



*Tanka and haiku and a tanka sequence*

TANKA

1

A tidal wave  
touches the shore to wipe  
my naked footprints  
and leaves behind some shells  
pebbles and memories

2

Love's spirit descends  
and melds into her body  
lending it new life:  
I'm amazed how the unknown  
becomes one with her beauty

3

Raising  
her hard drink

heavenward:  
to my man, lover of  
animals, soft in sex

4

Tears dry up  
leaving no marks where her pain  
ends and mine begins  
on the face make up damps  
with aching sweat and cold sighs

5

Estranged everyone  
at home homeless wanderers  
no nostalgia  
effaced in empty space  
all grope lonely pursuits

6

A professor  
not worried so much--  
shrinking genius  
at his table views nudes  
reviews failed erections

7

The chains multiply  
wrap life in the skin of water  
crying quits to an acomous sky:  
the mute soul suffers  
the oozing filth

8

A happier image  
with salubrious top  
turns rupturous  
as she tamps her love  
with watery lipstick

9

Her smile  
with the whiff of sandal  
makes love livelier:  
I search Tao  
in the wind's flavour

10

A serpent twists  
it's head to face a dragon  
on her shoulder:  
their tails on breast in water  
swirl to cleanse my kiss on skin

HAIKU

moving shadows  
on the door curtain--  
sinking sun

in silence  
one with the divine will  
growing within

foam-maned waves  
rise in the mind's hush:  
sinking dome

living again  
fountain on the hill top--  
divine light

clouded super moon  
and unseen shooting stars--  
how to make a wish?

rises drowsily  
after a sleepless night  
a sick sun

warming together  
on a ceiling fan's arm  
two pigeons

drying on clothesline  
teachers' bras and panties:  
classroom windows

watching  
the darkness between the stars  
enlightenment

in the diary  
searching phone numbers of  
friends now alive

SPIRITUAL FLICKERS: A Tanka Sequence

Plodding away at  
season's conspiracies  
life has proved untrue  
with God an empty word  
and prayers helpless cries

I wish I could live  
nature's rhythm free from  
bondage of clock-time  
rituals of work and sleep  
expanding haiku present

on the prayer mat  
the hands raised in *vajrasan*  
couldn't contact God—  
the prayer was too long and  
the winter night still longer

the mind creates  
withdrawn to its own pleasures  
a green thought  
behind the banyan tree  
behind the flickering lust

I can't know her  
from the body, skin or curve:  
the perfume cheats  
like the sacred hymns chanted  
in hope, and there's no answer

unknowable  
the soul's pursuit hidden

by its own works:  
the spirit's thirst, the strife  
the restless silence, too much

unable to see  
beyond the nose he says  
he meditates  
and sees visions of Buddha  
weeping for us

the mirror swallowed  
my footprints on the shore  
I couldn't blame the waves  
the geese kept flying over head  
the shadows kept moving afar

the lane to temple  
through foul drain, dust, and mud:  
black back of Saturn  
in a locked enclosure  
a harassed devotee

seeking shelter  
under the golden wings  
of Angel Michael  
a prayer away now  
whispers the moon in cloud

not much fun—  
cold night, asthmatic cough  
and lonely Christmas:  
no quiet place within  
no fresh start for the New Year

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--Ram Krishna Singh

PR

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NEKOPIRATI