

*poetry by Shaleen Kumar Singh*

10

**I Search You**

I search you  
In my home  
In my rooms, galleries,  
Arena and Almirah, books  
And in my diaries  
And I find you  
Smiling everywhere.

**Sometimes**

Sometimes  
I wish to go in the loneliest  
Go and drown myself into pain.  
Sometimes  
I quiver in the deepest agony  
I feel myself absolutely helpless.  
Sometimes  
I behold many pictures mute; yet  
Relating stories of shrieks, and sighing.  
Sometimes  
I keep quiet say nothing, for  
It's against the rules of self-respect.  
But sometimes  
I weep, I sob, I cry  
For I fail to check my emotions.

**Awaiting**

Awaiting...  
Eyes have become heart  
Heart has become restlessness machine  
And restlessness  
Awaiting...

Awaiting...  
Has turned into silence.  
Silence has turned into soarings  
And soaring has turned to endless voyage of  
Of Awaiting...

Awaiting...  
Awaiting has infused into pen  
Pen has been transmuted into words  
And words  
Metamorphosed into pen  
On  
Awaiting...

Awaiting...  
Has been a poem  
A poem's been an inspiration  
And inspiration has been a  
Motivation of penning more

Awaiting...  
Awaiting has given me  
Long hours of minutes  
Long ways of steps  
Long haul between two seconds  
And long serenity to  
Ponder  
To ruminate  
And to rush between  
The horns of dilemma.

Awaiting...  
Awaiting has conferred  
Endless thoughts  
Limitless frontiers  
And boundless panoramas of  
Thinking...

Awaiting...  
Awaiting has conferred me  
Search in vain  
Results in futility  
And consequences in dark.

Awaiting has nothing but;  
Awaiting only.  
Awaiting gives nothing but;  
Awaiting only,  
And awaiting finds  
Nothing but  
Awaiting only.