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Pallavi Singh

Mail A Friend

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Shadow of Stairs. Credit- rgbstock.com

SOLITARY

Back-breaking work visited me last night
I found a screen and set a wallpaper
Stars floated before me.
I typed
Feverishly
Against a lapsed deadline
And curled on a chair padded with cushions,
spread my toes to a balming wind
Blowing from a thick grey
Complicated machine
You always called your own substitute.

That is when it came to me –
If you were here
I wouldn't be doing this
Like last winter
When nights allowed no long slogs,

^

Only elaborate conversations.

This year, winter passed by
 Without a shiver, or a whimper
 Like a tame dog scared of summer
 And I so laboured hard and fast
 Towards efficiency and panache
 That I finally got to accept,
 in a small tribute to you -

Your going away was like
 losing home and setting free,
 In rains of loneliness that bring
 A whiff of cold, a consistent sneeze,
 And subsequent recovery
 To such life solitary.

For this and this alone,
 I miss you.

WHEN YOU DANCED

Like the subtle bloom of petals
 You became a flower
 When it came as thud
 in your ears
 it soared, fell
 Soared again
 in muted aggression of a firefly
 the veins in your chest paused,
 Turned blue, swollen,
 Pregnant with passion
 It raced against its own rhythm
 It spread in you
 Like sensations of a thousand kisses
 You become the notes feverish
 Of my school day orchestra
 in a dark, silent room
 Your shoulders performed
 Violently,
 Left to right, right to left
 Then the waist - taut and private
 Loosened a little,
 Became a quiver -
 loud and clear..
 within me.

COURIER

On that rainy night
 we had met as strangers
 along a secret set of stairs
 Where no one could see us
 And how we giggled:
 `we are invisible'

Your room-mate kept hollering
 we still talked

^

For hours, about God-knows-what
 But I still remember
 your laughter and promise
 That you would never leave me

In memories, streets, struggles
 You will be there
 With love, ever-lasting care
 And together, we will marry
 We will bear – Burden of history
 And each other, children too.

But this morning, I laughed a little –
 Like it was meant to be
 A piercing of exalted notions –
 When I opened with sore fingers
 That unannounced courier, carrying
 your wedding invitation card.

ARRIVAL

Quiet came the night,
 the footsteps,
 and the shadow.
 I wonder why the cuckoo shivered
 when you arrived
 in ageing hours of darkness -
 ocean-deep in thoughts
 and wafer-thin in patience
 for my midnight dreams.



Issue 50 (Jul-Aug 2013)

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