

SILENCE: A WHITE DISTRUST



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An experimental poem in linked form

--Ram Krishna Singh

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ever evading
happiness for the now—
unfinished song

moonless
this November night
livelier with stars
and breathing silence
perfumed with night queen

still lingers
her scent on the linens
drying in shade

half painting
palette and easel
collect dust
in the studio
painted silence of mother

lemon tea—
shade of her lipstick
on my lip

last night's rain
paves way for a clear sky
this morning
the breeze is cool and the sun
adds a new hue to the spring

filling emptiness
waves dance over each other—
the sky meets the sea

life is beautiful
when you enter another
body...mind
and become one
in each other

closed eyes:
smelling the cleavage
crescent wanes

her name
a soothing music
in the mouth:
I forget the pain in back
I seek the sky in silence

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

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

brightness of the star
half-closed bedroom window:
moon shies away

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

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

the busyness
and weariness of now
they toss about
regulating their sleep
by one another's

stain-dried lingerie
reminds of the night's act—
flowers of lips

smallness of the small
no sharing half-chewed betel—
mischievous whisper
in bed fuzzy sensation
ruddy lips that's no love

muscle or meat
hang it on the forehead:
spine migrates

things get hairy, scary
with body failure
ailments pop up
spirit dries up
mind disconnects

hesitating
to take the first step through—
stands at the door

unhappy
with how I look and
feel right now
seek a best version
and just look within

silk silence
the sky measures
new cup of joy

in the white of night
sighs for supreme delight
steal tender pleasure
manipulating wetness
in bed unmask simple sin

greet the sun
on the terrace—
two roses

November morning--
too many thorns to reach
the only rose
and the tormenting thought
that I am forsaken

stunted bud
in the earthen pot—
winter sun

choking air
in a walled colony:
two tired pigeons
perch on overhead tank
whisper pity on us

a robin whispers
our talk in bed last night—
another bird

light switched off
love sliding on
window pane
moon too shies away
behind the bare tree

stolen truck
in parking lot:
they have a quickie

frozen
in the icy wind
my fingers
she fears the chill
on her cheeks

journeying
on a late-running train
squirrels frisk near track

if I die today
it won't matter to any—
I have no worth
they all care for themselves
search nearest in curved space

repeats daily
in the mind my own story—
a feature film

a couple of drinks
and soft music to forget
the year's hard days
now welcome the new morning
bid good bye to factious party

darkness of the heart
bouts of quiet clashes:
midnight oracle

visit Vinayak
each day new prayers inside
years old faces
at the threshold hit their heads
the dumb deity stays unmoved

visiting home—
shadows of forgotten days
on the wall

spiders' network
between two photo frames
bridge or bury
sensations no longer
spurt action in silence

on the terrace
facing the sun
an empty chair

black pigeons
sitting in a row
parapet
cracked for seeds to die
before they fly back

cease growing
new lines on the palms:
broken bangles*

(*indicates widowhood in India)

I'm not alone
waking up in the grave—
angels await
my rise to eternity
my love's union again

noise of crackers
monotony of light
Diwali

4 a.m.
a noisy start to
Chhat puja:
blaring songs from neighbourhood
sweet smell of frying from kitchen

incense sticks
perfume the air around—
offering on altar

end of May—
scorching heat follows
rain and hail
before iftaar this Friday
prayer promises bliss

Easter Sunday—
blood stains stick on the cross
more bomb blasts

wearied winter
each night bed a living grave:
drying breathing passage
and lonely shadows
delaying disaster

dirt conscious
everyday struggle:
rising up

too small to explore
the sea of the unknown:
island existence
breathing hell of darkness
dreading hungry excursions

cleaning the remains
of burnt out earthen lamps—
dusky temple yard

source of salvation
depository of sins
no cake cutting
in church promise of reaping
if we sow recovery seed

aching legs—
nightly tension crowns
moon sickness

an island
between the head and fate lines
bridges blackhole
in life's labyrinth shadows
move always ahead of me

after the discourse
beer and biryani in lunch—
Happy Drinksgiving

earthy body
and nightness of silence
fear in mirror
return to the river
echoing hollowed sound

long waiting
short consultation—
ophthalmologist

morning smog—
an asthmatic with grandson
coughing restlessly
on the terrace even
a limping crow seeks fresh air

she stoops down
writes her name on the sand
waves return

dark alleys
chaos on the road
fear delays
homeward move at nine
lumpens lie in wait

in the street corner
breeding maggots and vermin:
abandoned father

the wounds exit
the pain of truth lingers
under my sky
savage head battles for
vacuity, a victim

Good Friday
clouds and wind without rain:
boasts of giving

full blue moon—
divine channel from heavens
illuminating
arrival of Easter Sunday
and April, the angel month

absorbing
microbes of her complaints
poor hubby

before retiring
swallow pills to mitigate
her hackles
that walk me through to death
of desire for love in bed

pre-monsoon ramble
wilderness in harmony—
worlds within world

hail stones
lashing mango florets
my car too:
I fear thunder squall and rain
leaking roof and wetting bed

wild sugarcane
no animals savour
ageing monsoon

fishes swim
weeds disheveled
silent lake
I inhale
the city's garbage

sudden downpour--
even in sleep I worry
about the virus

secret faces
unmask in sleep I see
signals through holes
that hide the heat of birth
through printed rag in clods

a long golden net
surges on the ocean tide—
fishing memories

two-wheelers
running on footpaths
all roads blocked
for pedestrians no way
in Bangalore living hell

near her eyes
signs of crow's feet:
slaps of cold water

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

with spring comes
burial of romance:
COVID-19

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

now lockdown
cut off life:
castration

Covid-19
reading the astral transit
ceaseless lockdown
over-sanitized hands
playing 'Stairway to Heaven'

her painting
a Phryne on the wall—
fear of touch

a sensualist
searching the spiritual
shakes so many hands
blathers academic worth
offers pearls for the pigs

house arrest:
full moon of April
a shadow stirs

ridicule
their exploring gaze
veiled women
with colours patterns
and seismic movement

on the bed
physical distancing—
end of sex?

voiceless friends
in aloneness of the room
unread books
human's unseen plenum
my sympathetic nerves

pre-morning mushrooms
bloom on the pubes:
dreamy arousal

self-renewing
greenness of the tree
blessed seed
every passing day
my limbs fade and fail

a drop of blood
her no to sex for months:
Lysistrata

soul's yearning
resounding roar in the sky
leo moon:
heal, fire passion
my dying cells vibrate

a hammer pounding
my still body in the dark tube:
MRI

with foreign sound
I couldn't be a lasting poem—
provisional body
nude smell and white distrust
play freedom in mounds of cloud

dreamy waves
gentle energy—
new moon

astral sky
new cycle of quest
changed mindset
a better version of self
sublimation of love-life

--R.K.SINGH

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ABOUT THE POET

Ram Krishna Singh, born on 31 December 1950 in Varanasi (Uttar Pradesh, India), has been writing poetry in English for about four decades. He has authored over 160 academic articles, 170 book reviews, and 46 books. His recent collections of poems include *I Am No Jesus And Other Selected Poems, Tanka and Haiku* (English/Crimean Tatar, Romania, 2014), *You Can't Scent Me and Other Selected Poems* (New Delhi, 2016), *God Too Awaits Light* (California, 2017), *Growing Within - Desavarsire launtrica: haiku, tanka and other poems* (English/Romanian; Constanta, Romania, 2018), *There's No Paradise and Other Selected Poems Tanka & Haiku* (Mauritius, 2019), and *Tainted with Prayers: Contaminado con Oraciones* (English/Spanish; Colombia, 2019)

Widely published and anthologized, and appreciated for his tanka and haiku, R.K. Singh's poems have been translated into several languages, including Japanese, Greek, Italian, German, French, Irish, Spanish, Chinese, Portuguese, Romanian, Crimean Tatar, Bulgarian, Russian, Slovene, Bosnian, Hungarian, Croatian, Albanian, Farsi, Arabic, Serbian, Esperanto, Hindi, Punjabi, Kannada, Tamil, and Bangla.

His awards and honors include Ritsumeikan University Peace Museum Award, Kyoto, 1999, Certificate of Honor and Nyuusen Prize, Kumamoto, 2000 and 2008, Life time Achievement Award of the International Poets Academy, Chennai, 2009, Prize of Core Literature, South Korea, 2013, Naji Naaman's Literary Prize, Lebanon, 2015, and nomination for Pushcart Prize, 2013, 2014.

Known as an Indian English poet, haikuist and ELT/EST practitioner, Dr Singh retired on 31 December 2015 as Professor (HAG) at Indian Institute of Technology--Indian School of Mines, Dhanbad (India). More at: <https://profrksingh.wordpress.com>
<https://profrksinghlistofpublications.blogspot.com/> and
[https://pennyspoetry.wikia.com/wiki/R.K. Singh](https://pennyspoetry.wikia.com/wiki/R.K._Singh). email: profrksingh@gmail.com