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Pallavi Singh

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Pink bush flowers. Photo by Magnus Rosendahl, freephotos.se

Ode to adversity

Beloved muse Adversity
I wouldn't hold any grudge
for your frequent knocks,
for your sudden incursions
into the complacent spheres of mind.
I wouldn't complain for courage, wit and realisation
of the beauty of struggle.
ah, delighted I am
at the sheer joy of perspiration,
pain and patience..

beloved, beloved adversity,
you turned an escapist into a forceful warrior.

Your gifted bangle

This is not a brass bangle

call this a continuous circle of hope
 and hopelessness
 a circumference limited and released
 by vagaries of fate,
 a golden substitute to the idea of riches.
 it glitters in the dark of a quiet bedroom,
 like guilty conscience of lovers.
 it ties and unties
 desires,
 it beams in the whiteness of the skin,
 it sings, like fallen tea cups
 when it meets your empty verse
 it becomes God
 in my moments of faithlessness
 and says:
 "I am in your world
 but the world can not find me."
 It makes me smile,
 But I cry often.

Stranger

For many years I have practised
 not saying aloud
 a few letters.
 They carry lost summers,
 frail old ties,
 capped scent of secrets
 growing impatient.
 Silence still makes a stiff circle,
 veiled, guarded,
 averse to speech
 but when you step by
 without a word,
 I want to call out -
 each letter and every sound
 buried in whispers.
 I know your name,
 do not ever tell the world.



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