Statues

Hollow eyes
peering at us, asking-
Are you still asleep?
Those dying in the dark,
are still passing by morning light,
their breaths suspended in
the rebellious ventricle of a decadent republic.
Gods seem amused
We break our men to build their flesh.
Our women cling to shame-
disrobed to drape our goddesses.
What is it that we feel, when we walk
by knaves, saints and heroes-cast in stone?
Statues rise in my land like famished zombies-each with their unique hunger,
irrigated with the blood of sheep.

Insomnia

In the days of sleeplessness,
dreams have a regret like quality-
like a scaffolding for memories
and murals of an age gone by.
I see people in abandoned buildings
or shadows of people,
with made up faces and names-
almost like a life I could've lived.
Down the road are monuments
to grief and guilt, loss and hope.
There is nobody guarding their doors.
Yet, I cannot enter.
Children ready themselves for work
while adults frolic in the park, over cement elephants and blood red slides.
I say a prayer backwards and then scratch my name on the sidewalk.
A city of whims, crumbling,
under the burdens of its architect.

–Siddhartha Singh*

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