

Poetry Series

Phurpa Wangdi
- poems -

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Phurpa Wangdi(03/03/1996)

A False Like

I thought deep and shallow
Of the love I felt
I uttered miss u a thousand times
Until you of all people turned deaf.

I loved you too much
It was too hard to act like i didnt
Until u came to conclude
That i sounded so artificial

I talked all topics
During all our chats
To get even a minute more
And you thought I was childish.

I fell for you
Fell so hard i couldnot stop
And yet i got blamed
For a mistake not mine.

I loved you and still do
I don't regret a bit
For love isn't a play
And i am not a good player.

Phurpa Wangdi

A Lake

under the blazing blue
of the endless sky
stands this pretty place
the place a magic itself

amidst lively trees
it lies with such tenderness
throughout its breadth
menders a meandering lake

its such a beauty
yet unnoticed by none
my place of solitude
how often i paused on its beauty?

evoking peace in my mind
time goes on unnoticed
beauty of it too much
what a wonder...

Phurpa Wangdi

A Nap

a boring day
a lonely night
with nothing to do
i take a peaceful nap

days give way to dusk
and the night to dawn
a new days begins
yet i take a peaceful nap

it isn't the best to do
yet not the worst
it sure helps
to a man idle like me.

Phurpa Wangdi

A Sad Night

Night and sadness
The king of the sun
Ever so slowly draws away it's rays
Behind the horizon the sun moves
Like in a painting
Beautiful, its worth seeing.

From white and blue
The sky becomes a dim orange
Decorating the enormous sky
Warning the world of the dusk
Of a time of sadness.

Sitting outside on the porch
Eyes fixed on the moon
Our heart is touched
Touched for reason no special
And yet tears greets the cheeks.

There it is
We found what we are thinking
Of all those sadness
The sadness you forced into a corner
You let it flow, slow and gentle.

Grabbing the chest
Your heart feels like it's ripping
Into countless shreds
Breaking down
Into pieces uncountable.

A sword pierces your heart
Leaving a hole so big in a tiny heart
It heals not, it only grows
You nurture your sadness
With red eyes and quivering cries.

Sadness greets us all night
Reflecting the heart breaking moments

Of betrayal of a false love
Sadness won't stop
For night and sadness goes along

Phurpa Wangdi

Am I?

sometimes late at night
i wonder
do i even live as a name
in the world so vast

do i ever cross your thought
do you even try to remember
remember the times
we spent together

am i sometimes
the reason for your smile
do my jokes make yo laugh
am i a part of you

thinking of all it
i have spent days and night
i slept but without a dream
i ate but without any taste

you are but my thought
my never ending dream
entire hope and trust
yet you drift so far away

Phurpa Wangdi

Attracted

you have me mesmerized
everything about you perfect
words you say
the things you do

walking blissfully
talking so sweetly
i have fallen for you
indeed i am attracted

i am but a helpless bird
flying the path of your sky
hoping you to guard me
from the harshness of the rain

my heart gets heated
yet cooled
the moment i realize
you are what i am thinking

those glistening eyes
the look of it
sent shivers through my body
am losing control over me

liking you
wasn't a mistake
it wasn't intentional yet
after all i am to you attracted

Phurpa Wangdi

Birds

a bird beautiful
sings a song
a song that praises his beauty
heard by all, all of them

somewhere distant
a bird not so colorful
whispers but a sad tune
unheard to all

the sky is his
the ocean is his
with his beauty
he disappears anywhere

it sings and sings
day after day
feeling more bright
until he can no longer sing

and suddenly a day comes
a man with a net arrives
before even sure of the action
he finds his way into the net

there he is
caged in a cage
out in a place so busy
so noisy he just cant take it

and now the birds understand
what beauty really is
singing sad tune stops so suddenly
proud for the first time of his color

beauty is but a danger
the only thing the caged birds think
now they sing
a song of freedom

yearning to fly
yet they wings are tied
a space merely not enough
it sing but a sad tune

Phurpa Wangdi

By The Sea Shore

the area a verdant green
the mystic water matches
the blue of the sky
so called the perfect day

among the cheers of my friends
i take in the nature
ripples here and there
obeys the gushing wind

the wind rustles
though the trees
birds chirp
make up the music

a day made in heaven
planned by the gods
a happiness of this kind
i never knew it existed

we take a walk
photograph some
praise the situation
a day by the sea shore

Phurpa Wangdi

Change

Time has changed
So has our life
From walking barefoot
We have made it far to fly.

The times are gone
When parents were proud
When respect for them
Deep in heart use to dwell.

Concern of parents
Are but neglected
Respect to the elders
Not even in the dreams

A nightmare so worse has risen
So worse it hurts to even think
Putting teachers in the jail
Chasing parents from the house.

Its modernization that is evil
That is what everyone has got to say
People changes and this happens
Change is mysterious
its more frightening.

Phurpa Wangdi

Childhood Days

i can remember
but so very faintly
my childhood days
days hard to forget

now looking back
i laugh to myself
nothing seems same
not even similar

i know my limits
my capabilities
thinking of my childhood
i am no more sure

it was hard growing
torture was chasing me
even in my dreams
i dreamt but of hell

everyone enjoyed
not me
for we were poor
life was no more fun

my childhood days
the times i never
want to think about
that's my childhood days..

Phurpa Wangdi

Death

death is uncertain
no one ever has it objected
it haven't had a schedule
it comes and goes
no one dare complain

when it knocks your door
its icy hand sure
to make a touch
you cant but wait for it
no one escapes death

rich or poor
young or old
it has bias for none
wealth stops it not
innocence too is useless

when death comes
life itself surrenders
what can we do
nothing..nothing at all
but just to get prepared

Phurpa Wangdi

Deserted Tree

amidst the greens of paddy
in a muddy terrace
like a heroic warrior
you stand deeply rooted

you see farmers working
they seek shade under you
hospitality you have shown
finally you are truly glad

the green of your leaves
provokes peace in peasants heart
but it is not forever
you don't have the slightest doubt

a shy naked plant
to it you have turned
the colors aren't pleasant
by your side not even a single life

winter takes its crown
your leaves you try hard to hold
your work goes in vain
at last your arms turns bare

the cold has brought
with it the white of all the colors
you are not the same no more
you appear truly bored

in a barren land
you are no more young
previous generations of yours
thy have all seen it
you are a deserted tree!

Phurpa Wangdi

Dreams

dream a dream tonight
as you sleep
pray to the god
for your dreams to come true

high to the moon
humans have reached
down to the earth
we have dug

flying no more a name
to swim a submarine
what haven't we done
yet all because of dreaming

Phurpa Wangdi

Farmer

a farmer?
they say the lowest people
it comes to my ear
yet as a poison

waking but with so little sleep
spends sleepless nights
restless days
yet never giving up

failure story they have to unfold
yet success story they have to tell
from as low as a beggar
they reached a height no one dare climb

punctuality and sincerity
is their habit
to sustain their life
what have they not done

if there is a people we need to respect
farmers they are called
backbone of the country
i salute them

Phurpa Wangdi

Fate

though born in this world
fate governs us like slaves
everyone strives for perfection
yet nobody is perfect

some are short
laughed by others
some are deaf, blind, dumb
heart of them shatters

life turns out not as we wish
but with the plans of god
its all karma
we die again and yet again

though imperfect
life chose us
so we are still alive
be content with it

those who are more than you
aren't always happy
worries follows to their grave
be happy that's life

Phurpa Wangdi

Friend

i can't say i am a fellow
because inside i am all hollow
this memories aren't mellow
it makes me hard to swallow

the breeze moved the willow
everything around me seems yellow
my thinking's are all shallow
yet after a friend i try to follow.

of all she was the best
like a bird in a nest
now i can peacefully rest
i feel like i found a mysterious chest.

when nights give way to dawn
i stifle a little yawn
birds chirp i can hear from the lawn
to you my thoughts are then drawn.

on this cloudless night
i walk proud like a famous knight
from others i steal a sudden glance
it makes me so much bright.

you are not with me today
but meet we will one day
this to the gods i pray
let your blessings with me stay.

Phurpa Wangdi

Happiness

everyone to me strikes as happy
laughing and smiling all the while
seems carefree
nothing in the world to worry.

why am i the only one
tortured about myself to death
getting looked down
why me and why now?

i have my own dreams
i have places i want to visit
i don't want to be here
don't want to be caged.

just like a rat
i have lived my entire life
i want to change
i want to break off my cage.

some want cars
remains just a dream
some are forced to have one
some gets gifted with it.

what one wishes
he gets it none
but what he has prayed not to come
always does, the misery.

sleepless nights
restless days of hard work
yet success seems so far
the harder i try
the further it runs.

giving up seems like a solution
standing up, seems just impossible

i fall down
waking up is a big trouble
but i say its all worth a try.

all the while
i chased after peace
now i am going to rest
let peace come to me
good comes to those who waits.

Phurpa Wangdi

Hidden Love

my heart for you have yearned
tell me and i will walk a thousand miles
i try hard not to remember
the first time you walked by me
for a forbidden love it has become.

i don't want to be here
for places i have to reach
i want to be with my love
loneliness chases me here
and still i am never there.

you say we are friends
and that we will always be
your aching words
hit my heart hard
my heart does but suffocate all day long.

with those glowing eyes on me
my heart gallops away
to a place i have never known
my heart skips a beat
my body is sodden with sweats.

my dreams
i wish it really came true
my dreams dream of you
but dreams are just dreams
and never comes true.

if love is a war
i fear not to become a soldier
i want to love you
but then you never get it
so i hide it deep.

hiding my love
venomous it has become
it hurts a lot

but still my love is caged
its a forbidden love.

Phurpa Wangdi

Hope

we are born
that itself is great
obtained yet another life
a new life, a new hope

life is but a dream
a dream that needs us to dream
and to attain high
for that's its goal

don't lose hope
for its a suicide
life is about it
we live, we need to hope

amazing things could happen
life could be better
you may succeed
but with a little more hope

always hope
for hope gives scope
when in misery
you do nothing
but just hope..

Phurpa Wangdi

I Write It To A Poem

dreadful thoughts
haunts me like a prey
nightmares in my dreams
leave me paralyzed
i have feelings
long submerged
like the titanic
on the ocean floor.

i want to say
all those feelings i feel
yet my body gives way to fear
i shake and tremble
for i am a coward
courage never my trump card
and so i write it to a poem.

i dwell in your shadows
tailing you all way round
hiding when opportunity knocks
procrastination, a sword i always carry
for i am afraid
i will make you hurt
for i am a friend
you have always said
and so i write it to a poem.

actions never make me bold
pent up emotions
insomnia it forth brings
bags under my eyes prove it dwells
inside i am dying
i put up a artificial smile
making myself regret even more
and so i write it to a poem.

Phurpa Wangdi

Life

for optimists life is always fun
life seems miserable but there is lot to learn
tame your mind, don't keep it lame
for thoughts you think comes from your mind.

in life nothing is kept evergreen
but something in your life never changes
know you can do it
and what is in front is a piece of cake.

put your trust in the god
for he is the author and the judge
through closed lips he speaks
good and bad in his chart is jotted.

should it not be for achievements
what you live is not a life
what you make of life
is what you get to reap.

life is about you
and how you want to make it look
for where there is a will
from nowhere emerges a way.

things go wrong
but what happens all has purpose
mistakes of some kind
story it is behind every successful men.

don't give up in life
life is only once
work hard and never lose hope
hard work is always rewarded keep it in mind.

Phurpa Wangdi

Lotus

though grown in dirty marshes
its way more than all beauties
its a sight to hold
i have been so told.

in a river velvet blue
lotus leaves swing in the breeze
little red lotus
accompanies boats at dusk.

in movies so many
lotus i have seen
blooming a bright red
beautiful, like in a dream.

so peaceful it would be
to sail a boat
lotus trailing its tail
lotus smelling faint.

Phurpa Wangdi

Love

your knife like words
pierced through my heart
to pieces its all shattered
its so suffocating
i live but in hell

you promised me lots
but lied through your mouth
life is no game
you lied again
you are but a player

i have lived my life
searching for my heart
when at last i found it
you say its over
my world came down hard.

Phurpa Wangdi

Loveless Love

Lying on a lonely bed
On a one moonless night
Rhythmic breaths of mine
Is but the only sound I hear.

I try and try and still try
For I wish to fall asleep
dreams I want to dream
This reality, I for real fear.

Life is short
That's the charm
For if immortal
Pain of heart kills the soul.

Pain of heart
The worse of all
Hard to explain
Still harder to endure.

Love cures all
All even the hatreds
But sometimes of all the times
Love begets worst of all hatreds.

Life is not a movie
When someone truly feels sad
No one really cries
For music like in movie isn't there.

Humans the more civilized
The more mistakes are made
Of all the games
We chose feelings to play with.

Life ain't a novel
Those times are gone
When romeo would gladly die for Juliet
Love is now but a casual word.

Phurpa Wangdi

Memories

Memories are sweet
It is even more bitter
Smiles and laughter
Cries and tears it forth brings.

You are there
In the depth of my mind
Under that pretty blossom of the trees
The wind swaying your hair.

It brings back joys
It brings back love
Of the time we became what we are
Your are still vivid clear.

How I wish I could return
Return to that old times
For my heart stops not, its gallop
For I still yearn for you.

It kills me
Every time I remember you
I die a thousand death
For you are never near.

How i long
To feel safe walking by your side
To see what I always wanted
To be wanted by you.

Time is a great healer
So I have heard
With time it proved itself wrong
For I miss you even more.

Phurpa Wangdi

Miss You

late at night
into the depth of the darkness
from the terrace i look
mist so thick surrounds the world
and a cool air blows
rubbing my cheeks cold

sleep is hard to come by
i listen to musics
count numbers in my head
again and again
and i still cant fall asleep

a feeling creeps insdie my heart
a feeling hard to describe
neither sad nor angry
what am i feeing?
i am so close yet i am so far
from knowing what i really feel

i think of you
we chat but seldom
yet its amazing
how you keep showing in my mind
now and then

time passed
and so did the world
i am still the same
for my love has never left you
day and night my feeling lingers
and my soul wanders

'you dont believe me'
those words threw havoc
in the little heart of mine
though small
in my heart i have a palace
a palace for you and no one.

i think i am lonely
for thats what one feels
in absence of someone they need
does that mean i miss you
may be i do, maybe i miss u the most.

Phurpa Wangdi

Morning

waking up early
there's a charm
like no other
a feeling hard to describe

the leafs sways ever gently
flowers smell faint
ripples of the wind
shall find your cheeks

the moon so dim
can be seen but far away
birds chirps should echo
and make a perfect morning..

Phurpa Wangdi

Mother

i still remember the night
the nights of all the nights
lightning illuminated the sky
thunders roared the sky
and a heavy downpour started.

with a half closed eye
dim figure of my mother i could see
she woke up and moved outside
a flash of lightning
and a splash!

i knew something was wrong
i burst open the door
amid a pool of blood
so still she lay on the ground
her body seemed lifeless.

a moment ago she was fine
a moment later she wasn't
an hour of prayers
an hour of treatment
yet she suddenly lost her breath.

i forgot how to laugh
life of mine
to a suffocating hell, it turned
hopes went evaporating
great was the price i had to pay.

jotting down the feelings
unable to hold
tears do fall
torture i have to bear
yet there is no one to care.

Phurpa Wangdi

My School

on the valley of Yangtse
it stands the mighty school
known for its excellence in studies
by name Baylling it is called
the hidden land

away from pollution of all kinds
siren the atmosphere of Baylling is
turn round here and there
what you see is only the trees
of course you can also see flowers.

the flag of Bhutan flutters in the air
the mighty dragon sets its eyes to the sky
thunders and lightning takes its own turns
and one experiences the first drop of rain
the wilted plants slowly sets its head high

everyone is conscious of its position
a autonomous school Baylling is
academic excellence it has achieved
Yangtseps have become time and again elated
this feeling they have constantly nourished.

go green the school has already gone
as the first ray of light strikes Baylling
closing your eyes is not an option
what one sees is eternal beauty
beauty of Baylling worth seeing it is.

east or west
Baylling is the best
north or south
its fame will never leave our mouth
its the truth that no can doubt.

Phurpa Wangdi

Nature

I watch the gushing lake
Its anger forced on the pebbles by the bank
Watch the sky so blue
Like in a painting, it looks so true

Through the magnificent trees
Blows a cool zephyr
Moving the leaves
Making them dance on its rhythm

Sitting here on a verdant ground
listening to chirps of birds so many
Feeling heavy and light at a time
I see nature at its best.

Nature has given us all
From water, air, food and lives
It can satisfy our needs
yet not everyone's greed.

We have let nature's lesson
Get so much out of sight
Humans; meant to be the pride of all creations
Has done but the worst of all the harms

Bound by our selfishness
We have but lost the sight of happiness
Lost the trust in the mother of all creations
Making our life no less than the hell

Many brag of caring nature
When only few grips hold of trees
When there are wastes so many
When they are the reasons nature is so threatened

As you sleep a sleep
Ponder on the unjust
To the mother earth
Give it back its glory

If only I could stop the people
We will have tales of nature to tell
We will have pride burning in our heart
We will be able to save the earth.

Phurpa Wangdi

Night

the day gives way to the dusk
the sky gradually darkens
stars flashes everywhere
its night time

under the glowing sky
i walk my path
the moon lighting my way
my feelings all mixed

there is this river
which by its side i like to gleam
its a mystic blue
the moon giving its appearance

and its at night
i like to glance
it seems lonely just like me
i look at it as a friend

my sleep is short
i sleep but less
i am lonely
the solution only the night

Phurpa Wangdi

Pain

an unusual cut
it hurts
blood oozes out
it is the pain

it is bad
you are not efficient
but the wound at heart
is all the more worse

it remains for a long time
sometimes almost forever
it pains a lot
but no remedies

you feel alone
you shed tears
loneliness chase you
you hate the world

this pain hurts bad
solving just too hard
but there is a cure
'love' is the word

Phurpa Wangdi

Peoples King(Bhutan)

on 11th November
a man so great
to drukyul was born
he took the crown
and served the country

like an rising sun
from beneath the darkened valley
he came into our lives
lighting the nation
his only mission

a small country Bhutan is
yet he had it seem legendary
gave Bhutan the perfect ease
democracy walks head high
the king no more holds power!

he is the last of type
he is not just a king
but says he is a son
a brother and a parent
and in time he have it proved

in war he is the general
in peace, he is the father
in religion, he is the god
at heart, he is the best
and for us he is the king

to our fourth king
the mighty ruler
the king of the
land of thunder dragon
we wish you a long life.

Phurpa Wangdi

Queen

When she was born
The heaven did mourn
They lost an angel
grief took over them

A youthful maiden so pure
Was born to 'Drukyul'
to a place blessed
to the land of thunder dragon

On 13th October of 2013
A youthful maiden from Heaven
Came upon the throne
received a crown
And took the roles

she isn't a queen
but a mother to the subjects
full of love
she really is an angel

to have her
Bhutanese are blessed
day and night we pray
for a long life of her

may the god bless her
with all the goods
for a good person
deserves but everything good

Phurpa Wangdi

Rain

from above the mountain
it falls like an fountain
for satisfaction to attain
it showers what it contain

here comes the rain
hitting hard on the drain
click it on your brain
isn't it main for the grain?

for the worlds farmer
rain is but a armor
to stay in it isn't warmer
but to succeed it is former.

Phurpa Wangdi

Rose

the rose swings
in the autumn wind
the little red bud
moves too in a rhythm

it smells good
the bees all after it
day and night it stands
but with little changes

the moon has shone
its silver rays hitting the rose
it seems lonely
and i sit for a wordless talk..

Phurpa Wangdi

Sad

indeed he loved her
hearing her words
his smile stretched too long
he lost himself in her

'beautiful' he would shout
merely caring who heard it
looking at her picture
he was but crazy in love

days and weeks passed
he was no longer sure
of her love to him
he wanted yet didn't mention

time passed
they were growing apart
he loved her too much
too much he was afraid

afraid that if he asked
she would be hurt
his pain was growing
he was but disturbed

after exam
he wanted to ask
yet she was no where
tried calling, yet no answer

and over a month later
he received a call
a call meant to destroy him
she was married

she begged him to forgive her
her parents forced her
she had no options
his heart got pierced

his face in the pillow
he cried his heart out
how so sad
his pain was killing him

he was afraid to move ahead
wasn't sure what to do next
her face dwelled in his mind
she came in his dreams

his life changed
he is composed
but still hurt
normal yet abnormal

true love hurts
without the other part
that is what happens
when some one fails to understand

Phurpa Wangdi

Sister

the year 2009
my world came down hard on me
life of mine was over
that was what i thought

that particular year, one night
my mother drew herself to a land of pure bliss
alone she left me grieving.

life became a waste
sun gave no heat
if it did, i did not feel it
yet truth was never to change whatever.

but in my life of tears
i had a sister that i forgot
when she came for me
i tried hard not to cry.

barely nine years old
to a alien land i moved
she cared me the most
my guardian angel she immediately became.

worry in my dictionary was absent
when beside me my sister stood
life like always became normal
the credit i put on my sister.

she is more than just a sister
a mother to me she is
her love unlimited
i am proud she is my sister.

life to be called its name
needs someone special like her
she has truly constructed it
my life a worth living one.

for a long life of her
i pray a thousand prayers
to the almighty high above
for great has been her love.

this is your poem
i wrote it for u sister.....

Phurpa Wangdi

Sleep

a word of five
but the best moment ever
a time of eternal peace
a moment of no worries

sleep is but the best
dreams you dream in your sleep
impossible is possible
yet again in sleep

abandon sleep
and you are diseased
sleep more
and you become lazy

for a good brain sleep more
to grow normally
get sleep
isn't it great

with sleep
you are great
exceed it
you are in danger

it isn't compulsory
but necessary

Phurpa Wangdi

Song

late night
the whole room silent
my heart beat the only sound
i listen to a song

a song sung but sadly
tears rushing to greet my cheeks
my heart throbbing
still i listen to the song

i start dreaming
things never even possible
with the weirdest feeling
i listen to a song.

Phurpa Wangdi

Sunset

and my gaze would linger
to the spot of orange
where the sun slowly sets
making my heart warm yet again

beautiful as ever
making my lips curve
sometimes forcing tears
a part of mine it always was

when it has but vanished
behind those mysterious clouds
i cant fathom its return
yet behind those hills, it rises slowly

Phurpa Wangdi

Waiting

the sky's suddenly dark
the clouds dark as a coal
the wind so strong blows
yet i am waiting for you

i am waiting
under the monsoon rain
clothes all sodden
its cold but for you

was it a lie?
the words you said
all this time
was it all a act?

my hopes evaporates
my feelings disturbed
it will never be the same
not anymore

i have waited
far too long
you have hurt me
and yet i am still waiting for you.

Phurpa Wangdi

Without You

what is this feeling
trying to tear me apart?
not happiness nor sadness
it hurts yet again

thinking about you
i cry and i smile
i act carefree
when actually i am dying

i lay on my death bed
with my torn heart
waiting for the death
life is but useless without you

i cry and cry
but no one to wipe my tears
i smile and laugh
no one to give me company

i have waited for you
day and night
in the rain, in the sun
yet you broke your promise

valleys and mountains
stands between us
but my message shall reach you soon
i don't want to live without you...

Phurpa Wangdi

Yearning

I have spent my life
But without living it
I have worked hard
Without achieving nothing.
I have planned things
My heart always wanted to do
I have dreamt dreams
And nothing ever came true.

Every where every one seems busy
Indulged in works of their own
Standing on a porch
I look at myself in my thoughts
With a gloomy face
I see myself crying
Tears brushing my cheeks
This life seems totally wasted.

Though lucky to be born
To have reached this far
My mind is a mad one
Everything I do becomes a waste
I have friends and they make me happy.
It is only you I am waiting for
You say you are my best friend.

Come and talk to me
For nothing assures me more than you
Heal this hardened heart
This heart that has yearned for years
Let it rest of its constant galloping.
Free of of this sorrow
Even if for a minute
Make me happy
Teach me what this happiness is.

Phurpa Wangdi