

Poetry Series

Menlam Samdrup
- poems -

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Menlam Samdrup(15/03/91)

Atsara (The Divine Clown)

I don't know you're so crazy!
You're humility buries your divinity,
And the hilarity kills your humility,
I don't know, you're so crazy!

With funky rags,
And the hilarious acts,
Drives a colony to heavy crackles,
I don't know you're so crazy!

Hilly nose like a picked cherry,
Teeth like a chestnut,
Grin so cheeky,
And the waves so cheesy,
bakes you a Cheer leader,
I don't know you're so crazy! ! !

Menlam Samdrup

The Heavenly Drizzles

It's amazing to be under the heavenly drizzles,
With a cool breeze and a soothing lullaby,
Cometh the direly awaited drops,
To bite every dust into pearls.

With thee innate cooling agent,
Devours the profound rays of rest,
And quenches the dwelling souls,
It's amazing to be under the heavenly drizzles.

If thee had those rapid flicks,
Thou would pick a chance,
To hold thee and romance in dripping rhythms,
It's amazing to be under the heavenly drizzles.

Courtesy: Menlam Samdrup

Menlam Samdrup

'The Precious One'

Hail! The divine Lord,
Thine heavenly grace glitters the universe,
And the flawless teaching binds the seekers under a umbrella of truth.
Hail! The omniscient being,
With innate wisdom like peak,
Speech velvety like nectar,
Heals the tangled souls in varied realms, And carries abyss to a perfect bliss.
Hail! the Supreme practitioner,
Glory and truth lies in thee,
With tremendous love for all,
Bestows blessings beyond sky,
Sheds joy like rainbow,
And forgives the defiled like me.
Words can't surpass thine divinity,
The wrecking pains can't reap thine nobility,
Nor the bravery outweigh thine intensity, But the honour lies in thee,
To hold us in luminous bosom,
And show the path less travelled.
Pardon the defiled me,
If stoned a disgrace upon a saint,
Through this feathery piece,
But I yearn from the bone,
May it become the cause of joy.

Menlam Samdrup