

Poetry Series

sambhota wangpo
- poems -

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sambhota wangpo(2/2/2013)

A Maiden On The Owl-Like Goggles

A maiden on the owl-like goggles
Yesterday night really saw I.
Hanging with horn-rimmed goggles
Behind which were charming eyes;
In the shape of an almond
She lived so distance far.

Her fringe almost grouped at left
Only the few for her right side
Otherwise lay behind her head
Like a feather of Varna peacock.
Brunette hair foiled by yellow golden
Beams under those evening lights

Five inches as she was in measured.
Slim enough in the eyes of mine.
Light-blue shirt above her curvy waist
Light-grey trousers on her fancy legs
Carved she was in the beautiful way.

What was she whispering, I couldn't hear.
To whom she was looking, I didn't know.
Her broad smile with elegant dimples;
Only stared I through the bashful ways
Her lips like a rose of Varna garden
Still bright under the evening sun beam

It might be her soul so beautiful
Like a lotus on the dirtiest pond.
It might be she dwells in the peace
That seeks I for the thousand years.
It might be she has a pool of truth
That eager I to swim my whole life

Oh! A maiden on the owl-like goggles
Was a state of jealous for the goddess
Was an informative web for my Google
Had searched my heart never had before.
I might have heard her name

From the voice of my friends

Long after she was not there at my sight
Perchance she had found the night so bore
Though the beautiful memory fades away
Yet it still keeps me along the way.....

sambhota wangpo

Buddhism

Folded our hands on the chest
Shut-down our eyes from the depth.
Chanting our mouth like a parrot
Is not a way of Buddhism.

Give our things by a heavy hope
Help those poor for a hope of return.
Harm others through even a small way
Is not a practice of Buddhism.

Nihilistic mind on the things of samsara
Real existence mind on the things of samsara
Whirling on the things of immortal
Is not a habit of Buddhism.

Everything is a sense of emptiness
Existence on the way of interdepending
Anything is named by our introspection
Is the truth explained by Buddhism.

None a prophecy on when we die
Foretell the so far, an unpredictable
If tomorrow comes or goes, we lack
No one knows is a real Buddhism.

After our deeds that we did
We transform to another lust-body
We whirl through this way ever
Is the wisdom of great Buddhism.

Drive our car of bad deeds
Towards the direction of nirvana
Step forwards the direction of kindness
Is the essence of true Buddhism.
Buddhism is an analysis.
Buddhism is a juxtaposing.
Buddhism is a realistic mind.
Buddhism is a hook, which hook
Us from the deepest ocean of pain....

sambhota wangpo

I Am.....

Wangpo is my name,
I am nothing changed, always the same.
I like to play guitar
I like to wear loose sweater.
Nobody doesn` t do what I do
But I do is real and true.
Yet the belief must be yours.
I am not good as your parents
But I do not like the tyrants.
I like to talk straight forwards
Not like to go back and backwards.
I like the meek and humble man.
I like the simple and innocent woman.
Who has wee dimples on both sides
I like it from all sights.
I draw the drawings for the pleasure
By knowing it as a treasure.
I like listen to the music from core heart.
Because it disappears my every hurt.
I like to do dance with poems
Because it beautifies my times.
I like to dreaming under the full moon
It gives me such a admirable boon.
Which makes a smiling on my face.
My life is nothing but to and fro
Where i do rest and go.
It is just like a memory which fades away
But it keeps me along the way.
In where I feel always the gay,
Day and Night, Night and Day..

sambhota wangpo

I Visited In Bir.....

When I visited in Bir
I felt first the fear
Like a tiny mouse in a town
Surrounded by some cats of the brown

But uneven buildings beside the road
And also some temples of the god
Vanished my fear as a flash
Like water mix with the ash

People from the street watched me by wondering
When I and few friends were playing the racing
Like a few children on the field of playing
Where the people are watching with gay of blessing.

When I left-from Bir
I shed first the tear
Like a small child from the village
Brought in the school at six age.

sambhota wangpo

Love

I do not have such a sweet words
That she can hear from long distance. But
My spirit always turns towards her moon,
I forget to turn away from her moon beams.
They say, I am a crazy about her
I think it is really a true.
No flower is above my head but she.
If I keep my silence from her,
She looks more beautiful.
If I keep my looking at her,
She looks more than this.
No ideas, what have I to do.
`cause love creates a beautiful palace inside my heart.
I know, the rose is metaphor to her.
Such petal, such fragrances, such a beautiful.
It roots griped my soul.
`Cause love creates a beautiful palace inside my heart.
Her face is the spring season.
A time, there is hope for plants.
Her heart is the summer season,
The cool breeze and its pleasant moving.
My world needs those seasons.
`Cause love creates a beautiful palace inside my heart.
I love her more than I am saying,
I miss her more than I am saying.
I will please her more than my words.
`Cause she is the beholder of my eyes.
Sans of her even forget myself sometimes.
Sans of her my eyes shed rains.
Even a single minute I can `t live.
Sans of her is everything Lose

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The Walker On The Lonely Road....

Sadly, Oh! Sadly

The walker on the lonely road walks.

He is a luggage on the hands of a poor coolie,

He is an ant on the road of an extreme lonely.

He is a tear that flows from eyes of a mother.

He is a lonely that walks alone towards the further.

But he never makes a judgement

Swiftly walks without any comment.

Pleasantly, Oh! Pleasantly

The walker on the lonely road walks.

He is a smile on the face of a beautiful girl.

He is a love that shines on the fancy pearl.

He sings smoothly with the lively wind.

He is a whistle that whistled by wind.

But he remembers the tears he owns

That falls from the eyes for aeons.

Oh! Sadly, Oh! Pleasantly

The walker on the lonely road walks.....

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