

Mystic Sunrise over Nepal.

Wild Cascade of Dreams.

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Nepal ko adbhoot suryodaya.
Swapnahanu ko khahare khola.

Lucia V. Celaeno

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Cover Photo Courtesy by Sachin K. Ghimire and Saket Shrouiti. Design by Lucia R. C. Huybrechts.

This special edition is realised with the heartwarming commitment of author S.E. Griffin (Susan G. Isenberg).

This is the logbook of a wretched heartstring scraping along in an attempt to cope with the broken pieces of hope and pounding wishes. The touch of a pencil, lingering.

When the pages of this book will be moth-eaten, creased and dog-eared, my thoughts will keep on floating over worldwide oceans and seas, reaching for the highest mountains like a goddess lost in time. Inside of me, a footloose wild passion is rushing through my veins to escape the grip of rules and commitments, upgrading my life to a chunk of driftwood in the roughness of the global waters.

Dedicated to a wild Himalayan horse

Forever running free in my heart.

Special foreword by the venerable Tenzin Samdup, Buddhist monk at the Burunchuli monastery, Lalitpur, Nepal.

“I have lived through the ages of time to collect and preserve the heritage of Nepal. I gave the author of this book unlimited access to rummage around in my old oak bookcase with squeaky, rusty hinges. Hinges that support hundreds of doors. Doors that hide thousands of secret drawers. A library of universal importance holding a collection of worldly treasures, from crumbling scrolls and maps to ancient handwritten books. Mystic Sunrise over Nepal, Wild Cascade of Dreams is a fascinating narrative that represents the culture of Nepal in all its assets and imperfections. The writer collected a myriad of folktales that went through the mill of generations and are still carved on the pebbled streets of the ancient kingdom of Kathmandu Valley. Amazing myths are converted into fairytales and are the freestyle rulebreakers of any defined literary genre. The enmeshed biographic twist is sprinkled with sweet romantic essence and is the absolute core and heartbeat of this unusual novel. Feel the breath of peace that drifts on the wind caressing the colourful mantra flags. Spin the prayer wheels and experience the touch of a million souls that were there before you. Just step into a different world, a blend of medieval and modern times. Retrace the footsteps of the writer and continue to follow your path with the utmost respect and dissolve in a pop-up story book of historic buildings. Absorb the ritual fumes of life and death at the Pashupatinath temple complex where the holy Bagmati river flow is the archway to afterlife and new beginnings.

You will be introduced to local specialties and learn all about the various deities and their virtues. To make you feel at home, shards of the exceptional Nepali language are mixed into the storyline. Enter the spindle of smiles, curiosity, dedication and endless passion for life. Enjoy a sidetrack to the arid and ice-cold plains of Greenland where the secret of Mount Machapuchare, the famous Fishtail of the Himalaya range, is kept by magical creatures. Relish in dreams and we will meet somewhere along the lines in the ink flow of the writer.”

Tenzin M. Samdup.

B.S. 2075 Bhadra 25 (A.D. 10-09-2018)

Heaven is an infinite vault
Residing in your ancient heart
Time is the key to unlock our waiting
To feel the rain again
Washing away the fumes of death
The loss and the pain.

Immortal Velvet Predators.

We await you ...

Black feathered knights, stout-hearted and staunch, reciting prophecies with rough, rasping caws and clicks, I leave you the honour to present my novel of dreams, miracles and love but also of sacrifice, fear and pain. Courageous crows, draped in dark shades, your ethereal, velvet feathers are considered a shroud of death by many, a vast, deep-rooted superstition, tarnished through the ages. You impersonate the magic of past, present and future, time zones that humans can't control. Human jealousy and the craving desire for immortality stigmatized you as frightful messengers of death.

Like vultures you feed on decaying flesh from rotting corpses, roaming graveyards and blood-drenched battlefields, now and in ancient times. You are always with us, patiently waiting to clean up what we leave behind, like never perishing myths you remain. Personal keepers of Mother Nature, guarding her terrain with austerity and candour.

Reflecting the endless cycle of life.

I give you a few words carefully chosen, and written to quench the fascination with destiny, a secret passion we all hide inside our hearts.

Stuck in Broken Dreams (introduction).

Sometimes you live without thinking
Sometimes you reach without touching
Sometimes you touch without feeling
You just breathe to survive
Until someone hits the centre of your heart
Painting back your lifeline
Finally finding that angel of a lifetime.

Yet, as we all know perfectly well, dreams often hold a bittersweet prospect. Accepting the fact that we will always be divided by distance, culture, religion, customs and commitments, I started writing. Thoughtlines, blended into a dedication to a love that can never be. A Dutch serenade with forbidden Nepali resonance. A venture of hearts apart hunting our destiny.

As Shruti, I take the reader with me on a journey through time and space to find my eternal soulmate and unconditional love from before my existence. A lingering promise that will never fade away. All seasons have passed more than twice since I started writing and all Nepal's forever changing weather conditions have battered, bruised or caressed the depths of my soul. From scorching summer's heat to damaging winter's blizzards, alternated with spring's short joyful drizzle to autumn's wretched downpours. They are emotional seasons of happiness, craving passion, hatred and murdering jealousy.

Fortunately, Nepal is blessed with six seasons instead of four, so I add miracles and hope, a relishing breeze that ruffles our deepest wishes. Either way, this book confirms that true, eternal love really lives among us, even if we can't always touch it.

To keep the oriental storyline of this quest in the right tracks, now and then, I will fuse it with the legendary Nepali language, with explanations or directly visible translations to guarantee untroubled, smooth reading. In the final pages, a lexicon guide is attached to consult anytime if anyone should get lost in the jungle of countless deities, numerous rituals and more, all in alphabetical sequence. Furthermore, it contains personal annotations, interesting facts and valuable background information that is not entirely used in this book. Each line is written in a timeless zone, where fantasy meets up with reality and nothing is impossible. All tales are based on mythology and ancient folktales from Nepal, Greenland, South-America, Greece and Celtic history, carefully reaped, rewritten with love and spiced with a pinch of Dutch imagination. Yet, after more than three years of intense research, a small warning of attention is required. Although this novel is written in a romantic style, it also contains severe criticism on various subjects, unescorted by offending or damaging meanings. I wanted to give an honest impression of Nepal, without shrouding discrimination, corruption, animal abuse or dearth because in this country of flaunting everything upper-cast leaders in the political and religious atmosphere are the unseen force of many failures. Instead of increasing life-standards with positive changes, they smother hope, for a

better future that Nepal is hankering for, to get stuck in broken dreams.

This complete book is written according to the situation in the years A.D. 2016-2019 (B.S. 2073-2076) and edited in 2021 (2078).

Dear reader,

In this age of highly advanced technology the slightest speck of dust eliminates perfection. I painted a celestial dream but the modern tool of converting texts blemished the final pages, where the lexicon guide is located, creating empty white spaces, interrupting rudely the smooth rundown of explanations, simultaneously shifting words, however, without deteriorating the value of the contents. Professional editors request minutes paid in gold but never guarantee perfection ... so fill these 'happy little accidents', as the late Bob Ross would say, with scribbles, remarks, annotations and tiny temple sketches while you visit this incredible land.

Thanks and enjoy!

Lucia.

Nepal Has It All.

Nepal, a mystical Asian country, forming a long stretched stroke along the Himalayas. Ancient mountains that are almost fifty million years old, created by the rough collisions and the movements of the earth's plates. The irregular, rugged surface was carved by the incredible force of nature and is believed to hold more than one of the dwellings of Lord Shiva, the supreme Hindu god. The remarkable shade of his presence is his facial linings on top of his official abode, Mount Kailash, situated in China, near the border with Nepal. A phenomena of unexplained markings seen on photographic images taken from space by NASA.

The belief in the presence of Lord Shiva in several different places is also imposed by the formal, governmental prohibition of climbing Mount Machapuchare (the majestic Mount Fishtail), where Shiva can meditate in peace and overlook the world.

Rather unknown is Mount Gauri Shankar, behind the Rolwaling Himal, north of Kathmandu and west of Mount Everest. This mountain is a twin of Kailash. It is equally dome-shaped like a pyramid and covered under a blanket of eternal snow. The comparatively, unnatural looks of both mountains are strangely linked to UFO sightings through the ages. Scientists surmise that these two mountains could be hollow, hiding prosperous, wealthy cities inside. A fantastic theory that is based on the legendary vanished lands of Eldorado and Atlantis. Some brainboxes even suggest that Lord Shiva is a divine alien because, in India, a peculiar

spacecraft was found near a temple complex that is dedicated to him. It is made of a mysterious non-existent material, excluding all the possibilities of human handicraft.

Many Nepalese citizens, and especially tourists and mountaineers, do not know about the existence of Gauri Shankar. Everybody has been kept in the dark about this place. Maybe, the secrecy was increased by the last king of Nepal, who had imposed an absolute ban on climbing or even going near Mount Gauri Shankar. However, the mysterious fact remains that there is an invisible, forceful fence that appears somewhere along the trail to confuse and confound those who try their luck against the breath robbing, thinning air, unforeseen rude snow and hailstorms, and a complete loss of direction when attempting to climb the forbidden mountain. Even the most trained and hard-edged climbers would pass out for days or get lost halfway through their trek. Some would be forced back down, some would get stuck during their venture and never return; to be discovered decades later somewhere at the foot of the mountain, frozen to death.

Strong, but also fragile, Nepal is squeezed like a double toast between China and India, alas each slice is rivalling over the cold cuts and spreads of this enticing country. Each trying to curry favour with offers of help and advice, with embracing long tentacles covered with roguish, sugared suction cups. But, I am delighted to say that the Nepali pride of independence still wins.

Denoted by various climate zones; from extreme tropical heat and drought, unbearably cold temperatures of nival, to the soft warmth of spring, exaggerated rainfall during monsoon bring forth demolishing floods with life-threatening landslides. Nepal is still a paradise for flora and fauna; simultaneously reassuring the inhabitants a flourishing agriculture and good yields, for the first necessities of life.

Nepal's varieties in altitude are equally astonishing. From the highest, beloved Mount Sagarmatha (Mount Everest) to the gorgeous mid-hills, blending into the fabulous Terai (lowland). Many national wild parks are located in the Terai zone, for example; Chitwan National Park where you can feel yourself peacefully ambushed by jungle life, take a bath in the river next to the unicorn of the bush (the massive rhino is nicknamed that way), feel the thrill of a Bengal growl announcing its presence, or let your path be crossed by a silently slithering banded cobra, an innocent young deer. While rare butterflies tumble over wild, scented orchids, emerge yourself in the humming and chirping soundscape under the stars and let darkness capture your heart.

Unprotected wildlife can be found everywhere across the country, so keep in mind that you respect the natural habitat of all animals, especially when they have toddlers to shield. The mountains and hills of rural Nepal are famous for their beauty but are ill-reputed for dangerous situations like crumbling roads, falling rocks, rivers with abducting currents, landslides during monsoon creating a sucking mire and unseen eyes of native fauna, observing you closely. Use your innate antennae

and fine-tune your ears and nose to perceive the sounds and smell of approaching velvet paws, flapping elephant ears, slithering snakes and silent moves of venomous spiders.

Ancient cities with temples are dispersed all over the country, some are made of gleaming copper-gold layers. Handcrafted tiles in yellow and dark-red shades with sharp splices and charred looking edges, scorching in the sun, emitting an aroma of polish and dust that still lingers in the damp air after the sudden downpours Nepal is famous for. Other temples, along rural roads and hiking trails are made of simple materials. Bleak boulders, pebbles and contorted wood chunks, cut, shaped and painted with sacred patterns and symbols to give them identical importance and distinctive beauty. Spots that are encircled with positive energy, to rest and find spiritual peace. Each place is unique because they hold the spirits of our ancestors, guarding our safety in exchange for a few prayers or tokens in the form of stones or a string of flags on their behalf.

Beyond everything, Nepal is the indelible source of ‘Om Mani Padme Hum’ the sacred phrase that literally means ‘Pearl in the Lotus flower’, the world-famous mantra of happiness, love and peace. A chanted hymn of holy words originally written on prayer wheels, flags, bells and stones. You will stumble across the mantra styled items wherever you go, in the middle of nowhere and everywhere, near temples in the city and along barren tracks. Fluttering flags or mantra wheels, with the spiritual ability to send millions of wishes spiced with positive zen into the world.

Nepal is unlimitedly wrapped in these sparks of spiritual fabric, they are attached to the highest points of temples, descending into the valleys below like festive garlands, crossing streets, entwined in electric wiring, and weaving a winding symphony of colours through trees, wrapping their branches in a tribute to nature. Each colour is related to nature (blue is heaven, white is the wind, red is fire, green is water and yellow is soil). Each piece of fabric has a scribbled prayer on it, ready to be caught by the elements. Once they are weatherbeaten, strapped and faded and the prayers are absorbed and heard, and replaced with new ones (the consumed pieces should be respectfully burned but this ritual is not always followed). Heaps of tatters can be seen lying along pilgrim tracks and deserted roads, often near mini temples called chorten.

Almost four years ago I considered Nepal as some faraway desert, lost in the mists of time, with a vague mountain range, where people go to risk their lives by climbing the venerable Mount Everest to reach the rooftop of our planet, secretly hoping to catch a glimpse of heaven's doors. A daring trial of strength, where many failed, died or disappeared, never to be found again. Yet, since time immemorial, strange flowers take shape along the tracks, wildly growing above five thousand metres altitude. A mythical flower that nobody can name with translucent petals of indigo blue, covered in crispy frozen ice layers, resisting the ravages of centuries, it will perish to live again. A gesture of respect from Sagarmatha, our beautiful Mother Earth, to every lost soul that she holds in her arms. I dug and excavated in history, geography, religion and culture to try and discover the true character of Nepal, hidden

treasures that nobody can ever touch or take away. In essence, the history of the country is enticingly drenched with fantastic tales about deities and the wisdom they bring, happiness and friendship, freedom and respect, all to be found in the hearts of the people. However, it is saddening to notice that there is still a lot of grief caused by extreme poverty, cruel discrimination, the aftermath of disasters due to nature's rage and ancient ritual beliefs imposing inhuman rules.

Still, to me, Nepal is the fatal attraction and heartbeat of our existence, encircled with an aura of unlimited freedom (as long as you don't interfere in political and religious issues).

The story of Kumari is an example of a doubtful, ceremonial status symbol. Kumari is the cultural icon and the core of the Indra Jatra festival. Everybody knows about the living goddess who is carried around in a chariot because her feet should never touch the ground. When you see her all dressed up in red with that specific 'fire eye' on her forehead (Agni chakshu), symbolizing her powers and perceptions, you probably do not consider the history behind this chosen, virgin child.

To European standards, the ceremony is highly questionable and regarded as pure child abuse. Kumari is a young girl, selected from the Shakya or Bajracharya castes of the Newar community of Kathmandu valley at the age of three or four. (Throughout Nepal there are other Kumari's but this is the most significant one.) The kid is ritually tested for fearlessness and emotional stability in a way that sounds too gruesome for words. She has to spend a night in a courtyard, surrounded by beheaded animals and macabrely dancing

hooded men, calmly surveying the situation without one wink of terror. Imagine the sight of elongated shadows, the nauseating smell of sourly clotted blood and sweat.

Furthermore, she has to undergo a purifying, secret tantric rite, performed by priests. They will judge her required body linings and well developed sexual organs. But who on earth is going to measure those, at that age? The priests? Apart from this, her teeth are counted up to twenty, standing neatly in a row and each has to be untarnished. I just wonder, a three-year-old still has primary teeth to exchange, so the number will falter temporarily. Anyway, this should cause no further problems because a Kumari is not supposed to smile during official worshipping events. Any form of visible emotion, even a tear, brings misfortune. The list is still proceeding ... From eyelashes like a cow, the chest of a lion and a neck like a conch shell. One can assume that these three features cancel the necessity of extreme beauty. When she is finally cleaned per the rules, goddess Taleju (an avatar of Durga) can enter her body. From that moment on, she will grow up in her own palace, raised and fostered by selected tutors and caregivers, deprived of her family. Even playmates are carefully chosen from her caste origin. Only her future periods or serious sickness can erase her status as child deity. A deeply rooted ritual of caged childhood enmeshed with animal cruelties, the Indra Jatra festival is the kickoff for a sequence of blood-drenched weeks with excessive animal slaughter. Followed by Dashain, when hundred and eighty goats and buffaloes are killed to be offered to Durga. After this, almost like a penance for all the bloodshed, Tihar (or Deepawali) is closing the queue, a festival of lights, conquering darkness and evil, with flowery elements, mandalas, fruit and food, gifts and

togetherness. During Tihar, many animals are over-cuddled and worshipped. Dogs are wearing chains of marigolds, cows are pampered with petals and tika (a red paste of vermilion and rice that is used as a blessing on the foreheads of family members). Even crows become subject of respect, even though they are considered messengers of death and bad luck they also represent a link to the afterlife and departed loved ones. Yet, during everyday life, stray dogs roam the streets for food and a cuddle of attention, puppies are born in the gutter, the concrete verge, alongside the passing merciless traffic in the hectic city life. Once, I saw the tears of a dog, surrendering to its pain but with hope to wake up in a warm blanket while falling asleep for the last time under the monsoon rain and my heart broke ... Even the holy cows are trotting around with countable ribs under a hungry, tight skin, neglected and left to fend for themselves. Again, all going their own separate ways, waiting for that auspicious moment of care and love, during that next Tihar day.

Either way, the Nepalese are proud to be different, an attitude that is visibly present in their national flag. Not made with rectangles, like most flags from the rest of the world, but they fashioned it with a fabulous swallowtail shape. Two single pennons in crimson-red and blue, symbolizing peace, harmony and courage; while the depictions of the moon and the sun powerfully represent the eternal circle of life. A characteristic that deserves admiration is the fact that the Nepalese are consequently tenacious to keep religious traditions high. Their lives are enmeshed with a series of festivals and puja (worshipping rites) that leaves half the planet flabbergasted assuming that Nepal is in a continuous party mood. Touted by images of colourful dances, of people

wearing satin dresses, lavishly embellished with jewellery. Smiles with shining white teeth framed by red lipstick, silky cured, twisted hair strands. Countless temples enriched with golden ornaments, carvings and artwork from bygone times. This is all definitely picturing a wealthy and rich life, where people hardly work.

Instead, Nepal is a land of many contradictions, tangible and visible, in the fourteen geographic zones, where the caste system and extreme poverty is still oppressing ordinary life and freedom. Anyone who is walking through the streets of Kathmandu will also see the struggle of the outcast like the blind or the deformed, these poor beings are begging for scraps of a meal, sitting on street corners in ragged clothing, holding on to slippers with vanishing soles and fingernails that are polished with mud and their hair matted by filth and dust. Tourists are warned not to give them any attention, like stray dogs or the thieving monkeys. Even so, these people quietly treasure a roaring fire in their toothless smiles, for happiness is the backbone of survival in each community.

In 2015 the savage temper of nature destroyed many temples and houses. Unfortunately, disaster reduction is still slumbering in undecided development. The necessary reconstruction works, four years after the earthquake, are proceeding slowly, covering Kathmandu in a daily haze of dust. However, without nullifying the attractive force of this eternal city of temples.

Appending, but officially glued to Nepal is the Himalayan kingdom of Mustang known to many as the kingdom of Lo. An unimpeded free paradise, unexplored and isolated, almost

elusive like a mirage in the desert, bordering in silence with Tibet. A legendary landscape of carved cliffs and cave homes, safe keepers to the secret of human levitation, hiding handwritten scrolls, valuable relics and amazing painted narratives on the irregular stone walls. Artefacts are lying on the floors, carelessly left behind as if the inhabitants left in a hurry, leaving no trace, clue or reason. This place holds the eternal breath of mystery, nobody can ever unravel. Mystifying the world with the ritual of sky burials, a strange ceremony that leaves the deceased to the savage elements of nature and ferocious vultures. According to historic tales, these peculiar shaped mountains of Mustang were created by a feral battle to destroy a demon. During a bloodcurdling clash between the demon and the Buddhist guru Rinpoche, the evil being was defeated. Rinpoche then scattered the blood, intestines and remaining body parts in all directions creating the rough sculptured land of Mustang in shimmering red colours. To keep the grounds free from malicious foul, sacred mantra stones are to be found everywhere, stacked with care, keeping the peaceful, spiritual balance through time.

Nicknamed: The Last Frontier. This astounding place is appealing to everyone's imagination. Even to the most phlegmatic scientists, this spot remains bewildering, mind-boggling and an Erewhon on earth for research and archaeological expeditions. Behind this mountainscape of perforated sandcastles lies the shadowland of Grishma-Sharad, a secret valley shrouded in eternal mist, visible only once each thirteen years according to moon-cycles and solstices. A square of land moulded by imagination and an indelible part of these adventurous lines.

The illustrious heartbeat of Mustang surely is Muktinath, eminently sacred and accessible exclusively to Hindus and Buddhists. The myth circles that guru Rinpoche stayed here to meditate on one of his travels, increasing even more veneration.

But remember, wherever you go, especially in remote regions, tribes all have certain rituals, established through the ages that may seem disgustingly cruel and weird. Hardship, poverty and the struggle of survival are often crucial reasons to satisfy needs and beliefs. Regardless of our feelings, they should be respected.

The annual treat to yak blood, a deeply rooted tradition in some parts of rural Mustang. A nightmare long row of villagers with a mug near a herd of yaks ... waiting for their cup to be filled with the liquid of powerful blessings of good health. I will never forget the bulging eyes, reflecting a silent protest of pain when the neck vein of the yak is pierced and used as a common tap. Their lifestream is drained, hurting their heartbeat and weakening their muscle strength until they are close to fainting. An unforgettable image, carved forever in my mind, more than bitter cheers!

I am Shruti and I have never been to Nepal. I was born there centuries ago together with my heart's desire. This novel tells the story of an impossible love. To soothe the pain of frustration I write, fictitiously sitting on the steps of Swayambhunath, the mighty Buddhist temple that marks the skyline of Kathmandu. A romantic narrative strung together with fairytales. I am travelling through Nepal, searching for the roots of this incredible belief I feel inside my heart with many strange, mystifying and unexpected encounters in

perspective. Surprising fantasy exits that I take on the roundabout of reality.

The next fable of undiluted love is an aggregation of a thousand shards retrieved from historic tales and dedicated to my soulmate, who I have never met.

The legend of Parvati.

We were born out of the soul of Parvati, goddess of love, passion and devotion. Without any outstanding elegance or charm, Parvati grew up as an ordinary girl in an average family but she gave up everything for the belief in her eternal love. Mysterious memories fed her belief she was the reincarnation of Sati, the first beloved wife of Lord Shiva, who after Sati's death, retired into the mountains, isolating himself in deep grief.

While Lord Shiva grieved in solitude, Parvati kept herself in prayers of loyalty to her ultimate desire, Lord Shiva. Her father acknowledged her craving and he escorted her to the place where Shiva lived. With his blessing she was left with Shiva, and from that day forth Parvati became his dedicated servant, providing him with delicacies and keeping his house clean. Yet, she could not touch his heart. So buried in sadness and pain over the loss of his beautiful Sati he was hardly aware of her presence and he did not appreciate her dark skin or recognize her love as the reincarnation of his Sati. Desperate, but with perseverance, Parvati started practising pure penance, determined to win the heart of her burning wish, Lord Shiva, the Being of all beings. She kept praying in continued meditation without touching any form of food or water simultaneously building up an incredible spiritual force around her and at the same time gaining the beauty of her true self, Sati and Shakti of Lord Shiva.

Shiva, who was wondering about the sudden neglecting attitude of his servant finally felt the vibes he once lost and fell in love again.

The tenacity and strong beliefs of Parvati were finally rewarded and she became Lord Shiva's wife and lover. One day, during a snow blizzard, high up in the Himalaya's Parvati was lost in love with Shiva, a wild and tempestuous love, wild as the gusts of winds that whipped their skin. Such was their love and ecstasy snow turned to rain upon their skin soaking their bodies, mingled with the sweat of their love. Wild and tempestuous like their love in the Himalayas, their droplets of love froze for eternity on the frigid wind. Pairs destined to be together formed out of pure love. Frozen flakes separated, tossed on the swirling currents in all directions, to the far corners of the earth. Scooped up by the storm they lost sight of each other. Lovers, attached by eternal promises, dispersed all over the planet. Some fell into the many deep valleys of Nepal, others floated on the currents to various parts of the world, searching in vain for their missing flake and heart mate. Such was my fate, destined to travel the seas.

I dissolved in the waves of the North sea, discovering my origin as I write. Now I am longing to get back to the warm embrace of the Himalaya range and my missing sweetheart. Nevertheless, many obstacles are blocking my destiny. So with all respect I hope and wish that goddess Parvati will grant us all a safe return home one day, with the high ranking permission of Lord Shiva, to get back to the place where we once lost our way. To be together forever in Shakti, the universal force and supreme energy of Shiva and Parvati. Because our love has no beginning and no end, it was always

there, unlimited and strong. Each day I watch the sun disappear behind the horizon of the endless North Sea. With her warmth still on my skin, she will touch you at dawn, rising over Kathmandu valley, fortifying my heart.

One last time, I watch the sea and say goodbye
I feel your hand closing into mine
Walk with me along the endless horizon
Through the wet, rippled sand of low tide
Crushed seashells tickling under our feet
Let us quench our thirst for salty air
And let the wind play with our thoughts
Feathers of our youth are swirling
Into shadows of the past
Scents of pink-flowered Jacaranda tree blossoms
Raining down, soaking my desire
Relishing dreams
You are my intoxicating freedom
Nepal, my love, my life, my river flow.

I close these introductory lines with a tribute to the crown of Nepal, Kathmandu.

A song with no musical notes, so if anyone should feel compelled, go ahead ... give it a magical rhythm with your own personal touch.

For you and Kathmandu.

Abducted by sand drifts of time and space
Eternally trapped in the rhythm of this serapic place.

Dreams of thundering cascades
Mountains and forests
Where racket and silence go hand in hand
Hooting cars and slumbering cows sharing streetlife
Sadhus and monks praying in spiritual meditation
Dogs straying, children playing
Waiting for the sunset caress to fall over Nepal

Monkeys agile, curious and insolent
Grabbing food, bags and phones
Sunshine and laughter, lingering
Every day amazing, surprising
Monsoon and rainbows
Hovering over scented mustard fields
Waking up in the arms of Nepal

Kathmandu love
My desire will always be with you
Yet, I know, deep in my heart
I will never see you

City of peace and ancient temples
Palaces, fountains and dreamful gardens

Festival celebrations
Decorations of sayapatri strings
Flaming red, orange and yellow vanishing
Absorbed by the chaotic traffic jam
Enchanted by the smiles of Nepal

Electric wires dangerously knotted
Like rusty, festoon cobwebs overhead
Power cuts and broken range
Pollution haze and clouds of dust
Washed away by nature's rain
Fostered by dearth, the erratic strength
Entrenched in the roots of Nepal

Kathmandu love
My desire will always be with you
Still, I know, deep in my heart
I will never touch you

Religion and culture, closing like an invisible seal
The secret heritage of the never-ending Karma wheel
Himalaya, enticing goddess covered in eternal snow
Watching over valleys and hills
Spreading her wondrous beauty
Hiding treasures and myths
Bewildering infinity of beautiful Nepal

Land of Buddha's, colourful mantras
Happiness and prayers carried on a breeze the wind
Powerful wishes great and small