

Poetry Series

**Dechen Doma Sherpa**  
**- poems -**



PoemHunter.com

**Publication Date:**  
2025

**Publisher:**  
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Dechen Doma Sherpa(2nd july 1987)



PoemHunter.com

# Soul Speech

I am a woman of Contradictions.  
Yes. I am a woman.  
It is no shame to admit my wants and needs.  
I may say I am Happy, as I am.  
That doesn't invalidate my Pain.

I am Alive.  
I don't need Divinity to know my Soul.  
Why do I have to be the One? Can't I just Exist as I want?  
I am a Human full of Imagination.

Dechen Doma Sherpa



PoemHunter.com

# Confessions

I need to write, to Confess, to Witness.

Dechen Doma Sherpa



PoemHunter.com

# Names And Games

U gave me a name, a fake one I know  
But in your eyes I saw something you wanted to hide,  
So I let it go.  
I let it go and some more, a name and all it entails.

With every new name you gave me I nodded and smiled.  
Names and secrets didn't bothered me, for I loved a man, not who he is meant  
to be.  
Years went by, and U still had more names and games for me,  
I played along and some more.

Now that it is all over, I wonder what should I call you? My stranger lover is what  
I named you.

Dechen Doma Sherpa



PoemHunter.com

# Whisper

I stutter and can not remember my name.  
Its been long since I heard my coarse voice.  
My soul dreads the echo of my heart,  
Its rhythmic thumping makes sure I remain deaf.  
I try to speak but words betray me,  
'I am Fine' is all I can whisper to queries.  
I hide behind books and music  
Polite conversations rips my soul apart.

I smile to avoid, I nod to reassure, I breath to exist and write to confess.  
Walking on eggshells I ignore this loathing silence.  
Deaf and mute I wander in this maze of daunting dominos.  
If I am gone before the next dawn you witness, I shall leave a whisper behind,  
listen to me and answer me, a whisper is all I beg.

Dechen Doma Sherpa



PoemHunter.com

# Confession Of A Living Dead

The dry pyre of my body burns my soul within,  
My shadow stalks the haunted mansion of bloody cage.  
I shut the doors and windows of my enslaved freedom,  
Saved from the mockingbird, my flight is enchained to the silence.

Smile and greet, a zombie dazed in ecstasy,  
I walk aboard, alive, barely existing.  
A post here, a like there, a share, a tweet to remind I exist.  
A pic that hides a thousand bruises, a show to run a million mazes.

This is my Will and Testament, final and the first,  
There was a soul traded for silence,  
A silence bought with freedom at midnight.  
And the dry pyre of my prison burns my light within.

Dechen Doma Sherpa



PoemHunter.com

# I Do Love You

If I say I love You, will you pity my yearning soul?  
Look whats beyond my trembling lips and see my beating heart?  
I wonder if you find me silly with hormones of hasty hungry heat.  
Or laugh at my adoration of a human god admonishing my hopeless farce?

If I say I love You, will you hold me close and say You Love me too?  
Give me the honor to call you mine, to share your silences and dreams?  
I know not what love is, but give me a chance to learn it with you.  
I am a soul baring on to you, hoping that You Love me too.

Dechen Doma Sherpa



PoemHunter.com



# Of Joy That Kills

Mamma Maid mulls macrame mundane matters  
Of oafish offsprings, oaths, obesity, obituaries.  
Kindred kindness, kitchen kismet, Kleptomaniac to Kryptonite.  
Tapestried traditions taunting talons tearing tampons.

Sacrilegious saints striking sceptre, sandpaper scalding scented sandalwood.  
Wisdomed warlocks watching witches walloping wilted willows.  
Fabled feudalistic founding faggot fathers feasting femme fatale.  
Quainty queer quakers qualm quietly quenching quintessential questionnaire.

Dechen Doma Sherpa



PoemHunter.com

# Macabre Mosaic Mocking

The painted face with a bruised smile.  
Insidious silence of the screaming eyes.  
God of the Hades fire and the mistress of the frosted Heart  
Cascading passion of the dead men walking abroad.

A soul has NO Sex, a soul with no Shadow.  
Better to evade the rotting stench of humanity.  
Let the shrines of stoned gods be purified with burning pyres.  
Revolting perfumes camouflage the appalling appeal of Cannibalism

The mirage of Heaven or the limbo of drifting Halos.  
The glare of the macabre mosaic mocking the conformist's cockerel colonialism.

Dechen Doma Sherpa



PoemHunter.com

# World Apart

Two celestial bodies burning in the same flame  
Of eternal passion and fierce chase of love  
The lovers tested of their chastity  
Separated till the end of time, by some devious doing of destiny.

Worlds apart they shine with the heavenly blaze  
Worshiped and feared to rule the ignorant slaves  
Day and night made of their longings  
One consumed by the zeal of yearning, the other radiant from the heat of her  
paramour.

The ageless agony of alienation has united them in soul  
The distance their foe have immortalized their liaison  
What was meant to be a sorrowful sad tale of love  
Has been transformed into an exciting unending courtship, till they rendezvous  
again when the time stops.



PoemHunter.com

Until then the two celestial bodies continues burning in the same flame...

Dechen Doma Sherpa

# Parched Creek

Trust me he said, 'I'll never break your heart again'.  
Hold me, he whispered, 'I'll never let you cry again'  
Promises and disarming smiles broke my walls of fear again  
He came like a rain and wiped out what was left of my faith.

Fooled twice in this treacherous game called Love  
Not by those swindlers of words but my own incorrigible heart.  
They were travellers and I a mere road side stream  
I gave them my all, and hoped their thirst would quench.

My soul is scarred for life but not by their doing  
For who could blame them, my silly naivety was too tempting  
Lesson learnt and having payed my dues, my soul is left dried to death  
To fill my brook, to save my soul, tears trickle timelessly.

Dechen Doma Sherpa



PoemHunter.com

# Blessed Voyage

The showers of life on the parched land  
The sprout of green life in the Wasteland  
I see the glories of God in the Sun and the Moon  
And His might in the gleam of the firefly.

The darkness of the night is His majestic beauty  
The sweltering sun in summer His beauteous merit  
There are days when i witness His Wondrous Miracles  
And in some, others see in me His bountiful benedictions.

I am but a humble pilgrim, a soul in search for home, a spirit wandering alone

Dechen Doma Sherpa



PoemHunter.com

# Resounding Reminiscence Of A Refugee

Silence of the night brings no peace in my war worn mind  
Home is but fleeting memory in my wakeful dream  
Where i belong from is now mere rubble of human skulls  
My heritage is but a shameful exile of mass exodus.

The land of my Soul is is where my heart resides  
Sheltered and protected i recall the fragrance of my soil  
The hopes of my clans is now but to survive in the alien lands  
But it is in the dreams that we are Alive and returned to our free sky.

Haunting heavenly memories of the land i call my home  
Yearning fearing heart with desire to claim my own  
Scattered fettered souls wandering across my globe  
Its a tale of mine and others, echoes of mortal chronicles.

Dechen Doma Sherpa



PoemHunter.com

# Saintly Sinner

Love me, hate me, curse me, burn me  
I am an outcast, out of choice not shame  
Sing your nauseating lullaby, i'll croon my howling denial  
Your bigoted institutes faze me no more. Hang me, Lynch me.

I am chaos, a rebel, all the three Furies in one  
I am spiteful, cruel, sadistic and vengeful  
Beware of me, I am all that you tried not create in me  
No 'Omnia Vincit Amor' for me, 'Veni Vidi Vici' is who i am.

I traded my veil of shame, for voice of courage  
I fuelled in the warmth of my heart for the inferno of Hades  
I am no more the Virgin Madonna of the Rocks, neither the Saintly Joan of Arc  
I am a Spirit, resilient and god like. I am the Sinner of this Saintly State.

Dechen Doma Sherpa



PoemHunter.com

# Masquerade

Spinning around in the music of silence  
Picked up, polished and made to shine as a china  
Trained to smile with crooked lips and dead eyes  
Dolled up for the benefit of visual pleasure

Dancing with strangers in the beats of the wild  
Scalding on the touch of the musical pyre  
I am the hostess and the slave of the dance  
Welcome to my world, the stage for deceivers.

Dechen Doma Sherpa



PoemHunter.com



# God And Globalisation

God on sale with discount on the pass to Heaven  
For those who can afford buy your seats first class  
Rest fall on line and strike a bargain with a dealer  
Donate lump sum or in instalment to any mushroom franchisee

Dechen Doma Sherpa



PoemHunter.com

# Mirror

Mirror mirror on the wall  
Who is the fairest of them all?  
'The one who smile to a passing stranger  
and shares the joy of life and nature.'

Mirror mirror on the wall  
Who is the loveliest of them all?  
'The one who spares her last penny  
for a balloon on the begging urchin.'

Mirror mirror on the wall  
Who is the kindest of them all?  
'The one who earns for one and feeds many  
inviting neighbour to share when he is struggling.'

Mirror mirror on the wall  
Who is the compassionate of them all?  
'The one who holds a man's dying hand  
Tell him all is forgiven with your broken heart.'

Mirror mirror on the wall  
Who is the prettiest of them all?  
'The one sees the beauty of the heart  
and witness God's beauty in every shade of life.'

Mirror mirror on the wall  
Why do you reflect all but show none?  
'Because i show them what they desire to see  
The answer they seek lie concealed within.'

Dechen Doma Sherpa

# Soul For A Bottle

Empty rooms with his babies crying in fear  
His sickening scent lingering on the stale air  
Torn pictures of him and broken glasses strewn on floor  
The door still open after hours he walked away

She lay there still and tired of cleaning up after him  
No memories to haunt, no dreams to chase just gazing at emptiness  
The children have quieten down and probably cried to sleep  
While she immobile in body and thoughts listens to the silence

Too late for the bed, too early for sunrise she waits for dawn  
Like a ghost rising from the dead body she drags herself up  
Sometimes death is not an option so she drinks her Soul away  
Years and tears in glass after glass till she drinks her soul away

Dechen Doma Sherpa



PoemHunter.com

# Sita Ya Sati

Born as a human, classified on gender  
Given a doll to play and to learn from  
Books to study and samosas for in-law  
Loved in the family but somehow first to be sacrificed

If eldest then rightfully be the breadwinner of the family  
If youngest then silently be the burden till bargain strike  
Out of her walls vicious vultures ready to prey  
Body, mind and even soul torn to pieces and fed to Ravana's.

Dechen Doma Sherpa



PoemHunter.com

# Screaming Silence

The irony of Life is, it is never yours until you sacrifice it  
The noise of the world has made us deaf to heartbeats of humanity  
We run towards lights for in the darkness we see our psyche  
In the screaming silence of the night, we lay awake with hushed hullabaloo in our  
mind

The child begging on the street, a young girl in the prostitute ring  
A friend running in debt, old parents killing time waiting their time  
Too busy or how helpless, not my problem or God help them  
One can turn head and forget, but in the dead of the night the heart beats and  
beats

Dechen Doma Sherpa



PoemHunter.com

# Swing To Swing

Sweet spring swing and young yearning years  
Memories reminded by sudden gust of faint wind chimes  
Those years when foreigners, friends and foes played together  
Lost innocence, insurance and inane discourse of life

Three friends have i lost till then to this world  
One in the race of resit report cards, my first loss  
Second to the broken home's estranged engrossed enrage  
The third to a pyscho's lovelorn lusty lynching

Three beautiful lives culminating in violent ends  
Three angels tortured, neglected and ravaged  
Three noose tempted, manufactured and forced  
Swings of life stole my smile, from swing to swing they flew away

Dechen Doma Sherpa



PoemHunter.com

# The Man Called My Father

My sister pointed a man on the road calling him our father  
She had a faint smile hoping he would turn and smile back  
I saw him walking away in a busy market wearing a suit  
Perhaps a man on business while we stood like a failed investments

I asked my mother about the man called My father  
She weakly smiled and kissed my chubby childhood cheeks  
Years went by and that man often crossed my way, often smiled too  
And i smiled back to the stranger who everyone called my father

We met once a while at his place greeting his new family  
A mandatory yearly visits like paying homage to gods for life living  
The man called my father looking at me with his guilty eyes  
And i smiling at the stranger to the man who called himself my father

Dechen Doma Sherpa



PoemHunter.com

# Cold Desire

I lay awake long after you turned to sleep  
The rumpled sheets and scattered clothes illustrate your love for me  
Your warm touch burned through my body and left my soul cold  
And now in the aftermath i am left alone while Cold desire gnaws my core

Lying next to you all i can see is the faint outline of your back  
I hear you uttering faint gibberish words of sense to me  
Its the only time i understand what you ask of me  
Its the only time you listen to my silent speech

Dechen Doma Sherpa



PoemHunter.com



# Cup Of Tea

I used to play Tea Time when i was much younger  
With dolls and tiny plastic cups and saucers  
What seems like ages ago i had my first cup of tea  
Too much of sugar made it bitter, but i enjoyed it with relish

With time i made my first cup of tea under my mother's watch  
I added measured milk and sugar to make it a perfect sip  
At times the tea leaves were too burnt, or too much diluted milk  
but with each cup of tea i made, i added some of me in it

I served my cup of tea to in-laws, friends and strangers  
A little of me with every sip they took in with a smile  
A cup of tea is my life's work, a drink from Lethe in my cup  
A mistress of this art, to all those who thirst i serve my magic potion

Dechen Doma Sherpa



PoemHunter.com

# Birthmark

With the first cry came a tear of shame  
Before a mother's breast garbage became cradle  
Born alive but for those who mattered was a stillborn  
What would they say of IT neither son nor a daughter

Son is a blessing, daughter half-hearted welcomed  
But a Thing between these two an abhorred creature  
Too loathsome to be embraced, too freakish to be called your own  
Neither to be auctioned like a cultured cow, nor a stallion

No mamma's boy can he be, or a daddy's girl is she called  
No neutral name can It be given, for the surname will cause a scandal  
No relatives or cousins will It deserve as gods desired it so  
In this world of Mr. and Miss, a baby is born neither His or Her's

Dechen Doma Sherpa



PoemHunter.com

# Yearly Visit

Another year is coming to its end,  
Another anniversary for our yearly reunion  
Another week filled with love, vows, plans and teary depart  
Another year testing our faith, loyalty, courage and living apart

Many question about the trust that saves our souls  
Many wonder at our patience that keeps us alive  
Many doubt about our future while we make plans  
Many whisper in good and vice and we just smile

Someday we won't have to take different routes  
Someday we will hold each other and with a kiss seal our union  
Someday we are going to be home your and mine alone  
Someday when the war is over we will have what we are waiting for.

Dechen Doma Sherpa



PoemHunter.com

# What Love Did

I had plans, now i have dreams  
I had smile, now i have joy  
I had a heart, now i have a melody

Its hard to put in words what Love is,  
But what Love can do is truly amazing.

You wake up every morning and know life is Beautiful,  
You shine with the Sun because you know for someone you are that Light,  
You smile at your errors for you know someone does not judge you,  
You do your best at everything for someone believes you are the best that can  
be,  
You know your life is perfect since someone stepped in with his heart.

What Love did is,  
It gave me Dreams that i now have for him  
It gave me Joy at being called his  
It gave me a Melody that now rhymes with his.

Dechen Doma Sherpa

# Twinkle

The starry night twinkles its lights  
And to my sleepless mind gives delights  
I think they are winking at us in good nature  
Inspiring a child's rhyme wondering at its feature

I see sea of twinkles on a distant mount  
And let my imagination go uncount  
To fairies, fables, fortress where treasure lies  
I yawn, satisfied and mesmerised i close my twinkling eyes

Dechen Doma Sherpa



PoemHunter.com

# My Running Shoes

A decade and a half ago i ran away from my home  
Was cornered and brought back home before the birds came home  
All of them asked what went in my head to act so strange?  
But nobody heard my silent heartbreak which made me flee from home

I know now that i wasn't adopted and my sister was only teasing me  
But i do at times imagine what my life would have been  
A decade and a half ago i left my life to begin anew  
Oh i was young and emotional, but i had the guts to venture on my own

A blessed life i have lead with my folks and no regrets  
Yet a part of me yearns for the road i was curbed back from  
Or perhaps its that young passionate, better highway than you way girl  
But i love to share that, a decade and a half ago i ran away from my home.

Dechen Doma Sherpa



PoemHunter.com

# The Man I Killed

He gave me rose one day and a letter to go with it  
He told me he loved me and will do so as long as he shall live  
He held my hand and promised me a ring when the time is right  
I killed that Man, for he gave me more than his words

He took my pains and left me devoid of emotions  
He was always there and i never could wander on my own  
He brought me everything so i never would desire for more  
I killed that Man, for he changed the world for me

My perfect world began to cramp the life in me  
My lover's passion suffocated the dreams in me  
My love for him urged me to free us from this Fairy tale  
So I killed that Man, for I wanted to feel alive again

Dechen Doma Sherpa



PoemHunter.com

# Live Again

The monsoon flooded my childhood memories  
The paper boats, raincoats, muddy cakes and granny's tales  
Sweet oranges, first crushes, undying pacts, papa's trademark hats  
The race through the fields, the climb upon the trees.

Hide and seek and the chor police  
Disney world and barbie dolls.  
Wonder where is my butterfly dress.  
I wish to fly again with fresh smelling earth in the air.

Dechen Doma Sherpa



PoemHunter.com



# Crow's Feet

I looked in the mirror, and i saw a stranger waiting  
She smiled at me like a long lost soul mate greeting  
I saw her eyes, they once held my youthful dreams  
I witnessed her tears, they wet my coarse cheeks

Her gray hairs told the story of my struggles  
Her nose bridge carried the weight of my spectacles  
Her wrinkled face drew the portrait of my existence  
Her lips gently curved and shared my experience

The stranger in the mirror looked so alike me  
In her sweetened sorrows i found the flavour of my life  
I stepped back to see her in full light  
And that's when i found a new deeper insight

Dechen Doma Sherpa



PoemHunter.com

# Shame For What?

Don't tell me why Life is unfair, mine's not yours to live  
Judge me all you want, i simply don't care about it  
All i did was to survive, i see no sin in it  
I had a stomach to feed, charity was too expensive.

Death was not an option, i chose to live  
Selling my body to save my soul its a deal i signed  
M i unclean to sit by you? i wonder who sleeps with me?  
Honour is a word too fake for me, what will it fetch me?

No shame in me will you find, no regret or repentance  
What you do legally, i galdly offer in exchange of money  
Purity is the state of mind, i m a virgin still  
A hand that could have saved me, tore my blouse to shreds.

Why am i to suffer in silence, my fate was sealed in heaven  
Who are you to stone me? Has the Nazareth man allowed?  
You amaze at my courage, wish you could have it more  
Its all i have in left in me, i sold all else to you.

Dechen Doma Sherpa

# Dream

At midnight i woke up to my infant's cry  
I nursed my flesh and blood with a lullaby  
I held her to my heart and wandered in my thoughts  
To the places and people where our kinds are silenced for pride.

I shudder at the thought of the fate a baby girl brings,  
A tear and a sigh escapes from my heart as my child grins.  
I do a silent prayer for the lost souls and lives unlived,  
I kiss my daughter and once again thank God for the life that we recieved.

I sit by the cradle and watch my soul grow within her,  
Her small features so innocently resembling me in the mirror.  
I wonder for the roles she will play in near future,  
A daughter, sister, friend and lover, wife and a mother. Life lived in full circle.

I wake up from my dream with a hazy memory,  
Of a bed, lights, masked men and a fear deep inside.  
I come to my senses and find my dream a haven from the hell around me,  
I feel the emptiness inside me, while they bundle my Soul and hurry to dispose  
IT.

Dechen Doma Sherpa