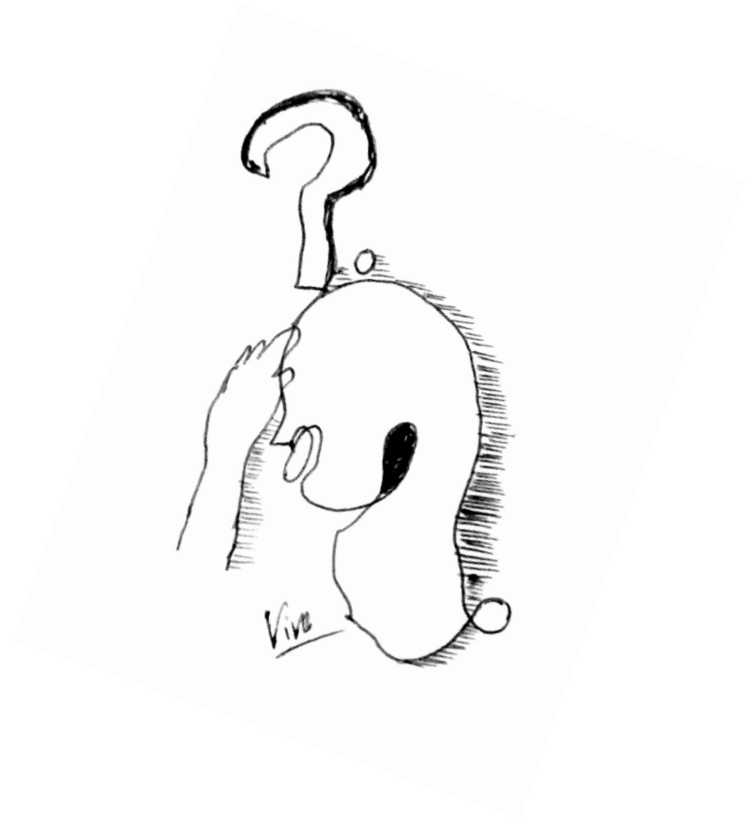

Some Creepy Subterfuge and Other Poems

R P Singh Director International Cell, University of Lucknow, Lucknow. *
Email: rpsingh.lu@gmail.com

1. Monosyllabic Responses

Monosyllabic responses,
and to the answer "work",
at asking what are you
involved in!
To distort questions
towards uneven belief
and to often cite
the age-old
yellow pages
that too shed off
the brightness of
script~~~~~.
And the ink too!
Let the words
eat them up
I see three images
walking here
just like you!



2. It was not A Delusion

It was not a delusion,
no, never did I feel,
And seldom it shall
sail any such stream
where tumults are seen.

A mirage, the self may see
yet fused with a zest for
the love incarnate
and the urge to attain
sight, moves across, across.

It is not a delusion,
The virtual world squirms
and virtues set guerdons on
the contest of thoughts,
And the day comes on.
A slumber is always just two-fold,
and the anxiety in both the ways
enthuses the existence
and a trance commands
opinions then melt
and a life is seen ~
Life full of love.



3. Of the Retreating Band

The fast train this dying December
couldn't meet your pace, indeed
Hey, the light from azure, you slept
and the bitterness of thoughts held
an arbitrary module to sleep or weep!
Too early, I won't say, it was the phase
where the clock strikes quite longer
and the grace of nocturnal selves
gleams up, higher and higher and so
for many to arise and to begin.



Promises yet wept, like a self far off
in barren lands along the sea, cries so,
for her far-flown bird that came migrant.
Dulcet trumpet of the retreating band
and the whole night's quaker. The quake,
It was a desire long grown, and kept safe
like an organic seeding in farms, that
The peasant does for himself, for his health
As they say, the scientists for nutrients
No pesticides in thoughts, let it grow.
Let it grow, berserk , berserk, anyway,
Yes, let it take its own course, whatsoever
Let it break, let it break, let it break

At the gate of your beautiful mansion
that you of your charm have made, yes!

4. Some Creepy Subterfuge!

Thoughts prepare for the touchdown,
yet no signal do they receive.
The foggy mood forces a doggerel
And for some creepy subterfuge!
quaky thoughts go and come
in the chambers of commerce,
the long night awake in thoughts
Planning and calculations so.
The morning new, a signal comes
yet bleak, too bleak to perform
any action sequence, no new frame
The systems again snarl, snarl, and
Final thud!



5. Callous Answers, Too Frequent

The winter moon squirmed
that fancied day, in thought.
The afternoon enveloped
in fog, our cities too. So true
when they say snow in throat,
callous answers too frequent.
And this night I find it clearer
It is conspiring convoying with
that slender moon yes, so.
Yet another whimsy land.

