

Poetry Series

**Kawa Karpo**  
**- poems -**

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## Kawa Karpo()

I was born in the world most beautiful place called Tibet, I started writing from at age of fifteen, later some of my poems had got poetry prizes in Tibet, recently I started to write poems in chinese language, therefore my chinese poems are appeared in chinese magazines in china and Tibet, lastly I hope that my works'll enjoy the readers of all over the s.

# A Dead Man

I see a dead man  
Under a flat sorrow of shell  
Sometimes it replaced sunny days  
I attempt to raid on coming danger  
A danger of egoism and its white wings  
Let white wings bury me under soil  
I see a dead man  
Whose past are black as me  
Whose future are white as you  
Whose without siblings are as nothing  
I really see a dead man  
On my forehead and nose  
On earth and under it

Kawa Karpo

# A Gray Memory

From my heart I could sing a song  
Those broken glass of seedless eyes  
Who can't see your blind faith towards us  
Some watchmen are climbing their souls  
And next to me was an old man of flame

Kawa Karpo

# A Philosophy

I saw the sun  
Through that sun  
I saw a river of blood

I saw the moon  
Through that moon  
I saw a fire of bone

Later I thought  
Those are war of yesterday  
War of history in thee home  
But that is nothing to us  
Nothing to present

Kawa Karpo

# A Song Of Cloudy Sky

I can wonder around the eternal world  
Despite my brother sun's gown had lost  
My silver eyes were opening to gate of wind  
My golden hands were burning into a storm  
Natural and animals were entwined by rings

Kawa Karpo

## A Theme

I need no safety, I'm an angle who totally preoccupied of that song of heaven  
and hell,  
I do not possibly captured the second thought of next generation of pioneer and  
every detail purpose,  
Then I will carry a basket of unwillingness with pacing toward the limitless  
suspicious,  
I do not rob that wealth of those humble poets and interfere with their all interior  
jobs,  
I do not bear that sorrow of word by myself in this night in any condition of  
beauty and ugliness.

Kawa Karpo

# An Exotic Song

I will change everything  
Except illusion  
Many years of world is  
Been like this  
With some permanent stones  
Along shadow of sun  
Valley in my peaceful mind  
Is soundless as passing cloud  
Then the some minor words  
Would be voice of coexistence

Kawa Karpo

# An Old Wall

The light of torch  
Rode on the sea tide  
Only the winter of an old wall

Is not bare emotion to thou  
Soil and land are masterpieces  
for three days'unbalanced nights

Kawa Karpo

# Betray

That year public strongly against wisdom  
They against for wisdom's capability

Two prime causes that betrayed wisdom

Wisdom lighten darkness  
Wisdom opened mind gate

Kawa Karpo

# Birds

Caged birds  
Uncaged birds

Who are your early owners?  
Am I a faked guest of this season?

Caged birds  
Uncaged birds

Are we waiting for a man of wisdom?  
Though wisdom is already used by fools

Kawa Karpo

# Blaze

I saw thee weep  
I saw thee laugh

Come over that well of my heart  
Come over that days of past

I saw thee at a living world  
I saw you in sunshine  
But it leaves a glow behind

Kawa Karpo

# Buddhist Verse

## Buddhist Verse

Throw your evil spirit & dark soul from cave of body  
Free them from dangerous river of three poisons  
These of our karma is brought from previous life

There are many sprits who wandering on lower realms  
Take them to the land of liberation as your father & mother  
It makes no sense if we wasted precocious body of this life

When we accumulated black karma with guilty people  
No Buddha could save us because karma is yours  
Our soul is Buddha & our soul is evil in same body

It would lead you to heaven as it would to hell  
Where compassion there is flower of peace & happiness  
Wisdom & compassion is two eyes of great Buddha's teaching

We had long been this Samsara for suffered unbearable pain  
Wish ingnorance let us awakened from blindness

Of all hindrances & obstacles of front & back of us  
Way of sunlight will waiting us & show ing us enlightenment

Kawa Karpo

# Declaration

My body is made by iron  
The iron has its own characters  
sky is like a marble umbrella  
Under that umbrella  
I sought an orchard  
In the orchard  
I've considerable friends  
My hair is made by silver  
No one can destroy silver hair  
I have no other possessions but you  
Shrine knowledgeable brain  
You held the flag of past stories  
My pen is slothful Hammer  
I write through tunnel of paper  
Until I lost in a pristine land

Kawa Karpo

# Definition

Where is tomorrow?

A sense of aloofness that never reached,  
It' ll be true as ancient logic,  
Furtive imagination.

How it'll work?

A word has been decorated on the desk of sentences,  
Never ever destroyed by someone,  
Will be published as a golden book.

Can this be true?

Yes, wrong's feet dangling in the paper of water,  
Not disdaining for appearance  
Of anyone,  
Anyone, anyone.

Kawa Karpo

# Dike

See, volcano is bleeding  
Bleeding as pasture bleeding its eyes of silver  
Don't you know?  
Above sky would live as veins live in your body

I will count a single hour in order to receive rain  
Rain of light, rain of white haze, rain of naked pain  
Around me were echoing monotone empty sounds

Shall we be more dumb and colorless hearted  
Than volcano is now and before  
Not assailing  
By any daring and hardihood  
But volcano, did you burn variegated skin of  
Unmeasurable land and its rain drenched hair?  
Weary sentences are not powerful beside you  
I shall not care what you behold in vast  
Country that covered by greedy name of volcano

Kawa Karpo

# Directions

I rode on a hideous wind  
It blows and blows

South is open as free of summer  
North is close as ice of winter  
West is controlled in future's tune

But east is only who speaks  
To his own way in front  
As I rode on a hideous wind  
But it stops on  
The way I gone

Kawa Karpo

# Eagles

The eagles have a pair of wings  
One is use for to see the sun  
Other is use for to cover the sun

Though sun has no eyes to see  
And no body to cover

Kawa Karpo

# Epitome

When they see my sore arm  
When they see my almond eyes  
Winter's birds undid my sigh way  
Song that dies in dusky night  
Times are as lighter as winds  
Those girls who never know  
All the loves of day and night  
Creations can be belong to creator

Kawa Karpo

# Eyes

My eyes are like those birds  
Those birds that fly to its nest  
Same as my eyes are partitions  
Partitions of dust and wind  
Dust and wind have no wings  
Just as a halcyon sea  
A halcyon sea, from times unseen  
My shadow call me, as your eyes did  
From far away of season's farewell  
Too deep of evening is flowing  
Flowing toward haunch of my eyes  
Immortelle of my eyes

Kawa Karpo

# Flower

1

Hold this flower  
No pain in deep of it  
During spring  
I come back with wind  
As you know before

2

Hold this flower  
Spirit frozen in day's conch  
And your way to the dark  
I myself washed flower  
Of future's rib and liver

Kawa Karpo

# For Kyichu

1

The river flowed down from my side  
The river flowed down from my side as water drops of ancient  
We were raised by water drops and now all're adult

2

Today I stood by river for finding old memories  
That memories taught us many things we ever have

Note: Kyichu river is flowing near Lhasa city in Tibet

Kawa Karpo

# For Mother

Mother, I' m mere a sound  
Echoing in your heart for  
This very moment

Mother, only my  
Lonesome is as free as leaves  
Of sky in your loves

Mother, through all nights  
I'm sleeping as I could  
Which not enough for me

But, that's my power  
Strong than anything in my world

Kawa Karpo

# Grass

I love grass, I love grass that grows in water  
As many un-brith children's grass on water  
By water burns its body of fire and soil  
Whole world's winter that seeks beauty of dew  
In order to bring grass of grass to the orchard  
So a dead man and woman are dancing by and  
Your less and more of grass is bright as before

Kawa Karpo

# Have To Dig

In front, there is a pool  
A pool of language and riddle  
Seeing, waters are coming out from pool  
Many can't recognized thee  
Thus, thee only become a golden sun  
As everybody has been tossing at corner

Kawa Karpo

# History

I dreamed that I'm on a boat of history  
I dreamed that history is in his lost love  
Just as tiny golden box is hanging on summer's wind

I dreamed that a man called back bone came  
And took all shades of history  
Which we all sitting under it  
During time of war and without peace

I dreamed a withered farm of present  
It leads me to the mirror

And shows me direction of future days

Kawa Karpo

# I Can Play

Dear Buddha, I can play beams of light  
I can play echoing green tree, and cup  
I can play my races, the golden races

I can play axe and spade, and bury down  
The thinker's formidable thought

I can play beneath night's shade  
All the merry years are winged

I can play the times of innocence  
My pilgrims are coming toward me  
I can play what I got in this night

I can play god's eyes and their holy feet  
I can play lantern of truth in war time

Kawa Karpo

# I Continue My Dying

I continue my dying when I'm in a paper  
In this paper I change to be a sailor  
I dream of paper as an ocean of life  
Of nobody's ever destiny

I close the tiny eyes of world  
Of eyes of sufferings belongs three realms  
Within boundless of sky and ocean  
I would be a capital of myself  
I would be a god of myself

I continue my dying  
Until it reach to the top of suffering  
Or truth of path

Kawa Karpo

# I Plant A Tree

I plant a tree, in the spring carefully  
But I am not sure that what will come in fall  
then, seed told me that as your wish  
I will come, gold chains

Yesterday, gold chain came in my dream  
By seeing, it change into a dilapidated river  
And flow towards my embellished home and lonely heart

In the fall, was I caring for birds' song?  
Was I listening to still of sky?  
I know, I' m not, I' m really not

Planting is not very hard, but result  
God is powerless, but by tradition, we worshiped

Kawa Karpo

# Image Of Masks

1

When night had came, a sad lover's face is image of her own, that she never known before, all pressure of writing is blowing by a powerless thoughts, as a cap of tea on the lips of women, as a winter of stranger's land suffering agony of future, wrongly we can destroy the law of hell, but we can't destroy the world, except Buddha's mightiest poetry of this world, you workshop your religion in everyday, you workshop your dad and mom, yet you workshop yourself, because you're making a shorter space between you and me.

2

I asked Buddha, where is my fragment of image? Now I know that I'm a foam of image before the forming of world, due to my unaware of singing days, wordless words had scattered everywhere in the land of snow, please, lend me a torch of this century? I'll outdare the battle of life and its all sun like victory, many built temple of pain in your heart of center park, I walked upon your place in the deep and shallow festival of all god's days.

(To be continued)

Kawa Karpo

# Influence

Near me  
Flowers are blossoming  
Day by day

On my face  
Blossoming those flowers  
Though my face is not trees

Kawa Karpo

# March

When I have nothing say the wings  
Of season will stop talking

March is coming, his ear is hidden  
With unreasonable way

From distant, a song is flowing as stream  
The farmers are dancing with its coming gain  
Names of, whole things are nothing  
As nothing itself

Kawa Karpo

# Mistakes

They came to count my mistakes  
They think many times about my whole paces of life  
But they' re shadows, they only appear under sun  
People named them as incapability  
Incapability did capable works under sun shine  
So, can I name them as people did before?

Kawa Karpo

# Mystery Of Sky And Land

1  
Above me, I can see the sky, where all my birds have silver wings, golden wings,  
silver wings are gift of sky, golden wings are gift of land.

2  
Whose creation are the sky and land? But my powerful mind is much stronger  
than the creation of sky and land

3  
Do not write a letter mother on the your skin like paper,  
Because sky is what your mother gave you before you born in this colorless  
world.

4  
Your smiles are like stars of sky in the autumn night, the land is kneeling down  
on the words of my poetry like bone.

5  
I am not doubtful with the long distance of religion and science logic, all're  
mingled down as sand and water

6  
I keep silence for a moment, a moment that merely decreasing the spirit that  
grow in land of Lord Buddha's early dreams

7  
Flowers can only faced to the eastern sun, and rivers are running down to the  
ocean of human's bone and blood

8  
Who heard the voice of an enteral Angle? Who killed the unbearable pain of you  
and me had deserved? Who? Who?

9  
Every single day had been washed up by the mightiest sun, who is said to be  
only child of sky and land

10  
The hunter of night was coming toward us like the wizard of ancient days of

Greek, idle music of old chapter is closing its  
door for moment.

11

When beauty grows like dimple on girls' lovely face,  
How shall I go through deep of your harvest days?

Kawa Karpo

# Nameless

I am song, I will sing to the religion  
I will sing to the meaning of it  
I hate, I am hated, it is mine  
Now at last I can die

I am slept with cloud and with fire  
I have heart-iron and laughing to give  
I can sit on the wind and grass  
Now at last I can die

Kawa Karpo

# Neglected Face

Let disaster buried among legends  
Let only legends deceive fragile history  
But let memories leave himself as before

Let truth come and divided to universal eyes  
Let intoxicated eyes prove thought of wise thinkers

Let impregnable thought of thinkers remained hesitation  
Let they obey instantly, do not permit insubordination

Let democracy and his women smile on the ashamed flag of century  
Let thorn be democracy on his own face

Kawa Karpo

# Once A Light On My Head

Father, you are so fool  
That I can't see the horizon of  
Your last step that I wanna hear  
I am a poor child in your last dream  
The world is becoming more strange  
To me and flower of water  
To me and iron of sandy place

Father, I can hardly exist on lily trees  
And pretend to be an innocent bird

Kawa Karpo

# Quench

In the autumn night  
The stars are face to face  
The pale grass are against to against  
But prince's flowers are not dying  
I am merely a grandson of silence  
I kept this for a disheartened century  
Century which has been used all his energy  
But left some worthless silver eyes of those poor ones

Kawa Karpo

## Restless Words

I had nothing to cover your pit eyes  
I had nothing to pierce your fire skeleton  
Let me go, where all are in deep sleep  
Let me go, where blinds can see themselves in dark  
Where more and more sisters are growing  
And happiness stopped in front

Kawa Karpo

# Roots

You give me a ragged clothing  
You give me a dark chapter  
You give me a dreadful custom  
You give me a seasonal fruit  
You give me an invisible settlement  
You give me an organ of religion  
You give me a life mode of farmer  
You give me a radical rule of demon  
You give me a poor's dispensation  
You give me a beautiful behavior of sweeper  
You give me a shoulder of future's poetry  
You give me a poor bed and light of sage  
You give me a cemetery within you and me

Kawa Karpo

# Samsaric Song

Can we obtain the fruits of this & next life?

Can we possibly cross the river of delusion?

We have continuously momentary pleasures that

Deceitfully lead our lucid mind & same as binding nooses.

This sensual world is full of temptation as ocean of nector

Death is certain, we blindly opposing each other

Sun like Buddha instructed us but way will never come

And blissed us as moon rays threw at the topmost hill

of innocent heart.

Sand of words are blown by cool breeze of poetry

Due to scriptures of Buddhism, whose heart was perfectly clear.

That spiritual power beautified the rainbow

of upper sky with whole sentient beings & its remainders

You must dry it up if the sun of wisdom & ignorance

Are placed at the same stage with his dharma.

Abandon all the bodily conduct of visible place

It will pierce your wrongdoing by knife of loving Buddha.

Kawa Karpo

# Secret

The dust and evening glow are your finger  
A moment where I am sitting on baby's skin  
And I could write Tibetan letters to you  
You and your only single face of blue roof

Kawa Karpo

# Settling

Cloud, sky, bird and emptiness  
They're, going either way under blueness of sky

Avoiding matter of fact  
Those are sense of something never happened

Into the sea of my modest heart and soul  
Many broken words had lined up near their literary stage

Kawa Karpo

# Simple

You are as simple as snow  
When stream drink your blood  
Above sky was wide opened to you  
But you do not know the fact  
I carry a wooden box of poetry  
Lastly it drowned into your ocean  
Just like you never seen in dreams  
Wine like year was buried too deep  
Changing town will wait a long sleep  
Under lovely apple tree  
It happened before a thousand years ago

Kawa Karpo

# Snowy Words

The shadow seem to grow in master's every step  
I stumbled through the darkness, surrounded by swastika  
What keeps me thinking day by day  
All the my unique is changing in the end of this season  
I cut the rope of love and its pitch on road  
I though things were looking up, but now dark attacks  
I was trapped alone in the house of tales  
All tales were told by local demons  
Strangers sit here at this stone  
Wishing people could bring him golden home  
Then my eyes once again become license of snowy words

Kawa Karpo

# Summer Song

It reminds me full and all  
It makes me laughing sun of summer  
It opens the gate in skinny soul

Sometimes, it appears and then disappears  
Over dim light of my bare past

It's not temptation of women  
It's not profound philosophy of Buddhism

Somehow, neither misery nor joy  
It seething on the lake of midsummer

Kawa Karpo

# Symbols

I stood that night with a lonely mouth  
And the night's sun was red as my soul  
And a few men are digging their eyes in hole  
The hole is your god's face and air of word  
In that night many riddles of years are burned  
By wings of sky and trees of water  
And a pen sowed good seed in his field  
Someone went his way by suffering in night  
Both seed and night grow together with harvest  
But night told me that seed was lately gone  
I shall be burning this with a sigh  
I shall be weeping this with a sigh

Kawa Karpo

# Systems

Oh mother of mine and others  
Your compassion is pure as naked ice  
Splendid sun, unlucky flame and burned water  
Where ocean is calling your name in faraway

All the poor people of world  
All the weak people of world  
Your spirit is so high in the sky  
Your heart is so deep as Buddha

The mother of mine and others  
Like perfect and discordant years of Tibet  
Unhappiness and misery  
Returning and coming  
All the days might unfold everywhere

Kawa Karpo

# The Book That I Have

The book that I have  
Is miracle as southern ocean?  
In the day time it will be  
It will be the book that I have  
Nobody's issue in present

The book that I have  
Is your love and yours what?  
It's rather small as tiny particles

The book that in your dream  
The book that in my dream  
Alive in endless golden years

Kawa Karpo

# Thoughtless Ground

She is drawing me at this obscure night  
Because I have not been petrified  
The destiny and my will could be bewitched me  
If I married you immediately in unseen day  
Those grass for cows are for heart's mire  
Lest heaven and sky would be same sense  
Will this dim light for whole night as I deserved  
Like a stone bled inwardly on thoughtless ground

Kawa Karpo

# Time Is Unpredictable

Former time of civilization  
Who recounts whose wings?

Who hunts whose pride?  
Throw yourself into file's embrace

Immortal time is ever seen  
Both in youth and aged time

Who greatly stop the wheel of time?  
Assortment, tremor, empathy  
Closed by imaginary thought

Kawa Karpo

# To Sara Teasdale

You open the deepest morning of day  
Which redder than Tibetan gril's cheek  
On the stone, carved some poems  
And a volume of dust is playing  
passionately on the summer's shoulder

Kawa Karpo

# Volition

It is first moment of  
When snow is falling down on  
The highest hill on hands of window

It is first moment of  
When rain is beating against  
The window of stranger's nose

Kawa Karpo

# Walking On Road By Alone

Road is going under feet  
Feet are out of work from now

I can see the Sera Monastery  
By sight of retreat

Though I'm blind as dark

Where cold winds are rising  
And hottest sky is lying down

Kawa Karpo

# Wane

I lay down on sleepless mat  
The night on the head is lazy one  
Once I woke up

Nothing could I see and heard  
There are no longer rooms for  
All bitterness to cry

Kawa Karpo

# Waves On Thong

Thoughts are, pouring into river waves  
Around it, dead body of sea  
Is crying as her birth day in deep rhythm  
Of life journey

Those weak thoughts  
Those broken imaginations

Kawa Karpo

# Weapon

You rolled down some tears of weapon  
On river of peace and war  
Time is skirting in present days  
Are there some other days?  
Are there some other nights?  
For all disturbed things are passed  
We can watch the last sky of world  
Last land of catastrophe carelessly  
Those are resemblance  
But who the coming man of forbearance?  
Impenetrable, possible or what else?

Kawa Karpo

# What For?

Who bade good bye?  
Not torment!protest!raving talk !

Wasn't it hallucination?

Bloody beautiful, what for?  
Valuable things're everywhere  
Shone a light into rives of thought  
Warning bells rang in air of silly house

Laughter leaped and exposed the cloud  
Not stab of pain in my heart  
Flinging the pain out from torrent of history

Uppish view point aroused by first  
Morning, someone remained helpless

Kawa Karpo

# When I Am Growing Older

When I am growing older  
My loneliness sit on a lonely stone  
A stone of Tibet  
Like many old poets  
Who stayed in a cotton house  
And endlessly working their jobs  
Jobs that put them into nice man

When I am growing older  
My books and pens grow into flowers  
My white hairs and tooth are disappear into sky

Kawa Karpo

# Wind

The wind is blowing from spring's nest  
Beneath the spring's nest who saw true love  
Of many petals fall on the world's wall  
Our night filled with night itself and pride  
Should we destroy the path of empty lake  
Should we break down the summer's ankle  
I go to far away in the portion of sunset  
And for sharing the sufferings of your step

Kawa Karpo

# World Peace

Dear Buddha, let my laugh be laugh  
Let my cry be cry  
I can only save my outer body  
In the murky place that I doomed

Dear Buddha, let my soul be soul  
Let my heart be heart  
I can gave religion to religion  
And let entire world into a dream  
That dream called world peace

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