

Poetry Series

**Akham Nilabirdhwaja  
Singh  
- poems -**

Publication Date:  
2020

**Publisher:**

Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

# Akham Nilabirdhwaja Singh()

# 2018

Oh, Lovely 2018  
I want to sit on your lap  
as long I can  
as you are going away  
never to return.

But not for long,  
you will go away for  
New Year 2019 is approaching  
bringing new hopes.  
Bye 2018

Akham Nilabirdhwaja Singh

# A Larger Space

A channa orientalis  
kept to offer to a deity  
in my room  
intermittantly the whole night  
jumped in the pot  
half filled with water  
mouth covered with a bowl.

In the morning next day  
I released the fish  
in the water tank  
in my courtyard  
and watched it swimming.

Akham Nilabirdhwaja Singh

# A Stray Thought.

Today for some time  
I am worried,  
why my dear pet dog was born  
as such a lowly animal  
that I often tie him  
to his place.

Because, his love  
and faithfulness  
I never doubt.

Akham Nilabirdhwaja Singh

# A Tale Of The Crows

In a jungle  
the crows living in a banyan tree  
wanted to look themselves like peacocks  
wished to dance like them in the rains.  
So they wore the fallen feathers of the peacocks  
and artificial feathers of them they made.  
They claimed that peacocks were their ancestors  
and named the banyan tree as peacocktree  
discarding the name given by their forefathers.

After long years some peacocks claimed  
the banyan tree and surrounding places as their ancestral property.  
They claimed, long ago the crows started migrating  
from other places there.  
In course of time as their population increased  
much more than that of the peacocks  
the crows ousted them from their ancestral home.

Some young crows decried as fictitious the tale they presented  
and claimed that the peacocktree and surrounding places  
was their home since time immemorial  
and neither their forefathers were peacocks nor  
the peacocktree was the original name  
of the banyan tree they are living.

The claim and counterclaim were going on

Akham Nilabirdhwaja Singh

# Abstract

Going long pedaling my bike  
In a foggy winter  
The sun appeared late  
In the western sky  
Reaching the village road  
And fogs dissipated.  
A sprawling paddy field  
then before me  
Brown with stubble  
Spreading up to the foot  
Of the distant hill.  
In that solitude  
A moment I longed  
to sit yonder  
With a maiden  
I dreamed long ago  
Yet never seen.

Akham Nilabirdhwaja Singh



# As The Years Gone

Sailing long the boat  
a long distance I covered.  
Yet the bliz wind drifted me miles back  
when tired,  
limbs became weak.  
How can I sail again  
such a distance?

I defied,  
How my value depreciated  
like an old dilapidated house  
but of no avail.

It is by their wand,  
The small amounts I saved  
in those long years  
found so much reduced  
leaving a little  
sufficient for a few days.

Akham Nilabirdhwaja Singh

# At Last The Demon Unbound

The demon bound long.  
Yet with the years  
becoming wise  
found it a thin  
ceremonial thread  
he was binding.  
He tore the thread  
with no effort  
and laughed hysterically,  
jumped with joy  
happy the numbing  
bondage shaken off.  
Yet he wondered,  
What a fool  
he was so long!

Akham Nilabirdhwaja Singh

# Beauty

The bird,  
more it beautiful in freedom  
than in captivity.  
And the butterfly  
with its fragile wings,  
more it beautiful  
in freedom fluttering  
in the garden  
than holding it  
with my hand.  
Life is beautiful  
in freedom.

Akham Nilabirdhwaja Singh

# Becoming A God

A local priest  
Picked up a stone to worship  
From the side  
Of a deteriorating village road  
Long neglected.

Other stones ridiculed,  
&quot;It is an ordinary stone  
Like us&quot;.

Akham Nilabirdhwaja Singh

# Born As A Deer

Born as a deer  
when became old, limbs weak  
turned into a tiger.

Akham Nilabirdhwaja Singh

# Borrowed Clothes

So long in my life  
I was wearing  
borrowed clothes.  
Yet today  
I dont want them.

I therefore am making  
my own clothes!  
But it is late,  
where I shall go  
wearing them!

Akham Nilabirdhwaja Singh

# Cats

A pariah cat  
Slippery and timid  
Crossing a busy road  
Ran over by a speeding truck.  
Vehicle after vehicle  
Running over it's corpse  
In a few days  
It disappeared.

Sleeping reading a poem  
In my dream  
I saw cats  
Coming out of the houses,  
Going inside them.

Akham Nilabirdhwaja Singh

# Change

Some started running,  
All running in a frenzy.  
Yet non asked why.

Akham Nilabirdhwaja Singh



# Couple

Living long a conjugal Life  
at ripe old age  
one asked the other,  
' How will you live  
after I have gone? '

Akham Nilabirdhwaja Singh

## Couple 2

You are a child to me  
doing many childlike things.

And you are also a mother to me  
Careful of my grooming  
Chiding me often  
For my carelessness  
In looking after myself.

We are inseparable.

So I fear,  
I should not be  
Your incompetent protector  
When we fall.

I feel  
If accidents don't happen  
We have an excellent life (Lives) .

Akham Nilabirdhwaja Singh

# Cycling During Lockdown

Long ago during my childhood Hon'ble M.L.A.s attended state assembly riding bicycles.

Officers of the govt departments and staffs attended their offices riding bicycles.

Policemen in groups went riding bicycles to arrest roadside gamblers. If caught they were taken to police station on bicycles.

At school our Headmaster, teachers and staff came on bicycles, some on foot.

As for the students most parents did not allow them to wear long pants nor use bicycles till they clear H.S.L.C. exam.

So they went to schools on foot most of them for miles.

At the college principal, lecturers, staff and students came riding bicycles. There were long bicycle sheds in the campus.

But today a few people use bicycles and on the roads and market places bicycle users are looked down as poor and starving people

But I don't shed my old habit of riding bicycle often bumming miles in the countryside.

During the coronavirus lockdown time and again I came out of the confinement at my home initially with timidity pedaling my bicycle wearing a protective mask.

Although on the road police stopped the four wheelers, auto rickshaws and power driven bikes, detained the drivers or made them turn back none of them stopped me.

A harmless negligible offense!

So during lockdown often I pedaled my bicycle to the foot of lonesome Nongmaijing hill

enjoying the scenery and gentle breeze there,

looking at the egrets flying in the sky and landing on the barren rice fields, taking snaps of the countryside with my smartphone.

I returned home everytime regaled

without any fear of getting infection with coronavirus  
nor police stopping me on the way.

Akham Nilabirdhwaja Singh

# Day Dream

Lying on a stretch sofa  
one holiday  
the officer in his fifties  
dreamt of a village belle  
falling in love with him.

Alone in his house  
in that hour  
when non seen weeping.

Akham Nilabirdhwaja Singh

# Destination

Going a long journey,  
Today my destination not far.  
Oh Driver,  
Drive your vehicle slowy.

Akham Nilabirdhwaja Singh

# Devil's Business

Often the Devil told,  
my life belongs to him  
given on lease to me.

The volcano inside me grunted.

Akham Nilabirdhwaja Singh

# Downstream

Longing to sail  
on the clear water  
of the stream  
sparkling in the sunlight  
up the stream  
I rowed my boat  
again and again.

Down the stream  
the current of water  
pushing my boat.  
Water becoming dirty  
more and more  
as the boat moves  
down the stream.

Akham Nilabirdhwaja Singh



# Drunk

Drunk of the beauty of nature  
instinct dictated the mind where to go.  
So I travelled aimlessly.

Returning home at twilight  
but not to a bird's nest  
as it dictated.

Akham Nilabirdhwaja Singh

# During Lockdown

During the Coronavirus Lockdown  
not seen the race by the people to perform  
religious ceremonies with greater pomps  
than others,  
not seen the dissappointments and disgracefullness  
of the poor who cannot join the race.  
The poor during the lockdown  
need not borrow money nor sale properties  
to join the race.  
Not seen the long lines of the invitees  
most of them swaggering to offer  
monies of ten or twenty rupee notes  
to the pala (row of bhajan singers) .  
Religious ceremonies during lockdown  
are compelled to be simple with limited invitees.  
How beautiful the religious ceremonies are  
during the coronaviruslockdown!

Akham Nilabirdhwaja Singh

# Earthen Pot

They say,  
I am fine.  
But I am trying to join  
together my broken parts  
since long.  
I am unable  
to do so yet.  
Rather it impossible  
which they can't see.  
They argued,  
I was not broken  
yet beaten.

Akham Nilabirdhwaja Singh

# Fashion

Invite Ministers  
and  
at the shradha and marriage ceremonies  
you perform  
even though they dont know you.

For now a days  
it is becoming a fashion  
to invite them  
to such ceremonial functions.

They may come  
considering your votes  
even though they dont know you.

If they come  
at your function  
people might think  
perhaps they are your friends  
and your prestige will be increased.

Make it sure at least  
the M.L.A. of your constituency present  
at your function  
otherwise your neighbours  
and people specially of your locality  
will look you down.

Akham Nilabirdhwaja Singh

# Fighting One Another

The wretches blind fought  
unable to see the enemy  
against one another.

Akham Nilabirdhwaja Singh

# For The Meat

The animal loved  
his owner  
who slaughtered him  
for the meat.

Akham Nilabirdhwaja Singh

# Forgotten

Moments in life  
not all I remember.  
Most gone to oblivion.

Shall I one day forget  
that I lived a life  
and have stories to tell?

Akham Nilabirdhwaja Singh

# Freedom

O, Bird!  
Chirp roosting  
on the branch  
of the barren tree.  
Nobody is listening.  
You are free to chirp  
as long you can  
since nobody will listen you.

Akham Nilabirdhwaja Singh



# Garbage Dumps

So many people  
going to join the rally.  
Garbage dumps everywhere  
emanating stench.

Akham Nilabirdhwaja Singh

# Globalization

A cat  
crossing hastily  
an emerging highway  
ran over by a speeding coach.  
Squashed and flattened  
one after another  
vehicles running over the corpse  
it disappeared  
after sometime.

Akham Nilabirdhwaja Singh

# Goal

Long ago  
to make him shine in future  
using the wolf and myths  
they forced his mind  
into a cage  
and locked it.

Grown up  
in the cage to day  
he is not afraid of them  
but cannot go out  
of the cage.

Grunting and cursing  
he carried the cage  
wherever he went  
sometimes groaning in solitude.  
It an incurable disease  
they casted on him.

Akham Nilabirdhwaja Singh

# His Mother's Tale

His mother wrote his biography.

An ideal person

every parent might envy!

Yet in reality

he is a bastard.

Akham Nilabirdhwaja Singh

# Home

Sometimes I feel,  
since long  
I am looking for a home.  
I feel,  
life is a nomad  
till I find it.

Sometimes  
I go farther and farther  
on the narrow  
village dirt road  
seeking my agrarian past  
with childhood bruises.

Yet i forgot,  
life is transient.

Akham Nilabirdhwaja Singh

# How The Time Flew

Captivated by her  
On a fine day  
I longed to write a poem  
On her beauty.  
Yet how long  
I was trying,  
One day  
I saw her withering.  
I did not feel it  
But  
How fast  
The time flew  
And how strong  
Its current  
Today  
I am becoming old.  
But the poem  
I have not written.

Akham Nilabirdhwaja Singh

# I Wished

In a fine weather  
in your garden  
I wept  
when the gentle wind blew.

When the fragrance felt  
of the champaka flower,  
when a wild pigeon cooed  
roosting at the tree branch yonder,  
when egrets seen flying  
towards the distant blue hill  
in a fine weather  
I wept  
in solitude  
in your garden.

Akham Nilabirdhwaja Singh

# In Silence

In that rainy night  
near her home  
at the distance  
a lone electric lamp shone;  
raindrops seen flickering  
in its light.  
She might be sleeping then.  
Yet I did not stop  
driving my vehicle  
in the rain  
towards my far home  
in the city.

Akham Nilabirdhwaja Singh



# In The Marketplace

In the busy market place  
from a woman vegetable vendor  
a bazaar cow snatched away a mustard plant.

She shouted to the cow  
rebuked with foul words she could muster  
while It relishing the loot.

She thought it could fetch five rupees.  
The petty vendor feared,  
besides, it a sign of a bad day  
for the business.

An old wavering street dog resting  
yonder in a shading corner  
looked with envy at the youthful cow.

Akham Nilabirdhwaja Singh

# Incomplete

The secrets  
kept hidden within me.  
Unexpressed romance!  
The story of my life  
incomplete without them.

Akham Nilabirdhwaja Singh

# Interlude

The fog clouded  
the ugly landscape.  
How long  
it will reman suspended  
in the mucky atmosphere!

After it dissipated  
downwind  
I will go out  
of the confines  
of my house  
again to become  
a miniscule part  
of the landscape.

Akham Nilabirdhwaja Singh

# Journey

Going a long journey  
Now my destination not far.  
Oh Driver,  
Drive your vehicle slowly.

Akham Nilabirdhwaja Singh

## Kege (Castor)

Some kege plants  
growing in the wild  
limping to extinction  
(from our land)  
ousted from our courtyards  
and localities  
where once they grew.

Akham Nilabirdhwaja Singh

# Late This Night

Late this night  
Electric lights gone  
I am sitting at the window sill  
Looking out  
Through the window.  
The calm moonlight seen  
Falling over the silent earth.  
Making me remember  
My distant past  
Of agrarian life.  
Oh! Flutist  
Of the long past  
Now play your flute  
In this solitary hour.  
Yet there is no haystack heap  
At the courtyard  
Nor the thatch roof stable  
Where ruminating  
Waging their tales intermittently  
The cattle resting.  
But oh, flutist,  
Play your flute  
From the distant horizon  
To the tune  
Long ago I heard.

Akham Nilabirdhwaja Singh

# Let Us Go Somewhere

In the morning  
as we did years ago  
Shall I sweep the yards  
of our house with a broom  
off the dirt and fallen leaves,  
and you tend the vegetable plants  
with a machete.

On sundays and holidays  
shall I ramble out  
on my bicycle,  
when you are in the kitchen  
cooking the dinner.

To day the atmosphere changed  
the song of the bird  
pi thadoi not heard  
yet sometimes heard there  
in the countryside.  
Some species of trees and plants  
once grown here vanished  
yet still growing there.

Darling, let us go somewhere  
far away to the solitude.

Akham Nilabirdhwaja Singh

# Life

So far I tried  
but cannot tell,  
I cannot tell  
What is life  
till the end of mine.

Akham Nilabirdhwaja Singh



# Life Was Loving

In that solitude  
In the winter evening  
The lean river flowing gently  
Down the winding course  
Through the silent country.

At its bank  
Away from life  
I looked back then  
To it with love.

Akham Nilabirdhwaja Singh

# Looking For Fresh Water

Unable to live  
in the polluted water of the pond  
the fish jumped up on the bank.  
Yet unable to go anywhere  
looking for a pond with fresh water  
it jumped down again  
in the dirty water.

Jumping up and down  
time and again.

Akham Nilabirdhwaja Singh

# Love

The stream dried,  
weather sizzling hot.  
Where can I find love.

Akham Nilabirdhwaja Singh

## Love 2

One day  
when the Devil came  
and lived in my house  
I became restless  
and apprehensive  
trying to hid from him  
at every secluded place.

But one day  
by the grace of God  
when he had gone  
I was happy  
but felt sympathy for him  
a moment  
in the peaceful hour  
of that night.

Akham Nilabirdhwaja Singh

# Meditation

Inside the cottage I built  
In the jungle  
Non to be seen  
nor disturb by the flesh flies,  
Mosquitoes Insects  
And stinky ditch and bushes  
I tried to meditate  
Yet frustrated  
At the sound of beasts howling outside.  
I closed the doors and windows  
Their voices not be heard.  
Yet these coming  
Through the holes and gapes  
Of my house,  
Brought by the air I breathed.  
I closed my eyes to concentrate  
But Lo!  
A change occurred in me,  
I was turning into a fox  
Frail and wavering  
Too late!  
I regretted  
I should had turned into it  
Long ago.

Akham Nilabirdhwaja Singh

# Memory

This night listening  
to the melancholic song of tamna  
(Tamna - a singing bird)  
from the distance  
I remembered the time  
you and I sat together  
in the solitude  
of a moonlit night.  
For at that time  
the bird sang its song  
from the distance  
captivating our hearts.  
Darling,  
in this drudgery of existence  
I had forgotten you  
and the beautiful moments of life  
With you in the past.

Recreated from the original published in the school magazine  
in 1963 or 1964 yet records lost.

Akham Nilabirdhwaja Singh

## Memory 2

After long years  
visiting the locality I once frequented  
the place found so changed.  
Everything there new to me.  
An R.C.C. building seen  
where once a tin roof shabby house stood.  
And that short tempered elderly woman  
of the house  
who barked loudly as a routine  
to her family members  
not seen today.  
She died many years ago  
they told me.  
Today I remembered her  
foremost of all  
as a loving and somewhat funny character  
in spite of her seriousness those days  
and bide a loving good bye to her  
that I could not do when she died long ago

Akham Nilabirdhwaja Singh

# Model

Taking your beauty  
Yet her mind of my fancy;  
The model I love.

Akham Nilabirdhwaja Singh



# Momentary

A melodious faint voice  
from the distance heard  
in the buzzing crowd.  
I long to come to you  
and rest beside you.

Akham Nilabirdhwaja Singh

# Mosquito

The mosquito  
heavy to lift and bring  
her abdomen  
bulged with the blood sucked  
from a human  
in death sleep  
fluttering her thin wings  
took a slow  
tiresome flight.

Akham Nilabirdhwaja Singh

# Nature

Supermen or Godlikes!  
Taught by texkbooks  
Pitiable! late I knew  
That, really they were devils.

Akham Nilabirdhwaja Singh

# New Year

Although you were near me  
I was looking for you  
behind the trees,  
at the paddy field  
and at the pond  
its water once clean  
where you came to fetch water  
with a brass pot in your hands.

Today the song of the bird pee thadoi  
is not heard,  
the chigonglei plants once grown  
at your fench and my courtyard  
are seen nowhere,  
some other species of birds,  
plants and also fishes  
vanished from our land.

Yet my dream  
of a happy New Year  
has not gone.

Akham Nilabirdhwaja Singh

# New Year's Eve

I feel it only yesterday  
the day  
the Year 2019 arrived.  
Yet today  
2020 is knocking at my door.  
From January to December  
year rolls in a cycle  
revealing new countries.  
And I becoming old  
am in a haste  
to a new horizon  
although my pace is slow.

Wishing you all  
A Happy New Year.

Akham Nilabirdhwaja Singh

# Nightmare

I thought the Devil  
far away from me.  
But out of the blue  
I saw him  
standing near me  
which startled me.

My wife gave me  
a red rose  
made of evil  
filled with emotion.  
Aghast, I asked her  
to throw it away.  
But it turned  
into her heart.  
So I insited no more.

Akham Nilabirdhwaja Singh

## Non Listened To It.

A frail bird  
roosting on the barren branch  
of a drying tree there  
in a desolate landscape  
chirping long  
again and again  
since nobody is listening  
nor looking at it.

Akham Nilabirdhwaja Singh

# Nostalgia

Once after long  
again a moment  
I wished to become mad  
seeing your captivating beauty  
that once you were.

Akham Nilabirdhwaja Singh



# Off The Stage

Since long  
He is donning saint's garb  
A scholar,  
An enlightened soul,  
Respected as such.  
Yet off the stage  
A heart full of passion jealousy  
Greediness, revengeful,  
And a lowly liar  
To keep his image.

Akham Nilabirdhwaja Singh

# Old Temple

In the small old temple  
in the lonsome hour  
the tile floor before the altar  
silently echoed to me  
the prayers of poor people  
the prayers of aged womaen  
since centuries back.

In that solitude  
it reflected  
their worries and pains  
their faith and devotion  
for generations.

Akham Nilabirdhwaja Singh

# Once In Darkness

One night returning home from the market place  
Street lights suddenly gone.  
I could see the road rolling in the headlight of my car.  
After driving for some time I reached a place  
By the side of a streamlet.  
Yet there is no streamlet in my locality  
Nor on the way from that market place to my home.  
Confused I turned back but reached at another place.  
This time by the side of a rill water hyacinth floating.  
Some houses standing quietly in the darkness  
On its other bank.  
Again I failed to know where I was  
It seemed nature disguised herself in another garb.  
Then, to my relief in that lonely atmosphere  
I saw some local youths loitering.  
I asked them the way to my locality.  
One of them told me the directions of the routes to go.  
I resumed driving my car to the direction he told.  
After driving some distance on the right turning roadway  
I saw some women standing on the roadside  
A pressure lamp placed before them.  
Oh, a beautiful girl I saw among them!  
She deserved to be a maiden in an oasis  
To a tired wayfarer who lost his ways in the desert.  
I politely asked them the way to my locality  
Not sure although told by those youths.  
One of them told me to go further till crossroads  
There to turn left and drive to find my locality.  
I again drove my car.  
Then the street lamps illuminated and I recognized  
The place where I was.  
Oh, that was the place I frequent and  
Not far from my locality.  
I reached home out from a big puzzle.  
But felt, that night I roamed to unknown places  
Exotic in the darkness of the night.  
It was an exciting experience.

25th April 2008

Akham Nilabirdhwaja Singh

# One Winter Morning At The Village Road

In the cold winter morning  
the village road was quiet.  
Ricksaw puller Tolmu was then fast sleeping  
on the grass at the roadside  
beside his rickshaw  
drunk from the country liquor vendor.

Some goats grazing near him,  
Cattlesseen at the roadside paddy fields  
grazing stubble or standing lazy  
bearing the cold.

At about nine  
when the sun shone dispelling the cold  
people started going on the road  
rows of students going on foot to schools.  
Tolmu was still sleeping  
enjoying the warm sun light.  
But nobody looked at him intentionally  
for hor the saw such a sight frequently.  
But his neighbor Fatima laughed imperceptibly  
In the passing auto rickshaw seeing him.

After sometime he waked up  
and soon remembered-  
He was to deliver  
four bushels of paddy  
from the tenant farmer to the landlord  
before the latter's going to office.  
Yet the time waslate.

Akham Nilabirdhwaja Singh

# Outcast

A flesh fly was out casted  
by his tribe  
for he was seen perched  
on the brim of a dish  
containing night soil.

But they are seen  
in large numbers  
in our stinking, dirty  
and decaying environment  
infecting the wounds  
left untreated.

Akham Nilabirdhwaja Singh

# Price

Curtailing consumptions  
the poor man saved money  
for the future.

But after years  
what he saved  
alongwith interest  
could not buy  
even an almirah  
of his fancy.

Akham Nilabirdhwaja Singh

# Rain

The rain came.  
Eagerly all were waiting for it.  
But a torrential fall  
for a few days  
rivers, lakes, ponds are in spate.  
From the pond of the poor farmer  
fishes swam away to freedom,  
caught from the roadside rills  
and drains casting nets,  
speared in the courtyards.  
Poor farmer!  
How can you claim  
those fishes as yours?  
Run oh farmer,  
bring your net  
catch as much you can  
running here and there.

Akham Nilabirdhwaja Singh



# Rain Is Comming

The rain is coming  
But, they have gone  
Leaving the things in a mess.

They returned  
On the bad road  
Mumbling in the scattering showers.

Yet, the gates closed  
From inside by a few reached earlier  
Somewhere kept ajar.

There, they are waiting  
For the darkness to set in.

The rain is coming;  
All are waiting for it  
Eagerly like a crow pheasant.

By the way,  
They wish to keep the land.  
so dear to them.

Akham Nilabirdhwaja Singh

# Relationship

A little girl I saw  
among the adults  
in the marketplace  
belonging to the tribe  
which recently rose  
against my community  
very much resembled  
my granddaughter.

Akham Nilabirdhwaja Singh

# Rumour

The recent rumour  
about a mysterious predator  
made a beautiful story.  
I love it.

Akham Nilabirdhwaja Singh

# School

After long years of looting  
the thief established a school  
for the children  
of the well to do families.

Akham Nilabirdhwaja Singh

# Season

The lovely little bird  
Has not come again  
In my room.  
For the season changed  
And today  
My small room  
Is not of her fancy.

My smallroom  
Has not yet changed  
Since then she visited it  
Time and again  
So my old heart.

Akham Nilabirdhwaja Singh

## Season 2

On sundays and holidays  
I ramble out  
to the nearby countryside  
riding my bicycle  
while my wife is in the kitchen  
cooking for the dinner.  
I love cycling  
on the peaceful village roads.

In the morning  
I sweep the courtyard  
and surrounding  
off the dirt and fallen leaves  
while she tends  
the vegetable plants  
with a machete.  
How we love cleaning  
the homestead  
and gardening!

But in course of time  
as we become old  
such a way of our lives  
which we cherish  
may also change.

Akham Nilabirdhwaja Singh

# Shelter

When the light  
of the kerosene lamp gone,  
creaking sound  
of the bullock cart not heard,  
not seen  
the beauty of the moonlit night.

Where the kind lady gone  
and not seen the uneducated  
poor farmer,  
the tired wayfarer  
cannot find a shelter  
for the night.

Akham Nilabirdhwaja Singh

# Sleep

Wake up!  
In his sleep  
One called the others.  
In their sleep  
They called the others,  
Wake up!

Akham Nilabirdhwaja Singh



# Soap

They say  
Turning into soaps  
They are Washing the dirt.  
Washing and washing  
Yet the dirt  
Has not gone  
Rather it is increasing.  
And not more  
Than an art  
Washing is.

Akham Nilabirdhwaja Singh

# Social Stigma

Social Stigma  
against the covid-19 patients  
and ex-pateints;  
more and more  
joining the ranks.

Akham Nilabirdhwaja Singh

# Social Worker

The title of Social Worker  
given to the black marketeer  
after he repaired a part  
of the long neglected  
village road.

Akham Nilabirdhwaja Singh

# Sometimes

Returning home  
riding long my bicycle  
in the countryside  
I found  
all the inmates gone out  
and neighbourhood quiet.  
My house then bore  
the flavor of nature  
so the chirpings of the sparrows.

I took bath  
as if at the brook  
running down the hill.  
Looking out  
from the window  
the road was also quiet.  
That moment  
I enjoyed the bliss of nature.

Akham Nilabirdhwaja Singh

# Spring

Long ago  
The gentle wind blew  
Fragrance of flower pervading  
When the king arrived.

He visited homes and hovels  
Rejuvenating bodies and minds  
Of the young and hoary old.

To day climate so changed  
And weather hot  
That I don't feel his coming.

Sometimes,  
Seeing the egrets flying  
Towards the distant blue hill  
I pondered,  
How long they will come there.

Dt 10.08.2007

Akham Nilabirdhwaja Singh

## Spring 2

With spring  
Holi Yaoshang arrived  
filling the atmosphere  
with festive mood.  
Then joyously  
the beautiful maiden dancing.

Bewitching her movements,  
bewitching her smile!  
She danced  
celebrating the King's arrival  
revealing her beautiful curves.

But the dark skinned maid  
of young age  
looking with envy  
at her while dancing  
from the window ajar.

Akham Nilabirdhwaja Singh

# Spring Came

Riding my bike  
On the village road  
A chirpy khoining seen  
Flying above my head  
Racing with me.  
It flew away  
Ahead of me flapping hastily.  
Then I saw  
At the roadside briars  
Blooming among the bush plants  
I knew then  
Spring had already arrived.

Akham Nilabirdhwaja Singh

# Success Or Failure

Failed as a human  
parading his superiority  
laughing at the poor.

Akham Nilabirdhwaja Singh



# Sunset

The sun setting  
The man in a haste.  
But his pace slow.

Akham Nilabirdhwaja Singh

# That Poem

Again and again  
I read the poem  
(Post modern)  
You have written.  
Yet, unable to know  
What you write  
I keenly looked at your face  
In the photo  
And read it.

Akham Nilabirdhwaja Singh

# The Bird

I will not stop  
rowing the boat.  
But O bird,  
where you have flown?  
When you will return?  
Happily I will  
row my boat  
when you come.

Akham Nilabirdhwaja Singh

# The Bird Flown Away

The bird  
Flown away,  
When it did not returned  
Who wept!  
It returned.  
Yet, dear  
In the place  
You live  
Unable to find  
A roosting place  
Again  
It flew away.

Akham Nilabirdhwaja Singh

# The Cubs

The predator's cubs  
playing and screeching,  
rubbing their faces on the mother's  
and she licking them.

Playing hide and seek,  
pouncing on the mother's tail  
grabbing it.

Hilarious!

they seem telling  
to let them live.

Akham Nilabirdhwaja Singh

# The Door

The door  
You did not know  
I opened to you  
During the cyclone  
When you and I  
In the open  
Endured its ferocity.

Far away from you  
In solitude  
I opened it  
And beckoned you.

Akham Nilabirdhwaja Singh

## The Door 2

When you knocked at my door  
I did not open it.  
You knocked again and again for long yet  
When slowly I opened the door  
You had gone.  
I looked hither and yon for you  
And opening my door  
Was waiting for you.

After long you may come again  
And knock at my door.  
But shall I open the door  
When you knock,  
This cannot be told.

Akham Nilabirdhwaja Singh

# The Fruit

The housewife boasted  
Of the mango tree in her courtyard  
bearing ripe mangoes  
although knowing  
the insects found inside them.

Akham Nilabirdhwaja Singh



# The Gift

The breaking storm  
and swelling waves  
over the sea  
now subsided.  
How the sailor  
so skillfully and tirelessly  
steered the boat  
saving our lives.  
O sailor,  
I want to give you  
the most valuable gift  
for saving our lives.  
But a poor man I am  
unable to give you  
such a gift  
except praising you  
from the core of my heart.  
I have no valuable thing  
to give to you  
in gratitude.  
But I have the love  
and admiration for you.

Akham Nilabirdhwaja Singh

# The God Was Made

The God made by them  
long ago started cracking  
in course of time.

Some busy mending it,  
some immersed it  
in the river,  
some running amok.

Akham Nilabirdhwaja Singh

# The Horse Galloped

At the crossroad  
I was knocked down  
by the galloping horse.  
Past me it sped  
raising its mane.  
Oh, harbinger of hope  
but I am crippled  
for the rest of my life.  
Please tell them  
I need their help  
to live this life.

Akham Nilabirdhwaja Singh

# The Line

The line I drew  
becoming shorter and shorter  
as I become older and older.

Akham Nilabirdhwaja Singh

# The Old Banyan Tree

The old banyan tree  
Growing on the green meadow  
By the side of the village road,  
Long ago in my childhood  
I saw my grandfather cremated under it.

Many years gone  
My father also died years ago  
Today I am an old man.  
Yet that banyan tree still growing  
In its grandeur as I saw  
In my childhood  
On the meadow  
By the side of the lonesome village road.

I was born in the town  
and living there  
But whenever I visited the village  
Where my father born  
And saw the banyan tree  
I remembered the day  
My grandfather cremated under it.

Akham Nilabirdhwaja Singh

# The Old Dilapidated Mansion

The old dilapidated mansion  
in the woods,  
sometimes it beckoned me  
in lonely hours.  
I love to visit it  
in a fine weather,  
sit on the stairs of its portico  
and ponder,  
How it liked  
in its heydays long past.  
I might not be allowed then  
to enter its premises.

Akham Nilabirdhwaja Singh

# The Old Gardener

The old gardener waiting  
for the little angels coming  
to play in his small garden,  
Happy forgetting the earthly worries  
whenever they play there.  
Be kind to him  
one day you may take his place.

Akham Nilabirdhwaja Singh

# The Old Man

The old man of my locality,  
(He had no issue)  
about fifty years ago  
was famous in our locality  
and neighbouring villages  
for his knowledge  
of the native Pantheon  
spirits and ghosts.  
Often he conducted rituals  
to ward off evil spirits  
from the homes of the people  
and bodies of ailing persons.  
His faith in such rituals was unshakable

One day his wife fell ill.  
But no doctor he consulted  
for he did not believe in the sanctity  
and efficacy of the profession  
and pharmaceutical drugs.  
Instead he performed rituals himself,  
sought what the deities would tell  
about the cure of her ailment  
in his sombre dreams.

Of no avail!  
the old woman died  
after prolonged illness.  
But the old man asked,  
"What we the humans can do  
when providence so destined? "

The old man lived  
till ripe old age.  
Never he fell ill.  
Never he consulted a doctor  
nor took pharmaceutical drugs

Akham Nilabirdhwaja Singh



# The Play

When the play was staged  
all became actors  
except the cameramen.  
Yet it evaded  
after a few scenes.

Akham Nilabirdhwaja Singh

# The Pond

Water in the pond drying  
For it turned into vapors.  
In a few days  
No water will be there.  
Yet the clouds seen  
At the distance turned away  
To other directions.  
In the shallow water  
Of the pond  
Fishes are seen  
Swimming here and there.  
But Oh, Clouds,  
Where you have flown!

Akham Nilabirdhwaja Singh

# The Trend

At the beginning he danced  
To the tune of the audience.  
Painstakingly  
In different styles  
To satisfy everybody.  
And most applauded.  
Yet latter he changed  
Dancing more and more  
In his own style.  
And more in the audience  
Started dancing  
To his tune.  
More and more  
Day by day  
To please him.

Akham Nilabirdhwaja Singh

# The Twig

I sat a while  
under a lone silleima tree  
in a wood  
at the foot of Nongmaijing hill  
not far from my residence  
looking at the nature there  
whose beauty waning gradually  
due to the felling of trees and plants.

Before leaving  
I took a twig  
from the silleima tree  
worried in the near future  
the wood will not be seen.

The twig withered  
and became dry,  
lost in a few days.

Akham Nilabirdhwaja Singh

# The Way

Forgetful mind  
On the lonesome way.  
I love this way.

Akham Nilabirdhwaja Singh

# They Returned

I tore the filthy pages  
of my life,  
threw them over the stream  
to oblivion.

'Let these be gone  
life to be beautiful.'

But

they returned  
for the story  
of my life incomplete  
without them.

Akham Nilabirdhwaja Singh

# They Say

They say  
Corrupt people are patriots.  
They say.  
Mostagreed.

They say  
What one preach  
Need not be related  
To what he does.  
They say.  
Mostagreed.

They say  
Those are supreme devotees  
Whospend lavishly  
on religious ceremonies  
For the poor to follow,  
Donate huge amounts  
For construction of temples.  
They say.  
Most agreed.

They say  
Corrupt persons are stalwarts  
Among the dwarfs,  
Pillars of the society.  
They say.  
Mostagreed.

They say  
Corruption is a way of life  
Means to fulfill ones dreams,  
For the poor to survive.  
They say.  
Most agreed.

Akham Nilabirdhwaja Singh

# They Take Bath Regularly

Fallen hairs of women on the floors of rooms.

Papers, rags etc. strewn over the tables.

Clothes kept and hung on the chairs and sofa seats.

Cobwebs and spiders on the celings and walls.

Moldy food and vegetables in the kitchen.

Odors emanating from the washroom.

Cars dusty, air inside polluted.

Courtyards and surrounding of the house not swept for days.

Garbage from the house dumped at the roadside, thrown on the drains and rivers.

They take bath regularly, use beauty products and perfumes, speak of cleanliness and social reforms.

Akham Nilabirdhwaja Singh



# They Talk Only About Money

How much money  
do you get in writing poems? ,  
people asked.  
Nothing, I replied.  
Poetry books published  
have no purchasers.

People don't talk of poetry  
literature, arts and culture.

They talk of earning easy money,  
they talk of becoming rich quickly,  
they talk of earning money by any means,  
they talk of earning money through corrupt practices.

People respect rich people  
smuglers, drug trafickers, corrupt people  
but not the poets.

Akham Nilabirdhwaja Singh

# They Were Parts Of Nature

Rambling in a winter evening  
riding my bicycle  
in the quietness of nature  
a lone old man seen  
wearing khudei and a cotton shawl  
sitting in a pensive mood  
on a river bank  
looking at its stream  
flowing down the winding course.

Next a solitary hut I saw  
at the edge of a sprawling rice field  
by the side of a lonsome dirt road.  
It might be the house  
of a poor farmer.

Farther, at a crossroad  
a boy of about ten years  
seen bussy herding cattle back home  
as the sun setting.  
Some villagers male and female returning home  
from the hill yonder  
carrying bundles of firwood  
on their heads.

I was enjoying the beauty of countryside.  
They were parts of it.

KHUDEI-A traditional native loincloth for male today hardly used.

Akham Nilabirdhwaja Singh

# Tiny Drops Of Tears

Tiny drops of tears  
from the eyes of the little angel  
clear and glittering like pearls  
in the scorching summer  
fell on the hot surface  
dried in no time.

Akham Nilabirdhwaja Singh

# Tiny Drops Of Water

Tiny drops of water  
Made the ocean.  
Sea of poverty  
Made of poor families.  
Tiny drops of water  
May dry up.  
But there is no dearth  
Of tiny drops.

Akham Nilabirdhwaja Singh

# To And Back

A play was enacted  
With a drum beating prologue  
evaded in thin air  
After some acts.  
Enacting and evading  
Time and again.

Seeds were sown  
But the fields were barren.  
Seeds were shown  
But the fields are barren.

Time gone never returned  
But it Returns  
Steps backward  
From the starting point  
Every time it marches.

Akham Nilabirdhwaja Singh

# To Fly

I cannot fly  
unless freed of this burden.

But I know,  
I know  
how to teach them fly.

Akham Nilabirdhwaja Singh

# To The Past

Sometimes I go  
to the countryside  
farther and farther  
seeking my agrarian past.  
But gradually  
it going away from me  
farther and farther.

Akham Nilabirdhwaja Singh

# Today

Seeing your shabby portrait  
of old age  
I remembered once long ago  
how you captivated me  
with your gorgeous  
youthful shape  
and charming face!

Akham Nilabirdhwaja Singh



# Undefeated

To defeat me  
An emotion you created.  
I fought it.  
Then, you declared  
Me hard hearted.

Akham Nilabirdhwaja Singh

# Village Fair

People coming  
to the village fair  
on the bad road  
driving their cars and bikes  
dust rising in the air.

Akham Nilabirdhwaja Singh

# When I Die

I may die  
many works I want to complete  
not done.  
But I am worried  
when I die  
shall I leave behind  
enmity and hatred  
against me.  
I am worried,  
shall I die  
mind craving  
to avenge the injustice  
done against me.

Akham Nilabirdhwaja Singh

# When The Crow Cawed

Once I saw out of the blue  
a lone crow cawing,  
long not seen and heard  
perched on a roadside old peepul tree.  
Disappeared long ago from our land  
I wondered from where it came!  
Engrossed I in the memory  
of my childhood days  
so loving it brought to me.  
Yet I felt it was lamenting  
at not finding their age old habitat  
in the land of their birth,  
of their ancestors.  
For a moment it was,  
she flew away cawing.  
And I pondered where it lives,  
where it flying.

Akham Nilabirdhwaja Singh

## When The Crow Cawed 2

Out of the blue recently  
a lone crow cawed.  
Long not seen and heard  
from where it came,  
where it is living today,  
where all the others gone!

Its whole body glossed black  
voice heavier  
It is the native of this land  
different from other crows  
seen elsewhere outside our state.

Oh Crow,  
today at dusk crickets dont chirp,  
the song of tamna not heard at night,  
the song of pee thadoi not heard in daytime,  
eagles not seen hovering in the sky,  
species of native fishes vanished.  
The list is rather long.

To day,  
you are the symbol to me  
of the rustic past life,  
symbol of conventional agrarian life,  
symbol of superstitious simple people  
of the traditional society,  
symbol of uneducated God  
fearing kind housewife of the past.

When you cawed in groups or alone  
most houses were thatch roof,  
weather so fine and pleasant,  
and beauty of nature stunning.

When you cawed  
the voice of the farmer heard  
shouting aar-titi  
to the pair of bulls pulling bullock cart

or the plough tilling rice field.

Then the sound of handpounding paddy heard  
from every household,  
the sound of weaving at fly shuttle loom  
heard often till late night.

But the land was much more self reliant  
in those days  
than today inspite of luxurious cars  
and concrete houses.

Then the superstitious folk did not like you  
for they considered your caw  
as an omen of impending misfortune  
more seriously of a person to die.  
Today I am not superstitious  
so most of the educated people.

But today,  
the beauty of social equality then  
and practice of helping one another almost gone.

Lost today,  
the beauties of the religious ceremonies  
and festivals of the past.  
Today they are adulterated  
artificial, and ugly.

Oh Crow,  
let me listen your voice  
sometime in future also  
So that sometimes I remember those beautiful days  
of the long past.

Akham Nilabirdhwaja Singh

# When You Came

Like an angel  
when you came  
my heart filled with joy.  
I often forgot the world  
playing with you.  
But I did not know  
when you left.

After years  
you came again  
flaunting that charming smile.  
But this time I know  
you will go away  
without telling.

But one day  
you may come  
while I am leaving.  
But oh, God  
How I shall leave behind  
your so loving creation!

Akham Nilabirdhwaja Singh

# When You Come

I am writing a poem.  
Tell me when you will come?

When you dashed on my shore  
the birds flew away from the trees.  
Then I wrote a poem on you.

I am writing a poem.  
Tell me when you will come again?  
I shall go out aimlessly  
my mind longing the freedom.

Akham Nilabirdhwaja Singh



# Who I Am?

Sometimes I wonder,  
Who I am!  
My body  
made of five elements  
(Pancha bhoota)  
according to the Upanishads:  
Earth, water, air  
fire and space.  
But who I am  
residing in my body?  
Although the Scriptures  
answered the question  
it is a mystery to me  
when sometimes  
I think about it.

Akham Nilabirdhwaja Singh

# Wolf

Long ago  
When you were a wolf  
You attacked me time and again  
And curtailed my freedom.  
Today, haunted  
By your past evil deeds  
A painful impulse sometimes,  
I am enduring.  
That is  
Myself to turn into a wolf  
Like a cursed one  
And where non can see us  
Fight with you  
A fierce noisy battle  
To settle the old scores.

Yet, today,  
You turned yourself  
Into a meek lamb  
Old and wavering,  
Believed in non violence.  
And seeing you changed  
I did not think of fighting with you.  
But do you know  
The ghost of the wolf  
Once you were  
Still sometimes biting me  
Making me wish  
To retaliate violently.

Akham Nilabirdhwaja Singh

# Yet It Returned

My old house stood  
By a marsh  
Surrounded by the bushes,  
Covered with grasses and rushes.  
Thrown over it  
Garbage and faeces  
Sometimes death rodents.  
Disgustful! Its dwellers often came up  
On the portico of my house,  
Intruded inside it.  
Yet, pitiable every time  
From it heard  
The distress call of a frog  
Grabbed by the snake.  
I filled the marsh with earth,  
Cut down the bushes,  
Built a new house  
In place of the old one.  
But true the old folk told  
After long it returned to me  
Myself felt its dweller  
Then, I preferred darkness  
I not be seen  
And silence  
Listening their clatter,  
Wishing the bushes  
Myself to hide.

Akham Nilabirdhwaja Singh