

# Savita Singh Poetry Page



## Unattended Things

My heart missed its usual steps this morning  
Dew drops were vanishing before  
I could approach them with my unsure feet  
And the rose petals fallen on the ground, perhaps late at  
night,  
Looked so much like  
What had been lying within me, unattended for some time,

My mind paced strangely this morning  
The red and blue and even my favorite green of the rainy sky  
changed colours I had not seen before  
Earlier where there were words, there was only a patch  
Of a confounding muttering silence  
And all that was a void of some sort I knew almost well  
Was now a ditch full of pinkish mud,  
In place of clarity there was an uneasy compassion,  
The neighbor's cat that vexed me often  
Was sitting in his balcony postured so meekly  
That for once I thought it was such a sad way to be  
Especially if it was drizzling and it was a Sunday morning

Sometimes this is how things are, even the mornings,  
Or may be they look so

As this morning looked today  
Or may be this is how I saw it showing itself to me  
As some day those unattended things,  
Lying within like the sad meek cats  
Would show themselves  
As they should be looked at.

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## Unbound

The wind was honing an idea  
In a bird's head  
One that had just finished making its nest,  
It had come to tell me too  
That only time had produced me,  
I was no one to think of my transcendence  
Sadness that continuously drop within me from a tap,  
Rusted and unstoppable  
Is also an opening  
To a creative melancholy.

By the end of the evening  
The bird was well perched on its nest  
Leaving me to wander  
In the wide-open world  
Unanchored  
Unbound.

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## To Be With

I knew all the trees in the neighborhood  
Those marked by the lovers,  
Their names inscribed secretly on the trunks

And their leaves that shed tears for others

I knew innumerable squirrels jumping all over the place,  
Birds that shared the lives of its silent inhabitants,  
For there are legion: forlorn, courageous, handsome beings  
Living without hope of ever witnessing a change

Curiously, I also knew when the rains would come,  
When secret multicolored birds would flutter their wings  
To alert the tactless and naive of rain water  
Flooding their nests

Lately I have also come to know  
That the prayers of the needy get entangled  
With forces unknown in the lower zone of the stratosphere  
Never reaching the highest ever,  
And all good wishes for these people crumble  
Before they surge from the hearts of well-wishers,  
That way birds, squirrels and trees with tear-shedding leaves  
Are still the best things for them to know  
And to be with

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## Watching Sparrows Play

It was after a cold day  
That the sun was out again  
Heating my cheeks gently  
As I sat in my study  
People were out on the icy streets  
Planning and plotting to conquer the day  
Looking for the suitable love and hate  
To sigh away some maturing pain within

It was after a cold day really  
That the Saturday had come

When I spent my whole afternoon  
Watching the mating of the birds  
In the silence of a shadowy tree  
Watching sparrows play and play

It was after a cold day  
That the sun was out again.