

The Messenger

Volume 2003
Issue 1 *The Messenger*, 2003

Article 26

2003

Namaste

Kendra Colleen Wilsher

Follow this and additional works at: <http://scholarship.richmond.edu/messenger>



Part of the [Poetry Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Wilsher, Kendra Colleen (2003) "Namaste," *The Messenger*: Vol. 2003: Iss. 1, Article 26.
Available at: <http://scholarship.richmond.edu/messenger/vol2003/iss1/26>

This Poetry is brought to you for free and open access by UR Scholarship Repository. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Messenger by an authorized administrator of UR Scholarship Repository. For more information, please contact scholarshiprepository@richmond.edu.

Namaste *

I carry with me the words of the Western world:

Lowe alpine
top of the line
North Face
premium plastic
Platypus
leak proof
Gortex gloves
LL Bean

My high tech
Rock Creek
Nalgene bottle is guaranteed,
but still I am no match for the weight of the
East.

The smells of buffalo sweat
and sour yak milk tea
mask the odor of smoke from a
dying fire.
Mimics of a dying world
perfumed by a rhododendron blossom
floating in a pond of
reused water.

Moments run clockwise round a makeshift
Buddhist temple,
and I succumb to the hours
under bronze-leafed remnants of
worship.

Soaking it,
Absorbing it,
Taking it all in.
My eyes are fixed on a game
where sherpa's wrestle and cow bells ring.

*The title of this poem is a Napalese greeting that translates into a poem of its own: "I honor the place in you in which is of love, of truth, of peace, and of light. When you are in that place in you, and I am in that place in me, we are one."

Then a tiny hand.
Wrinkles filled with dirt,
dusted face,
and matted hair.
Old soul in a little brown body,
squatting. Starring
with old eyes wide open,
and a smile that makes the Hilambu seem shy.
I see in his eyes a trail of breadcrumbs left by
travelers before me.

Gifts of chewing gum, postcards, and long-underwear;
bandanas, watches, paper and pens, copies of High Life,
decks of cards, tubes of lipstick,
and Levis for men.

Smile tempts another trace of longing,
his focus dancing upon my
Oakley's reflection.
It seems a fair exchange:
A picture for a pair of sunglasses.
Namaste

Muted by snow-cloaked edges,
the mingling of many voices and
jumping conversations in the distance
lead me beyond the one-room
Hotel Tarkeykajang;
where a waterfall falls
cutting through the thin, fragile, ever-present
Himalayan vista.

Tiered rice fields
climbing up cliff sides
breast born,
earth erupted,
redirect my attention
to prayer flags flapping
in the untouched wind,
and flowers growing in
unexpected places.

By Kendra Colleen Wilsher