

POEMS & JOURNAL



Lotus Hue

TARAN SINGH

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nourish your bloom...

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What Matters in the End?

Choose

Your

Color

White
as bone porcelain.

Black
as mined coal.

Eve's milk

burned tar

Brown
as grated dirt.

residual rust

churned cream

crumbling onyx

polishing aid

run of crusades.

fluttering force.

kingdom of dime.

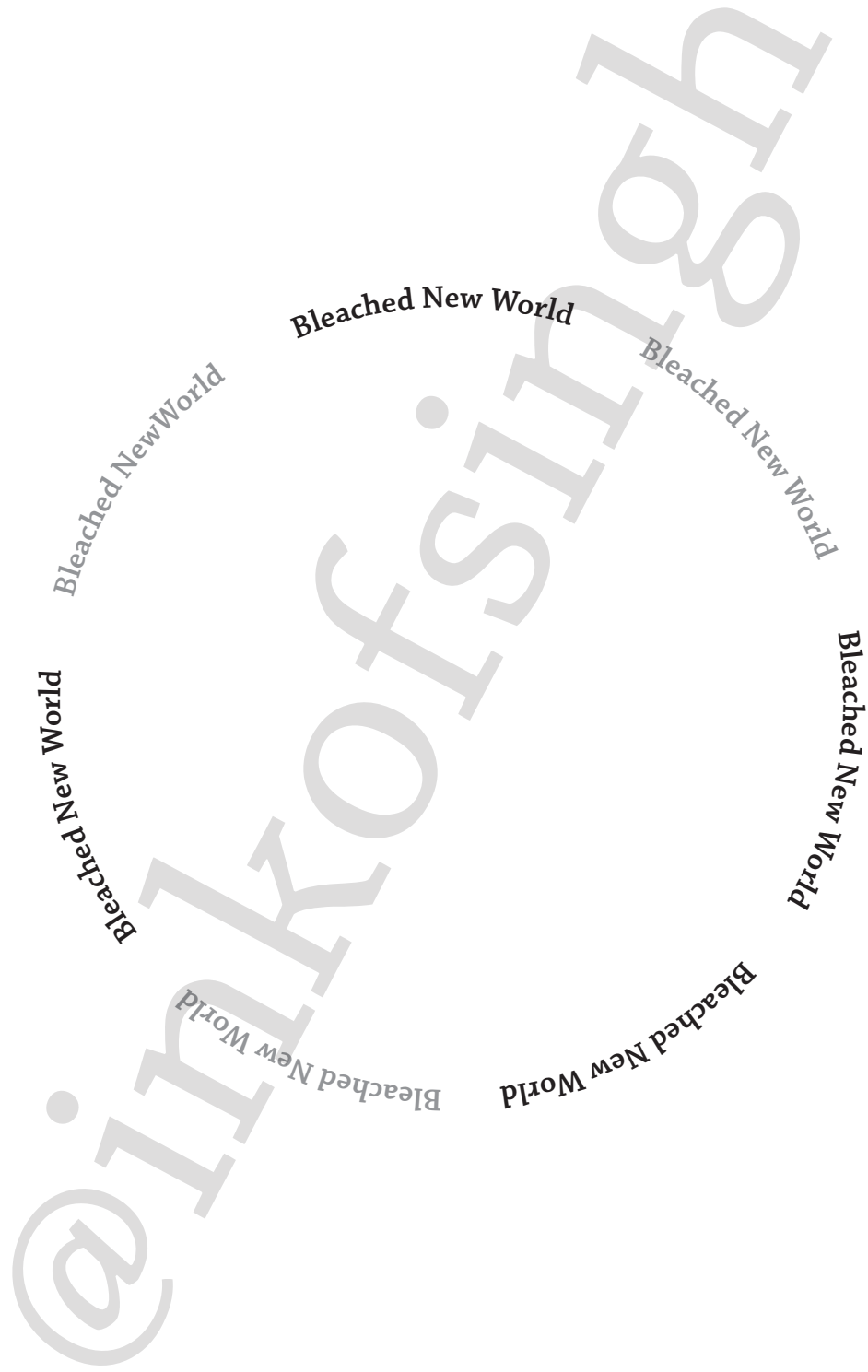
Lotus Crown

in this deceptive applause for gladiators,
I seek a crowning seed

one with liberated petals
not begging for a proven amulet—

shouting unhinged in bone-swell
& rooted in resolute trust
they rise above gasping chains
to radiate shimmering violet.





Unfollow the Herd

Time is a sacred boon,
but not in the Butcher's blade.
Cull cows are raised for cheap cuts.

Deaf to bellowing,
blind to slaughter, choking down hay—

abandon desire for a cozy pen
sprint far into the wild—

where solitude feeds liberation.



Face

Sold! Sold! Sold!

dope's pull
bull's blunt
a lull rhythm
a flock of ducks

is your mouth a gagged cage?

unleash—
Cheer is liberating!

blacken—warrior chest—

(exhuming wants
& asbestos gospel)

remove the muzzle
exhale the insidious tide!



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nourish your bloom...

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What you say doesn't
define you as much
as what your actual actions
say about you.

- Eric Lipton





What Matters in the End?

I can pour myself
into ink
sing my revelations
act with staged props

& leave questions
unanswered

but it's difficult
to sweep attentive corners
settled dust

when fineness stifles us
we have nothing valuable
to salvage

distant dreams & consumed hearts
cough up

spill expanding Milky Ways
& search black holes for omens

somewhere—
a splash of Lotus Hue

B L O O M

an antidote to white noise

petals

manifestation
of matter

void

the purge
of play

chaos

absence
of order

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