

WATERFALL OF YOUTH

BY DONDRUP GYAL



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WATERFALL OF YOUTH

A NEW TRANSLATION

The sky, blue and clear

Sunlight, warm and gentle

Earth, vast and wide

Flowers, beautiful and charming

Mountains, high and mighty... ..

Ema—

Yet what's even more wonderful still

is this waterfall, cascading

off the steep cliff face, right in front us

Look!

It's bubbly waves, pure and pristine

With spheres of light, the eyes of a peacock feather

the tuft of a parrot

patterns of silk brocade

the rainbow-like bow of Indra¹

Listen!

The sound of it's current, clear and euphonic

the melody of youth, the songs of the gandarvas²

the voice of Brahma

the voice of Sarasvati

the tune of the cuckoo

*Kye—*this is not an ordinary, natural waterfall, no

a mighty and majestic expression



a fearless heart
 undaunted courage
 flourishing and thriving body
 elegant and lavish adornments
 pleasant and beautiful songs

This is—
 the waterfall of youth, the youth of snowy Tibet

This is—
 the courage to be creative
 the expressions of struggle
 the music of youth
 within the Tibetan youth of the nineteen-eighties

Kye! Kye! Ah, youthful waterfall
 waterfall of youth
 How did such fearless courage
 —undaunted self-confidence
 —unimpaired splendor
 —and inexhaustible strength blossom within you?

Indeed,
 the rains falling from the heavens during the three months of spring
 the springs gushing forth from the earth during the three months of summer
 the essence of frost and hail during the three months of autumn
 the quintessence of the ice and snow during the three months of winters

and yet still
 glacial water—mineral water—slate water—water from forests
 marshes—mountains—valleys—ravines—and gullies

In brief,
 —water of auspiciousness
 —water of goodness
 —water of wishes fulfilled
 —water with the eight qualities³
 —water of abundance



One hundred and eight different rivulets

Hundreds of thousands of different types of water

As you are the one river of their unity

You dare to cascade of craggy precipices

As you are the one river that gathers them all

You are brave enough to jump off cliffs into gorges

With your courage to collect the different waters of innovation

Your intellect is vast, your body strong, and your splendor great

With your lack of arrogance and freedom from conceit

Your flow is long and current fierce

As you have removed impurities and possess the capacity to extract the quintessence

Your body and mind be pure while the glories qualities of your youth flourish

O waterfall,

You are the witness to history

You are the guide to the future

Within each of your crystal-clear drops of water

The highs and lows of snowy Tibet are inscribed

And inside each droplet of your spray

The rise and fall of the cool land of snows are contained

Without you,

How are we to temper the steel of the sword of grammar?

Without you,

How are we to sharpen the razor of craftsmanship?

Without you,

The tree of medicine cannot flourish,

The flowers of logic and fruit of the inner sciences cannot possibly ripen

Perhaps—

Within this crystal-like mind of yours

The wounds of history

The ailments of battle

The boils of blind faith

And the dust of conservatism might possibly be found



Nevertheless,

Since you possess the majesty of youth and naturally present glory
 The frost of the three months of winter will never
 —have a chance to place your mind within the recess of glaciers
 The razor blazes of stormy winds might slash
 —your stream a hundred times, yet how could it ever actually be severed?

The reason—

The head of your river is linked with the snows
 And your river's mouth mixes with the oceans
 Thus, your long flow of history
 Has granted us splendor and honor
 The beautiful sound of the flow of your generations
 Has granted us encouragement and strength

Have you heard—O waterfall!

Of these questions of the youth of snowy Tibet?

When the stallion of poetry is suffering of thirst, what shall we do?
 When the elephant of composition is suffering of heat, what shall we do?
 When the lion of poetic synonyms is oppressed by malevolence, what shall we do?
 When the young child of drama is left behind as an orphan, how shall we take care of him?
 When the paternal inheritance of astrology is left behind empty, who will uphold it?
 When the young man of science is taken as a groom, how will he be welcomed?
 When the daughter of craftsmanship is taken as a bride, who will be the husband?

Yes, indeed—O waterfall!

Your answers which come from music, clear and pristine, beautiful and charming,
 —We hold in our hearts, like an image carved in stone

Surely

It is not suitable for the past that blazed with thousand brilliant lights to substitute the present
 And how could yesterday with its taste of salt ever quench the thirst of today?
 When the life-force that is ripe for the times
 Does not fit the lifeless corpse of history difficult to find,
 It's impossible for the pulse of improvement to beat
 And the heart blood of advancement can not flow



Even more so are the steps on the way forward

Hey, waterfall!

From your waves shimmering and glistening

And from your spray scattering to and fro—

Our strength

—The strength of the new generation of snowy Tibet has been symbolized

From your gurgling, flowing current,

And the bubbling sound of your flowing water

Our dreams,

—the dreams of the new generation of snowy Tibet, are manifest

Conservatism, cowardice, blind faith, and laziness... ..

These have no place whatsoever in this generation of ours

Backwardness, barbarian, darkness, backward customs... ..

There is no room, whatsoever, for these in our century

Waterfall, w waterfall!

Our mind flows with your movement and

Our blood as well, courses alongside your currents

Although on the path of the future

The twists and turns may be greater than before,

Nevertheless, there is no chance for the youth of Tibet to be afraid

We will certainly forge a new path forward

For each and everyone of our people

Look!

The squadron lined up, those are the new generation of Tibet

Listen!

This steady song is the footsteps of the youth of snowy Tibet

A great, luminous path

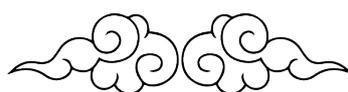
Responsibility with glory

Joyful livelihoods

Songs of struggle

Have not vanished within the youth of the waterfall,

And even more so, the waterfall of youth does not decline



This—

This is the waterfall of youth emerging from the voices of the young generations of snowy Tibet!

This—

The waterfall of youth flowing in the mind of the youth of snowy Tibet

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¹ The bow of Indra (*dbang po'i gzhu* or *brgya byin gzhu*) is a poetic synonym for a rainbow.

² The gandharvas are a class of being in the Indo-Tibetan cosmology that are said to be the musicians of the god realms.

³ Water possessing the eight qualities is traditionally said to be sweet, cool, smooth, light, clear, pure, soothing to the throat, and beneficial to the stomach.





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