

Poetry Series

Tenzin Tsewang
- poems -

Publication Date:
2019

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

A Home In Exile

A home in exile is a search of tranquil stone
In between still lake and wrathful ocean.

A lost soul construct with foreign tongue in old shadow,
Near condensing vapour.

Home is untamed morning sun
translating, lost in translation.
Heart frozing, vaporize in sky.

Home is lamp at the end of the street
flickering rays to its night wanderer.
Home is dilemma with millions of
association unassociatable.

Tenzin Tsewang

For Love

For love,
You have to allow someone into your secret room,
to take the fragrance of your hidden things,
Your fear of exposure.

And
For your understanding
He unzips his heart
To show the sweet innocence trapped in his own room.

Like you do so.

Tenzin Tsewang

I See You

I see you,
When I hear Cuckoo sings
And flower breaths to spring call.

I see you,
When Snow melts in the mountains
And Iceberg breaks into water drops.

I see you,
When thunder shakes the earth
And slowly dark clouds swell in the sky

I see you,
In still when wind push the dust
Leaves swirls and vapour disappear.

I see you,
When winter takes the soul in distant summer
And warm
Cold soul leaps.

I see you,
When hate embarks strong
And spirit descend down in toe

I see you,
I see your presence near in distance
And hear love in hatred.

I see you,
In Moon and stars
When sun sets upon me

Tenzin Tsewang

Little Poe

Once in a town named Low,
There lived a man named Pow,
There in Low,
Pow loved a girl named Poo,
For Poo all that he sow,
But when they walked,
So after they talked.
Poo saw Pow is slow,
Among all In town name Low.
Whereas for Pow everything is law,
And was afraid
Enough to bow.
Such was the tell in a town named Low
By virtue Pow was left low
For one morning he got nothing left to sow.

Tenzin Tsewang

Our Story

We being with love,
before red sweetheart, we have our own glory, golden age. Our enlighten father
gave this earth love and our mother produce compassion music from barbaric
flute.

We have our share of shame
enemy face smile
applause on silly deed.
prefer salt over sweet
play sour song sweet.

We throw suspicious in the air, yes, we do.
When distance enemy air view about us.
March memory, cold handshake, sacrifice of million
makes only half of our story.

Tenzin Tsewang

To You

In the shrine room glimmer of butter lamps flickers me your Name. Not even
holy flame faraway me from you. To
the
old aged bones, badly injured in back and forth as one rised for one has fall. To
the
smell of faint smoke from nomads tent whose swirls briefly dress the naked sky.
To the
river Tsangpo
Whose memory dives me into the bottom of her depth. To the
People of the Nagba
The never changing voice over
centuries not washed away with ignorance. To the
Water and the
wood, undisplaced you, when you get displace. Tibet
Will froze in the polluted Beijing air,
word after word.

And what will left of me in exile, except
Fantasize you which
struggle,
to not,
ever, faraway me from you.

Tenzin Tsewang