

Poetry Series

Ram Krishna Singh

- poems -

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Ram Krishna Singh(31 December 1950)

Brought up and educated in Varanasi, India I was, till recently, a university professor teaching English language skills to students of earth and mineral sciences. I have authored over 160 research articles and 170 book reviews in journals in all over the world.

I have been writing poems in English for over four decades and am widely anthologised and published in various journals and ezines.

New Indian English Poetry: An Alternative Voice: R.K.Singh (ed: I.K. Sharma,2004) and R.K.Singh's Mind and Art: A Symphony of Expressions (ed: Rajni Singh,2011) are two comprehensive critical presentations of my creativity since the 1970s.

My latest books of poetry include Sense and Silence: Collected poems (2010) , New and Selected Poems Tanka and Haiku (2012) , I Am No Jesus and other selected poems: Tanka and haiku (2014) , You Can't Scent Me and Other Selected Poems (2016) , God Too Awaits Light (2017) , Growing Within/Desavârsire launtrica (English/Romanian,2017) , Reflections: R.K.Singh's Poetry and Self (2018) , There's No Paradise and Other Selected Poems Tanka & Haiku (2019) , Tainted With Prayers/Contaminado con oraciones (English/Spanish, Traductor Joseph Berolo Ramos,2019) , Silencio: Blanca Desconfianza: Silence: White Distrust (Spanish Edition, Spanish/English, Kindle,2021) , A Lone Sparrow: Haiku Poems (English/Arabic, Tr. Boubaker Rouagha, ed. Mahmoud Al-Rajabi,2021) , and Against The Waves: Selected Poems (2021) . Writing Editing Publishing: A Memoir (2016) celebrates my contact with academics, poets, editors and others who shared my concerns.

I am married and have two children, one son and one daughter.

I am now live at Vastu Vihar Colony, Kawa bandh, N.H.2, Govindpur, Dhanbad 826008

Nirvana

Hours of silence
and a lot of walks:
no facile words

no touchiness
no paranoia
no pilgrimage

but chanting within
through the declining day
the inner acoustics

on a hilltop
no cloudy incantation:
gasp for nirvana

--R K Singh

Ram Krishna Singh

Ten Tanka

1

butterfly cushions
flutter the skirt
flame flickers
ground to whiteness
for her feast

2

in the park
seeing the green in her eyes
joy wells up:
she feels the silver blue
the leaves breathing her touch

3

looking for image
of divine on the wall
to pray or chant
a mantra or hymn in mind
she leans on him to kiss

4

in the air
I expected romance—
corona:
avoid her kiss
and breathing too

5

light switched off
for love sliding on

window pane
moon too shies away
behind the bare tree

6

intruding
the darkness of bedroom
a tree's silhouette:
she whispers its masked presence
and says no to making love

7

the power goes off
suddenly summer heat chokes
in bed sleepless she turns
undoing a hook or two
of her tight blouse

8

it's not ageing
but eternal delight
you under me
smooth belly, nude necking
slow stroking, parting flesh

9

short nights and long days
sleep loss rustles a friction
echoing in bed
the cycle of cravings
over and over again

10

in the white of night
sighs for supreme delight
steal tender pleasure
manipulating wetness

in bed unmask simple sin

--R. K. Singh

Ram Krishna Singh

So Much Is Dumped

I'm no Trump separating light from fire
or truth from denial

he is his own fashioner of creation
out to make America great, or himself

can't suffer impeachment
righteousness of power is civil

he extends four years to decades
my four decades shrink the world

a non-entity lost in anybody
searching the hidden, the evasive

reprogramming the brain
for success and happiness

I can't repair my soul
so much is dumped in the dying river

--R. K. Singh

Ram Krishna Singh

New Gods

Meditation --
future uncertainties
beyond crisis

new strains, new virus
villains of the new order
peeking from windows

create new mantras
for life to continue
envision new gods

Ram Krishna Singh

Ram Krishna Singh

Enemy

Back to the wall
chained to the past
enemy pulls
where is the breath
of fresh air
to move forward?

Ram Krishna Singh

Flood

Women and children
crossing the flooded huts
with aluminum
cooking pots, plastic cans
and remains of provisions
seek shelter on trees
none know when these too will
collapse and drift down the stream
like the living space
with men in underwear

- R K Singh

Ram Krishna Singh

Love: A Haiku Sequence

pre-morning mushrooms
blooming on the pubes:
dreamy arousal

love-making
he melts into her
time stands still

love-making
the sound of orgasm:
Lao Tzu

making love
she tastes the salt upon
his shoulder

candling in vein
leaves marks of teeth on her neck
utters holiness

unzipping her back—
hundreds of nights grow wings
with wasp touch

unclothing
the white night:
lips meeting lips

writes with strands of
watery hair on herbare back
a love haiku

after the tumble
buried between the sheets
leftover passion

she departs
leaving behind her clothes
over mine

still lingers
her scent on the linens
drying in shade

- R K Singh

Ram Krishna Singh

Covid-19

Punitive
corona virus-
lépreuse
some say it's invasion
the barbarian without

quarantined
I clear my throat
behind the face mask
breathe in unknown viruses
suffer new repressions

now lockdown
cut off life:
castration
Hugo said monasticism
resisting death

- R K Singh

Ram Krishna Singh

Aftermath

Between the mossy and thorned pathways
shadows slant. He trumps the press and praises PM
wisdom splashed in gonzo arguments
cocks the walk. Others too feel his sting but prefer
silence. They know the caged parrot's free
to shame seven decades of democracy groomed
differently. They know how weak they are
to stop the burning forest's ash from reddening
now aberrations clot in the mind
await Ram's hanging before the wounded converts
count the cries, lashes and piercings

- R.K.Singh

Ram Krishna Singh

Rot

Moon energy
fills up the inner space—
call to wake up

or be hostage to wounds
that don't auto correct
astral faults

knitting the luck
amidst the waste gods spread
I smell the rot

- R.K.Singh

Ram Krishna Singh

Self-Neglect

Meditation—
living long but failing
to live wide
says Seneca we are
fugitives from ourselves

the busyness
and weariness of now
we toss about
regulating our sleep
by one another's

love or hate
what others dictate
we get duped
our time lost, without
inner wholeness

- R.K.Singh

Ram Krishna Singh

Rituals

Hiding helplessness
in the luxury of prayers
he raises a wall
a babel of deception
through cocktail of drug and desire

meanders through dream-
miracles and wakes up to
unheard alarm
each morning repeats rituals
ageing time is ashamed of

Ram Krishna Singh

New Dawn

I love the night with you
when sleepless we yield
to passion of the body
tugging the nagging divine
in the mind ageing fears melt
and dry between the sheets
for a new dawn to set in

Ram Krishna Singh

Intellectuals

Stranded in the past
sparkling glasses in hand
intellectuals
preach ancient wisdom
to the new generation
diving nude in dried pool
to corral them along
the fence they sit bumfing
through knowledge googled
for the next day's sessions

Ram Krishna Singh

Blood Moon

Waking to a morning
tainted with prayers
on the toilet seat
nude nature waves a dull sun
smitten by the night's long eclipse

R K Singh

Ram Krishna Singh

Push

No one around,
before the paper deity
dead flowers
giving me the push
"Quick, get up," I hear

Ram Krishna Singh

Creativity

The hole between words is vaginal
if the mind could penetrate

the seed won't question age
inside the lines it crackles

with orgasmic pleasure
meanders through the tunnel

from first breath to oblivion
stays erect, liberates the text

Ram Krishna Singh

First April

Full blue moon-
divine channel from heavens
illuminating
arrival of Easter Sunday
& April, the Angel Month

Ram Krishna Singh

My Time Is Now

my time is NOW
the day of salvation
where is Father?
playing patty cake?
i sit a potted plant
& wait at the doorstep
tumbling sun & shade

- R.K.Singh

Ram Krishna Singh

Miasma

Haiku limit
in imagination
poetry depressed:
hiatus in thinking new
miasma of feeling blue

Ram Krishna Singh

Homa

Random flames in colors
meld unnamed images of fire
freezing on the kitchen walls
the soot thickens solitude
with dimming watery eyes
and asthmatic mantra
mother offers homa
each day and night
but no Agni is pleased

- R K Singh

Ram Krishna Singh

Move Forward?

Back to the wall
chained to the past
enemy pulls

where is the breath
of fresh air
to move forward?

- R K Singh

Ram Krishna Singh

Noisy Silence

unemptied
the cup of remorse-
begging bowl
before the dumb deity
years of noisy silence

- R K Singh

Ram Krishna Singh

Madness

Do not buy madness:
journeys of poetry
prizes and honors
tiring self-delusion
crazy loops lead nowhere

enjoy the drink and drift
on the choppy sea
you will find the shore
fledgling your own tongue
playing middling genius

- R.K.Singh

Ram Krishna Singh

Dying Mode

What can I do
if a paper or earthen
image sees my sex
or sexact in light or dark—

my senses are my gods
and drive me to my ends

day in and day out prove
how human we are
managing mind, motive
spirit and elements

in limited overs
in a dying mode

Ram Krishna Singh

Don't Care

Appearances cheat

so what?

I am what I am

all chance and choice

don't care if my voice

is misunderstood

they never cared

my silence too

- R.K.SINGH

Ram Krishna Singh

Let It Go

Silent gaze of paper deities
from the little temple
in a corner in bedroom
fills me with hope:

anything may happen anywhere
despite uncertainty
unending jealousy
or tragedy in life

I look for grace within
contemplating the unsaid
in the rhymes of rogues and heroes

I'm not afraid of
the body in crumbled soil
there's always another chance
to re-form my own present
re-write another half-page
in drunken oblivion
God is going to let it go

Ram Krishna Singh

Greenwich

Evening's slow pace
against leafless trees
is within me

a whale grows
against dull sea
stars fall mute

dark fingers harpoon
my name through tunnel
night chimes shallow

Ram Krishna Singh

Snake In Sea

sin-maker or sin-eater
both author the snake in sea

swimming unending love waves
in colors that cloud the eyes:

bodies of desire float up
passion, dream and infinite

- R.K.Singh

Ram Krishna Singh

Confession

The tenuity
of her story like hearing
my own confession
without the priest I wonder
if I know my own voice

Ram Krishna Singh

Rags

filthy rags
leaves fade in the backyard
the clay's drying up

Ram Krishna Singh

I Can't Live

Dreams puzzling
smallness of waking
I can't live
the child's circumcision
promise of happiness

Ram Krishna Singh

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

Ram Krishna Singh

There's No Telling

There's no telling what lies ahead but they tell:
reveal wondrous secrets of my life
opportunity of a lifetime to trigger a positive time
a crucial day to realize my lifelong dream
and money and happiness I deserve

later is often too late

hawks circle overhead looking for prey:
they prophesy with sum attached or interests at stake
capitalize on greed and dream
tempt carnal passion with divine desire
the chakra of allurement, loss and gain

a prophet tells me my mind devours the future
I believe the lies it tells me

the insanely powerful full 'wolf' moon of the numerologist
took over the sky last night
the 'stellium' of planets couldn't help me unlock my self-direction
or release of energy, freedom or discovery

and today, Friday, the 13th, the 'blessed day' for fortunate few
as a spirit-medium tells, but nothing happens

I'm yet to know who I am or what I'm destined to be

Ram Krishna Singh

Sensexual: A Tanka Sequence

On the roof top
she waits for her man with
moon cake and lantern:
a flash of silver showers
on the mist-shrouded figure

A tress of hair
she drops over the mole
on her forehead
thinking it's ugly and
hides her own gazelle eyes

She stoops low
to the bottom shelf
in black jeans
her curves flattering and
red lace groping her hips

The beads of sweat
on her breasts do not touch
her years or face
in candle light her shadow
is more restrained than my thought

It's not ageing
but eternal delight:
you under me
smooth belly, nude necking
slow stroking parting flesh

I lover her undress
the light with eyes that spring
passion with kisses
she leaves her name again

for my breath to pass through

She undresses in
dim light perfumes her body
fills room with herself:
we hit the hay together
drowning in each other

The chilly twilight-
tossing leaves and branches
tell of the wind
before sunrise she and I
cross-legged, cling to each other

Making love
she tastes the salt upon
my shoulder
in the afternoon I pound
like the surf into her flesh

The wind lifts
her curved nudity hidden
in the water curtain:
I touch the strings that whisper
love in each falling drop

- R K Singh

Ram Krishna Singh

No I Won't

depressed mount of sun
and feeble supporting lines-
will i die unknown?
left rotting in the sand
and 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

- R.K.Singh

Ram Krishna Singh

No Moist Secret

The lips in her eyes
& long hours in the mouth
no moist secret
between us to reveal:
now our backs to each other

- R.K.Singh

Ram Krishna Singh

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

- R.K.Singh

Ram Krishna Singh

Smell

smell of fish
in apple juice bottle-
costermonger

- R.K.Singh

Ram Krishna Singh

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 pilled sleep.

The itch prevails.

The tags in the mind

don't respond

absent memories

confused faith:

forgetting

faster than remembering

in moments of lapse

God too dozes

- R.K.Singh

Ram Krishna Singh

A Tribute

The world is too big
& my share seems so small
thank God my name's alive
on the net they can find
my lyrics not read in print
though none care to comment
for academics to hail me
a poet for PhD

–R.K.Singh

Ram Krishna Singh

Degeneration

When gods are out to teach me a lesson
where to go to pray or find relief?

my prophet friend predicts each day good
and the future fulfilling, the palmists find
the sun, saturn, venus, and rahu hostile

they seek money for rituals, stones, or mantras
while God gives us the best in life gratis

I can't change man or nature, nor the karmas
now or tomorrow they all delude
in the maze of expediency and curse
stars, fate, destiny, or life before and after
degenerating the mind, body, thought, and divine

- R.K.Singh

Ram Krishna Singh

Let's Meet

Before the bananas ripe
let's meet at least once

lest the fog dampen passion
let's water our love

the sun is bright this morning
and night's promising

let's meet and unfreeze winter
of years, drink some wine

restore warmth of faith and hope
and heal the breaches

without black goggles for seeing
let's meet at least once

- R.K.Singh

Ram Krishna Singh

Ecstasy

glowing with sweat
her muscles tighten up
and the toes curl
breathing gets heavier
trembling...twitching...ecstasy

Ram Krishna Singh

Spring

Arab spring:
tending death and roses
a short bloom

Ram Krishna Singh

Loneliness

midnight darkness
wrapped in loneliness
dreamy escape

Ram Krishna Singh

Dreams

I've lived 22708 days
awaiting a day that could become
god's day in eden earth or within

or even my grandson's smile
on his first day in mother's arms

now I sit an empty boat
on a still river
and shake with quail dreams

Ram Krishna Singh

Body

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

Ram Krishna Singh

Silence

Flowers don't bloom
in tribute to
builders' apathy

the trees are dying
they too know they'll be felled
or the heat will kill

the concrete rises
calamity too will rise
none talk the ruins they bring

Ram Krishna Singh

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 names
from voters' list

with no difference
to who wins
or who loses

Ram Krishna Singh

Angels Fume

They say my birth was a heavenly event:
here I am suffering third rate villains
that erect walls to stop the chariots
from Merkaba: the angels fume but who cares
heaven is a mirage in human zoo

Ram Krishna Singh

Flickering Lust

The mind creates
withdrawn to its own pleasures
a green thought
behind the banyan tree
behind the flickering lust

-R.K.SINGH

Ram Krishna Singh

Fireside

Seated by fireside
a crying child wards off flies
on her tear-stained face:

both hungry in a rich house
the master picks stars in her hair

who cares how this sullen place
turns golden with mask over
a poor woman's face

the bull performs the act
and flees hiding
blackness in the dawn

and distorted relics
a crying child wards off flies
on her tear-stained face:

both hungry in a rich house
the master picks stars in her hair

who cares how this sullen place
turns golden with mask over
a poor woman's face

the bull performs the act
and flees hiding
blackness in the dawn

and distorted relics

Ram Krishna Singh

There's No Music

Walking in the once
familiar street this evening
I feel foreign
the dust seems known
but people are unknown, missing
the urgency of the past
the traffic goes on.

There's no marriage for me
I'm lost in the procession.
They all have matches
who cares my daughter is married
or not. I am here just for
the ritual of relationship
suffering yet another stasis
there's no miracle
in the flash of darkness
nor any music
in whatever vibrates

-R.K.SINGH

Ram Krishna Singh

Sleep Disorder

Hearing him talk dung
she doubts his integrity
and curses him for
emitting lava from mouth:
I regret stomach upset

-R.K.SINGH

Ram Krishna Singh

Threat

We chase myths in self-made Amazon
fish turtles that change colour in new waters

we create landscape of nightmares and wade through
anacondas that threaten our confidence

lost in the jungles of our own making
we beat about the thorny grasses now

look for the twin flames for convenience
cloud judgment and reality for control

challenge the Republic and divide
the defence that could never be

-R.K.SINGH

Ram Krishna Singh

Empty Shells

EMPTY SHELLS

Walking along the beach
they collect empty shells
that fascinate senses
in the salty air

feel the life now no more
but argue about the sex
of a conch ignoring
the fishermen's song

-R.K.SINGH

Ram Krishna Singh

Mistake

Don't defile
my goddess. you smell
private parts

with sexy
hibiscus don't crack
the centre

take bath first
and then touch Kali
with clean mind

I can't let
your wandering hands
make mistake

-R.K.SINGH

Ram Krishna Singh

Sweat

The beads of sweat
on her breasts do not touch
her years or face
in candle light her shadow
is more restrained than my thought

-R.K.SINGH

Ram Krishna Singh

Rising Thrill

A chocolate box
and a pile of condoms
beside the phone:
I smell the rising thrill
the body swirls, the bones breathe

-R.K.SINGH

Ram Krishna Singh

Khaddar Arms

Man is an animal
with a peculiar smell
says Bertolt Brecht:

he smells a rotten rat
as he waves his khaddar arms
with fake smile

-R.K.SINGH

Ram Krishna Singh

They Talk About...

They talk about customs traditions rituals and religion
and question me for marrying my daughter to a half
Muslim half Hindu down south in an unknown family
as if in desperation for failure to find a match in own caste
community religion or region and curse for compromising
family interests. They forget the cruel joke of marriage
of our son in Rishikesh and how they discarded traditions
and their own daughter to have a dip at Hardwar leaving us all
hungry. They didn't show the courtesy of seeing us off or the guests.
we swallowed their muck then as we suffer their painted love for daughter
that keeps her from accepting us as parents or husband and child
as her own family even after three years the gamble
continues. I live my faith awaiting the change in consciousness
while destiny drives the wheel through generations beguiled with
ego-fested myths, manicured mind and vested imagination

-R.K.SINGH

Ram Krishna Singh

Kamakhya

Nothing turns me on
in aloneness self-rape
is no eros:
the blue hill hides the seed
in the sex of goddess

I can't awaken
nor can I rise from the ash
to be my real self
I am still lost in meanness
no third eye could locate

-R.K.SINGH

Ram Krishna Singh

Mid-Autumn

On the roof top
she waits for her man with
moon cake and lantern:
a flash of silver showers
on the mist-shrouded figure

-R.K.SINGH

Ram Krishna Singh

Erotics Of Bygones

I hate kneaded flour
it reminds of semen
in the dark of my palms

it puts me off to smell
sweat oozing from the armpits
the thighs moist with urine

in bed the body is
its own antidote if itched
for love the wasted sex

I hate to meditate
the erotics of bygones
growling with unzipped night

-R.K.SINGH

Ram Krishna Singh

I Can'T Remedy

CAN'T REMEDY

Life lost in petty worries
is the core worry: I'm diseased
in soul before the devil
reappears I must commit
the act or suffer the bull
for castrating in the dried canal
where some fishy cousins waylay
cowmen with their upthrust bosoms
and make noise too in the half dark
seizing and unseizing slowly
all dreams get buried in sand and grass
now I don't bother the sweetness
of papaya growing taller
between the fence and the drain
or the urchins stealing the fruit
there's no fun in romance with the moon
or flowers at night smells and sounds
of the weather smack of allergies
that cripple the andropausal day
and ice all the gelled machismo
too many are the grudges
and I can't remedy my mind
or body with mystical bids:
it's loaded with emptiness

-R.K.SINGH

Ram Krishna Singh

Self-Defeat

Crushed between the heart and head
I fail to get along with
my own creation

sinister and righteous
that challenges my being
for not meeting her hopes

I did what I could
but how to produce a mate
for her peace and bliss

she raises her eyebrows
and isolates herself as if
I authored all her griefs

now stripped and alone
with hands over my chest
I stand in the street

await the coffin
to reconcile the truths
I could not conceive

-R.K.SINGH

Ram Krishna Singh

Meditation

Unable to see
beyond his nose he says
he meditates
and sees visions of Buddha
weeping for us

-R.K.SINGH

Ram Krishna Singh

Body: A Bliss

'To see you naked
is to recall the Earth'
says Garcia Lorca

it's no sin to love
strip naked in bed, kitchen
or prayer room

the bodies don't shine
all the time nor passion
wildly overflows

but when we have time
we must remember the parts
arouse the dead flesh

rub raw with desire
peeling wet layers through light
sound, senses and taste

play the seasons:
the thirst is ever new
and blissful too

to recreate
the body, a temple
and a prayer

-R.K.SINGH

Ram Krishna Singh

Creation

To create is to die:
die to love, to time
to memory, to god
to everything we know
do or experience

it is stillness, to cease
in passive awareness-
no movement but new mind
new energy, new sense
of innocence, freshness

not talked about before
new love rising with
thinking without thought
new sensation, beauty
and bliss of harmony

Ram Krishna Singh

Barbed Wire Fence

My window opens
to the back of a garrage
where guards make water

at times show their dick
to the maid in my kitchen:
they care for none

how can I complain
if boys and girls make love
in the bush between

the children's park and
my backyard? they are distanced
by a barbed wire fence

-R.K.SINGH

Ram Krishna Singh

The Hell Incites

Discourse on heaven
and after-life pleasures
is bumptious bullying
to live without meaning
midst searches for the lost

so inciting is
the hell of cyber world
they forget to pray
and multiply their pain
corroding consciousness

but it doesn't matter-
whining in sleep or whinging
is part of crazy
nature in race with itself
and god a convenience

-R.K.SINGH

Ram Krishna Singh

Blind

Blind
with their own sight
don't see the wonders
round them but kneel

and ask why
only me
too painful to see

Ram Krishna Singh

Feat

He thinks he has achieved a feat
seeking security through division
but the fear haunts and thought multiplies
the problem: the gap between

what is and what may be
the itch inside the skin
the memories of love-making
and routine pleasures now nightmare

with chemical change in blood and nerves
licks the tulip in drawing room
and thinks thoughtlessly mindlessly
inflicts more pain to himself

Ram Krishna Singh

God

The word is not God
but the mind creates it
after its own image

the memories of patterns
the illusions and longings
the desires that become truth-

gods gurus and books
overload and hold freedom
to face fear and find

the real reality
untainted by magical
moments that self limit

within deeper recesses
undo psychic structures
the lusts of ages

and be completely quiet:
grow outside the known, without
thought, without withdrawing

when seeking nothing
experiencing nothing-
stillness becomes divine

-R.K.SINGH

Ram Krishna Singh

Guava

Rising on her toes
to reach the half-eaten
guava on the tree

Ram Krishna Singh

Nightly Act

Sees in light
the smuts of the nightly act
on the underwear

-R.K.SINGH

Ram Krishna Singh

Snakes: A Haiku Sequence

Sunny morning:
a snake slides through the fence
looking for a prey

Full of silt
the Ganga overflows:
snakes under the waves

Raises its hood
a cobra in water:
algae criss-cross

Searching reason
in the labyrinthine pattern:
snakes in courtyard

Avoids searching
mushroom in the crowded green-
snake on the fence

Searches thorn apples
to propitiate lingam:
snake in sanctum

A snake's tail
coils round a sweet
in the box

Smells a snake
in the wet grass-
her smile

Rises with tickles
between the thighs
the dream-serpent

A yellow snake
slithers on the grass-
dewy trail of love

Climbing high through
rough pathway and stony cold
a green snake

A snake's dead skin
near the fence:
she stands unmoving

Ram Krishna Singh

At His Bed's Foot

Seeks music in
love's masturbating keys
at his bed's foot
the breath of god lay forked
like a tongue of briars

Ram Krishna Singh

Four Haiku

1. Full of silt

the river overflows:
snakes under the waves

2. Streetlights die

with the onrush of rain-
walking to silence

3. Greets no known faces

at the street-corner kiosk-
only folds of night

4. Her fingers

I taste in the orange
she peels

Ram Krishna Singh

Don'T Condemn Me

DON'T CONDEMN ME

It's still linked but I don't understand
or don't want to understand

I am too much with me and worry
about her dying libido and my

own shrinking sex amidst salsa chill
Bihu fever, Vishu rituals

ringing emptiness day and night shake
the age-wrapped youth for single-edge play

in forked flame carve image of heaven
to challenge the jealous God undo

sins of races flowing in my blood:
I love Him through the bodies He made

but they don't understand redemption
in churning and parting of the sea

they don't rejoice the flames of henna
on her palms nor let the lily bloom

in the valleys use the clefts and cliffs
to deface beauty and spike voices

don't condemn me if I am not white
the water still flows in my river

-R.K.SINGH

Ram Krishna Singh

Peace Mission

He is amazed to see
so much corruption
in the system
of world peace

his colleagues envious
of his foreign jaunt
with the UN
and earnings

in dollars, rise so soon
in career and
have the best
of life and style

while I worry about
freedom in Congo
untamed humans
safe sojourn

Ram Krishna Singh

The River Leaks

The river between
the thighs leaks from the palms
fails to cup the fire
melting furiously
through the red heart to the cave

-R.K.SINGH

Ram Krishna Singh

Images

Images converge
on the mirage of body
moulded yoni

-R.K.SINGH

Ram Krishna Singh

Fog: Some Haiku

FOG

His presence
among the known faces—
evening fog

A thin fog
hides the wintry moon
rising slowly

Slowly clears
the morning fog
end of the year

Hides the sun
a dense fog in the morning:
waning winter

Stench of burning leaves
mounts with fog in the evening
asthmatic breathing

East faced
yoga in the fog
breathlessness

shrouded in fog
the lone pomegranate
in the backyard

Wrapped in fog
the flying plane

seen by sound

Feels the shadow
with wet fingers on the beach:
sound through the fog

-R.K.SINGH

Ram Krishna Singh

Hazy Sun

Sweating desire
inhales new sketches
with mind's pen

on the pillow
image by image
night passes

not knwoing
how a hazy sun
rose from the sea

Ram Krishna Singh

No Memory

Waking with her
after tasting heaven
no memory

Ram Krishna Singh

A Seasonal Grace

Amidst trees without fruits
and the rising jungle
flowers a seasonal grace
in colours coexist
with disfiguring autumn

Ram Krishna Singh

Banaras

1

The river flows through the woods
grown in Banares in centuries
down this terrace they say
washes ills and hides sins
in her graceful ripples reflects
the depths of eternity they love
the myth like heaven and salvation
each morning my father repeats
the celestial history while his son
breaks off the golden bough
and acts rex nemorensis
without fighting the priest
and the polemic continues over politics

2

Young girls and women move up and down
in the large boat standing on the Gange's bank
the sun smoulders the sand they carry over head
and fling down the basket that is their bread

they sit on the terrace and smoke hashish at noon
throw jokes on the privates or watch their sullen grace
poverty scythes their sweating skin, they fall
and the drowsy river flows with the city's garbage

3

Silent flows the Ganges in Banares
the muddy water and mud accumulates on roads
each house harnesses the taints
no matter, how many sacrifices of blood
each temple shelters satan's friends
even after centuries the muck stinks
on both sides convenience of culture
cuddles the self-turned waves
speaking of our pride, my obsession
straight through the bones of the living
their crooked simplicity and polished innocence
treachery, vanity, ranting

always washed in the fast current?
or the rod of time is impotent?
like the river I see untiringly
it's unsleeping eyes looking upward

Ram Krishna Singh

Lying In Sun

The maid fans
burnt coal and dried twigs fire
to make tea
for her lazy hubby
lying in sun and shouting

Ram Krishna Singh

A Haiku Collection

Love tickles
with erect pistil:
hibiscus

Oleander and
hibiscus blaze with passion—
making love in sun

Suspended
on the spider's web—
a hibiscus

Narrowly escape
the midair web of spider
perched on hibiscus

The lone hibiscus
waits for the sun to bloom:
morning's first offering

Red oleander and
hibiscus calling morning
to Kali

Without washing hands
he touches hibiscus for worship:
her frowning glance

After little rain
lilies smile with hibiscus—
the sun in May

Too short

can't reach the height:
hibiscus

□

Chrysanthemum
on the mossy roof
deeply rooted

Too big for its web
between two roses—
a yellow spider

Around falling leaves
a lone dreaming flower—
mid-February

Stands alone in
the assembly of flowers—
Valentine's Day

Not sad to die
blooming after a day's rain—
the mushroom

Shrouded in fog
the lone pomegranate
in the courtyard

December morning—
the first roses in the lawn:
fragrance in passing

Leaves sway
to fly like birds
free in the sky

Waving down
a leaf settles between
her breasts

All night trees wave
with roaring winds:
autumn in the courtyard

Bluebells and hazels
lost in rustic kisses:
morning stars burn

On a lean
branch of neem swinging
a bulbul

The courtyard stormed
with dried leaves and tamarind:
her frail hands sweeping

From tree to courtyard
cotton balls blown on the wind—
seed in the centre

Her scarf—
a rainbow of flowers
moving in the sky

Her visit—
a transient painting
on holiday's floor

Painting mom's smile
with broken crayons—
smiling Winny

Intruding
her voice
on the phone

Switching on
the hearing aid:
wife's warm soup

With her saree
hitched up between the legs
my wife in bed

Raising her saree
above the thighs bends to ease
and blocks my way

Rising early
to make tea for everyone
the newly wed wife

As the duo sit
lights go out—
sofa springs creaking

Dissatisfied with
each other the two of us
in an empty house

In the grey of dusk
sway between hope and despair
their dream promises

Leaning sideways
she looks at mango pickle—
caries ache

She repeats my ills
to express her anger but
I know only her love

Basking in the sun
files nails in garden chair
my wife's friend

No joy in lighting
the candles this Diwali:
both the children away

Awaits his son's
phone call from the border:
dogs and cats wail

His son's voice
not relayed by wire:
tense borders

Distance mounts
each time he visits home:
love's last rites

Not age but
years of worries
his furrowed face

Shadow of age
on the wall—
second full moon

Whiteness of the moon
and rocks howl with the wind—
December in the veins

A star shines bright
beside the crescent moon
she fakes a smile

The sun not yet set
but the full moon rises
as if in a hurry

The half moon
on her neck reminds of love
before departure

Enveloping
all of the moon at night—
white chrysanthemumns

After the party

empty chairs in the lawn—
new moon and I

The sky couldn't retain
all of the moon now enveloping
my house through windows

Setting moon
leaves behind sparkle
on the waves

Noisy birds
don't let me sleep:
midnight moon

Through the window
gaze at the moon hid behind
cloud after cloud

Fearing allergies
he misses full moon party
savour white light

Wet bodies
of bathing women:
full moon night

Squeaking
under the blue moon—
the dry sky

They all look for
a little more moon coming
back from movie

Standing behind
the window bars observes
darkness in shapes

Unmoved by the wind
he sits on a rock wearing
peace of the lake

Night bombing
leaves the garden
white as death

Vultures waiting
for the leftovers
of the sacrifice

In the ruins
searching her photo:
evening

Alone
on her bed rings
the cellphone

A dead voice
calling up at dawn:
drowsy eyes

Waiting for the train
alone on the platform
swatting mosquitoes

All guests gone:
after the late party
night and I

Nothing changes
the night's ugliness
in the lone bed

Alone
in a shrunken bed
aged love

In the well
studying her image
a woman

Knitting silence
my wife on the bench
after lunch

A moth
struggling for life
on wire

Between virgin curves

he deep-breathes evening mist
rests in the hollow

Shell-shocked or frozen
he stands in tears on hill top
craving nirvana

The lone mushroom—
a pregnant woman
stares out of the window

Facing the sun
the lone flower
dying to bloom

A dead leaf hangs
by a spider's thread
invisible in sun

Under the tree
in meditation sunken
a lone stone

Alone

on the National Highway
Hanuman

So many headlights
and my myopic vision—
walking difficult

They walk on red coal
matching steps with drum-beats:
carnival of ecstasy

Keeps him sleepless
fireworks and high decibel
puja all night

Sleeping
on the cold floor
a mother with child

Awaits sunrise
to hire an auto safely
sits at the bus stand

Two women argue
over price and weight of fish:
the hapless huckster

Carbon flakes drift
high above the flat I cough
they widen the roads

Burning tap water
and seething house in the morning
heat wave cripples

Chanting mantra
with wine in one hand and
torch in other

A mother and child
stuck between concrete rubbles:
fidayeen attack

Setting ablaze
Muslim houses and children
seekers of Ram

White-yellow trail
the Mirage on mission:
ten souls buried

Amidst roaring guns
clouds blossom snow lotus:
light hilly terrain

On the margin of
home-to-work-to-home routine—
life's achievements

Shivering in the cold
young boys sell balloons late night—
New Year revelers

Half-fleshed faces
track from behind the windows
rawness of journey

Journeying tries
to raise his silence
to prayer

Never enough
the earth's hunger for graves:
peace barricaded

The red light is on:
they all have secrets to hide
no use peeping in

In measured pace
hit for divinity
two political golfers

Disposable blades
one over the other—
dusty switchboard

Seismic lab
a network of cobweb:
no earthquake for long

No Zen thought—
scribbling haiku with

gun in hand

Staring at the huge
stone penis at Shinto shrine—
two female lovers

With her breasts bobbing
up and down she challenges
the moon as she walks

Sees the eyes
in walls as I rise
to kiss her

Drowned
in empty whiteness:
love

Wiping tears
from each other's eyes
two souls in love

Writing with strands of
watery hair on her back
a love haiku

Love of three decades
extinguished in a moment—
anger in the mouth

Shedding bitterness
of the tiff in sex act
she and I

Moist lips parting
on a tea cup promising
expectation

Bending down to pick up
apple she presses
pierching embrace

Looking lovingly
she bends his head down to hers
twines like a creeper

She preys the body
behind obsidian sheath
fatuous flap

After burns
leaving the body
the dead skin

Rain-soaked sun
sheds its sultry light:
her bare back

Her palms
the only lingerie
in Fashion Show

Crouching out of the bath
with hand on the genital
his new tenant

A pregnant woman
bending over the mushroom
bloomed under a tree

Awaits the bloom
of love in her womb:
silent action

Lovely with hope
the glow in her eyes:
no need of sun

Her body—
the night's perfection
in dim light

Seeing her
a liquid sensation
between the thighs

On a canvas
a poet in twilight
painting her skin

Sensing her presence
he stares down the street—
lingering perfume

A star in making—
but an island appears:
the palm amuses

Sipping gin with lime
he says he loves sex each night
but hates the smell

Looking for Taj in grains
through sand-storm find history
trapped between toes

Bleeding fingers draw
new domes of betrayal in
windy matrices

He walks down the aisle
looking for the nave in her
to kneel and slide out

His tongue
between the teeth—
sudden sneeze

Fed up with my sex
she threatens to move
to our daughter's room

Leaves him alone
to escape daily rape
in bed his wife

The bedroom altar
no substitute for temple—
sacrifice of sex

Winter's chill—
sweating under the gown
her thighs and breasts

Scanning
her stooping breasts—
the first night

Measuring life with

ejaculatory rhythm—
envies sparrow sports

Her thighs—
resting place for my head
on bed

Trying to decipher
the complex curves on my palms
in the morning rays

Fondling her breasts
I incite a poem
on her body

A film of mist
between my eyes
and her image

Locked in her eyes
the bright glow
of the goddess

Melting in
the colour of the heart
the sun in the west

A lizard shrieks
before the climax:
love making

The blood passes through
green veins I hear the heart play
melody of dews

Every breath
love in action—
fire in the hole

No bottom reader
but the shape and the lines do tell
she can stir the soul

The aching limbs and
blood dripping between the legs:
love-making postponed

With his head between
the knees he squats and smells
the body's sweat

Bones rattle to make
a song of flesh in the night-
togetherness

Insomnia
blaming her
not old age

Lies with her
in freezing cold:
an empty tube

Invisible
jangles odours presences-
twinges in bed

Drying on the line
pork venison and beef-
the room smells their vests

Don't know their tongue—
the stars beyond the mountains
whisper among themselves

While I lie alone
shapeless fears rest on my eyes
heavier than time

Searching salvation
a moth flies into the lamp:
oily burial

Colours sparkle in
the morning's dew on the blooms—
my breathing changes

Nobody cares
burial of my dreams
in coal dust

Besides allergies
so many other complaints:
sudden weather change

Bronchial breathing—
the only sound audible
in the soulless space

Noisy birds
don't let me sleep:
midnight moon

He sweeps yellow leaves
or gathers years in a heap
burns to merge with dust

Cleaning dusts from
the old sandals for a walk:
again the same pain

Peeling paint
from the drawing room—
shadows flicker

Seeing no image
in the mirror of time—
foggy blankness

Hot bath or no bath—
the cough persists unmindful
of the New Year's eve

Sees in a flash—
opening the eyes
takes a long time

Linked with anxiety
my comfort at his home:
Ph.D. viva

Fear of forgetting—
car insurance premium
paid a month ahead

Fears the approach
of night with him—
twisting tassels

In the lone room
prefers haiku to yoga
drinking scotch

My bedroom
a maze of cobweb
spiders breed

Sunday afternoon—
waving into gin
two drops of lime

Difficult to change
I am what I have disowned—
dressing down salads

The bed is short
and the covering shorter—
crouching alone

Unruffled
by passions and clamours—
Buddha's calm

Seeks Buddha's stone bowl
to win the bamboo princess:
she dwells on moon beams

Her heart
a thousand doors of
oneness

Standing behind
the window bars observes
darkness in shapes

Disappears
into dust her last
photograph

Trying to read good news
I look at the lines taking
new turns on my palms

Looking for riches
in her left hand shortening
days on the pavement

They sculpture psyche
in the city of dumb dreams:
idols sweat in sun

Pulling out white hairs
she reminds increasing age:
time's fragrance unchanged

Still a child—
embracing a breast
sleeps her man

Exchanging
anger with roses:
petals fall

They all walk
like shadows in night
for themselves

Lying on his table
a few unanswered letters
and unrealized dreams

A little child
chases the painted dreams
on butterfly wings

Two butterflies
racing with each other
perch on the wire

A child's fingers feel
the butterfly lying
one with yellow leaves

Sudden rain drops wet
the wings of a butterfly
lying at the basil

Lost my way again
asking for direction:
a pleasant change

Locked between the cracks
cockroaches in the alcove
dropping their eggs

Awaiting their turn
to feast on a dead dog
crows in a circle

A crow hits
the scare crow and cracks
its earthen head

A crow picking
at the ripe papaya and
another waiting

A yellow spider
on the blooming marigold
weaves tiny webs

Two lizards fight
to mate on the wall—
balancing act

After the quake
a dog sniffing his master's
presence in the rubble

Searching Christ's sandals
in the pile of shoes at
the church's entrance

Traffic snails through
the water-logged road I feel
a manhole cover

Dust mites devouring
the secrets preserved
in my diary

Seeing my shadow
three fish in the pond look
for a safe corner

In the well
studying her image
a woman

A hooker hides
behind the green letter box:
looking for a client

Cut wrongly
each body a slave—
grey faces

Too heavy
these man-made machines
choking weight

Students murmuring
over the class test result:
the teacher's curved lips

In the moving train
sleeping on his feet
the newspaperman

Flowers inviting
seeds of love scattered in
the perumed garden

Looking for a prey
a snake slides through the fence:
warmth of the sun

Safe from sun
under nascent leaf
a gold fish

After sleepless night
a drowsy sun tears

the morning sky

With sunrise
gone to sleep
the morning moon

Two dreamy eyes
await the rising sun
through the fogged window

A sweating sun
after the midnight chill—
changing hues of spring

The sun conceals
aeons of darkness planets
mirror in the sky

Closing its eyes
in the setting sun—
the Ganges in autumn

A cloud-eagle

curves to the haze
in the west

A butterfly rests
on the butterfly tattooed
on her sunning back

The sun not yet set
but the full moon rises
as if in a hurry

Setting sun
leaves behind sparkle
on the waves

Suddenly rise
the sleeping waves from far off—
'quake in the sea

Swollen sea
boiling over the head—
roars increase

The sun rolls
on the waving Ganges—
whitens love-hope

On the wave's crest
travels a fallen leaf—
rot on the bank

Couldn't erase the wind's
soliloquy from the waves
breaking on the shore

Traveling back
from the waves of bliss
a foam-leap

On the waves rise shells
in accents lie with love—
beauty on the shore

A lamp floating on
river breast in bridal grace—
waves in the gloaming

Bathing in thousands
they float lamps on her breast
the river sparkles

Knee-deep in the pond
standing obeisantly
nude worshippers

Ends with ritual
one more morning—
sun-worshippers in the pond

Awaits the sunrise
in the chilly Ganges
a nude worshipper

Sees visions
eating food of gods—
mushroom

Fills the void
with illusions and self—
names them god

December almost
over what new wish to add
to Christmas wish list

On Christmas eve
santa claus takes leave—
mist on chairs in pairs

Standing
between flowers
Jesus on the cross

Making holes
in the wooden cross
white ants

Colours of envy
stick on their colleagues' faces:
Holi revelry

Krishna offering
parijata to Radha:
Narada looks on

The temple's dome
in the flooded Ganga—
empty kalash

Fermenting spring
in the arms of lovers:
a secret sin

The cherry pink
in the spring—
a framed nude

Embrace
suffocates in bed—
chill seeps through slit

Wintry chill—
enters the cold bed:
skips morning walk

Winter allergies—
I stay inside to escape
the wind in full moon

The long night passes
sleeplessly I deep-breathe
the December chill

Alone and sleepless
count hours by asthmatic bouts—
the long winter nights

A part of the night
hidden in the morning moon:
the sun waves bye bye

Nothing changes
the night's ugliness
in the lone bed

The first night
spots on the sheet:
clothes wake up

Long wintry night—
opening the mail box
for a date

Vulnerable
darkness of the opening:
standing erect

Whiteness of the moon
and rocks howl with the wind—
December in the veins

Seek my haven
where the sky arches the sea—
a white gull leads

Stars mock his drinking
alone on the cement bench:
moon in the glass

Spend our short time
together after a long
watching the moon

Enveloping
all of the moon at night—
white chrysanthemums

Seeking smell
in cactus flowers:
late monsoon

Clouds don't rain
coldly come and go—
dry bed
all night rain
he gaping roof
her shelter

Sudden rain
on the way home—
a peacock

After the night's rain
the sky's still overcast:
wet Christmas today

Through thick clouds
sees an arc of moon—
her belly

Shadow of age
on the wall—
second full moon

Lonely nights and
days of non-stop rains—
depression mounts

Traveling
on the wings of winter
ill news

Celebrating
return of the light and warmth:
winter solstice

Feels the shadow
with wet fingers
in the fog

Mist surrounds:
the steel statue watches
few visitors

Morning fog:
her face invisible
even the sun

The evening fog:
invisible her hand
on my shoulder

Slowly clears
the morning fog—
end of the year

Swollen fogs
ready to make way
for the sun

Her make-up spoilt
in the evening mist:
looking for light

After dust storm rain
alloy with cool colours:
rainbow in the west

Splendid with the moon
night in silver peace dreams
through folds of light

Sees beard
shining in the mirror:
morning on the face

In a flash
trapping eternity—
the camera

Post-lunch solitude filled with thoughts that couldn't become even a haiku □

The first night:
spots on the sheet:
clothes wake up

A sly lover
ejaculates poison—
sting operation

With glittering diamond
on the navel swinging
an item bomb

The phone rings:
in the middle he rises—
prayers unsaid

With a telescope
view the lunar eclipse—
midnight shadows

Out of wood and stone
he carves his vision of peace:
night's secret visage

In the ruins
searching her photo:
evening

Suffer animals
with a peculiar smeel:
men in white khadi

Crossing the shadows
in the Indo-Pak match—
the last ball

Drunken with force
spreading the century's sore:
nine eleven

Freedom to kill
with faith in divine regime:
terrorist's peace

Watches the snow rain
with finger on the trigger:
insurgence in Drass

Reaching nowhere—ideas flying from the minds of top echelons himself do
esn't
listen but teaches
communication

Her anger shifts
from manure to cellphone:
10 o' clock soap

Winking at her
in the dark—
power cut

Two peacocks
on a dancing spree:
see water

Dancing
a few muddied crocs:
the river returns

Nibbling a leaf
between her fingers
a dragon-fly

A small frog
leping on my hand
from the pothole

Birds crouch in nests
along the snowclad path—
wheezing silence

Away from home—
smell of frying fish
in the air

Swimming afresh
in the glass box
two gold fish

Peace in silence
of the heart and body's cells:
Buddha's calm

Weaving its nest

Grass blade by grass blade
R.K.Singh

Sad and dull
his backyard poultry—
fears of bird flu

Mooching about
a rose petal in the sun—
a butterfly

An orgasmic view
from behind the car's window
the Taj Mahal

Perches nervously
on the fence a squirrel
nibbling its luck

Puppies groping
for the tits of our doggy
relaxing in sun

Sudden screech of tyres:
a frog from the pothole
perches on the car

Selling tea
a mustachioed Mizo
in shanty

Awaits the train November night—Insects all around
lizards inside
the light fixture

Ten fish in the tank
rising in twos threes or fours
to the bait atop

Hiding in the shade
of toilet brush in the bath
a frightened mouse

Awaits a rickshaw
under the gulmohar tree
a girl with lilac

Jumped over the head
a sticky frog on the ground-
stoning to death

Alone
the cellphone on her bed
rings

In the changing hues
of rainbow in the east:
sun and lightning

Flashing a rainbow
at the dining table
her diamond nose-pin

Reflects the rainbow
in the mirror of water—
Yamuna Bridge

Ram Krishna Singh

Some Senryū

Unclothing
the white night-
lips meeting lips

Their first dating:
with inverted reflection
walk out of the bar

Moving between
the fingers of a toddler
the first winter rain

With his crying baby
he moves in the train's passage:
marital tension

Smoking woman
under a naked tree:
moon garden

Night's passage
on the beach with her:
silky sting

White stubble
round his august chin-
saturday

Sitting cross-legged
the Hutch receptionist
behind the glass

Awaiting
before the climax
the other woman

The village pond-
waiting for her arrival with

a baited hook

The young maid
giving her nightie
another spin

The wind lifts
her curved nudity hidden
in the water curtain

Tastier my tea
with her one sip-
I keep the cup

Ram Krishna Singh

The Promised New Age

The dawn is still asleep in the east.
Don't dupe us we are marching
toward the promised new age.

We can't cross the summit in one go.
The hollow bamboos and dry blades conspire
to drug us in our own name.

The summer loo batters the parched land.
The yellowed fields in May and June
will not green. It's never vernal here.

The palm-leaf fan can't quench the flame.
The vultures of the pre-liberation decades
are picking potatoes from a rotten heap.

The city is cowered dog dazzling in neon.
The fight against evils and rots
with the anarchy of flags and slogans.

The flood in the Brahmaputra will turn men into fish.
They are not aware though I dream of the vast
land of lotus shining with young morning sun.

(Composed on 31 May 1980.)

Ram Krishna Singh

Conclusion Of A Tragic Poem

I wish I could clean the cobweb of legends
that veil the vision, moralising future
with doubtful glories urge us to move backward:

echoes of the dead reverberate; no use
setting the alarm to go off 2010

stashed away in empty slogans life's seconds
periodically exhumed is a travesty
of obsolescence of the sun ever clouded

Gateway of India or Delhi's Circus
suffer midnight lust with rites of consummation
like the conclusion of a tragic poem

Ram Krishna Singh

Arthritis

My legs
heavy with pain
don't move:
sit still, await
someone to lift

Ram Krishna Singh

Again And Again

Again and again
I find myself on bed
my sacred space
but I can't relax
meditate or dream

now fail to have
what I always had
her naked company
with tingling laugh
slurred with passion

can't celebrate yoni
deep into silence
renewed, released, returning
without finality
again and again

Ram Krishna Singh

Invitation

While we were talking about
love, marriage and migraine
she kept fiddling with

her reticule- opening
putting her pen in and out
and shutting again

Ram Krishna Singh

Make A Choice

Brooding, condemning
things not done and unable
to undo he prays
ceaselessly fails to stop
now compelled to make a choice

Ram Krishna Singh

Eyeless Jagannath

I can't understand
their mystic heaven or thrills
housed in awareness

time's intricacies
or sources of plastic mist
through mythical depths

the wings of my thought
are too short to climb God's height
or blue deeps of peace

I stand on the edge
of earth's physicality
waiting on the brink

with shadowy lines
and curves to image march of
eyeless Jagannath

if nobody sees
the collapse of procession
and dark precinct

don't blame the poets:
there is too much emptiness
and gloom to ignore

Ram Krishna Singh

Snake

Swiftly passes by
a yellow snake on the grass-
moistened trail of love

Ram Krishna Singh

Sweet Box

Sitting with its tail
coiled round sweets in the box
a lizard

Ram Krishna Singh

I'M No Moses

I'm no Moses receiving
God's message in lightning or thunder

none recognise me in the dark
nor can I see any without light

the cyst on my neck constantly
reminds me of my ugliness

the whitening chest and pubic hair
tell of the death of my potential

the earth needs timely spells of rain
and elements saved from human fears

I must redraw my dreams and visions
to brave life and the intriguing future

Ram Krishna Singh

When Love Is Negotiated

They may be arbiters of good taste
and denounce my aesthetics or ignore
what I created all these years:

there's poetry in failed ejaculations
or cowardice in a woman's company
not all will dare to talk about

it's weakness which stares in the face
when truth is wrapped in silence and love
is negotiated in a perfumed bar

Ram Krishna Singh

Helplessness

I have no magical power
to change my restlessness
into glory radiating
peace or purpose in living:

they give me no room to better
men or myself but condemn
as one hanged for nothing:
poets are no living lessons

I stand aside ruminating
what I couldn't do or be
or await miracles through
circles and zigzags of the mind

even corrupt faith and curse
destiny for the maze
of my own making and yet say
I know the spirit's upward fire

Ram Krishna Singh

Realisation

Men or women
no living gods:

the soul has no sex

the form, the body
and the name unreal

the climax of eternity
denudes the mind

Ram Krishna Singh

From The Window

Tall houses appear
to grow like trees from the plane
slowly rising high

people turn tiny
with cars, water, birds and beasts
in the summer flame

nervously worried
watch the moving mass of clouds
from the window

eternal patterns
nature's wonder on the edge
a streak of orange

and thousands of lights
twinkle in colours like stars
seat belt fastened

Ram Krishna Singh

Bends And Twists

Swirling spiral
of her skirt spills tides of dream
and memory:
I breathe fire in the dance
forgetting bends and twists

Ram Krishna Singh

Transition

Coming out of the room
they smile to think they're not
what they were before
nor would they ever be
the same again even if
they wanted to be

Ram Krishna Singh

Letter

Her letter smells
the lotus she wore each time
meeting in the dark:
I touch her fingers again
with all the hopes and passion

Ram Krishna Singh

I Can'T Sing And Praise

I couldn't make my bedroom church
reading psalms and Lord's prayer

the light of my lamp and
the portion of my cup couldn't

lift my soul mired in passions
and silence of the morning

the confessions couldn't remove
my anguish of ages

nor the tears and cries strengthen
faith, hope, and love- the rock

slips the grip for enemies
within don't halt my body

glues to the ground seeking
darkness of the womb and joys

ever restless the child doesn't
grow and the father fails

in verses I can't hide fears
my face I despise, can't find

freedom from the chemicals
sprayed in the air and the smog

oppressing my breath, the sun
fails to keep the covenant

the terrors of death are real
the traps overwhelm, I can't

escape my own creations
the bed, the flesh, and serpents

that seize the house of God
I can't redeem, can't save

the soul in battle with me
in bed I can't sing and praise

Ram Krishna Singh

On Her Birth Day

I want the best of life for you
but you too must understand
what I can do

you must be patient and do
what you can-
I can't create the fruits

I may create space
for you to stand but I can't
become the legs

you must run the race
on your own and be
what you dream

the redness of mars
and the whiteness of moon
merge in you

you have worlds to conquer
and miles to go, my dear

you must rear the goose
and have the gold each day

Ram Krishna Singh

Wisdom

I always dreamt the world
as one and thought I belonged
but none let me live

my simple soul at home
with differences
they kicked me into exile

for their prejudices
forced me seek my nest
in myself

I share the wisdom
of peace and life in tune
with nature

Ram Krishna Singh

Haiku-II

1. Measures loneliness

 sip by sip
 at dining table

2. In the well

 studying her image
 a woman

3. A star shines bright

 beside the crescent moon
 she fakes a smile

4. The sky couldn't retain

 all of the moon now entering
 my house through windows

5. Shaking her hand-

 couldn't part with the henna
 on her palms

6. My son's voice

 not relayed by wire:
 tense borders

7. Awaiting their turn

 to feast on a dead dog
 crows in a circle

8. Seeking smell

 in cactus flowers:
 late monsoon

9. Wet bodies

 of bathing women:
 full moon night

10. Setting sun

 leaves behind sparkle
 on the waves

11. Two butterflies
racing with each other
perch on the wire

12. All night rain
the gaping roof
her shelter

13. Hibiscus
over the mossy roof
her shelter

14. Too heavy
these man-made machines
choosing weight

15. Students murmuring
over the class-test results:
the teacher's curved lips

16. Alone
in her bed
the cell phone rings

17. Standing behind
the windows bars observe
darkness in shapes

18. Awaits a rickshaw
under the gulmohar tree
a girl with lilac

19. Suspended
on the spider's web
a white flower

20. In the flower pot
scattered petals of roses-
summer's first shower

21. A bubble flying

from over the shaving brush
bursts on the mirror

22. The village pond-
waiting for her arrival with
a baited hook
23. Meditating
in the morning sun-
his long shadow
24. In their web
spiders racing to spin
their meatless prey
25. A bubul
watching from the snapped twig-
empty street

Ram Krishna Singh

Haiku

1. Meditating

in the morning sun-
his long shadow

2. A bubble flying

from over the shaving brush
bursts on the mirror

3. Surviving

in the crevices
cockroaches

4. The village pond

waiting for her arrival
with baited hook

5. Awaking

before the climax
the other woman

6. Autumn's mellow mists:

none available to clean
the carpet of leaves

7. Fresh mushrooms

hidden in decaying leaves
missing the season

8. Days after the quake

staring at the rubble-
a homeless widow

9. From wheel chair

unseeable
distances

10. A kidnapper stands

behind the statue of Gandhi
to escape bullet

11. This festival too
couldn't change the cracked glass
now pen and pencil stand

12. Smoking cannabis
at the Sabarmati-
2 October

Ram Krishna Singh

Will They Let Me?

Everything is falling apart
every wall is cracking
I too am breaking

to be someone and to belong
drink in love like many
secured, sure, happy

I too want to live and be loved
not piece by poece, friends
but, will they let me?

Ram Krishna Singh

From A Vineyard

Frosted faces dissolve in
stale rain clutching
female body and

poached contexts dizzyingly slip
from a vineyard
who'll treat them angels?

Ram Krishna Singh

Growing Consciousness

An undressed woman
is a form to lay bare
the vulnerable
in myriad colours:
live, sensuous, delicious
like true sex exposing
naked truths through body
peep into ever
growing consciousness

Ram Krishna Singh

Love Lyrics

She hears the voice
of unrealised bliss in
the coos of koel
at the window sill this evening
rains love and delight

His message to meet
at moonrise among flowers
sparkles a secret
on her smiling face passion
glows with charming fervour

She is no moon yet
she drifts like the moon, takes care
of him from the sky-
meets him for a short, waxing
leaves him for a long, waning

Before going to bed
she looks too sad to have
any sweet dream:
the only lamp glints no love
and no star peeps through the curtains

Yearning to meet him
she turns a silk-worm spinning
love-silk in cold night-
stands in a shade melting tears
like a candle, dropp by drop

Time stands still
in December chill
she fills emptiness
with words paints season

on his face

Stains of dried dewy
tears on the eyelids tell of
the load on her mind:
clothed in spring the willow twigs
reveal the changed relation

Ram Krishna Singh

To Feed Night

Their hands are sulphur
with butcher strength
above the pit they drift
like shadow against dying sun
longer than themselves
against the flood light from dome
they create new 'glyph
to feed night to sunken world

Ram Krishna Singh

Born, Married And Dead?

What is this life
like the sun rising and dying
someone beginning and someone stopping
without presence being felt
without effect, striking, ending
long rituals of waste?

nothing saved except
years squandered in bed
feigning and unfeigning
the blood flows but doesn't complain:
time seals the strife
born, married and dead?

Ram Krishna Singh

Gradual Death

The thoughts generated
on the toilet seat
couldn't become poetry

even after prayers
the intensity
couldn't become imagery

through long shadows
in the morning remembering
gradual death

Ram Krishna Singh

Oily Smell

After cleaning
the maid leaves behind
an oily smell

Ram Krishna Singh

Politics Of Control

What is this world
with PCs, internet, e-com
robots and cloning

the moon and mars
remain lifeless as here without
roads, power and house

they dream I T
satellites, aerospace and
silence cries for water

honest bread and peace
the hungry billions seek
no hi-tech slavery

the global cheats promote
liberal economy
stealthily purvey

rights and environment
with politics of control
doom the future

Ram Krishna Singh

Sweet Savour

Strayed far from the nest
I'm fed up living with dust
for years fleeting shade

bereft
of melody
of spirit I sink to
the hades of utter loss
I can't

reckon hidden mysteries
I have lost the sea
for a mere cupful

void of patience and
peace now as I touch the breasts
of the field I crave

for a pure breath
native to
my being I search
sweet savours

of love

Ram Krishna Singh

Lemons In Courtyard

She props the stooping lemons
with stake but avoids
bending close to me:

I die to draw the blossom
in my twining arms
but she likes the other scent

Ram Krishna Singh

Gazing White Silence

Last night I woke up
to respond to the door bell
murmuring God's name

when I unbolted
found none but a passing soul
stopped for a moment

on its knees, peeking
into its own clasped hands
gazing white silence

Ram Krishna Singh

I Hear Sounds

How many defy
the space between
sleep and the leap

I hear sounds
of cracked mirrors
and torn veils

Ram Krishna Singh

In Dim Light

Memory fades
like her body
in dim light

I bury my head
in open hands
to escape noises

Ram Krishna Singh

Dons In Four Walls

The house may collapse any day
the walls are cracked
the chinks gape at the base
but none care

they maintain dignity
with cosmetic protection
demand patience and practise
duplicity till their own end

in meanness evoke mystery
to quell good sense and concerns
for the future buy silence
of the dons in four walls

Ram Krishna Singh

Lust In Dust

A woman should complement
not complicate wanting love
and freedom both with sweetness

of bone in the mouth or
frenzied riding high or
grinding pubic regions

giving more and getting more
she must sound like a cologne
not sin or magic bullet

Ram Krishna Singh

Won'T You Once Kiss?

I leave my memories
in prayerful trance
float above my body

till rapping her fingers
at my soul she breaks
the silence: 'I've come

with my dreams promised
years ago. Won't you
once kiss and melt in me? '

Ram Krishna Singh

Sinking In Glory

The moon rises with
million stars in sky
but none worship

the dying sun says
how alone one is
sinking in glory

Ram Krishna Singh

I Am No Moses

I am no Moses receiving
God's message in lightning or thunder

none recognise me in the dark
nor can I see any without light

the cyst on my neck constantly
reminds me of my ugliness

the whitening chest and pubic hair
tell of the death of my potential

the earth needs timely spells of rain
and elements saved from human fears

I must redraw my dreams and visions
to brave life and the intriguing future

Ram Krishna Singh

Bathing Women

Wet bodies
of bathing women-
full moon night

Ram Krishna Singh

Stains Stay Like Sin

Layers of dust thicken
on the mirror water makes
the smuts prominent:
I wipe and wipe and yet
the stains stay like sin

Ram Krishna Singh

The River Walks Without Shoes

The river walks without shoes
unsinging the night's hooligans
that scamper across the city

unbreasted years ago for
hawks of peace now midgeted
to amuse mornings that gaol

all fire and thoughts smitten by stones
of figures-to-be hewing
new melodies by black grass

past my shadow overarching
all listening and light and cliff
that hang the tale or pain the legs

no matter I walk without
the rest of the ground I tead
like river droning day's ashes

Ram Krishna Singh

Water Turns Whiter

They take off again
their unthrown nets frighten fish
water turns whiter

Ram Krishna Singh

Lovemaking

After hurried
lovemaking we drift to sleep:
our back to each other

Ram Krishna Singh

In Her Presence

Dancing shades devour
waking tensions for a moment
closed eyes dissolve
years of clog
within the four walls
the flame is freed
from cloying dalliance
for a moment
it's all calm
in her presence

Ram Krishna Singh

Returning Cart

After the sunset
wheels of a returning cart
along the paddy

Ram Krishna Singh

Broken Lives

A crow
picking sperms from his mouth
to feed anger
of an unwed mother
gang raped in temple
dumb deity couldn't father
the broken lives

Ram Krishna Singh

Freedom

It is merely the color they replace
not the content, and make distance
with rickety slogans engulf the waves
that trap tears before dreams revolt

what use is lamenting the shipwreck in a void
or braving the mortal remains
or the day's frail fabric in a dead world:
no good as a gauze for the sick

or shroud for the dyong; their flags deceive all
in the name of independence
they mock the millions with substanceless noise
while funeral dreams haunt my sleep

I hang nobody's picture in my chamber
but see their shadows masturbate
in damp corners or seduce in poppy light
the crooks and righteous alike

Ram Krishna Singh

I Don'T Know...

I don't know how to negotiate the long steep trail
with hidden scorpions under loose rocks
at home with human muck in a valley existence
strolling upward through a thicket of TV images
politics of glory, garbage and gods
the odd arts of money, hierarchy and control
nobody knows who unmakes whom

I don't know how to follow the ridges
back to the trail and the dead river
but stand for a moment to rub the sand from my feet
before worrying about the lost vitality and fear
of the approaching night and rising smoke
dissolving in the sky or conspiring with elements
hardly in balance but contorting the psyche

I don't know what is there for me to hope
when the rains rejuvenate and flood both
the repulsive stench and the loss of pathways
linger longer than the flavour of the first drops
under the tree the puddle feeds no sparrows
but algae that couldn't dry now trap tiny souls
that fail to swell with heaven's breath

Ram Krishna Singh

Burial

Frazzled at the day's end
when I smell her flesh
she curses my knots

and the two decades
of living the same routine
in kitchen and bed

and nowhere else to go
in shameless convenience
I look for the blankness

she kicks my image
in the little pool of blood
and buries my sex

Ram Krishna Singh

Waving Down

Waving down
a leaf settles between
her breasts

Ram Krishna Singh

Naked Children

Naked children crowd
as I pass through the alleys
between smelly slums:
dogs bark to alert them to
the presence of a stranger

Ram Krishna Singh

Love

Love is
to wash your hand
before touching the penis
in obeisance to lingam-
the climax of creation

Love is
to gather the molecules
of happiness in flesh
and merge in rapture
to propitiate Shiva

Ram Krishna Singh

Vision

Vision
to understand
the final whole of un-
discovered specifics before
making

shaping
true reality
hidden in outer world
intricately patterned like our
body

Ram Krishna Singh

Peddling Dreams

On a cycle
he sells bouquets and roses
peddling dreams

Ram Krishna Singh

Shiva's Third Eye

gods sin against God
betray creation
break covenant

Shiva's third eye opened
fire burnt out by Fire

Agni defiled sextact
outraged love in action
sacrileged union

they still peep in privacy
fear fire, question freedom
dictate codes for Love

worship lingam
forget Shiva

Ram Krishna Singh

Solar Eclipse

Cloaked in chill
gracious corona
winked at earth:

I saw a spark on
my finger she turned
diamond ring

Ram Krishna Singh

Death Of A Song

In the stillness of morning
hangs fog like smoke veils
her waiting in street

I watch my window
wavering shadow
announcing death of a song

Ram Krishna Singh

Liberation

Desert storm
by night
turns lusty:
close combats
canons, rockets
inflatable
tanks and dollies
mobile launchers
phallic missiles
go off

boys jog
in women's tents
ejaculate
continue sorties
commanders promise
no penalties

Ram Krishna Singh

Above The Earth's Green

He is a solo drum
trying to get his rhythm
against the sputtering rains

the mud sticks on trousers
wet and cool it can't sleep
in the thorns of our yard

I seek my balance in
yog-nidra in the closed
room think his thoughts and lies

we weave to ensnare spirit
that pricks the balloon we pump
to rise above the earth's green

Ram Krishna Singh

Indian English

Harmony in duality
is unity of tongues
to sculpt new dreams

made of living rock
we aren't different
in our same land:

our poems are woven
from the same skein of language
weathered by time and nature

Ram Krishna Singh

Erotic Scars

Sleeps the night with
desires wrapped in blanket-
spring in the eyes
gods couldn't change the rhythm
of the body and its needs

Ram Krishna Singh

Song Of Songs

I'm true in my element
begotten of earth
hungry to mate with sky:

seek me in song of songs
in kisses that he and she
rehearse on way to bed

the voluptuous squeezes
fulfilment of godly
and bodily promises

Ram Krishna Singh

Autumn In The Rain

The faces appearing
and receding in
dark of closed eyes

don't answer why
they aren't winged souls
fading in the sun

I emptied before it set
in the gowns of girls
stopped from dancing barefoot:

they shake autumn in the rain
mist blurs the image
water spills in shady pool

Ram Krishna Singh

Space In The Eyes

I don't know the constitution that happens
but the make up matters: they see her novelty
or measure her from the bra over the top

I see the rain take off her underwear outside
the trousers that challenge liberty and pride:
she curls around to hide what she wears inside

and reveals much more, her flame and fragmented being,
the day's fabric in frail linen, dying night and
an absence: I see the colour change to cover;

to make distances from the moral remains
and shadows of lowing cows in a dried pasture
mate with throbbing dreams that look for space in the eyes

Ram Krishna Singh

Leeches

At the end of the day
when I look back and see
my knowledge and insight
rusting with ageing colleagues
I pity my age and wish
to give up; I can't change
the means and ends frustrate
the will to work any more

I want to rest now burying
ambitions and achievements
that ache the soul and make
empty sounds in the hollow
of a hallowed pond long doomed
for marrying self-indulgent
elites and idiots
sucking generations

Ram Krishna Singh