

Poetry Collection by Arshpreet Singh Bhullar

Threads of Time

Below the surface, a wave begins.
From things done and things spoken in the past.
It is history – printed yet still within touching distance albeit invisible.
Isolated murmurs I begin to hear.

A factory town where dreams were made.
Now it is empty roads and, and corrosion, and shame.
Still, I roam around the streets my feet tied to the grounds.
It is emphasized by struggles in the past that form this ground.

What I have, what I take, as this burden in me.
Is woven in a world we share.
Personal pains that I define,
The threads in any fabric were threads of time.

Caged Flight

My desire is to fly and fly up to the sky.
Yet run into a barrier in the sky.
They say to me my wings are free.
Yet I do not feel I can lose this seriousness.

Class lure, race burden.
How I conform or resist my society's expectations based on a clock or calendar.
And still I strive, it seems my soul fears.
However, in order to similarly achieve its goals to navigate these crowded skies.

How much of me, how much of the chain?
Now, how much of the sun? And how much of the rain?
First, freedom has its limits and its price that people need to pay.
I fly a path that is not least but not greater.

Mirrors in the City

From my window, lives unfold,
Stories of warmth of hunger of cold.
The working woman who struggles all night.
The student who seeks anything that may light his way.

From here they talk of efforts, chance, and arrogance.
But, hey, there's a stream beneath a current.
In fact, not only fate but systems shift and weigh.
Versus who the winner has to duel, versus who must find a way.

These conflicts reflect my own heart of hearts.
But divided by the World within.
In this city, I see it clear,
In this work the roles intersect we become one here.