



DURLABH SINGH

is a poet & painter -- from the
Punjab -- living in London



TO VINCENT

You did not love the sceptred sunshine
You loved the summer's undiluted sun
Which in the end took its bitter revenge
In depriving you of your saline serenity
Into the depths of crazed pivoted symphony.

Rest assured in your diverted quickened steps
That nobody loved the soul within your crest
The crazed straw hat topping your yellow hair
Your red beard drenched in the crowds, a fear
It was enough to drive the crazy sickened mob
For a revenge on your enflamed tortured throb.

Children will mock you
Citizen will lock you
Women will scorn you
People will disown you.

Dawning clouds and rustling winds
Broken strokes of the lemon rinds
Vermilioned lamps amid ochred yellows
Cobalt blues of the sulphured mellows
Embittered flowers in the wasted vase



Vibratory landscapes in twisted grass
Pavement cafes under the starry skies
Purpled deeds in hallucinatory nights.

With color and the light
And amid a creative start
An explosion within your soul
And a bullet in your heart.



SHAMANIC DANCE.

Sing

With keynotes of watchwords

Sway

With plants of high plateau

Converse

With shamanic powers

Communicate

With spirits in skies

Confront

Hallucinatory destinations

Death, desires, disorientation's.

Magical modes in spinning wheels

Recesses in stones, in meditations

And in the perfumes.

Quescha ! cocarna ! Quenchensa !

Gloss of intoxication's in lunar pain

Opening gateway to receptive brain.

Flute drums and cymbals

Da, dadedum , durkum.

Linked that will join to unknown sources

Shadows of eagles, crows scrawled up forces

Softly engaged in flights of the condor birds

Converting sound of space all in muted verse.



AT MY DOOR.

Who knocked at my door

In the middle of the night

Directions to awake

Breaching a journey

Of thousand miles.

Colours idly spread

In conformity with hues

Across a chasm of skies

Dreaded infirmity of few.

Some salve shapes arise

Dreamt by quest for a change

Ribbled branches in green

A tree of spirit at the gate.

Some courage to explore
The shadow under your feet
Dusty entanglements held
Where hazen horizons meet
In wake of serrated probes
Spewed in by twilight's of grief.



WE HAVE.

We have swallowed the dead leaves
In remembrance of the pastured past
Somewhere in the depths of nights
In order to survive the dreaded loss.

A hand from destiny kept beckoning
Approaching slowly avoiding shadows
Throwing noose on rocks for the moon
In strengthening arms of some afternoon.

We have swallowed a purple paradise
Quenched flames to make frozen eyes
Muffled fences against sound of fury
All to serve just some chastened lies.



HILLS OF TORA.

Of faery maidens

Clad in green

Raven of hair

Bronzer of skins.

Perfumers of breaths

Hasters in the gaits

Charmers of steeds

Raiders in the grace.

On ancient hills of Tora

There is enchanted land

Cast under the spell of beauty

Magical rite in breezed embalmed.

Disturbing not the keepers of stones

Piled up high under the ancient holds

Venomous incantations of darker kind

Controllers in dimness, shaders of ash

Liberators of channeled spirit in clash.

Tempters in atmospheric disturbances

Flayed up crops of certain resistance

Deeds of hand for sole consummations

In constellations of incessant aspirations.



I HAVE LONGED.

Beyond the reach of the hoary hands
Free of flooded tongues without words
The silent testimony where stones speak
Trying to cut through accumulated agonies.

I have longed to traverse regions
Hand in hand with the seeds of the storm
Where protracted fingers will set forth
Drenched earth with the sprigs of thorn
Where the footprints of the expelled hope
Will leave no modus mark of banishment.

I have longed to traverse regions
Where eyelids get weighed
On a pair of greasy scales
For consummations in wilderness
Or for the geared splintered start
Where certain thoughts might secure
Symptoms for the ills of the heart.