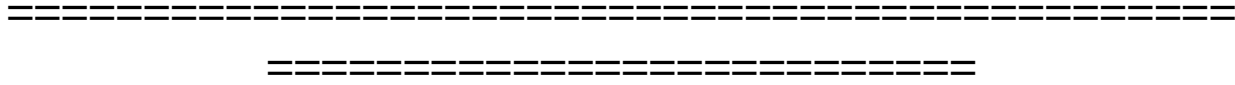


FOR READING ON SEPT. 24, 2011
AT THE 100 THOUSAND POETS FOR CHANGE EVENT

Tsoltim Ngima Shakabpa was a former President of the Tibetan Association of Washington, who founded **TIBETFEST**, which to this day attracts a crowd of 50,000 people in an annual two day festival. Also, a former senior international banker and Chairman & President of an investment bank in Texas when he suffered a debilitating stroke in December 1999. Since then, he has authored 8 books of poems and is a prodigious political activist for a free Tibet. He is the son of Tsepon Wangchuk Deden Shakabpa, the eminent Tibetan historian, statesman, educator, freedom fighter and former Finance Minister of independent Tibet.

Tsoltim Ngima is popularly known as "**T.N.**", which he says are his initials that also stand for "**Tibetan National**".



TORN BETWEEN TWO COUNTRIES
By Tsoltim N. Shakabpa

Torn between two countries
Separated by boundaries
One gave me birth
The other hearth
One gave me my heritage
The other my children's parentage
One taught me theocracy
The other gave me democracy

*Shattered dreams in one
In the other life in the sun
For whom shall I my love reserve?
Which country shall I loyally serve?
Torn between two countries
Separated by boundaries
My heart loves America
My mind longs for Tibet
My body may die in America
My soul will live on in Tibet*

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FREEDOM

By Tsoltim N. Shakabpa

*You may take our sight
But we see freedom
You may tear our limbs
But we feel freedom
You may burst our eardrums
But we hear freedom
You may break our noses
But we smell freedom
You may cut our tongues
But we taste freedom
Freedom is in our minds and souls*

*And that you cannot destroy
Freedom is the light in our hearts
And that you cannot extinguish
China may rule our country
But freedom will always be ours*

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**TRIBUTE TO HIS HOLINESS THE DALAI LAMA
By Tsoltim N. Shakabpa**

*Your Holiness!
As a leader
You inspire me
As a simple monk
You teach me humility
As a man of harmony
You make me conciliate
As a teacher
You restore confidence in me
As a compassionate person
You wash the worries from my mind
As the Dalai Lama
You draw me to you*

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A PRECIOUS DAUGHTER
(Dedicated to my daughter, Pema Yudon)
by Tsoltim N. Shakabpa

*Though I want to relive
The memories of her childhood with me
And freeze every vision of her angelic face
She keeps on slipping through my fingers
Whenever I think I know her
She keeps on growing
Glowing, knowing and going
I know not how to let her go
Though I know I must one day
I recall every moment
I spent with her
Moments when I used to twirl
My finger across her palm
And she would fall asleep smiling
I treasure every instance
She hugged me tight and whispered
"I love you bigger than the universe"
Now she's grown
And slipping through my fingers
And away she's flown
Taking with her
All the plans I made for us
But life's full of surprises
Full of hellos and goodbyes*

*Thus though sadly I must say goodbye
To a precious child I once knew
I'm so glad I can say hello
To a precious woman I now know
Whose love for me grows with age
And for whom my love knows no end*

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LIKE A TREE
By Tsoltim N. Shakabpa

*Like a tree
Like a human
Head, pointed at the sky
Searching, searching
Limbs, spread wide
Grabbing what it can
Trunk, sturdy as can be
Standing tall
Dressed, beautifully
In a canopy of lush green leaves
Roots, spread wide
Claiming its heritage

Taking care of trees*

Is like taking care of ourselves

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THE 11th PANCHEN LAMA
By Tsoltim N. Shakabpa

*The fake Panchen, Gyaltsen Norbu
Might as well be a mapo tofu*
He is no more than a Gya** Panchen
Sitting on top of our mighty gangchen***
For he's just a simple stooge
Made to look holy and huge
While for the real Panchen Choekyi Ngima
Whose rays spread wide and bright like the ngima****
The Tibetan people have wept and wept
As under the carpet he has been swept*

*But cry no more, my countrymen
For Choekyi Ngima I will pen
A lasting tribute for he who
Is our true and treasured norbu******

* Chinese dish

made of chopped pork and bean curd

play on the first 3 letters of his first name)

**** Chinese (a**

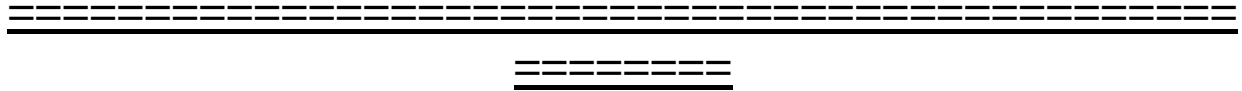
Snow-capped range

****** Sun**

*******Precious**

gem

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ANGEL FACE
By Tsoltim N. Shakabpa

Angel face
With a devil's heart
Sorry you will be one day
Like Saddam, Osama
Mubarak and Ghadafi
The more you extinguish
Tibetan lives and culture
The more your suffering will be
The less you recognize
Tibet's freedom
The less your glory will be
The more you call the Dalai Lama
"A wolf in sheep's clothing"
The more you'll become

*"An angel face with a devil's heart"
The less you recognize the Dalai Lama
The less the world will recognize you*

*So wise up, Angel Face with a devil's heart
And give Tibet her independence*

*Wise up
And let the Dalai Lama
Return to His rightful throne*

*The majestic plateau of Tibet
Was meant for the regal Snow Lion
Not for a bogey red panda
Suckling on a dry bamboo tree*

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DEFINING A NATION
By Tsoltim N. Shakabpa

*The glory of a nation
Can be found in its people
Not in its rulers*

*The ruin of a nation
Can be found in its rulers
Not in its people*

The wealth of a nation

*Can be found in its values
Not in its money*

*The heart of a nation
Can be found in its streets
Not in its citadels of power*

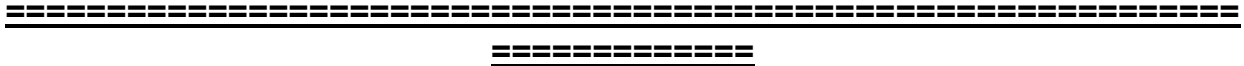
*The joy of a nation
Can be found in its heart
Not in its celebrations*

*The beliefs of a nation
Can be found in its people's silent prayers
Not in its politicians' loud speeches*

*The power of a nation
Can be found in its beliefs
Not in its guns*

*The future of a nation
Can be found in its will
Not in its power*

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**I HAVE AN AIM AND A TARGET
By Tsoltim N. Shakabpa**

*I have an aim
That some day*

*Our children will stand atop the plateau of a free Tibet
And wash away the ravages the Chinese left behind*

*I have a target
That one day
The Tibetan spirit will be exalted
And the Chinese power muffled*

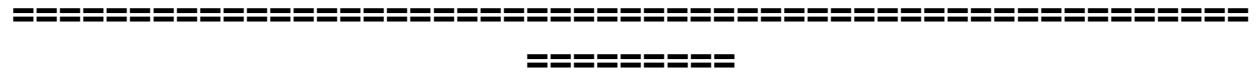
*I have an aim
That some day
The children of the Chinese who raped Tibet
And the children of the Tibetans who suffered under
Chinese rule
Will sit down together at the table of friendship*

*I have a target
To once more make the rivers of Tibet flow clean
And to see the yaks and antelopes of my country
Roam freely once again in the wild*

*I have an aim
Now until our kingdom come
To make the Chinese leave Tibet
And to return the Dalai Lama to his rightful throne*

*I have an aim and a target
Not a dream*

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A PRECIOUS DAUGHTER
(Dedicated to my daughter, Pema Yudon Shakabpa)
by Tsoltim N. Shakabpa

*Though I want to relive
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Glowing, knowing and going
I know not how to let her go
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And she would fall asleep smiling
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She hugged me tight and whispered
"I love you bigger than the universe"
Now she's grown
And slipping through my fingers
And away she's flown
Taking with her
All the plans I made for us
But life's full of surprises*

*Full of hellos and goodbyes
Thus though sadly I must say goodbye
To a precious child I once knew
I'm so glad I can say hello
To a precious woman I now know
Whose love for me grows with age
And for whom my love knows no end*

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AMERICAN SOLDIERS
By Tsoltim N. Shakabpa

*Brave soldiers of America
With names like Joe and Erica
We honor you and stand by you
Trust in you and pray for you
No only our country do you defend
But many others upon you depend*

*American soldiers bearing arms in hand
Courageously riding tanks in desert sand
Gallantly lay their lives on the line
Heroically for your freedom and mine
For democracy and peace they stand
No matter what the country or land
They wave the red, white and blue*

To God and country they stand true

*Brave soldiers of America
With names like Cho and Jessica
We honor you and stand by you
Trust in you and pray for you
Not only our country do you defend
But many others upon you depend*

Copyright: Tsoltim N. Shakabpa

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CRY FOR JUSTICE AND FREEDOM

By Tsoltim N. Shakabpa

*My tears are no more
From weeping too much
My blood is frozen
Under the icy reign
My flesh is torn
'Neath the scorching tyranny
My bones are crushed
By the oppressive autocracy
My brain is indoctrinated
In the churning communist machine
My race has vanished*

Invaded by alien Hans

*Yet my spirit rises
Above my tormented body
To cry for justice
And fight for freedom*

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**DEAD PEOPLE TALKING
By Tsoltim N. Shakabpa**

*You can tell we were shot to death
By the holes in the back of our heads
You can tell we were buried alive
By the mud in our noses and mouths
You can tell we were bludgeoned to death
By the cracks on our skulls and bones
You can tell we were hung to death
By the marks on our bare necks
You can tell we were electrocuted to death
By the burns on our naked bodies
You can tell we were drowned to death
By the fluid in our collapsed lungs
You can tell we were starved to death
By our stomachs devoid of food
You can tell we were tortured to death
By the torture instruments lying the prisons*

*You can tell we cry out for justice
In the voices of our living brethren
You can tell we pray for freedom
In the prayers of freedom loving people*

*By the thousands we have been killed
By the thousands in death we speak out
So you can bear witness to the atrocities
Committed by the murderous Chinese
Upon the innocent Tibetan people*

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ON BEING OLD
By Tsoltim N. Shakabpa

*As I've aged
I've become kinder to myself
And less critical of myself
I've become my own friend*

*Whose business is it
If I choose to read or play
On the computer until 4:00 A.M.
Or invest in the stock market
Or sleep until noon?*

I will dance with myself

*To those wonderful tunes of the 60s & 70s
And if I, at the same time,
Wish to weep over a lost love
I will*

*I will write poetry till Tibet is free
And till all Tibetans can happy be
I will love the Dalai Lama to my dying day
And no matter what the Chinese say I will not sway*

*I will stroll along the beach in my stroke-stricken body
And will dive into the waves with abandon if I choose to
Despite the pitying glances from the jet set*

*They too will get old
And God forbid
May not even get to experience
The simple joys of old age*

*I know I am sometimes forgetful
But there again
Some of life is just as well forgotten
As long as I eventually remember the important things
I will be happy*

*Sure, over the years my heart has been broken
How can your heart not break
When you lose a loved one
Or when a child suffers*

*Or even when a pet dies
Of poisonous pet food made in China?*

*But broken hearts are what gives us strength
Understanding and compassion
A heart never broken is sterile
And will never know the joy of being imperfect*

*I am so blessed to have lived long enough
To have my hair turning gray
And to have my youthful laughs
Be forever etched into deep grooves in my face
So many have laughed
So many have lamented
And so many have died
Before their hair could turn silver*

*As I get older
It is easier to be positive
I care less about what other people think
I don't question myself anymore
I've even earned the right to be wrong*

*So, to answer your question
I like being old
I am not going to live forever
But while I am still here
I will not waste time
Lamenting what could have been*

*Or worrying about what will be
And I shall eat sha baleb every single day
If I feel like it*

*Above all
I shall always treasure the Buddha,
His teaching, my country, family and friends
And I hope you too will enjoy
The gifts and joys of old age*

*MAY OUR FRIENDSHIP NEVER EVER COME APART
ESPECIALLY WHEN ITS STRAIGHT FROM THE HEART*

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The Art of China
By Tsoltim N. Shakabpa

*The Chinese have a way with art That's no more
than a stinking fart They paint Tibet to be a part
of China And thus causes us to have an angina
They paint Tibet with pictures misleading The
truth by design they are impeding They paint
Tibet as making progress When in fact she's in*

*utter regress They paint Tibetans as a happy
people When in fact they are suffering and feeble
The art of China is misleading
In truth brain washing they are breeding
The art of China is deceiving In fact Tibetans they
are bleeding*

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Do What Animals Do **By Tsoltim N. Shakabpa**

*Sing like a lark
Roar like a lion
Coo like a dove
Twitter like a bird
Hiss like a snake
Scream like a pig
Chant like a falcon
Chatter like a monkey
Trumpet like an elephant*

*Sting like a bee
Fight like a tiger
Soar like an eagle
Strut like a peacock
Spin webs like a spider
Remember like an elephant
Pursue like an animal in heat
Endure like a multitude of ants
Unite and attack like a swarm of bees*

*Do what animals do
And Tibet will be ours*

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