

Poetry Series

Wangchat konyak - poems -



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Wangchat konyak()

I'm a traveler, a wanderer and an explorer.

I'm a writer, a social activist and a social worker.



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The Outcast

I am a deserted book,
Do not touch, do not flip,
Let me be where I am;
To dark I belong,
To quietness I prefer.
My past is concealed
Let it be unknown.
If you unearth, I warn
You will see demon's.

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Masterpiece

Believe me dear, life is a riddles-
A puzzle in your own must fixed.
I admit, to make it quick, you will surely look for aid;
An aid that will turn you grey and dime.
Believe me dear, life is a mystery-
A mystery in your own must root out.
I admit, you will surely climb the cliffs;
A cliffs that will ruin and engrave your soul.
Believe me dear, life is a painstaking task-
A cruel task in your own must erect.
I admit, you must be patient, kind and generous;
Because with these qualities, you are a masterpiece.

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The Gate That Set Me Free

It was late winter eve, and Christmas was ahead;
In turns my comrade left to catch the bus;
I know not where, but perhaps for their homes;
In a haven somewhere solace, perhaps unlike our barrack room
In those sad and tired eyes, I saw a living joy;
And their faces worn a gentle smile of hope.
Each of them bided with a wave and vanished at the gate.
Then, there was I supposedly sad and probably happy;
With a wide open black eyes, behold! with a long neck-
Was impatiently yet excitingly looking at that gate;
Awaiting for my turn to be free from a dark barrack room.
And thus, since then, I never looked back,
Nor let my mind to travel at that dark cage.

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Sorry Dearest Soul

Sorry dearest soul, at last though late I'm here

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Come Out From The Hiding

My silence have engraved my voice,
My voice have deprived my rights,
My rights have snatched away my share,
My share have dethroned my identity,
And my identity have lost my responsibilities
Listen to me, O rich and poor.
The earth does not only belong to the monarch,
Politicians, aristocrats and bureaucrats;
It equally belongs to all creatures and that's the truth.
Stop dictating upon the common man,
Stop extorting the poor peasants,
Stop polluting the environment and ecosystem;
Stop hate speech and conspiracy headlines.
Are you not enough of torturing a fellow friends?
Remember, a man in the opposite border lines is not an enemy,
An enemy is one who wears a face like human,
But the dark actions defines the evil concealed in the flesh.
Come out from the hiding castle, you have stored so much,
We have aged our backbone being a victim of your game.
We have slept in hunger but never touched your golden plate;
We have passed the thick winters nights but never stole your woods;
We have dwelt under the ragged roof but never stopped repairing your roof.
We have reared our childhood in the remote forest,
But never tried to uproot an ancestral boundry.
If you have ears, listen to my voice carefully,
Come out from the hiding, and be a part in making a world a home.

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Take Me Anywhere

Take me to the path I never trod,
Show me the wonders my heart could see
And teach me the songs of love and hope;
For many a years, I was in the dark room,
Alone and forlorn, with emptiness in me
And there's nothing in me to cherish life.
Take me anywhere, I'll never say nay
Even if it's to my grave, I'll gently go;
But do let me know why was life so cruel?
Tell me, I'll simply accept with no regret.

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Unfolding Thoughts

There's no world as happy as a fantasy-
For a man to find himself in agony.
Though one may barely feed his hunger,
And quench her thirst after burning at Sun;
The fancy of her thoughts outwit the load
And his day dream concealed his sorrow.
The reality of life is so lamenting;
That though the finger of man aged-
He is never content, never ceased from toil
And her wants only gives birth to anxiety.
For a poor, fortune seems distance prevailing,
Yet his pure heart enrich health and joy;
But for the idle hands, every door is fold
And her covet for wealth bewitched her mind.
Hence, there's constant conflict within oneself-
Enduring to adapt the code of this untoward world,
And even fantasy forsake to uphold his grief
And her intimacy for fancy is bewildered.

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Love Raptures

If life on earth be short,
Let me adore thee darling
And if life on earth be a wailing,
Let me heal thy swelling sort.

Lovers are carrying law in vain,
But me, darling, with a destine.
Come freedom, unchained the pain
And be a part with my conceit destine.

For what merrily do I sing,
With just two little soul to co-exist.
Come hither, from the law
And taste freedom in loving me

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Farewell To Sorrow

Yester is gone, gone somewhere;
I don't know where, when and how,
But it's gone, never to return.

Tomorrow is a mystery;
I don't know if I may or not meet,
But it's a hope, I wish to stand.

Today is here, here with me;
I don't know why, but I'm happy-
Happy because I'm awake thus far.

So I bid sorrow a sweet farewell,
Farewell because I'm embracing life
And I don't know what if freedom kiss me.

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The Moment I Took Delighted

The moment I took delighted in you-
The world turned its face from me;
My imagination begun to built a bridge,
But my silence became a wall.
Distance isn't a division
But my solidary free you away.
I prepare my lines to cite each night
But I fail to raise my head at daybreak
And kept truth fold and concealed.
In your absence, boldness thrills me
But in your presence, I creep to stand.
Don't tell me it's easy to face someone,
When it comes to reality, my footsteps simmer
And my forehead overflows with sweats.
Alas! She is married like the others.

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Supreme Judge

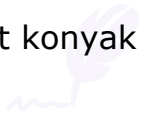
Though misfortune falls on my path-
In thy supreme judge I take delight;
For thy grace restores my faith,
And revives my soul to uproot plight.

Though the world slam my innocence,
And impeach my upright motives;
I endure the pierce with silence;
For grace set me free from captivates.

A times when my upright is explode,
And rumours swing defaming me;
To thee I incline though implode,
For thy will is my remedy.

I exalt thee, O supreme judge!
And forgive to those who misjudge

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Faith

Faith is an invisible trust
That our inward believes.
It's something supernatural,
Something confident,
And something hopeful.
Faith is the root to victory,
Without which life is doom.
Faith is magnificent,
It can foresee the unseen,
It can conquer the strongest,
And it can do the undone.
Faith is a refining beliefs.
It is a boldness attitude,
That believes in positive outcome.
Faith is a giver, a helper,
And a reliable source.
It is something mystery,
Something refreshing,
And something firm.
Faith works at best, if we believe.

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Awaited Grief Afterall

Life is short, too short to live and wait,
Cause everything is linked with time
And there's nothing permanent.
Here was I waiting for you,
With ten million dreams in my mind;
Hoping that you would come.
I was standing nervously yet believing-
Upon the childish dream of mine,
Thinking perhaps, at last you may appear.
But I was fooled, fooled by feelings,
And I, I was ignorant about the destiny
And was waiting there like a savage
Until the bluish sky turned thickly dark.
I was staring above the darkling sky
Patiently counting the stars
And crookedly singing
Beneath the chill moon light.
I didn't cared the ticking time,
Cause I was in my prime,
Wild and free from care.
All I have was life and nothing more,
Yet was bold enough to give you all;
But the tragedy of being expecting
Was that, you never acknowledged my existence.

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Misery An Old Friend

Misery is an old friend of mine,
Without which life is unrefined;
It is my mirror of past and present,
Without which time is impatient;
It is my footprint and my shadow,
Without which bliss and drill is low;
It is my secret light to darkness,
Without which life is indebtedness;
It is my song, victory and quest,
Without which I'm unconquest;
It is my root of love and hope,
Without which my world is robe;
It is my sense and my imagination,
Without which there's no manifestation;
It is my mentor and my earth,
Without which I am death.

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Truth Is Freedom

(Wangchat Konyak)

Life is embedded with lies
And this isn't a tales.
In a pursuit to survive,
I've learnt to embrace lies
And it became part of a flesh.
Remember, dearest!
A gentleman live by his honest words
And not by lines filled with watery lies.
In a journey somewhere long gone;
I've never been frightened of anything,
Neither have I bowed at the foot of grief,
Nor was I shivered to my own death.
I was the master of my own,
A self-trained knight - skilful and furious.
Who being born in the hills of Tang;
Was reared in the valley of Shang
And had always wore a crown of pride.
But until that moment, when I,
I happened to face the Truth;
I who took pride of self built image
Begun to simmer with horror
As if my flesh was roasted into the flame,
As if my grave have thus come to me.
I was like an outcast with a low self-esteem,
A man of common dust whose soul wandered off
Had kneeled with fright and tears
In a self-realization of regret;
Because, to speak the truth was not my cup of tea;
But of those knight's whose heart is courageous.

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The Cards And The Gamblers

The Cards And The Gamblers
(WANGCHAT KONYAK)

The cards and the gamblers
Was set before me,
And I could not abstained my eyes
From the sweat-less fortunes.

For an hour, I gazed and gazed,
Until, I was spell by its easeful charm;
Then, I decided to try my luck,
Expecting, chance to stand by my-side.

Hence, in wants of easy wealth,
I risked my weekend bread and butter;
And bet my hard-earned wages in a cards,
Alas! I found myself in a tearful remorse.

The cards and the gamblers
Was set before me,
And my wants has thus robe my joy,
And now, I can't find a path to escape my debts.

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A Song From The Grave.

I am not dead, do not mourn.
I am part of the earth you dwell,
Part of the fresh air you breathe.
I am not gone, do not bid farewell.
I am the refreshing wind,
I am the morning sunshine.
I am not dead, do not grief.
I am part of the bluish sky,
Part of the crystal stream.
Do not lose hope, I am here,
I am the mountain peak,
I am the magnificent vale.
Do not cry, do not doubt,
I am the fragrance of flowers
And the spring rose of April.
Do not grief, I never died.

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Somewhere She Lives.

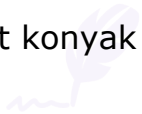
Somewhere She Lives.
(Wangchat Konyak)

Somewhere in the mystery land,
Reside a true beauty of love,
And I cannot stop to sing of her.
For my heart is low and it leaps in grief.

I wander if my songs reaches there?
And ponder if my calls are heard?
Beneath the darkling moonlight roof,
I think of her and wish her here.

Somewhere in the mystery land,
Surly a rarest dove reside,
And I cannot stop to missed,
For my soul begun to love her.

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You Are Always Missed.

You Are Always Missed.
(Wangchat Konyak)

There you are my dear,
Happy like the birds in their flight,
Tender like the clear running streams,
And gentle like the flock of sheep in the lawn.
Tell me, my dearest.
Why must I not lament on your early flight?
I looked up at the night sky,
And wish if I could see you again.
I stroll down the lonely vale,
And wish if I could talk with you.
Tell me, my beloved sister.
Why must I not mourn on your departure?

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Love Definition.

Love Definition.

(By Wangchat Konyak)

Love is a beautiful bridge-
That blooms between life and grave;
It's a gentleman song's of hope-
That transform immoral into virtues.
It flows gently from within,
And takes delight to comfort;
It has no race, religion and language;
It has no status, age and gender;
It has no boundaries and walls.
Love let flowers to bloom in desert;
It restores and inlight the broken heart;
It is a friend to the lonely soul,
And a destiny to the wandering minds.
Love is grace, grace is magnificent-
One who loves is in a free world,
And one who accept love is fertile.

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Ode To An Orphan.

Ode To An Orphan.

(By Wangchat Konyak)

Oh, whom shall I impart my innermost sorrows?

My childhood was a nightmare in the wild.

I've tasted the sourness of being an orphan;

I've endured the harshness of the winter frost,

And have walked into the darkest woods of grief.

Oh, how can I erase the piercing memories?

My life was filled with a miserable scars-

Shattered by the shadow of emptiness;

And my dreams was bewildered in the air.

Oh, tell me whom shall I narrate my yoke?

I've befriended loneliness, and embraced solitude,

For the world have failed to understand me;

And have despised to acknowledge my call.

Oh, I cried, 'home my dearest home of ease'.

At night I dream of the warmness hearth;

Wish for a cosy family, clothes and shoes;

And hope to one day like Eagle be free.

I quench my thirst and hunger in imagination,

And wake up to plough the hardest ground.

But then, I've become a man - gentle and strong,

Though I've none to share my pain and woe;

I've found the ultimate love in His Grace.

And learnt to find peace in the midst of sufferings;

For I've found the blessed sanctuary in Him,

And I lament no more in the world of despair.

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Man In The Pot-House

Men in a tavern aren't strangers;
Though their looks seems peculiar
They aren't so as we think they are.
They are man- wise and fool like you and I
They are here just to drink their drinks.
And for a moment to escape from reality.
They are witty politician in here,
They are wise philosophers in here,
They are Social activist in here,
They are Environmentalists in here,
They are most patriotic man
And a professionalist in literature
They are mentors, consultant, and teachers.
Some of them are broke and desperate,
Some of them are educated unemployed,
Some of them are hardworking farmer,
Some of them are summer youth,
Some of them are lovers,
Some single and other married.
Some of them are widow and some batchelor.
They are here for bachelor party,
Some for birthday party,
Some because of regret, other because of helplessness.
They are here with a reason of their own,
And some to fulfill their promise,
After all, man in a pot-house are human too.
They aren't as we think they are,
They have a reason to be in a pot-house.
And their story we never know,
Let's try not to look down on them.

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Sooner Or Later

There's a boat across the unknown bay-
Awaiting to pick my soul from the clay.
I well know the route where it leads to;
For it was foretold in a native folksongs,
And I've witness the cold face of my love.
To that calmness air and stillness sea;
To that silence track and darkest woods-
I'll be swallowed in the unfathomed depth of night,
And the icy mortal 'll turn to dust.
I don't know where I may be then-
My wandering minds, my miserable voyage
Shall be set free at last.
Those who loves me shall mourn;
Those who know me shall lament;
Those who don't know my existence 'll sing
And with the passage of time, I'll be forgotten
And I'll be no more in their lips,
Then, my stories and my legacies dies with me.

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Scattered Dreams

Life is but a sweet sorrow
That gives me an immense pain;
It's a tormented gift from earth-
A disaster from the world;
A slave to my own desire;
And a bitter lie of existence.

My grief is worth lamenting
And joy - a least satisfying.
Beneath clear sky, anguish prevails,
Often I lay despondent and weary,
Submerged with adversity;
Detached and mystified upon life.

To that fancy dreams I seek-
And longs to travel across the bay,
And wish to dig hidden truth out;
But my dreams are scattered everywhere;
And I could not grip one among them.

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In Thy Route, I Too Shall Sail.

I am not terrified about death,
But rather excited to embrace it.
For in that route my beloved rode,
And in that route I am to ride.
Oh, when my time comes to sail,
I'll merrily sail to where it leads.
For in the death land my beloved dwells,
And surly shall the death take me there.
Oh, my beloved, may you wait for me,
When my time comes to sail-
I'll surly come and look for you,
I'll find you and embrace you.
And when I come to the death land,
Truly will I tell you the secret of my heart.
Oh, death! I am not shaken and I won't be,
For through inevitable death-
I'll be united with my most beloved.

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Blue Rose

A smile of my Blue Rose is rare-
Sweet like a dew in the desert.
She is a blessing to the beholder-
A true phenomenon of love.
She is a morning sunshine-
A ray of delight and peace.
She is in the air I breath,
A treasure of my life.
She is the mountain peak,
A valley of the fertile land.
She is the stillness depth of ocean,
A murmuring stream of hope.
She is the bluish sky,
A shelter to the countless stars.
She is the shadow of night,
A lantern of the easeful day.
She is the melodious song,
A wandering soul quest to hear.
She is the most beautiful woman,
Whose trust in God never ceased.
She is a Blue Rose. She dwells above.

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Tribute To Father

Up on the hill of Tangnyu village -
A genius was born from a blessed womb;
I called that genius - 'Papa' with love,
And he is my father - my solace.
He is a leader to the voiceless:
A warm shelter to the homeless being;
A remedy to the sick and needy;
A friend to the stranger, husband to a wife;
He is a mentor - a family superhero;
A sanctuary - one would wish for.
I admit, my darling is a concrete fountain -
He is a generous giver and a helper;
Simplicity his habit - honesty his shadow;
Sincerity and decency is his footprint.
He is his children shepherd and an ideal;
And he is my lovely mother's soulmate -
And my prayer to God is to bless my Papa.

By Wangchat Konyak

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