

Poetry Series

Kathup Tsering
- poems -

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Kathup Tsering(1979)

He and Poet

He is broken heart, and live with pride

Of poet, in his broken language

And if the will so true, to make grade

Of achieve that will for age.

1th December

...on international AIDS Day.

December falls
With cold frost
Shed my flower in winter

I hardly walk on the earth
I don't know how long I can be alive
Still a hope
In the winter
the façade, the chilliness, the sickness
playing my life

a hope, let me walk a mile
with you, cheerful smile
give me strength
to defeat the devil

1th December is my day
wake up
with spirit
to protect my generation
to rescue my human beings
from hand of HIV

Health, strength and breath
In the love of life
As you, I able to walk a mile
With cheerful smile.

December 1.2007

Kathup Tsering

Butterfly

Fluttering
dancing
flying

Freely in the air

Wandering
roaming
silently

In the cloudless sky of blue

Flying
floating
take me to Nirvana
where I wish to be...

Fluttering
dancing
flying

Kathup Tsering

Conversations Of Self With Self

Self converses with Self
Both dwell deep within
Behold the power each yield

Oh, Self of mine
Come to me now
In my hour of need

Guide me beyond self
Lead me through the pain
Illuminate the Divine Path

My heart is heavy
With human desire
As I blindly long for freedom

I must see the Higher Purpose
As self endures this life of wanting
I seek from You' Reality's Truth

Raise me to wisdom on the Vine of Peace
That I may be a Voice of Light
To lead others through the Darkness

Kathup Tsering

Dark Morning

Dark morning

— — Dedicated to victims of Earthquake (Tibet):

1

The Sun was sinking behind serenity,
the Earth was shaking one's life
as a vibration of nightmare,
to take away life
in the darkness of morning,

slowly, disappearing
the splendid temples & butter lamps
the white peak, the green grassland
were Shattered in the darkness

the black tents were taken
by the morning storm,

yushu, how can I after wake up
and stare at the pale face of earth?

I pray, I embrace your cold bodies,
Holding your warm heart
That beating at Mountain home

2

What hellish pain, how much life
As breaking black ice
Icy April river stopped-flow, my compatriots-
the morning smiles down on disaster debris

Earth turned into an angry night
Over bright dawn
Whenever Black dawn came down
From heaven in the ruins,

Hand in hand to find the will to live

The remaining white smile
like a shadow of Snowland

I read your pain and casualties:
Om Mani Pedme Hom!

3

From the distant snow-capped mountain home
blowing cold harsh wind
I can see another view of the earthquake
at the crack of the grasslands
the bodies
as heroic dedication stone
covered with pure land

'paradise on Earth was buried! ,

and fellow life is jiggled then collapsed
the call of the suffering of death is merciless—
the sorrow

you can hear someone
is struggling and weeping in twilight?

4

when I opened the window of spring dawn,
Wilt green life at the beginning of the rain
of tears
to wet my heart
so sad, so cold
Tears are dropping on the plateau —
earthquake! Injuries!
The knot of misfortune!

although we lost a beautiful home
and never lose a hope
Oh! my compatriots!
With the arms of love and mercy,
we will recuperate
a new life new tent: our home.

Kathup Tsering

Elegy

Yearning
heart lost
shadows, bleak existence
shaded flowers, bare trees

I sing my elegy song
of fainting moonlight
and embraced desires
lamenting over faraway skies

When will I return home
to welcome spring?
I miss mother's smile
mother's heart

Tortured by time
passing time
solitary time
my life dies in exile

Kathup Tsering

Fettered Horse

let me spread the unfettered image of hope
beneath the heavy saddle of life
which I carry on my back

my chained heart yearns for open meadows
where my spirit is free to soar
and my thoughts whisper on the wind

over the forbidden land, I gallop
and search the way of life
an unwritten story, an untrodden path

throw the horseshoes away, give fortune to all
spirit bound by fettered life
set me free, free now.

Dec 15,2005 Daramsala

Kathup Tsering

Ghost Wind

A shadow devoid of body and mind
walks a darkened footpath
searching for the meaning of life
driven by a sinful mind

An empty skull
brain turned into nothingness
rolls upon the ground
mourning it`s viewless self

Standing on the road
listening to the wind
of the heart begins the search light
when found will cleanse the shadows away
freeing them from the illusive mind

The ghost wind has touched my soul
up and down and in and out
it has traveled through me
this I know as my truth
and in overcoming this challenge
the doorway to the heartbeat of life opens

Kathup Tsering

Haiku

Long hazy day`s dreams
angel`s love resides within
the desired heart

Kathup Tsering

I Hold My Candle

Silent foreboding behind prison's door
shadows of the willow scatter across your pillow
rivers of tears do not wash away the darkness
I hold my candle to shine Light on your soul

City's haze blankets your high plateau
foggy mind allows clouded thought
love seems to have forsaken you
I hold my candle to shine light on your soul

Thieves lurk about your vessel at night
invisible pain ravages your heart
suffocating breath vessel of a depleted spirit
I hold my candle to shine light on your soul

Kathup Tsering

Immortal Moments

Life's shimmering candle light glows
but like the roaring sea or merciless wind
silent and ferocious, death comes at moment's notice
and the shimmering candle light no longer shines

Immortal eyes now behold the world
eyes with new vision see death as rebirth
memories encapsulated in a star
ever shining in mortal shadow

Though the last breath escapes
the music of life carries on in death
reverberating in the philosophic soul of the mind
creating an immortal day

Kathup Tsering

In The Deserted Street

In The Deserted Street

Wandering lonely through silent and chill night, Kathup is a street Arab.

He never knew warm home, he never beg for anything.
he only knew sharpen wind, as his life on the razor-sharp sword.
As his life like grassy dew, in a moment, it will vanish under the sun.

His home located in the corner of street, where he worn in ragged clothes of age,
some are worn out, some are never to wear.
his pillow is heap of monument,
on it engraved his ancestor's history.

He doesn't have address, as well as nor dress, desired home far from his eyes,
still a desire to keep a warmth in his broken hearth.

Hunger invited him in his empty stomach, let starvation in, to shriveled skeletons of his little limb both sides of street.

Some called him "black boy." As if he came from Africa, even though he was not,
proud of his black face, a real face, a human face, smiling and white teeth shown out.

Great pyramid wrapped in desert, to dedicate an immortal spirit of that country.
It was not belong to him and world, but it was a part of African civilization.

Potala Palace erected in his memories that was true his civilization and tower of his history.

The cold wind caressed his face, as if folk song in the drumming time.

Wandering each street, he get a cold heart. maybe day is hot, night is cold and life is wild. Nor shelter for storm rain; nor cloth for chill wind, nor warm bed for sleep.

Alive with spirit, determination, emotion and affection.
Will he deserve a street Arab in the deserted street?

Kathup Tsering

In This Life I Saw

a man
devoid of limbs
lying on the ground
a headless horse
its hair bristled
for fear of the wind
in this life I saw.

a soldier
dead in the battlefield
a broken gun upon his head
a gun
that fell him down
in this life I saw.

a child
struggled across the snow-mountains
left his parent back home
over the snowy pass
he lost his toes
in this life I saw

Kathup Tsering

Lake Yamdrok

The heart bleeds,
and life carries,
with the turning time,
waves of legacy
to the shore, floating on the blue lake.
The tides wash
drifting souls
down hellish land stretch
past the Ire of snowlions.

Water and wind
gathered ice.
The lake was formed.
Red and rigid,
the bloods and the rivers
swelled beneath the lake.
Northeast waves
swallowed up the shore.

Peach and Plum trees,
as bare as a skeleton,
unseen by mortal eyes,
and dried goldfishes
in sands beneath my feet.
Now I live a new life
where there are no sounds.
I sleep, I weep, lifelessly.

On the waterless sands,
I walk, leaving behind my footprints,
as my bare hands
rise before these arid faces.
My people, humble people who know
what will happen to Lake Yamdrok.
Then I will ask,
"Am I dead or Am I alive? "

Kathup Tsering

Life

To dedicate my late Father.

Life is just like a guest house,
The drift of soul dwells...
Enters the gate of hatred & love.
But an illusive mind in the awkwardness
Unable to be fully aware...
The suffering...the happiness...

In the view...
We are momentary visitors,
Coming and going with the empty hand.
The wealth... the beauty...
Only feels the hypocritical world.
But true life,
'Never born and Never die'.
2004.6.

Kathup Tsering

Life & Rock

A vivid grass
Growing on the rock!

a green tree
Climbing on the rock!

Life, Oh life! as a rock
embracing the mountain!

How could you wonder
I am a lifeless soul?

Kathup Tsering

Lotus Flower

You radiate
Into my mind
Your spirit
Divine

O, Lotus flower
You open it
So that I might dream
To be your lotus son

The sunshines vibrant rays
Mirror the life you bring
From the heart of the
Blue lake

Silent mother of nature
You gift me and you feed me
With your air so fresh
And so pure

O, Lotus how you grow
In such muddy water
Your blossoms forever true
Retain their constant beauty

As much as life
Is a blooming flower
I know I am worthy of living in
Your colorful world

Kathup Tsering

March Reflections

March Reflections

A dark fog
wrapped itself around Lhasa
as if it had been created
by a phantom shade
moving silently
it became a snake
relentless
encircling
our highest
mountain

sunset
signaled evening
the wild wind
cried
Woo... woo... woo...
life
was
twirling

nights became restless
tragedy was everywhere
my people were suffering
tears were falling
down... down... down...
into the center
of
my
heart

winds cried through the night...
Woo... woo... woo...
weeping... weeping... weeping...
my life, my love, my poetry...
smothered in tears
my soul bleeds
into the desert

of painful
reflection.

Kathup Tsering

Night Hawk

Fly to me as the glow of dusk settles in
Cries from the sky are heard
Flowers sleep as evening smiles

In sorrowful house, I sit
A solitary wanderer
Kin to the tree

The neigh of horses beckons
My heart gallops
Toward meadows

I shall meditate upon Lamtso Lake
Cries of the Night Hawk fall silent
In honor

Lamp of life
Illuminate
This dark night

Ponder the song of the Hawk
Lulling in the storm
Gift peace upon me

Night Hawk, messenger of Angels
Love me
As I love you

Kathup Tsering

Pilgrim

In the storm I admire the spirit of prayer flag!
In the snow I enjoy the beauty of snow flower!

The suffering makes me realize the happiness!

My final goal is not to see the glittering roof Monastery
But to purify my evil heart within my shadow!

Kathup Tsering

Shooting Stars

Stars shine brightly over the desert floor
Rekindling the light in my heart
I want to share this beautiful night
Oh, how lovely is the nectar of the divine

I reach out to catch these crystalline stars
As they shoot their might across the sky
I know they are adding light to my life
As my soul begins to shimmer beyond time

This desert with its tender days and tender nights
Has led me to the recognition of my insight
Touching the very core of my being
I shine and vibrate from within

In twilights call under the determined, lurking shadows
I gaze at the beauty within the eyes of the Holy
I feel blest, as my soul has been cleansed anew
On this day of illumination

Kathup Tsering

Sliver Dream

To a curly hair girl

Last night, I dreamt in the dream

Orange tree, growing at my heart

Under blue sky, on the blue ocean

Wind of change, lifting my heart

Last night, I dream in the dream

Curly hair girl, walking softly

Visible into my eye, I only saw her shadow

With wing of angel, flying slowly

Over my starry sky, in my dream

Oh, curly hair girl, beheld me with your eye

And you will see, life is not a dream

Or love is not dream in my eye

Through lonely night, I dreamt of song

That neither lyric, nor music

Nor word, but I still could hear the song

Of your walking, softly, on my heart.

Kathup Tsering

Snow In March

In March

the cold wind cries
through my ownless window

snowflakes like a homeless children
scattering over the mountains, seas
rivers and ocean

with the sound of wind
falling on the earth

silently melting under the sun
I ponder where i shall fly
where i shall fall

snow in march

Kathup Tsering

Snowflake

The cuckoo bird flew North
while the snow flower bade farewell to summer
winter`s heart saw a crystal vision fall softly to earth
spreading white flakes upon the ground

Hope spread under burdened feet
a life full of cold was all I had known
onward I went on my journey
one necessary to take

Rivers of thought flowed through me
my parent`s memory, far back home, came forth
life for them was harsh under the winds
of those snow covered mountains

With home and land far behind me I felt winter pains
I knew there would be a better life ahead
and my soaring thoughts took winged flight
high into the light-blue sky

Winter had now lost its snow
as a fresh clear light shown from above
I was nurtured and filled with faith and determination
to make the world a white one would be my goal
the goal of my open heart

Kathup Tsering

Songbird

Under the blue sky
Thoughts soar on clouds with wings
To you, sweet singer
With your natural beauty
Sing, for me, that I might hear you
For now I am a mere homeless
Man

The words I hear
Are invisible to the truth

Clean, fresh, light showers
Fall softly around you
My sweet singer
I am now a cellblocked man
And you are distanced from me
Your home is beyond the Himalayas'
I cry

Life, as it was, is far from my view
I have not journeyed from my faith in life
In my heart I stand
With you

Kathup Tsering

Sunset (Or One Never Knows How To Die)

Silently
slowly
sadly
Draw the footprint
on the earth
And say
Goodbye
to the world
silently
slowly
sadly

Kathup Tsering

That Night

That night...

At home, the evil-doer
announced its presence
and tossed my heart about

That night...

The stiff soul of the snow-capped mountain loomed
and the rivers that were turned into blood
flowed over the face of ashen land
and seeded its imagery into the labyrinth of memory

That night...

The grasslands, worn and ravaged
stopped the last string quartet of life
from being composed or performed

That night. . .

The silent heart of the Golden City
shed its tears under darkness
longing for a new dawn

That night...

Two hovering snowbirds
hearts torn apart
separated in despair
love lost in this land of snow

... That night...

Kathup Tsering

The Depraved Era(1959-1969)

===1===

Life threatened
Separated
By the devils hand

Falsities spoken
Flowers turned
To weapons

Life
As it was
Gone

Emotions rocked
Back and forth
Up and down

Homes were desolated
Battles reigned
Supreme

Life now a living hell
Where Angels, doves, Arhat
Became dishonored

Crimes portrayed to be true
Threatened the innocent
No place on earth
Could be worse
Than home

Still the desire
To go home
Remains
Triumphant

===2===

I remember
As I feel isolated from Tibet
The conquests that were made in fury
When roads were battered
Into darkness

I remember
This horrific
Terror

With the passing years
Houses have been mended
Yet, the scent of intense gunpowder
Runs in rivers through my veins

Daylight was turned to dusk
And lives were destroyed, great suffering
One wall was left standing of my home
Lonely, it was, no longer whole

Buddha, ravaged at the alter
Broken in pieces on the ground
Intended to tear at my faith
Yet, dedication and prayerfulness
Was not destroyed in the heart of me
Buddha lives
I shall survive

My father
Close to my memory
Brave with integrity, fearless in death
Love of his country foremost
In the end
Land was raped
Into silence

Now, another dawning has arrived
Feeling anew, my spirit lives
Through the intensity
Of this lucid dream

Kathup Tsering

The Yak Blessing

Standing alone by the fence
I looked over at my tent
so Isolated it was in the snow
I was feeling dehumanized by this winters night
even my heartbeat seemed to slow

I suddenly saw a light coming out of the darkness
I felt happiness was coming toward me
I realized it was the yak, a forbidding creature
who was coming to rekindle the spirit of me
no longer would I be alone

Kathup Tsering

Tonight

Tonight is a sleepless night
as i recall that past sweet lullaby
neither dream, nor day
I am alone, to listen your heart

So far I reach the sky
to pick up stars for you
making a wonderful gift
to decorate this dark sky

tonight is a sleepless night
as i yearn for that missing lullaby
neither music nor word
I am merely, to read your heart

so near I catch the love
of light, in my own heart
neither dark, nor fear
I desire you! my Lullaby for tonight

Kathup Tsering

Tormented Nights

Fires of night burn shedding warmth
yet my sleepless nights cause me unrest
I am in the midst of an ongoing nightmare

Dust, bloodshed and ink void of purpose
upon these wrinkled-blank pages
fill my heart with tones of discord

History is forming its reality about me
although I seem to have no control of self
I may choose to see otherwise

I have no more words left to express
for my feelings are now darkened
this horrific nightmare engulfs me

Coldness within lights no fire
even though these mountains
bring forth shivering and pain

Anointed by fire, ablaze in burning misery
my ashes are sown upon this mountain
a graveyard I leave as my legacy

Kathup Tsering

Train's Window

I sit silently and gaze out the window of this slow-moving train
I catch my breath, as my eyes land upon the angry, Indian Ocean

Memories bring storms rushing towns, wicked winds stealing homes
Children swallowed in your churning, for you can muster no mercy

My mind recalls trees weeping for death, as relentless rains fell
Washing away precious life and love, as the earth was transformed

Destruction and devastation surrounds both you and me, dear ocean
No peace nor safety exists to bring the welcome site of a sailing ship

History books hide the truth of your fury toward the people of this land
For your cruel waves have claimed many lives under this now blue sky

Through the train's window, I see the Hell caused by your anger
But, alas, I see also your vast, endless gift and timeless beauty

Kathup Tsering

Tsampa

Tsampa's sweet aroma
Awakens nourishment's longing

Its taste brings renewal
As its sacred energy flows through my bones

In quiet of night I wearily rest
I rise replenished and welcome the new morn

Kathup Tsering

Tweed-Jacket I

With memories fresh in my thoughts
I think about my Mountain home
the corners of my mouth begin to quiver
my smile
dims

My mother, strong and insightful
represented the thread of time
She left the earth swiftly
moving through the needle
of life

Her forehead wrinkles could not be seen
her beauty was as beautiful
as fine woven woolen tweed
looking at her made me feel warm
inside my heart

I somehow knew
the cold winds
were blowing through

Now in Contemplation I tend the Yaks
they graze for awhile and scatter about
my tattered tweed woolen jacket keeps me warm
as I listen to the Nomad songs gracing the air
nourished I am, by these
Tibetan plains

Kathup Tsering

Tweed-Jacket II

As I roam with the moon overhead
I come to my black tent standing in the tent camp
I enter and restlessly try to sleep
the moons light keeps me company
from behind a soft haze

I am reminded of my mother
as I hear the blowing of the Yak-horn
the misery she suffered comes swiftly to my thoughts
herdsmen graze their Yak on the Plateau
unconcerned under the cover of this night sky

A shooting star, protecting, brilliant
is a sign my mothers love surrounds me
And the uncertainty of life is just a passage
I feel the presence of my home
as I wrap myself in my warm tweed jacket

Oh, grieve not
life passes through winters mind
and an unfolding smile takes form upon my face
as the sweet grassland grows under my feet
I gather the scattered Yaks

ready to return home

Kathup Tsering

Tweed-Jacket Iii

A warm tweed jacket, made in Tibet
A treasure made by my fathers skinny hands
A man of love, courage, and brave heart.

My father passed unexpectedly in glory
In our desolate region of snow and I morn
'O thou, that art my light, my life, my way '.

As riders of the dawn, the nomads
In search of the free horseman
Beneath tweed jacket hope spreads.

Like the self-luminous star, or the reflective sun lights
On the starred sky, and immortal mind-
Father's life glories in twilight's delights.

Kathup Tsering

When I Am Nothing...

When I am nothing ...

Under the sun, over my shadow I walk,
You may think, it's easier,
in reality,
Everything is easier,
if you're familiarity.

In the night, I search for my shadow
You may wonder, it's harder,
in fact,
Everything is harder,
if you don't act.

When I am nothing
To do,
And something
I wish to do.

Kathup Tsering

Winds Of Change

Lifting my spirit above snow-mountain
My dreams are embraced in clouds of love

Time moves swiftly with the speed of wind
Swirling memories dissipate into dust

Renewed now by the winds of change
Like leaves of autumn, my pain crumbles

Kathup Tsering

You Know, I Walk

Every Friday morning,
I walk along the unknown streets
the dense miasma drapes my vision
Trees silently stand beside me
I have not seen a single shadow
of person, of life. I walk and walk
Suddenly, the lights of car
fire at me on the crossroad,
A red lamp ceases my footsteps,
and inhale the fresh carbonic air deeply,
death will come near to me.
You know, I walk behind you, every morning
with a fresh mind, in a fragile body
And walk for life, searching miserable path!
The moist of airs play on my face with crinkle lines
You know, I walk and walk
And find not a short-lived road

Kathup Tsering