

Time & Knots

by Taran Singh

Pitch

The first page is blank.

Like the pure soul,
the cosmic expanse needs no ink.
The title is short with an and,
to connect the rhythm with nodes.

Index a dubious clock
with winding ticks,
knocking beats,
relieving beliefs,
runny feet,
healing wheel,

The journey resets and repeats.

Inside the fine print: a spirit folding and unfolding

tales of human's knots
screaming in voids
resilient streams
the ethereal shine
the lofty might
broken pulls and salient strings
dusk shadows and love pouring.

Seeds are longing and peace burgeoning—
the journey that resets and repeats.



Heera

Four parts sand, one sack of cement densely packed—
and countless stones crushed and
staged like weathered ridges around a pool.

Heera, my mother, is adorned in prismatic
charm—morning shine. Spirit tall, her stance reigns
higher than columns of pines. Her illuminating hands seize the
rusty shovel, eager to unsettle time's breeze.

She moves surely—a reckoning titanium force.
There is no straw of hesitation in her daily burdens.
The half-hopeless man is passed out on the bed;
she breaks dawn's silence with whispers to divine
proffering sugary chai—her sweetness boundless
in her milk, a nourishing thunder.

While the crackling rays flit around peaks,
she wraps me in warmth,
trekking to work with a humbling pride.
Somewhere in her rhythm and humming is our passage.

At work, the cross-section of sand and stone,
she daily toils beyond any measurable ruler or clock.
Before her industry and sweat, she secures me,
neatly looping a circumference of knotted rope around my waist
—the other end steadily held.



My day's muses are noticeable shapes—
crushed stones, flakes of pine cones,
my untethered imagination flowing on the sandy floor.
Heera keeps me mesmerized with her mountain spirit,
her enduring mold, always the mortar of my core.

Four parts day, one sky packed with stars,
and countless pearls stacked high around a pool.
She delicately brushes the day away and lifts me in her shine,
swirling and singing to me
like heaven musing to contented time.



Autumn

ਫ਼ਤਵਾ





Autumn

October's morning canopy is azure
before fall says *adieu*.
Sugar maple blossoms yellow,
swinging tupelos black,
now rich with kingly reds and
growing mellow.

Morning dew imbues
Earth's young green sod:
the thin moist blades
rub shoulders with
fall's scattered grace.

Leaves for color wings
swirl in a crowning whirl,
now at the mercy of the Gulf winds
feeding the acorn in petite hands.

She hums as she ambles along a stream—
fall's hues preserving
her colorful ashen eyes and full womb.



Dotted Line

How undeniably cold you are,
no longer the passionate shell
that solemnly kept our warmth and vows.
Your abiding words were traps;
your soulful eyes have a heartless stare.

Shut the door and follow your own damn course.
I am not a statue of stone.
You hang me loose to dry as if
I were the rag here.
You have suffocated us.
I hid your beastly scars,
but all you wanted was for me to keep a lid.
You coldly command me to spread wide,
sit tight, and serve you.

In these hollowing bursts, I am just decorated dust.
Come game days, you indulge
my little garden escape.
You ruin it with food scraps,
wasted beer bottles, and listless ash.
My protests are matched by knuckled threats.

But I'm not your closet bitch here to lick,
fetch, and obey.
There is no middle path between us—
no therapy exists for shattered glass.
Our knot was bound with blood and burns,
but even my stitched voice is clear and loud.

On page three, sign the dotted line—
our solid line ran out of time.



Time

is here again in its usual tide,
knocking subtly on my hardened hide.
Call it a vanilla disguise
in my burrow,
unscathed by floating allure.

Trust me, time—here again—
has turned.

I am naked in my own spotlight.



Orange Cleaner

endless wash cycles
a full closet in an empty house
a familiar glimpse of the vanished vase
new stains on the runner

the orange cleaner, lost

what burden to carry
when loss is visible
what further words to say
when remembering what is lost—
in an instant, gone

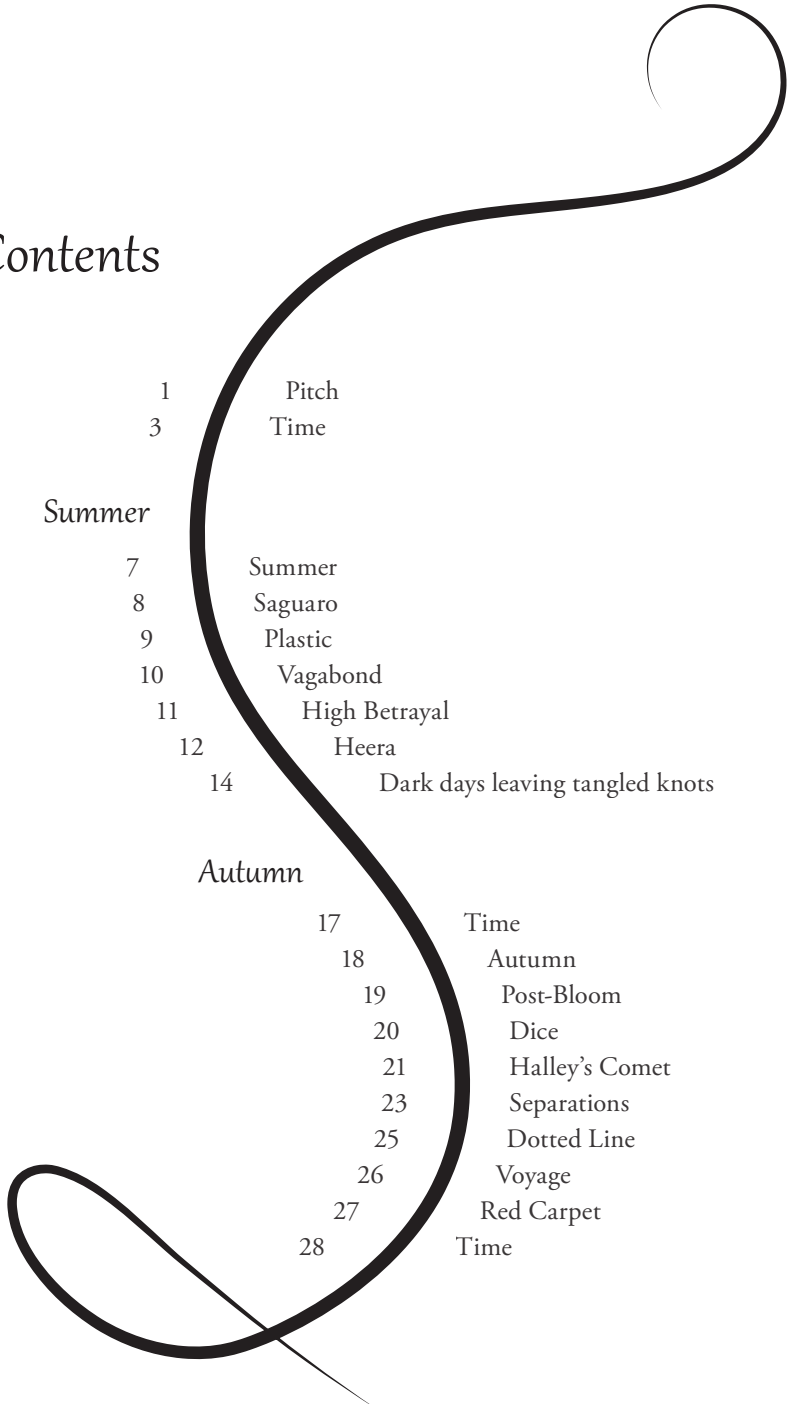
a cherished knot
once anchored, holding soft
careful steps

a queen bed without the queen—

and the king, a frenzied bumblebee
following an ethereal scent



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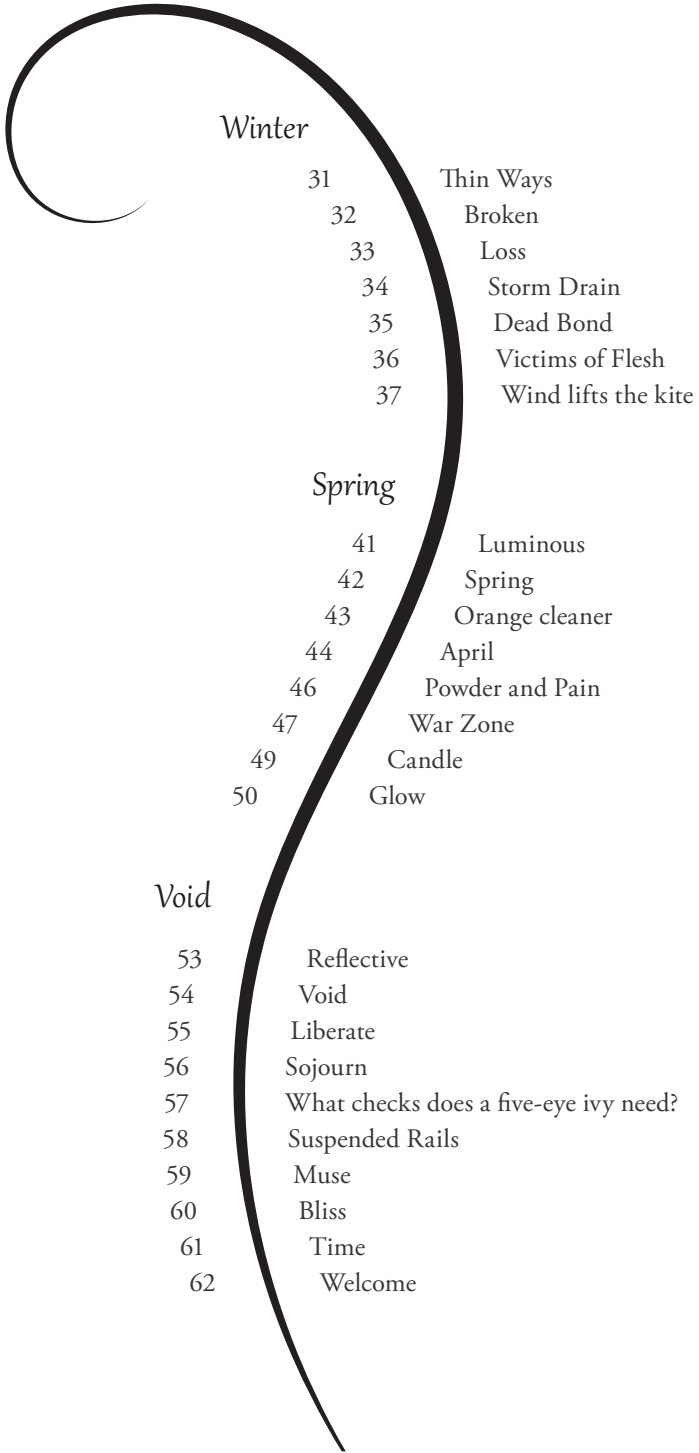
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