Poetry Series

Abhishek Kumar Singh

- 52 poems -

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Abhishek Kumar Singh (08/06/1994)

''he composed his first poesy, unfortunately for her fortunately for himself.''

Works:

Works-Inside:

http: //www.blurb.com/b/4396507-poetstuffers-an-anthology

 # Half-Light #

My dreams hatch &
eyelashes pull up the curtains
enslaved by my nightmares
these dead limbs wake-up,
drag me by window side
lift me up to a cold metallic chair
where on a wooden table,
my heart flutters like a stabbed fish
bleeding black from it's fissures
wildblue
on a paper chunk

sky is sleeping,
mine keep staring
like two little still stones outside
boiling in the bowl of my eyelids
along with the saline stream of my tears
before the dim-lantern that ignites itself
to gift them the shine of his half-light

fingers keep on hearing,
what's fluttering is what whispering?
scribbing the never ending sentences
about him himself

good & the evil
truth & the lie
safe & the peril
to live & to die.

Abhishek Kumar Singh

8th Day Of June

not in the mirror
too not in the water
even not in someone's eyes
it was June of eight,
i saw me in my blood
&
in my blood my beloved's sheen
gifting me the betray
disappearing with her shadow,
tracing an unknown way

a mellow breeze,
came with broom of silence
sweeping the rustle of dead-leaves
it was just me in my arms!
bleeding but dead
my heart within my fist,
fluttering crimson red
i put myself beside,
begin to dig for my body
buried myself deep
the backyard of my love was grayed
my name and dates on the tombstone,
i then engraved

being unknown to,
what's was wrong or right
every time!
i find myself sitting beside me,
still in this starless night
with this silence, with her heart!
i wait,
until she comes with a flower,
to my grave?

Abhishek Kumar Singh

A LIGHT IN SHADOWS

at 18 i cried before:

mom,
'yes, he helped always,
but always begged for help.'

dad,
'help them, who really deserve your's.'

cry,
why i'm too good?
my eyes clapped
to the hectic-traffic!
blaring the sharpest tune,
'don't just hear, listen-up! '
i know!
it's isn't easy, to hide
in your own shadow!
so, you all have better gathered,
to blacken my paths

so now, i seem too busy to me
while writing with the plume
i hear you clear,
mocking me behind
but
you are blind to me,
i'm deaf & dumb too
ignoring like this...
are you asking for help? ...again?

no! i can't do so!

so, still i'm trying to help,
you all deserve
hope a day you would read,
what you've done to me!
but
i'd be even more happy if you:
ask to yourself once,
do you know, what you are?
you all are individually ME inside
you cry like this,
& yes!
alone.

Abhishek Kumar Singh

BOXES IN A BOXES

Let me know, how this pain stings?
how could i solve this jigsaw puzzle,
every lane seems to be,
the same-painting
while i'm making the
crumpled ones perfect

a pencil writes to me:
your nightmares were to arrive
still, dreaming of that dream you dreamt of?
while living you were 'bout to die
numberless numbers numerous sins,
blessed with a curse or
cursed with a blessing
can be baptized
have you ever had made yourself fell once,
into the bottomless well of love
brims plundered, deeps were breathless
the sky darkens...
lost sanity, went insane
loved to hate the rush, a clown again
fallen a hundred times,
thousands of lie grew truth
singing the same song,
the cradles call you
loneliness has never been through solitude.

Abhishek Kumar Singh

Can You Help Me?

I've just now sensed,
where are my thoughts?
why they all are condensed?
i can't hide -the blood is bleeding inside
again
my skin is tattered &
i'm literally crying

I'm weak
very weak!
red muscles are melting with white bones,
as i touch these white sheets
by my pens
i feel
these words
these lines
my inks
my rhymes
don't focus that same tone
seems like,
what i used to call poetry
it's vanished
it's all gone
seems like this is the last
verse i've drawn
the last verse of my life
i've known
heart already
is just a stone!
i now, don't want to know
how many tonnes?
of pain
are hammering
this fragile brain!

I'm motionless
everything with me,
has ceased
in this summer has freezed
these inks want me
to go out on the lanes,
they want me to whine
to the clouds for a rain
in this summer!
because these words cannot bear me,
i also cannot hear
their agony
i cannot write this anymore,
these all are black-ashes of my core
it's actually
not a poem
or a story

its my life
it again me
calmly
roaring

If you all read this
this all
feel me, please!
i'm a lone
i just need your help
i'm the messenger of my own,
i'm getting broken by myself
i'm too not a poet
love-story is buried below my feet
i'm not 'Shakespeare'
this is no 'Romeo and Juliet'
this is much more
than i think!
because
i've nerved all the colorful nerves,
of this world
to find a word 'joy'
but my all ways are curled
in this maze
all of its antonyms, only i can gaze
i can only,
gaze the edge of a knife!
if any one
has a thesaurus of my life,
can you gift me some synonyms
of this strife?

Abhishek Kumar Singh

Charcoal

The burning nights are back
there's black on the tracks
the silence in me has a thirst for screams,
to haunt the delicate shields of my dreams
heart is singing this song with his steady beats
& brain is walking on the thoughts,
that rest on the edge of my white sheets.

Abhishek Kumar Singh

CHILDHOOD

time, wait!
i want to go back!
listen, you should leave
reckoned the booming flora & withered leaves
leaped the cliffs of springs & autumns
while chasing you!
my feet freezed by the teeth of these fissures

those summers summon me up,
to pitch the pebbles in the creek
swim on the surface of,
those thirst-quenching rills
pluck the lilies & roses

to pursue-
the butterflies, lady-bugs, grass-hoppers
in the oases

that dawn, that tempts me
to slumber over the cradles of those -olive meadows
that dusk, hypnotizes me
to focus the chorus-
that those feathered creatures whistle
below the bittersweet shades of that
wild blue yonder,
the caricatures of clouds fabricated by the winds

those raindrops,
boost me up to crumple,
the colorful patterns of paper boats
& bid them adieu,
for their own-unknown moirai

those still & rusted swings,
want me to sprint on my own tracks
jump-off the walls of those grave parks
push my self high -on them

the sand of hourglass whispers in my ears,
to etch my nadir on those sea-shores
where tides wait to clash with tiny-toes

Easter to Halloween
Halloween to Christmas!
locks my sense,
to blaze the foggy-cigars
energize me to make my own snow-man

those nights,
want me to touch the tears of sobbing-stars
whip them! from the windows of my bed-room
to calmly faint with the warmth,

of pillows & blankets
time has no time for time,
has spun a yarn of my child-hood.

Abhishek Kumar Singh

Dead Dreams

Don't stop them,
let these words bite me
till i'm alive let them bleed
it seemed a remedy but now it's a need
i don't want to escape from this hell,
let the sorrow feed
to the rain of fire

Let me cry let me weep,
me in me deeper than deep
leave this promise,
i literally want to keep

Let these lights turn to nights,
let these nights unite,
in this summer snow-white
let the dawn recite
all those songs that i hide
let these fingers rewrite
let the paper kiss the graphite
in this night-light
don't stop them, let them bite.

Abhishek Kumar Singh

Dead-Letter

o! my beloved
stay with his heart
throw away mine
shut the doors of love
to my sight
don't cry!
don't see me crying
in your tear shine

don't turn around,
match your steps with him
march to your destiny
don't sense my absence
or my presence
forget my words,
forget every single line
that i used to be-spell you my fairy
above the roof,
in those starless cold-nights
&
with him
i would nay fight
why should i?
he loves you
even more than i

no! please!
dpn't cry, beam a smile
let me do it
let me cut myself
& let me see how much this
truth can bleed like Nile

please don't cry!
let me die
shut the windows to my voice,
don't let my breath blow
the curtains of that lie
this time is yours
to live your life
i'll mourn
you'll rejoice.

Abhishek Kumar Singh

Decıpher My Dısappearance

in my sixth sense
me stands...
somewhere in the 4th dimension
shattered
me walks...
better
me stops...
me breaths-in for last second...
right here!
come-on,
speak! land!
hatch this tranquility-egg
just give me an idea
to get to myself
tell me that,
tell me this...
'do you know that,
do i know? that,
i don't know,
where me is? '

Abhishek Kumar Singh

ELEGY

I remember my last night on bed
was cross legged
joined my palms
thanked Almighty GOD
for this life
took a deep breath & slept

it's winter this cold night
trapped in a nightmare?
i'm a beggar? who am i?
why? i don't know?
no race? any religion?
no place to live
listen?

why should i yodel?
this noise in me has too slept
in silence
but i'm asleep in this darkness
lying on the curb-side
under a naked tree
a flashing streetlamp
in my two eyeballs
gazing the four wheelers
people passing by
who don't seek my senses
floating-fog has thickened
no matter as i wave hands

me,
in this jungle
skin freezing
blood, cemented lanes
rough iced-stones
sting scorpion
beard & hair-furs
grown like turf
along with the dust & dirt
too the nails
it has been yonks
i smelt the soap stone
before i bathed
worse than frosty-beast
feverish coughing, sneezing
barefoot, bare
tattered trousers couldn't save me
steadily rubbing palms
starving, thirsty
not eaten for a week
weak
instead
these weeks, months & years

are eating me up
they yearn me
no food i didn't find
but there's a brook of drained water
just a few steps away
which is my nectar to survive

i think further that,
why?
my whole world is wrapped
in a few miles
why?
night-like day begins like a war,
in which i'm already dead
& why?
i awaken sometimes,
to jingle of bells
with my kith & kin
a few stray dogs & orphans
in a corner outside a temple
begging for a few coins
that people used to toss it towards us
why?
snatch from burning ground
for smile a while
my hands are pressed-up like a paper
a thousand times that wont heal
why?
from dark dawn to dark dusk
it doesn't really feel
why?
i let them bleed

just because?
i know there would be no one
to mourn my death
neither these dogs nor orphans
nor some of like me
with whom i share a piece of land
& food
no one would call me from my back
hectic-world,
will know of my death
like me many
why?

a thousand philosophers,
live to give love philosophies?
why?
poets drowned in free verse
about me, my life
my tears

why try inspire kings & wretches?
who don't understand,
how to love?

although we are
favorite toys to play with
we are toy-born,
over this land of mud & clay
so, with this time & tide
before i pass away
by my own hands,
i wanted to write my own elegy.

Abhishek Kumar Singh

End.

We rise
we fall
we stand
we crawl
we smile
we cry
we live
we die
we begin
but
we don't end
it ends, like this.

Abhishek Kumar Singh

Feverish Dawn

in dim lights of dawn,
i woke up holding myself
shivering from cold,
on the cliff of broken words
crawled to the edge, red-eyed
blocked nose and feverish skin
no one replied
kept talking with cold winds
stuck meaningless & weak
found two eyes then,
abseiling from the peak
transforming my ways,
from cold nights to bright days.

Abhishek Kumar Singh

Forgotten Thoughts

Life is timed,
lifetime
it's not plain sailing
in this pandemonium,
where time has no time for time
i took my time from time,
being a recluse,
was the only other extreme
with this silence now,
lips are diffused

beneath this skull
a thousand thoughts,
keep mouthing
verbalizing
&
vocalizing themselves
this is enigmatic,
i'm beating a dead horse
that, why?
the wicked ones, screech
the good ones, talk lower than the breaths
how many of them, other than the depraved
are not voiced?
those, that have been singularized
more than might have been 'forgotten'
burning in the sun of hopelessness but
i'm about to be the horizon,
that would wake the dead

the more i try to hearken,
the less the sound becomes.
that's why,
the more i think,
the more i forget
i might forget more,
so, the more i will think.

Abhishek Kumar Singh

Hallelujah

the life is a nightmare
you, were the dream
i'm your heart but
where's the beat? i can't deem!

my silence whines that
tears no more rest in these red-eyes
come back to me, betray me once again
like these dull clouds i cry
this hallelujah to you, i sing

the days have deserted me,
& these birds can't fly
you were the merry weather, the wings
nights are my majesty
i'm bleeding inside with these birds,
this melancholy to you, i'm twittering

still on that same brook's bank,
in this moon-lit night
o! this featherless azure
& sun has already sank!
still these ill eyes hold,
the glow of that golden ring
you have fabricated this dark-rhythm
of my acoustic life,
these fingers are now playing
& would nay jam with these guitar strings

can you feel this? this all
that i hide.

Abhishek Kumar Singh

HAPPY MOTHER'S DAY TO ALL MOTHERS

Mom Wait!
where are you going?
i've not slept yet
sit next to me,
& i'll not utter a word

my cradles are your arms,
your hug is my blanket
& my pillows are your palm
your voice is my heart-song
the song of my night

your breaths are my breeze
your every breath-out is my every breath-in
your touch is a balm to my skin
you make my weather -merry

i see my world in your eyes
i clap them with you
i know when you are crying
your tears are my rain
they are my pain

cold-nights to afternoon
your smiles are my sun,
your smiles are my moon
your hair are my shade
& i'm your shadow -please wait!

my heath is your heath
my thirst is your kiss,
the dew to my wells
your feet is my land,
your steps are my ways

your absence -is my hunger
your presence is my food
your thoughts i pray
your prays are my devotion

let me hug your finger with mine
mom wait!
sing mom!
i've not yet slept
sing the lullaby,
that is even more sweet than the nightingale's

this rhyme is an excerpt from your affection
this is just a few lines
this rhyme has broken the dykes of eternity,
before my birth arrived to me

i know you can see,
this dream beyond my shut sights
this is not hidden
i cannot write
but on my every heart-beat
this rhyme is written

even-though i blindly believe
promise me! mom!
wait!
promise me mom!
you will nay leave,
you are the greenery
of the leaves of these floral-beliefs
& i promise, your every day
i'll try to weave as a carnival
a carnival of mother's day.

Abhishek Kumar Singh

HIDDEN FROM SEEK

She was hid in purdah,
still i looked for myself
into those two ancient mirrors
edges painted with kohl
both a shower of cold light,
over the dark-fire of mine

the hiss of her voice,
sang to me! the song
i'd been looking,
since when my earth
took her first spin

right from the mecca's direction,
the wind through her twisted braid blew!
with a feathered dome to my ails
& came with the warm shadow of remedies

her denuded feet brushed my land,
thorn into flowers,
my land giggled to green
though for a while.

Abhishek Kumar Singh

Hokku

If i wrote it once,
their numbers can be
in figures of three
but
why do i cease?
why i can't write a haiku?
someone out there tell me please

I know the essence
the characteristics -'cutting'
but
why i can't put the 'kireji'
in between,
how can i do it,
like those japenese?

Two thirst quenching
images & ideas
plucked from the life
traditionally,
17 syllables,
in 3 phrases
five,
seven
&
back to the number five
with the defined list of words
some seasonal terms
from 'saijiki'
a list of 'kigo'
why i can't write haiku?

Abhishek Kumar Singh

I'M & I'M

' I'M & I'M '

i'm unborn
& banshee never sang for me
my songs have no music
my voice has no sound
nothing to rhyme
my destiny has no ways
no space no time
no tug of war
no brain or heart strings
lexicon can never decipher me in himself
no language i've
there is no love, no hatred
no noise or light
no dark no silence
no animations, no stillness
neither questions, no answers
no thirst, no huger survives
even nothingness is dead
there's nothing strange
landless, no heaven's vault
no reed has ever wrote me down
i'm not a riddle
not a thought of alien
i've no margins
thorough you,
i might not be,
what, why, how, how, where, when?
i've no god
no one can flip a voice on me!
i've no beginning, i've no edges
can you hear me?
may be not,
but i'm not a lie, i'm & i'm.

Abhishek Kumar Singh

Into the door

I keep opening a thousand doors
until i find the exact one,
i open another & more than
more & more & more
i keep juggling them
sometimes reach here, where
these two eyes don't see this world
they are lost in some reflection where
these lips are stiched to one
silent as the planet-pluto
these ears hear the songs of an other world
that is mapped beneath my brain bone
then time comes to me &
says pick up the pen.

Abhishek Kumar Singh

Issac to Kim

She gave me the safest dome of her skin,
nurtured me-
closer than her heart in her womb
where the sound of her voices-
played with mine, hushed my hunger

as she sang the lullaby's hymn,
behind my eyes the stars began to dance
like drunkards -with their shines,
sliding on the moon's curve
making him giggly, even for the heaven -it was heavenly

the day came to me, when i was born
she gave me the past, present & future
not the time!
it was the priceless gift of BIRTH

i opened my eyes under that angelic shade,
neither brighter than the sun nor dim as moon
i saw that affectionate angel's face -smiling at me

i live with her endlessly
she is my courageous shadow,
ghosted all my fears
in this limited life,
she taught me what is? 'limitless time
& i found my vision in her dreams

i learned to crawl,
i followed every stone, she threw before me
i was taught how to live the life
i started to stand,
walk & run
climb, stop & jump -holding her hand tight

with the time and tide
with the time and tide,
i covered miles!
& the stones became peaks

today, i look back take a deep breath,
i see a thousand kissing my feet
i turn my face around & a million more to go

i'm her son-
she calls me Issac
i never asked her name,
i call her ''mama''.

Abhishek Kumar Singh

LETTERS FROM HEAVEN

Dear Grandson,
smile...
i don't know how i send you this letter?
some were true, in the fear of this nightmare
we all were in the womb of dream
life has just begun i've just taken birth
please! don't wear tears in your eyes
i love you so much, why to cry?
smile...
i can hear your heart here,
shut your eyes...make a promise
i know you can hear mine
i can see you! keep studying!
keep making your pen dance on papers
smile...
i may be gone like but i never died
death is all a dark shadow
life is mirrored
where,
replies are questioned questions are replied
it's afterlife standing before a mirror!
it's beautiful...
do you know?
you would be my grandfather a day!
smile...
it would be even more...therefore
i'm in a cradle at home waiting,
for others to arrive at this door
everybody passes with his grace
it's all a pen & paper test,
GOD sees so we just can't cheat.

Abhishek Kumar Singh

LETTERS TO GOD

Dear GOD,
you 've to gift an eternal sunrise
sometimes-
it's too dark in lights
all of us are blind-folded
why this,
hide
&
SEEK?
please!
don't hide from our seek!
out of those blinkless eyes-
i'm rubbing those tears,
streaming down to her cheeks
it's isn't so easy that i could see
over these aimless lanes,
on my knees!
you've created me,
i adore
but if i'm not mistaken
then i might call it a mistake
i'm outraged
it doesn't seem -i'd respect
this creation too long!
went against you
i'm the rapist, the sinner, the atheist
o! majesty, punish me! more!
before i stab left on my chest!
but just think about it once,
this time i'm not going to pretend
if i found my grave to rest
the more, you might repent

don't cry mom,
let the nights go on
this time will be gone
the paths will gladden i hope
dad will be fine someday
listen,
GOD has made me a poet,
i'm the messenger on my own
i've written a letter to him
we've to just wait a little,
till it reaches as destined.

Abhishek Kumar Singh

Life Of My Tears

'TEARS' (2012)

don't' trace the silence!
warm stream of my tears,
screams like me
chirping hard like jailed-birds!
in the delicate nest of my eyes
they are yelling me, to let them escape

it has been dazzling days
and deafening darks,
i've fed them the grains of pain
they are no more infant,
no more! now so,
i resign my reign

i want to let them face,
their minute minutes on my face!
so,
that they may get
a glimpse of this cruel world
because now,
my eyes will not clap
until they all gush-out of me
and i'll not whip them away!

Abhishek Kumar Singh

Life.Afterlife

I talked to my friends,
not in the flavors of favor
but
too in the odors of oppose
i kept asking,
why my life is equal to pain?
a gain & a loss, again
neither
i was cancered
nor i had
tumors in my brain

Answers to me came,
this is life!
a business,
deal with loss
to gain
a gain & a loss,
again & again
i kept thinking about it,
i think about it still
remedy, ill
standing still
before my ill-will

Friends,
where are the answers?
now?
it's time for me
to suffer again
again,
i've earned a loss
in this business
there's too much,
you can not call it
just the 'pain'

Let me clarify you
a little more about my lanes
simply,
on every 4 four-way
the 4-ways ending on a portal
through which i reach,
back to the beginning of this play
or
call it a 'snakes & ladders'
board game
i climb up to the mouth of snake
but
i slip down to his skin,
back to the tip of tail
40 up & 40 down to the same

this tale is complicating-in
forget the ambiguity,
it's eternally certain
so, leave it!
i guess then
&
i'm loser again

Friends listening?
this whole is mute
the volume is normal,
still amplifying
i'm going insane
this is the sickest suffering
through a creative coal
black diamond
like black-hole that gapes
i've chosen poetry
for my escapes
these verses look so poetic?
doesn't it?
i'm diseased,
you call me a poet?
it's nothing,
it's my life's life
i'm yelling!

Friends,
a suffocating question rests here-in
where's the truth or the lie?
that may come to me,
you all hearing?
feed me believe,
feel me
hear me, 'i'm burning, twisted string'
stretch me straight,
i'm too struggling
before your palms
can be fists full of air
& you leave me like
he was nothing
it's his life again
a gain & a loss, again
again & again.

Abhishek Kumar Singh

Lost

you are tangled,
with all the strings of lies
you've to join all of them-
slip down, to the bottoms of your heart
till your sun rises, stay there & wait

you have more than a thousand voices,
you can hear 'em clear
no one else can!
that's the truth in you!
you just have to listen-up,
more than you've ever did
destiny has made the call
that voice, sings for calmness!

you've heard that song long before,
regain back -draw that music in
before your birth,
you've already written
the lyrics of your life

you are your best reader, reading
you are so lost on your own pages!
read it loud,
so that all the pairs wake-up
from cradles to graves!
you are so lost,
so lost on your own pages!

Abhishek Kumar Singh

Me Against Me

i don't know what my pen wants to cry
would he yell the truth or tell me a lie
i don't know what this paper,
would say to me the next moment
that might cease would i own it?

don't know who is me inside,
i don't know
why he bleeds every-day in dark-nights?
i want to know, why?
why? he wants me to,
gift my senses to these papers & pens

in my presence
he is my absence
in my absence
he is my presence

I want to solve this riddle but
i'm stuck somewhat, in the middle
sitting calm
& questioning to me within me,
that who is knocking this skull hardly?

Abhishek Kumar Singh

Needle Of Faith

in maze of my thoughts,
i stand in the midst

where storms shield me,
hue of my shadow is unseen
beam of darkness covers my sky
i widen my hands & shut my eyes
eyes! -
not wrapping-up the dews of fear
not uttering any plea to this nature!

drawing-in all of the devastations
&
the crimson glides down to my feet,
my heart is tattered deep
but
i open my eyes up and yell
i'm still alive! it's isn't my ill-will

so now!
holding this needle of courage
between my fingers,
i'm stitching me, myself!

Abhishek Kumar Singh

NO MORE ME

Again! the sound,
of your voice echoed
through my ears
but with the news,
of your marriage...
&
i've had to accept us as friends
i thought right here,
the last line incomplete-ends
complete!
so, misbehaving to myself
i didn't pick any thing from the lanes,
of time that i overcame anyhow!

what you want me to do?
why, you hold my hand now?
why?
why? should i talk
or
take a walk with you
to trace-back marks of my feet?
back to remember,
the fare-well that you bid?

i'm deafened to my soul,
then
how would it sing,
to you a little louder?
you can try but be hopeless,
unlike me!
to put your ears on my chest's left,
can't YOU hear still?
my heart might,
beat like a dull cloud
though my eyes won't be raining!

Abhishek Kumar Singh

Nobody's Listening

i turn around my face
i found myself in front of a tree
kissing the foreheads of heaven
&
its entangled roots,
flaring in hell

long ago,
a seed of my pain that i sown
beneath the soil of my faith over,
sprinkling dead leaves of my wraith
watered it with my blood and tears
it grew evergreen only to me,
remained calm & unseen

i climbed up to the top & whined
to wake the dead!
made my feet slip!
went into the roots,
deep to deeper
deeper than deep!
turning to ash!
ash to ashes!
whining in hell,
can you hear me?

Abhishek Kumar Singh

NUTS & BOLTS

The ash remains ash in the furnaces,
why? the wordsmiths kindle their traces?

all seems hidden from our seeks
a true poesy these reeds would never speak

thoughts would kiss the paper's edge,
would they ever let us, go sledge?

truth has always been lying to you
always found same, for sake of something new

every born spider is too timid
still heaven is woven within, no limits.

Abhishek Kumar Singh

O! My Beloved

This slow rolling globe of mine,
has turned blue
but this rose from my garden
that i chose to give you is still red!

no more in the shade of your shadow,
too the moonless,
please!
come back & ignite a candle,
it's too dark for dark

you 've no idea how much i've bled!
now tell me, o! my beloved
on this red boulevard,
how much this rose is red?

in my worse, i've tried to verse myself
these words will always mean less
because the more the pain is!
but now! the more seems less!

tell me i'll die!
if you love me dead?

Abhishek Kumar Singh

On The Brighter Side

let me take you away,
from this world
not too far with this steady pace
but
a place a space a palace
so bright perfect
and apart from the dark

where, there is no cuffed heart
stuck in riddles of dos and donts
where we can breathe, the airs of holyart
and where calmness,
never arrives for the depart

let me take you away,
from this world
where we hear
what the world, audibly sounds?
where we can see the world of us
all around
where no more we're bound
with the sounds that surrounds us!
in this world, that we could've earlier found

let me take you away,
from this world
where our skin could feel the showers of dust
and where,
we can smell flora in a gust
where iron stays away from rust
where there's neither the deception nor disgust
where, there's only
only the satisfactions' lust!
and we can taste the elixir in,
in the poison's gush
wheres' only, only the silents' rush

let me take you away,
from this world
where, we love our rags and
adore the music of this perfect world,
that i've unchained from my torn bags
in a manner you all have never heard!

where,
we can paint the sun
that could set beyond our words
where, we can compose this scene with,
the rhythm of airborne birds
nothig is bad,
where nothing is absurd!

let me take you away,
from this world
let me take you away
from this dark,
on the brighter side!

Abhishek Kumar Singh

PEEP HOLE

Have you ever seen?
the beauty of pain?
ever? kicked the stones?
forever?
over roads that have no destiny?
to yourself, meaningless!
have you ever been?
ever got betrayed with your own sanity?
have you heard yourself? questioning?
like this?
over this land,
juggling through question marks?
ever your nerves & veins,
got twisted like an ampersand?
but
when your life is timeless,
can you sum-up what's countless?
how many steps have you taken?
how many times your eyes have blinked?
how many breaths out & how many in?
how many words have you spoken till now?
how many dreams you've had! & what about?
how many thoughts have you forgotten?
sinking? are you sick of thinking all these things?
many may be hidden,
many more riddles to entangle with themselves!
unspoken, many have not been written!

Abhishek Kumar Singh

Play, Pause & Stop.

Play, Pause & Stop.
(2012)

Play with time, time plays too
glaring a riddle before your eyes,
'what is the turnout of this life? '

it begins from womb
why? this journey,
a song for tomb!
even if you've sang nothing or had everything!
will always found yourself,
fenced with these thoughts!
this time never takes a, Pause!
& i repeat loud that,
we all are alone, in this crowd
we all have differences
but
the same similarities,
in the core of our being!
like this verse, our lives begin
like this verse, our lives Stop.

Abhishek Kumar Singh

POETRY: SOUL'S MEDICINE

this life was about,
to die in me

winds were whirling in the throat
beats were about to betray my veins
lips & limbs were frozen,
vision borrowed tonnes of blur
ears stole silence that breathed
in between, my two breaths!
nerves were void & voiceless

like an albatross, across the globe
from poles to equator
&
back to poles again!
was the perfect prey,
for loneliness!
she licked from core!
moon came with stars,
sun came with birds
kept waking & singing lullaby to nature
till my wounds went fresh red!
streams of agony crossed the dyke

this life was about,
to die in me

rainbows were painted grey
being on the valley of vain,
felt a twin-engined twinge
on the back of my head
& my sleeps slept in a nightmare to dream

i dremt & found poetry,
the remedy stood deep me inside
beyond the curtain of clouds,
dull colors faded
the naked sun smiled
the brilliance floated in my eyes

life in me lived,
like this verse for a while,
the death in me died!

Abhishek Kumar Singh

Rain

i sit calm,
in the verandah
smiling-heart
with the soft reed
to write about,
the endless vault
cool air through me sang in whispers
crushed-up snow
showering stardust...before my eyes
injecting cold-stings,
over my feverish-skin
dripping drop by drop-echoes
slipping through, rusted poles & black wires
down to freshen the grown-grasses
battling bubbles countless ripples
over the stillness of land
the weather turns crystal-clear
&
i'm lost in the reflection.

Abhishek Kumar Singh

'ROPED WITH WIND...HOPING'

my soul took falls more than i've made calls,
summer down there or is it December?
a year here or a decade there,
can't fully remember!

tired! but why should i rest?
i wander with the wind,
north to south east to west
sun to moon moon to sun, directionless!

i seek, a voice that sings me against
where are you my angel?
a year passes again! & here me rains
where are you! o! my dear sister?
cries loud a dull cloud-
no one's here -the listener

so i cry for the thirst, thirsty for a sleep
sound of my own voices always i've found,
echoing through hairs of forests & ears of peaks
hope it's not loud enough,
if you are not there to speak

hopeless to answer myself!
this song can't sing too long
million tears i hold within
so here i cry now,
a year here & a decade there,
tell me please! can you listen, a little?

Abhishek Kumar Singh

Skin & Color

yes-
there are days,
there are nights
same for me,
the same for you
but
how time will spit humanity,
into blacks and whites? ...
all have arrived from the womb,
this journey is the call from the tomb
cradles to graves-
nothing changes
the breeze,
gifts them breaths
the fountains,
sifts their thirst
the food,
lifts their hunger
under same sky,
over same land
&
both united at the horizon's curve

listen!
sit down where you stand,
ask to the silence of this land
she keeps yelling,
''i'm the silence,
this land in which i dwell,
is my love!
holding me, the gravity
the sanity of humanity!
he was never weak!
nor he is!
wrapping a small sun,
yes! he shakes & erupts!
but i never let him bleed fully! ''

she builds up a hopeful moral -for us all that
it's our skin,
nor it's color that wraps the crimson!
in this world of lies,
this truth lies some unseen corner of our heart,
can't be easily ripped-off!

Abhishek Kumar Singh

Soul & Serenity

you can find one's soul,
beyond the curtains of his thoughts
mourning the anthems of calmness
to arrive in his dusks & dawns
on the edge of his cascades,
where memories chatter down

wearing a cloak of smile,
beaming on the face of a clown
eyes like stars betraying the tear-shines
singing the beauty of pain,
without uttering an urge

painting his own moon & sun
offering the aromatic flowers,
over the graves of cracked-hearts
kindling candles of hope,
in the curves of dark spaces

there is nothing to haunt him,
an addict of the ghostly places
alone like a grave sown afar from bliss
still not powerless to sing his ballad

never pin him!
his serenity can break
the back-bones of a saint
leave him with his paintings
let him re-paint.

Abhishek Kumar Singh

Suicide Attempt

What can i do?
i've poetry,
as well as a psychiatrist too
i've been a through the globe,
where i should go now?
no one knows the remedy,
to whom i should ask?
about this pain has swallowed,
all pills of my poetic abilities

My immunity that has
transformed to negativity
these words don't make any sense,
i don't want to rhyme this
line with these ink-less pens
i have lived my life,
should i go out there
&
die?
should i call these my last letters?
last words?
the last line?

Abhishek Kumar Singh

TEMPLE IN A COIN

Chose to wake-up,
for the first time here
got cradled in love
left the time behind,
booming into memories

found:
'a home of learning
& a place to worship.'
learnt & worshiped
so, remained
as calm as my breath
unknown to knowns,
a true recluse
though
mistook the lanes,
followed the footsteps of lust & lie
found myself too lost,
in loosing self-respect
sympathy is all-
i tried to gain & again,
in a mirror saw eyes of a martyr then
looking into, smiling for no reason
forgetting all i remembered,
no season sang for sun rays
so wrote a new song of pain,
lancing the wounds every holy-day

i'm joining my palms, now
trying to remember all
what i made forget for a while.

Abhishek Kumar Singh

The Arrival Of The Death Song

I've seen death once,
once i've been dead
i'm thinking through,
like a psychiatric
as my life left me
& i've felt it

My words are scared a little bit
the lanterns of their voices are unlit
but i'm chewing over,
to scribe a verse -about it
& it's just an excerpt

Among these ambiguities,
this is the most certain certainty
no other side of the coin exists
it is not easy to
ease up now,
cease & leave it

Leave it, believe me or not
i'm neither perplexing you,
nor me
in this puzzle of truths & lies
still,
don't get deceived
even-though i've dropped this
indecipherable note, wittily.

Abhishek Kumar Singh

THE EAST-WIND

You are a sprouting seed,
between the two branches of a tree
that grew ever before time started,
kissing the heavens of eternity!
&
i
i'm the east wind,
arriving to you -calm!
after the rain, dancing
with the news of my birth

for a while,
cradle me in your leaves
grow a garden forever!
it's the season, to cover the bark
before,
i pass like time & tide
through your green skin,
making your sleeps wake!
leaving you bare without the reason

from your scent,
give me a hug!
sing for me a second!
it's the last
for me,
for you.

Abhishek Kumar Singh

The Perfection Of Eternity

In the ambiance of this placid sprint,
this crawling time reigns him -himself
& hypnotizes all of us,
from our cradles to graves
we reckon him or not,
he nay sacrifices, he nay terminates
he is the reckless & an addict of himself
not erratic, an agog -he seems to be
but whats his dream? i'm addled

he oscillates, along with the pendulum,
through an hourglass -whirls down with the sand
nay rehearses with this ticktock rhythm of this clock
& the degree of a second, he wreaths
the one who gives the shelter
to the seconds of a minute
the minute of an hour, an hour of a day -to breath
& breeds them-up to days, weeks to months
years to decades to an endless eternity!

with this certainty, he gladdens our astray!
he is the only au naturel truth
who unveils the mask of all mysteries
friends to enemy s, from love to betrays
agony to joys! , lives to deaths
& from curses to prays!

he is ace of the poker
but the only flawless, I've only known!
he was the ancient, he is the antique
the being of today
& he can't be cloned
he has destined our moirai
he ripples with the runnel of ambiguity
like an inspiration he revives- from our nerves to veins as,
a flare, an artisan, a pundit, a gladiator
& extensively the maharajah of all maharajahs.

Abhishek Kumar Singh

Transformation

a lover was pushed by a dew,
fallen from the edge of rose petals
has still not buried,
tangled in it's roots
he never died just slept a little
again alive!
yes! with fresh wounds,
bled more than a mountain
flawless!
climbing the stem,
hanging to the spines
heavenward not for light
but
to sing all the fire he had,
turning the flowers of his garden,
into the eternal candle.

Abhishek Kumar Singh

TWO BREATHS OF TRUTH

my lanes bled through cracks
it had been long enough,
intoxicated by my dark sides
was too haunting
i stumbled-splashed down,
from those black edges
into the lake of gold wine
was already sick!
it was heart curdling! sinking!
couldn't think of nothing!
came out to snatch a few breaths!

some hands pulled my legs back
went deep to deeper, deeper than deep
till i came back, for the last one second
clocks frozen
who has counted down,
for this HIDE & SEEK?

i'm lost in the reflection
took a ran into a mirror
i heard that lost sound of my ghost
full of vim & vigor
do 'I', don't let him speak?
dreams too true to myself
he voiced louder than me
i couldn't sing beneath right now.
this song has leaped the full-stop
i just need to ask him, have i made him live
alone like me too long?
is he alive like or unlike me,
singing the same song?
there's enough wine, in my wind pipe now
he might hear me & i should listen him
before i go out there & die again.

Abhishek Kumar Singh

Unaware World

below this cloudless vault of heaven,
i don't' draw-in these typhoons of silence
they are above the my bed of cold soil
and i too don't' breathe here beneath!

my eyes have imprisoned themselves,
this world is insensible of my senses
i favored, freedom of darkness & silence,
escaped from suns and moons
but
now,
i've just felt the feet of humans
that have nailed my coffin!

i've not only been resting in peace
i've seen& listened to all steps of cruelty
they don't' know now, who am i?
what they have just dug?
because time has all,
reflected all like a mirror!

Abhishek Kumar Singh

War

I'm a rag-picker,
i seek for shines
till dark in a trash heap
dogs, cats & rats are my family
on the corner of street,
we enjoy whatever we eat
we wakeup as the city-clock sings
the sirens of this daily war
together we fight
together we breath.

Abhishek Kumar Singh

When i write...

Someone keeps talking to me,
when i try to dig
between my words
to find & water the seed
of silence of my soul
but i fail his voice has no sound
but no one else other than me
can hear him,
its haunting & ghostly i'm a preacher like &
i never hear him before i write,
i write just after i hear him
he never ceases, his spells & speeches i've to believe him,
even the truth is right between
the word ''be-lie-ve'
i should bleed endlessly,
to leave him he is telling my fingers right now,
what should i write?
every letter, every word, every line
that he wants me to
make you read
make you feel, how he thinks?
& how do you? you call him a poet, i guess
that is not ''me''
because he is in ''me''.

Abhishek Kumar Singh

WITHIN YOU

yes you've had enough!
but it's isn't the edge!
have you, ever find the edge of an egg?
you're not a lone,
you have covered miles & miles kicking the same-stone
from yourself,
you have to just listen-up, what you haven't heard!
nightmares are gone,
'dreams to arrive now! keep it up! ', he screams in you!

yes sin exists! so better you can murder yourself,
but your skin that has went too tough! , still bleeds
no one can judge you from your inner, you know!
see more from your eyes than you think,
what you want to forget!

this boulevard goes straight
& you have still not, nailed your limits
till you are alive!
you'll never have your enough!
why you call your self lost?
don't you want to hearken,
who will be the winner?
AFRAID?
but don't you want to know,
what to be that ghost is?

don't! hide now!
you've got to paint your spirit! on the sky
turn the ashes into fire!
reverse the lexicon of this world
don't hear them,
just do for yourself too for them,
they will hear you then
& then just lose yourself among them!

tell me!
what's your name?
open your shut-eyes up & rinse your face
no one will laugh in you!
so, let your boots be tattered, why to feel SHAME, now?
no! not to weep!
dimensions even though have abysmally-shattered
you've to tighten your laces!
leave that same-somber hut,
draw everything deep &
than to wander just twist the rut

when under-depressed, in this pandemonium only
we become an addict of pain or stress!
all of us find a track to escape! distract ourselves
& go somewhere, forgetting what they are talking to themselves

where you go?
lost? again?
but i see the red-locket of the lord,
behind the bone-windows -locates! you! & you locate yourself!

chase the pursuits,
not to just gape at yourself in a mirror,
ending to love yourself, begin to love to hate yourself
or your own shadows and reflections!
& tape your voices in you!
count how much your tear costs within you!

time is ageless not wasted in this space!
let me tell you, i've found it's shiny-peak
let me tell you yes! , there's an address!
no need of figure it out!
that you're tired of trying -to find it's way
is it, just within you?
yes, with in you it is!

feel inspired? like you i'm, not unlike you!
yes a time was! when i was like you!
i'm not spilling some different language
keep it up! i can hear you but i know,
the more you can hear yourself!
you're your only lamp!
you know already that life is ups & downs,
right below your feet there is no swamp!
you're not drowning, you are just grounded
don't dig-up your own grey-grave!
everyone will die someday!
so,
get-up! take a step
you are not too afar to win this race!
make your funeral, a memory!
reading me still?
get up & begin the chase.

Abhishek Kumar Singh

Write A Rhyme

Let your fingers hold the inks,
enslave your nerves & veins
so,
roll the pen & pencils
on the paper
let your soul sink

for the agony,
smile like refrain
brush your palm on the sheet
feel, how he wants to bleed?
cry for the river of words,
the rain
to fall from the clouds
of thoughtful mountains

write four lines,
let them stretch them to eight
twelve to sixteen
draw-in the aroma
you've opened the poet's gate

write your rhymes with ease,
whatever, you want
don't perplex
don't cease
pick-up a metaphor
from the land of similes
&
pitch it in the creek of your imagery
twist those ripples,
in the reflection of your eternity
let the phrases,
clash with idioms verbally.

Abhishek Kumar Singh