they went back to you.
But this war, this time,
Will be just between us and you.

The shepherds of the moor,
Are now below the clouds,
And as we rise above the haze,
The willingness to return begins to blur.

They brush our faces,
These drops of heavenly waters,
This is where they live,
In the skies,
Above the dreamers,
Unrestricted by humans and their silly borders.

A man on a cliff,
With feet dangling over the edge,
Above the clouds he sits,
Not prancing, just looking about.

He waits for the sun to rise,

Hoping to save him from the world below,
But the clouds don't care,
And the sun refuses to show its face,
Only to eventually drown the man in his sorrow.

Sometimes we go without a reason,
Hoping to find one along the way,
But standing above the world,
Even the heavens have deceived us today.