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Rendition of Beauty

Balkaran Singh Sidhu

I am a lover under the stars
I dream at day and night
I live in total reminiscence
Of what never truly occurs.

I know what truths thrive under the mattresses
Of this fragile world
It is too frail for me
At times
Don't you think?

You know a bit of me now
My patterns, my customs
My ways of living life
Not the grandest, not glamorous

I fight for every penny
Because I was born poor
I never had much money or love
Or skies calling my name at night
I never had an accent of success

I walked endless doubts
in my head, in my heart
I know what I am made of
I know what I can breathe.



I was sewed with wind,
I have been molded by fire,
Bolstered by sand
I have turned myself into water

I search for purity
I search for the sense of satiation
And in you I find a bit of it
A bit of it, every time you smile
Or when your voice reaches my senses

A bit of it every time
I lay eyes on you
Every time I feel the presence,
The precious spirit that illumines my soul

You entered me in thoughts
From our lonely nights
We drank happiness and fell in love
Our heartbeats' surged to a perfect communion

I am dazed, floating since
You have poured me a glass of love
I haven't felt sobriety
Since your charms have kept me glazed

I don't like answering the questions
about your beauty
Because I am afraid



I might run out of words

metaphors, synonyms, vocabulary

That I might not be able to accommodate

All I have for you

in poetry, songs, rhythms of nature,

in symbols and signals,

And in all possible ways.