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## Into the Sky of Hopes

(Translation of *Aashala Aakashamloki* poem of Vimala)

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Coming from whence leaned this fragment of cloud  
Spreading on my eyes like the wings of a bird and  
Chucked me into the sky making myself a bird  
And vanished

We are the warriors you know  
Wearing the weapons of lightning and sounds of war  
We are the perennial travelers and continuous researchers you know  
We ran and fought for eras together  
In these cloud-forests  
For achieving the uncertain final destination,  
The accomplishment of life and long lasting dream

How many unnatural-natural deaths around us  
How many fallen meteors in the blood bath!

At the very end, as my fruitful dream  
The moon in my lap as the tender lipped smiling baby  
My moon flag protected amidst the dirty hands!  
As the chopped dead infant and  
As the vanished moonlight  
Is it this short?!- The moment I got you

The dangerous dance of dead bodies  
On the stage of blue sky this night  
As the throwing away of three wonderful weapons into abyss  
As the boisterous laugh of *Rahu-Ketu* who swallowed the light  
Who are the executioners? Who are the judges?  
Who will give death punishment to the martyrs again and again?  
Who bowed their heads on the slaughter stone with smile  
  
We are the perennial travelers and continuous researchers  
This is the time you know where five hands held the excellent weapons  
This is the time for positive new dreams you know  
Why fear to us who saw many dawns-dusks, conquests-debacles  
New births and funerals  
In the war of life and death  
As the lightning birds let's fly again in the sky of hopes!