

PATIENT OF LOVE

Bhavkeerat Singh

don't trouble the patient of love—
he won't understand just yet.
he's got all of her on his mind,
no good telling him they've only just met.

don't interrupt the patient of love—
he won't hear a word.
his eyes only crave her light,
mesmerized by everything he's observed.

he's flying, high in the air,
knowing full well he'll fall.
he hyperventilates when she passes by,
his heart bouncing like a ball.

don't trouble the patient of love.
keep him under your scrutiny.
watch him fail again, and again, and again—
blaming it all on that little bird named destiny.

how many days did he spend trying?
how many nights were spent crying?
he lies in the dark—his pillow soaked,
and everything he ever dreamt starts dying.

desire fades,
depression becomes fact.
he grows sad, cold, distant—
trying relentlessly to keep his sanity intact.



the same god he once begged to for her,
he now pleads with to cure his pain.
deep down, he still wants her—
his thoughts are tangled, heavy with strain.

once ambitious,
has lost all hope.
the same eyes that dreamed of hers—
now dream of a dangling rope.

you should've interrupted the patient of love.
you could've saved his life.
the same hands he wished to hold hers with...
one bleeds while the other holds the knife.



Bhavkeerat Singh, 19, is a Computer Science student who started writing poetry to make sense of his emotions. He's also into photography, always chasing the small details—whether it's in nature or in the thoughts he's trying to figure out.

