Ginnie Singh

The Abnormal

To the pieces that never blamed the wall for scattering them,
But reflect its audacity silently.

To the pieces that never showed the desire to be assembled again,
And found peace in bin.

Dry is the eye, wounded is the soul
Let me now, Oh! Let me live alone.

Prostitutes

I am like an open book,
Attempted by many,
Understood by none.

Love—That Was Told

Come again and make me wet
With your words of love,
Their healing power will help survive my suffering soul,
I lost my paradise, somewhere, in the garden of fear
“For love is a curse”, to me ‘twas told.
I heard it and believed it, and yes
You proved me wrong!
Stepped forward to feel it,
But you were already gone;
How can now I lock it up in me
and there forever hold,
“For love cannot be kept hidden”, to me ‘twas told.

Your love was a mirage—trapped my sight, wounded my soul.
I tried to quench my thirst wit it but,
it turned out a giant black hole.
Indeed got betrayed but expected it not from you—
yes
“Love is an illusion”, to me ‘twas told.

About the Poet
Ginnie Singh is a reviewer and independent researcher hailing from Dhanbad, Jharkhand. She has done her M.A in Literature and currently pursuing Ph.D. She may be contacted at ginniesingh23@gmail.com.