

Poetry Series

**Tendrup Gyeltshen**  
**- poems -**

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## Tendrup Gyeltshen(10/01/99)

I was born in Pemagatshel(Bhutan) , not where my parents are from but where they village is at have moved to various places and finally I started my education at Wangdi.I was interested in poetry from my childhood itself and started some of my own.

# Dramatising Route

Sunset's paradise behold's me,  
worldly happiness devours me,  
gypsies fun around us,  
happiness world in the bus..

Tendrup Gyeltshen

# My Yeshi

You can't die before me,  
mind that and shall not I live after you.  
I can't touch you as fear of pain hurts me.  
My wavy heart hurts.

I could vaguely see oceans of tears awaiting me  
if in any case, you fade.  
Slightly feel those hunger  
if in any case, I must wait.  
I could hear my heart, already scream  
for yours, if in any case you leave.  
I could taste many and as much as I do,  
do not worry.

I picked A Star.  
Never mind, I say bye.

Funny our story was,  
We don't know who confessed first  
or who came forward with that eye,  
the look she always had.

A time has passed, still lots remain  
and still lots to know.  
As weary and as boring as it may sound,  
You still have to face me.

Tendrup Gyeltshen

## Sonnet 849

I live before next, day on and past moon,  
on this land where no cages are for men,  
but for those speechless crying lives and soon  
roads of doom shall rip their soul in our pan.  
she, my she, has solid will against it,  
no red shall fill her and no god can press  
her to take cry-less lives even a bit.  
pleasantly blue gown, green-in she would dress.  
Speak of their leaves turning yellow and now  
falls down even in green leaving her here  
chasing beefs, pork, and all back till they bow,  
I now slay this haunted breath till she near.  
Break upsky, she would still be clear in quest,  
drunk in hopes and i dare she does her best.

Tendrup Gyeltshen

# Still Dreaming

I woke up and dreamt,  
a dream forever after.  
As blue as it can be  
and as its radiance hits me,  
I stand still, half awake,  
Still dreaming.

Tendrup Gyeltshen

# The Moonlight's Pride

Can i have a piece of may,  
Or can i do that for moonlight's pride.  
Can i talk about that heaven's day,  
or can i do it for your smiley ride.  
Can things not go simple,  
when it was meant not to.  
or can it mean us slender,  
when heaven welcomed two.  
Will the soft heavy shade,  
wash the thirsty-dying land.  
or will the funny-looking head,  
give his men-food in their hand.  
I STILL to have that May,  
or i could give for your moonlight's pride.  
I like to speak that heaven's day,  
or i can give your smiley ride.  
Or i can live like that hornet king,  
where in the land, the birds can freely sing...

Tendrup Gyeltshen