

Poetry by Ram Krishna Singh

1. SPIRIT'S EDICT

After the death of Jesus
I ceased to be a sinner:
God's come closer with His love

my flame glows with passion
and dreams rise in new shapes
I love the Spirit's edict

2. THERE'S NO GRACE

Dusk is doomed
when I shovel light
in darkness

fail to live
the intensity
of prayer

moistened eyes
draw me near divine
for a while

soul is light
and flowers and wings
furl in moon

but soon pain
overwhelms my space
and tears swell

fingers feel
decaying fireflies
in lamplight

voice turns blue
I scare my vision

there's no grace

3. LABYRINTHS

With sudden twists and turns
popping up each new day
life still awaits intrigues
through meandering pathways
I search the golden light
the rising capricorn
held for a sunday child

the labyrinths are dark
and scary but I know
the way in is the way out
I can't trip along the way
like others in blind alleys
the guardian angel
leads me to golden reward

4. LIVING IS A LONG GAME

I can't change body
can't belittle nature
prophets of doom

can't cross rainbow bridge
nor go to underworld
to reach heaven:

water and mountains
I can't negotiate
with my burdens

burial no end
living is a long game
that goes beyond death

5. AFTER THE ACT

They practice death
in school and blame India:
terrorist politics

no wake-up call
be it Nawaz or Modi
power luxury

in angel costume
each invokes divine
condemnation

after the act
ritual truth burial
and peace politics

6. FOUR MICROPOEMS

i.

a professor
not worried so much--
shrinking genius
at his table views nudes
reviews failed erections

ii.

the chains multiply
wrap life in the skin of water
crying quits to an acomous sky
the mute soul suffers
the oozing filth

iii.

a serpent twists
its head to face a dragon

on her shoulder:
their tails on breast in water
swirl to cleanse my kiss on skin

iv.

her smile
with the whiff of sandal
makes love livelier:
I search Tao
in the wind's flavour

--Ram Krishna Singh