



Long before anybody told the Nepalese that Mt. Everest was the highest peak on earth, they already believe strongly that this was where the Gods chose to walk

My trip to Nepal was beyond wonderful, no doubt. It was a challenging trip and a physically demanding journey. I have suffered more than my body could tolerate. But at the end, it was all more than worth it. I was in a place alien to so many people. I saw forms of beauty I never saw before. The world seems much bigger now, and much more real. Now I can check off Nepal from my adventure list and go on my next one.

Seeing Mt. Everest for the last time on the plane, I saw a figure or perhaps it was the Goddess of Chomolungma (Mt. Everest) that the Sherpa people often told me. That figure inspired me to write this poem:

Chomolungma (Mt. Everest)

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Mother Goddess of the Earth

*There is a place
Where rigid mountains and snowy peaks decorate the sky
Where milk rivers and waterfalls rush through deep gorges
There is a place
Where humble sherpas call home*

*It is Nepal; the Khumbu region where
The valley walls are steep and lush
The rivers are cold and steely blue
The air is clean
The mountains are high,
The temples are ancient and
The villages are beautiful*

*As the sun rises,
The monks' chanting blending with the Yak's bells
fill the land with palpable peace
Namaste!
A Nepali greeting brings a new day to the Himalaya*

*At the top of each jagged ice peak,
Prayer flags with written message
Dancing in the wind,
Releasing its prayers into the air and
traveling to mountain Gods
Among them,
The most divine; "Chomolungma ",*

*Sherpas worship her as the Goddess Mother of the Earth,
"She should be approached with respect and with love,
The way a child climbs into the lap of its mother,"
Tenzing Norgay reminded his people
Born in the womb of Nepal and
Raised in the lap of India
The Tiger of the Snows told a story of the mountain
"She is not a lifeless thing of rock and ice, but
Warm and friendly and living"*

*Deaths are buried under her icy skin
Countless climbers continue to crawl to her
With magnetic, mysterious, and seductive appeal
together with her sheer physical beauty
She stands there, elegant and powerful,
Looks upon her people and whispers words through the wind
"Gods are not unreasonable"*

*Glancing above the eaves of the monastery,
I saw an extraordinary sight,
A pantheon of Himalayan mountain gods,
Everest, Nuptse, Lhotse, Ama Dablam, Kangtega and Thamskeru huddled in conference.
Their crowns glow in the first rays of the sun,
I know there won't be many mornings in my life like this
It is more than a picture, a story or a dream
It is real, I felt it, I touched it,
It is Everest*

*Perhaps when spring returns,
When the forests of rhododendrons shade the "mike river" again,
I will revisit this magical Kingdom*

THE END

