

POEMS: RAM KRISHNA SINGH

1

NO, I WON'T

**Depressed mount of sun
and feeble supporting lines
will I die unknown?
left rolling in the sand
and the wind oozing foul smell?**

**I don't want the sun
to miss my light and blame
the night for writing
the fate with wintry fingers
licking the legs of scarecrow**

**they can't close their eyes
to the images I brew
for burying secrets
against a dusty mirror
against God's hidden errors**

2

SURVIVAL

**The trees are taller than my height
the lips osculate in their shade
I enjoy the wind that shakes them**

**or undresses my sleepless nights
wrapped in shawl without mirrors of stars:
I survive the missing moon's light**

3

GOD TOO DOZES

**It was too late
I realized
long after his passing
I still prayed for my father**

God didn't answer

**my prayers had become mechanical
like sex
ejaculation without orgasm
and piled sleep.**

**The itch prevails.
The tags in the mind
don't respond:**

**absent memories
confused faith
forgetting
faster than remembering**

**in moment of lapses
God too dozes**

4

TIDAL SWELL

**My veins are no ocean
you can't suck even if
you bury your teeth in my sand
or probe with your tongue
the midnight shadow in bed
now exhausted from your tidal swell**

5

YEARS END

So much reading

**for six decades
now it's forgetting
before total silence
no revelation
only vacuity
and nothing comes
from blankness
to blankness years end**

5

FIVE TANKA

**Hurrying at red light
is no exception
be it traffic or sex
movement is the essence
and time matters**

**A tidal wave
touches the shore to wipe
my naked footprints
and leaves behind some shells
pebbles and memories**

**Tears dry up
leaving no marks where her pain
ends and mine begins
on the face make up damps
with aching sweat and cold sighs**

**Love's spirit descends
and melds into her body
lending it new life:
I'm amazed how the unknown
becomes one with her beauty**

**Raising
her hard drink
heavenward:
to my man, lover of
animals, soft in sex**

6

SOME HAIKU

**Hitching up the skirt
she fills her pockets with
unripe mangoes**

**Hearing heaviness
of her footsteps passing
the closed door**

**Transparent
in her red saree
she tiptoes**

**Lying in her nightie
she wipes the stray raindrops
settled on her cheeks**

**Shifting years' load
away to the new building
choking scholarship**

**Squatting
in the middle of the field
a woman with child**

Shine in the grass

**broken pieces of glass
in the backyard**

**On the river's bank
his soul is lighted for peace--
lantern in the sky**

**Smell of fish
in his apple juice bottle--
costermonger**

--Ram Krishna Singh

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