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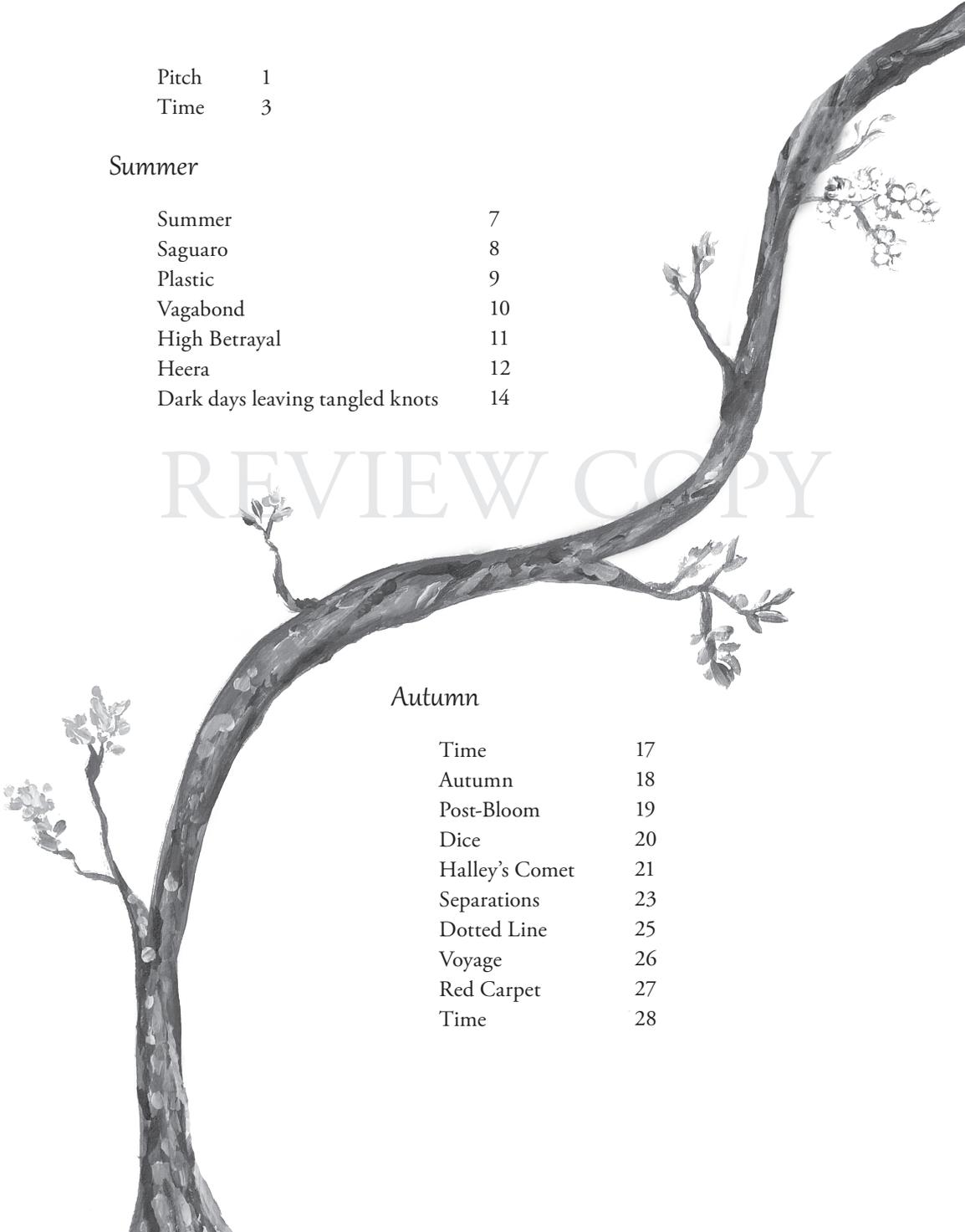
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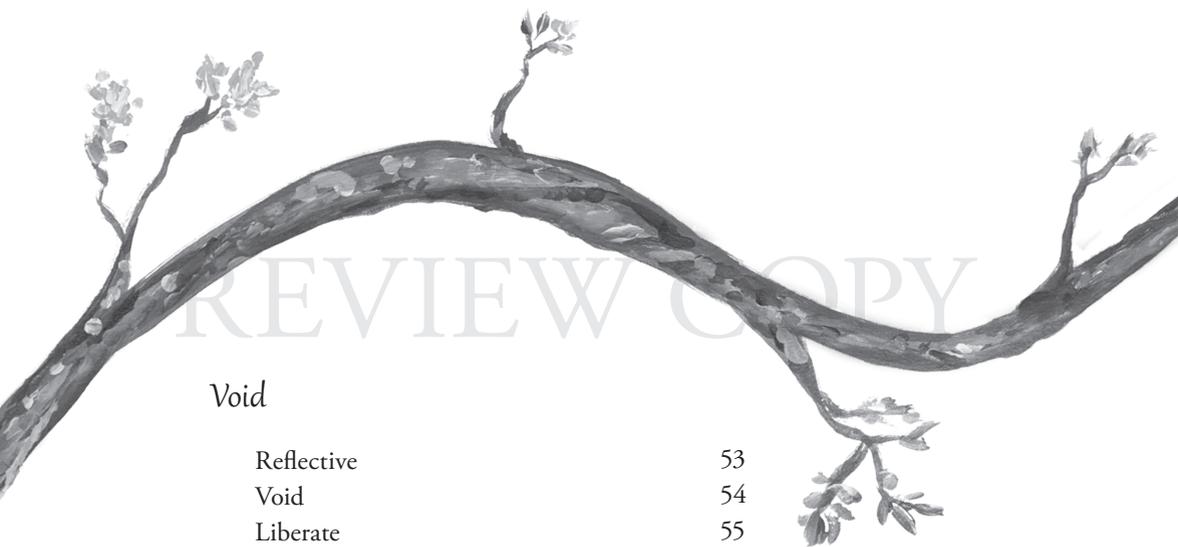


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Dear Reader,

Time is a mesmerizing ocean in its whirlpool of now, before, and after - we explore, discover, and anchor onto threads that shape our destiny, ethos, and footprints. *Time & Knots* is a humble effort to put this kaleidoscope of us in a poetic expression.

I crafted this book in time's cyclical pattern with each poem and section intermingled in the cosmic sea of seasons. The poems are progressive but still hold their individual shore; they are like crests and troughs carrying forward the ink. Within those movements, there is an abundant sprinkle of pause and space for you to immerse in this collection.

I've also taken the opportunity to annotate each section of this collection in Gurmukhi script, an honor to the language and medium that has fostered and fueled this journey.

The audible version of time and knots follows the muse of the cosmos and brings each of these poems closer to heart. I welcome you to explore this voyage, soak & enjoy *Time & Knots* in a medium that resonates with you.

Love,
Taran

Time & Knots

ਵੇਲਾ
ਰੰਗਾਂ

ਤਰਨ ਸੀਤ ਸਿੰਘ

Saguaro

In the heat of growth, a million thorns throng our flesh.
Though our visage high, and our view expansive,
we are lowly.

Torrid winds have scorched us.
Thirsty from endless desire, we find no relief.
Signs sear us from the unknown.
The Gila woodpecker hollows out our spines.
An opening preserves new life.

Shaken—a bit hollow—
and attuned to the *chreeps* of fledglings,
we learn to extend our arms
knowing we can bear the burning pain,
for the embrace of fleeting holds.

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Plastic

Our burden, heavy
on thorny buds,
loose stalks high
on artificial red.

There's a hole between us
that plucks pleasure
and muzzles shiny matter.

We are animals of want.
Our ante of love is cheap.

Real me died years ago.
Still, bury me with a garland
of scarlet skulls.

REVIEW COPY

Autumn

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Time

Fading away in brumes of breath,

fresh rain brings memories of days
without the wrap of space.

Forged in a bang, limitless—
what has cascaded today will rise again.
A second gone, no second thoughts.

Years move—
some cold and unchanged,
some chained and warm,
some free in mist—
floating away too soon.

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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.

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

April

She has a bold heart,
youthful skin, and piercing eyes—
a beautiful spine sucked hollow
by unmarked strides.

In shadows of leaves on paved streets
at the corner, she holds thick ink-fated
lines. Sharpie words confine
the flowery smile
an invisible weight.
Is there an untouched bloom?

Walking the steps, a voice careens me,
the beat shrinking on cardboard.
A spirit consumes the backdrop:
a ripening memory,
a deafening block.
How many ticks does a season last?
Is it all accounted for in wants?

I'm hesitant to ask, and her eyes say a lot
with haste; she puts away weary nights
but then spills about days:
"Rocky, my dog, was intentionally poisoned.
My partner gave me a black eye."
Unwritten rules are the broken ways
violence breathes the orphaned void.
To keep the ushering darkness at bay,
she colors her hair in vibrant hues.
Is there a color bright enough
to pull apart dark?



She is there, crosses legs, silent, in the crossways
of the silenced. There with lavender streaks
and scalded palm lines, a half-smile
receding gum line.

Crisp leaves curl on our scattered signs.
Inscribed somewhere—
April is abloom.

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Muse

Shades of gray and crimson
play above a depth of blue.
One mind and heart—one spirit—
crisscross endless thoughts.
Wants and songs, sin and sane,
ceaselessly collide.

When dark night-waves pull in,
I learn: alone
we all whirl in the same
dusk and dawn.

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Bliss

How does emptiness swallow
when there is nothing to feed?

There is no absence of need.
Why is fulfillment shallow?

Low-lying desires sprout an inferno
while deep in us is an ocean of calm.

What makes thinking
think it will dig itself from
yesterday's webs,
buzzing now, and anxious horizons?

No matter the free path
the fragile breath clings on,
it's always on a ledge.

In our voided hustles,
bliss remains undiscovered

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A Poet

is an opus of rising crests
and plunging troughs,
nodes anchoring our chain-links.

In the wave of his craft
our pulse and knots ride

beyond residue and decree
of the currents, a flag bearer of revolt.

When darkness runs roil,
his pen dismantles the illusion
and his ink an illuminance.

Within his churn,
the chapters unfold:
poet, a revolution.

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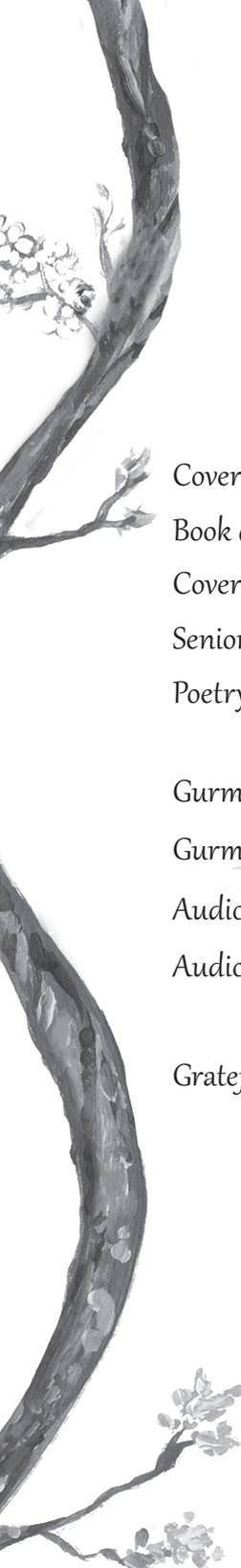


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Taran Singh is just another soul who has a deep appreciation for nature and its extraordinary bounties. He enjoys tending to his vegetable garden, native plants, and heirloom seeds, Singh is a fierce advocate for respect and dignity for all life forms. *Time & Knots* is his first venture into the world of poetry, designed with a keen lens of introspection and rhythm.

Singh, when not immersed in ink, takes to tar & gravel for solace & reflection, exploring the inner and the outer-along bumps, trails, impasse, and detours. To him, the void of destination is a pleasing motivation, the season void in the collection is a testament to those sojourns. The eerie hum of being nowhere and then the immense joy of encompassing unison, a subtle muse of cosmos.

Singh is a poet and photographer born and raised in the lap of the Himalayas, he currently resides in California, where many of his creative endeavors take their first shape, some of that work is available on his blog.



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