

Poetry Series

Tenzin Choten Khampa

- poems -



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Tenzin Choten Khampa(13/12/1987)



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Unlucky 13!

There are things which i can't tell you,
There are things which i can't say,
I have feelings inside me,
Which i can't convey,

I may look happy from outside,
But i have lots of things going on inside,
Sometimes i think if this wouldn't have been my life
Then what would it be? ,

There are several questions running in my mind,
Why people say thirteen is unlucky? ,
The other day i was looking for explanations,
What i came across was confusion,

Should i fall for the words which people say,
Should i fall for my own words,
Questions which i always have,
But there are no answers to these questions,

Amazing world it is,
So many people around,
Several people born on 13,
But, who thinks they are unlucky?
Wonders you will see,
'Good things happening on 13',
But, what you will believe
'Bad things on 13',

So am I suppose to think that i am unlucky,
Because i am born on 13,
I still imagine what unlucky 13 is?
I imagine today,
I will imagine thereafter.

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The Poet! !

With the passing of days,
i pass each day as it is my last,
Like a poet i write,
To express what i have inside me, I want to see what my subconscious mind
thinks about life,
I want it to speak what is required.

When i look behind,
I think of the days which reminds me of my days of glory,
I know time will pass like a wave
When it wipes away even the words written on the sand
So what is life?
It will also pass.....

One has to die alone taking
No one along,
Whoever takes life seriously will never get the happiness
He deserves.
Each day i think about birds flying in the sky,
Thinking What is the limit to their existence?

Each page i write i think i should tear it off,
Not because it is senseless,
But it is worthless,
Who will read my part of story
When you get so many good stories to read,
And all are worth reading,
Am i really a poet?
Am i really immature that i can't take certain decisions at the right time
What are decisions?

Can someone explain it to me?
What is the point of being happy?
When you are not getting anything that you deserve.

I keep asking these questions to myself
Thinking someday someone would answer and understand me

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The Last Time You Smiled! !

I remember the last time you smiled,
I was walking down the road,
While i was listening to the birds,
I saw a glimpse of a beautiful creature,
Ask me What it is?

With steps you came close,
I gazed at you as you crossed,
You were dreaming, and were lost,
I was anxious to know you,
But my reluctant heart
Never made it through.

I turned back to get that last look
Ah! there you gave me,
A pleasing smile
And that was the last time you smiled.

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See My Pain, You Shall Stay Happy! !

Days are just passing,
with the leaves falling down from its branches

I write to you a lot many letters
just to say that i am fine.
Understand the meaning,
Feel my pain,
All you will see that you are mine,

With the twinkling of stars,
My life twinkles with your memories.
I owe you many surprises which is only for you

I want to swim in the deepest ocean,
to grab the pearl,
give new ways and new life
to my life,

With a blink my entire life will pass,
though i know i will never be able
to get over my past
i run to get rid of it
but every time i fall to face my past.
i wanna sleep and go back in my dreams
travel to the place
to where i belong,

Carrying a basket full of memories,
will make me strong,
Carrying a basket full of tears,
will make me suffer for long,

Long journey i have to take to conquer
the fear inside me,
i take several steps thinking
this would be the best
but as i take the next
i am left with the same
fear inside me

Why do i dream so much?
Thoughts are just trembling down,
i am holding myself,
to not to fall off the cliff,
every time i pinch myself
i see myself on the bed.

I wonder why things are out of control,
i wonder why am i so sad
i wonder and will always wonder
till i see the real person within me.

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Wish This Monsoon Never Ends!

Its monsoon time,
pen and paper what i think,
i imagine myself waking up in the morning,
start my day with a small note
singing the song,
i sing every morning.

Here i go again
Its monsoon time,
i see every morning,
the droplets of water,
to see every day after,

the chirping of birds on the holy tree,
seeking attention of the other birds
calling out for their love to be together
with the trees swinging with the winds
birds cherish the time to dance with the winds.

like a music you hear
it makes you think
asking the lord how did you create such things.
you enjoy it you want to dream thereafter

The greenery of trees
makes you feel fresh
look so beautiful
you want to lay down at rest.

Clouds are moving ahead
they have different paths to take
they cover the entire city to look fake

Waiting for the rain to enter again
i feel few drops of the rain
there it comes i see it through
i feel blessed to see the rain.

wish the monsoon never ends

bringing with them the joy that will never end.

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Thousand Miles I Crossed!

With the rising sun,
i wait for your look,
that you give me everyday,
i crawl, imagine, travel down the line,
so that i can see you somewhere,
but i see you lying nowhere.

Each day i walk the line
down the memory lane,
i project your images,
it wakes me up and puts me in vain,
from the deepest thought i want to say,
with the beginning of the day i remember you,
and with the end i surrender to you my love.
Last want to end it like i always do,
that love holds me forever,
i will never let it go no matter
wherever you go.

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