

Poetry Series

ngawa tenpa
- poems -

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A New Tibetan Year

Another colorless day has passed in pain
Another sleepless night has faded in vain
Another cold season has yielded no fruit
Another silent prayer has got no answer
Another soaking tear has dropped dry
Another forlorn hope has drowned in temptation
Another deep wrinkle has broken across my forehead
And another new Tibetan year has come to my door

A new year with no celebration
But fear and anxiety!

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Behind The Bars

In a gloomy hell out of human architecture,
Not dead but put to death,
Chained to the thickness of bones
Life is miser than death,
Behind the bars.

Born to bear no pain,
But awarded darkness day and night
Confined to nowhere,
But a simple cave
Behind the bars.

Blessed with flexible tongue,
But dried against the upper gum
Rewarded with two bright eyes,
But sealed to the darkness, and
Made the meaning of freedom clear
Behind the bars.

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Heavy Tears Of My Soul

Upon seeing my virgin grassland

My heart promptly cried in joy,

Like a thirsty wanderer in the desert,

Upon seeing a running stream.

Through thick and thin,

She kept on flowing

But who knows the secret of, and

Grief of the Yellow River?

Under the sky of black clouds,

Tough and sting are my fellows

Not watered and blessed with education

But pretend to be the best yet.

Intensely it pains my heart,

And squeezed my soul into tears

But, however, i will leave no stone unturned

To heal my sick home.

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Life Is Unpredictable, But Stop Not Breathing

When the sky above you is grey

The earth beneath your feet unsteady

And there before you no direction

Stop not marching forward.

When friend turns into foe

Fact into fake

Freedom into fear

And peace into pain

Stop not keeping your head high.

When the time is short

The road long

And the loss large

Stop not digging up your memories.

When the night is lonely

The day annoying

And life unpredictable

Stop not breathing.

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My Dad..... ... A Guiding Star!

From the day i was born,

He raised me as a rose

Watered me with his sweats

And fenced me with his arms.

With his trembling hands

Counted my age on his fingers,

Wishing me to be bloomed soon,

Into a fruitful youth.

Absolutely not the best,

But faced the worst

To light my world

And lead me forward.

He worked beyond endurance

In sweat and blood,

Wrinkled his face earlier,

But who reads them..?

Dark at night he prayed

Early in the morning he toiled

From dawn to dusk,

Never he stopped for a rest.

Like the nectar from a divine,

He sucked my noses,

Licked my dirt

And watched me growing.

He argued the passing wind

From disturbing my sleep

And spoke to the silence

Of my tear and smile.

It took him for years,

To smooth my path

And purify my mind,

My dad..... .. a guiding star!

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What Is Life?

I feel freshed and light,

Peaceful and at ease

In the morning sunshine

And think life is beautiful.

I feel disturbed and burdened,

Hurt and at risk

In the face of different faces

And feel life is harmful.

I feel light and alive

When the day is dear

To the people around

And think life is all up.

I fear and need some peace

When the day is dark

To me only in this corner

And i never know what life really is.

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You

You

A virgin song of spring
That my heart longs to sing loud.

You

A living painting
That my eyes long to watch open.

You

A singing brook
That my soul longs to drink all.

You

An open door of heaven
Only through you can I enter heaven.

You

A solitary temple
Only where can I worship God.

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