

Kanwar Dinesh Singh

On A Summer Noon

I can hardly evade sleep on a summer noon,
 Beneath the broad blazing sun
 A shadowy retreat is a big boon,
 Eyes with drowsiness drunken
 Perfect calm of silence all around
 Hot air settling aquiet on ground
 Only intermittent calls of the bullfinch
 The pathos of which me does pinch
 With nature it does have a claim
 I don't understand who to blame
 Its weepy calls make me restive
 Yet, soon, sun and sleep make me a captive
 The bullfinch's pangs I reluctantly forget,
 In utter oblivion, to elves of summer sleep I'm set.

An Undoable knot (A Ghazal)

Oft we speak of ourselves for what we're truly not;
 Whilst we're icy within, how highly we feign to be hot!

 How fondly we show up we're clean enough in face!
 With inside how craftily we hide many a grubby spot!

 How we keep spreading our scheming/artful tentacles;
 Yet on every cord we carry an undoable knot!

 By the time we get to our height as sought,
 Dinesh, on our inside grows up a thickset rot!

Words

Words acquire meanings
 According to their contexts,
 Mind your contexts right,
 Your words will have
 Meanings apposite
 To your mind.

A single word can hit
 at many a place –
 ear, brain, heart, mind,
 conscience, consciousness and soul.
 Many a time it
 Hits remorselessly, without solace.