### **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!

#### **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.

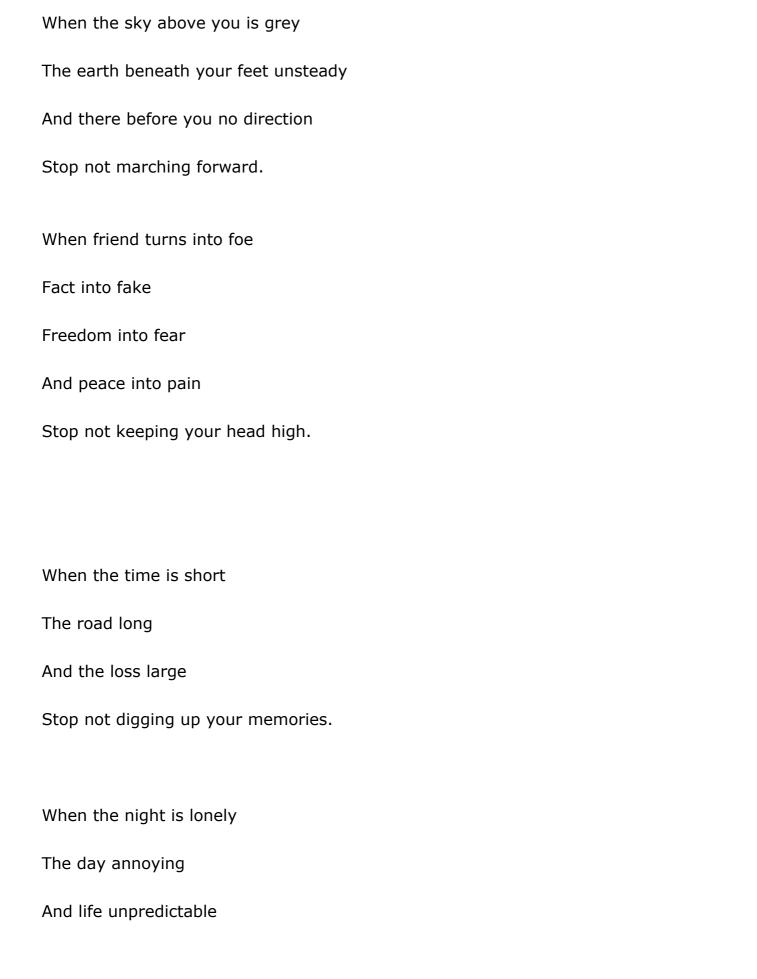
Born to bear no pain,
But awarded darkness day and night
Confined to nowhere,
But a simple cave
Behind the bars.

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.

### **Heavy Tears Of My Soul**

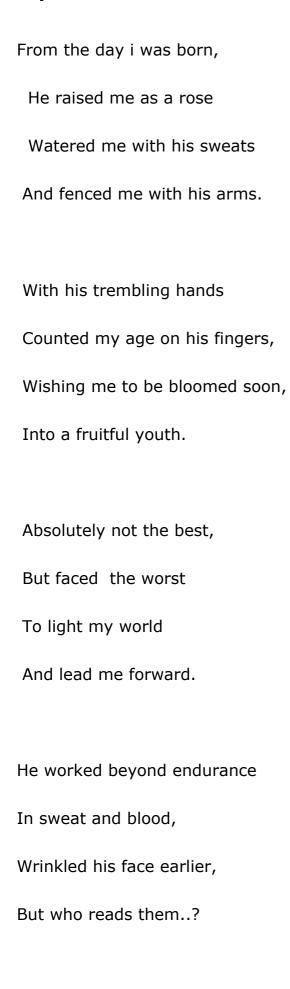
Upon seeing my virgin grassland My heart promptly cried in joy, Like a thirsty wanderer in the desert, Upon seeing a running stream. Through thick and thin, She kept on flowing But who knows the secret of, and Grief of the Yellow River? Under the sky of black clouds, Tough and sting are my fellows Not 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. ngawa tenpa

### Life Is Unpredictable, But Stop Not Breathing



Stop not breathing.

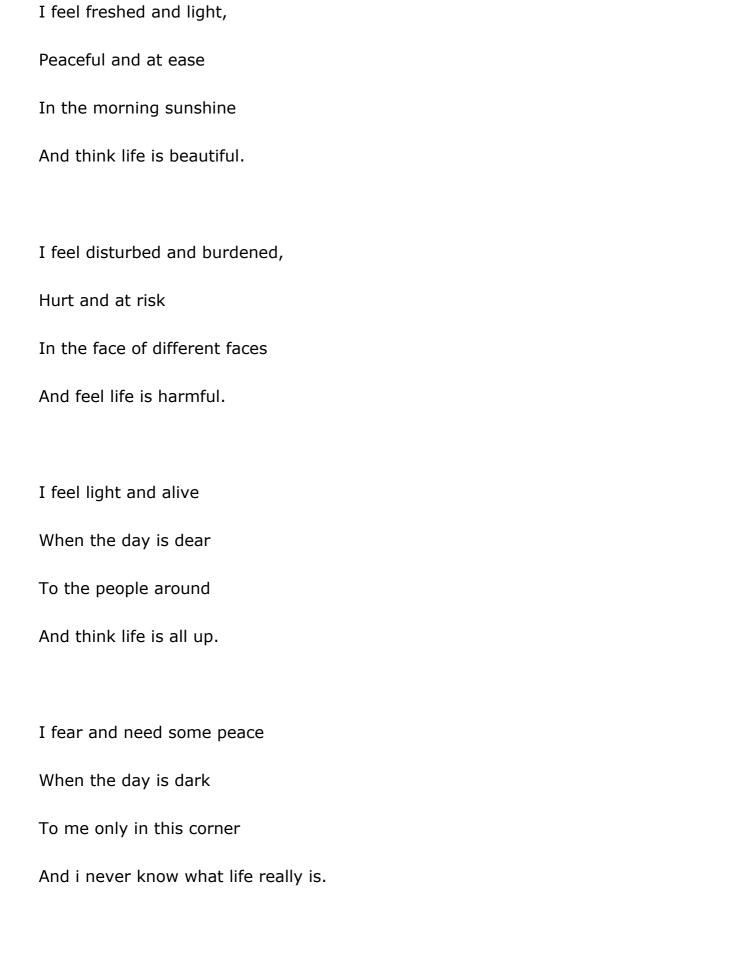
## My Dad..... A Guiding Star!



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 dirts 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!

## What Is Life?



#### 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.