

SELECTED POEMS

By Ram Krishna Singh

I TOO DESCEND

Some fresh bones, and designers dress
distorted hopes, cataract vision
hardly any better the face of the body

and if there is a soul, the soul hears

the map guides the mind's midnight
but the destination is different

deception is courage

they know the end of the journey
and get down when the train stops

I too descend

INDIFFERENCE?

Being good
couldn't make me know
any better

I was harmless
they sold my name
and became
what I couldn't

in the middle of daylight
I vanished like faces
from voters' lists

with no difference
to who wins

and who loses

WHOLENESS

The body is precious
a vehicle for awakening
treat it with care,said Buddha

I love its stillness
beauty and sanctity
here and now

sink into its calm
to hear the whispers in all
its ebbs and flows

erect, penetrate
the edge of life and loss
return to wholeness

FOUR TANKA

professors beware
intellectual success
lies in inventing
lies to conceal common truths
and sound holier-than-thou

little candles fail
to illumine the deity
or golden dome
in the valley darkness reigns
and god too awaits light

the mirror swallowed
my footprints on the shore
i couldn't blame the waves
the geese kept flying over the head
the shadows kept moving afar

each night
peace is taken away
by my father's shrieks
and our useless effort
to calm down frayed worries

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