**མྱ་ངན་ཞུ་བ།**

**Mourning[[1]](#footnote-1)**

གསོན་པ་ནི་ཤི་བ་ལས་ཀྱང་ཐུ་བའི་བློ་ཕམ་ཞིག་གིས

ཁྱོད་ཚོ་དམར་འདག་འདག་[[2]](#footnote-2)གི་རུས་ཀྲྲང་རེ་ལ་གྱུར

*Because the intense despair of living is worse than death,*

*Your red-hot bare bones have become your dying hope.*

མེ་ཡི་ཁ་འགུལ་ལོ མེ་ཡི་ལག་པ་གསོར་རོ

མེ་ཡི་བྲང་ག་སྟོན་ནོ མེ་ཡི་ཕྲེང་བའང་རྡོག་རེ་དུམ་རེ་བཞིན་ས་ལ་ཐོར

*The flaming mouth moves. The flaming hands flourish.*

*The flaming chest lights up. And flaming prayer beads, one by one, scatter on the ground.*

དུ་བ་ལྷོག་ལྷོག་གི་ཁུང་བུ་མང་པོ་གདངས་ཏེ

དགོན་པའི་རྒྱ་ཕིཔས་ལ་བལྟའོ གྲྭ་ཤག་རེ་རེའི་སྒོ་ལ་བལྟའོ

*Clouds of smoke from many chimneys spread out.*

*They will watch the monastery's golden roof. They will watch the doors of each monk's quarters.*

སྐད་ཅིག་མ་དེར

རྩ་ཐང་གི་ཆ་གཅིག་ལ་བུ་ཡུག་འཚུབས

རྩ་ཐང་གི་ཆ་གཞན་དག་ལའང་བུ་ཡུག་འཚུབས

རླུང་བུའི་རྒྱུ་ཕྱོགས་དང་བསྟུན་ཏེ ནག་ཉེར་ཉེར་གྱི་ཁྱུ་ཞིག་ངང་གིས་ལྷགས་སོང

*At that moment, a snowstorm raged on one part of the grassland.*

*While in other parts of the grassland, snowstorms also raged.*

*Following the direction of the winds, dark and baleful forces gradually gathered.*

 *-Written all at once on an October night, 2011*

 ༢༠༡༡་ལོར་ཟླ་༡༠་པའི་མཚན་མོ་ཞིག་ལ་ཐོལ་གྱིས་བྲིས།

**Comments to the original blog post (translated on High Peaks Pure Earth blog)[[3]](#footnote-3):**

#27. The light which is set on by the lives of the two heroes will shine their way and I believe the truth will eventually prevail. My condolences with a pulsating heart.

#29. I want to express my great respect to both the dead and living heroes. In the meantime, I want to say that the body, the base of the mind, should not be offered as a butter-lamp offering. If we were able to keep our language alive, protect the land of our father and house of our mother, the sky would turn into blue and the sun would rise from behind the clouds again. From Mindrug.

#30. A soul of determination disappeared in the grassland, warm blood washed over the snow mountain and a burden called for attention.

#33. I saw Mr. Gethiong and Sister Mindrug express their condolences. Thank you very much. Sister Mindrug said “It is important to keep your mind and that you should not offer your body as a butter-lamp offering.” By Sengdor.

1. Translation by Charlene Makley and Abho. The poem was posted by a blogger whose pen name is Sangdhor on October 2011, 4 days after two young monks at Kirti Monastery, in Aba prefecture, Sichuan province, self-immolated to protest Chinese state policies. This is an alternative translation to the one that appears in High Peaks Pure Earth: http://highpeakspureearth.com/2011/mourning-a-poem-about-the-self-immolations/ [↑](#footnote-ref-1)
2. [↑](#footnote-ref-2)
3. Original High Peaks Pure Earth translation:

The sadness of living is more painful than death
Unbearable sorrow turned you all into glowing red skeletons

The mouth quivers with flames
The hands are pierced with flames
Flames burn in the breast
Rosary beads of fire scatter to the ground

Look at the smoke rising
from the monastery’s golden roof
Look at the doors of each monk’s cell

In every moment
After a storm bursts on one grassland
Another storm bursts on the other grassland
Following the direction of the wind
Dark shadows move accordingly

\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*  Written on one night of October 2011 [↑](#footnote-ref-3)