

3 Poems by Professor R.K. Singh

CLAY DREAMS

They make my face
ugly in my own sight
what shall I see in the mirror?

there is no beauty
or holiness left
in the naked nation:

the streams flow dark
and the hinges of doors moan
politics of corruption

I weep for its names
and the faces they deface
with clay dreams

DEAD OR ALIVE

My shrinking body
even if I donate
what's there for research?

devil in the spine
abusing tongue in sleep
or bleeding anus

defy all prayers
on bed or in temple--

the same heresy

oozing and stinking
onanist excursion
dead or alive

I CAN SURVIVE

I've outlived
the winter's allergies
and depressing rains
in a human zoo

I can live
my retirement too
without pension and medicare:

the wheelchair doesn't frighten
I can live

uncared and unknown
survive broken home
the numbness of the arms
the pain in the neck
and inflation too

--RAM KRISHNA SINGH

Dhanbad, India