

NATURAL TONES

Durlabh Singh
London

I am the
Springtime of leaves
And song of brunt
Meadows brief
Where the water arms
The earth's ploughed
Scars
Mingling with
Moon's soft crust.

Capricious images
Of nursling plunders
Shrouded to announce
To the world at large
Its blunders
And crystallization
Of amorphous mass
Of feelings & sensations
Into significant forms
In a universe of values
Echoes of inner stance.

I am the
Spring sap of the leaves
And song of meadows brief
Scars of earth
Peeled and ploughed
With bloods of
Moon's dried crust.

I am the visibility of the day
I am the invisibility of the night
I am the spring sap of the leaves
And the echoes of winter's last rites.