

Poetry Series

Kawa Karpo

- poems -

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Kawa Karpo()

I was born in the world most beautiful place called Tibet, I started writing from at age of fifteen, later some of my poems had got poetry prizes in Tibet, recently I started to write poems in chinese language, therefore my chinese poems are appeared in chinese magazines in china and Tibet, lastly I hope that my works'll enjoy the readers of all over the s.

A Dead Man

I see a dead man
Under a flat sorrow of shell
Sometimes it replaced sunny days
I attempt to raid on coming danger
A danger of egoism and its white wings
Let white wings bury me under soil
I see a dead man
Whose past are black as me
Whose future are white as you
Whose without siblings are as nothing
I really see a dead man
On my forehead and nose
On earth and under it

Kawa Karpo

A Gray Memory

From my heart I could sing a song
Those broken glass of seedless eyes
Who can't see your blind faith towards us
Some watchmen are climbing their souls
And next to me was an old man of flame

Kawa Karpo

A Philosophy

I saw the sun
Through that sun
I saw a river of blood

I saw the moon
Through that moon
I saw a fire of bone

Later I thought
Those are war of yesterday
War of history in thee home
But that is nothing to us
Nothing to present

Kawa Karpo

A Song Of Cloudy Sky

I can wonder around the eternal world
Despite my brother sun's gown had lost
My silver eyes were opening to gate of wind
My golden hands were burning into a storm
Natural and animals were entwined by rings

Kawa Karpo

A Theme

I need no safety, I'm an angle who totally preoccupied of that song of heaven
and hell,
I do not possibly captured the second thought of next generation of pioneer and
every detail purpose,
Then I will carry a basket of unwillingness with pacing toward the limitless
suspicious,
I do not rob that wealth of those humble poets and interfere with their all interior
jobs,
I do not bear that sorrow of word by myself in this night in any condition of
beauty and ugliness.

Kawa Karpo

An Exotic Song

I will change everything
Except illusion
Many years of world is
Been like this
With some permanent stones
Along shadow of sun
Valley in my peaceful mind
Is soundless as passing cloud
Then the some minor words
Would be voice of coexistence

Kawa Karpo

An Old Wall

The light of torch
Rode on the sea tide
Only the winter of an old wall

Is not bare emotion to thou
Soil and land are masterpieces
for three days'unbalanced nights

Kawa Karpo

Betray

That year public strongly against wisdom
They against for wisdom's capability

Two prime causes that betrayed wisdom

Wisdom lighten darkness
Wisdom opened mind gate

Kawa Karpo

Birds

Caged birds
Uncaged birds

Who are your early owners?
Am I a faked guest of this season?

Caged birds
Uncaged birds

Are we waiting for a man of wisdom?
Though wisdom is already used by fools

Kawa Karpo

Blaze

I saw thee weep
I saw thee laugh

Come over that well of my heart
Come over that days of past

I saw thee at a living world
I saw you in sunshine
But it leaves a glow behind

Kawa Karpo

Buddhist Verse

Buddhist Verse

Throw your evil spirit & dark soul from cave of body
Free them from dangerous river of three poisons
These of our karma is brought from previous life

There are many sprits who wandering on lower realms
Take them to the land of liberation as your father & mother
It makes no sense if we wasted precocious body of this life

When we accumulated black karma with guilty people
No Buddha could save us because karma is yours
Our soul is Buddha & our soul is evil in same body

It would lead you to heaven as it would to hell
Where compassion there is flower of peace & happiness
Wisdom & compassion is two eyes of great Buddha's teaching

We had long been this Samsara for suffered unbearable pain
Wish ignorance let us awakened from blindness

Of all hindrances & obstacles of front & back of us
Way of sunlight will waiting us & show ing us enlightenment

Kawa Karpo

Declaration

My body is made by iron
The iron has its own characters
sky is like a marble umbrella
Under that umbrella
I sought an orchard
In the orchard
I've considerable friends
My hair is made by silver
No one can destroy silver hair
I have no other possessions but you
Shrine knowledgeable brain
You held the flag of past stories
My pen is slothful Hammer
I write through tunnel of paper
Until I lost in a pristine land

Kawa Karpo

Definition

Where is tomorrow?

A sense of aloofness that never reached,
It' ll be true as ancient logic,
Furtive imagination.

How it'll work?

A word has been decorated on the desk of sentences,
Never ever destroyed by someone,
Will be published as a golden book.

Can this be true?

Yes, wrong's feet dangling in the paper of water,
Not disdaining for appearance
Of anyone,
Anyone, anyone.

Kawa Karpo

Dike

See, volcano is bleeding
Bleeding as pasture bleeding its eyes of silver
Don't you know?
Above sky would live as veins live in your body

I will count a single hour in order to receive rain
Rain of light, rain of white haze, rain of naked pain
Around me were echoing monotone empty sounds

Shall we be more dumb and colorless hearted
Than volcano is now and before
Not assailing
By any daring and hardihood
But volcano, did you burn variegated skin of
Unmeasurable land and its rain drenched hair?
Weary sentences are not powerful beside you
I shall not care what you behold in vast
Country that covered by greedy name of volcano

Kawa Karpo

Directions

I rode on a hideous wind
It blows and blows

South is open as free of summer
North is close as ice of winter
West is controlled in future's tune

But east is only who speaks
To his own way in front
As I rode on a hideous wind
But it stops on
The way I gone

Kawa Karpo

Eagles

The eagles have a pair of wings
One is use for to see the sun
Other is use for to cover the sun

Though sun has no eyes to see
And no body to cover

Kawa Karpo

Epitome

When they see my sore arm
When they see my almond eyes
Winter's birds undid my sigh way
Song that dies in dusky night
Times are as lighter as winds
Those girls who never know
All the loves of day and night
Creations can be belong to creator

Kawa Karpo

Eyes

My eyes are like those birds
Those birds that fly to its nest
Same as my eyes are partitions
Partitions of dust and wind
Dust and wind have no wings
Just as a halcyon sea
A halcyon sea, from times unseen
My shadow call me, as your eyes did
From far away of season's farewell
Too deep of evening is flowing
Flowing toward haunch of my eyes
Immortelle of my eyes

Kawa Karpo

Flower

1

Hold this flower
No pain in deep of it
During spring
I come back with wind
As you know before

2

Hold this flower
Spirit frozen in day's conch
And your way to the dark
I myself washed flower
Of future's rib and liver

Kawa Karpo

For Kyichu

1

The river flowed down from my side
The river flowed down from my side as water drops of ancient
We were raised by water drops and now all're adult

2

Today I stood by river for finding old memories
That memories taught us many things we ever have

Note: Kyichu river is flowing near Lhasa city in Tibet

Kawa Karpo

For Mother

Mother, I' m mere a sound
Echoing in your heart for
This very moment

Mother, only my
Lonesome is as free as leaves
Of sky in your loves

Mother, through all nights
I'm sleeping as I could
Which not enough for me

But, that's my power
Strong than anything in my world

Kawa Karpo

Grass

I love grass, I love grass that grows in water
As many un-brith children's grass on water
By water burns its body of fire and soil
Whole world's winter that seeks beauty of dew
In order to bring grass of grass to the orchard
So a dead man and woman are dancing by and
Your less and more of grass is bright as before

Kawa Karpo

Have To Dig

In front, there is a pool
A pool of language and riddle
Seeing, waters are coming out from pool
Many can't recognized thee
Thus, thee only become a golden sun
As everybody has been tossing at corner

Kawa Karpo

History

I dreamed that I'm on a boat of history
I dreamed that history is in his lost love
Just as tiny golden box is hanging on summer's wind

I dreamed that a man called back bone came
And took all shades of history
Which we all sitting under it
During time of war and without peace

I dreamed a withered farm of present
It leads me to the mirror

And shows me direction of future days

Kawa Karpo

I Can Play

Dear Buddha, I can play beams of light
I can play echoing green tree, and cup
I can play my races, the golden races

I can play axe and spade, and bury down
The thinker's formidable thought

I can play beneath night's shade
All the merry years are winged

I can play the times of innocence
My pilgrims are coming toward me
I can play what I got in this night

I can play god's eyes and their holy feet
I can play lantern of truth in war time

Kawa Karpo

I Continue My Dying

I continue my dying when I'm in a paper
In this paper I change to be a sailor
I dream of paper as an ocean of life
Of nobody's ever destiny

I close the tiny eyes of world
Of eyes of sufferings belongs three realms
Within boundless of sky and ocean
I would be a capital of myself
I would be a god of myself

I continue my dying
Until it reach to the top of suffering
Or truth of path

Kawa Karpo

I Plant A Tree

I plant a tree, in the spring carefully
But I am not sure that what will come in fall
then, seed told me that as your wish
I will come, gold chains

Yesterday, gold chain came in my dream
By seeing, it change into a dilapidated river
And flow towards my embellished home and lonely heart

In the fall, was I caring for birds' song?
Was I listening to still of sky?
I know, I' m not, I' m really not

Planting is not very hard, but result
God is powerless, but by tradition, we worshiped

Kawa Karpo

Image Of Masks

1

When night had came, a sad lover's face is image of her own, that she never known before, all pressure of writing is blowing by a powerless thoughts, as a cap of tea on the lips of women, as a winter of stranger's land suffering agony of future, wrongly we can destroy the law of hell, but we can't destroy the world, except Buddha's mightiest poetry of this world, you workshop your religion in everyday, you workshop your dad and mom, yet you workshop yourself, because you're making a shorter space between you and me.

2

I asked Buddha, where is my fragment of image? Now I know that I'm a foam of image before the forming of world, due to my unaware of singing days, wordless words had scattered everywhere in the land of snow, please, lend me a torch of this century? I'll outdare the battle of life and its all sun like victory, many built temple of pain in your heart of center park, I walked upon your place in the deep and shallow festival of all god's days.

(To be continued)

Kawa Karpo

Influence

Near me
Flowers are blossoming
Day by day

On my face
Blossoming those flowers
Though my face is not trees

Kawa Karpo

March

When I have nothing say the wings
Of season will stop talking

March is coming, his ear is hidden
With unreasonable way

From distant, a song is flowing as stream
The farmers are dancing with its coming gain
Names of, whole things are nothing
As nothing itself

Kawa Karpo

Mistakes

They came to count my mistakes
They think many times about my whole paces of life
But they' re shadows, they only appear under sun
People named them as incapability
Incapability did capable works under sun shine
So, can I name them as people did before?

Kawa Karpo

Mystery Of Sky And Land

1

Above me, I can see the sky, where all my birds have silver wings, golden wings,
silver wings are gift of sky, golden wings are gift of land.

2

Whose creation are the sky and land? But my powerful mind is much stronger
than the creation of sky and land

3

Do not write a letter mother on the your skin like paper,
Because sky is what your mother gave you before you born in this colorless
world.

4

Your smiles are like stars of sky in the autumn night, the land is kneeling down
on the words of my poetry like bone.

5

I am not doubtful with the long distance of religion and science logic, all're
mingled down as sand and water

6

I keep silence for a moment, a moment that merely decreasing the spirit that
grow in land of Lord Buddha's early dreams

7

Flowers can only faced to the eastern sun, and rivers are running down to the
ocean of human's bone and blood

8

Who heard the voice of an enteral Angle? Who killed the unbearable pain of you
and me had deserved? Who? Who?

9

Every single day had been washed up by the mightiest sun, who is said to be
only child of sky and land

10

The hunter of night was coming toward us like the wizard of ancient days of

Greek, idle music of old chapter is closing its
door for moment.

11

When beauty grows like dimple on girls' lovely face,
How shall I go through deep of your harvest days?

Kawa Karpo

Nameless

I am song, I will sing to the religion
I will sing to the meaning of it
I hate, I am hated, it is mine
Now at last I can die

I am slept with cloud and with fire
I have heart-iron and laughing to give
I can sit on the wind and grass
Now at last I can die

Kawa Karpo

Neglected Face

Let disaster buried among legends
Let only legends deceive fragile history
But let memories leave himself as before

Let truth come and divided to universal eyes
Let intoxicated eyes prove thought of wise thinkers

Let impregnable thought of thinkers remained hesitation
Let they obey instantly, do not permit insubordination

Let democracy and his women smile on the ashamed flag of century
Let thorn be democracy on his own face

Kawa Karpo

Once A Light On My Head

Father, you are so fool
That I can't see the horizon of
Your last step that I wanna hear
I am a poor child in your last dream
The world is becoming more strange
To me and flower of water
To me and iron of sandy place

Father, I can hardly exist on lily trees
And pretend to be an innocent bird

Kawa Karpo

Quench

In the autumn night
The stars are face to face
The pale grass are against to against
But prince's flowers are not dying
I am merely a grandson of silence
I kept this for a disheartened century
Century which has been used all his energy
But left some worthless silver eyes of those poor ones

Kawa Karpo

Restless Words

I had nothing to cover your pit eyes
I had nothing to pierce your fire skeleton
Let me go, where all are in deep sleep
Let me go, where blinds can see themselves in dark
Where more and more sisters are growing
And happiness stopped in front

Kawa Karpo

Roots

You give me a ragged clothing
You give me a dark chapter
You give me a dreadful custom
You give me a seasonal fruit
You give me an invisible settlement
You give me an organ of religion
You give me a life mode of farmer
You give me a radical rule of demon
You give me a poor's dispensation
You give me a beautiful behavior of sweeper
You give me a shoulder of future's poetry
You give me a poor bed and light of sage
You give me a cemetery within you and me

Kawa Karpo

Samsaric Song

Can we obtain the fruits of this & next life?

Can we possibly cross the river of delusion?

We have continuously momentary pleasures that

Deceitfully lead our lucid mind & same as binding nooses.

This sensual world is full of temptation as ocean of nector

Death is certain, we blindly opposing each other

Sun like Buddha instructed us but way will never come

And blissed us as moon rays threw at the topmost hill

of innocent heart.

Sand of words are blown by cool breeze of poetry

Due to scriptures of Buddhism, whose heart was perfectly clear.

That spiritual power beautified the rainbow

of upper sky with whole sentient beings & its remainders

You must dry it up if the sun of wisdom & ignorance

Are placed at the same stage with his dharma.

Abandon all the bodily conduct of visible place

It will pierce your wrongdoing by knife of loving Buddha.

Kawa Karpo

Secret

The dust and evening glow are your finger
A moment where I am sitting on baby's skin
And I could write Tibetan letters to you
You and your only single face of blue roof

Kawa Karpo

Settling

Cloud, sky, bird and emptiness
They're, going either way under blueness of sky

Avoiding matter of fact
Those are sense of something never happened

Into the sea of my modest heart and soul
Many broken words had lined up near their literary stage

Kawa Karpo

Simple

You are as simple as snow
When stream drink your blood
Above sky was wide opened to you
But you do not know the fact
I carry a wooden box of poetry
Lastly it drowned into your ocean
Just like you never seen in dreams
Wine like year was buried too deep
Changing town will wait a long sleep
Under lovely apple tree
It happened before a thousand years ago

Kawa Karpo

Snowy Words

The shadow seem to grow in master's every step
I stumbled through the darkness, surrounded by swastika
What keeps me thinking day by day
All the my unique is changing in the end of this season
I cut the rope of love and its pitch on road
I though things were looking up, but now dark attacks
I was trapped alone in the house of tales
All tales were told by local demons
Strangers sit here at this stone
Wishing people could bring him golden home
Then my eyes once again become license of snowy words

Kawa Karpo

Summer Song

It reminds me full and all
It makes me laughing sun of summer
It opens the gate in skinny soul

Sometimes, it appears and then disappears
Over dim light of my bare past

It's not temptation of women
It's not profound philosophy of Buddhism

Somehow, neither misery nor joy
It seething on the lake of midsummer

Kawa Karpo

Symbols

I stood that night with a lonely mouth
And the night's sun was red as my soul
And a few men are digging their eyes in hole
The hole is your god's face and air of word
In that night many riddles of years are burned
By wings of sky and trees of water
And a pen sowed good seed in his field
Someone went his way by suffering in night
Both seed and night grow together with harvest
But night told me that seed was lately gone
I shall be burning this with a sigh
I shall be weeping this with a sigh

Kawa Karpo

Systems

Oh mother of mine and others
Your compassion is pure as naked ice
Splendid sun, unlucky flame and burned water
Where ocean is calling your name in faraway

All the poor people of world
All the weak people of world
Your spirit is so high in the sky
Your heart is so deep as Buddha

The mother of mine and others
Like perfect and discordant years of Tibet
Unhappiness and misery
Returning and coming
All the days might unfold everywhere

Kawa Karpo

The Book That I Have

The book that I have
Is miracle as southern ocean?
In the day time it will be
It will be the book that I have
Nobody's issue in present

The book that I have
Is your love and yours what?
It's rather small as tiny particles

The book that in your dream
The book that in my dream
Alive in endless golden years

Kawa Karpo

Thoughtless Ground

She is drawing me at this obscure night
Because I have not been petrified
The destiny and my will could be bewitched me
If I married you immediately in unseen day
Those grass for cows are for heart's mire
Lest heaven and sky would be same sense
Will this dim light for whole night as I deserved
Like a stone bled inwardly on thoughtless ground

Kawa Karpo

Time Is Unpredictable

Former time of civilization
Who recounts whose wings?

Who hunts whose pride?
Throw yourself into life's embrace

Immortal time is ever seen
Both in youth and aged time

Who greatly stop the wheel of time?
Assortment, tremor, empathy
Closed by imaginary thought

Kawa Karpo

To Sara Teasdale

You open the deepest morning of day
Which redder than Tibetan girl's cheek
On the stone, carved some poems
And a volume of dust is playing
passionately on the summer's shoulder

Kawa Karpo

Volition

It is first moment of
When snow is falling down on
The highest hill on hands of window

It is first moment of
When rain is beating against
The window of stranger's nose

Kawa Karpo

Walking On Road By Alone

Road is going under feet
Feet are out of work from now

I can see the Sera Monastery
By sight of retreat

Though I'm blind as dark

Where cold winds are rising
And hottest sky is lying down

Kawa Karpo

Wane

I lay down on sleepless mat
The night on the head is lazy one
Once I woke up

Nothing could I see and heard
There are no longer rooms for
All bitterness to cry

Kawa Karpo

Waves On Thong

Thoughts are, pouring into river waves
Around it, dead body of sea
Is crying as her birth day in deep rhythm
Of life journey

Those weak thoughts
Those broken imaginations

Kawa Karpo

Weapon

You rolled down some tears of weapon
On river of peace and war
Time is skirting in present days
Are there some other days?
Are there some other nights?
For all disturbed things are passed
We can watch the last sky of world
Last land of catastrophe carelessly
Those are resemblance
But who the coming man of forbearance?
Impenetrable, possible or what else?

Kawa Karpo

What For?

Who bade good bye?
Not torment!protest!raving talk !

Wasn't it hallucination?

Bloody beautiful, what for?
Valuable things're everywhere
Shone a light into rives of thought
Warning bells rang in air of silly house

Laughter leaped and exposed the cloud
Not stab of pain in my heart
Flinging the pain out from torrent of history

Uppish view point aroused by first
Morning, someone remained helpless

Kawa Karpo

When I Am Growing Older

When I am growing older
My loneliness sit on a lonely stone
A stone of Tibet
Like many old poets
Who stayed in a cotton house
And endlessly working their jobs
Jobs that put them into nice man

When I am growing older
My books and pens grow into flowers
My white hairs and tooth are disappear into sky

Kawa Karpo

Wind

The wind is blowing from spring's nest
Beneath the spring's nest who saw true love
Of many petals fall on the world's wall
Our night filled with night itself and pride
Should we destroy the path of empty lake
Should we break down the summer's ankle
I go to far away in the portion of sunset
And for sharing the sufferings of your step

Kawa Karpo

World Peace

Dear Buddha, let my laugh be laugh
Let my cry be cry
I can only save my outer body
In the murky place that I doomed

Dear Buddha, let my soul be soul
Let my heart be heart
I can gave religion to religion
And let entire world into a dream
That dream called world peace

Kawa Karpo