

Prof. R. P. Singh

(Professor of English at the Department of English and Modern European Languages,
University of Lucknow.)

Three Poems by Prof. R. P. Singh

1

And the dry wood

And the dry wood resists
no flames to make, it thought.
The woodcutter is lying dead.

Lying flat the sturdy oaf,
many gentle words surround.
fellows, friends and clan around.

Trees, in unison, express thought
how their limbs he cut aghast,
ignoring brown or green the leaves.

Dry wood lets go its basic thought,
for what is here, now its lot !
No back, it would move to trees.

Let it, some use, for usurper to be,

embraces the flames, and thinks again,

Let there, of some use , it to be .

Dragon fly squirms

The dragon fly squirms
kids in circle singing a song,
belief they live - flies bring the rain,
belief they crave, and it is young .

Chuckles the dragon fly,
why NO to emotions young!
It calls the clan - it makes the plan.
Dragon flies, yes in squirm.

Kids so happy, thoughts so young
flies to the fullest their songs, yes sung.
funniest, frolic- a fanciful dance,
kids in mirth and the flies in trance.

3

A dreary -merry, ferry-load

A dreary- merry, ferry- load
squeaking pace, a bumpy road.
bullocks in winters make the chime.
wood -wheel -couple to make the rhyme.

Sleepy cart man makes some noise.
funny utterances from sleepy rise.
Bullock Cart moves in so dense fog,
sugar canes loaded in the frames of logs.

Crossing watery fields' leaks
crossing scarecrows, field looms
saving sleepy dogs and colts,
leaving many men-baboons ...

In some thoughts, in streets
still that bullock cart moves.