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 atleast once

Who Cares?

Death hides in the body
but who sees? it's obscure

living on the edge
seeking space into swamp

they all talk about the sun
swelling in the sky

and close eyes to the spider
spinning waves on the ceiling

all alone, but who cares?
suspicion and distance

like lovers they pretend
to leave yet stay longer

dishing out luxuries
showing off generosity

on the heart's fancy table
waiting to welcome the guest

No, I Won't

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

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

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

– Ram Krishna Singh*

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