

## ***Fears in exile***

*Momola*, I'm afraid

Afraid that you won't be able to return to the home you left  
Where the towns once filled with *gorshey*  
Are now filled with silence and the hum of Chinese surveillance

*Momola*, I'm afraid

Afraid that the Buddhist monasteries with playful monks  
And libraries of ancient Tibetan scrolls  
Are now empty

*Momola*, I'm afraid

Afraid that the history of our people  
Our resilient, loving people  
Will be rewritten and forgotten

*Momola*, I'm afraid

Afraid that my native tongue has now turned foreign  
Where I stumble and struggle to convey simple thoughts  
In my broken Tibetan

*Momola*, I'm afraid

Afraid that when fall comes and you join your friends  
Finding new life in an never ending cycle of being  
I too, won't be able to return to your home.

\**Momola* = Grandma

\**Gorshey* = Tibetan tradition circle dance