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POETRY

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**SHRADDHA ADITYAVIR SINGH**

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**When We Talk**

On our pillows,  
our dreams crawl out of our heads  
and merge together.

And, when you wake up and open your mouth  
to utter your first words of that day,  
you stop.

I look at you and I know,  
and that's why I move along  
towards the waiting routine of our new, yet same day.

We go through the hours like the hands on a clock.  
Sometimes you are the minutes,  
at other times I am the hours.  
But at the end when midnight strikes,  
it brings us together.

A gentle breeze, a baby's slumber and a soft nightlight,  
these never prepare us for what is to come,  
because it is after we are asleep that we really being to talk.

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**You**

You are possessed of dancing silhouettes,  
You are a feeling at my fingertips.  
You, the voyeur, the masked soul,  
You are the raging dervish.  
You are made of infinite boxes.  
You, the wood rat, the feline too.  
You are the totem – the insight.  
You, oblivious to chance and fate,  
You, the doer, the mover and shaker.  
You are the thirst only you can satiate!

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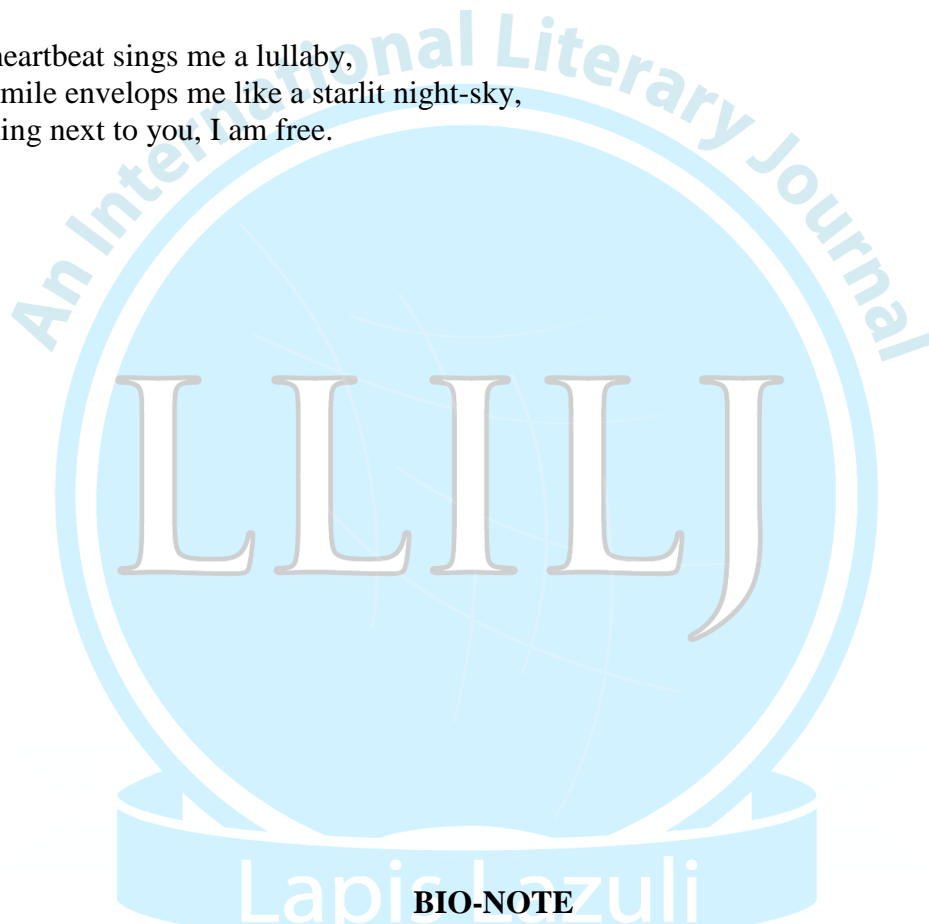
**You#2**

I make some part of your today,  
but you know I will be gone tomorrow.  
Filling up the silences between breaths,  
I extend my hand,  
to take away your sorrow.

I may be just a moment for you:  
A passing fancy  
A mayfly; but,  
You

Your heartbeat sings me a lullaby,  
Your smile envelops me like a starlit night-sky,  
Dreaming next to you, I am free.

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**BIO-NOTE**

Shraddha Adityavir Singh teaches Literature in English at Zakir Husain Delhi College (M), University of Delhi. She is a Commonwealth fellow, has several academic publications, and has presented papers at national and international seminars and conferences. She is a bilingual poet and has read her poems at poets meets in Montreal, Canada; and at the Sahitya Akademi, New Delhi.

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