

Poetry Series

dechen lhamo
- poems -

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dechen lhamo(1st april.,1989)

All Alone

Duff may be my presence,
Puff may u, our distance,
Dwindle will the wound,
Handle will the pain around.

Tears never will be,
Bear will I in glee
Perhaps, force to efface
Mishaps, too your face.

Alone I'm in silent room,
Be gone is wanted your loom
Though it's my mind's fallacy,
Tough it is, creating heart vacancy.

Single was my birth,
Wangle not to wiggle for mirth,
For I know, fatuous the mind,
Poor will the heart to wind.

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Puff may u, our distance,
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Bold Cell Phone

Wearing a cloth of navy,
Makes it quite heavy,
Cannot see but hear,
Even talks without fear.

Just 5cm long,
Which I belong,
Screaming to inform,
though not in uniform.

Numbers and alphabet design,
Is a non human sign,
What makes it shout?
As if to blast out.

Light on the screen,
Blinks in keen,
Stagnant mouth of it,
Talks neither in fit.
Its power in crowd,
Makes the owner proud,
Will it really conquer the world?
Oh god! That's how we should be bold.

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Empty Head

The work of English,
Keeps away my childish,
Without any proper dish,
Not even a piece of dry fish.

Are my mates doing the same?
Oh! They are busy with game,
As if they are for it came,
Which would lead to a blame.

It's impossible to compose,
When I am reluctant to propose,
Something with great purpose,
Forcing the failure to impose.

No, no, I should try,
Or else, Tutor will cry,
Making my lips dry,
Heart on a pan to fry.

Tik, tik, tik, , , it's 12 morning,
But nothing is creeping,
And my heart is burning,
In a fear of something.

Yet, my head is empty,
Page is not pretty,
Rather it is dirty,
myself felt great pity.

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Haiku

hissing greedy cat,
on a rat jumped,
rat spared, claws broken.

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Haiku II.

white glittering snow,
sun on it, got it melted,
now barren hill seen.

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Healing Cough

Headaches and nerves pains,
Throat, as though been a year dry,
Handful sand stratified,
Some through nose canal passed,
Inviting me to sneeze, sneeze, and sneeze.

Itchy throat pains, heart pumps,
Idea of more, fruit of one,
Zonked with miasma eyes swell,
Tedious with cough to heal.

In a heart pellucid nostalgia,
As phantasm mendicant's pain,
Surely obloquy portrayed.

Mitigation with steaming water,
Never to end it treats,
None buried heaping desire,
But cough heals the itchy itch.

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I Fear

I fear

When I am gone,

Would you console my dear ones?

The call I made to all, hearing the voice of them,

Should it be the last in our life?

The glass in coffee I drink, steam on it I see,

Might be tomorrow's empty cold stuff, I fear.

If you hear the dead am I,

What would your mind clutch about me first?

Egoistic tease that protested around,

Vibrating through your nerves and sucking the juice of irritation?

Silence to the quivered voice I heard, silent might it be forever, I fear.

Heal would I the pain and sorrows,

Patch up will my soul in the peace and fascination of free air

But burst would me-filled hearts, shrink would then be- filled hope.

A little might the legacy be,

The whole lot be overwhelmed by reminiscences, I fear.

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Not In A Dream Please!

Coming In my dream,
Is really a yummy cream,
To remind what you taught,
Gathering for a daily thought.

Begging food from me,
To whom you provided in free,
Asking the support to walk,
to whom you guided to talk.

Shedding tears ruefully,
Whose you dried carefully,
Without having self concern,
Giving god a chance to warn

God has taken the next step,
Leaving me and all asleep,
Wondering not about your absence,
But longing for your presence

Every drop of my tear,
Pleads to make you much dear,
Every beat of my heart,
Gathers to build your art

Want to sit near you,
Want you feed your dough,
Which was what you wanted more,
With willingness from inner core

but not in my dream please!
Since your hardship doesn't please,
The heart of your granddaughter,
Who now do not like the laughter.

Your soul is with me,
Though the body is not found,
Things are at home as it is,
But heart breaking to touch in ease.

Wished for you betterment,
Prayed for your enlightenment,
Seems nothing is true,
And got not even a clue.

After all it's not the pencil,
Which draw the image of utensil,
But the clever fate,
Which outlined the life till date.

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Reality Real

Far away mountains are blue,
And denser always,
Much is extracted from the
Nearby greens, though the rough it is.

Need not fall tears for grief,
Need not act for superiority,
If effort is to the fullest, since
Dump not are the silent, smile,
Not the happiness always

Striving to achieve the goals,
Without having properly set.
May be that's the people's thought,
To swallow an apple without a bite.

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Young Heart

Heart was young and pure,
Till it met with your care,
Since our conversation,
Though had a sense of conservation

Entered in my heart with kind,
Making me instantly blind,
Never with future preparation,
since I was to your observation.

The flower you brought,
Became the source of thought,
On seeing a soul you caught,
Suppose to have it fought.

Voice was soft to hear,
But hard to bear,
Though was once a dear,
Still need to make clear.

Can't answer your question,
No damn for your position,
Just wish for a life lead,
But worried, I might be pronounced dead.

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