



KANWAR DINESH SINGH (b. 10 June 1973) lives in Shimla. He is a post-graduate in English language and literature from Himachal Pradesh University, Shimla. He has already published three poetry collections: *Reveries Incessant* (1993), *Implosions* (1996), and *Asides* (1996). Presently, he teaches English in a college.

Also, he is engaged in research and is the editor of *Litcrit India*—a journal of creative, critical and comparative writing in English.

Singh has earned much acclaim for his mini poems which are, within haikuesque brevity, plenished with the mellifluousness of multiplex meaning—expressive, suggestive and allusive at the same time.



Thinking Aloud

A Collection of Mini Poems



821
Si 64 T

Si 64 T

KANWAR DINESH SINGH



***INDIAN INSTITUTE
OF
ADVANCED STUDY
LIBRARY, SHIMLA***

Thinking Aloud

CATALOGUED

Presented to
Prof. V. C. Srivastava
Director, IIAS
Shimla

With regards,
Dinesh Singh
— 4 July 2001

In
321
Si 64 T



Library

IAS, Shimla

In 821 Si 64 T



G4322

G-4322
28.01.02

Thinking Aloud

A Collection of Mini Poems

Kanwar Dinesh Singh

To
Library
from
He. Singh

K.K. Publishers
Delhi • Shimla

Sketches by
Suresh Sharma

© Kanwar Dinesh Singh 1999
First published 1999

*All rights reserved. No part of this book may be reproduced in
any form without the prior permission of the publisher.*

Published by

K.K. Publishers
305, Durga Chambers,
1333, Deshbandhu Gupta Road
Karol Bagh
New Delhi-110005

Printed at

Kumud Print Service
Karol Bagh
New Delhi-110005

PRINTED IN INDIA

ISBN 81-86912-02-9

Rs. 175 \$ 12.95

acknowledgements

The author expresses his deep gratitude to
Suresh Sharma
for providing illustrations to the poems
in this collection.

6

for life

every morn
i am born;
and by even
i pass away,
i have to live
a new life
everyday.



8

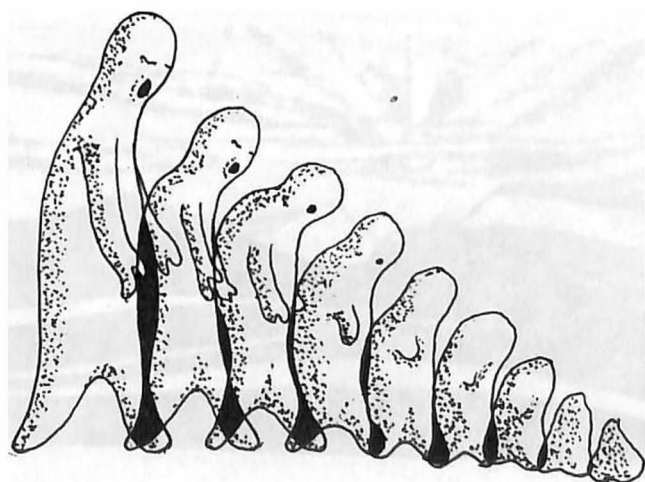
on the move

like sun i move
from horizon
to horizon
generous sky
gives me path.



inane search

everyday
in multitude of people,
beating the bush for harmony—
i see man
bootlessly
after man.



12

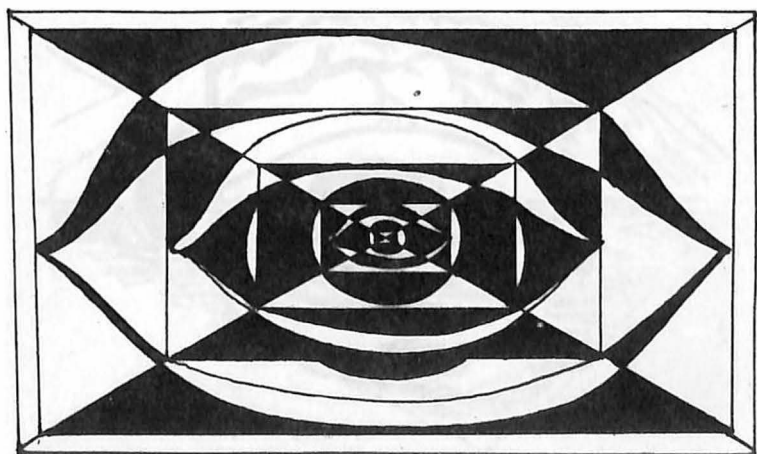
harmony

the lines of sky
lie within
the lines of earth.



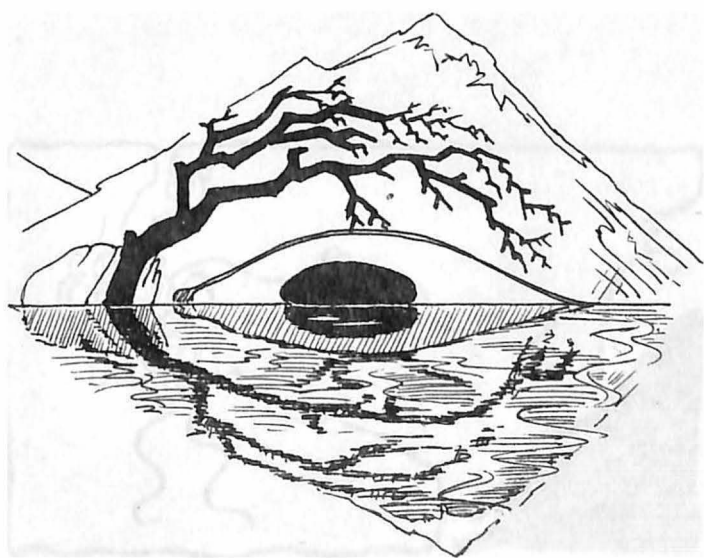
horizons

whereto else
my sight goes
nothing but
horizon it eyes,
having trodden one,
another ahead *lies*.



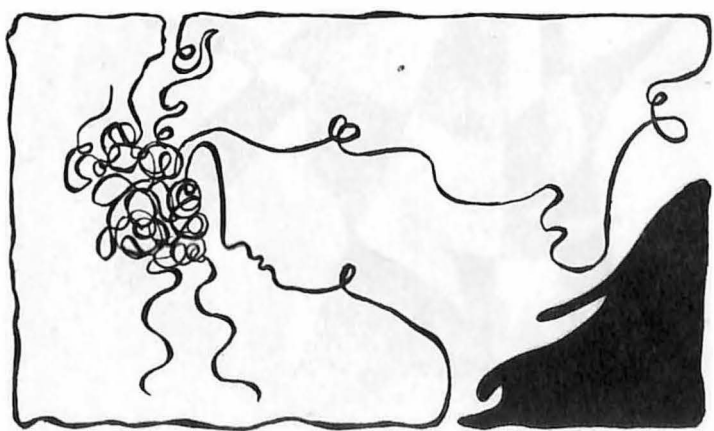
keep open your eyes

the world *lies*
in your eyes,
to keep it on the go
you need to keep
open your eyes.



on dreaming

you too can
create a world
if you have
the ability to dream,
dream is
the most original creation.



20

surviving light

in the solar wind
i am blown back
by the brownian
gusts of light.



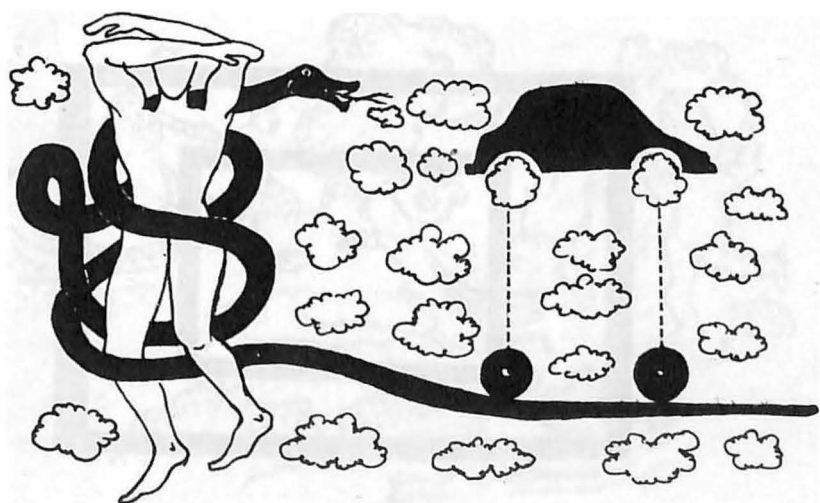
a shadow fight

wanna i win my darkness,
i try to move
ahead of light . . .
but i am reduced
to a shadow.



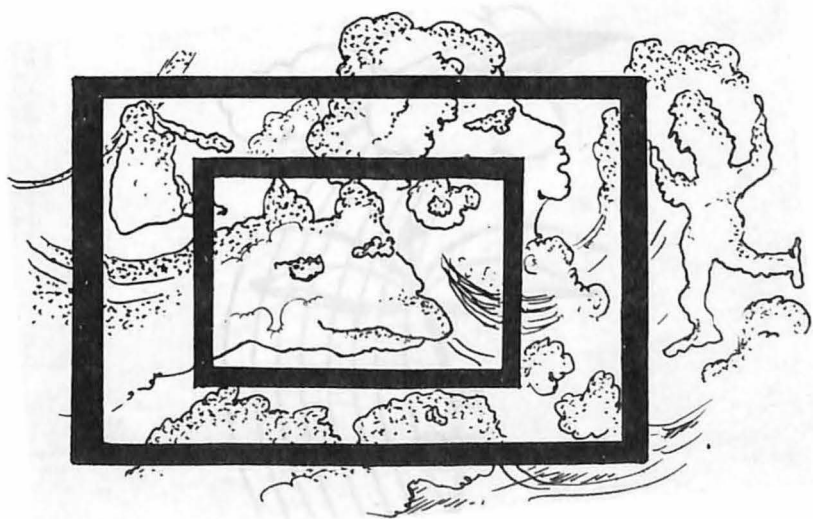
roads

at times
the roads appear to be
pythons
who have tails
endlessly long
and you have
the fear of being devoured.



picture of life

i watch
multiplex patterns
formed by clouds
in the sky
everytime i get
a new picture of life.



skyblind

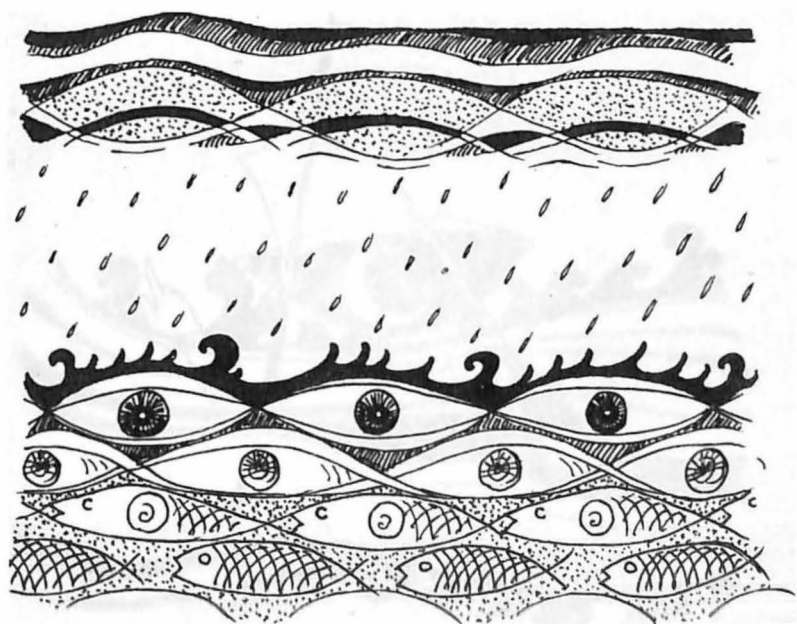
'tis not limitation
of eyes
that i can't see
beyond,
the sky is
the material veil.



30

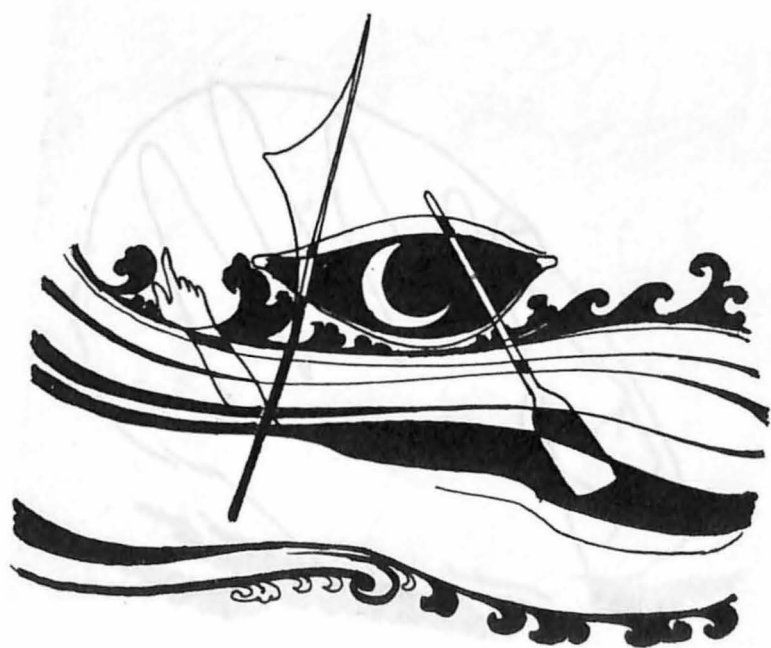
nightrain

rain by night
drops fall on heart-floor
ripples rise in eyes.



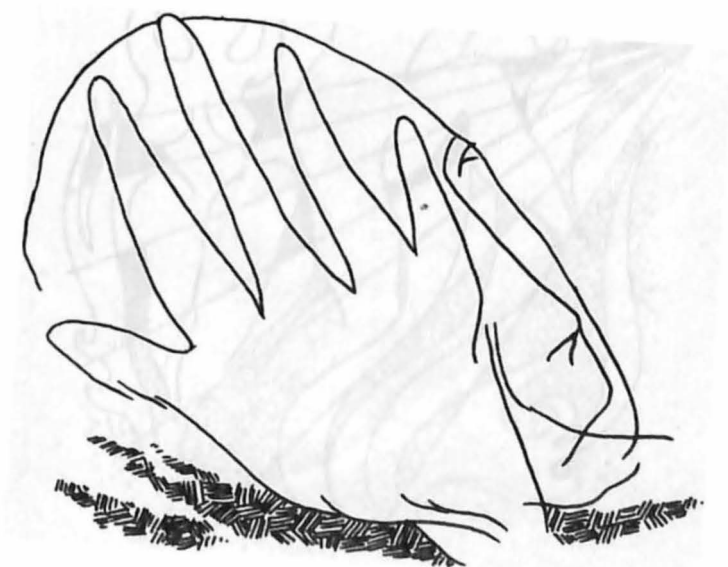
tide to ride

wished i could throw
myself on a tide
i'd have swum
a matterful ocean.



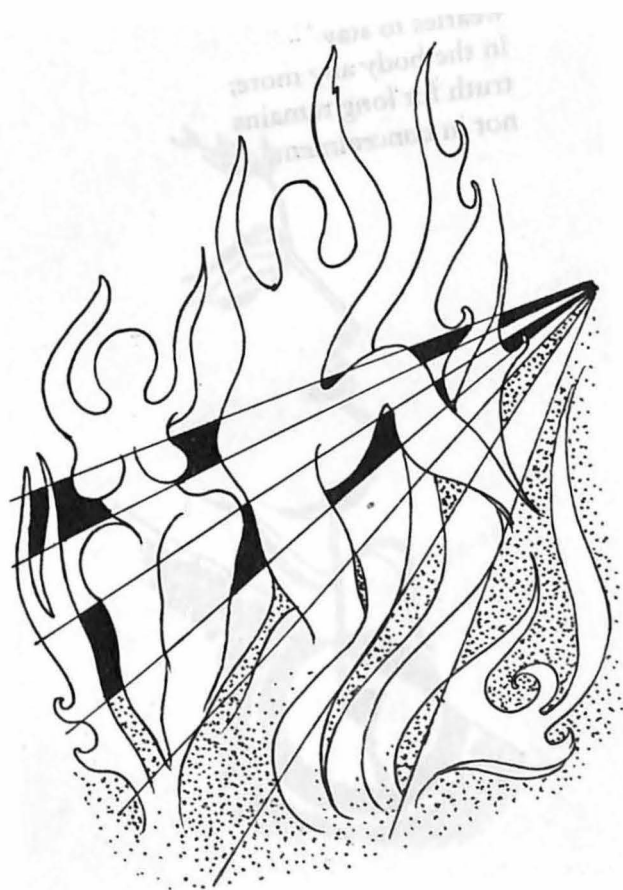
out of languor

enough was time to do
away with the pledges . . .
had i come out
of my cosey bed.



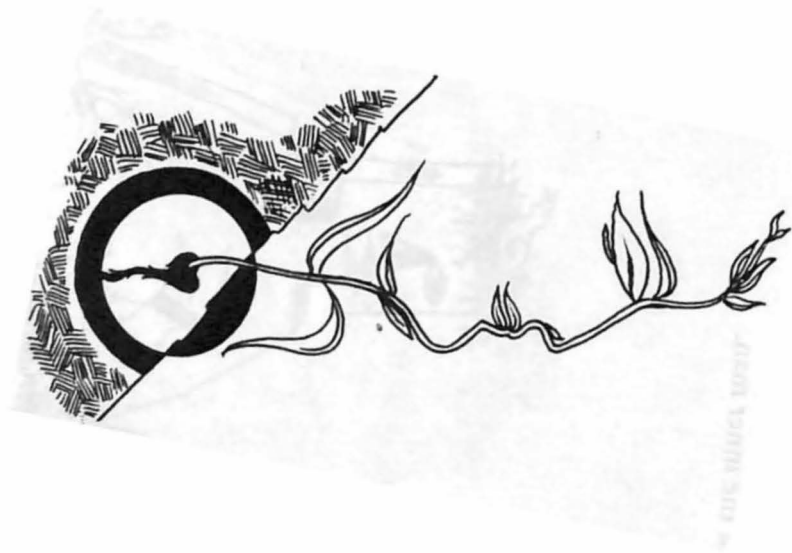
an afterlife

death frees man
from the bondage
of life;
what, if there be
another life
after death.



moment of truth

soul, the moving spirit,
smothers up,
wearies to stay
in the body any more;
truth for long remains
not in concealment.



the requital

love unrequited
perishes not,
turning inward implodes,
and
purges out all malice
of the inner man.



fains!

heed not ye
to her alibi
her excuses are false . . .
the dry tears ought
not to verify.



gordian knot

slow shall i make out
the intricacies of her heart . . .
an intermingled yarn is
segregated hard.



on woman

there dwell
miniature vipers
in all pores
of integument hers;
she's honey-vase
with venom
at the base.



alchemy

it's joy watch her come
out of bath, and
the sun gild her hair.

garels qnab hne



50

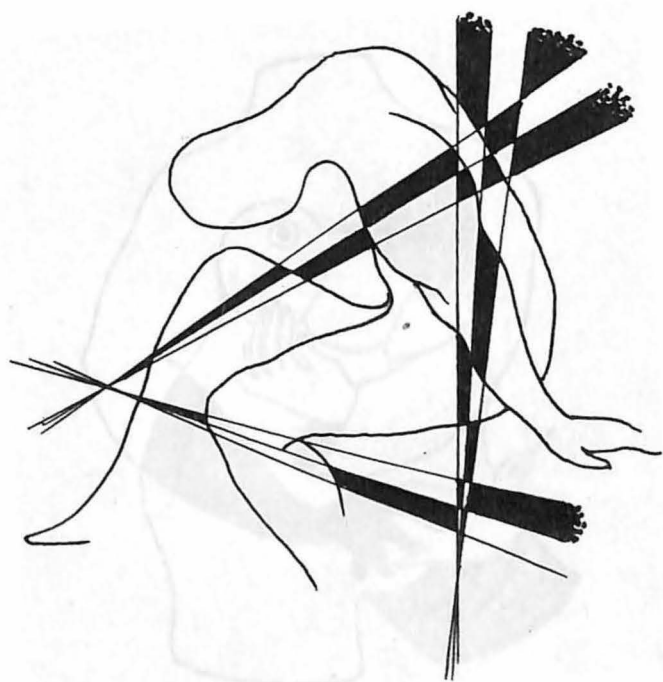
she

she is a mystery she is
a poem to be made out
by proximate reading
and deep delving.



monotony

a moment of spanogyny
everything goes haywire
even the worldwright
sits in idlesse.



lovebirds

the lovebirds were found
billing-and-cooing,
under the rose;
while the bird-catcher beat
about the bush.



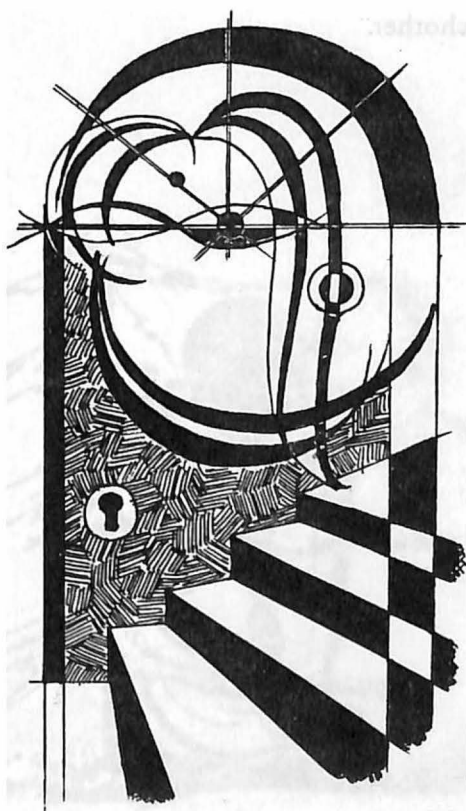
darting souls

two souls so dart
upon each other
as to become one;
skin is a barrier
in their union.



indian woman

vermilion
at the parting of hair
changes her identity
she writes
new surname.



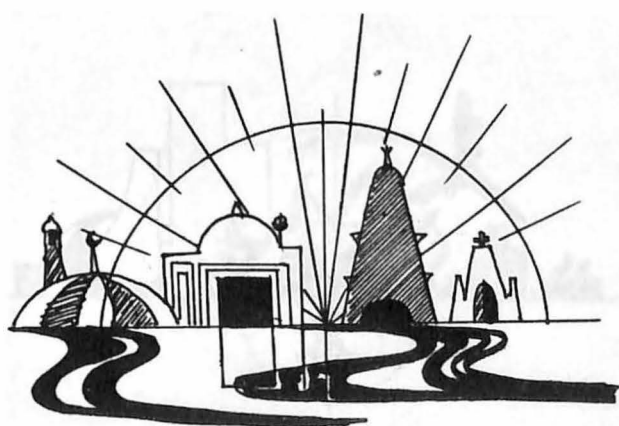
shimla by winter

winter winds are indifferent
sun turns even colder
honeymooners foment
eachother.



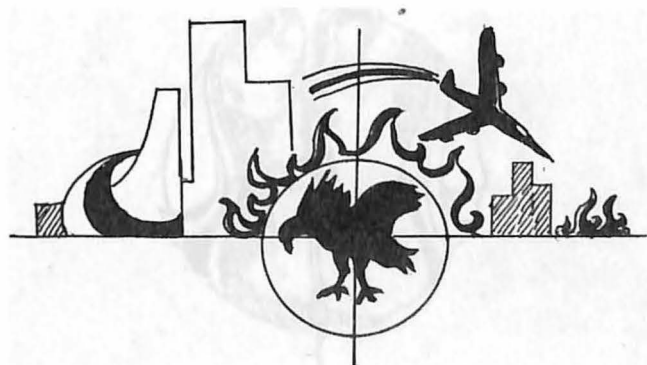
eastern horizon

by the dawnbreak
i watch eastern horizon
rising anew from nightash.



western horizon

in the evening twilight
i see western horizon
burn in dilemma.



i can not follow

the trajectory of sun
from west to east upturns
along the backbone of earth.



the world is not steady

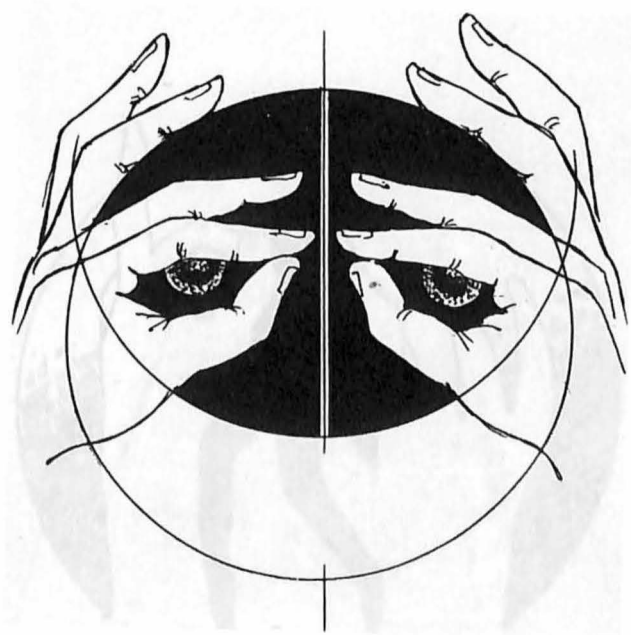
look across fire
and find the world
tremble in your eyes.



70

the moonscape

i see the face of man
on the surface of moon
and that's not
a slip of the sight.



i cannot err

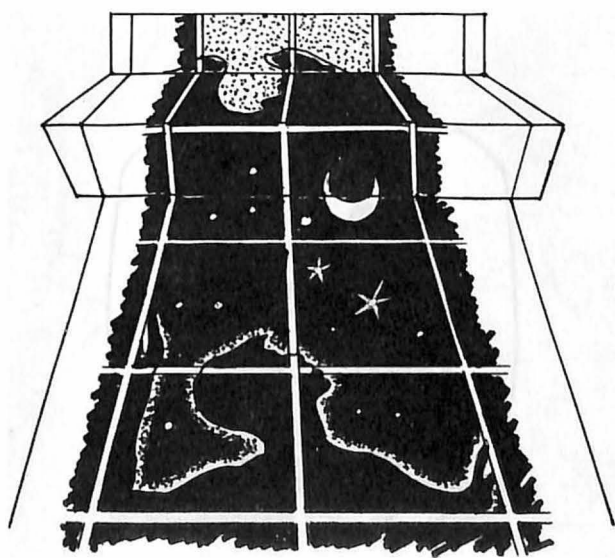
god, how can i
dare to err
without your joystick here
not even a particle
can move e'er.



74

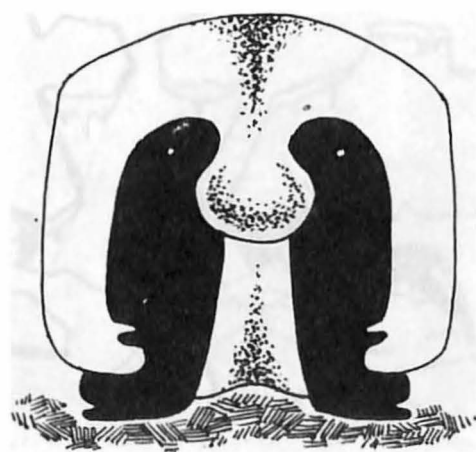
a scene of the wonderland

on the floor of sky
i watch luminaries
stand upside down.



confusion of vision

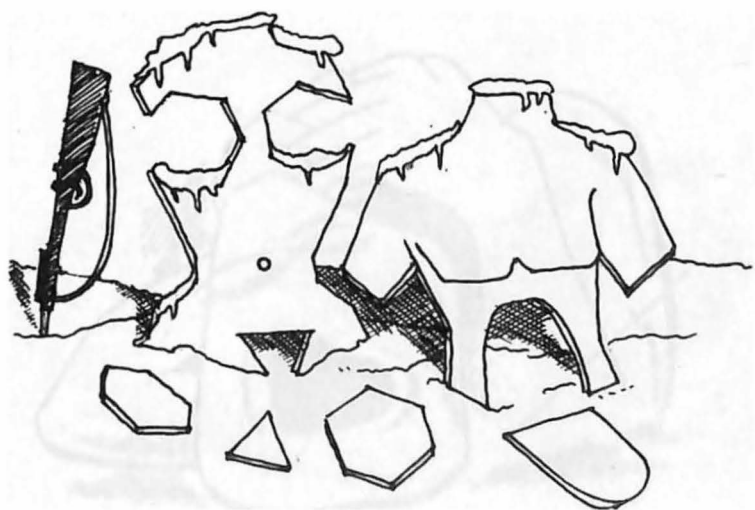
illusory are the forms visible
the cosmos in truth is
a progression of
the formless, the invisible.



78

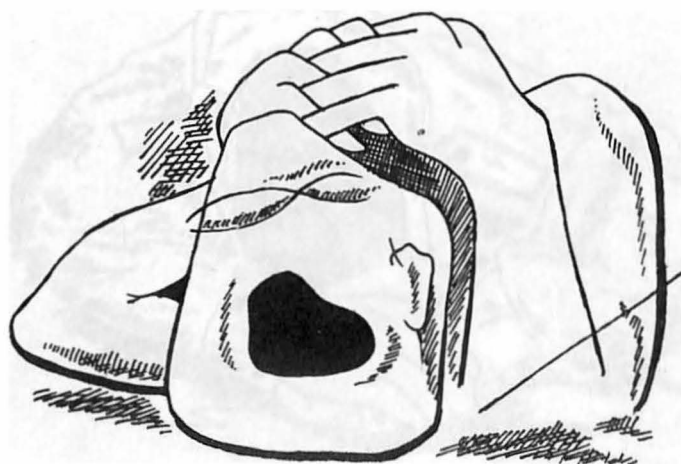
melting in the cold

a world of snow around
i am an aluminium
melting by inches in the cold.



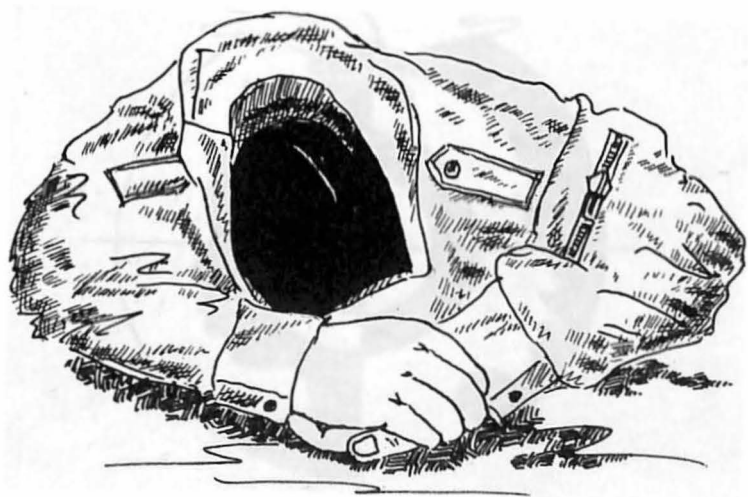
preterit haunting

a life of death
oft i live
for my past takes
o'er my present,
and future remains
shrouded
in mystery.



nonplus

my silence is
not confession
of any crime
inasmuch as i
tell not a lie
and the truth i
can not speak.



righteous act

what . . . if lies be told
to make away with lies;
sinning against sin is
probably a virtue.



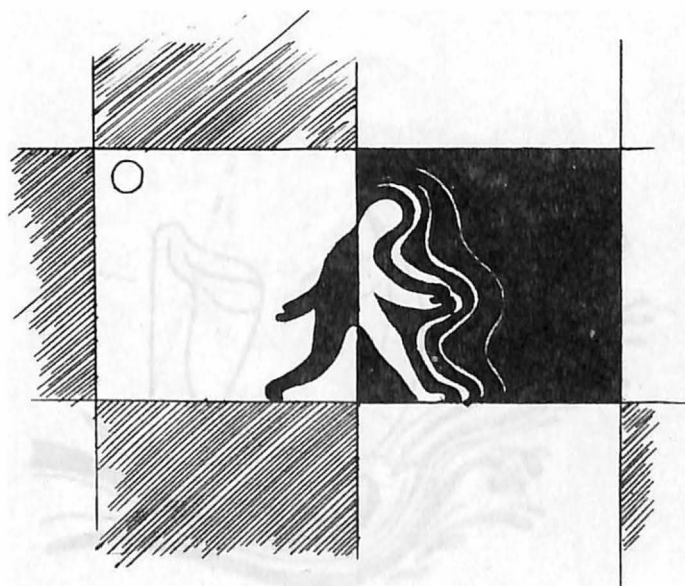
don't think i'll deluge

i am only
a winterbourne
meandering
on the roads
i'll avaunt
by the rainopause.



pawns

who were destin'd to pace
incessantly ahead,
remain no more
on the chequer of life.



90

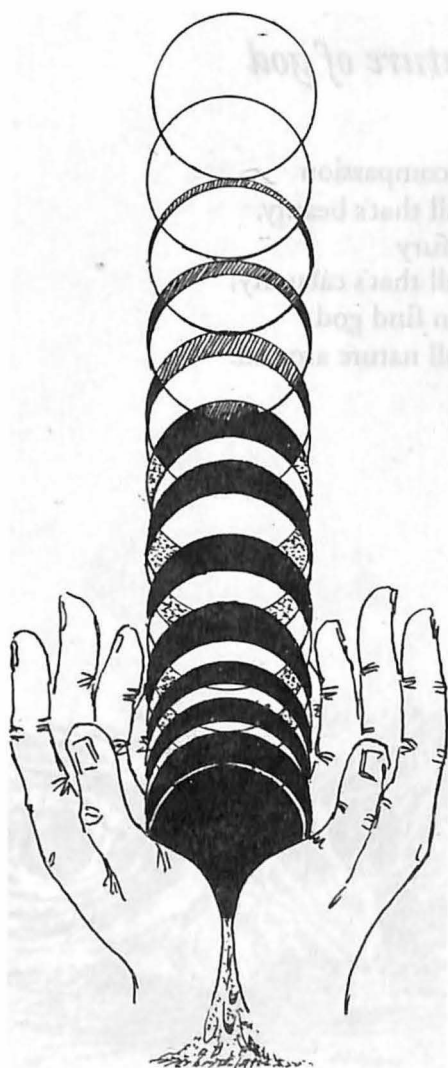
lunadom

in the regime of moon
oceans
flicker in tides.



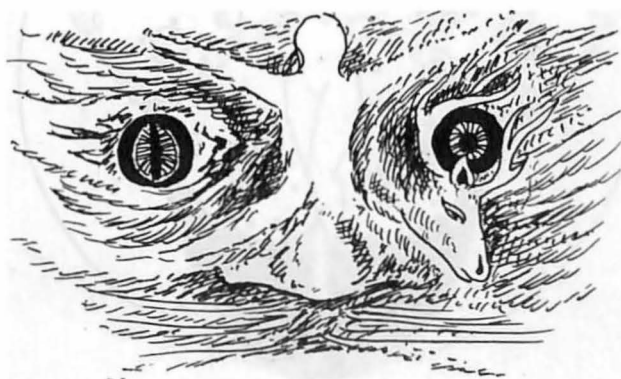
sisyphean labour

wish to grapple moons,
fool, must i know that
none could hold sand
in a fist for long.



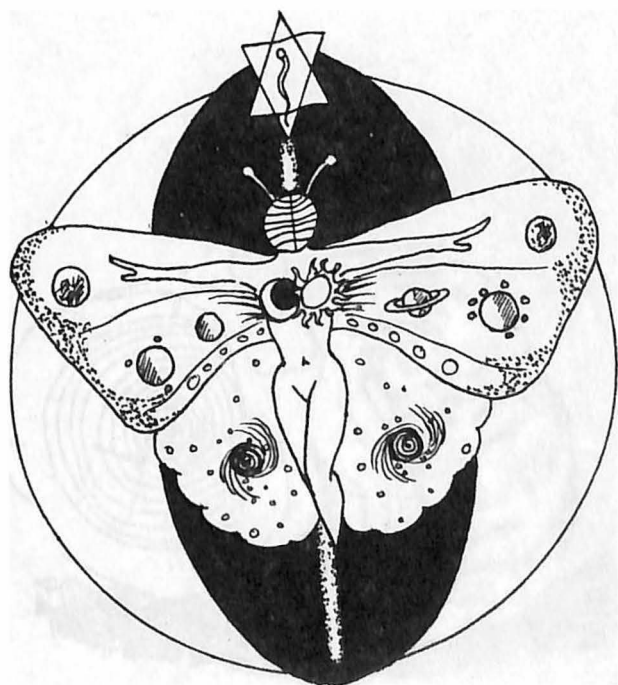
the nature of god

his compassion
in all that's beauty,
his fury
in all that's calamity;
i can find god
in all nature around.



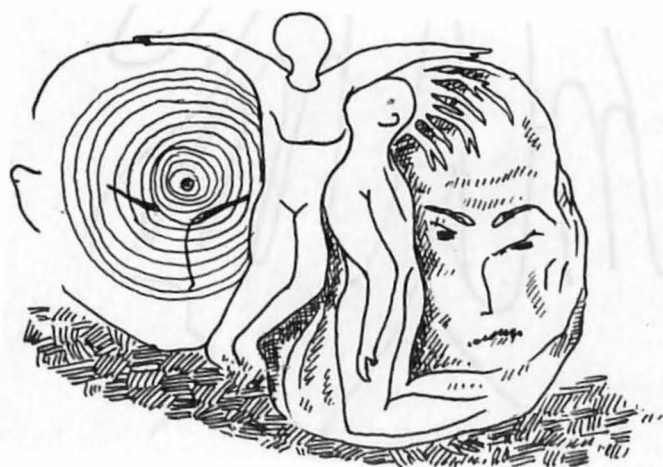
all-beautiful

she is the beautiful sole,
all beauties stem from her;
and all beauties melt
into her alone.



meditating the muse

mused by the mind,
and acquiesced
in the conscience,
a thought ought to affect
the soul of others.



my words

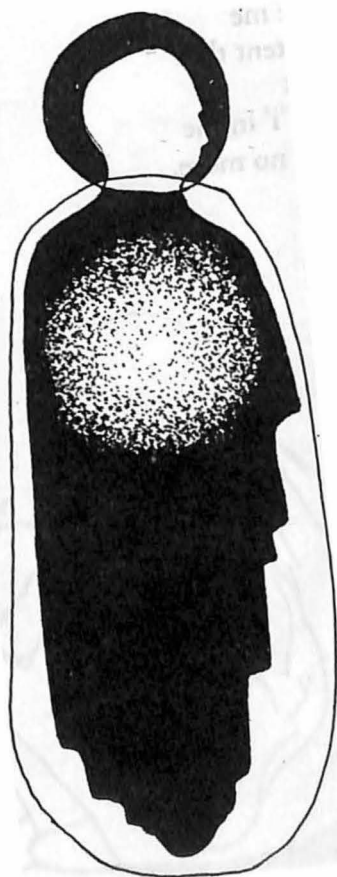
they say my words are
meaningless
for they're grown-up,
perhaps well thought out
must they descend to my age
to make me out.



102

a formula

be detached
from the world
and be god.



love me more

love me more,
and love me
to an extent that
i die out
and the 'i' in me
remains no more.



silent love

whilst in love,
nothing is
painful as silence . . .
yet silence
at the right moment is
rewarding.



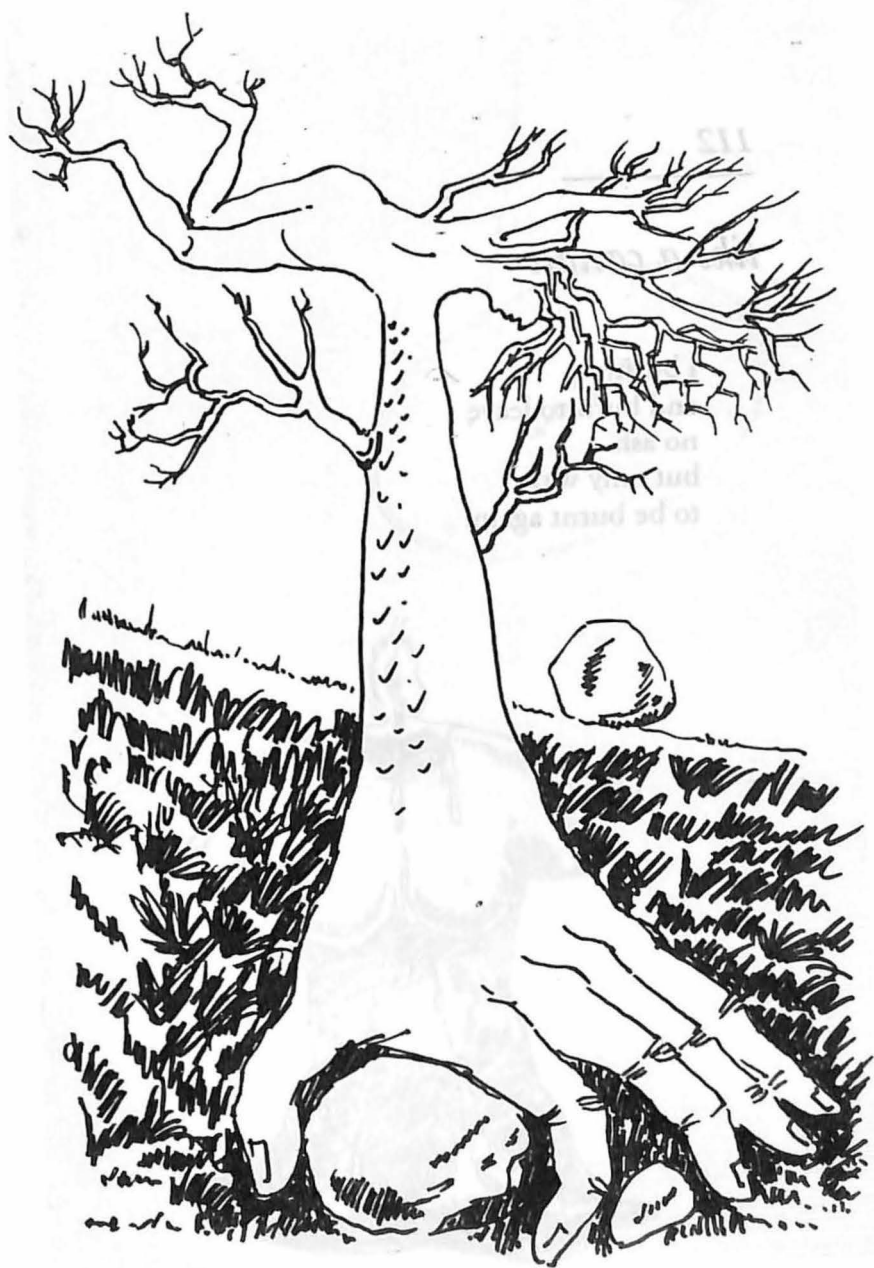
politics

here
any damn thing is fair
it is though—
neither love
nor warfare.



being

like twi-light
flanked by
day and night
betwixt
the earth and the sky
rooted
in horizon
steady i *lie*.



112

like a candle

i burn
and burn to leave
no ash
but only wax
to be burnt again.

