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Somber Verses Orphaned Thoughts¹

Sudhir Singh
Faculty,
Post Graduate Dept. of English,
Govt. Degree College,
Udhampur (J&K)

Sad and somber is my song,
Scattered are letters, long, since long!
Assemble not, let no words form,
Clumsy rhythm seems to harm,
Soundless is the closing word,
Silent meter is not heard.
Why gloomy is thought, I know not!
Why vision muddled, sad, I know not!
Where has it wandered, roved and rowed,
The flight of fancy. No, I know not!
Uncontrolled, unharnessed , unbridled,
Is imagination. Why? I know not!

Like an orphan , I too find,
Unending dilemma of the mind!!
Forced labour it does , penniless ,
Unasked, content, but o yes!
Is feeding on the blood, endless!
Desires not more, accepts not more,
And the ache creeps within, silent but sore!
(Like the *Daonri*² from inside,

Flames and fire does it hide),
Oozes it not, ceases it not!!

If letters consent to what I want,
Thoughts are woven in good font,
A hope, a bit of verse may rise,
Laden with aches, sober and wise.
Sad and somber is my song,
Scattered are letters, long, since long.

Reference:

1. Surjit Hosh Badsali. Daun Lakeeran Daun Taqdeeran. *Doaas Kavita, Jateem Sochaan*. Gurukul Prakashan, Jammu, 2013. P-109. Translated by Sudhir Singh, Post Graduate Dept. of English, Govt. Degree College, Udhampur (J&K)
2. *Daonri* is a Dogri word for a kind of firewood hollow (piped) from inside that , though burns from inside, apparently seems unburned. But suddenly the smoke oozes from an escape explored by it at the other end, hence revealing its real state .