

Poetry Series

**Sukhee Bukhbat**  
**- poems -**

**Publication Date:**  
2008

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

# Sukhee Bukhbat()

Poetry wasn't on my list until January 2008.

Even English is my third language. So imagine how difficult to write poems in English, when i've never tried to write any poems in my native language (Mongolian) .

Though I live in New York City, it is still hard to perfect English. I started to write poems, when i talked to myself in myself.

Words were pouring around me, then quickly i found the way to collect those words into my note and to make something out of it, which is poem.

So thank you all for coming and reading my poems.

I would appreciate if you share your opinion.

Thank you again,

Bowing Sukhee,

# A Lost Bird

I am a lost bird  
I am the bird that doesn't know where to fly.  
When he gets lost, he never knows he is lost.  
But everything is fine in his eyes and other's.  
Every bird faces problems, smaller or bigger.  
But it's still fine.

I am the bird that doesn't know he flies in the air, thanks to his wings.  
The bird that doesn't know what it would be without his wings.  
But smart enough to keep flying,  
But too blind not knowing where to fly.

And to keep looking for answers,  
Answers that don't have questions.  
Would he find answers not knowing what and why to ask?  
Finally he finds the question when he meets a bird in the sky.  
The bird from out of nowhere.

Then quickly he finds the answer that gives the next question.  
Then another one, and one more. Next time it would have even more questions.  
Now he has questions and answers, not just few, lots of them.  
Confused with his own questions and answers,  
He gets lost again.  
And he doesn't know he is lost.  
Now it is time to fly,  
Not knowing where to fly.  
Not knowing why to fly.

Sukhee Bukhbat

# A Newcomer

A tiny little baby comes to world not by his own choice.  
But to make his parents happy by his own voice.  
Cry and laughter are seen everyday, just like sun rises every morning.  
Dry and clean clothes are never enough, cause you have next ones to wash.  
Days are flying and you do realize how busy you've gotten.  
Ways are getting tider, cause you see only around your family.  
Baby, love and fun in your everyday life, but the hardest work for your whole life.  
Baby, sometimes pressure and headache, that make you even tough.  
Once you have a baby, you are not a baby anymore, said the wiseman.  
Cause you see the baby the way your parents saw you first time when you came to world.

Life is a challenge, a baby is the prize.  
That prize is the next challenge, said wiseman.  
Life will be full of fun and challenge which appear to be same thing.  
Love will be given everywhere, you'll see how people will look at your baby.  
You will enjoy first sitting, first standing, first steps, first word (which is usually 'mama')  
First song, first school day and more.  
So enjoy it and live it. It will be one happy moment in your life.

Sukhee Bukhbat

# Afraid Of Being Alone

Poor lonely wolf is walking in the snow slowly,  
Sensing some smell in the air and looking up.  
Looking for his pack for 2 weeks already,  
Being unable to find them, makes him even stronger.

He didn't get lost from his pack.  
He got rejected from his pack.  
He was so proud that he could make his way out.  
He was so sure that he wouldn't return to his pack.

Now he realizes how important his pack was.  
Therefore he is looking for them, afraid of loneliness.  
But he wouldn't realize his pack doesn't exist anymore.  
Because his pack was hunted down by locals a week ago.

He's been searching the woods and mountains,  
Mountains after mountains, without any food,  
That put him to temporary stop.  
That let him know that it's time to get some meal.

He hadn't seen any animal around lately.  
So he would have to listen to the sound and the noise.  
He directed himself to the noise of the village.  
He smelled some sheep and pigs.

A little bit light flashed his eyes.  
A bit of anger came out of his inside.  
All of sudden he saw few dogs barking and flying in his direction.  
He had nothing to lose but the time.

A fight was so big, proud angry dogs wouldn't let him run away.  
Somehow he had to manage to fight five dogs at once.  
Smacking and biting were all around.  
In the end he heard one shot.

Hunter shot the wolf through the dogs.  
Dogs were so busy fighting that hunter didn't have a chance to shot only wolf.  
Now there are two dogs and a wolf bleeding on the snow.  
Not far relatives against each other on one planet.

Lonely dead wolf wouldn't know  
His fur would lie down next to his pack's.  
Even if he knew about it,  
Would he run away from there?

He rejoined the pack again.  
Happily he rejoined.

Sukhee Bukhbat

# Birth And Death

Time is limited for our life.  
Time is limited for everyone.  
How long is life gonna be,  
Depends on our destiny.

Time starts on Birth.  
Time ends on Death.  
Then what?

What, if life turns out to be short.  
That doesn't seem to be worth.  
What, if life is not for us.  
That has to live for somebody else.

How is life?  
What is life?  
Is it Birth and Death? or  
Is it Death and Birth?

Sukhee Bukhbat

# Chasing An Empty Car (Episode 1)

I was a cop chasing an empty car.  
Not to know what I would find in the car.  
I was a man chasing my life.  
Not to know what I would discover in my life.

To make a choice to be a hero,  
I could chase this empty car myself.  
To make a choice to be safe,  
I could call for backup.

Would I sacrifice myself for my career?  
Would I risk my life for better feeling at work?  
I didn't know if I would come out from it alive.  
I didn't know if I would stay on the life track.

In short time a lot of thoughts came through my mind.  
In long period of my life I didn't know I'd have a choice.  
Sacrifice for innocents or runaway for sinners.  
Minimizing the risk for everybody, I called for backup and kept chasing.

Sinner is always winner.  
No matter what he always wins.  
Stay on the track.  
I recalled the paragraphs from the poem book.

All of sudden I heard some shots,  
And my car was on fire.  
Trying to pull the break and run out of the car.  
I remember big noise and explosion.  
I didn't know if I made it.

Now I am standing in dark tunnel.  
At the end of tunnel I see a light.  
I was a cop chasing an empty car.  
I was a man chasing a simple life.

Sukhee Bukhbat



# Dont Wake Me Up

That morning was beautiful when i woke up.  
Too beautiful that hard to leave my bed.  
Open blue sky was close that i could touch.  
Big lightful sun was smiling and shining at my face.

Thick long rainbow was over my bed.  
Lots of colorful flowers were surrounding my den.  
Birds were singing their songs.  
Butterflies were dancing their dance.

It was too delightful to imagine.  
It was too unbelievable to believe.  
It was too beautiful to wake up.  
It was too good to be true.

I saw my mom trying to pull me out of the bed.  
I was trying to find some excuses to stay in bed.  
That was the only view i want to memorize.  
That was the only picture i've been looking for.

Don't wake me up, please.  
It's too good to cut my dream.  
Don't wake me up, please.  
It's the closest distance i've gotten to my family, lately.

Sukhee Bukhbat

# Drunk In Public

Drinking happens when I am happy,  
Drinking continues when I am sad.  
That's all from my experience.  
That's all I've been doing.

While being drunk in private, bar or home,  
I can swallow it as much as you want.  
Even the law lets me do that.  
And I love to do it by the law.

When I am on my way home,  
Pretending that I am ok,  
I look like a stop sign for cops.  
I appreciate that, thanks for your attention.

While having smiley mask on my face,  
I get questioned by the police.  
Drunk in public, they called it.  
Myself, I am private, I answered.

Having a good time, they asked.  
Really good, even with cops, I answered.  
That's what drunk in public is.  
That's what they call.

I had no hesitation to say anything.  
But I might regret later.  
I regretted before, I don't want to do it again.  
Then they let me go home, sweet home.

Help me, help me, and let me be me.  
Help me, help me, and let me be drunk in public.  
I am just on my way home.  
My beautiful wife and kids are waiting for me.

Think about it again.  
Regret it again boy.



# Drunk With Pain

Walking in the city of New York late evening,  
Wondering how many people this city carries.  
We can't guess while seeing waves of people.

Rushing through crowds in the streets,  
Imagining where this crowd comes from.  
We won't know while looking at masses of people.

Not knowing what to think,  
Proudly we stare at the lights of city at Time Square.  
Not knowing what to tell,  
Quietly we glare at super tall fancy buildings in midtown.

Only thing we can expect is,  
We can find a person in the corner.  
In dirty clothes and extinguished fire in his eyes,  
Drunk with pain.

Only thing we can do is,  
Seeing him in a light of day or dark of night.  
Passing through him and giving some change or not.  
Looking after ourselves and minding our own business.

Drunk with pain in his whole body,  
Hopelessly he observes the crowd with his extinguished eyes.  
Stoned with torn soul in his mind,  
Unwillingly he awaits help from anyone, yes anyone.

Would God himself forget about these people?  
Or do these people refuse God's help?  
Cause only hope would help them, only God can give them hope,  
While not being able to handle the life themselves or with someone's help.

Every day we sink in the pain ocean.  
Every moment we drown in the tear sea.  
Every single one of us deserves happy life,  
But are we willing to catch it at all expense?  
Or rather we're willing to release?  
Or maybe just to wait for it until it comes itself?

This is the question that we should ask ourselves.  
Who knows how we will wind up?  
Who knows with what we end up?

Sukhee Bukhbat

# Email To My Dear Friend

Hi, my dear friend.  
How are you doing today?  
Haven't written anything lately,  
What are you doing today?

Since our last meeting we didn't write.  
There was a fun that we smiled a lot.  
Since our last phone call we didn't chat.  
There was a joy that we laughed a lot.

Some people were jealous that  
We looked so happy together.  
I don't care a thing.  
Some people were anxious that  
We looked so cheerful together.  
I don't give a damn.

Somehow there is a trust in you that  
I can talk to you honestly.  
Somehow there is a confidence in you that  
I can open my heart candidly.

Sometimes we have a fun and laugh a lot.  
Sometimes we have a topic and discuss a lot.  
When I am with you, a time flies away.  
When I talk to you, ages pass away.

It's good to have you.  
It's great to know you.  
It's nice to talk to you.  
It's wonderful to listen to you.

That is only a reason I am writing this poem email to you.  
That is only a cause I am addressing this poem email to you.

I am thankful for everything you do for me.  
You are always welcome to ask me anything.



## Few Words At The Funeral (Episode 3)

Dear my friend, you were a good policeman.  
But the world is not perfect enough.  
Tear my soul, I wish I could bring you back.  
But the world is not perfect enough.

Don't you worry about your family.  
We will take care of them.  
Don't you disturb your mind for the family.  
We all will be your kid's dad.

Get rest, my friend.  
We won't forget you.  
Stay in peace, my friend.  
We will keep in mind.

Last thing we can do is salute, but not saying goodbye.  
Last thing we can promise is now your family is our family.  
Some day we might be there, so expect us there.  
But not yet, not yet until time is right.

Good morning my friend,  
Good mourning my friend.

Sukhee Bukhbat



# Forgivable And Forgettable

'I can't forgive'

'I can't forget'

I hear myself speaking speechless in my brain continuously.

'It is unforgivable'

'It is unforgettable'

I hear someone else crying through my brain endlessly.

In that state of mind

No answer would be found.

In that situation

No game would be played.

By the upcoming time

Feeling about forgiving and forgetting might fall apart.

By the upcoming time

Understanding about forgiving and forgetting might get powerful.

Would you try to forgive and forget, i ask myself.

'Yes, i would' I answer myself.

So then, why don't you forgive and forget, i ask again.

Because it's hard to forget when you forgive, answers someone else inside of me.

It would be so good when you forget that you forgive,

And it would be so good when you forgive that you forget.

How unstable is human mind?

How weak is human thought?

'Can you forgive everything? '

'Can you forget everything? '

'Can you forgive and forget everything and everyone, no matter what? '

Ask yourself and answer yourself.

Wait until someone else gets involved (in your mind) .

Sukhee Bukhbat

# Freedom And Beauty

It is a beautiful mind to feel free.  
It is a beautiful feeling to set someone free.  
Freedom is the hard statement to get.  
Freedom is the only feeling to get.

\*

Freedom is the statement that shows your independence.  
Freedom is the power that shows your right.  
But while speaking of almost 7 billion individuals on the earth  
At least 7 billion needs and rights that might complicate their life.

\*

Showing his independence might be more important for some people.  
Feeling responsible for others may be more important for other people.

\*

To be honest with you, i never felt free,  
Because I didn't know what it is.  
After I realized what freedom is,  
I saw how hard to recognize that you are free.

^

How hard to know that you are free to live.  
How hard to know that you are free to speak.  
How hard to know that you are free to love and trust.  
How hard to know that you are free to be loved and trusted.

^

That what you have in your everyday life, is your freedom.  
This is not just everyday schedule, that's your freedom.  
How blind are we to not see how free we are.  
How ugly is it to not see how beautiful freedom is.

^

Freedom is beautiful, but hard to see.  
Freedom is beautiful, but hard to feel.

Sukhee Bukhbat

# Give Up Or Fight

What is the difference between human and animal, asks the old man.  
While putting his nose into the newspaper.  
Human thinks and does, animal reacts by instinct  
I answer, thinking that I answered as smart as possible.  
Human regrets after a mistake, animal does not.  
I add, wondering if I impress the old man.  
Human has faith and love, but not the animal.  
I summarize myself in the end.

I couldn't tell everything in a few minutes,  
Cause of less information and experience.  
I wouldn't compare my knowledge with his,  
Cause of less time spending on the earth.

The old man looks into my eyes deeply,  
'Young man, young man' he says quietly and slowly.  
Be proud and don't give up, says he strongly.  
Confused with his words and the question,  
I don't know what exactly he wants to say.  
Struggled with his words and the question,  
I wouldn't know that he looks through my whole life.  
Give up or Fight, remember I the title of the article,  
In the front page of newspaper, recall I the first.  
'Don't give up and live strong' hear I my brother's voice.  
Just like in my childhood, I hear my brother's voice over and over.  
Do I give up, what makes you think I do, why...  
Questions come down on my head when I sit alone in the train.  
Realizing that I am alone, I wonder if I am alright.  
Yes, I am. No I am not.

Thoughts wave away from my mind all of sudden.  
I feel better not knowing old man's existence.  
'Young man, young man' the old man says,  
I wouldn't hear it, oh man oh man.  
Human regrets after a mistake, says the old man.  
But does human recognize when mistake is made, asks the old man.  
Oh man, oh man I wouldn't hear it.  
That's my next mistake made.



# Good Old Days And Bad Old Days

All the memories are good and bad.  
All the memories from good old days and bad old days.

Having too much time to spend,  
I used to go out with my pals,  
Doing nothing but sitting outside and singing the songs.  
Emptying some bottles and talking about  
How life could be better.  
Chasing some girls and scaring them away,  
Fighting some fools standing in our way,  
Trying to keep ourselves busy.

It wasn't like terrorizing our neighborhood.  
Because we were good at school.  
Doing our homework during the break time,  
To have more time for ourselves.  
To be accepted by rest of us,  
We were ready to do anything,  
But the fun for everyone of us.

Now looking back at those times,  
I call them, good old days and bad old days.  
I can't regret those days, but  
I can learn from them.  
I won't call them waist of time, but  
I would call the education of life.

We weren't taught about the education of life,  
By our parents and teachers.  
Maybe they tried, but it was so far to use them in our life.  
Cause of demanding too much from the future.  
In reply rejection was received, so  
We were deceived by our dreams.  
I love my pals, they are family too.

Then I call them, my good old days and bad old days.

Sukhee Bukhbat

# Great Wall

I built Great wall.  
I built it between me and myself.  
Somehow there was a complication inside of me.

I built Great wall.  
I separated me and myself in my mind.  
Somehow there was a problem inside of me.

Me and myself couldn't get along whenever problem appears.  
Me and myself wouldn't stop arguing whenever reason comes in.  
Me and myself would destroy Me by fighting in my brain.  
Me and myself would not let Me even sleep in my sweet dream.

That's why i had to build Great wall in my mind,  
To have a peace of mind.  
Though i had to suffer inactiveness of mind,  
I felt lonely deep in my mind.

After some time passes,  
I really miss arguing between me and myself.  
Which really disturbs me.  
After i grow out of previous state of mind,  
I rarely run away from that issue.  
Which really surprises me.

Often i hear people saying 'he knows you'.  
Then i ask how it would be when i even don't know myself.  
By the way i know me and myself in myself.  
But not myself.

Time is to find out who really you are.  
Time is to experience who you deal with.  
Time is right.  
Time is right.

Sukhee Bukhbat

# Half-Awake And Half-Sleepy

Let me sleep please.  
Don't wake me up.  
But the phone is ringing.  
What can you do?

My brain is working half,  
My senses are sensing half,  
I am actually acting half,  
That call had better be good.

Call is serious enough.  
I have to run to turn on my computer,  
And log into IM. I am invited  
To very honest discussion.

By now I am full awake from 3 hour sleep.  
Try to be nice and not angry.  
Dry lips are interrupting me.  
But I can't go for anything to drink.

I am getting a response that  
It can't be talked.  
I am thinking in my way.  
I can't be awake.

Get something to drink  
And go back to sleep.  
Now I am sleeping half,  
Thinking half what was all about.

Sukhee Bukhbat

# In The Train

Sitting in the subway train number 7  
I get some ideas for the poem.  
Therefore I'm writing to write it in few words.

Looking around the stringhangers,  
I get mixed feeling of good and bad.  
Therefore, i am putting it on the paper.

Different races and mixed nationalities,  
Different educational level and different background.  
Different faces, styles and images.  
Different emotion, gestures and body language.

All of these are boiled in big pot of life.  
Small part of it is put in little cup (train) of life.  
Afraid of each other we don't talk.  
Because we imagine we don't know each other.

Thinking that nobody would understand,  
We don't open our doors of heart to anyone,  
Even if the closest ones knock.

There i am standing in the front window in the first car,  
Listening to the music and enjoying the view.  
Wishing others could see the same view from my mind.

Sukhee Bukhbat



# Life Family

Life is like a book with lots of pages.  
With the pages that every single one has different poems.  
Life is like a rail track with lots of wooden sleepers.  
With the sleepers that every single one has different usage.

Life is like a tree with lots of colorful leaves.  
With the leaves that are worth gazing.  
Life is like an ocean with lot of fishes.  
With the fishes that are admirable observing.

Life is a son of mother earth.  
Life is a daughter of father nature.  
We are all together one big family.  
We are all alone one small world.

Sukhee Bukhbat

## Light At The End Of The Tunnel (Episode 2)

Now I am standing in the dark tunnel.

Trying to figure out where I am.

Now I am recalling what happened.

Looking for proof that I am dead.

I don't feel cold or hot.

I don't see any part of my body is hurt.

I don't feel any hunger or thirst.

But I do listen to the voice calling from the end of the tunnel.

I see a light at the end of the tunnel.

I hear the voice calling from there.

Can't decide whether go there or not.

Can't be sure whether is good way-out or not.

I want to go back to my life and a joy.

I want to return to my wife and a little boy.

I want to hold them for last time.

I want to tell how much I love them.

Just for ten seconds I would like to go back.

Just those moments I would like to remember.

Life ain't easy, life ain't easy.

Life ain't easy game to play.

Standing in the dark tunnel,

I didn't know how long it took me here.

Not knowing what to do,

I follow the light hoping it will bring me back to my life.

Heaven or Hell

Winner or Sinner

But remember this,

Sinner is always winner.

Because sinner doesn't know what sin is,

While we have problem with morals.

Sukhee Bukhbat

# Love That Cant Be Told

A love is so delicate,  
A love is so emotional.  
A love drives you crazy.  
A love makes you blind.

You want to yell out loud that you are in love.  
You want your loved one to recognize you.  
You don't care how the respond would be.  
You don't think your love would be rejected.

Trying to catch some attention,  
You are ready to do everything.  
Trying to be the best person in the world,  
You are more than ready to lie.

What if you can't lie.  
What if you can't say anything about your love.  
What if your love can't be told, but to be held.  
What if your love is one-way.

How fortunate is it that you fell in love? But  
How unlucky is love that can't be told.  
It doesn't matter if you tell anything.  
It doesn't matter if you do anything.  
It won't change anything,  
It won't move anything.

Love is like an addiction, you can't control yourself,  
Love is like a poison, you can't manage yourself.  
You are a bomb with a short timer.  
You are a blind person on the racing track.

So then go ahead and speak out loud.  
So you can feel better later, rather than not doing anything.  
So then loose yourself and straighten it out.  
So you won't regret later, rather than following behind.

A love is a secret in your heart.  
A love is a key into your heart.

That's why it can't be told.  
That's why it can't be opened.

Sukhee Bukhbat

# Lyrics: No Doubt - Don'T Speak

You and me  
We used to be together  
Everyday together always  
I really feel  
That I'm losing my best friend  
I can't believe  
This could be the end  
It looks as though you're letting go  
And if it's real  
Well I don't want to know

Don't speak  
I know just what you're saying  
So please stop explaining  
Don't tell me cause it hurts  
Don't speak  
I know what you're thinking  
I don't need your reasons  
Don't tell me cause it hurts

Our memories  
Well, they can be inviting  
But some are altogether  
Mighty frightening  
As we die, both you and I  
With my head in my hands  
I sit and cry

Don't speak  
I know just what you're saying  
So please stop explaining  
Don't tell me cause it hurts (no, no, no)  
Don't speak  
I know what you're thinking  
I don't need your reasons  
Don't tell me cause it hurts

It's all ending  
I gotta stop pretending who we are...

You and me I can see us dying...are we?

Don't speak  
I know just what you're saying  
So please stop explaining  
Don't tell me cause it hurts (no, no, no)  
Don't speak  
I know what you're thinking  
I don't need your reasons  
Don't tell me cause it hurts  
Don't tell me cause it hurts!  
I know what you're saying  
So please stop explaining

Don't speak,  
don't speak,  
don't speak,  
oh I know what you're thinking  
And I don't need your reasons  
I know you're good,  
I know you're good,  
I know you're real good  
Oh, la la la la la La la la la la  
Don't, Don't, uh-huh Hush, hush darlin'  
Hush, hush darlin' Hush, hush  
don't tell me tell me cause it hurts  
Hush, hush darlin' Hush, hush darlin'  
Hush, hush don't tell me tell me cause it hurts.

Note: This is my favorite song and poem of 'No doubt'.

Sukhee Bukhbat

# Lyrics: The Beatles - Yesterday

Yesterday, all my troubles seemed so faraway.  
Now it looks as though they're here to stay.  
Oh, I believe in yesterday.

Suddenly, I'm not half the man I used to be,  
There's a shadow hanging over me,  
Oh, yesterday came suddenly.

Why she had to go  
I don't know she wouldn't say.  
I said something wrong,  
Now I long for yesterday.

Yesterday, love was such an easy game to play.  
Now I need a place to hide away.  
Oh, I believe in yesterday.

Why she had to go  
I don't know she wouldn't say.  
I said something wrong,  
Now I long for yesterday.

Yesterday, love was such an easy game to play.  
Now I need a place to hide away.  
Oh, I believe in yesterday.  
Mm mm mm mm mm mm mm.

Note: To understand i needed long time. Still i don't understand whole song. It has a lot of secrets in it.

Sukhee Bukhbat

# Naked Truth

Human comes naked to the earth.  
Human goes back naked from the earth.  
Life starts naked.  
Life ends naked.

Kids' thoughts are nakedly naive and innocent.  
Adults' thoughts are nakedly complicated and problematic.  
Hurting someone in any ways is naked evil.  
Thinking badly about something is naked sin.

Angry and disappointed nature is naked beast,  
In someone's eyes.  
Full of broken promises and uncompleted desires,  
It is naked truth in other's eyes.  
Waves of succeeded tasks and catching feeling of happiness,  
It is naked truth in my dreams.

Life being a chess board with black and white squares is naked truth.  
Us trying to play it smartly is naked truth.

Sukhee Bukhbat



# Painter

As a painter my friend spent his whole life,  
On the drawing table sitting and looking.  
As an artist my friend lost his time,  
In the art tunnel looking for exists.

How easy to paint black on white, but  
How difficult to paint white on black.  
Bad influence is easy to follow.  
Good influence is hard to accept.

Those were the last words of his.  
Thus, advised me not to go through that door.

Sukhee Bukhbat

# Rain

Rain, rain, rain  
Come here and wash my sins.  
Rain, rain, rain  
Pour here and clean my soul.

I never use umbrellas.  
I never refuse bathing my mind.  
I never like to be under the umbrellas.  
It is like a fake security,  
I never know when it's going to fall off.

Rain, rain, rain  
Shower here and set me clean.  
Rain, rain, rain  
Wet my hard soul-rocks and take them away.

After the rain I always feel like a new man,  
A man with a new dream and a new beginning.  
In period of time, the new dream might get dusty and rusty.  
So then i will await the next rain.

Life is a game.  
A game between the rains.  
Life is a process.  
A process between human and nature.

Sukhee Bukhbat

# Rhythm Of Jazz, My Rescuer

With slow beats of jazz, enjoying your life.  
With smooth rhythm of jazz, flying free in the sky.  
Not caring about anything, just listening to the music.  
Not worrying about anything, just feeling the melodies.

It pulled me out, when i was down in the bottom.  
It put me in, when i felt out of balance.  
Jazz helped me to stand on my feet.  
Jazz gave me a hand when i was drowning.

Piano, drums and bass guitar streams  
Duo, Trio, Quartet playing their best.  
A beauty with soft voice and smooth move,  
Keeps you awake and away from the world.

Only jazz gives me relax.  
Only jazz makes me happy.  
All that jazz took my soul into itself.  
All that jazz shook my heart suddenly.

All that jazz, only that jazz.

Sukhee Bukhbat

# Road Runner

I recognize spring has come by the swans arriving to the local lake.  
I know nature has woken up by the noises they make.  
When they land on the lake, they seem happy.  
And the lake seems to love them.

Nature loves its own road runners from far away.  
Road runners miss the beauty of nature for the long winter time.  
They fly over the Himalai mountain every year,  
And feel loved after a long trip.

There is one tough road runner who travels around,  
From Asia to Europe, in the end landed in America.  
He never feels filled by mother nature or a partner swan,  
But he gets recharged by what he experiences.

Alone swan hits the road by himself,  
To look for happiness in the other world.  
Alone swan runs on the road of the world,  
To discover the beauty of mother nature everywhere.

When is the time to settle down?  
How long is research going to take?  
These questions are out of his mind.  
That keeps him travelling out the world.

Now he is on the way to new lands,  
Motherland of Africa and far land of Australia.  
Nothing to expect but to experience,  
Is the best motto he's got.

So, does he run the road.  
So, does he run away from the road.

Sukhee Bukhbat

# Single Rose

A single rose in the vase,  
Sitting alone in the corner.  
Only beauty in the local,  
Takes lots of attention.

Wanting to sniff its smell,  
Every worker bee flies to her.  
Trying to get rid of them and to be nice,  
She can't do anything, other than being touched.

After a while, the rose loses he freshness.  
Therefore bees fly away in search of new rose.

Now old freshless rose sits in the vase.  
Thinking of old time when she was young.  
Now the rose sits in old vase,  
Awaiting the time when she will be dried out.

Sukhee Bukhbat

# Standing At The Light

I stop slowly at the road light,  
And glare at the intersection.  
Then I look at the mirrors,  
If someone is standing behind me.

Just like in a life I have choices.  
Go straight, turn right, turn left or u-turn.  
Which one should i choose?  
Which is the right one?

I was on my way home, but now  
I've changed my mind.  
For sure i am not going home,  
Therefore i don't know where to drive.

Maybe should i try to fly.  
Perhaps should i go under the ground.

In the end i always have choices,  
Choices, that are already made.  
Destiny will show it.

In the end we always have choices,  
Just a matter of good or bad choices.  
Time will show it.

Sukhee Bukhbat

# Stay With Me

Time's passed so fast,  
I've just realized it now.  
Life's changed a lot,  
I've opened my eyes now.

I had a lot to complain,  
When i was young.  
I have only thing to wish,  
That i want my mother near me.

I am 40 now, i can't recognize myself.  
My mom is 70, she can't wait to see me.  
After a long disappearance, she has one wish.  
After a long journey, i have one dream.

Since she gave a birth to me,  
She's been my teat.  
When i grew up a little,  
She's been my guardian.

How could i forget, she always supports me.  
How would i unknow, she always loves me.

I've learnt love by her touch.  
Soft and warm hands gave me a love.  
Sometimes she would get hard on me for a reason.  
Anyway she didn't hurt me to not break my feeling.

After these all years, i haven't heard 'I love you, my son'  
But I felt it.  
After these all years, i haven't told 'I love you, mom'  
But i tried to show it.

It's called an invisible connection between mom and kid.  
It's known as a feeling between mother and a child.

There's not long time left for her, i heard on the phone.  
You'd better hurry, the voice continued.  
No, no i can't send her up there, i thought.

I am packing and flying today, i said.

Right now i am in the plane to my mother and motherland.  
I am thinking a lot, i wish not, but can't stop.  
I want to swear and yell, therefore i know it wouldn't help.  
God, I don't want to give you my mom.

I can imagine her smile.  
That smile will give her,  
A power to stand up on her feet.

I can see her cheer.  
That cheer will lift her up,  
To help to get well.

Please stay with me forever as long as you wish.  
Please live happily with me ever after.

Sukhee Bukhbat



# That One Star

Remember that summer, i used to lie down on the grass.  
In the countryside, i used to watch the stars every night.  
Were always lots of stars in the dark blue sky,  
Were always rich lightened in the deep sky.

And there was only one star that i liked.  
Was in different places everyday night,  
But i would find it every time.

And there was one special star that i wondered.  
Was the lightest one in my eyes,  
But no one else could find it.

That one star stayed in my memories,  
That one star is still in my mind.  
Too far to catch it,  
Too close to run away from it.

Every night it would appear in the sky.  
Every day it would disappear in the light.  
Someday i couldn't wait for the night.  
Then i used to pray for the night to come quickly.

Still i see that one star,  
Even on the another side of the earth.  
Still i see that one star,  
Even in the middle of my dream.

That one star never left me.  
That one star never came close.  
Just like in the beginning,  
Same in the end.

That one star.  
That one star.

Sukhee Bukhbat

# The Brave One

The braveness is not taking a life of the biggest enemy.

The braveness is not destroying others and controlling their properties.

The braveness is a meaning of putting your life in danger for someone, something else.

The braveness is a meaning of doing something good for someone, not for yourself.

Like a fireman getting to the fire.

Risking his own life to rescue someone.

Like a sailor jumping to the cold sea water

Freezing himself to the death to save someone.

Like a religious person praying in his mind

Asking good for others and to forgive their sins,

To save their life.

Like every mother loving their kids,

Being ready to do everything to grow them into good people,

Later they will save other's life.

It is hard, but it is brave.

Sukhee Bukhbat

# Warmth And Thoughts

Sunny morning with no clouds is rare in the winter time.  
Funny singing of early birds is dear in the dream time.

Finding cold air in your room,  
You would rather stay in the warm bed.  
Discovering close warmth in your bed,  
You would rather keep it with your body.

For any reason, you wouldn't let yourself leave the warmth.  
For any request, you wouldn't let the warmth go.  
Warmth, warmth, warmth in your soul.  
Thoughts, thoughts, thoughts in your mind.

Freezing air wouldn't dare if your sole is in the warmth.  
Freaking ideas wouldn't dare if your mind is on the right track.

How beautiful is this feeling,  
Worth pursuing it.  
How delightful is this emotion,  
Worth tasting it.

Sukhee Bukhbat

# World Is Perfect

World is perfect,  
The way it is.  
World is brutal,  
The way it is.

Depends what we look forward to.  
Depends what we expect from it.

If we are nasty, world can be harsh.  
If we are pleasant, world can be promising.  
That's us who make the world full.  
That's us who change the world poorly.

Into each life, a little rain must fall.  
Into each person, bad luck must happen.  
But we can't give up.  
That's just a test of patience.

Therefore we can't change the side,  
Cause of thing that didn't happen  
The way we expected.

Days fly as seconds.  
Years fly as leaves falling from the trees.

We learn from the mistakes.  
We learn from elder's words.  
Even if we still struggle with mistakes,  
We should try to repair.

It's never late to correct.  
It's never late to fix.

World is perfect,  
The way it is.  
World is brutal,  
The way it is.



# Yesterday And Yes-Today

Yesterday i was a kid.  
Yes-today i am not the kid anymore.  
Yesterday was simple day for me.  
Yes-today is new day for me.

Yesterday it was raining whole day.  
Yes-today sun is shining at the top of my head.

Yesterday i was in bad mood.  
Yes-today I am thinking positive.

Yesterday was my history.  
Yes-today is making my history.  
Yesterday i was hurt.  
Yes-today i am hurting someone.

Yesterday i was told about today.  
Yes-today i am checking if everything will match.  
So far everything is getting checked.  
I can't believe in my eyes.

Yesterday i was drunk.  
Yes-today i am having a hang-over.  
Yesterday i was a fool.  
Yes-today i keep being foolish.

Sukhee Bukhbat