



The Pilgrimage

Anil K. Sharma

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(A Collection of Poems)

Anil K. Sharma



The Poetry Society of India

Gurugram- 122 002 (Haryana)

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The Pilgrimage

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PREFACE

Poetry may be inverted and internalized stream of emotions but it often gushes out, at times in the most lyrical form. The current anthology is however, my second anthology of poems in English. The first published long ago in 2005 was entitled, 'Five Beats of Heart.' That book of poems had five sections covering the disgust of a young boy at the inequality and injustice meted out to a large section of society; romanticism of youthful days, philosophical solitude for the restless soul, nature at bloom, and finally spiritual solace in the idea of universalism.

Initially, I thought I would never go in for any further creations as my nestled emotions seemed to have given way. But, as the journal, *Contemporary Vibes* has evinced signs of growth with its successful strides, my heart has started throbbing again with intense feelings and my desire to write resurged. The present collection of poems has been divided into two sections. The first Section comprises the poems of passions, compassion and dispassion. The second has in its ambit, the 'Mindfulness' of the great souls who inspired millions and shall continue to do so in future. I have with all humility attempted to go beneath the great minds that spilled the beans of their thought through writings, actions and sacrifices that have remained shrouded in mystery since long.

The great souls, who were mystic saints, also had a vision. The visions may be imaginary and non-pragmatic for the followers, but still a fraction of their philosophy, if implemented, may induce wonders for the teeming millions. I have tried to pot the oceanic waves and poems that are just bottled-up emotions.

I am grateful to Dr. Yayati Madan G. Gandhi for writing an impressive foreword, Dr. Dalip Khetarpal, for his introductory chapter, Dr. D. C. Chambial, Dr. Poonam Dwivedi, Dr. Shujaat Hussain and Vinod Khanna, Dr. Manas Bakshi for their previews and of course, Shashi Kant Sharma who is doing an excellent job to publish the Indian English poetry that would probably have indelible impact on the land of its origin for all times to come. Macaulay taught the natives an alien

language, but now the natives have learnt to express their emotions, their heritage, and their ethos more lucidly and laced with a message of world peace, co-existence and moving from the world of falsity to the universal realm of truthful realism---Asto Ma Sadgamyā....

Let the parochial thoughts submerge in the vast oceanic waves of universality and let the expanse of thought engulf all sorts of 'aymñ nij proveti'- this is mine and that is thine' in human beings to be empowered to part with, to give something, and to be benevolent in their thoughts, words and deeds. The book has been divided into three Sections as the First Section is emotive and evocative, the Second Section is intellectual exercise in poetics of thought and not eulogical couplets devoted to the lives of the great personalities, and the Third Section comprises of a few assorted observations penned by the academicians, creative writers and critics of eminence.

Chandigarh

Date 25.10.2017

Anil K. Sharma

Email: contemporaryvibes@gmail.com

FOREWORD

Anil K. Sharma's heart beats for the wretched of the earth and it is quite visible in his poetry. Although poetry has been defined and described in various ways, one thing is certain that it remains the language of love. This love can be for anything, a person, a creature, an idea, creed, belief or even love for one's own self, bordering on narcissism. As we all know, the greatest manifestation of love expects nothing in return. The poet's love for poor and downtrodden falls in this category.

Mr. Sharma articulates his feelings of such love in his poetry, in an idiom which is not complex and hits the nail straight on its very head. His poetry never gets lost in high-sounding jargon, meeting the requirements of contemporary readership with enough poetic grace and elan. Depth of feelings, which is hallmark of good poetry, remains visible in every line and reflects his immense belief in his own understanding of the universe.

It is intensification of life that occurs in a man whence he turns to poetry for solace. The poet in turn articulates the experiences of the reader, who immediately identifies with the writing. In that lies the real strength and relevance of poetry!

Such identification of sensitivities of human mind is abundantly available in Anil's poetry. It is not only the sensitivity that matters for the writer, it is the passion behind that acts as the driving force. Words then just tumble out of writer's consciousness.

The whole purpose of writing is not gratification of mind or senses; it ought to have a purpose, which generally hides behind the subtle message implicit in the lines of a poem. Nothing is lost upon a discerning reader.

How I wish, we could have more poets like Anil K. Sharma to give direction to the present day poetic currents. Some of these are so wayward that they seem to be going from nowhere to nowhere, yet claim to be the leading lights of poetry.

In the end, I must congratulate the writer for having come out after a long hiatus to publish his second collection of poems. We expect more of him in future.

Yayati Dr. Madan G. Gandhi

Founder President

The Poetry Society of India Gurugram-122 002 (Haryana)

THE PILGRIMAGE----AN INTRODUCTION

It was one fine day when Anil K. Sharma, a High Court lawyer of high repute, with a sudden sweep and masterstroke of genius, barged through innumerable literary luminaries after donning multifaceted, rather complex roles of a poet, critic, short story writer, essayist, novelist and editor. After all, unleashing the plethora of his latent talents and repressed aesthetic traits that had reached its bursting point, was inevitable and natural. Cultured and highly educated, Anil is replete with intense feelings and emotions, luckily, coupled with powerful imagination too. Though immersed in his legal profession, he finds that poetry and writing, unlike law, is the only form of true expression that holds him in perfect kinship with others and nature. Intersection between law and creative work thus, becomes a matter of crucial importance for his life.

Strewn with heterogeneous aesthetic creations, Anil is the Founder Editor of 'Contemporary Vibes', Chandigarh, with its accompanying series of original creative and critical works - Panch Dashak Ki Dastak (Hindi) a collection of Poems 2004, Five Beats of Heart (English), 'An Anthology of Poems 2005', 'Candid Confessions- 36 Stories to Stir' 2006, a novel Vardhaman- the Conqueror- A Discovery of the Self- 2007, translation-Karmavali - A Novel of Pathos by Kashmiri Lal Zakir- 2012, Eighteen Select Essays on Divinity and Individuality, 2013, The Vishleshna- An Analytical School of Thought for Hindustani Way of Life- 2016, Anil excels even many renowned contemporary poets and writers and is also widely reviewed and anthologized and the interviews by a large number of outstanding writers, litterateurs, littératrice and geniuses have also been published in various prominent journals and magazines. A Monograph entitled 'The Versatile Verdant' by Dr. Poonam Dwivedi and his joint work with her on 'The Historical Development of Thought in Indian English Literature' is still in the offing. Despite being a renowned High Court lawyer, the abundant literary creations by Sharma prove that he is a living legend and versatile genius contributing significantly and liberally to almost all aspects of literary realm, coloring and refurbishing also his rational-cerebral-legal world of polemics.

The current anthology, 'The Pilgrimage,' does not deal with any

religious journey to any holy place. It is rather the poet's mental journey to places that he respects, likes, sees and knows best. But then it has, after its making, suddenly turned out to be a splendid cornucopia of great ideas and ideals cherished and valued by man since the dawn of civilization. A very broad spectrum of interests, ideas and spheres covered by him far exceeds one's normal imagination and human thought: philosophy, psychology, history, mythology, metaphysicism, religion, spiritualism, divinity, karmic issues, mysticism, mythography, ethics, ethnics, ethos, globalization-neo-Liberalization, neo-capitalism, socialism, nature, history, patriotism, freedom movement, RSS ideologues, casteism, social evils like poverty, hunger, starvation, exploitation of the poor and even many more relevant and burning issues conceivable to most enlightened men. Through these the poet has been able to emote tons of his personal ideas, feelings, sentiments and interests, objectively, intelligently and artistically.

The anthology is divided into two sections: the first, as the poet himself states in the Preface, 'comprises the poems of passions, compassion and dispassion. The second, has in its ambit, the 'Mindfulness' of the great souls who inspired millions and shall continue to do so in future. I have with all humility attempted to go beneath the great minds who spilled the beans of their thought through writings, actions and sacrifices that have remained shrouded in mystery since long.' Here, the poet has displayed profound wisdom and common sense when he bravely declares that the vision of great souls may appear imaginary and even non-pragmatic for the followers, but still a small fraction of their philosophy, 'if implemented, may induce wonders for the teeming millions'. He so, has attempted his utmost to 'pot the oceanic waves and poems that are just bottled-up emotions'.

As a true son of the soil the poet, from many points of view, is obsessed with anxiety and concern for the well-being of his country to such an extent that he even seems to sound at times, chauvinistic; nevertheless, the element of humanism runs through almost all his poems. 'India That is Bharat', continually aspires 'for Vibrant India,' yearns 'for incredible Bharat' with all its 'magnum epics' and exposure to globalization that glorify its 'golden heart'. But as

expected, his deep sense of humanity enables him to see that the natives, 'rural dead logs' and 'khap atrocities', 'crony-capitalists' 'globalization-liberalization-capitalism' have impeded the egalitarian socialist India's growth due to socio-political and economic compulsions. However, the poet being an incorrigible optimist winds up his poem with a strong note of hope:

The Vibrant India may jolt the cruel dogmatic slumber,
The Incredible Bharat my arise, awake and achieve the goal,
The light may come again which had gone with Mahatma.
The humanitarian spirit of the sensitive poet writhes with
embarrassment to witness widespread poverty and wretched
condition of the starving struggling multitude in his own
motherland and so questions pertinently:
But! Who fathered the line of poverty?
Underneath which millions trillions
Crawl like the slimy republic of reptiles,
Kissing, licking the dusty earthen wares,
Ever-eager to go across – gatecrash
The omnipresent planetary line of poverty!

How acute suffering of the poor defies all the principles of science of palmistry is also elucidated with soul-stirring metaphysicism thus:

Hand lines,/Fate lines,/Life lines,/Fade away,/Vanish into/A singular
sigh of broken breath!/Which is so long- so deep.../An abysmal
gorge- a polar gulf— The perceptive poet knows fully well that
extreme poverty 'teaches the indigent-/To up-rise, to strike!...To
sacrifice all/To unite the weak workers!/Poor of the world!/ with an
avowed aim to 'Bridge the wide gulf!' and build 'the newer world'
based on 'Equality- Liberty- Fraternity!' 'Stomach Fire' illustrates
metaphorically and paradoxically the excruciating pain experienced
by one badly famished for food:

Stomach-fire is born divine,
It is puritanical and benign,
It performs karmic precision,
Augurs venture-adventure decision!

Ironically, it is only the stomach fire that knows the mocking 'laughter of the gluttons', 'the sobbing in the slums', 'uprising and food-riots'. It is again the stomach fire due to which one is destined to labour, to be misused for annexations, 'employed for subjugations', 'inflame and engulf the human-hutments'. The devastating effects of the stomach fire seemingly devastated the poet's anguished psyche for a while and unexpectedly changes his normal pattern of thought, developing a tangential twist that instantly arouses his pantheistic feelings:

When stomach fire manifests outside,
Sky sees crimson fire-works hailing death!
Earth feels helplessly its calamitous heat!
Oceans find their stomachs ripped apart!
Mountains become restless to have caved in!
Sacred hymns watch my terrific leaps!
Consumption of ghee in tons fails to pacify
Human lapping tongues ever rising in greed!

Imbued with pungent satire, euphemism, grim irony and inspired by a deep sense of humanism, the lines bespeak man's insatiable greed and his infinite lust for money and power sans bothering to douse the stomach fire and provide any basic amenities for the poor and down-trodden. 'The Crystallized Tears' highlights the pangs, the trials and tribulations of daily wage earners and those doing hard manual labour. This explicates how sadistic colonizers impulsively and passionately 'love the blood splashed rectangular' bricks 'soaked' with the most 'precious moments' of a worker's life. Pitiably, 'The earthen crystals bear no stamp' of any hard labour, the warmth of hands bears no patent; the fragrance of sweat speaks of no trade mark, but most pathetically, the 'hue of blood-lets' makes the earthen wares pink and the unwanted 'Logo of the capitalists' thrust on them.

The toiling mass of humanity, according to the humane poet, still have to live and breathe in 'hovels' and watch the 'neck-breaking towering hotels', 'To live amidst crony capitalist-portals!' The poet finally sums up the poem philosophically, but meaningfully, picturesquely and movingly, expressing how 'Nature has cradled the civilization/ With unequal rocks of rearing,/The cronies have

crystallized /The tears of poverty in marbles!

'A Saviour –A Protectorate Of Humanity' is shot through and through with dramatic irony, but tempered with humanity. The poet, with a tinge of sardonic humour and bitter satire elucidates how our reverential Satan-like corrupt bigwigs who misuse their powers are given special treatment: 'Encircled by Z security forces,/Presence of Y security rings.' Though they seem to be blessed with 'golden human-limbs', they are devoid of 'Golden heart'/Scarifying hydra human-heads/To climb the hierarchy... Ostracizes communes,/Ghettoes settlements,/Inks exodus of humanity/With His stroke of pen...

Scarifying hydra human-heads/To be person larger than human life!/A Saviour- a Protectorate – of Humanity! Painfully, it is such people who are a law unto themselves, who are arbiters of human destiny, captain of politics, industry, business, manager of 'flocks of folks' and 'herds of human beings', squandering their whole life on mastering the 'Art of/To be larger than human life'. What greater shame can humans incur? Again, 'The Pyramid of power' highlights the travesty of power and law that generate various injustices against the poor and weak. However, the optimist poet, despite the bleak scenario, is still hopeful about some bright future as he could hear the clarion call that 'comes from the Transparency Bell...Leap forward to shed soul-salvation-spell'. He then exhorts man to 'break the iron curtain of crony-capitalist cluster cell;/To usher in India-a rich country...Inhabited by the multitudes of millionaires' who would surely witness and enjoy the 'Fragrant life of fulfillment' one day.

The second section of the anthology, divided into seven parts, deals with prominent personalities, leaders and saints, underlining their vital mystical, philosophical and moral messages for the whole mankind in the most lyrical manner which are short of didacticism. Visiting the visionary and entering the 'mind' of the great personalities in an analytical and rational manner is unique in its rendering. In 'Asto Ma Sadgama...' the poet's way of dealing with truth is unique. 'Navgrah Chant Within' and 'Heaven and Hell' have a strong mystical fervor, 'Mundane Yoga' imparts a new concept to Yoga and increases its scope and meaning, 'The Moving Mystic Mount' is a fine blend of psychology, philosophy and mysticism, 'Sage

Valmiki's Mandapa's declaration' is profound and thought-provoking. 'Rainbow Thought Of Kalidasa' is studded with mythological references, having modern relevance. The summed up Seven magnificent creations of Kalidasa in poetics of seven line stanzas is unparalleled to have a glimpse of the great genius of all times i.e. Kalidasa. 'Swami Vivekananda's Arise and Awake call' hails 'annihilator to fratricidal fanaticism!/ Hails universal acceptance of tolerance'. In 'The mind game of Mahatma', Gandhi is hailed as the Freedom-hunter!/ ...the dispeller of fears!/...the expeller of violence!/...father of the nation!. In 'The mind set of Dr Hedgewar', the poet 'Hails the Hindu Rashtra hail!' and encourages 'Akhand Bharat' to prevail, entailing the legacy of the Aryans. In 'Netaji's declaration of independence', the poet hails 'legacy of bravery...of 'spilled blood of martyrs, of Indian National Army. In 'Bodhisatva Baba Saheb Ambedkar... On his 125 birth Anniversary' the poet addresses Ambedkar as 'Mankind-mentor!/ Suvarna-tormentor!' and praises his slogan, 'Jai Bhim! Jai Bhim! Jai Bhim!/Jai Boddhisattva with turbulent-waves within!'

The poetic style adopted by Sharma is lucid and pacy. To enrich his expression and make it more expressive he often uses compound words, puns or indulges in wordplay. Modifying or changing the various forms of words is his usual practice, though quite unconsciously he has also widened the scope of a foreign language and made it more flexible and adaptable to various moods, thoughts and feelings. Almost all literary devices like irony, satire, alliteration, paradox, metaphor, simile, personification have been effectively and aptly employed. Fluidity of diction and some pithily expressed lines add to the beauty and grace of his poems.

The poems in the current anthology call for reflection and introspection, both. They promote critical thinking and raise questions on what life is and how it is to be perceived and lived. They not only delight us, but also teach us how to comprehend and deal with all the natural and unnatural events and experiences of life, as well as reach out to the suffering humanity in general, arousing our empathy and compassion and even sometimes, goading us into kind and humane deeds. The anthology thus, should be read and savoured by us not only for its modern, historical and mythological appeal and

significance, but also for its moral, emotional, mental and spiritual invigoration and upliftment, which are essential for all successive generations to usher in the brave new world of aesthetics, religion and mythology.

Dr Dalip Khetarpal

Author, poet, critic, editor, reviewer, columnist,
Former HOD (English) and Director Principal.

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SECTION-I

THE PILGRIMAGE

O, Pilgrim,
Let me remain rocky faced,
Un-chiseled- uncivil- sans sophistry,
Let me not fall prey to the duel of dualism,
Double talk- double cross- double mind!

Let me not go away from near dears,
Let me not go astray from relations,
Let me not go away from friends,
Let me not veer away from benevolence!

If sermonized with your gospels,
Shall lose humane identity,
Shall incarnate as demi-god,
People will venerate me as an icon,
My cult shall have cradle-palanquin,
Shall be confined to adherents only.

If baptized with your mantras,
Shall be ornamented in homes only,
Shall be imprisoned in a temple as lord,
Incarcerated in a holy sanctorum,
Confined to a coterie of courtiers;

Whenever my clans took pilgrimage,
History brought commotions-carnages,
After such a pilgrimage with entourage,
I throw challenges to my foes across oceans,
Bring revolutions and depositions everywhere,
Put panic- terror, disturbances all around.

After such pilgrimages and entourages,
I become restive- stroll in cyclonic hurricanes,
Bath in frenzied blood pools to see uniformity,
Chop off hands of the peers to have hegemony,
Destroy the ladders on my way to bar new entry,

Blast the bridges akin to peace and cohesion,
Live like symbol of annihilation- to be awesome!

After pilgrimage's progress,
Uniformity overcomes my mind,
Regimentation becomes my regime,
Command becomes my speech,
Suzerainty codes my life-style,
Prosperity buys peace with me,
But I am never at peace with myself!

O, Pilgrim,
Take me not with you,
Let me remain in my habitat!
Every habitat be at peace!
Every self be at peace!

INDIA THAT IS BHARAT

India that is Bharat--- my tryst with name;
My destiny at midnight from the ancient soul;
To aspire for Vibrant India,
To yearn for Incredible Bharat:
My ancient limbs are weary and tired,
My millennium-aged body feels exhausted,
My caged ethnics, ethics, ethos are restless,
My magnum epics glorify my golden heart.

Diaspora gives me global ventilation,
Natives regularize not my violated respiration,
But rural dead logs are still under spell of slumber,
India's growth story stands Caste-away-
Khap Bharat's atrocious mindset has multiplied in number.

Bharat nurses its own wounds; while India grieves...
The twain tries hard to bridge the gulf...
But my urbane sons and daughters have mixed-therapy
Of Globalization- Neo-Liberalization- Neo-Capitalism
To fade away imprints of my Vasudhaibkutumbkam
My universal Verses- Richa-Testament- Bang-e-Asmani Kalam;
Bharat's empathetic ethos of Empathy- Asylum- Assimilation;
The Epical Echo of Celestial Songs of Equity and Justice;
Baskets of Buddhism emitting the Light of Asia,
Seven symphonies echoing sound of formless Ek-Omkar.

Crony-Capitalists have created a class within the classes,
To institutionalize cut-throat comparison and competition,
To justify falsity and foul means by targeting the endgame;
To brand the game-changers to poach success at all costs.

Internecine conflicts are freely fought...
On my watery-nerve causing clotting in the free flow,
East and west of my geographical body stands shredded,
Exigencies pollute perennial Ganga unto Gaumukh glacier,
Greed ceases not to put my tallest son Himalaya in trouble,
Red corridor breaches delve deep into my lungs and heart,
But India that is Bharat moans calmly in Meditation.

An ant often surfaces and bites my porous parts;
Ants die their own death; lost beyond the times,
After making headlines in the newspapers- channels,
My huge sub-continental body contains multitudes.
It juggernauts the ants of disunity and separatism,
Such ants do rot; but never emit foul smell to shatter.

The great grand ancient land of seers and sages,
The primeval sound of Onkara reverberates my breath,
The pungent odours of persecutions and prosecutions
Vanish in the fragrant sandal-smearing shining traditions.

India that is Bharat- may have trust in the tryst,
The midnight declaration may become a mass-feast,
The midnight children cease fighting and are at peace,
The Vibrant India may jolt the cruel dogmatic slumber,
The Incredible Bharat may arise, awake and achieve the goal,
The light may come again which had gone with Mahatma.

GANGOTRI TO GANGASAGAR

Melting with the kiss of crimson sunrays,
Taking shimmering steps on snowy peaks,
Playing zigzag and hide-seek in cave-tunnels,
Her springing limbs tossing on tipsy-tops,
Fell down like cascading string of white pearls...

Why and when Gangotri stepped out
Of the heavenly glacier abodes?
Man imprisoned her by dam-barrages!

Her lofty buoyancies stand incarcerated,
Her left right cuffed by sheets of concrete,
Her swinging gait has spineless treads,
Her booming waves have subdued-gush.

Bowing her head, she goes across towns,
Languishing as a prisoner beneath the bridges,
Sums up her remnants to save her existence,
The upstream- has lost all her play-ways,
She only wails silently sans soars and roars.

She gasps for breath to decongest at sacred Ghats,
Hails her devotees not to make her big bin of sins!

She beams not due to floating corpses- ashes,
Exhorts her devotees not to pour in town filths!

She cries foul with emitting smells being barren,
Hails her venerates not to deforest her tresses!

She snakes amidst huge human-garbage,
Hails her sacrosanct sojourns to have living face!

Gangotri merges with the sacred sea at Gangasagar,
Still hails her bubbles to be bountiful to human race!

STOMACH FIRE

Stomach-fire is born divine,
It is puritanical and benign,
It performs karmic precision,
Augurs venture-adventure decision!

Pausing breath,
Breathing volcanic voice,
Empty-belly spoke to the Self!
Pauper spoke to the Lord!
Indigent spoke to the Master!

My stomach-fire knows
The sardonic laughter of the gluttons;
It knows sobbing in the slums;
It knows uprising and food-riots;
It knows slumber of the hapless!

O my Lord!
O my Master!
O my Employer!
O my Bread-bestower!
How do I skirt the flame-locks inside?
The painful sensation of starvation!
The nerve-convulsions, mental-moaning!
Should I die in harness sans set ablaze?
Why the fire wanders-wild in my belly?
Why the navel-cell has imprisoned fire?
Why the flame of life is fuel-starved?

I water the stomach-fire day and night,
I stir and sweat hard to fire-fight the life!

Still my breath is free of the shackles!
My mind soars in the horizons to usher:
The Growth Stories- GDP Graphics Upward!

My stomach-fire may be an instrument in the rows
Of races, regions, regiments, friend and foes;
But I am dubbed fatalistic in destiny to labour,
To be used for annexations!
To be employed for subjugations!
To inflame and engulf the human-hutments!
When stomach fire manifests outside,
Sky sees crimson fire-works hailing death!
Earth feels helplessly its calamitous heat!
Oceans find their stomachs ripped apart!
Mountains become restless to have caved in!
Sacred hymns watch my terrific leaps!
Consumption of ghee in tons fails to pacify
Human lapping tongues ever rising in greed!

Still stomach-embers emit its fragrance!
To goad the human race for food-security!
To satiate, gratify and enjoy the eternal-essence!
To quench the cry of hunger inhibit-universal!

MY BIG FAT EGO

My bloated ego wanders across
The oceanic infinitudes
To gobble-empowerment.

In the whirlwind magnitudes
To unleash doom
For Self-aggrandizement.

In the infinite spatial
To espouse-explorations
For Source-exploitation.

In the galactic celestial
To station satellite-orbiting
For Star-war mobilization.

My insatiate Ego rips apart
The waves of the mighty ocean,
It changes course of ferocious waters,
To showcase my creations all around,
Ego dams the gushing waters and
Bounds the pouring rains.

Avalanches sweat and melt at my sight,
To map the peripheral horizons
I have contoured the round spheres,
So that My Big Fat Ego finds its
Self-elevation...
Soul-salvation....

But still!
The feudal urge in man to soar and surge
Over and across the cosmic-contours...
Unto the unknown geographical groves....
An urge to brave the oceanic splashes...
To venture wave-surfing...

To adventure sea-bottom-mining...
Persists for annexation unto sea-coast.

My Big Fat Ego goes on an expedition
To downsize the mountainous ranges,
Violates the inviolable natural borders,
Domesticates the very sighted bird of prey,
Arrests the ego of others resting in human-mind,
But Alas! Why My Big Fat Ego falls short
To alleviate the miseries of mankind?

Despite thousand incarnations,
Despite hundred incantations,
Despite harness of five-fundamentals,
Despite blue-canopy to coral sea-shells,
Despite the celestial disc of the Lord,
Despite the sacred glimpse of the God.

While the destiny of mankind remains doomed,
Super-ego of Super powers- Superpowers only booms!

Infernos exist, global boiling points persist,
Drones- Torpedoes – Nuclear tipped arrows,
Their flight makes plight of multitudes miserable,
Planet lying down penetrated in fear-psychosis
Makes the abode of mankind abortive and pregnable.

YOUR LUMINOSITY

Illumine me not.
I am afraid of
Your Luminosity.
I can see
Through
Half-naked,
Half-wrecked,
Half-tattered.

Sobbing,
Sagging,
Born out of womb of poverty,
Won't stand the rape
Of Your Luminosity.

The standing-mocking lamp-post,
Reminds me of my pigmy-self,
The sparkling bulb,
With saucer-hat hanging atop,
Looks to be an English man.

At night in pitched darkness,
Would have derisive laughter,
At my miserable plight.

Night is the solitary respite,
In the inequitable world,
When all beings feel equated asleep.

Sun also gives us,
A feeling of penury,
Wounds are not stitched
But breached widely.

If my writ goes,
If my wit permits,
The bulb of sun may break
By just throwing a stone in the sky.

Dark dungeon-beings
Engulf the world,
With total darkness,
So that, nobody can see through,
The naked dance of poverty;

Neo-luminous world of
Illumined-enlightened folk
May not gouge out the sparkling eyes
Of the prisoners of Bhagalpur.

Illumine me not.
I am afraid of Your Luminosity.

WHO FATHERED THE POVERTY LINE?

Lakshman-rekha to the line of Equator,
McMahon-line to the line of Radcliff,
Whosoever delineated the lines of fate,
Finds his name underlined on the globe.

But! Who fathered the line of poverty?
Underneath which millions trillions
Crawl like the slimy republic of reptiles,
Kissing, licking the dusty earthen wares,
Ever-eager to go across – gatecrash
The omnipresent planetary line of poverty!

Hand lines,
Fate lines,
Life lines,
Fade away,
Vanish into
A singular sigh of broken breath!
Which is so long- so deep....
An abysmal gorge- a polar gulf—

The total sum of all have-nots...
Cannot fill the voluminous vacuum---
The sweat-lets of the destitute...
The blood-lets of the indigents---
Suffice not to change its—
Contours - complexion.

It is not the solo line of poverty,
It is gulf of immensity- scarcity.
It is named after the poor:
But never built by the destitute!

It teaches the indigent-
To up-rise, to strike!
To sacrifice all-
To leap forward.
To know thy-poor self
To unite the weak workers!
Poor of the world!
Downtrodden of the earth!
Strive hard!
Bridge the wide gulf!
By putting your coffins-corpses!
Poverty-line has to be obliterated!
To go across the newer world
Of Equality- Liberty- Fraternity!

THE HUNGER: A BULL'S EYE!

Billion bellies of Creation
Wandering hither-thither,
On earth-valleys-mountains,
Stomach search abates not,
Lapping tongues satiate not,
Looking just for a prey to gobble,
The Hunger: A Bull's Eye!

Living-beings in millions,
Breathing to be – dying to be,
In waters- doing Matsya nayaya,
In woods- perpetuating jungle raj,
In winds- firing drones daisies,
In wombs- knifing the little cry,
In each direction; in each projection,
With solo spirit around,
Looking just a prey to eat,
To satiate stomach sensation,
The Natural pangs of hunger,
The hunger: A Bull's Eye!

All oceans are less abysmal-
Than the bottomless-bellies,
Thousands creations cannot,
Fill the vacuum-voluminous.
All manifestations of the planet,
All prosperities on the earth,
All cultural leaps forward,
All invasions-expeditions
All crusades- victories
All civilizational strides of civil society,
Can ne'er fill this starved vacuum.

End of all longings for survival,
End of all flights of fancy in literature,
End of all tales of kingdoms-
End of all vegetation, breeding,
Just Hunting for the Prey to Eat.

A causation to kill each other,
A food-chain so inexhaustible,
A deadly combination,
A Deadly Destination!

End of all inceptions- perceptions,
End of all mates- inanimates—
An Elementary lapping tongue...

End of all grouses- A Hearty Gobble!
End of all generations- A Mouthful Feast!
End of all genesis- The Last Supper!
The Hunger: A Bull's Eye!

THE MILESTONES

The path of 'Humanity' is
Dotted with thousands of milestones...
Ah! I want no milestones for my survival,
Let me forget the hackneyed path of ...
The sordid past,
The history of reckless violence...
Bigger and taller than humans
Affixed- Standing- Laid:
Jyotirlingam...
Pyramids ...
Rocky royal edicts...
Minarets...
Stupas ...
Towers of victory...
Mausoleums
Ghats...
Sthalas...
Domes and Tombs...

Every monument's ultimate volition—
The last testament---
An eternal emblem of remembrance---
Ought to be—unprecedented and unparalleled.
To Gateway of India—
To India Gate—
To Time Capsule—
To *Shaktisthal*
To *Virbhoomi*—
To *Raj-ghat*
To *Kisan-ghat*
Solo path:
Solo way:
Solo road:
Solo turn:
Solo crossing:

An indivisible In-Memori-um!
Personality-cult- In-Perpetuation!
Hero-worship- Immortalization!

Tattered shroud of milestones...
Taxila Veils of dust-mingled Regency.
Pyramids of Egypt,
Sacrosanct lands of Jerusalem,
Mystic Moses and flight of Mecca-Medina,
Karmic lands of Kurukshetra-Dharamkshetra,
Every prophet tried to weave a web...
A web of planetary family with human face!

Alas!
Martin fired!
Mahatma bulleted!
Jesus nailed!

These are just milestones of infamy,
Revenge- vengeance-reprisals-rancour,
Soaked in blood- stocked in corpses,
With no hue-heart- blood oozes out, if touched!

I want to sojourn from
Man to be human-humane!
Mankind to breed kind-man!

THE CRYSTALLISED TEARS

The precious moments of my life
Shed- soaked with earthen crystals
Burnt- bricked in a kiln
Wagered per hour
Now bidding for a price
In the markets of builders!

The Colonizers impulsively love
The blood splashed rectangular;
But love labour lost of the shelter-less
Is embodied in their crescent-huts
With dripping tears across corners
In thatched roof with mud-reed-greens!

The earthen crystals bear no stamp
Of my hard labour;
The warmth of my hands has no patent;
The fragrance of my sweat sans any TM;
But the hue of my blood-lets makes it pink!

Logo of the capitalists adorn
The earthen crystals of my make;
The crystal heaps are marked the
Mansions of heritage;
The chopped off limbs of labour
Constitute inheritance of the mighty.

All is lost in the inheritance of Time;
Ruins tell the tale of towers of victory;
Time re-engages labour to sweat- again;
And re-discover the heritage of mankind!

The lord of labour is wanderer- wondrous
The Creator of earthen crystals
Has no name to adore Tombs/ Temples
Roads and rivers are fate lines of the

Sons of the mounds of soil;
Spading-sickling-hammering
From sunrise to sunset;
Criss-crossing deadlines of the
Contractors of the mountainous spoils!

The toiling mass of humanity
Still breathes in hovels
To watch the neck-breaking towering hotels;
The tilling mass of mankind,
To live amidst crony capitalist-portals!

The swelled coffers are
Mounted bosom of the earth,
The knifed deep breaches are
Gulfed -gorges of depravity;
Nature has cradled the civilization
With unequal rocks of rearing,
The cronies have crystallized
The tears of poverty into marbles!

A SAVIOUR –A PROTECTORATE OF HUMANITY!

Encircled by Z security forces,
Presence of Y security rings,
Menacing pilot-escorts buzzing aloud,
Huddling of public pushing protection guards,
Sniffer dogs alight in row from Security Jets,
Here enters the abbreviated VVIP
Encased in a bullet-proof glass shield
Elevated to a podium
Afar from the human throw,
A person of golden human-limbs
Sans Golden heart
Scarifying hydra human-heads
To climb the hierarchy,
To be person larger than human life!
A Saviour- a Protectorate – of Humanity!

Where a Man is afraid of a man
He devices Handcuffs to rope in belligerents
Incorporates incarceration-
Jails in every Taluka,
To accommodate His ambition
In a Mental Seize
Ostracizes communes,
Ghettoes settlements,
Inks exodus of humanity
With His stroke of pen
To become larger than human life!
To be A Saviour- a Protectorate – of Humanity!

All paths- leading to His abode
Stand blocked- barricaded
Son of Adam-Abraham- Manu Viraz
By terrorizing the gullible masses
Stands tall towering
Alike His Victory Towers!

The celebrations of human blood shedding
Droning- targeting—
The solo road to reign of terror
The abettor of human avenge-revenge-vengeance
The restorer of peace by reprisals- repressions
To be larger than human life!

A Saviour- A Protectorate of Humanity!
Soaked in luxuries of life
Smirks to see...
His conspicuous waiting
In scorching heat-waves...
Masses of mortals adore
The Fearsome- Fuehrer
His Majesty- His Excellency- His Holiness
Trident combines to subjugate the subjects
To err is human- but to punish the humanity?
He holds the scepter of law in His hands
He is a game-changer-he is law unto himself
He is Ruler of law--- a Human Destiny Arbiter
Parachutes his landing to a throne in
Politics, Industry, Business-
To be Captain always...
To manage the flocks of folks,
Herds of human beings
Over generations has mastered the Art of
To be larger than human life!
To be A Saviour- a Protectorate – of Humanity!

THE TRANSPARENCY BELL

Ring the Transparency-Bell
Awaken the multitudes!
Gateway of progress is-
Coming crashing!

Smash the shackles of slavery;
Be vociferous and demanding...
Set the dogmatic life ablaze...
Leap forward; be chief-in-commanding.

Energize with the sunrays...
Be descendant of solar race...
Identify with crescent moon:
To overwhelm in plenty always.

Summits of Himalayas remember-
Your chivalrous fighters/roaders;
Perennial waves of Ganges beckon:
Chorus-chanting dives of billion-boons.

But shrinking glacier-grace of peaks...
Lurking trespass and intrusion of freaks...
Encasing and encasing of gushing waters...
Damning-greed to divest million-homes.

Common-man is a straw in the magnitude;
But may prove to be the last straw
In the game played with multitude;
Commoner is a dust to be kept at bay
But may prove to be lump of the last clay.

To demonstrate is right in democracy-
Not always to demand a loaf of bread:
Not always to feed empty bellies:
Not always to seek comparative-comforts.

Do demonstrate humanity hidden in you:
Do demonstrate humility dormant in you:
Do demonstrate human values of mankind:
Do demonstrate human empathic mind.

A clarion call comes from the Transparency-Bell,
Spring from the inertia's blind deep-well,
Leap forward to shed soul-salvation-spell,
Break the iron-curtain of crony-capitalist cluster-cell;
To usher in India- a rich country; and now
Onwards...to be...
Inhabited by the multitudes of millionaires.

THE PROFILE OF A MAN

The skies stood witness
To the stupendous vow
Of Adam to live a life on earth.

Environs yoked the Man
To bend, mend, amend or
To be damned in social life.

Man's vow to lead life canons
Made him to stand erect on
Bosom of earth all alone.

Fragrant breeze of friendship
Takes away all the perfumery
Left in inners of Man's being.

Relations snatch all the
Pollens off to plan a clan
Society steals with subtle ruse.

The Inhuman skin off Humans to wail
To lose every pride of head-high
To lose identity in a melee of foes.

Man faces onslaughts of slaughter
Cannot escape the battlefield of life
One is conditioned to grow in ordeal.

Humans give flowers of dignity-decorum
Alas! Inhuman is unable to understand
The tenets of peace and co-existence.

Generations change, geography changes
Countries change, continents change
Man's beastly nature undergoes no change.

Vows of liberty, equality and fraternity
Stand muted- cut to pieces to be cooked
By the crooks in the cauldron of casteism.

Institutionalized exploitation by the haves,
Rulers rock the citadels of power with the bogey of
Racialism, apartheid, terrorism and plunder.

Sky stands witness to the misdeeds of Mankind,
Adam finds mirrored in defaced and defiled posture,
Still sticks to live on earth with misadventures,
Ah! The Profile Man's ordeal of lively ventures!

SYMPHONIES OF SILENCE

Symphonies of silence
Usher in the cosmic laser rays,
Pierce my earthen body
To ignite the mortal lamp,
I shutter down the eye-lids
The windows looking beyond,
Not to allow the stormy winds
To extinguish the enlightened wick.

An eternal sound of vibrations,
Transmit within my rhythmic heart,
To chant in chorus the unheard song,
Of devotion-dedication to the unknown.
The mortal remains rise in elation,
Gravitational pull loosens its bonds
Doused in the light and sound's effulgence,
Flowing and blowing in consonance.

Egoist mind's deep plunge to collect pearls,
In the unfathomed mine of consciousness,
Manifests its experience of divine dive,
Contemplative and meditated within...
Focused in forlorn and silenced state...
Of oneness, rudderless in the ocean of dualism,
Energized subtle mind and enlighten self,
Forsakes the immolated ruins of the senses.

Wanders freely but in disguise,
In the world of give and take,
To perform the karmic obligations
And to discharge the debt at stake,
Beyond the realm of eulogized passions,
Beyond the shackles of condemnations,
Never to succumb to the fallacy of permanence,
Deeds leaving no footprints on sand of existence.

HELL AND HEAVEN

Triad world or twin world,
'Trilokdhaam' or 'Do Jahan',
'Vaitarni' or Cocytus' mythical hell,
Have on mankind - a massive spell.

The masses sinking in Acheron,
Long to kiss the abyss of bigotry,
Ready to wage war against
The pleasant present of today.

To overwhelm in the deluge
The entire creation to pulsate,
Name of one lord endeared by
The author of these triad-twins!

Triad is a human composition within,
Of heart, head and below the belt,
Emotive, evocative and lustrous,
Impulsive, intelligent and indulgent.

Twins are blended in the eternal bond,
Murky, messy and moist with tears in eyes,
Dreadful, distressed, damned to the skies,
Escape is in alleys of love and affection.

When beauties, bounties around to be seen,
Colourful carnival and not cauldron boiling,
Contrasted to peeling of flesh and infernos,
With sumptuous gratification of five senses.

Human psyche shuttles between the two,
To be or not to be – restrain to abstain,
The days and years, decades elapse,
Decisions taken change and resolves lapse.

Caught in the cleft- mind visits hell and heaven,
Explores the unchartered realm of emotional heart,
Implores the head office of human intelligence,
To keep in check the field of pleasant play below.

A thread of breath conjoins the triad world,
Mystic, mythical to bind earth, sky and heaven,
Man has liberty to sojourn to the heavenly abode,
In full consciousness to see the life's score-board!

HEMLOCK IN HAND

Hemlock in my one hand,
Flavor of poetry on my lips,
Convicted to be incarcerated for
Life in mundane cell of life's drudgery,
With lullaby of profit and loss,
The conscience has gone in deep slumber!

Sub-consciousness had murmurs of protest,
Allowed to become forever redundant,
Consciousness stands already mortgaged,
Speech sparkles, sometimes to cough out
Narratives of wisdom and lively verdant,
Dichotomized within to be master or servant!

Divine shutter may down my eye lids,
Curtain may fall to dumb the dialogue,
The difference between hand and lip,
May not survive even to utter monologue,
Let me vanish the seed of my tiny self,
It has grown to overshadow even Thysel!

When the Self stands liberated of the yoke,
No difference remains in elixir and hemlock,
Both are liquefied to enliven or to liquidate,
Socrates and Meera inspire me to have the intake,
Earth itself is a big vessel of hemlock,
Offered to man to drink, wink and sink slowly!

Hemlock in hand reminds me of the transient,
Afflictions of body and mind being recipient,
To cast off the soiled attire, I am cast away,
Breaths sip the potion of pleasure and pain,
Human body perishes in counting exchanges
Of venom and ambrosia, losses and gain!

ETHICS AND AESTHETICS

The ascetics of aesthetics
Hammered over centuries,
Chiseled and crafted iconic
Heavenly relics, edicts of ethics,
Portraying deep curves-contours,
Nursing conical cuts- leashes,
Laughing at the indelible prohibitions,
Contained in the code of moral ethics.

If self-restraint is the flagship
Of human aesthetic existence,
Sensual celebrations may be
Dubbed as ebb in ethical prudence,
The pinnacle of aesthetic glory
Must be withering in the caves,
Puritanism shall be bustling
In mass human graves.

Indulgence of the five senses
Is aesthetics in its ruthless stride,
Let loose on the rocks in flocks,
In books enshrined mesmerizing looks,
Sculpted erotic incarnations,
Gracious grandeur in germinations,
Penned, painted, mused symphonized,
Patronized or proscribed of exterminations.

A spirited song of the soul
Causes sensations...
Down the generations,
Sensual ecstasy touches
The pinnacle to unify the skies
With earthly manifestations,
Soaked in the self-denial
Leaves residuals of trance as art's cliff.

Ethics and aesthetics are intertwined,
Interlocked in blissful compromise,
Conflict of interest seems dwarf
In encompassed engrossed graft,
Ethical-aesthetics are like truncated
Rounded ornamental royal tree,
But wild grass grows in its own firmament,
Thus hails folk art's mass movement.

Ethics are designed and tailored
To serve the throne,
Aesthetics are crafted
To mirror the frowning crown,
Serfdom, courtiers, poets laureate,
Crows of cacophony fly past,
They never could hail the glow...
Unable to kiss hallow of freedom....

Impelled art is the divine
Sensual sensation on earth,
Compelled craft is heap of
The sexual stockpile of human birth,
As all aesthetics may not be
Intellectual exercise of excellence,
But all ethical commands have
To be evaluated with critical sense.

The twain of ethics and aesthetics
Often meet and greet each other,
Invocation in humans is personified
At its finesse and aloft in thought,
Provocation is symbolized and outlined
Between the lines of favours sought,
Sponsored craft is only a translated action,
Insignificant-magnificence is the critical reaction.

NGOs STOCK-IN-TRADE

An act of humane grace,
Deserves profound praise,
When persons are institutionalized,
But not when institutions stand personified!

An adage to help the old age,
Admittedly a phenomenon of craze,
Halt and listen to the cry world-wide,
May be a capitalist's trampling stride!

Hapless infants and destitute old,
Heaped in abundance- left in the cold,
In the corridors, dungeons, hovels,
Ill-clad, sifting garbage gobbles!

Mandatory twenty percent corporate finance,
Industrial drain's dirty human countenance,
Managed by the spirited shadowed cronies,
Pilfered and siphoned amidst human agonies!

Institutionalizing the industrialization,
An attempt of neo-humane conceptualization,
A novel industry founded to propagate farce,
Mining and manufacture of human resource!

Industry with a human face,
Devoid of machine-material,
Maximizing human utilization,
Skill and sweat's optimization!

Rules and regulations to govern,
Hidden kindness in man to learn,
Stipends, salaries, perks to earn,
A global human rights' concern!

The motive and motto –
Primacy to uplift the humankind,
Succor to the needy in flesh and mind,
Tears to wipe with soothing hand kind!

Now charity to begin not from home,
But from a metropolis building grand,
Inaugural function to be studded starred,
By high and mighty – an ambassador brand!

Grants, aids, donations,
Ulterior motivations,
Agendas finalized in night clubs,
Hidden knives in gloves!

Social, national,
International repercussions,
Humans to be tossed
In the battle of nerves!

Of the capitalists...corporate
Intellectual tilts, leanings,
To create niche in the forbidden areas,
Institutions put on clearance sale!

Neo-intellectuals – a self-convinced lot,
Maximizing the price of the crowds you got,
Supplied everywhere of all shades and hues,
NGOs may stock-in-trade anti-national views!

DISSENT IN DEMOCRACY

Dissent in a democracy,
Like the tidal waves in sea,
Cleansing, threatening, overawe,
Replace, displace, splash.

Dissidence in humanities discipline,
Endears, deters, shatters, caters
The monotony of absolutism,
Spines the flow of dynamism.

Choked voices of constructive dissent,
Suppressed groaning of dissidence,
Subjugated soft sailing of humanities,
Governance and regulated charities.

Creased fields without weeds,
Piety not confronted with misdeeds,
Life eternal bereft of death knell,
Perennial light devoid of darkness.

Sun has its own sunshine to boast,
Moon has on its agenda nectar to host,
Earthen mortals need ignorance of fools,
Intellectuals will perish short of their tools!

Let the impregnable fortress of humanities,
Be made vulnerable to assaults of default,
Let the critics enter the arena of ceaselessly,
Fought debates to deconstruct human faults.

MUNDANE YOGA

What the humankind does daily?
Arising and sleeping at night,
Is it not destined daily yoga to abide?
A string of strenuous efforts—
To meet the desired goal post—
Cherished by the selfish ego—
Relished by the employer—
Circumstantial pains of labour—
Whole creation does destined yoga.

All yogic postures abide Nature's law
To ensure gratification of grabbing,
Racing fast to hound and hunt the prey,
Eat the body-clay to be reduced to clay,
Lapping tongue taste of desires,
Pleasure of the belly-waist fires,
Unwitting balancing of the twain,
To keep body and mind to fall in line,
Because imbalance is absence of yoga.

Eight fold yoga begins to bugle
As you have to restrain the egoist-self
From wandering in the wild wilderness
Of thoughts of craving, grabbing, back-stabbing,
To regulate your reckless indulgence
Of avenge, revenge, vengeance,
Have to sit in a posture in office
For hours, in shops for daylight,
At workplaces for shifts at night.

Breath may run high and dry,
Stooping to the lowest ebb,
Touching the zenith in the sky,
Show must go on...
Till the end of life-force within.
Thoughts of rebellion-freedom,
Do emerge to violate the discipline,
Do sub-merge to maintain progression,
Convergence guides the destined post.

Negation of negativity is ladder to climb,
Dangling before the mental mansion,
Devoid of any lift in life and staircase,
Concentration of mind on hands of time,
Meditation on the repeated routine rhyme,
Completes the daily yoga exercise to the fullest,
In the same manner as the Nature ordains
All objects to rush, gush but not bruise,
Other competitors engaged in destined yoga.

DEMI-GODS OF SATELLITE WAR

Satellites and stars
Now don't twinkle,
These are symbols of strength
For man to launch star war.

Laser beams outreach the
Speed of light and sound,
To blitzkrieg the enemy camps,
To obliterate the earth of our birth.

Aerodynamics and navigation has
Outsmarted the eagles of yore,
Now you can't say it at all –
Heavens are not going to fall?

When man yelled,
Heavens be at peace!
Skies be at peace and
Prayed to beseech,
Surely scary star wars
Must have been visualized,
By human mind in its
Cosmic contours of homicide.

THE TALE OF HISTORY

The tale of history is never told by the dead,
With a lurking shadow of the past, present is fed;
Three fourth soaked in blood oozing out from the edge,
Of swords, sacred scriptures and scales of sledge.

A victor writes the history of gods and lords,
Vanquished resonates it by blaring vocal chords;
History never repeats itself for the slaughtered and slain,
History repeats always for the enslaved in foolish disdain.

Sword ordains the pen to write history,
Pen spills ink and throats chant victory-songs,
Scales weigh the balance in treasure-troves,
Sacred-books tell tales of invincibility in loads.

Missionary zeal marches in batches to disseminate,
To turn the tide of civility of nativity to the passionate;
To make mechanized tools to spread message of the lord,
Who is born to rule the indigenous-vernacular tied in cord.

My eating habits, my apparels and dressing sense,
All gone with the wind to submerge in a weird blend;
Cultural pollution is unknown in breath of sustenance,
To sustain life and to meet the catastrophe with patience.

Forget poetic rhythm and rhyming high imagery,
Sky looks dark and not blue due to fear-devils,
Roaming in the void to poach the free spirit of thought,
Whispers to myself may become a victim in totality of wrought.

Caged bodies and silenced tongue in regimental mode,
May march in battalions and troops to trample the civil code,
Progressive may be the brand sold in the market of cronies,
Nationalism may be the stand to silence the cannons
Of those who frown.

When His Highness ties with His Holiness,
Supported by His Mightiness of capitalism;
The churned around ambrosia is despotism,
Absolutism in history! Absolutism in history!

THE PYRAMID OF POWER

Presides the President,
The first citizen of the nation,
To execute a person to the gallows,
To arm a regulation with its claws,
To empower the ruler to gnaw,
To nod the justice to over-awe!

Rule and its Rulers,
Regulations and its Regulators,
Disputed claims and its Arbitrators,
Legislations and its Legislators,
Justice and Dispensers of justice,
Law and its practicing lawyers,
Pleadings and its pleaders,
Jailers and its jailed inmates!

The architecture of a pyramid,
Lies inverted to have king at the top,
Instead buried at the bottom,
Buried lies the foundation of billions,
Silent, steady, shocked, shackled,
With both raised hands in prayer,
With extended palms in demand,
With hurled hands in sloganeering,
With clinched fists to decode a story,
With pointed finger to discourse,
With chopped hand to remind,
The cut-off thumb of Eklavya!

The muted maximums of paucity
Have eyes wide open
Staring at the upper creamy crest
To let the benefits percolate
Downwards, and still downwards...
Alas! The sense of sensitivity
Could have watered down,

To quench the thirst of parched
Faces staring at the dark clouds
Who only gurgle at the intervals,
But seldom shower to drizzle!

Let the fading light in the eyes,
See the sparkle of the pinnacle,
Let the winking eyes stop
To have glimpse of the glory,
Let the deluded sight
Encounter a pageant of majesty,
Let the enlightened lit up the homes
Of the farmers, labour, wagers, have-nots,
Let the food-grains not rot uncovered,
Let the humans have a feed daily,
Without human intervention to impede,
Let us restructure a pyramid of power,
With the Billions' Code to nod the justice!
Let the foundation of millions preside!
Honesty of the millions be honoured,
Not the travesty of majesty and law!

THE SUBTLE SOUL OF A POET

Sans the corporeal features,
I may be embodied
In a rebel child,
Get chides for the mental tides...
For the childish pranks,
But the tentacles of tongue,
Differ from the common lot,
Not queuing up like
The ants in Nature's discipline.
The subtle soul of a poet
Knows no norms,
Because poetics differs
From pragmatic politics of life!

Romantic turns my
Subtle soul,
Enters lover's amorous
Courtship to encounter,
Nature's loaf of pie,
Succumbs to the life
Eternal, and never to die,
To leave a tale to tell,
To the generations,
There lived a lover-beloved,
Climbed a hillock and slid,
Rocks live in the company of gorges,
Waters mingle after cascading,
The soul-mates still in soliloquy,
Because poetics is alien
To pragmatic politics of life!

In the dusky meet
Of day and night,
I may enter a nostalgic
Pensive deluded body,
Screening the spiral waves...
Swinging hails of spring...
Falling leaves of autumn...
Blowing hot winds to suck
Vitals of pastures and oasis,
Left in the marooned mind,
Finding warmth even in grief
As it simmers in the heart,
Sour and sweet are the twins,
Truth is known by the array of lies,
Day dawns only when the night lapses,
Because poetics is alien
To pragmatic politics of life!

In the company of a magnet
Of materialism I feel suffocated,
Incarcerated and caged like a bird,
Looking for the escape of fortune,
Fortified by the eulogy of clappers,
Relegated to a mechanical chorus,
By the relations, friends and foes,
Pray to the Almighty to be relieved
Of the drudgery of passionate deeds,
Fastened tightly by the parental creeds,
To serve and to get served is life's motto,
Freedom in life but liberty at stake,
Tracking the treaded path of demised souls,
Craving for your own and to carve images
To formulate fusion of matter and energy,
For the good of the teeming millions,
Remains a dust cloud left after departure,
Because poetics differs
From pragmatic politics of life!

A parched barren land
Of poet's mind,
Thirsting for a drop of water,
May be the suitable bed
To sprout, grow and flourish,
The sensitive soothing winds,
The consoling sensible environs,
May nurture me in the cozy nestle;
Where the pragmatic politics of life
May be barred to enter with force,
Where the parental chides fade away,
Where romanticism of youth withers,
Where materialism evaporates in façade,
Where name and fame lose its noose,
Where calmness cools the springing spirit,
The poetics grow in height and girth,
To let the birds perch on its branches,
To chirp, chat and chant for the boon,
Bestowed by *Ma Saraswati*,
To allow the transmigration
Of the subtle soul of a poet,
To enter any empirical body on earth,
To experience the subtlety of thought!

FRAGRANT LIFE OF FULFILMENT

Necessities necessitate struggle in creation,
Comforts confront a man for his aspiration,
Luxuries goad high and mighty for relaxation,
Does the triad make a man achieve his salvation?

Salvation to have complete satisfaction in job,
Gratification to have absolute taste in palate cob,
Sensorial sensations to have vibrant life in awe,
Momentary grabbing to hold lordship keeping in jaw.

All hunting, chasing, exiled adventures of epics,
All monumental sojourns, sermons on the topics,
All instrumental victories of piety virtue over evil,
All liquidated empirical seed of feudalist-lusty devil-
Tend to proclaim – peace- peace- peace in chorus!
Does the sky resonate peace in streamed-rainy corpus,
Resounding chants do outpour the coral cacophony,
Of human heart which lies buried in the ugly mind-mines.

Restrain is preached for the shines of the world,
Partake is vouched for the strugglers of the globe,
Mercy is supposed to be courtesy from the barbaric,
The troika, thus, makes the carnival complete and historic.

Moksh - Nirvan are synonyms of ultra-liberation in fact,
Freedom from the karmic struggle and its after-effect,
To douse the fire within and to douse the flames without,
To have peaceful exit and to bravely face the death-dragnet.

If fleeting moments you recognize to be wise,
If permanence of dynamic flow you concise,
If egoistic interference to raft you abandon,
If over-indulgence becomes rarity and seldom
A merger in the cosmic phenomenon is complete,
The actions and reactions submerge to retreat,
The cause and effect emerge to its regular-repeat,
Thus, comes a blend of energy-matter for its creative-feat.

Creativity in any art form is godly firmament,
A fruition of the seed of goodliness in temperament,
To complete sojourn on earth with vehicle-impermanent,
Individuality-divinity mix to fix fragrant life of fulfillment!

SECTION-II

ASTO MA SADGAMYA...

Blue canopy overhead,
Reminds man of the void,
Where sound of silence speaks,
Cosmic thoughts percolate downwards.

Like the downpours and drizzles,
Where human intelligence fiddles,
Bonding, bindings and
Emotive outbursts,
Relationship fritters, frets,
Fumes and forgets.

Passionate truth is hurled
In sky like a game in love,
Like the wild crimson cloud
Counting its moments,
Suddenly huge dark cloud rises
With the diving sun,
Like revengeful thought
Of disgust in frustration.

Pragmatic truth lays buried
Deep in earth,
To be exhumed by rationality
Of mindfulness,
Lightning does the enlightening
Of human mind,
A jolt of realism, actuality
Which mirrors the self,
An analytical sum of the
Wavering waves of indulgence,
To account for the profitable truth
Bartered in the world,
As portrait of universal truth
Nailed on the wall is dear to me,
So I meditate on the holy saying---
Asto Ma sadgamyā!

Let there be peace in the domes
Of mankind- a non-bricked
Man's venerated edifice,
Prowling domes of bestiality
Please be non-violent,
Roaming transmitters of criminality
Kindly forsake claws.

Humans may not rise to be super-beings
Even in multiple births,
Animals may to not climb the ladder
Of humanity due to IQ dearth,
Darwin's evolution may never
Convert into Marxian revolution,
But harmony's green grass shall
Surely spread sans any seeds,
No effort is required to put forth
Foot for man's kind deeds,
Impulsive may become humanity
To submit in divine service,
Invocation may be the eternal source
Of postulation to act,
No compulsion to cram the
Scornful maxims of centuries to react,
No bondage to tread the
Hackneyed path of millenniums,
Let the survival of civilization be in
Perennial streams gushing,
Directly from the white snowy spread
Of refreshed glaciers,
Let there be stormy wash for the
Embedded sticky dirty 'ism'
Let there be command within
To move from falsity to realism!

NAVGRAH CHANT WITHIN

Eyes sparkle
In the morning
To reflect waves
Of tangible;
Is it the symbol of Sun
Shining within?
Is it also a demi-god
Moving the intangible?

Moon of mind
Transcends the dome,
Sky is the limit
For human imagery,
Lunar waves stop not
Even in darkness,
Creation plays in
Cyclic rotation in harness.

Red passion to grab
And possess passes
Through the pore-lines
Of human body day and night,
To be reckless indulgent
In manifestation of might,
All compassion sub-merge
In passionate fight.

To balance the
Ceaseless battle within,
Intellect holds scepter
Of judgment blind,
A votary of reason
And controller of emotion,
Humans seldom listen within
A sane voice of reason.

Sense of discrimination
Ascends the throne
Guru-dom takes wings,
To save the world from disaster.

What is good or bad-
An eternal question hurled in offing,
But never settled in millenniums
Even after mass killings.

Nucleus of creation is
Seeded in multiple forms,
Each cohabiting to take off
The flight of fancy,
Dark or white waves
May emit in tandem,
To fight internecine battle
For hegemony in random.

The slow and study appraisal
Of objective inflammation,
Lunar mind's wandering
Wild wishful conflagration,
Red passionate overreach
To command as a dictator,
Intellect's helpless intervention
Being silent spectator.

Karmic hands do affect
The planetary prowess of humans,
Cause and effect formulates
The pattern of crop of future,
Feet in strides and leaps
Set right or wrong directional tunes,
Eclipse of Navgrah may usher in
Planetary curse and boons.

Almighty has its cosmic scale
To monitor planetary movements,
Mighty human consciousness has
Potential to replicate it in moments,
Creator has destiny to be its lethal weapon
To command the creation,
Pro-creator has individuality
To comprehend the
Fault-lines of its destination!

THE MOVING MYSTIC MOUNT

Look at the moving mystic mount,
With caved mouth bottomless,
Forest of locks snaking down,
Silent syllables cascade eternal,
The mystic mortified millenniums
In his meditation to calm the egoist-self,
Towering like an inferno stilled forever!

Look at the seething, simmering,
Sermonizing, walking the talk torch,
Without emanating smoke of his deeds,
The atheist seems to be a monotheist,
A controversial, drawing contradictory lines,
Multitudinous, if read, between the fate-lines,
The devotional projection of the Absolute,
May be just a Nature's streaming fount,
A precious gift of the environs to the mortals,
Tamed, exploited, mined, milked, explored,
For the benefit of the mankind!

Devotees stand divided to look in his gaze,
Astonished at the gush from his mouth's cave,
Spiral sermons followed by chants sacred,
Like drops of elixir devoured by the gods,
Showers of currency tinkling the silence,
To transform the gait of the fate in walking
Towards the devotee holding saffron flag,
Thousands wave scarf as divine protectors
March in hordes with euphoric confidence!

The hallowed footsteps of agnostic ascetic,
Leave footprints on the stones with no festivities,
Moonlit night fortnight may beacon him to tread,
In the company of stars, moony ecstatic talks,
Self-effulgence kept in consonance with the sky,
Transmitting beams of the unknown to the known,

Laughing all alone, pensive for being caged within,
Dismayed to be on a sojourn without any end,
Knowing fruitless acts to be performed on earth,
Like the rounded mount before him standing erect,
With bosom traversed by millions over millenniums,
Keeping silence except the sound of gushing waters,
A discourse of nature's unread message to a few,
Like the mystic's silent utterances to be decoded,
By the atheist, devout and agnostic ascetic!

The triad interpretations add tri-dimensions
To the discourse of a mystic, who never thought,
Mysticism is Nature's unmanifest child
Yet to be born,
Manifest is man's mind with limited expanse,
Comprehension compounds at the crest,
Beyond remains the discovery of the rarest,
Contemplation...Meditation...Convergence
In the void where all objectivity percolates
Like the death-well of circus hollow and round,
From which the entire knowledge flows...

ARDHNARISHWAR

Adam canopies with blue-greens,
Skies with hideous dark clouds,
Mystifies with waxing-waning shines;

Eve bumps tides to the horizons,
Leaps moony lunatics to pole-star,
Corals mine meteoric messages,
Manifests mysteries in earthly-realism.

Adam storms its way to the seas,
Snows its laughter across peaks,
Hurls hurricanes in desperation;
Eve walks its way on soothing waters,
Smiles-whispers in fragrant flower-valleys,
Spreads spectrum-sheets in eternal celebrations.

Adam's hands time the destiny of creation,
Eve tenders the destiny-babe of Creator,
He pulls and rocks the cradle of humanity,
She cuddles and lulls mankind-in-making,
Blitzing, lightning, torching heat bloats,
Balming, nurturing, nursing feat floats;

Adam's fundamentalism is primitive,
Eve's modern civil tantrums cohesive,
He frets fire, smokes his organisms,
She breeds-feeds animism to progeny;

Mount of Adam's chest bottoms to deep gorges,
He gulfs, gallops, gluttons, gapes to be mouthful,
Glow to Eve's neck laces warmth
Of glaciers perennial,
Eve bubbles, shimmers, springs,
Sprouts to be needful.

Ardhnarishwar afforests woods
To cave in to cohabitare,
Adam-Eve encouraged
To ensure the fruition of existence!

SAGE VALMIKI'S MANDAPA DECLARATION

'Ma Nishad Pratishtam'-
Never shall get esteem!
You violent hunter!
For killing avian pair in love,
Engrossed innocent in play...
Fell prey to your evil arrow,
Innumerable frenzied arrows
Of fanaticism fly and pierce,
To kill humanism all over the earth,
Thus spoke the Sage of poetics!

Have I cursed even the 'violence'?
Have I not indulged in 'violence of syllables?'
'Kim-idam vyahritam-mya!'
What have I uttered?
To counter violence by violence!
Stream of remorse in consciousness,
Gushed to take in its spiral waves,
Sympathy-empathy-
Passion-compassion,
Concocted in simmering cauldron,
Deduced came 'Karuna-rasa'-
To be laced with disgust,
Revulsion and poetic anger,
From which Epical Ramayana
Springs to overwhelm
The millions of millenniums,
The teeming and the redeeming!

Evocative-emotive foundation
Formalized the epic poetics on earth,
On the banks of Tamasa,
Sage Valmiki holds the hand of a disciple;
Sage Bharadwaj initiates the talk of
Epical writing soaked in benevolence;
Sage Narad reveals the essentials

Of an epic of significance,
The triad unparalleled pillars
Must hold umbrella of the sky
unless it may swoop to suck in space
The transient world of words!

Swadhyaya- to dive deep in human nature
Besides the fairy tales of heaven,
To outclass the chronicles of Puranas,
The new mythology to cohabit with man,
Man's sojourn of struggle to be Superman,
Nar to Narayana- an eternal march to perfection,
A meditative self-composed persona,
A man of words and action, not reaction,
A reticent, not garrulous and boastful,
A mighty but not haughty being,
Balanced even in extermination,
A banished prince to foster kingdoms,
'Vag-vidamvara'- an exposition in silence
But armed with accomplishment in talks!
An icon of adoration to grant grace,
A man of grandeur to humanity,
'Muni-pungava'- a contemplative man
Of competence to march from imperfection
To perfection to be – 'Maryada Purushotam'!

An embodiment of canons crafted by Time,
Beyond time to last unto doom-
To be immortalized in memorabilia,
To be followed like divine umbrella,
To stand tall amidst the infidels and infidelity,
Amidst the devotional surrender,
And utterances of stark brutality!
Human error to be factored in
To take it to heights of avoidance,
Loose indulgence in wanton acts
Of vengeance and whims,
Valour and bravery for the hapless,
Sapping the taste in reckless style,

To be trimmed, not to hedge out,
Lest become hazard to humanity!

Universality of traits of heroes,
Overwhelmed feats of demons,
Chase of evil and virtue eternal,
Darkness and light ephemeral,
Human nature's attributes paternal,
Of grabbing, hoarding and depraving
To govern and overlord the earth
Like fire of intellect to leap upwards to pounce,
Waters of desires to flow leeward to go down!

Krishna compelled to be cognitive of Rama-
The Armoured Warrior – to be me!
Title to be taken from 'Ayana'-
The postfix of the deity- 'Narayana'!
Sage Valmiki makes two appearances,
In the epic as writers write the preface today,
To say a few words:
'Asyatam' - be seated to prince Rama,
At Chitrakoot at his hermitage;
Short of bowing before the regality,
Prince pays homage to the sage of sagacity!
In 'Khand-Uttara' on King Rama's invite
After hearing the feats of the young ascetics,
Sage Valmiki accompanies Sita with her twins,
The Sage enters the Mandapa to say:
“I am the tenth son of the Sage Prachetas!
You belong to the great dynasty of Raghu!
I remember not to have uttered a lie in my life!
I say that these two boys are your sons!
I performed penance for thousands of years!
I shall not accept the fruit of all my penance
If there is any blemish in Maithili!
I never entertained any ignoble thought!
I never wronged any person!
I never spoke a vulgar word!
I shall derive the benefit thereof

Only if Maithili is devoid of sin!

Kalidasa visualized spectrum of
Seven colours in seven Khandas,
A figurative image of Sage's poetic vision,
Envisioned in Indra's rising rainbow!
Orational rendering of epics lives on lips,
Disciples were instrumentalities to sing,
In chorus for the devout and vandals alike,
Padam, Skand Purana and Adhyatma,
Took the tradition to grass-root the tell-tale,
In zeal to reform even the robbers,
To be one with the forsaken and forgotten!
Despised, deprived and downtrodden!

Sage Valmiki's Ramayana annexed the
Cultural contours of the Asian Continent,
To be staged, played, read and imitated,
In the heroic deeds of the dramatis personae!
Oblivious of the realism and idealism,
The lines of demarcation erased in gusto,
From hutment to palace policy to live life,
Maxims come flowing from the gangotri!
Hundreds of Ramayanas mushroomed,
To boast of their tribute to the originality,
By making a point diverse, adverse, reverse,
Converse, perverse, still to the Epical preserve!
Holy waters may change colour, scent, its smack,
Holistic remain its ruins even to hack it to crack!

SAINT KABIR'S SAHEJ PROCLAMATION

Puran and Quran were meeting to walk,
Fifteenth century's Bhakat wishing to talk,
Relevance of idol-worship, pilgrimages pure,
Fasting for piety, ritualism for self insecure,
Kabir's mind-field of colloquial crop,
Harvested Sahej Samadhi!

Literally great in name
Born to bridge the gulf,
Between the diverse dogmatism
Of Hindus and Islam,
Experienced was his teacher,
Not by shutting eyes and
Ears in meditation,
Not by mortification of body hurt,
To proclaim surrender of the ego
At the altar of divine and human love!

As ascetics look for Renunciation,
Devouts shout Thy hundred names,
To play their respective games,
Kabir had cheeks to say:
'You live in everything everywhere'!
His heart beats percolated
The waters of Ganga-Yamuna
To raise edifice of monotheism of Islam,
To garnish Non-dualism of Hinduism!

Cultured pearl of composite-culture
Personified in Kabir's wordy-locks,
Denounce dogmatism of serfdom,
Advocate universal transcendentalism,
Of non-conformism to the hackneys' rut,
To blend Ramananda and Sheikh Taqqi!
Buddha and Rumi's self-effulgence!
Count the lamps not the light,
Be lost in plurality not in the Absolute One!

Metaphysics comes with enlightenment,
Physics surfaces with tangible experiment,
Vedantics and Sufis wandered in wonderland
Of egoist self's realm all alone...
In the kingdom of the unknown!

Outspoken rustic and raw outpours,
With no sophistry of a wordsmith,
Baked in the oven of trials and tribulations,
Sufferings and ordeals in store for the secular!
Endeared masses fed up
With the ritualistic savagery,
Followed by complexity of
Thickets of theorism,
Unbound for the illiterate
Ignorant teeming millions
Of the middle ages
Stormed by the invaders,
Plunder and loot vanished
Sanskrit and Persian,
Kabir knew his own language-
The linguistics of the self-
The words of the soul-
The moaning of the inner-
The groaning of the grassroots!

The cry of humanity
Knows no language-
The tears have no brand,
The pain is not identifiable,
Hunger is non-substantial,
Empty belly cannot chant
Thy Lord's name,
Morsel needs human body,
To be devout of the Absolute!
Agony cannot be located,
Thus, Kabir's language imbibed
All human constraints- afflictions
Addressed to Sadho! Sant Jana!

Who may disseminate among millions,
The message of eternity,
Not to keep safe in vaults
Of the millionaires!
Mystic symbols are yet to decode,
Sound is sky,
Word is the creator!
When pitcher of human life is broken,
Water mixes with the eternal water body,
When snow melts it is water,
Forms change, but not the substance!
Surati and Nirati are the forms,
Emanate only from the same source!
The twain of Quran and Pauran
Shall meet to chant Ram-Raheema!
Paradoxical words and utterances,
Conform to multitudes...

Fear-psychosis breeds in every religion,
For treading path of purity,
The philosophic goal is good,
Practices degenerate over centuries,
Neither me be called religious,
Nor irreligious to be condemned,
For I am not involved anywhere,
Not in my doing or in the doing of others,
All my actions are beyond myself!
All attributions go to the Divine,
Me- the reflection of the Almighty
Human bondage is subjective caging,
May feel the incarceration
Without being imprisoned,
May experience freedom
With being in torture chamber!

Equi-positioning the self,
Merging the soul in the Absolute,
Like the springing streams gush,
Towards the goal post of destiny,
As rivers flow from the glaciers
Traversing treading and traveling,
So adverts a man on to his pilgrimage,
Sojourning setting milestones on the way,
To reach the destined post of his fate,
Sahej, Sahej- slowly steadily in the life-span!

ON SRI AUROBINDO'S BIRTHDAY- 15TH AUGUST

In sub-waking state of mind,
In waking state of mind,
In supra-state of mind,
The Master wandered in forest of thoughts.

Moon of optimism,
Freckled in the clouds of darkness,
Pensive-pessimism cloaked in
Fear-psychosis grappled the country.

Sense-less, ceaseless protests, gallows
Overwhelmed Indian hearts with intense laments,
In utter commotion, a seer saw a ray of hope.
Amidst suppressed news of reign of terror.

Posthumous tributes and sermons
Of peace were in offing,
Universal lines of maintaining
Law and order were in swing,
Individual likes of saving one's
Stigmatic living were in tune,
Utilitarian lines of save thy soul
At patriot's cost were a fortune.

Sri Aurobindo stands tall among
The sons of Indian soil,
Deposed to French colony
Of Pondicherry in self-exile,
Accompanied by Subramanya Bharathi
With his zealots - compatriots
Of freedom devoid of dark stains
Of bigotry and savagery.

Beyond the flames leaping out
From the houses of patriots,
Beyond the cell of torture,
To suffer severe trauma till death,
Beyond the mass slaughtering
Of human race to subjugate,
The Seer saw Narayan in his vision
Embalming wounds of India.

Sri Aurobindo foresaw the diving sun
Of nation to rise again,
On his birthday retreating birds
From Red Fort to fly again,
Mahatma to witness carnage
In direct action of fanaticism,
President to pay homage to
Cellular and exiled on freedom.
Vedas taught him to proceed
From darkness to light,
Supra-consciousness dawned
To enlighten his big-being:
“The Spirit shall look out
Through Matter's gaze.
And Matter shall reveal
The Spirit's face.”
India's Spirit to look forward
To picture the Mars!
India's scientist to be united
And rise to be shining stars!
The Master's voice has reverberated
In the cosmic spheres!
Mechanized men and Matter
Have become Spirit's peers!

SWAMI VIVEKANANDA'S ARISE AND AWAKE...CALL!

Hail monk's address to the mankind!
Hail Vivekananda's Arise and Awake...call!
Hail annihilator to fratricidal fanaticism!
Hail universal acceptance of tolerance!

Meditative monk sitting on a rock-top,
Witnessed by confluence of oceanic waves,
Tossing with the heavens within to outpour,
By crossing the dogmatic seven sea syndrome!

Rotten ritualism buried deep in the sea-bed,
Chicago pilgrimage not only a call of 1893,
But a fusion of all civilizations intertwined,
Like the sunshine on earth and flowing wind.

To listen 'Sisters and brothers of America,'
Bond in warmth of relations responded,
Rising above the epitaph of ladies and gentlemen,
Clapped in standing ovation as the speech begun.

Carrying heart overwhelmed with joy unspeakable,
Like Buddha's enlightened sermons in Sarnath,
Setting tune of universal message of Ekam-satt,
In the name of the ancient order of monks, he spoke:
In the name of the mother of all religions!
In the name of millions and millions of Hindus!
Proud to belong to a religion that taught the world:
Tolerance and universal acceptance!

With the universal acceptance of truth
We shelter the persecuted refugees of
All religions to flourish and flower in bloom,
All nationalities on earth to come out of gloom!

Gathered in our bosom are the purest remnants,
Of Hebrew civilization pestered by Roman tyranny,
The savagely shattered holy temples of Jerusalem,
Of grand Zoroastrian nation's fostered ruins!
Hymns we repeat right from our childhood:
"As the different streams having their sources in
Different places, all mingle their water in the sea,
Sources in different tendencies,
Various though they appear,
Crooked or straight, all lead to Thee."

The august assembly is a vindication,
A declaration to the world of wonderful doctrine,
Preached in Gita:
"Whosoever comes to Me,
Through whatsoever form, I reach him;
All men are struggling through paths
Which in the end to lead to me."

Sectarianism, bigotry,
And its horrible descendant
Fanaticism have long possessed
This beautiful earth,
They have filled the earth with violence,
Drenched it often with human blood!

Destroyed civilization and
Sent the world to despair,
For these horrible demons
Absent in history,
Human society would have
Advanced by now,
Retrograde steps take back
The leaps of progression!

Bell that tolled this morning
Sounds the death knell,
Of all fanaticism, all persecutions...
With the sword and pen alike...
Of all uncharitable feelings!

Let all persons wending their way
To the same goal,
Unite irrespective of their loyalties
To the respective religious fervor,
Zeal and veneration short of bigotry,
To usher in a world of peace,
Bereft of persecutions!

THE MIND GAME OF MAHATMA

Hail the Freedom-hunter!
Hail the dispeller of fears!
Hail the expeller of violence!
Hail father of the nation!

Your skill to craft trilogy of tools against the British-
Satyagrah smithed to fight the brutish,
Swadeshi to challenge the mercantile might,
Swaraj to conch the self-rule to oust the white!

Disembarked from a train in South Africa,
Converted personal problem to become apartheid,
Rising like a colossal climbed at Tolstoy Farm Fame,
To be noticed by Gokhale or invited him to see the game!

M.K. turned leader to learn the nuances of politics,
Gokhale's disciple introduced to arena of polemics,
Surrounded, crowded and mobbed by the multi-cultural
Orators, protestors par excellence of multitudes!

Tumultuous tormentors of the British
Having regional attitudes,
Oblivious of the downtrodden indigenious,
Geo-politics of the sub-continent,
Gandhi started experiments with truth,
Deeply lost in sensible sentiments,
To be or not to be –
A leader of different hue- to be self-reliant!

Confronted with the gruesome scenario
Of the First World War,
Vanishing the Tilak's extremist postures
And mass impact of extremist protest,
'Swaraj is my birth right- I will have it'-
Impressed him to imbibe,
Gandhi put 'Swaraj' in his mind's laboratory
To experiment with catalyst of Truth!

Bal-Pal withered and left Lal alone
To be lathi-charged to succumb,
To nail the last nail in the coffin
Of British Empire at Lahore,
Nation heralded the Gokhale's legacy
Of passive resistance,
A moderated version of
Violent-non-violent convergence!

End of the First World War
Made the British more brutish,
Jallianwala Bagh massacre
Gave rise to Udham Singh's fatal shot,
Lalaji' succumbing to head injuries
To Bhagat Singh's Assembly Bomb,
Gandhian experimental truth
Stood shredded to smithereens!

Caught in the cleft of two trains
Of thought of avenge and revenge,
By violent means
Or to be passive amidst the revenge,
Made Bapu tall to only fall –
To be playing political games,
Sometimes sitting at the Round Table
Counting losses or gains of martyrdom!

To be Frontier Gandhi-
Nehruvian Gandhi-
Or to be MK of the yore,
To feel the pulse of the
Remotest of the remote,
To personally feel and empathize
With the deprived,
The depressed, enslaved,
Bonded and dehumanized.

The servile, subjugated, surrendered
To fatal blow of fate,
From Kabul-Kandhar to Kashmir-
Kanyakumari in a voyage,
Thus, became the Mahatma to be
Ekam-adhikari-ekbastradhari,
The unchallenged Bapu of the
Oldest party seeking freedom!

To mingle with the dust
Of the motherland,
To be son of the soil,
To be a forerunner in marathon,
To be the first to protest and
Face arrest to arouse the masses,
To be a political scientist
To experiment in the human-heads!

Mahatma's arrest in Non-cooperation
Opened the vistas of the mind game
Of the prodigal saint of Sabarmati,
Dandi March, with 79 volunteers
That endeared him to become
A laughing stock in the corridors
Of colonial power house!

Mahatma knew the dicey game
Of the march to break--
The British Salt law for the colonized,
Deprived and depressed,
Hamlets in the remote marched
In flocks of folks with the
Semi-Naked saint of freedom
Bereft of fear to lose only nothing!

Violence meets its death with violence-
Mahatma knew the fatal fate of arms,
Non-violence never meets its end
In a political game of thrones,

It may be bruised and brutalized,
Incarcerated and hospitalized,
It survives any onslaught
May be crushed and flushed by force!

But the seeds of the upsurge and uprising
Were sown to harvest,
After a long decade,
Mahatma surfaced again
To launch with a bang,
Another movement of Civil Disobedience
Amidst martyrs to be hanged,
For the unrest of youth
For overthrowing the Empire with violence!

To avenge the killing of Lalaji and the ilk,
To unite the young blood,
Bhagat Singh and duo were being sacrificed
For using violent means,
Mahatma faced two pronged strategic
Way to deal the debacle,
Chose to become apostle
Of passive resistance
At the cost of tarnished image!

After another decade,
Mahatma thought to strike at opportune time,
To convert the crisis into opportunity
And play the second and final game,
With the Second World War ongoing,
Gandhi's call for Quit India movement,
Do or die- slogan ranting the Indian sky
Clouded with dark clouds of INA invasion!

British Empire feared the decimation
At the hands of 'Imphal Invasion'
Of Indian National Army –
Azad Hind Fauz and its Delhi Chalo,
The battle of Imphal –

A deadliest of the battles
Ever fought for freedom,
Netaji's call for blood and freedom
Still rings in the ears of the youth!

Mahatma's difference of opinion
With Netaji's violent means to overthrow,
Baba Saheb Ambedkar's views
To 'annihilate caste' and
To end untouchability,
Rajaji's 'Nation's Conscience Keeper'-
Advice hailing from a top of a mountain,
Became unacceptable to Nehruvian Gandhi-
To the Frontier Gandhi-
To MK to entertain.

The triad experimentation failed
In the mind game of Mahatma,
Sardar Patel's dominance gave way
To candidacy of Nehru,
Jinnah's resolve to separate dominion
Became reality to unnerve the Bapu,
Fasting unto death failed in its experimentation
As Satyagrah over-stretched!

Living with untouchable but still honked
By the icons of low-caste.
Blunting the sharp swords of partition
Of the country but still termed partisan,
Passionate appeals of Mahatma
For unity but still detested by the bigots,
Polarized personality of Mahatma
Led him to be compared to Janus!

Disheartened, disillusioned, but still
Not demoralized Mahatma of the masses,
Bulletheaded to end the era of troika
Of mass movements of three decades...
After experimenting the secret of

Satyagrah, Swadeshi and Swaraj
From the tool kit of Leo Tolstoy,
A sigh of eternal peace sucked in
Violence of Godse in Mahatma's non-violence!

Long live the experiments with truth-
With the results of bookish residue,
Legacy's appropriation- misappropriation
In politics has become overdue,
Mahatma's mind game still goes on
Even after his non-political departure,
But with smile on the currency notes,
His name used in votes
In a dubious aperture!

THE MIND-SET OF DR. HEDGEWAR

Hail horrors hail! Hail wails hail!
Hail the Hindu Rashtra hail!
Let the Akhand Bharat prevail!
Let the Aryans legacy entail!

A bunch of thoughts- handed down by
Guru Golwalkar steered the criss-cross
Sections of Vedics to unite in diversity,
To strike a fatal blow to Hindu adversity.

When Scouts and Guides regimented,
When the world was healing its WW wounds,
When Nazis were fortressing the formations,
Dr. Hedgewar was obsessed with an idea of RSS.

With no admission form- no fee to charge,
Disciplined daily visit to inflame the passion,
Physical exercise, brain-storming in semi-circle,
Sanskritised hymn dedicated to the saffron flag.

Hailing the unified lands of the Varta-
Brahamvarta- Aryavarta- Bharatvarsha,
Geo-cultural sub-continental sojourns of
Hindustan- India- That is Bharat.

To wear uniform and to don belt akin
To para-military buckle with black shoes,
Stockings and Dand (stick) in hand to strike,
Drilled to discipline with whistle in a parade.

Banaras Hindu University was chosen
To be laboratory with permission from
Madan Mohan Malaviya- its mentor,
To assimilate the legacy of Hindu icon.

Golwalkar to sacrifice his youth and
Entire life to espouse the national pride,
Hindu hegemony and prowess of the past,
To take further Savarkar- Aurobindo's dye-cast.

The glorious golden era of Vedic dominion,
Lost in the melee of diverse public opinion,
For revivalism of Vedic hymn universalism,
Merger of tributaries of thought in unison.

Multiplication of propagators began,
Educated, dedicated to the Sangha cause,
Living in austerity deprived of even the spouse,
Because patriotism and nationalism a cult to espouse.

Parallel dry run to the D-day of independence,
Muslim fanatics were to be kept in balance,
A feigned or graced universalism in sectarianism,
A stooped tactical image to rope in populism.

Publicity and property to Sangha– the scornful nod,
A secret organization in a confined codified mode,
Breeding alike images of tongue, thought and civility,
To multiply geometrically a clan of cloned similarity.

After 50 years, it was predicted in the Sangh,
The consolidated saffron thought would bang,
Sacrifices would be needed to have full swing,
To polarize the Indian polity to install a saffron king.

But after 50 years of Sangh installation,
Emergency came exactly with proclamation,
With mass arrests and its underground consolidation,
Secret and codified organizations do flourish in suppression.

Sarvodya's JP hijacked as the ailing old guard
Needed organization boost, others too did fall in line
To the disciplined saffron; cats best foot put forward
Samaritan orators pitched to hold coveted posts onward.

An aura of respectability to Sangha- a joy forever,
All institutions of the nation stand sneaked in,
To launch a massive campaign of consolidation,
Battle-lines drawn between red and saffronisation.

Re-write of history, myth and martyrs to remember,
Legends to inspire and iconography to be Indianised,
Halt to Hindu epical vandalism, to stop red propaganda,
To sound death-knell of secularism and agnosticism.

Intolerant debate on Toleration began to ensue,
Red scholars feeling threatened in their perspectives,
Saffron scholarship gaining ground internationally,
Opening congregations with Vedic chants politically.

PART II

Adversity ended- five generation subdued,
The foundation found its pinnacle shining,
Conversely the ideology of no press-conference,
Ended to have public debate on controversial references.

Dr. A.O. Hume's party counting its years of birth,
The lost grandeur and sheen of the oldies in dearth,
Shrunk to dynastic aspirations of the 'first family,'
Walking and talking with the aid of regional bullies.

After 50 years, dual membership of Sangha,
And its political outfit mismatched at national alliance,
After 75 years, dualism in loyalty became virtue,
Mono-members were asked to study Sangh's pursuit.

Conversely property holding became a norm,
After 75 years marbled offices do dot the globe,
Donations sans receipt and sans bank record,
Organizational cult-monolith functioning in accord.

Saffron juggernaut holding no qualms to foment,
Love-hate jihad, dharam-yudh, crusade or campaign,
To beat, repeat, retreat, creep, creek and shriek in,
To use tools of avenge, revenge, allegiance, vengeance.

Dr. Hedgewar's mindset has been used and thrown-
The bigotry stands subdued by one end of the see-saw,
One end assumes furious posture of extremism-
The other end outlines the global cyber modernism.

Akhand Bharat and unitary governance of zones,
Replaced by micro-state units imbed by regionalism,
Geo-political unification of Hindu Rashtra stands diluted,
Continental Vedic revivalism seems less polluted.

Buddhist bloc once envisaged by Ambedkar-Nehru,
Seems reality with Nalanda upsurge, if not Takshshila,
Hydra of faiths of Hinduism, hundreds of Vedic streams,
Merge, submerge and re-emerge to be named mythical Saraswati.

Iconic incorporation of Vivekananda, if not of his mission,
Ambedkar's integration, if not his mammoth flood of followers,
Regional straps alliance, if not their progeny's misdeeds,
Hawk eyed RSS still meditates on the Samadhi of Dr. Hedgewar.
How to embellish the bruised ego of brahmanical supremacy,
How to re-establish the integrated caste- community chasm of
millennia,
How to cope with the human greed of wealth and fame, power and
pelf,
How to deal with the loose cannons and communal flamboyant
cranks?

Dr. Hedgewar had single panacea for all ills of individuality,
'SanghamSharnamGachhami- Sangham Shakti YugeYuge'-
Unity is strength and to be unified visit daily outfit's branches.
But mediocrity is not clay to make gods in the Sanghian furnace.

BODHISATVA BABA SAHEB AMBEDKAR

(ON HIS 125TH BIRTH ANNIVERSARY)

Hail the Mankind-mentor!
Hail the Suvarna-tormentor!
Jai Bhim! Jai Bhim! Jai Bhim!
Jai Boddhisattva with turbulent-waves within!

Sagacious, smart, sanguine and serene!
Scholastic prowess endeared the Maharaja!
'Economics of exploitation' to be unfolded,
Took flight from Baroda to Columbia University!

Manu's law books heralded new era of battle cries,
When symbolically the tenets of exploitation...
Were burnt down for denial of water from a tank;
To the parched servile tongues of subaltern Dalits!
From the burnt hot ashes- leashed fleshes, thus,
Arose a Viraj, a colossus, a phoenix of Bahishkrut!

The hitherto 'boycotted' felt empowered,
Even to threaten the invincible Mahatma!
'Annihilation of Caste'- a clarion call – a roar...
Endangered the whole world of Four-Vernas.

Ambedkar stood by his indelible philosophy of
'Casteless catastrophe' at any cost to redeem honour!
As restless Muslim minorities desired theocratic-
Separate homeland due to fear-psychosis.

Baba Saheb painfully envisioned inevitable Partition!
And Indian composite-culture's ultimate cessation!

Emancipation of women was a simmering ember,
Embedded indeed in his emotional heart of hearts,
His uprising-calls still inflame feminist-fires across...
But to be sucked in the funnel of patriarchal wrath.

Inheritance of hierarchical heritage of millennia,
Systematic subjugation douses off all the ignite.
A multitude of commands and prohibitions
Thundered not to be a religion- his dismal lamentations!

A collective dogmatic way of life –
May be called Hindustani text of regulations!

Internecine battle between principles
And rules is being fought since millenniums,
The stooges stage come back again in cahoots
To engage the principles in new casteist-duel.

The principle-rule fight ends up in mouthful-
Gobbles of the principles by the hydra-rules!
The degeneration of society starts then
And there with sliding down to the abysmal.

Philosophy pinnacle crumbles to the ground..
And ceases to become an enigma to exploit!

Much hyped tolerance of majority
I synonym of indifference
Of the elitist elements towards
The plight of lesser mortals.

'Meanness is worse than cruelty'
Ordained the iconic portals of the lord,
'Sword and subtle-subjugation in history'
Has been ruling the roost as umbilical cord.
Still in independent India everybody...
Wants to appropriate or misappropriate,
Politically, socially, culturally,
But is this the unified India in letter and spirit?
And for Baba Saheb: 'Is Caste a matter of constant consciousness?
Of existence, sustenance and gauging the patience?
Of inferiority or superiority,
Of haves and have-nots?

Never has there been a confederation
Of castes that has ever existed
Except to 'unite' in the face of rioting,
Looting, booting and mass murder.
That too in the name of the 'religion'
Which is always short-lived to see any dawn!

When the hurricanes of communalism
Halt to refuel in their thorny stormy stride,
Castes take their respective uneasy seats,
Tethered with gusto of vain pride!
Casteist nations are unheard of
Beyond our sub-continent of Asia,
Annihilation of casteism is sine quo non-
To unite the universality of humane quotient!
The casteists and classists are destined
To perish in revolutions of hatred and divide!

Baba Saheb's humanism stems
From the Bodhisattva's vow--
Not to leave the suffering humankind,
Who are vivisected with limbs kept aside.
As looking down upon massive multitudes...
Of the human resource with servile looks,
Personified resourceful mines to be exploited,
Objectified dehumanized resources to be harnessed.

Seldom shall the civilized society cite gospels,
From the scriptures or sacred books of mankind!
Let me be nurtured in the nest of human heart,
Educated to roar in the forest of dogmatic blind.

Conceived only to ideate for the humankind!
To clean the dirty stable of casteist mind!

NETAJI'S DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE!

Hail horrors of slavery hail!
Hail legacy of bravery hail!
Hail spilled blood of martyrs hail!
Hail Indian National Army hail!

Give me blood, I will give you freedom!
Delhi Chalo- March to Delhi to get it free!
Jai Hind- salutations to the motherland!
Glory to Unity- Agreement- Sacrifice!

Inspired by Gita's tenets to fight to finish,
The enemy with vigour and rigour,
Devised resurrection of the dormant
Masses by martyrdom for the motherland!

At Second World War's outbreak,
Imperialist forces encircled in strife,
Netaji saw an opportunity never before,
To strike, to uproot the colonial yoke!

Sailing between his authoritarian position,
The chieftain of the disciplined nationalist force,
Avowed to participative principles of democracy,
Stood tall like a cult figure of the
Secular-socialist-sovereignty!

Post-colonial order yet to breed
In the Commonwealth,
To him parliamentary politics
Seemed more pragmatic,
Than to be dictatorial despot
Of the exiled New Republic,
But socialist society based on equality
Sans poverty was his vision,
Matching the Soviet Socialist Republic,
Became his most avowed objective.

Neither was he Nazi nor Fascist
But a Nationalist to the core,
A liberator of the East for the motherland,
Women and have-nots,
A great mobilizer of human resources
To fight blood-drenched face of imperialism,
Ultra nationalism, he regretted,
In its beastly hydra form,
As of New nationalism of Germany-
Narrow, selfish and arrogant.

Authoritarian methods of coercion
Short of racial discrimination apartheid,
Could speed up translation of vision
Into apparent action of benevolence!

This led him to resign from the position of party,
To form new party to augment his crusade,
Let the destiny invade his own motherland
From alien land for breaking its shackles of slavery!

The Empires were falling one by one,
Like big trees in the Axis storm unabated,
Explored possibility to shred the stem,
With Soviet axe, to trim the branches
With Axis power grid's muscled flux,
The great organizer's call to unite and fight,
Flocked the plantation workers of Malaya,
Prisoners of war from Indian sub-continent,
Singapore's Ghaddar remnants to rise again,
Colonial patriots captured by the Axis,
In the expeditions to liquidate the Empire,
To fight the famous battle of Imphal,
The deadliest of the world's waged wars,
To establish Government
Of Independent India
In exile at Burma!
Netaji's flight from
Manchuria to Taiwan

The great escape...
For a model of diversity in
Religion, ethnicity, region, gender,
A charismatic leader not skilled
In military's tactical warfare he fought
Tooth and nail to the finish,
Never to return...
Hope to return...
But presided over Free India's Government
At Andaman Nicobar Islands!

Bose- An avtar of real politic,
Fell prey to the internal politics,
Bapu let the tirade in covert operation,
Took away Indian National Congress
With position at its helm!
Dwarfed Bose had to construct
Forward Bloc...
Left to be imprisoned to flee
The native land to invade its borders,
To have resurgence of the unrest,
Rebellion of the nationalist masses,
The socialist, the secular, the classless,
The casteless, the non-ethnic sympathies,
For social good and nation's reconstruct!

Imperialists with their bandwagon,
Dubbed Netaji to be Nazi baiter,
To get submarine ride of rarity,
To head outfit of armed forces,
Indian National Army of a new nation,
An independent Government in exile,
Azad Hind Bank of its own,
Not satisfied with Dominion status
To be gifted by the Empire!
The twin fight began for Netaji,
Gandhi's resistance within the country,
In the name of non-violent struggle,
Signing pacts-acts-commissions,

Conferences and conclaves with omissions,
Independence to be bestowed,
Not to be snatched, won, and gained,
To be gifted, enacted, handed over,
Netaji's vision of complete independence,
Was different in hue and colour from
The hackneyed class of politics
Secular socialists, atheist communists,
Who damned spiritual socialists
Of Vivekananda's Vedantic clan!

Azad Hind Bank still eyes
For the key to turn,
In the native land of Netaji!
Azad Hind Fauj still looks to be
Commissioned and regimented
In the Indian Army!
The chair with words inscribed-
Provisional Government of Independent India,
Laments for its occupier at the Red Fort,
An inspiration incarnate statues of Netaji
Witnessed the Red Fort Trial
Of INA's 300 soldiers,
Charged with treason,
The façade ended in fiasco
The opposition of Congress's dualism
To tactics and ideology of violence,
But praise for nationalist perseverance!

Generations have elapsed,
Governments have lapsed,
Indians still conceive a notion,
Lest Netaji appear from the mist,
His ideological freedom for all
May dawn which still Gandhians resist!

THE MIND OF MODI

Tempests trumpeting
To be regent or renunciate,
The mind of young Modi
Vacillating...!

The state of Modi-minding,
As day-night having dusky meeting,
As silent forest doing whisper-hearing,
As ocean of thoughts doing wave-churning,
As sea-tides doing moon-kissing!

Sangham Sharanam Gachhami...
Reverberating with winds,
Life's direction-shifting,
As youth has perfection-yearning,
As babe crane doing flight-learning,
As aspirant salvation-striving,
As horizon doing earth-mirroring,
As Mother-India's dream actuating,
As flower fragrance emitting,
As corporeal-cover evaporating,
As sacred hymns within echoing,
As meditative mind enlightening,
As celestial canons personifying,
As transcendental sky perfecting!

At Goan-session Prime-Ministerial
Candidature comes calling,
A doubtless mind equipoising,
As in light darkness vanishing,
As enlightened Modi incarnating,
To cover whole of India in whirlwind,
To uphold Subhash's secular Jai Hind,
To actualize Mahatma's dream of Swaraj,
To cement Sardar Patel's unified India,
To landmark cultural Akhand-Bharat,
To bring back exiled Aurobindo's Supra-light!

Varanasi chosen to be spring-board,
Delhi-throne gave reins to enforce,
Clean up from Gangotri to Gangasagar,
Billions of hands are raised to welcome,
Trillions of eyes moist to see and listen,
Millions of hearts heave to sigh of relief,
Multitudes mind Modi tweets in seconds,
Masses respect and react in split seconds,
Masterly strokes of pen are welcome
To wipe the tears of every Indian,
Overt and covert acts are needed
To alleviate poverty, filth and dogmatism,
To usher a dignified life of food, shelter, security,
To set freedom from caste-creed-violence as priority!

A vision followed by a mission unto 2224 A.D.
Nationalism of Hindus resurrected-restructured,
As lost in the invader's dust in the 1100 A.D.
Sanskritised slots bytes to become regular affair,
Conversational and commercialized commoditized,
Viable alternate in linguistics and literature across,
Revival of Hindutava and Vedantic aphorisms galore,
To be in prorgue, propagation crossing the hurdle race,
For at least half millennium as survival period of a crusade,
A legacy of colonial clones of Macaulay
To be indigenized and Indianised as Modified!

VISHNU SHARMA'S PANCHTANTRA

Magnetic black magic in mind mesmerizes,
To disperse the spectrum of light,
With overwhelmed gloom on earth and sky!

With no sound of kindness from friends,
Bowled and encapsulated,
Formalized and fuzzed!

To be offered to the dusky,
Depressed divine union of day and night,
Yearns to overcome O! Sage of Sagacity!

Can I drink the sea of knowledge?
Can my finite contain the
Infinite in the pot of body?

My inquisitive gaze wanders
My quest outlives the stars
My desires outshine the sunshine!

At the horizon's crimson
Multilayered meeting point—
Realism and fantasy conjoin!

Beams in curvaceous rainbow
Emanate to scatter in the void,
But slowly fade away in the façade!

Blood red hand of earthen banks,
Bluish waters of spiral waves
Come forth to slaughter each other!

Dark blue seeded clouds,
Clasping in affinity and loyalty,
Hover over myself to regale!

My dualism dodges the self,
The world hails my multitudes,
Finite ego goes for infinite attitude!
The ingenuity of brain surfaces,
With solutions ephemeral,
To the ego's over joy!

Thus, Spoke the Sage:
Mitrabheda is the gospel,
Foe's friends to be dispersed,
To leave the inimical all alone!

Mitralabha- is the cardinal,
To befriend the dispersed lot,
To acquire punch in the bout!

Suhrud- is the common canon,
Suspect becomes the foe's mettle,
To advantage the see-saw battle!

Vigrah- is the methodical prank,
Non-partake in non-participle ways,
For a rogue- an avoidance always!

Sandhi- is the synthesis of all theses,
Bargaining from higher pedestal,
Empowered to be diamond crystal!

O, Sage!
Your radiant light pierced my mind,
Dullard doled out for you to be kind,
Spectrum of five new lights now I find!

Panchtantra has entailed a tale treatise,
To be retold again and again in different guise,
To live even after civilization's demise!

RAINBOW THOUGHT OF KALIDASA

Hail! Illustrious cloud messenger hail!
Hail! Royal love for the chamber-maid hail!
Hail! King's amorous ascetic romance hail!
Hail! Detailed depiction of divine-virginity hail!
Hail! Garland of six seasons' twisting in bed hail!
Hail! Heavenly nymph's love for a mortal hail!
Hail! Expeditions in verse of lord of lords hail!

1

Malvikagnimitram- the first fired salvo of Kalidasa,
Ladylove labyrinths the masculine adorations,
Love-lore of a warrior king falling for a palace maid,
Incidental-intrigues to the fullest in love commendable!
Passions royal tossing up to the tune of dancing dame,
Façade of competition in royal court came in vogue
To have a glimpse of the smile from a face lustrous!

2

As oasis found for the burning beats of tropical dunes,
Kingly court enamoured to grab a live dancing boon,
Curious audience glued to the seats to know the fate
Jealousy, confusion, confrontation comical diving in love,
Purity of literature encapsulated in similes and symbols
To be tested on the touchstone by two court scholars,
All know the fate! All know the gait! All know the soul-mate!

3

Still the theatrical performance of dance, drama
Climaxes before the royal courtier to excel in court,
Malavika at her best to bare all to capture the fort,
Doesn't allow the Agnimitra to move and wink apart,
The amorous play has plotting of a beloved craving for...
Her lover in profundity- fired, confused and bruised,
To hail royal laughter infectious to one and all to laugh!

4

A glimpse of the dazzling beauteous countenance,
That too in killing smile in numerous sight-stilled poses,
Oblivious made by the waxed moon as the stars eclipse,
Queen gets to know the royal feelings for the damsel,

Imprisoned lies in dungeon – the dancer Malavika,
Gautam- the royal friend fakes a snake bite to ruse,
To be cured only by the Queen's ring- the Nagmudrika!

5

Malavika gets her freedom to be discovered royal,
A sister of a blue blood chieftain in palace hiding,
Queen accepts Malavika to be her pair in palace,
Flying alike in palatial royalty casting off the past,
Enchantment of beauty mirrored by the poet laureate,
Beyond the realm of royal selection and seduction,
Meeting and mating of two minds in happy ending always!

Part II

1

Viikram- the mortal king falling for the celestial nymph,
The poet makes the plotting free from any labyrinth,
Of the legendary episodes, chronicles and casts of past,
The innovative dialogue in the drama enacted in heaven,
Urvashi acting as Lakshmi calls for her beloved mate,
Pururava' instead of 'Purushotama'- to be banished to earth,
To unite with the amorous king to beget a son under a curse!

2

Folks are interested to listen to their loved iconography,
The delivery of powerful dialogues in live mythography,
To ward off the trials and tribulations of the drudgery,
To usher in ephemeral pleasure out of facts of fudging,
So, plotting of renown-regal wearing a thorny crown,
To entertain royalty for its chivalry and folks alike in tandem,
The twists and turns with the text original taken at random!

3

Damsels from the heaven descend for a common cause,
For salvaging the regal and redeeming the cursed pause,
Gandharva marriage by garlands and consummation on set,
Separation to mate once in quatrain infuses great interest,
Ayush is born out of the wedlock to end the unison laughter,
To meet the ends of justice of heaven's court and thereafter,
The king-nymph-son's confluence is pick of the poet-director!

4

Bharat Muni's direction in a drama leads to downfall,
Of the celestial nymph Urvashi from heaven's court,
Only to return back after begetting a son from the King,
A mortal's love for the nymph-nuances depicted poles apart,
Maddened king in love-lore cries in muse on her cursed-depart,
A red gem beaked by a bird to be meat proves heavenly dart,
Sangmaniya Mani- devised by the poet to unite confluence-cart!

5

Abduction of Urvashi and her friend Chित्रलेखा by Keshin,
Opportune comes the time to talk with the flora fauna favorite,
The forte of the poet to lay layers of metaphorical excellence,
The narratives of the time, space and action in poetic parlance,
Rescue prowess and backtracked curse depiction for the damsel,
Indra's modified message through Narad to stay put with the king,
Relaxes the audience to have happy ending of the soul-mates!

Part III

1

Abhigyanashakuntalam- hails a tale of love and romance,
Lord Indra sends his most gorgeous heavenly damsel,
Menaka to earth to disturb devotion of sage Vishwamitra,
Seduced stands the sage to get a daughter Shakuntala,
Infuriated at the lost of chastity leaves newly born babe,
Menaka too apathetic to babe's woes alights for heaven,

2

Newly born is left in forest to fend to be fed by Shakunts!
Sage Kanava comes across the forsaken babe in bird asylum,
Names her Shakuntala to be Abhigyanam by the poet laureate,
To be rewritten king Dushyant's foray to the forests dense-deep,
Towering little hermit cottage to be overlapping two millenniums,
Where Shakuntala's engagement in friendly banter falls for love,
Of the king looking intensely at the ascetic beauty seen never before,
Gandharva ceremonies ensue hurriedly without waiting for Sage Kanva!

3

Mother Nature witnesses the pious marriage of her daughter,
Royal ring studded in her hands speaks of her consummation,
A token to be recognized and escorted to the royal court as a queen,

The poet relapses the heightened emotions to the ebb with a curse,
Mouthed for her lost-in-love posture by the visiting sage Durvasa,
The mercurial anger incarnate becomes the spring-board to climax,
The personified euphoria of emotive tides relents to be Abhigyanam!

4

To be recollecting the lost memorabilia on seeing token of love,
The dramatic lose of royal ring slipped in the mouth of a fish,
As Shakuntala sets on a voyage to visit the king and halts at pool,
The disgust at the arrogance of royalty petrified on the asceticism,
The prostration of the regality at the footage of the hermitage,
Reveals the truth of the twains meeting with a bang to boomerang,
The love's signet ring royal is presented by an angler to the king!

5

The forgotten nostalgia of beloved bumped like suppressed stream,
The souvenir of love remind the king ascetic dame's innocent love,
Fish swallowed signet ring in his hands, the king rushed to the hermit,
Bharata- a young lad playing with cubs of lions counting their teeth,
Greets the king first to be dramatized in a happy union with intensity,
Different from Mahabharata's Dushyant to display brave propensity,
The poet laureate takes liberty to excel in plotting perpetual curiosity!

Part IV

1

Paradigmatic poetry ever written of excellence on Nature,
With metaphors pervading all over not to leave any creature,
Birth of Kumara- Kartikeya has the epicenter for the epic poem,
Son of Shiva and Parvati is to be born to lead in Seventeen cantos,
Macro-mania of the metaphors takes off its flight to the sky,
Meets the horizon several times to dive the heave of seven seas,
Sringer rasa- of love romance and eroticism captives hallowed pen!

2

In contrast and contradiction Kamadeva stands banished to ashes,
Still lives on the romance divine overwhelmed on Himalayan grandeur,
Micro-chips of the lips to the toes of the divinity personified enchants,
The overawed one falls to rise in the paradigm of ethics and aesthetics,
Seasonal showers struck the tresses of beauty to alight in dew drops,
Shuttle on the forehead to shoulders to break falling on the sturdy bust,
Travel still thinned in pieces to the ultimately immersed in navel-gulf!

3

Walking in haste on the snowy-floors the tribal women swing,
Glide with their decipherable limbs attracting metaphors of nature,
The nails of the foot blossoming like the lotus sprouted without water,
Mesmerized nature's art and craft matched by the abstract simile,
Laughter of the divine personified spread on the mountains like shroud,
White to cover the blessings in disguise and halting the springing river,
A lover affront in way of a beloved to have no gush or rush to go back!

4

Penance at its heights and devotion at its peak but all sleek,
Divinity masculine is a flame stilled bereft of all waves of wind,
Divinity feminine is bloomed creeper walking talking in search to find,
A lover eternal to bless the demi-gods all powers of light and sound,
To be able to perform their functions to ameliorate as duty bound,
All that is dead in creation to be alive, to rejuvenate the piled matter,
Cosmic energy ceaseless in its pursuit to hail the inaccessible Creator!

5

O! Poet Laureate! You live in the thought rainbows,
Breathe in the beams of spectrum of seven colours,
In virginity surfaces the Nature's flora fauna without attire,
Poetics are salubrious not to inflame the eroticism's fan-fire,
True, the hearts of women are not like those of jackals,
But the patriarchy could never keep damsels in shackles,
Surely eve-inspired poets run down heavens- may end in debacles!

Part V

1

Dead deeds of historicity much to the advantage of the victor,
Have always appeared in the world to be concocted by the author,
Prose of praise, eulogy garland offered to the contemporary king,
By the ingenuity and genius of poetics always remained in offering,
But inspired, may feel a poet laureate after millenniums to write,
Raghuvansham – the epic poem has adventures benign from Dalipa,
To the descendants of Agnivarna- to Suryavanshi levated King Rama!

2

Discovery of India had to be done with H.G. Well's history,
As Discovery of Bharat still remains to be done in classical poetry,
A blend of the art and culture, ethics and aesthetics in a pageant,

Has remained in vogue to the Indian ethos from past to present,
Oral rendition of the epical poems, Charits of the kings and legends,
To be remembered for ages with gusto with emotive outpours galore,
To be transferred to the disciples with zeal to innovate and implore!

3

Emperor had a choice to traverse the stupendous mountains,
To expand the kingdom and to submerge the tough terrains,
To be known as the Principal of principalities ushering peace,
With no skirmishes in between tribes, no bloodbath in fratricides,
Either touches the eastern cliff or the oceanic horizon in the south,
King's might shall be put to test as comes a command from his mouth!

4

King Dalipa moves on to serve the cause of a curse by a cow,
But the victorious Raghu reaches the Vankshu- Oxus River's bank,
Hailing the glory amidst his chivalry and prowess to fulfill his vow,
Vanquished lays the Central Asia with defeats of native Hoons,
Conquered stood the Mlechhas- the barbarians with bounty-boons,
Encountered Kambojas- an indo-Scythian tribe stood amalgamated,
Fighting for the nation- the Bharatvarsha – never to feel agitated!

5

If poetic discovery is legend mythological and imagination,
Walnut trees around Oxus River still have the rich cultivation,
If all is hearsay and tale telling, the courtier's accounts in prose,
Have the slippery bed sheet of gold drenched in blood of the brave,
The martyred brave-hearts who fought the battles unequal in strength,
Belief and trust in the banyan tree of the nation is a matter of faith,
May be wild grass to be trampled or an article of poetic meters sayeth!

Part VI

1

Human relations labyrinth the poetic mind of ages,
From infancy to evening of life- man's all seven stages,
Human possessions – the tales of exceptional exploitation,
From slave trade to protégé kingdom its neo-explanation,
Love's sacrifices and its suppression and triumph at last,
Truth defeating the untruth, thus, gorging out evil eye-cast,
But never environs upholding high the human emotional mast!

2

The poet laureate casts a spell to usher in Ritusamharam,
To tribute to the seasonal moods and its emotive modules,
Summer- Grishma heats up the body, Monsoon comes to cool,
Autumn- Sharat peters out the old yielding place to the new,
Pre-winter- Hemant hails the advent of Winter- Shishira to a cue,
Of Spring- Vasanta's victorious blooming all around in a pageant,
From gardener, farmer, household, evocative poet to the regent!

3

Utterly sweltering season and sun rampant drawing nigh,
Scorched are the sentiments, nightfall could provide respite,
In water, the love god has given elixir to human for pleasant dive,
Perfumed sprinkling on each other human limbs relax to mollify,
Drinks on the face exalted with music- Instrumental and vocal,
Intimacy synchronized with beats of the ladylove's whispers,
Summer subsides with tresses drooping dew drops on the lovers!

4

Colour and craft of titillating and swinging sumptuous,
Enamored limbs out to conquer the emerging sweat,
Rustle of aroma of watered in sandal paste blown off,
Douse the clouds of dust raised by westerly winds,
Shriveled may be the tongues, throats, and lady-lips
Blackish mascara of mirages in the sky and on earth
Searing summer serpent sinks under the plumage of peacock!

5

Elephantine clouds sweating raindrops gurgle in the sky,
Like a royal carnival with pageant of a king lightening in flash,
White birds fly high in the dark void to fire contrast colours-clash,
Ascend and descend like the musical symphonies with the winds,
Supported by the shrill sounds, vibrations, the chorus swings,
Cries of an inanimate and muted moaning of an animate mingle,
To rejuvenate, to resurrect and to regenerate hope for humanity!

Part VII

1

Poets may take sides, forms and roles in theatre of life,
May assume masculine prowess of a warrior king victorious,
May become tendril of a creeper to climb the banyan tree,

Poet laureate takes the form of a banished Yaksha all alone,
In the confines of Ramagiri's cool dark woods of historicity,
To find a friend cloud in his stern sentence of twelve months,
In his solitude – a solace in the gloom that deepened around!

2

Hail! The clouds hail! Accept the loving male for a female,
Hovering with your dark orb as a nipple crowned on breast,
Of the round swelled earth's body you move on to scale heights,
Temptations and attractions shall visit your path to hinder the pace,
Be first to reach my beloved and never fail in the skied race,
Speak harsh in thunder when the nymphs of heaven come across,
My beloved is to be messaged lest your journey halted to cross!

3

Filled with modest fears, you will find my brilliant bride,
Her charms from passions to eagerness would be in hide,
A loosened vest withstands to feeble resist amidst a lamp,
Radiance shall spread with your sleek scented whelms,
As sun restores the rising day after dark night's fall,
What deeds of love shall you tell in tales and details to all,
Withered garland, prostrate faded lotus lying on the ground!

4

You are like a young elephant but must not scare with awful size,
In haste and disguise lest terror seize my fair lady as you are hillock,
A beauteous figure with slender limbs orbed bosom fawn like eyes,
Half my soul, the partner of my life, parched shall be her dry sighs,
You may see her half face as half shall remain veiled in tresses shine,
The moon may shroud, its rays come straggling with the curled chime,
So shall grief born from the separation expire to the chaste desire!

5

Nostalgia grows in absence with renewed trust and future delight,
Loved lines flash in sky with light and sound a great duo to excite,
Inseparable cloud and lightening, shower dews from the heaven,
Both clasp in blissful showers tossing in the air folded in fond embrace,
Fantasy of the doomed love with impassive matter and ethereal space,
Lord Kubera removed the curse to restore Yaksha to his beloved wife!
Blessed shall be the lovers in ceaseless joy of their everlasting life!

SECTION-III

A Critique by Dr. D.C. Chambial

—Email:editorpoetcrit@gmail.com

Anil K. Sharma's "Gangotri to Gangasagar": An Appreciative Reading

Anil K. Sharma, an established High-Court lawyer, is a well-known name not only in the domain of editors of prestigious Journals devoted to the promotion of literary criticism, creativity and rational thinking among its readers but also as a poet of high standing and has created for himself a special niche among the contemporary poets with a vision to foster in the generations of contemporary readers and those yet to come. His poem, 'Gangotri to Gangasagar', published in CV (July-Sept. 2013), captivated me so much (with its vision and emotions) that I could not help writing this piece of critical appreciative interpretation.

This poem poetically describes the origin of Ganga, the holy river, from the glaciers at Gangotri and the course it takes from its hilly origin in Utrakhhand and meandering through the plains to finally reach Gangasagar in the Bay of Bengal. The poem has 27 lines comprising nine units of varied lengths. The first unit has five lines; second has three; third unit has four lines and fourth unit again is of five lines. And unit Nos. five to nine have two lines each. Let us follow the poem and critical examine it.

The first unit:

Melting with the kiss of crimson sunrays,
Taking simmering steps on snowy peaks,
Playing zig-zag and hide-seek in cave tunnels.
Her springing limbs tossing on tipsy tops,
Fell down like cascading string of white pearls....

This stanza depicts the origin of Ganga, one of the most holy and sacred rivers of India. The crimson sunrays fall on the frozen snow of the glacier; their heat melts the snow and water trickles down from the peaks of the glacier to reach the bed at Gangotri. Note the apt use of

the words in the first two lines that magnificently describe the river. The third line tells how the water, so generated from the snow, passes through the tunnels of snow below the glacier and moves down in a “zig-zag” manner: sometimes the water is visible and sometimes it is hidden in the tunnels below of the snow playing “hide-seek in cave-tunnels”. The poet very realistically talks of path, it takes, as “cave-tunnels” when it courses through. As the water moves, the poet’s imaginative eye envisions the river as “Springing limbs” and the quick downward movement has been described as “tossing” on “tipsy-tops” of the glacier and the high hills from where this river originates. And when the river has taken shape she moves but her free flow is obstructed. The river water falls down “like cascading strings of white pearls.” The poet weaves two images of strings and pearls together to give one concrete image. Here, again, the poet presents a fine amalgam of tactile and visual imagery.

The second unit:

Why and when Gangotri stepped out
of the heavenly glacier abodes?
Man imprisoned her by dam-barrages!

In this stanza the poet is not sure of her age and cause of origin. Indirectly, he hints at the myths behind the origin of this river: that she came down from heaven after the great penances practiced by the sage *Bhagirath*, from which it also derives its name as Bhagirathi. Lord Shiva held Ganga in His locks of hair to mollify the impact and then to the earth to serve humanity and purify them of their sins. However, the poet is very scientific in his outlook and considers the river taking birth from the “heavenly glacier abodes”: “heavenly” because she originates from the undefiled high mountains that have known no spoils of human race; “glacier Abodes” because the true home of Ganga lies in the Gangotri glacier, after the melting of snow, the combined water emerges out as Ganga at Gangotri – which is supposed the terrestrial origin of the holy Ganga. The river marches ahead and down freely falling from heights to the plains; but, here, the human beings have stopped her free flow – [note the deft use of the word “imprisoned”] – by building “dam-barrages” for their own use

like irrigation and generating hydro-electric power.

The third unit is of four lines:

Her lofty buoyancies stand incarcerated,
Her left right cuffed by sheets of concrete,
Her swinging gait has spineless treads,
Her booming waves have subdued gush.

In this unit or stanza, the poet imagines the Ganges as locked up or enslaved by men. She is, in fact, enslaved. She can't move freely: "Her lofty buoyancies stand incarcerated". Not to speak of containing her free-flow, even her sides (banks) have been delimited by raising concrete walls. Here the poet uses the metaphor of hand-cuff. The river is in chains unable to move and change her course at her will. Her "swinging gait" has been reduced to "spineless treads" as if she writhes in pain. The jubilant, boisterous and gushing movement of the river has, now, become passive, submissive and restrained: "Her booming waves have subdued-gush."

The fourth unit consists of five lines:

Bowing her head, she goes across towns,
Languishing as a prisoner beneath the bridges,
Sums up her remnants to save her existence,
The upstream has lost all her play-ways,
She only wails silently sans soars and roars.

This unit/stanza presents the river as weak and ashamed, embarrassed, and humiliated: she flows down "bowing her head", as if she is feeling guilty while passing several towns and cities on its ways to Gangasagar. She has grown weak and lost her strength and vitality that she once cherished and enjoyed. The poet compares her, in this state, to a prisoner. This state of her vitality makes the poet address her as a prisoner when she passes "beneath the bridges". It seems that she is trying her best to "save her existence" from the assault of modernity whose ways of harvesting her potentiality for generating hydro-electric power and also polluting by pouring the industrial/human waste in her water. Therefore, she, in a bid to save herself, "Sums up

her remnants” as her very existence stands jeopardized. “The upstream” that, once upon a time, flowed down merrily and dancing from the hills and mountains “has lost all her play-ways” –is now devoid of all past glory and glee. Her silently flowing waters suggest her melancholy: “She only wails silently sans soars and roars.” The phrase “soars and roars” implies her past youthful joys and jubulations. In the next five units the river has been personified as a helpless being praying people not to vitiate her and help preserve the ecology.

The fifth unit has only two lines:

She gasps for breath to decongest at sacred ghats,
Hails her devotees not to make her big bin of sins!

These lines express the poet's concern at the pollution of the river by her devotees, who, in their bid to show their over-enthusiasm, pour in the water all kinds of things that rot and contaminate the water. The people come in crowds and throw huge quantities of their worshipping material in the water at the ghats besides taking bath at her ghats. They feel absolved of their sins and care little how much these actions, on their part, have vitiated the water of the river that is considered the life of the people living on her banks in addition to irrigating thousands of acres of land to feed them. Under these compulsions, she calls to “her devotees not to make her big bin of [their] sins” – as generally people do by throwing the garbage, the dead and ashes into the water. This line shows her helplessness and the poet's concern for preserving the ecology for healthy living and thus safeguarding human future.

Sixth unit also consists of two lines:

She beams not due to floating corpses-ashes,
Hails her devotees not to pour in town filths!

The poet, in this unit, is concerned about the pollution of the river by her devotees who consider it holy to immerse the ashes of their dead believing that the departed souls' ashes, thus immersed in the river, will take them to the Heaven, if it exists. Thus, the people, the Hindu devotees, who believe in her sacredness, unconsciously defile her

waters: “She beams not due to floating corpses-ashes”. In her effort to keep herself undefiled, she prays to the people “not to pour in town filths” – it is needless to point here that the human waste of towns situated on her banks is put, indiscriminately, in the river and this not only spoils the sanctity and purity but also makes the water unsuitable for human consumption.

In the seventh unit,

She cries foul with emitting smells being barren,
Hails her venerates not to deforest her tresses.

The poet assumes the role of an environmentalist: he is repulsed by the foul smell that the defiled waters of the river emit and this pollution has rendered her barren – even the fish and other water flora and fauna find it hard to survive there. The poet, through the river, makes an ardent appeal “not to deforest her tresses!” Man has been catastrophic in his venture to remove vegetation from the face of the earth to establish industries but that has tolled the death knell for man's annihilation (as seen in the recent disaster in Uttarakhand).

In the eighth unit,

She snakes amidst huge human garbage,
Hails her sacrosanct sojourners to have living face!

The “springing limbs on tipsy-tops” of the river turn limp and “snakes amidst huge human garbage” of the people towards her union with the sea – the Ganga-sagar. There is an appeal to the tourists who equally play a devastating role in defiling the face of the beautiful earth, river-sides and beaches by littering around promiscuously. The word “garbage” is, in this unit, the key-word to be heeded.

The ultimate, ninth unit tells how the crystal clear river at her birth place, Gangotri, takes its course to merge with the “sacred sea at Gangasagar” that is also a holy place for the Hindus and a tourist place for those who seek solace from a “world full of its sick-hurry and divided aims” (Arnold). The poet winds up the poem with this couplet:

Gangotri merges with the sacred sea at Gangasagar,
Still hails her bubbles to be bountiful to human race!

The river, in the last line, despite human foolhardiness in destroying and defiling the life-giving waters, still implores its bubbles – her water – to be “bountiful” to humanity, to not withhold life from them and continue to serve humanity despite adverse human behaviour.

In the composition of this poem, the poet has made use of the following technical poetic devices: alliteration, personification, compound words, simile and metaphor, and economy of words.

Alliteration is a poetic device, (letters that sound similar) the poet has used to enhance the musical effect in the poem, viz, “kiss of crimson”, “simmering steps on snowy peaks” “springing limbs tossing on tipsy-tops”, “swinging gait has spineless treads”, “booming waves” “beneath the bridges”, “wails silently sans soars and roars” – the sibilant “s” and “l” sounds add to the liquid flow of the movement of the poem. This use makes the poem more sonorous to the ears.

Personification is another device in which the nonliving things are given human attributes as if these things are human beings and behave and feel like them. The use of personal pronoun, “her, throughout the poem, the use of words such as “kiss”, “hide-peek”, “springing gait”, “bowing her head”, “wails silently”, “gasps for breath” like an exhausted human being, “cries foul” and the repeated use of the word “hails” for entreat, request, and plead give the river, the central object of the poem, human attributes suffice to personify the natural object that the river is.

The poet has also used **compound words** that add to the over-all beauty of the poem: “hide-peek” for hide and seek, “tipsy-tops” for beautifully amazing snow covered peaks of mountains, “dam-barrages” for hampering the free-flow of the river, “corpses-ashes” for dead bodies of men and animals and ashes after cremation thrown into the river, and “human-garbage” for human wastage impart the poem brevity.

The careful use of **simile** and **metaphor** make the reader to compare the object with similar or dissimilar objects to emphasize the impact besides giving it beauty: simile – “like cascade string of white pearls” and metaphors like “heavenly glaciers”, “springing limbs”, and “tipsy-tops” sends readers' imagination for the appropriate links and give additional joy to them.

Poetry can't afford extravagance. It has to be economical in the use of words so that more is conveyed in fewer words. The poet sufficiently banks upon **economy of words**. This device gives an opportunity to the readers to find explanations to what the poet has said in the context and is not as bare as is prose.

The poet's **diction**, in this poem, is fluid. One never halts or falters while going through it. It moves like the water of a river uninterrupted and imparts onomatopoeic attribute to the whole poem.

The poet has used **iambic pentameter** in the poem that gives it a lofty style which imparts it a smooth movement and suits the earnest theme that has been hounding the minds of the environmentalist-poet when man is blindly trying to harvest the natural resources for his own profit without caring for the welfare of the coming generations and indirectly bringing disaster to humanity.

The poet has successfully described the origin of Ganga from Gangotri, a crystal clear and pure like ambrosia, running fast with its gurgling music down many a cascades; losing its glory as it passes past human settlements; increasingly being polluted; its free flow impeded by many a dam and barrage; finally falling into Gangasagar as if the whole holiness of the river is poured there. On the whole, the poem is a surfeit of poetic pleasure.

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A Critique by Dr. Poonam Dwivedi:

Email:poonam.dwivedi83@gmail.com

The Thematic Muse in Verse-Style of Anil K. Sharma

Is it a coincident or a calibrated attempt to delve into the literary waters which are largely troubled with the self-portrayal, envy, ever-insatiate ego to be pleased either with reciprocity or whatever means our rulers as well as our leaders of literature adopt to climb the ladder of fame? Anil K. Sharma seems to be a swan caught between the opposite oceanic waves which remind me of Lahron Ka Rajhans authored by Mohan Rakesh. Such visualization can be inferred from his poem-

'In the mind of Sidhartha tempests trumpeting
to be-regent or renunciate is vacillating
As day-night having dusky-meeting
As silent forest doing whisper-hearing
As ocean of thoughts doing wave-churning.'¹

Mr. Sharma perceives poetics as a sublime art but definitely meant to be 'candid, beneficent, charming and he chose to define the good poetry in his first ever interview published in Ayush/ Kohinoor published and edited by Arbind K. Choudhary in the following words:

“Innumerable definitions of good poetry have been given by using the “poetry” as a theme all over the world in all lingual variants, but poetry sprouts out of 'karunaras' i.e. sensitivity of highest order is empathy. All forms of art are the manifestations of sensitivities of human race.”²

Most of the poets of 'Art for the sake of art' school do believe that the poets ought to be dreamers and have nothing to do with the stark realism and actualities of life which determine the social system, but Sharma has his own formulations and conceptualization: “Take dreams and ideation from the life of human race, it will be reduced to mechanized industry churning out 'food and fodder' and recycling the same for existence. Capitalists and Socialists, both have to have respect for the art and culture in its various forms and manifestations,

because after food and fodder, what next? Science and technology has been nurtured in the cradle of science fiction and innovative ideas which seemed to be imaginary at one point of time; to fire the imagination – an abstract imagery in the form of metaphor, simile and paradoxical contrasts, is required, otherwise the world would be a stage set for watching the loathsome actualities of life comprising of objectivity and sordid commentaries galore. It is a blend of realism and idealism which completes the cyclic absolutism of art and culture.” 3

His introduction to the Five Beat of Heart published by Trans Publications is self-explicit, where he says: “The emotions, which flashed from the skies and transmitted to my mind, have been transcribed in the form of verses. The canvass in the skies never remains static-even for a moment. My verses also contain a plethora of varied colours and contours viz. equity showers, romanticism, nature wonders, philosophic tones and soul elevation poems.” 4

Sharma's first literary salvo was fired in Hindi - 'Paanch Dashak Ki Dastak' after completing his Five decades journey of life. Jasvinder Singh, a reputed critic took the sails in his hands to publicize his work in National Herald and he wrote:

“In his book of poems in Hindi titled 'Paanch Dashak Ki Dastak' Anil attempts to reveal his skepticism on life's aspects which cause emotional reactions to happenings and thoughts emanating from sonorous feelings. Tenderness in expression makes his poems to leave a stunning effect on reader's sentiments.” 5

Mr. Sharma, now switched over to English translation of his Hindi poems with vigour and rigour of a translator and the outcome was his second book of poems in English 'Five Beats of Heart.' Jasvinder Singh again came to his rescue to shower words of praise in his review published in National Herald: “The poet Mr. Anil, in his book titled 'Five Beats of Heart' attributes his heart's five beats to 'Equity-Showers' 'Romanticism' Nature-wonders, philosophic tones and souls elevation. Each section of poems reverberates the heart beats with innovative and succinct thoughts with which the poet aims to convey messages to sound the ears and inner-self of the readers.” 6

However, Jasvinder Singh and other reviewers of the anthology of poems of Anil could not gauge the significance of 'Five' chapters put forth by the poet and 'intentionally' multiplied by 'Nine' poems in each chapter. Is it numerical completeness in numerology or coincidental? Whether he is a rationalist or a fatalist? Whether his writings do emphasize the elemental concepts of god or agnosticism? These curious queries do arise in the mind of the readers and my comprehensive study would reveal his candid confessions to some extent made in an interview.

Anil has admitted in his Preface to the anthology of poem 'Five Beat of Heart' about the inception of thought and its outpouring in the form of verses in five different modulations but all five sections contain the universality of thought and not the individualistic thematic of moaning, grinning, elation and deflation: "Equality in its various forms coaxed my mind, intellect and body to stir, revolt and protest. Whenever a verse incepted in my mind, I felt as if I have given birth to a child- a sense of creation. These were my first and foremost formative years of youthfulness. I idealized the society, nationalism and the universality of human races. But the equity-showers proved to be utopian and the clouds of idealism scattered while meeting the hot sunrays of realism. The shattered dreamy self became romantic in love and nature. The loving nature cradled the wounded self and sensibilities. I found message in all play ways of nature, which I have tried to express in simplest form and common parlance." 7

Realism in thought is another milestone of poet's progression in thought. He says in his interview published in Kohihood/Ayush: "No one can be Mahatma Gandhi to write the truthful story of his life; and nobody is interested in everybody's story of life; however, you will find expressions of poets, authors scattered here and there to be autobiographical in nature as the impressions gathered over an age do seep into the writings, albeit modified, altered, refined, idealized and so on." 8

When the poet was asked about the purpose of poetry and literature, he said in his unique style: "There are two ways to redeem the world and yourself- one to make other's life purposeful and peaceful; and the

other to make yourself purposeful and peaceful. Both ways multiplier effect takes place and the planet become peaceful place to live. My writings are inspired by my own conceptions and perceptions. Perceptions should be always positive and analytical. Conceptions should be creative and critical. Ultimately synthesis takes place to yield place to the new for harmony and peace which is must for all creativity. “9

“Poetry is considered to be a vehicle of thought” by the poet, who is dynamic in thought and churns out regular slots of subjects delving deep into the human psyche. An extract from his interview published in Kohinoor would suffice to vividly explain the train of thought: “English poetry in India sprouted after 1957 when English was introduced in India for churning out English babus. But the Anglo-Indian youngmen/women became the torchbearers of India's freedom movement. They saw slavery prevailing in their native places as compared to the places of their studies. The poetry devoted to Indian icons, symbols, culture, spirituality and motherland was enough to arouse the sense of liberation among the middle classes. Similarly the vernacular literature followed the suit to make literary works patriotic and nationalist.”10

“There should be unification and synthesis in the writings, the divisive and parochial approach in the works is inflammatory and arouses violence, hegemony and dominion leading to savage citations from historical plotting and thematics. A deep study of comparative religions is need of the hour; but the teacher must have an equi-poised approach and respect to all canons of thought including the agnostics. No thought is perfect in its ethos; as the perfection does include imperfection to be called absolute perfection! Hence, Neti (not the end, not only this) is the negation of absolute perfection! We need new thesis of innovation and creativity, anti-thesis of healthy criticism, and finally harmonious existential synthesis of universality. The tradition has its genesis in the circumstances prevailing at a particular period. Now in the midst of materialism and consumerism, we are fencing and saving the islands of Indian thought of asceticism engulfed in deep muddy waters of capitalism.”11

Sharma has expressed explicitly his views on various genre, historical

ethos, thematic of writings in an interview given to Arbind K. Choudhury, Editor of Kohinoor/Ayush and he has attempted to carve a path of his own without following the hackneyed path of traditions, thus, emerges a unique style of poetry in its variegated forms, tones and textures: “All literary works incepted from the BalmikiRamayana to the contemporary literature, have tone and tenure of humanism; no human thought has ever discarded the universality of humanist approach. Even religious texts and treatises contain the same sermons, of course, in different connotations. I studied the classics of English, Hindi and Sanskrit and histories of these literatures to understand the makeup of mind. The influences of that period and circumstantial compulsions of that time, find reflection in the literary classics, because literature mirrors the times and sometimes it goes beyond times. My writings deliberately shed all the parameters of classics; and those overshadows generally loom large on writings. I am dynamic in nature and never wanted to tread hackneyed path. My poem 'The Hackneyed Path' says: “I want no milestones for survival.

Let me forget the hackneyed path.” 12

Poet's dynamism in thought has made him to upsurge in the galaxy of contemporary star poets. His back-cover publication of poems on unique topic, has been much talked about in the literary circles. The enviable positioning of the poem with catchy idiomatic one liner laced with honey of hidden historical significance make the poetry magnificent. India 'That is Bharat' published in Contemporary Vibes has beauteous beginning and ironical ending- “India That is Bharat-my tryst with name” - the last line- “The light may come again which had gone with Mahatma”- both lines have historical significance. Nehruvian speech is laced in the constitutional name given to India after freedom and Nehruvian speech on the death of Mahatma Gandhi is also doused in the speech 'light has gone out of our lives.' Otherwise the whole poem is full of referral anecdotes having deeper meaning. Each line provokes a train of thoughts from its genesis to the contemporary world. A blend of sophisticated meaningfulness and mindfulness can only be witnessed in the new mature poetry of Mr. Sharma- “But India That is Bharat moans calmly in Meditation.” 13

Every poem of Mr. Sharma starts with turbulence in human thought,

and at the same time incorporates belligerence of the underdogs, it ends with optimism as Tagore says; “Every storm ends in peace” - so is correct in case of Mr. Sharma's unique style of diction, formulation of anecdotes, idiomatic imagery, use of alliterations, metaphoric usages of cultural pageants besides the Indian iconographic and mythographic symbolism. Optimism in the ending is unique feature of Mr. Sharma's poetry- in “The Milestones”- 'I want to sojourn from Man to be human-humane! Mankind to breed kind man!' 'A clarion call comes from the Transparency Bell- spring from the inertia's blind deep well, leap forward to shed soul-salvation-spell, break the iron-curtain of crony-capitalist cluster cell, to usher in India- a rich country; and now onwards...to be...inhabited by the multitudes of millionaires.' Dr. O.P. Arora says in Letters Hive published in Contemporary Vibes – 'your poem A Saviour... gives a vivid picture of the human race and its plight globally. It is superb and world class. Your poem Who Fathered the Poverty Line- is simply marvelous – very thought provoking and moving. That is what literature ought to be- inspiring even the dead!' Dr. Kailash Ahluwalia's observations- 'it is beautifully worded description of downtrodden struggle and aspirations 'to achieve equality, liberty and fraternity/one has to uprise, to strike/to sacrifice all/to leap forward.' 14

The celebrated editors of literary journals have applauded Mr. Sharma's poetry as Prof. K.V. Dominic, Editor, International Journal on Multicultural Literature says – “And what an end to the book with your poem “The Pilgrimage” on the back cover! Most befitting to a man of rationalistic school of thought! Pronab Kumar Majumder, Editor, Bridge-in-Making comments- 'In his poem “The Pilgrimage” – Anil K.Sharma has proved his whole gamut of experiences, wisdom, and beseeching for peace.' M. Ramalingam writes- 'Editor: Shine Editor's poem “The Pilgrimage” is thought provoking.' 15

It is true that Mr. Sharma's poetry is no-nonsense in its truest sense as he believes progression in one's self with the time and maturity. It can be seen everywhere in his writing. He candidly admitted in his interview to Kohinoor: “Nature's rule of rhythmic progression overwhelms all the poets- leading to spirituality. The spirituality does not live within the confines of any religion. It is universal in body and soul. The abode of spirituality is cosmos. My philosophy of life is

based on dynamism in thought, speech and action. No one is static on this planet- not even the earth itself. Thoughts change with the passage of time heading towards humanism, non-exclusivity, and universality; similarly speech becomes refined, fine-tuned and mature; the actions become civil and iconographic.”¹⁶

But The epitome of poetics can be enjoyed in the lines, satire, belligerence of the have-nots, stark realism in poetry can be seen in 'Your Luminosity' –' Neo-illuminous world of illumined-enlightened folk may not- gouge out the sparkling eyes of the prisoners of Bhagalpur- illumine me not, I am afraid of your luminosity.¹⁷ 'To be larger than life!'- 'Parachutes his landing to a throne in politics, industry, business- to be captain always- to manage the flocks of folks, herds of human beings- over generations has mastered the Art of To be larger than life! To be a Saviour- A protectorate- of humanity! ¹⁸ Belligerence of the have-nots in 'Who Fathered the Poverty Line'- it is not the solo line of poverty, it is gulf of immensity-scarcity, it is named after the poor; but never built by the destitute!¹⁹

Sashibusan Rath, a creative writer, poet says –'A bouquet of congratulations to you for your revealing poem “The Pilgrimage” on the back page of CV. You have spoken the voice of my heart. Very powerful and touching poem.' Venugopalarao Kaki writes- “The Pilgrimage” illumined by the transcendental vision, is highly thought provoking. The Hunger: A Bull's Eye- 'All oceans are less abysmal- than the bottomless bellies!' 'Let me not fall prey to the duel of dualism, double-talk- double cross, double mind! let me remain in my habitat!

Every habitat be at peace! Every self be at peace! But the proverbial use of rocking the cradle and rearing would remind me of Napoleon's famous lines- hand that rocks the cradle rules the world.' 'Nature has cradled the civilization with unequal rocks of rearing, the cronies have crystallized the tears of poverty in marbles!²⁰

I would like to conclude my paper with the lines from an article on Mr. Sharma by Dr. Shujaat Hussain: “His enthusiasm for the revolutionary cause leads to abandon all caution. He doesn't care for

rhythm, lyricism and musicality; he longs to leave lasting impression through the contents of his poetry. He is an asset for the country. His pen is a safety-guard for the poor, suppressed and exploited Indians.”
21

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Anil K. Sharma- A Progenitor of Passionate- Anecdotes Dr. Poonam Dwivedi

Anil K. Sharma's poem 'India That is Bharat' has a large number of hidden anecdotes of passion within its multi-layers of versification. It opens with-

“my tryst with name;
My destiny at midnight from the ancient soul;
To aspire for Vibrant India,
To yearn for Incredible Bharat:”

The first limb of the poem is full of its subtle reference to the Midnight Declaration of Independence in the Constituent Assembly of India. The speech of our first Prime Minister Jawaharlal Nehru has been recalled to used as an 'anecdote' and seedling to start the plethora of such anecdotes which follows in their potency and vitality. The next two lines are significant in its import-

“My ancient limbs are weary and tired,
My millennium-aged body feels exhausted,”

Indian States constitute a united India, which is dotted with rural population to the extent of eighty percent. The whole body of the country has been 'personified' to be referred as a giant feeling 'weary and tired' due to its age-old dogmatic superstitions and slavery of rituals practiced by the social-lords, and feudal theo-lords. The 'millennium-aged body feels exhausted' refers to the Indus Valley civilization and its aftermaths and ruins found in the form of multitudes of people living in poverty but talking of ancient values and culture.

Ancient Indian sub-continent provided asylum to all the ethnic minorities, who fled from their homes and continents to settle here in India that is Bharat, but now every ethnic minority finds itself caged. Sharma is aware of the cultural ethos, heritage and culture of such

minorities who are-

“ethnics, ethics, ethos are restless,”

At the same time, the majority community has its own agenda and preoccupation to sing songs of ancient glory, which are sometimes termed as 'Hindu revivalism.' The poems further says:

“My magnum epics glorify my golden heart.”

The reference to epics is Ramayana and Mahabharata, which are the two magnum epics mentioned in the anecdote quoted above. Golden heart is taken from the maxim of sacred heart of lord Jesus and it has been beautifully infused in the anecdote to become more meaningful. The epical glorification takes place with the 'golden heart and its simile adds more charm to the poet's attempt to dish more and macro in micro.

Another segment of the population of India is its extension i.e. called Diaspora, the non-resident Indians. They provide succor to the people of our poor country by holding their head high in various fields of knowledge and send huge foreign exchange to the country to beef up its strides of development. A contrast has been added to the positive role of the diaspora pitted against the natives, ruralites, casteists and dogmatic orthodox village groups. The Pentagon in the poem puts the reader in a quandary to sift out large connotations which are venerated in its folds.

“Diaspora gives me global ventilation,
Natives regularize my violated respiration,
But rural dead logs are still under spell of slumber,
India's growth story stands Caste-away-
Khap Bharat's atrocious mindset has multiplied in number.”

India's growth story is represented through its Non-resident Indians, who are abreast of everything in the global competitive world, but the local population has been busy in fire-fighting the crises which are internal security, health and education of the people. The 'regularization of violated breath' is stream-lining its functioning

which falls prey to the agitations and protests disrupting life of the mainland of the country. The villages are feeling 'still under the spell of slumber' which means inertia plagues their lives and underemployment in the villages has been causing a great set-back to the development. As a sequel, India's 'growth story' stands caste-away.' It reminds me of the 'Caste-Away' story of Rabindranath Tagore which has been put in usage with ingenuity. The twin-application of the term can also be inferred from 'The casteist society' of rural India which has hampered its growth and still rules the roost in politics; and at the same time the next line put on record the atrocities committed by the rural goons in the name of governance of the social customs and their loose indulgence in honour killings etc. Khap Bharat- has a significant meaning as it refers to the Panchayats in north India, which have been proud of doing disservice to the country by attacking the freedom of individuals in the name of caste. The meance posed by these illegal organizations has increased due to political patronage. The potting of the oceanic waters has been done in this anecdote which needs to be elaborated in full length research article.

The poem right from its beginning opens with its official name 'India That is Bharat'- in other words, we have two countries within one country. One is rural and another is urban. One developed and another is underdeveloped. One is plagued with the sordid customary rituals and age-old atrocious practices of exploitation and insensitivity. In such conditions, the poet has found the rural country to be inflicted with wounds for which the urban population has no time to provide relief except to feel sorry for the deprived cousin. Sharma's passionate-anecdote provides highest level of rendering, when he says:

“Bharat nurses its own wounds; while India grieves...
The twain tries hard to bridge the gulf....”

The import of the words 'The twain' has been beautifully used in the poem which was used by E.M. Foster, where he said- 'East is east and West is west, never the twain shall meet.' The optimism of the poet can be inferred from his anecdote which has not denied the bridging of the gulf between the rural and urban population. Rather it says 'the twain tries hard' meaning thereby that the efforts are on on both sides of the

gulf. The link has also been established called 'bridge.'

The personification of India comes alive, when we find its progeny also acting and interacting in the poems. All ethnic groups find their representation in the following one-liners, which can only be termed as passionate-anecdotes of high magnitudes. The potent seeds of thought have been sown by the poet to give impetus to the research in the new areas of research by writing such poem. Sharma has put the policies of governance as prevalent in politics, economics and social sciences. He says:

“But my urbane-sons and daughters have mixed-therapy
Of Globalization- Neo-Liberalization- Neo-Capitalism”

Politically now India has put itself in the gambit of globalization and has opened the doors to the multi-national companies to do business, similarly Indian companies have been asked to go abroad for their explorations and take-overs. The three terms of 'Globalization-Liberalization-Capitalism' have been cautiously used by the poet to denote their bad effects on socialist society of India. India has been wedded to the egalitarian and socialistic set of society, but due to compulsions of world trade, India finds itself engrossed in its 'opposite' direction of growth. Sharma's tone and tenor in the poems has been socialistic, hence, he has used the prefix 'neo' at two places to sarcastically denounce the political and economic policies of neo-liberalisation and new capitalism which have resulted in establishing neo-rich class of cry-capitalism.

Lamentations of the poet over these policies can be witness in the next six lines of the poem, where the whole gamut of cultural heritage of India from Bharat has been portrayed in brevity. One liner each is passionate-anecdote of Sharma to depict the richness of every theosophy and our countries' capacity to assimilate the composite culture on earth. The lamentation comes to be condemned as a challenge to the ideation of universalism and Vedicism:

“To fade away imprints of my Vasudhaibkutumbam”

The next line portrays the composite culture of India, for which it is

proud of its richness- where the verses of Veda called 'Richa' are song, where 'Testament' of Christianity is read, where Bange-e-Asmani and Kalam of Islam and Sufism is sounded without hindrance. The empathy of India has been instrumental in adopting such varied views of humanity by providing them asylum and assimilation. The countries of their origin had exiled them for holding such varied views which were found to be not in consonance with the spirit of their established customs and traditions.

“My universal Verses- Richa- Testament- Bang-e-Asmani Kalam; Bharat's empathetic ethos of Empathy- Asylum- Assimilation;”

Sharma's reference to the twin epics of Ramayana and Mahabharata has set at rest the Western observation of the epics which compares them with Odyssey of Homer and Paradise Lost Milton by categorically specifying that Bhagvadgita interspersed in Mahabharata and questionnaires in Ramayana talk are talks on 'Equity and Justice' – whereas the episodes of wars, deceit and bravery are supplementary for the attainment of 'Equity and Justice.' Basket has the canons of Buddhism and Sikhism has its sacred treatise 'Gur Granth Saheb' which begins with the psalm of Guru Nanak Dev called Japuji Saheb. It has description of 'Ek-Onkar' followed by seven words- each representing one symphonic muse.

“The Epical Echo of Celestial Songs of Equity and Justice; Baskets of Buddhism emitting the Light of Asia, Seven symphonies echoing sound of formless Ek-Omkar.”

The rise of crony-capitalism in India right from the Nineties has tapped the corridors of power to their advantage which is unprecedented in the history of the world. Sudden climb of graphic figures of neo-rich classes have even threatened the existing 'capitalist' who move the wheels of industry and trade from centuries. Undoubtedly, the maxim goes that success succeeds everything, but societal norms and practices of ethics do count after the creation of heaps of wealth. Sharma's summarization of the abrupt evolution of this peculiar culture has widened the gulf between the rich and the poor. The poet writes:

“Crony-Capitalists have created a class within the classes,
To institutionalize cut-throat comparison and competition,
To justify falsity and foul means by targeting the endgame;
To brand the game-changers to poach success at all costs.”

The wide spread of amassing wealth at any costs has led to the fight among the States of India over perennial waters which have been flowing throughout the length and breadth of India since ages. Sharma's concern for environmental pollution and degradation of natural resources, glaciers and geographical balkanization of the country by raising the bogey of belligerence has defaced and defiled India's existential calmness. The beautiful personification of India becomes imagery par excellence, when Sharma imagines the nation sitting in meditation but calmly moaning. The paradoxical usage of 'moans calmly' adds beautiful element of ornamentation to the poetics.

“Internequine conflicts are freely fought...
On my watery-nerves causing clotting in the free flow,
East and west of my geographical body stands shredded,
Exigencies pollute perennial Ganga unto Gaumukh glacier,
Greed ceases not to put my tallest son Himalaya in trouble,
Red corridor breaches delve deep into my lungs and heart,
But India That is Bharat moans calmly in Meditation.”

Sharma is aware of the political onslaughts and forces of destabilization raising their heads in the country. The reference to the 'Red corridor' has been aptly used for Naxalites, who are fanning their activities from Pashupati to Tirupati. Again in the next paragraph emphasis is given to the ultra-Marxist movement by the poet by calling it 'ant' that bites but dies its natural death after sometimes. The separatist forces do raise their ugly head in the sub-continent but the huge body of India crushes such movements. The macro-usage of metaphor and personification symbolizes the multitudes-mingling with monolith of micro-unit. It can be applauded as micro-representation of macro- a novel and innovative art of poetry.

“An ant often surfaces and bites my porous parts;
Ants die their own death; lost beyond the times,

After making headlines in the newspapers- channels,
My huge sub-continental body contains multitudes.
It juggernauts the ants of disunity and separatism,
Such ants do rotten; but never emit foul smell to shatter.”

The steadfastness of the personified India, derived from its rich past-masters of culture and ethos, embodies in the earthen body of land, which takes breath with enlivened sound of sacred syllables, but Sharma's personification of India is not totally devoid of its pitfalls and demerits. Sharma says that 'persecutions and prosecutions' do exist in the polity of the nation. But these transitory lapses and defaults do vanish in the face of its fragrant thought of equality, tolerance and fraternity. The democratic traditions of secularism and co-existence make it vibrant and incredible India.

“The great grand ancient land of seers and sages,
The primeval sound of Onkara reverberates my breath,
The pungent odours of persecutions and prosecutions
Vanish in the fragrant sandal-smeared shining traditions.”

To conclude the poem, the poet adverts on the topical “India That is Bharat” and it- “may have trust in the tryst,” followed by “The midnight declaration” which “may become a mass-feast,” here again Sharma deftly refers to the famous/infamous book as perceived by the critics of Salman Rushdie – 'The Midnight Children' written on the birth of India and Pakistan on 14th August Midnight, 1947. The reference is a prayer for ushering peace in the sub-continent, another reference of 'The Vibrant India' pertains to the development and progress made by some of the States of the Union of India led by Gujarat, again a reference to 'The Incredible Bharat' is for tourism industry's sloganeering coupled with the ideation of Swami Vivekananda's exhortation of 'arise, awake and achieve the goal,' the last but not the least reference pertains to the Jawaharlal Nehru's Speech delivered on the sad demise of Mahatma Gandhi- 'The light has gone....”.

The end of the poem with exhortation and optimistic premonition is incredible. The four lines specify the external policy of peace which

India pursues with its neighbors, internal threat of orthodoxy which hampers its development and progressive outlook, diligence and efficient work culture which is need of the present times, the fourth line is pregnant with the past and future eventful saga. The sagacity of thought has been symbolized in the form of light, which had gone with Mahatma but 'may come again'- it is to be noted the past has been put postfix and hope has been prefixed to denote the futurity triumph over the past deeds of the dead, lost and bygone events.

“The midnight children cease fighting and be at peace,
The Vibrant India may jolt the cruel dogmatic slumber,
The Incredible Bharat my arise, awake and achieve the goal,
The light may come again which had gone with Mahatma.”

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Rhythmic Socialism in Anil K. Sharma's Verses

Dr. Poonam Dwivedi

Stomach Fire: Socialism spines the tone and tenor of Sharma's poetry in its true letter and spirit. His poem 'Fire in Stomach' underlines the importance of food security for which the famished faces are aspiring since decades. Sharma's deep study to unearth the thesis of 'hunger' impresses the reader. The socialist thought of Anil K. Sharma assumes its purely ingenious construction in its ethos. The usage of words like 'divine' puritanical and benign' karmic precision' are purely Indian English in nature and mannerism. Let us examine the first paragraph which relates to the origin of hunger which is in-built in body of the whole creation. Although the beginning of the poem mentions personal touch but it is impersonal and universal bondage of hunger which marks the stanzas of the poem and ultimately make it cosmopolitan.

“Stomach-fire is born divine,
It is puritanical and benign,
It performs karmic precision,
Augurs venture-adventure decision!”

“Empty belly spoke to the Self”- carries a seedling of the poem to usher in a banyan tree of philosophy innate in the poem. Here 'Self' is shown in the capital letters- to have been personified and 'empty-belly' is secondary personification shown as the shadowed element for further progress of the muse. 'Breathing volcanic voice' is the latent and inhibits energy in the body of the creation which emits its wrath when compressed to the extent of its breaking point. 'Pauper' has been pitted against the 'Lord' and 'Indigent against the Master' – these contrasts have been employed by Sharma to depict the exploitation and serfdom existing in the society which originates from the nature's call of hunger and starvation.

“Pausing breath,
Breathing volcanic voice,

Empty-belly spoke to the Self!
Pauper spoke to the Lord!
Indigent spoke to the Master!”

Sharma's portrayal of disparities prevalent in the society is unique as the haves and have-nots have different standards and behaviour. Gluttons laugh at the have-nots and starving humanity, whereas the sufferings of starvation are faced by the multitudes living in slums, who sob collectively as half of the world goes without food at night. The have-nots have two extremes in their behavior either to protest or to be subdued by the official machinery. Sharma's presentation renders the tone of the poem to soar in muse:

“Stomach-fire knows nothing
Except the laughter of the gluttons;
It knows collective sobbing in the slums;
It knows mass uprising and food-riots;
It knows subdued slumber of the hapless!”

The addressing of the four providers is significant as Sharma has used in the middle of the poem. The soaring of the tone reaches its climax, when the lord in the sky, earth, office/factory, family is engaged in conversation by the empty-belly.

“O my Lord!
O my Master!
O my Employer!
O my Bread-bestower!”

The questions put across by the poet are wonderful exhortations of equality and food security and justice- a campaign to end hunger globally and to save humanity from the scourge of starvation. The queries start with 'I' which is symbol of a person plagued with the various meanings attributed to the word 'hunger' by the civilized society.

“How do I skirt the flame-locks inside?
The painful sensation of starvation!
The nerve-convulsions, mental-moaning!
Should I die in harness sans set ablaze?
Why the fire wanders-wild in my belly?
Why the navel-cell has imprisoned my fire?
Why the flame of life is kept fuel-starved?”

Poverty stricken humanity works day and night to douse the fire in stomach. The 'smoky-shackles' have been used appropriately by the poet as poor do breathe in smoky environs and do their jobs in such dingy factories. The pure breath inhaling oxygen is the prerogative of the rich, high and mighty. Even the odd circumstances fail to hamper the aspirations of the deprived millions who want to be part of 'The Growth Stories- Upward GDP Graphics!'

“I water the stomach-fire day and night,
I stir and sweat hard to fire-fight the life!
Human breath soaked in smoky-shackles!
Still soars in the dizzy horizons to usher:
The Growth Stories- Upward GDP Graphics!”

Have-nots have been employed by the capitalists as tools to fight the enemies, who have various denominations in the shape of racial fights, regional conflicts, regime consolidations, family-feuds to settle the claims of heritage and hierarchy, national annexations of neighbouring countries and to keep the deprived lots under control in the name of law and order, finally to set the belligerent forces right by employing means of carrot and stick. The sinister designs of the establishment are carried by the goons, stooges and hoodlums, who are compulsively engaged for the sordid tasks due to their hunger and starvation level.

“My stomach-fire may be an instrument in the rows
of races, regions, regimens, friends and foes;
But I am dubbed fatalistic in destiny to labour hard-

To be deployed for annexations!
To be employed for subjugations!
To inflame and engulf the human-hutments!"

But necessarily, this is not the case, Anil K. Sharma imagines, he has a revolutionary spirit which talks of grotesque imagery of uprising of the forces of revolution, the scenario presented and painted by the poet is gruesome, where the use of macro elements of surroundings have been piled together. The boisterous protests and pulling down the establishment takes place and nothing is spared in such a violent protest and revolution. The 'sky' colour changes, 'oceans' are violated, 'mountains' are pulled down, theologians feel terrified, lapping tongues of greed are silenced. The symbolism is at its height in the paragraph. "

“When stomach fire manifests outside my belly,
Sky watches crimson fire-works hailing revolution
Earth feels helpless its calamitous battle-cries!
Oceans find their stomachs ripped apart!
Mountains become restless to have caved in!
Sacred hymns watch my terrific leaps!
Consumption of ghee in tons fails to pacify,
Breeding unrest among the starved-masses in need,
Who are out to cut the lapping tongues of greed!”

Peace and tranquility comes at the end of every poem of Sharma's forays, he has a constructive and positive structuralism in mind, which talks of solutions to problematic riddles. The hope sustains human life and Sharma's positivity and eternal belief in human race is portrayed in 'fragrance of karma' theory and he seeks food-security for all inmates of the earth which is an epitome of rhythmic socialism.

“Stomach-embers emit their fragrance of Karma!
To goad the human race for food-security of all!”

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Anil K. Sharma's 'A Saviour
–A Protectorate of Humanity'
And T.S. Eliot's 'Hollow Men': A Collage of Comparative
Symbolism

I would like to quote one of such poems authored by Anil K. Sharma presenting a collage of symbols of multi-ethnicism and politico-socio-cultism coupled with ironic and satirical anecdote. The poem has largely the Indian Hollow Leaders as compared to the Hollow Men of T.S. Eliot, who boast to protect humanity but find themselves in dragnet of impregnable protection. Eliot's Hollow Men are have been resurrected in Sharma's pseudo-man who is “in a Mental Seize/Ostracizes communes/Ghettoes settlements/ Inks exodus of humanity/With His stroke of pen. The pictorial portrayal with vastness of expanse imagery is innovative on the part of Sharma which is not only fresh but contemporary in its currency. I would like to reproduce both the poems “The Hollow Men” and A Saviour– A Protectorate of Humanity! It reads:

Encircled by Z security forces,
Presence of Y security rings,
Menacing pilot-escorts buzzing aloud,
Huddling of public pushing protection guards,
Sniffer dogs alight in row from Security Jets,
Here enters the abbreviated VVIP
Encased in a bullet-proof glass shield
Elevated to a podium
Afar from the human throw,
A person of golden human-limbs
Sans Golden heart
Scarifying hydra human-heads
to climb the hierarchy
to be person larger than human life!
A Saviour- a Protectorate – of Humanity!

Where a Man is afraid of a man

He devices Handcuffs to rope in belligerents
Incorporates incarceration-
Jails in every Taluka
To accommodate His ambition
In a Mental Seize
Ostracizes communes,
Ghettoes settlements,
Inks exodus of humanity
With His stroke of pen
To become larger than human life!
To be A Saviour- a Protectorate – of Humanity!

All paths- leading to His abode
Stand blocked- barricaded
Son of Adam-Abraham- Manu Viraz
By terrorizing the gullible masses
Stands tall towering
alike His Victory Towers!
The celebrations of human blood shedding
Droning- targeting—
The solo road to reign of terror
The abettor of human avenge-revenge-vengeance
The restorer of peace by reprisals- repressions
To be larger than human life!
A Saviour- a Protectorate – of Humanity!

Soaked in luxuries of life
Smirchs to see...
His conspicuous waiting
In scorching heat-waves...
Masses of mortals adore
The Fearsome- Fuehrer
His Majesty- His Excellency- His Holiness
Trident combines to subjugate the subjects
To err is human- but to punish the humanity?
He holds the scepter of law in His hands

He is a game-changer- He is a law unto Himself
He is Ruler of law- a Human Destiny Arbiter
Parachutes his landing to a throne in
Politics, Industry, Business-
To be Captain always...
To manage the flocks of folks,
Herds of human beings
Over generations has mastered the Art of
To be larger than human life!
To be A Saviour- a Protectorate – of Humanity!

The very first stanza of the poem can be easily dubbed as a crystal clear and vivid pictorial presentation of Eliot's Hollow Men and Stuffed Men. Sharma's finishing two lines at the end of each stanza makes the whole poem a powerful pack of poetics which are not only satirical and ironical but take us to the root of so-called 'Saviour- protectorate of humanity. The mythological and historical reference to the "Saviours" is intentional to make it ancient and contemporary. The conjunction is awesome to read – "to be person larger than human life! A Saviour- a Protectorate – of Humanity!"

Eliot uses the same idiom when he ridicules the hollowness of human beings, who are stuffed with selfishness and portray rationality and humanism from their "Headpiece filled with straw." Eliot's "Shape without form, shade without colour, paralyzed force, gesture without motion" is reiterated in lines extracted from Sharma's poem "A person of golden human-limbs/Sans Golden heart/Scarifying hydra human-heads/to climb the hierarchy" II, but the universality of an Individual's concern for peace is embodied in Sharma's remembrance of the tirade of violence unleashed by the "Saviours- Protectorates" who are "Soaked in luxuries of life/Smirchs to see.../His conspicuous waiting/In scorching heat-waves.../Masses of mortals adore/The Fearsome- Fuehrer/His Majesty- His Excellency- His Holiness/Trident combines to subjugate the subjects/ To err is human- but to punish the humanity?"

T.S. Eliot is very empathetic in his view on criticism and to appreciate poetry and its genesis- he writes “There are many people who appreciate the expression of sincere emotion in verse, and there is a smaller number of people who can appreciate technical excellence. But very few know when there is an expression of significant emotion, emotion which has its life in the poem and not in the history of the poet. The emotion of art is impersonal. And the poet cannot reach this impersonality without surrendering himself wholly to the work to be done. And he is not likely to know what is to be done unless he lives in what is not merely the present, but the present moment of the past, unless he is conscious, not of what is dead, but of what is already living.” (Tradition and the Individual Talent.)

Anil tries to find good in each and every aspect of one's writings- the sense hidden in the theme, narration and ideological origin- which may have been conveyed in proper words or not. Sharma says – “Habitual condemnation of Pauranic, Biblical and Quranic mythology does not make a person great rationalist; rather it downgrades our ethos of soaring spirit. The remarkable theses of fancy and fantasy, beacon with long laser beams of the other world and goad everyone to perform something supra for the welfare of millions and finally sow the seeds to showcase the various ways and myriad paths of enlightenment.”

The Waste land is acclaimed for its 'continuous parallel between contemporaneity and antiquity' which is said to be so characteristic of his mythical method that it remains in fine form. Yet Tate is right to point out that the practice of this method has indeed changed. *The Hollow Men* is one of the earliest poems to seriously attempt the 'doubleness' of action that Eliot later called characteristic of 'poetic drama.' I will be appropriate to reproduce the poem *The Hollow Men* to know its depth of feelings.

“We are the hollow men
We are the stuffed men
Leaning together

Headpiece filled with straw. Alas!
Our dried voices, when
We whisper together
Are quiet and meaningless
As wind in dry grass
Or rats' feet over broken glass
In our dry cellar

Shape without form, shade without colour,
Paralysed force, gesture without motion;

Those who have crossed
With direct eyes, to death's other Kingdom
Remember us-if at all-not as lost
Violent souls, but only
As the hollow men
The stuffed men.”

Certain critics offer their respective theories and thesis which are not only in conflict with the ideological premises of the writer, but also shake the very foundations of the literary principles of the author. In fact, such critics have neither read the original work of the concerned writer nor have gone through the “Foreword” or authentic commentaries on the poet or prose writer. The difference between the primary readings and secondary reading, thus, comes to play havoc with the original works. In short, T. S. Eliot has narrated his ephemeral state of mind in *The Waste Land* and he has successfully penetrated the cases of a common disturbance and disorder seething in the soul of twentieth century England.

The enduring force comes from the description of common man in *The Waste Land* which rests simmering at the heart of the poem. The technique and other literary devices employed by the poet are evocation of prophets, saints, poets, potentates and anthropologists. It is also not the glorification of the past but narration of Eliot's vices and virtues which are universal and eternal as far as humanity is concerned.

The contrast comes alive when we compare the dilemma with the present times and the challenges of personal and public disorder.

The “doubleness” permeates humanity in character, behavior and action. The linguistic barriers have to be broken and mythological contours have to be broadened to achieve the level of spirituality. Anil in his Foreword again points out to such embargos of resistance in the mental attitude of authors.

“The linguistic taboos of cultures; dogmas of inheritance and ethos; regional bias of religiosity do not blur the senses of an open-minded person, who only reads to understand the charming and charismatic characters of a particular culture with their peculiar pursuits. The earnestness in such exploits and puritanical endeavours constitute pivot of all the civilizational characters called great-beings. The caricaturing of characters of mighty ethos amounts to assassination of historical pages which belong to humanity; this heritage must be preserved at any cost; an exercise of blasphemy to become popular and to be in news is despicable and must not be resorted by any humane-mind. It is not freedom of press; it is abortive attempt to depress humanity with an unfulfilled desire to impress mankind. Evolve new caricatures like Disney world without hurting the sentiments of mankind and without hurling abuses on the great men of civilizations. Cosmic caricaturing and its cosmopolitan acceptance would make it venerable and elevate the symbols to its glorious heights called first among the godhead like:

Vakartunda Mahakaya- The Colossal Cosmos with Twisted Galaxy
Suryakoti Samprabha- With Numerous Shining Suns
Nirbighan Kurmedeva – Bless Devoid of Non-start
SarvakareshuSarvada- All Deeds Always.

Before concluding I would like to point out the unusual ending of every essay authored by Anil with the words- “neti..neti...neti...not the end.” The significance of the concluding words seems to have been imported from the Vedic treatises which means the debate and

discussion must go on and it never ends even after conclusion of the thesis. The thought process remains ceaselessly in motion in the dynamics of Time Eternal. So it goes in consonance with Sharma's essays which have been written with 'scientific mind' pre-supposed by T.S. Eliot for Aristotle. It is his 'scientific mind' which has engaged the scholars in an interesting discussion on the rare subject of 'The principle of Being- an Individual and the Divine' down to its womb of potentiality and actuality of creation, criticism and analytical studies. The myriad angelical study gives us a potent signal for further research and augments reader's mind to speculate more for the 'goodness'(synonym of divine) of mankind which is only blessed by the Divine in its formation, albeit created and crafted by an Individual in his/her 'manifestation'(synonym of personal welfare). An Individual's 'welfare' overshadows and subjugates all sorts of human-welfare and even goes to the extent of exploiting the Divine's goodness to his/her advantage.

Dr. Poonam Dwivedi

Assistant Professor

Department of English

Baba Balraj, Panjab University Constituent College,
Balachaur-144521.

(S.B.S. Nagar) Punjab India.

poonam.dwivedi83@gmail.com

A Critique by Dr. Shujaat Hussain

A VOICE OF AGE: ANIL K. SHARMA'S POETRY OF PEACE

Pen, paper and the social command are the needs of the poets but before he can write the poem he will have to work through a whole series of questions related to his culture and what he sees as his role and function. Take the case of John Milton who was with an imagination so powerful that even being blind he was able to visualize that glorious world that he opened for us through his poetry.

Some Indian poets use poetry to amplify and proliferate myth, faith, religion, scripture, others as the philosopher and poet Ralph Waldo Emerson, sought to uncover the intention and significance of the founding fathers' actions, as in his poem "A Nation's Strength":

What makes a nation's pillars high
And its foundations strong?
What makes it might to defy
The foes that round it throng?

It is not gold. Its kingdoms grand
Go down in battle shock;
Its shafts are laid on sinking sand,
Not on abiding rock.

Not gold but only men can make
A people great and strong;
Men who for truth and honor's sake
Stand fast and suffer long.

Anil is an asset for the country. His pen is a safety-guard for the poor, suppressed and exploited Indians. He has waged wars through his write-up to bring systematized and well planned execution of invisible agenda to defuse and his effort will yield positive outcome- definitely its effect will unmask policy, politicians, bureaucrats, and

administrators etc. It is a good sign for the nation and for its citizens.

Anil's thoughts touch the soul, caress the heart, stir the movement, and he makes efforts to change the course of men who are Supreme Beings on the earth. He dreams his vision through the soul of his vibrant thoughts that perpetuate peace for all who shun devils and evils, hatred and violence, discrimination and suppression in the divine garden of universal love.

It is very important to mention here that country's awards like - Padmashri, Padmabhushan, Padmavibhushan, Bharat Ratna and even the highest post-President of India could not heal up sixty years old wound that a Brahmin Teacher had caused to Dr. APJ Abdul Kalam during his school days. Here it goes in Dr. APJ Abdul Kalam's autobiography-The Wings of Fire.

Dr. Kalam narrates the problem of communalism and social inequalities; he vividly recollects one incident at Rameswaram elementary school. He was in the fifth standard. A new teacher could not comprehend a Brahmin boy and a Muslim boy sitting together in accordance with the social ranking as perceived by the new teacher:

*Suddenly one day a storm arrived
In the form of new teacher
Made us sit away from each other
Was it his pride or age-old style?*

It was harrowing act what the teacher had done was a snake's work. Still he lives with the image imprinted on his subconscious mind of Ramaswamy crying in the class when he changed his seat to the rear row.

He has rightly posed question in his poem *Harmony* who is to separate us here? Such a teacher who spreads hatred will certainly face *la derrota* 'educated serpents'.

Harmony is a poem wherein Dr. Kalam describes an event which occurred in his class.

*My memory goes back five decades
A small school in Rameswaram town
Ramaswamy and I weaving words together
Harmony knows only delight or creator
Hindu or Muslim Mosque or temple
Our minds were free from these cradles.*

It is also my privilege to mention that I took a topic like Inglorious Encounter that has changed the course of action. Several IPS Officers are in Jail. Fake encounters are under control. Many innocent lives are saved. Thank God. Writers and poets are advised to take such kind of topic for writing that keeps an impact on the national level. View a few lines of my poem Inglorious Encounter: People presume no smoke without fire

Under the garb encounters conspire.

Mothers, daughters, sisters and wives
Have been raped, collapsed lives.

Fathers, sons, brothers and husbands
Were killed before the eyes by the ruffian bands.

Encounters based on hatred lust and promotion
Even sacrifice made by police creates commotion.

To give away award reward without judicial scrutiny
Will cause to rise in the minds million mutinies.

Cease enhanced fake encounters for glory
Based on fabricated theory and concocted story.

Spontaneity is one of the most striking features of Sharma's art of writing. He is with the truth and without fear. He speaks of his mind

as if Almighty pours water for the survival of His creatures. His thoughts take shape in the mind but come after taking perfect perfection from his heart. Intensity of feeling and a deep passion appears to be hallmark of his thoughts.

Anil has a powerful message that can change the prevalent situation. He inspires to do-

To uprise-to strike/
To sacrifice all-
To leap forward.
To know thy-poor self
To unite the weak workers!
Poor of the world!
Downtrodden of the earth!
Strive hard!
Bridge the wide gulf!
By putting your coffins-corpse!
Poverty-line has to be obliterated!
To go across the newer world
Of Equality-Liberty-Fraternity!

Sharma has emerged as a voice of the age in the strict sense of the term, displaying a wondrous creativity. He communicates at different levels of consciousness. One finds the echoes of the prevalent and dominant evils all around us.

Critique by Er. Vinod Khanna

Writing a review needs a certain objective understanding of the poetry which is a mirror of poet's mood and mind. Objectivity becomes difficult to achieve when you happen to know the predilection of poet's thought process, being a friend. The process gets further compounded and complicated when the reviewer's personal ideological preferences start interfering with those of the poet. However, it is never a handicap if the ideas match and both, the reviewer as well as the writer are on the same page. Rather it helps in greater understanding of underlying thoughts in each line, each stanza and each verse.

That is how I look upon my assignment while reviewing Anil K. Sharma's book at hand. Reading it was an unadulterated delight for me. When I was half way through, I could not help congratulating the writer and sent a text message to him to that effect, with book in the left hand and fingers of right hand busy operating key board of the phone.

Let us now vivisection a few poems of the book.

The very first poem 'The Pilgrimage' reminds one of the famous books, 'The Pilgrim's Progress' by John Bunyan written in 1678. In Bunyan's book, the pilgrim braves all odds to reach the celestial city. Contrary to that, the protagonist of Sharma's poem is reluctant to embark upon pilgrimage and perhaps wants to convert his present abode into the celestial city. Objectively speaking, Bunyan's pilgrim comes out as a selfish person who wants to be in the celestial city alone, leaving behind his folks, although later his family follows him. In contrast the pilgrim in the poem remains rooted to his moorings and is not selfish at all. He wants to hitch his boat to all those who are dear to him. He shuns duality and cherishes his oneness with co-travellers in the journey of life. This is what philosophy of 'Advaitvaad' (non-dualism) is all about. By inference, on a spiritual plane, the poet prefers to go for an internal pilgrimage, rather than roaming away to far off places, where he can find everything, even God, who resides within the soul and can help you to achieve your goal. This is the belief

in one's own self, about which Swami Viveka nanda said, 'He is an atheist who does not believe in himself'.

The second poem 'India that is Bharat' highlights the enormous chasm that exists between the haves and the have-nots, lying unbridged for centuries. We live in a world where palatial mansions rub shoulders with dingy shanties, ghettos and slums surround few oases of prosperity. Whereas India revels in food, fashion and fornication, an emaciated Bharat looks on helplessly, with dried tears on its cheeks.

The next poem 'Gangotri to Gangasagar' rightly laments the maltreatment meted out to our venerated rivers in the name of development. Having stopped a large portion of natural flow of the rivers through construction of dams, we do not desist from defiling of whatever remains of the holy Ganges. The poem took me back to the scene at Jhusi cremation grounds near Allahabad, just a short distance upstream of Sangam, where half burnt corpses are conveniently pushed into the Ganges on a daily basis in the false belief of achieving 'Moksha' (salvation). This has been going unchecked since decades, may be centuries.

The poem 'Stomach Fire' is indeed heart rending. One gropes for answers when the poet asks 'Why the flame of life is fuel starved?' Statistics do tell us that a large chunk of India's (or is it Bharat's) population sleeps on empty stomach, filling it with only water. One is not sure, whether this water intake quenches or further stokes the fire within the gut. The poet rightfully and disgustingly asks the relevance of terms like GDP vis-a vis the starving millions. One can't help remembering anger ridden lines of revolutionary poet Faiz Ahmed Faiz-

*'Jis khet ke dehkan se mayassar na ho roti,
Us khet ke har gosha-e-gandam ko jala do'*

(The field which cannot provide enough bread deserves burning of each and every cob of wheat it produces.)

Poets often go ga-ga over the beauty of moon. It was the Bangla poet

Sukanto, who said that a hungry person sees it as a half burnt loaf, which is equally out of reach for him!

In the poem, 'My Big Fat Ego' the poet challenges the egoist (who thinks himself to be invincible) to try his skills in alleviating the miseries of mankind, if he is really so powerful. Why don't the super-ego ridden politicians or despots challenge real problems and tackle these rather than play the game of one-upmanship?

In the poem 'Your Luminosity' the poet prefers night in comparison to the day as the former is a great equalizer and provides succor through sleep to everyone. In contrast, the sun during the day illuminates every wound upon the emaciated body (and even mind) of a huge chunk of suffering humanity. In desperation, he wants to break the 'bulb of sun'. But will it help? The cat will not vanish even when the pigeon closes its eyes and can't see it, when confronted with one.

Plight of have-nots is once again depicted by the poet in poems like 'Who Fathered the Poverty Line?' and 'The Hunger-A bull's eye!' His lines-

'..All oceans are less abysmal-
Than the bottomless-bellies,'

make one realize the enormity of the problem facing mankind/

In 'Crystallised Tears', the poet rues the fate of toiling masses who keep on creating marvels from Taj mahals to present day malls and marts, are conveniently pushed out once these are completed. A brand name is assigned to the building and the ones who toiled to create are shooed away.

In the poem '**A Saviour—A Protectorate of Humanity!**' the saviour

who can't even save himself and needs security of the x, y, z variety—the poet targets the abominable VIP culture. He aptly describes a VIP as 'A person with golden limbs, sans a golden heart and describes him

as a 'Fearsome Fuherer' who loves to be described as 'His Majesty', 'His Highness' or 'His Excellency' etc.

In his poem 'NGOs Stock-in-Trade' the poet takes a dig on NGO's and corporate who pilfer funds in the name of corporate social responsibility (CSR).

It will be tantamount to taking away from the reader, the delight felt in reading the book if I were to comment on each and every poem in the anthology. In my opinion, the above comments on some of the poems are enough to egg on a reader to read the book. I can assure the readers that they will feel delighted when they are directly confronted with the original lines produced by the spring of creativity that must have gushed out at various times from the fertile heart of the poet. I say so, because it is not from the head alone that such poetry can be written. It is more of 'heart content' in it that makes it what it is. At the end I must quote these lines- 'Heart has its reasons of which reason knows nothing'

-Vinod Khanna

Tri-lingual poet, author and reviewer
Vinodk60@yahoo.co.in

Mohali, Dt. 11.10.2017

A Critique by Dr Manas Bakshi

Anil Sharma, Editor of the Journal par excellence Contemporary Vibes, is a versatile genius. Besides evincing his intellectual acumen replete with a secular outlook and a feel for the suffering human beings at large through his thought provoking editorials and incisive creative articles, he has also proved his distinct identity as a gifted short story writer and an erudite critic. That his voice is vibrant and vigorous as a poet too was in evidence when one after another startling poem on some of the burning topics started appearing on the back cover of C.V to render us spell-bound.

Now that he has clustered several poems in a collection, spread over two sections, entitled 'The Pilgrimage' is what we heartily welcome. The title poem, a tribute to the eternal search of the pilgrims is also meant for exploring a self. The poet shuns the way to 'lose human identity' only to become a 'demi-god' or 'an icon'. And emphatically urges "After pilgrimage's progress, / Uniformity overcomes my mind, / Regimentation becomes my regime, / Command becomes my speech, Suzerainty codes my lifestyle, / Prosperity buys peace with me, / But I am never at peace with myself? / O, Pilgrim, / Take me not with you, / Let me remain in my habitat! / Every habitat be at peace! / Every self-be at peace!"

The following two poems 'India That Is Bharat' and 'Gangotri To Gangasagar' highlight the spirit of India. Ours is a land of rich cultural and spiritual heritage. Our moorings are in traditional values and respect for others, our thoughts are rooted in the preaching termed — Vasudhaibakutumbam — though Globalization, Neo-Liberalization, Neo-Capitalism have spread tentacles which is why "Bharat nurses its own wounds; while India grieves... / The twain tries hard to bridge the gulf...". True, "Crony-capitalists have created a class within the classes," and "Exigencies pollute perennial Ganga unto Gaumukh glacier," but, despite all this, "India that is Bharat moans calmly in Meditation".

This is so because 'ants of disunity and separation' can bite us but

cannot shatter, cannot tarnish the image of the ‘great grand ancient land of seers and sages’ so long as, the poet believes, the ‘primeval sound of Onkara reverberates’ in his breath. This belief kindles the hope in the mind of the poet, and in ours too, “The Incredible Bharat my arise, awake and achieve the goal, / The light may come again which had gone with Mahatma.” In the poem ‘Gangotri to Gangasagar’, an epiphany of sublime thought is glaringly manifest in the lines “Bowing her head, she goes across towns, / Languishing as a prisoner beneath the bridges, / Sums up her remnants to save her existence, / The upstream – has lost all her play-ways, / She only wails silently sans soars and roars.” But despite the impending ‘dam-barrages’ on the one hand and pollutants like ‘corpses-ashes’, ‘town-filths’ and ‘huge human-garbage’ on the other — causing hindrance midway — “Gangotri merges with the sacred sea at Gangasar, / Still hails her bubbles to be bountiful to human race!”

As a poet with an intuitive mind, Anil Sharma’s range of conceptualization is wide, chosen themes for poetic delineation are varied; so much so that the myriad shades of his mood and mindset are reflected — somewhere in poems full of Indian sensibility, somewhere in poems charged with a hearty appeal. While poems like ‘Stomach Fire’ and ‘The Hunger : A Bull’s Eye’ speak enough of the grim existential reality, ‘Who Fathered The Poverty Line?’ raises the stinging socio-economic issue of ‘The total sum of all have-nots’ in a sarcastic vein. But, unfortunately, ‘The Crystallised Tears’ of the toiling mass of humanity seldom draw the attention of ‘A Saviour — A Protectorate of Humanity’! His poems on human psyche like ‘My Big Fat Ego’, ‘The Profile Of A Man’, ‘Hell And Heaven’ ‘Ethics And Aesthetics’ and ‘The Subtle Soul of A Poet’ are really absorbing.

The second section unfolds with the poem ‘Asto Ma Sadgamaya’ — a plank for reaching the acme of cosmic thought, a maxim imbibing mythical connotation. Anil Sharma’s delving into the implications of the divine providence makes it clear that human mind, trapped in the illusions of a materialistic world or embroiled in “sticky dirty ‘ism’ need purification when “Pragmatic truth lays buried / Deep in earth”.

And he concludes “Let there be command within / To move from falsity to realism”. Equally refreshing it is to go through ‘The Moving Mystic Mount’ where he affirms “Mysticism is Nature’s unmanifest child yet to be born / Manifest is man’s mind with limited expanse” or ‘Ardhanarishwar’ which centres round the episode of Adam and Eve in tune with the ‘fruition of existence’. It is also heartening that there are poems on the ‘Mindfulness’ of the great souls and visionaries like Valmiki, Saint Kabir, Sri Aurobindo, Swami Vivekananda, Mahatma Gandhi, Dr Hedgewar, Baba Saheb Ambedkar and Netaji.

No doubt, terrorism and bigotry, social injustice and inequality, political hoax and hypocrisy are wide-spread to crush the glory of human civilisation. But, undeniably, the flavour and fervour of sensitive poetry are everlasting. It is evident from the concluding poem ‘Rainbow Thought of Kalidasa’, for it echoes “Hail! The clouds hail! Accept the loving male for a female”. Anil Sharma’s striking imagery, together with exquisiteness of expressions, add to the beauty of this collection.

To Quote Alexis Carrel “Man can not remake himself without suffering, for he is both the marble and the sculptor”. Anil Sharma has done it. For he chisels his poetry with the skill of a sculptor, with the zeal of enriching our ideas while breathing life into his thoughtful poetic outpourings.

Dr Manas Bakshi

Author, Poet, Critic,

Reviewer and Short Story Writer.



Anil K. Sharma: Poet, Critic, Short Story Writer, Essayist, novelist, Founder Editor, Contemporary Vibes, Chandigarh, with Creative and Critical works - Panch Dashak Ki Dastak (Hindi) collection of Poems 2004, Five Beat of Heart (English), 'An Anthology of Poems 2005', 'Candid Confessions- 36 Stories to Stir' 2006, a novel Vardhaman- the Conqueror- A Discovery of the Self- 2007. Translation-Karmavali - A Novel of Pathos by Kashmiri Lal Zakir-2012, Anil K. Sharma's Eighteen Select Essays on Divinity and Individuality, 2013---are all his original creations and achievements. He is also widely reviewed and anthologized and a large number of prominent writers, litterateurs and geniuses have also interviewed him and their interviews have also been published in various reputed journals and magazines. Despite being a renowned High Court lawyer, the abundant literary creations by Anil Sharma prove that he is a versatile genius contributing vitally and liberally to almost all aspects of the literary realm, apart from his logical-cerebral-legal-argumentative world.



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