

SAHITYA AKADEMI AWARD WINNING  
RAJASTHANI POETRY COLLECTION

*Woes of the  
Womb-begotten*

**KISHORE KALPANAKANT**

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SAHITYA AKADEMI



## Woes of the Womb-begotten



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# Woes of the Womb-begotten

by

Kishore Kalpanakant

*Translated from Rajasthani by*

Madan Mohan Mathur



**Sahitya Akademi**

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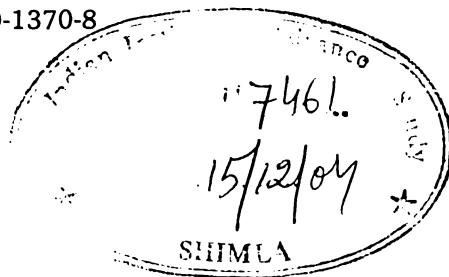
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## **In the light of realization**

Suffering overtakes all and sundry! Book of suffering has to be read and studied by all, living! Realization commensurates with one's wisdom! Suffering compels crying sometimes and sometimes laughter! Thus suffering has neither any measure nor form and nor is its infinity surpassable! What familiar faces can be suggested to resemble suffering? While living and enduring suffering, we always find it to be a fiction! It is universally known and yet strange! Suffering is formless like the Omnipresent! Suffering is the Truth of the Creation! Suffering jams the jaws! It relents not a bit! Suffering smiles; suffering cries! Suffering rolls and it is lost every time it is discovered! Some preserve suffering! Some treat it a stranger. Suffering is neither yours nor someone else's. Suffering can neither be discarded nor adopted. Suffering is life's spouse. Suffering is the sacred Ganges and suffering itself is the holy Vaitarni-beyond life. Suffering is one's own doing. It is not at all advisable to scratch wounds. I gently caress the suffering of the 'womb-begotten'. I drouse my innerself with holy water. For, suffering is never vicious at heart. None can monopolise suffering. Everyone has his fair share of suffering. Suffering is sensible, wise and out and out innocent.

'Woes of the Womb-begotten' is an identification of poetry. The original human tendency to interpret suffering. It acquires shape in the moulds of words but neither dissolves nor melts. The tongue embellishes the creation. Sometimes it comes out victorious and at times it gives in. The shocks of suffering in the measure of realization winnow and pound thoughts. They rise and stand as aspirations and wishes. Whether womb is a bliss or suffering, we know not. Womb nests, we know not, mirth or woe.

Theme is internalised in my reflections and thoughts.  
*Woes of the Womb-begotten* 5

The tongue reveals the creation. Rhymes clash and rhymes drop. Woes refuse to be tied to the pegs of thoughts. I-Eagerly experience woes. I bow before the Master Time ! My pain is the pain of joy. It is crowded all around.

Counting the "Footsteps of the Master Time", at some point or the other, the waiting is rewarded. The commotion in mind has somehow to be pacified. Poetry is the harbinger of hope, trust. It is journeying in the infinite. There are wheels all over. But there is no terminal, no end. Everything is ever-new; everything is primordial, old. Had the Word not been created, it would have been silence all over and the world would have appeared banal. Life would have ended with heartburst. What good could the mankind have been ? No straw, no leaf would have existed. Who would call that dead silence 'the Seed Syllable-the compact representation of the Absolute Truth' ? No soothing shade could subsist. Nor deed. Nowhere a place for work ! Who would have threaded the widely scattered beads of the Universe ? Had there been none, who would have looked for whom ? No calculation of time. No female, no bride. Word, commotion of sound. Word is a ladder for the womb-begotten. Poetry would not have endured joys and sorrows without it.

Thus poetry is the origin of emotions stimulative of particular states of mind. Poetry is desire, and it is also action and wish. Poetry is neither new nor old ! Poetry dominates all time-spans! Timeless or beyond time. Divine vision of the jewel. It enlightens the darkness. It incites and it checks.

If these poems of 'Woes of the Womb-begotten' make real poetry, they must invite evaluation even beyond the period of their creation. Suffering would ensure interpretation. If these poems had an immediate appeal, they would be published as they were created but that would not have left them complacent. How could they discover the world-view if devoid of the divine vision ?

Yes, confessedly these poems remained aloof from the contemporary Rajasthani poetry. They were in fact ignored by my own indifference. The period of their creation spreads approximately over three to four decades. At last they find

their destination. One or more may have been left out. But most of them were published as they were composed. They have been through their ordeal on stage and the All India Radio. They could not be recognized wholesomely for not being in a book form. They have not worn out of relevance even today.

Whenever Rajasthani poetry came into serious discussion, these poems were meted out unfair treatment either deliberately or for want of the requisite knowledge and understanding. They underwent evaluation of hundreds of (old as well as new) literary criteria and principles of criticism. On their own. Fellow poets defined their own responsibility. They allowed the palatable and discarded the sour in them. Thus the suffering of poetry could not be appreciated. Personal element could not be overlooked. Passion for poetry left much to be desired. Poetic ego had the upperhand.

I was considered under all the genres of Rajasthani literature. I have every reason to feel elated for recognition at the centre. But Rajasthani poetry has not yet been evaluated in the context of Indian poetry. Maybe, it is yet to reach that stage. Or an appropriate literary consciousness is yet to emerge. Or no need was felt for all this. Or no one had an inner urge to initiate. Only a few surfacial ripples were sometimes observed. A garland of common interests was threaded. A tendency of falling in love with one's own self. A euphoria of illusions. Egotism prevailed everywhere. It was the proverbial blind's favour. Wherever one turned with hope, utter inertia met hands up. Anyway, whatever comes to pass is all fine. Whatever is drawn is the line !

Rajasthani poetry has a long rich tradition of its own! Both the materialistic and the transcendental survive in it. The mediocre was also taken note of but was not recognized. It was not picked up and stretched. The mediocre remained at the base. The rest had threads entwined. Some of it was accounted for in Hindi. That was devoured by confusion of every sort. As things heated up, there was a pandemonium. Imitation followed. Tradition disappeared in that rat-race of imitation. Why should one think anew and what was there to be thought about ?

Emotions arise and shower to enable creation to be born. Then it is on its own. It looks for flight of imagination in the endless space to the illusion of mysteries without beginning or end. Complicated entanglement. Everything appears to be incredible. Earthen embankments fail to hold back the forceful water current. Yet the innocent ventures to measure mysteries unrevealed. Mind is never at rest. Then there is enlightenment. It revels around itself. Innocent emotions in the sultriness of wisdom helplessly drizzle. Aspirations seem to materialize. As an equilibrium is struck between the two, a long trail of ceremonies follows. The universal mysteries stay where they are but the mind is on its creative journey unperturbed! Surely the emotion alone is insane. Because its pace is hasty. The initially contrived emotion runs riot. It loiters in the markets of trade and commerce.

It happens in all genres. Poetry is sometimes discovered and again lost. Sometimes it scatters the beads but sometimes it strings necklaces worth millions. Sometimes it dirties the sheet but other times it washes it spotless. In the process the warp and woof of the sheet glistens. The interior of the pleasant poetry blends. Poetry, the oldest genre of literature, has always evaluated newest of the new sheets. It's difficult to test the texture of the sheet.

The essence of poetry never dies. Since time immemorial it has moved on overseeing the mysteries. The spirit sets on its journey to the Ultimate Spirit. Who knows how far is its access ?

Womb impregnated must in course of time deliver. Sometime or the other it comes of age. Meanwhile in case of miscarriage, the truth remains unborn. Come what may. If mankind is to perpetuate, the womb must flourish. So that none again is stillborn. In the midst of suffering this mention of nourishment may sound strange but in this nourishment develop species of hopes and aspirations.

The aspiration of nourishment of 'Woes of the Womb-begotten' shall be content when you recognise the truth unborn and evaluate the internal feelings of these poems. Join me in my suffering and joy !

Contentment has its advantages and disadvantages both. Life is simultaneously a pleasure-seeker as well as an ascetic. Poetry accompanies both. Poetry is explicit and yet implicit. If I say anything about my poems in the tone of 'the sons praised by the mother', it will not be considered appropriate. If it is poetry, it must elicit meaning. It is my personal pleasure to wait for a feedback from the lovers of poetry while placing 'Woes of the Womb-begotten' in their care. Realizations of man's mind need evaluation.

How far could the poetic journey of over fifty innocent years understand the mirage of the desert, I know not. But the Master Time was always awake. My personal aspirations kept a low profile counting the years that rolled by. They meditated on the dreams. Late Rawatji Saraswat always said: 'Your collection of poems must be published.' Other friends also said: 'The book must get published.' Rawatji expired, he could not see 'Woes of the Womb-begotten' in a book form: I have my regrets. But placing it in the hands of others, I rejoice.

It is not strange for a book to be published. Books are published in plenty. Poetry undergoes self-mortification. The only marvellous thing is that my poems have at long last been published. 'Woes of the Womb-begotten' at last came out to be evaluated.

In the publication of this book Kavivar Shri Sitaramji Maharshi made praise worthy contribution and his active support kept my enthusiasm alive; he extended all affection. Bhai Gajanan Varma, Shri Murli Rankawat, Chetan Swami and other friends extended all support.

Kalpanalok, Ratangarh (Rajasthan)

**Kishore Kalpanakant**



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## Woes of the womb-begotten

Again a Chanakya  
has been conceived  
In confinement this time  
My emotion shall deliver.  
Womb, barren for ages  
Shall flourish into a fruit-laden tree  
Auspicious gold plate shall beat in my courtyard  
Proclamation of the newborn.  
And none shall now jeer  
Disastrous-drought !  
Human dignity shall render auspicious numbers  
Such is a feeling now !

Another Chanakya waits to be born !  
And shall break the skull of one  
Who derides dignity !  
Chanakya's incantations of polity  
Shall interrogate  
Chandragupta's virility, shall demand  
Its rightful rule !  
Bards shall sing songs of triumph  
Descending on the earth is  
A colossal spiritual force  
History shall reiterate its pattern  
Such is a feeling now !

For time immemorial has been brewing  
A warring feud !  
An upheaval !  
When could the gods and devils be at peace  
A thrill pervades all around !

At times the bones of Dadhichi  
Save the situation  
The sane ones advise to close the doors  
It's always good to fence out strife  
But who knows who's whose culprit !  
While observed in practice, they stay or else  
Lost are the reminiscences  
Behaviours get identified  
Sunstruck is innocent  
Ritualistic persuance  
When it is increasingly felt  
Human intention degenerates  
When righteousness  
Knee-tied lies  
Abandoned obscure,  
The wicked shamelessly struts openly.  
Then Emotion and Discretion copulate  
To impregnate human womb  
With that rare happening !  
Is there a similar feeling ripe ?  
Come out !  
Mind's song !

This experience is the Truth of ages.  
Go through the Gita once !  
Hum the chants of the Ramayana!  
Endear that theme !  
That is the embodiment of the Absolute Truth !  
The same is personified in Chanakya-Chandragupta !  
Meditate over these names  
Let's see how it feels !

How long will thus perpetuate  
The lineage of hypocrisy ?  
At last, the great weapon must annihilate Kamsa !  
There arn't many days left  
Quite nigh is the win and victory !  
Thus is the feeling !

I

Experience suffering alongwith eager expectation

I

Bow my head in obeisance to Master Time !

My suffering

Is a suffering of ecstasy.

Advancing footsteps of the Master Time

Proclaim the impending revolt !

One can see the expecting mother

With her preparation to deliver

A fascinating dream of future

Dearest to my vision,

Greater than millions of suns !

It's being felt in breaths!

That ain't very far !

That is my grand-song !

That is the feeling realised !

## O divine controller of time o kankali

This dwelling  
That I live in  
Is the dilapidated remain of an old dream  
Walls show signs of cracks  
One can read clear  
The lines prominent on the palm of this dwelling  
    the lines that index destiny  
The dwelling is surrounded by cracks  
Like one hounded by moneylenders  
Surrounded by drains, outlets, gates and doors  
I see every morning  
The dazzling golden sword  
That stabs the bosom of the gloom  
Having axed sleep headless  
Beheads a dream  
    And hangs the skull on the hillock of the horizon  
In due course of time  
A garland of skulls is formed  
O Mother Kali, for your sake.

My silent mind stares  
Opposite  
    At copper-hued paths  
My blind conscience  
Fondles and pats  
Taps nightly my temples  
Sings in a strange tongue a lullaby  
Who's she  
    That dwells here?  
  
That's language

A whetting piece of rock  
Against which rub and whet  
Sandalwood or sword  
That'd weave again the garland of skulls  
O Controller of Time, O Kankali  
For your sake !  
My upper eyelid is a sword  
Lower, the rocky diction.  
Both rub against each other a little too much  
Every morning  
I stare at the walls with cracks  
Walls that signify hope-support  
Grudge every day  
Silvery  
pathway sand has a shiver in the heart  
Sharp-edged sword  
That turns blood thirsty and wishes to  
Weave a garland of skulls  
O Skull-happy Kali  
For your sake !

This body is like  
Bhomli baby's plaything  
You may chop it to pieces  
But in my throat this  
Stony diction  
With no sword  
And with no stroke however severe  
Can not be slain  
Can never be slain.

It's immortal  
In the infinite expanse enlightened  
It dwells  
It's a meteor  
Moving in the endless space  
This rock  
Your sword can never split.  
Better carve it with a chisel

Of a small quill, a pen !  
Carve over it a shape  
That life can fall back upon!  
Come !

Let's carve an image  
A huge one with a little soul  
Instead of a garland of skulls  
Weave a wreath of flowers.  
One may ask:  
Whence get flowers in a desert ?  
Flowers are there in gardens of our hearts  
Plenty of delicate ones !  
Colourful and emotive  
This fragrant wreath is  
O Benign Kali  
For Your sake !

## The song-unsung

The tongue licks dew-drops  
The soul wandering in the wilderness  
Is dying of thirst !

The foliage around  
Is laden with dew drops !  
I'm not in my senses: I'm senseless !  
I've gone only a few steps by now  
I've to go

Miles and miles !  
Parched lips can sing no song  
That is being composed by  
The symphony of life  
That instigates the song  
That is whizzing within my inner self  
A sitar vibrates !  
A flute plays !  
A mridangam resonates !  
A small kettle drum beats !

And as though  
Diverse instruments beyond my reckoning  
Support that music  
That rises within me !  
All the seven notes  
Along with all the twenty one variations  
Simmer in every pore of my person  
But parched lips,  
Dry throat  
Fail to articulate that song  
It's music alone  
In a mysterious experience !

I sing within myself  
And I listen to it too !

All around rise cyclic sand storms  
The sun beats hot on the head  
Wherever I turn  
There is

Infinite -

Wilderness of the desert  
Not a single shrub  
Not a single drop of water  
Scorching heat all around  
An acute throb within !

The wood

That I just crossed  
Had all over it  
Dew drops !

My tongue  
Tried to lick it  
But my thirst remained unquenched

I

Pity myself  
I'm resourceless...  
None tells me

Which emotion do I manifest?

Thus I remain to myself

Unknown !

'Cause my song  
Is still unsung  
My song is my identity !  
But why have the songs  
That I've sung

Failed

To be my identification...?  
I ask myself !

My feet are stuck  
I can't move further  
My lips have parched with dryness over them  
But my eyes show

A tint of joy !  
And I feel  
Everything here has been sung by me !  
Numerous faces  
Come alive:  
I'm roaming carrying sati  
Over my shoulders !  
Like Narad, the sage  
Kissing the mirror !  
Looking for Sita  
I crazily  
Calling in every direction !  
To call Radha  
my flute !  
People stone me -  
'Cause looking for Laila !  
I call Heer  
Waiting for Chanana's palanquin  
Thus I'm getting defeated every time !

I can see:  
The wandering ghosts of my dream  
Standing before me  
Agitating against me !  
Look !  
Shouting slogans:  
'Long live the revolution !'  
Someone of them is making a speech !  
I can't sing now  
Again and again  
This Meghdoot I can't sing !  
I can't !  
But how should I begin  
With a parched throat that song  
Music of which  
Orchestrates within me !  
I carry within me a song-unsung !

## I haven't turned a rebel, have I

Now-a-days I'm overwhelmed by  
something or the other,  
Don't know who...?  
Someone reads the Red-book within me !  
I'm frequently agitated  
An urge to do something  
Galvanises my nerves !  
Stimulated  
Every action of my being stirs  
Fool ! Why fritter away life purposeless ?  
Bring to my eyes alive  
    Kankali brandishing the sword !  
Claps...  
Surrounding echoes, cackles  
Rain is about to pour in torrents  
Lightning thunders in the sky  
Happily in the firmament a splinter rolls down  
There's revolt somewhere !

Speak Bhawani !  
What do you want?... a garland of skulls ?  
Don't be O Divine so dreadful !  
Ye be my pious wish: urge  
Emotion pure  
Why turn thy devotee to a skull ?  
My benign image of thee is shattered  
Your creation and mine  
This Universe shall be distorted  
My Tandav shall stir tremors  
No trace of beauty shall subsist  
Let me be within myself !

Why measure the range of the mental horizons ?  
Form shall be deformed  
So let it alone  
Sorrows and sufferings are mine  
Let me endure  
Let the boat of life sail midstream !  
I am a creator  
How could I disaster wish or meditate ?  
But Kankali is my emotion !  
'Cause in my world  
Downpour burning embers  
I breathe rising  
Agitated flames !  
Every atom within me is ablaze.  
My song is Kal-Bhairav  
My fancy, the deadly night  
In perfect unision stand  
Fear-fright, sorrow-suffering,  
Joy-comfort, lust-affection, love-hate

All emotions and conditions that cause them  
No longer remains a secret  
Man's suicidal temperament !  
My body shows  
Wounds sustained over each pore  
Each one extremely painful  
On the top of it  
Someone so mercilessly strikes me  
That my soul is bruised  
Tell me O God !  
What should I do now ?

Against my head again and again  
Strikes a word  
And with each collision  
Echo  
Hundreds of words  
All of them  
Echo that single seed syllable.

Over my injured lips  
Grows a smile  
My eyes show a glimmer !  
My throat  
Craves to repeat that word  
And its echoed notes  
I muster up courage within  
But I can't pronounce it !  
A red marble  
Blinds my eyes  
My petrified sight  
Longs to be normal  
A bloody lump...!  
The density of hundreds of words  
Amplification of that seed word !  
Faces me  
God Incarnate !  
Tell, O God!  
What should I do now ?

Every atom in me craves to express  
Inward  
    Churn words limitless  
The first gem emerged  
I have drunk of it  
    And continue to drink !  
It intoxicates me  
I'll dance...  
    Tandav, the violent dance !  
From the wild sand-dunes of my lips  
Rise dusty cyclones everywhere  
These are the songs !  
They assume shapes of Black Bhairavas !  
And dance within my eyes  
A baby angel !  
It's she that  
Has disguised as Kali.

At the edges of my eyes

Flourished —  
A golden land of my wishes  
That echoes the unheard music.

But that land is desolate before it prospered !  
Someone has strangulated that unheard music  
I'm sorely restless  
A song invades my mind  
And makes me resolve:  
'Hari Om—That's the truth of it...!'

It provokes me  
Colossus of my inner self  
My gravity, atomism and lightness—the three Siddhis  
Have thrown the gates open !  
You still live  
Couldn't die  
    Can't die !  
Rise and rise high !  
Uproot the tents of pseudo sophistication  
That over the land of thy wishes  
    illegitimately encroach.  
Pull out  
The pegs of the regulations of the state !  
To which are tied the ropes of those tents  
  
Topple down the canopies —  
Over those rotten heads  
Of hypocritical ideals.

Their real faces  
    Hide in these tents !  
Break the knees  
Of the haggards !  
The mental slaves !  
Filmi jokers !  
Who tied with the power pegs of the state  
Stretch these tents !

'Cause

In order to protect their villainous heads  
Have they stretched the tents  
They fix ever new  
Pegs of rules and regulations.

Provokes me my internal  
Colossus !

'Hari Om, Let's meditate on  
His brilliance...'

## **Wordless love song**

'Of my love  
Compose a poem !'  
said a crazy damsel

Holding the infinite world in her arms  
One from sky to the nether world  
In perfect harmony.

From there a note  
Musical note !  
Which is formless  
Unseen  
I carry it in the sky

How tiny  
That note is !  
How colossal  
Its expanse is !  
Intrinsic  
Dissolved

One with it is  
The whole creation !  
I taste the dazzling brilliance  
My throat is dumbfound !

Enfold me  
In your vital breath  
Life yours and mine  
Is a part of the Aspirate !

With commotion and temper they tremble in awe  
That's the process of perfect unison  
Over seven seas of separation  
    A bridge  
Seven seas are perhaps the seven notes !  
That bridge is far apart  
    the armlet  
When the hum reaching the ears acquire  
The mould of words !  
Draw dreamy sketches  
    on the lines of the lips!  
How should I compose  
    That poem !  
The poem of thy love !  
The poem of the universal order  
Like your love  
    Is everyone else's  
It's similar.

Marvan of Dhola of my imagination  
    You alone remain  
Urvashi of my entire knowledge  
    You alone remain  
Menaka of my self-realisation  
    You alone remain !

I'm merely a man  
    You a woman !  
To compose a poem of your love  
    I sit !  
This love-song of mine  
Can you hear...?

## The suffering mind

This village  
is no copy of that formidable city  
It is: a version concise  
Gist of a metropolis-volume  
Rendered in the folk dialect  
Translation !

Crowd of people  
Is not to be found here  
Nor: Upheaval, jostling  
Battle of the mechanic robots  
Their flashes and echoes  
As if  
Of the fifth Veda  
Of new insight into knowledge  
It's a new hymn  
Sung out of tune !

Outer appearance  
Is not all truth  
Nor is it falsehood  
That's a motif  
That  
Like a fluid  
Trying to dissolve into water  
Truth and falsehood  
Identified alike !

My sensibility  
Whom does it  
Evaluate and with what standards ?

My mind keeps smoking  
(This mind is a palace made of assimilated pebbles)  
It's attached to body  
    Or trying to attach  
Is animate or inanimate  
Total absence of knowledge!  
Let it break !  
Let it be  
    dilapidated !  
Again  
Each pebble of mind  
    falls apart  
Breaking and then shaping again  
My suffering  
    Unites with the mind !  
Man's life  
    Is turning the way —  
Culture is turning !  
Villages and cities are alike  
Blending bodies in  
    Gazing at wealth  
Both are lost.

## **Wandering among inaccessible vales, I**

Once  
Among the inaccessible vales  
Again I reached.

Swimming across rivers in spate  
Crossing over Mountains difficult to approach  
Trudging difficult path-ways  
Beyond the long-barren stretch  
Reached  
With the bows and arrows of thought  
I pierced the quietude,  
Bushes of the dense forest.

Wilderness  
Roars of lions  
Trumpets of elephants  
Thorny thickets of the desert  
Pools-tanks, drains-mud, the run  
Ponds-ditches  
Over all of them  
My cynicism crossed  
Endless, limits of mind  
Infinite maze  
Wishes to throw wide open  
Tightly closed doors of illusion  
But all around the horizon  
Anyway there is no  
Search of the abstract  
Understanding and expressing  
Greater than the word  
With anxiety for expression

Among the inaccessible vales  
Again I reached !

## Desert

## Turmoil

A pyre of shapeless fire burning  
Like the third eye of Lord Shiva

Unseen, but perceived  
From which Veda is the hymn  
'Drink-you-drink' ?

How far understood, explained and examined ?  
How could one observe the unseen and relate ?

## Mute language signals inability

## Word

Isn't the static derivation of sound  
It's the echo of voice unpronounced

### ‘Drink-you-drink’

The echo fills in the  
Soul, leaving the body  
Dissolves into its own  
That shapeless fire

Those cyclonic sandstorms and noise of gales  
Wish to create metre /Song /Prayer  
Attempt again and again to comprehend  
As it is said, curiosity increased  
Or else, it's a coincidence !  
Again I reached  
once  
Among the inaccessible vales !

At the parapet of the pond  
I waited a long while  
A shoal of golden fish

A tiny expansion  
In the bottom  
    Dance of smooth-shapes  
Bharatnatyam, Kathak, Manipuri, Cabaret  
or sliding  
    Some folk dance  
Some fisherman  
Hanging the lace of his flute  
Angle in the lace  
In the fishing-rod life appearing death  
Unseen.... waiting

Then  
Fish tossing ashore  
'Restlessness' of the fish  
'Starvation' of the fisherman  
Both poor words!  
Meaningless beyond meaning  
Narration,  
    Pal-bearer or dead words  
But word-the creator !  
    Is eternal  
    It dies not

Among the inaccessible vales  
A song echoes  
Intrinsic music of words  
Gives shape  
    Even then left shapeless  
Again reached among  
inaccessible vales  
I !

Music  
Plays day and night among  
    the inaccessible valleys  
Notes of music pass  
Flowers bloom, thorns grow prickly,  
    Buds sprout, leaves bend

Fragrance intensifies, ornamentation shapes  
Beauty is created !

Then

A village descends in the dale  
Strange, innocent simple villagers  
Fields, cattle, households

Merriment

Pleasure-pain, separation-meeting  
laughter-teasing

Smile-beaming, love-song  
Tears-wails, sighs  
As if, what-not...!

Notes of words, Mills-factories  
Loss-profit of workers-employer  
Bar, restaurant, hotel, club,  
Theatre, cinema, fashion  
A culture without culture  
Deceit, snobbery, cheating  
Men and machines, banks and business  
Trade of Literature, Art and even sentiments!  
Godowns: cheating with words  
Notes of song choke in throats  
Music breaks and scatters  
Address men  
What's the query, what's reply — we know not!  
Among the inaccessible valleys  
Once again, I reached !  
Language, when moves the finger of words  
Notes of music, prepare to rise  
I try to comprehend  
Hazy-tints,  
Numerous faces  
As if, the stars in the darkest night !  
I can't identify each star  
I in the inaccessible vales  
Search once and over again

An urge to tell the untold  
Once in a while I find one  
Others scratch the old memory  
I wander and

Reach the same place again !  
What lies beyond the inaccessible vales ?  
What's there in the planets-satellites ?  
Why is it there ?  
Ever new dimensions of thought  
Gimmicks of words  
Notes at fast pace  
To view the invisible  
Who knows !  
How often have I travelled  
Among the inaccessible vales  
Once again I reached !

Fragrance intensifies, ornamentation shapes  
Beauty is created !

Then

A village descends in the dale  
Strange, innocent simple villagers

Fields, cattle, households

Merriment

Pleasure-pain, separation-meeting  
laughter-teasing

Smile-beaming, love-song

Tears-wails, sighs

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    Reach the same place again !  
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Why is it there ?  
Ever new dimensions of thought  
Gimmicks of words  
Notes at fast pace  
To view the invisible  
Who knows !  
How often have I travelled  
Among the inaccessible vales  
Once again I reached !

## Moulding fantasies

I exist,  
This world is mine,  
With my light is the world illuminated  
Whenever I have this feeling  
I find life all the more fascinating !

Day by delving deep into the ocean of time  
is spent,  
Busy rambling leaves  
the mind fed up  
All, have their own airs about them  
The whole mankind seems derailed  
All, boast of their own;  
Mountain tops are ablaze  
Learning and science neglected lie  
In my mind swelling pains,  
Thoughts dissolve in the Ganga Jamuna  
Entertainment takes over  
the best of religion and meditation  
No profit, No loss  
Neither fire nor water  
I too learn: pushing with the tongs  
The crow is a spade and so its consort !

Night too is spent somehow  
Whoever grows: must also lose  
Nightly wakes either a recluse  
Or one full of lust  
The diseased wakes or sleeps.  
Whatever is destined comes true  
Who am I—a recluse, one full of lust or diseased ?

Maybe, I am a weevil in the greengram

At midnight I have a feeling  
When sky is all barren  
In the Jamna of my mind  
    swims a boat  
My age old thirst a mehfil attends  
Judgement is tossed out of balance over one wave  
Wounds ooze from every pore  
Life appears  
    to be a tale of woe  
Voice is choked in the throat  
If it should come to lips to be a poem  
Barren expression  
    counts ages and months  
Count of 'nine'  
    is lost in the 'nine million' stars  
Similarly poetry  
    met miscarriage before birth !  
And I  
    coundn't sing that song  
Which is the realization of life  
I don't know, why...?  
    Why is my throat choked...?  
Internal vision grows wings  
My vision climbs heights  
The raven aspires to fly to the sun  
The nearest grows hazy  
Lower look: the moon and stars  
Exquisite they appear: diamonds of dreams  
This is what my epic is  
    These flights are realization  
That cannot be recreated in compositions  
But this eternal feeling  
    Never evaporates !

At dawn

My feathers shall wither away  
A pain in heart on seeing my wife

With children in her lap  
I shall be lost in deep thoughts !  
Whence will the requisite  
Household provision be brought ?  
I spread a bed of papers  
Holding my pen in hand  
I sleep on it !  
For the day something !  
Will have to be done !  
A life of choice  
To what extent  
Can fantasies mould ?  
World is lost by holding to nothing  
Let's see  
How my triumph  
kills me ?

## **Blind odyssey**

Formless/pitch.dark  
Endless unsurpassable  
Beyond form and formlessness  
It's out and out darkness!  
How can fearless life be trusted ?

I contemplate over and over again  
But whence should I bring thoughts  
brilliant and clear ?  
All around, it is expansion  
of darkness  
Darkness  
Has overtaken the base of life  
In every atom of the gloom  
I  
Establish

I wonder  
Why was this night created ?  
I sink  
Deeper and deeper in the fathomless gloom  
More fearful than the nightly gloom  
Is the darkness of mind  
Let me be  
saved from this wretched darkness !

Had  
This night been fascinating/soothing  
Lovely night  
How nice

would have it been !  
Then would it be  
A full moonlit night  
In lieu of the dawn  
Rose, realisation of  
Something simmering in the enlightened mind  
This existence half nude  
In dark caves  
I chuck salt and salt  
Numerous circular arrays of darkness  
How should I succeed in milking  
That rare buffalo ?

It's dairy on one hand and dung on the other  
But any black figure: unscrutable puzzle to the illiterate  
Dark alleys  
Solitary journey  
Where's a single lamp ?  
Sometimes  
I slip into a pool of blood  
Giants of all directions; laughter frightens with  
Sometimes my feet slip over  
Lumps of flesh  
A dark world !

Internal burning sensation heats up  
Doesn't leap into flame, smoke perpetrates  
the ghosts of apprehension for life;  
And begs Devastation will follow defeat !  
This night is brimful with fear  
The black-blanket is wet with sweat  
But here or there somewhere  
There is light, to be sure !

## **Sale**

Yes sir! all this is for sale !  
This predicament and conversation is for sale !  
Some of it is just workable  
But some of it is really durable  
All this... is for sale !

Whichever is visible, and that  
Which is invisible, all that  
Has been put on sale  
Everything  
Even if you don't want it,  
to this wretched being !

Yes !  
I make quite a lot out of it  
A large variety of material, sir  
Comes everyday and is sold !  
What do you say...

Should I tell the price of the commodities ?  
Well, let me count names !  
I tell you how to use them  
Tell you marks !  
But, first of all  
You should know my name !  
know me well  
And confirm my identity !  
Trader is my name  
Trader of every commodity  
In several varieties !  
Earlier, people knew me as a man  
Yes, sir

All this is for sale !  
Eh... brother! don't touch !  
You know, it'll get dirty !  
It's quite fragile  
It'll no longer be of use.

This is  
Man's soul  
That people call  
Soul is the supreme being !  
It's quite judicious and useful !  
It's quite inexpensive these days !  
This soul  
Can speak in different voices !

See! its velvet feathers !  
It can sour high !  
The crest is adorned with  
A plume of pride  
It sometimes gets benevolent  
And sometimes gets angry  
It may take on in twinkling of an eye  
To the pinnacle of power

To tell the truth  
It can weep and sing at the same time!  
Sir, you don't want it ?  
Leave it, then  
Yes, Sir, yes  
All this is for sale !

Yes, sir !  
I loved very much  
The soul  
I was in different business earlier  
When sold it.

I felt quite ashamed of myself  
But 'sell it' was  
The call of my conscience !  
Yes...!  
Others even sold  
The Nation, the country, the community

The throne, the crown !  
Are being openly sold  
I am only selling myself !  
What's there to be ashamed of !  
All this is for sale !  
Here is man's religion !  
Test it before buying !  
Why in selling and buying ?  
Happily buy with pleasure  
Piety and Religion are highly glorified  
Everyone in our country seems to need it  
Religion is used for eating  
It is used for keeping up  
It is used for worship  
But above all, it is used for showing off  
You can earn your living with it!  
In broad day light you can fool even the cleverest  
Life needs it  
Again and again  
One who doesn't possess it, is  
Considered irreligious !  
Well, sir ! You've yourself sold it  
Your religion !  
That's bad luck !  
Yes, sir !  
All this is for sale !

Take this, it's good !  
This is integrity  
should I count qualities...?  
Lend me your ears !  
This makes my business prosper  
Yes, sir, please !  
This may not make 'Rolls Royces' !  
It may make 'maruti' !  
Mothers may deliver babies  
Without carrying them in the womb !  
You may wear it on your shirt

It suits fine  
On a sari, nothing like it...  
It suits all the more !  
With it, prices may be raised to any height !  
Like Draupadi's sari that knows no end  
or like Sursa's jaws  
Go on stretching !  
Whoever will see it, will praise it  
And perhaps,  
    Will grease your palm !  
Publish your praises  
Your name would shine like the sun !  
Cover yourself with it  
And disappear  
Then you may go and sleep  
With any dream-maid !  
No, sir !  
    Why should I be kidding !  
This makes  
    Smuggling, my brother, go smooth !  
But you are right  
Who cares for integrity ?  
All have  
Their ears cocked up like those of donkeys  
You don't seem to buy anything  
Just harass me for nothing  
Go away, go to hell !  
    Let others come !  
All this  
    Has to be disposed of !  
Yes, sir ! All this is  
For sale !  
Tell me, sir ! What do you want ?  
Show me! which item is needed ?  
If nothing, get lost !  
    Don't just stand !  
Don't create crowd  
To be my eyesore !  
This

All this is for sale !

What...

You want imported items ?

Take this, sir !

I guarantee

This one is smuggled from Russia

Specially imported for you

Soviet people grow fat with this

Everyone feels to be a king there with this

It's popular also in China

And now in our India

It's talked about !

It's called 'Socialism'

Yes, now I remember

This is what people identify

In the name of 'Socialism'

What...

You call it an ill ?

Have you gone crazy or...

No, sir !

It's not fake, it's genuine

But, sir, it's true

It is all purpose.

Even power needs it

Leaders remove poverty with it !

It's being hailed all around

Our old culture and thought

Seem to shed tears through your eyes !

You may drap yourself with it as if in a sacred cloth !

You may inspect it, if you like

In a temple and a mosque alike !

How should I count all its virtues

Well, I show you the latest !

One may fleece government with it

The rich dread it

The leaders swallow everything

And think of it day and night  
Touch it on the tongue  
Soulful speeches issue forth !  
Officers enjoy life  
Poor people indulge in quarrels !

Apply it to eyes:  
Sight will improve : by double  
Black money is visible  
Life will be blessed !  
It's really powerful  
It's almost a miracle  
That way, sir,  
It's newly come this way !  
See : when it stays !  
Food grains will have to be counted  
A grain a rupee  
People would ill-afford !  
It's a highly spiritual item !  
To be truthful, it's a seed  
Which when grows into a tree  
All leaders, ministers, village-chiefs  
Shall be found under the  
Bo-tree of 'Socialism'  
And have all their wishes fulfilled  
There'll be no public  
In the absence of people's protest  
There'll be 'cracy' alone, 'Tantra'  
And no 'Demos', the 'Lok' !\*

What do you say  
There is Indian adulteration in it ?  
What can I do, sir !  
It is the degradation of our character !  
But this material is quite fresh ?  
Yes, sir ! All this is for sale !

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- Etymologically Greek 'demos' means 'people' and 'cracy' means 'rule'—hence 'rule of the people'.

Take this! See it !  
This too is imported  
Hippyism  
Specially invented for the youth  
It's purely American stuff !  
However, it is trump card !  
Of the modern visionaries  
They direct the new generation straight !  
Hubble-bubble passes for spiritual periphernalia  
Our 'Pundit Coka' looks idle in comparison  
Vatsyayan's sutras face defeat  
Charvak is left chilly  
It adds a modern facet to culture  
There're several other commodities  
Yes, sir !  
All this is for sale !

Take these several items !  
They are useful, qualitative !  
Nothing is unfinished,  
It's ready !  
This Municipal Councillor is for sale !  
The village 'panch' for sale !  
Take real legislators !  
These honourable Members of Parliament  
These officers influential  
Babuji, take these peons !  
Take, these miraculous clerks !  
That is man on that side  
And this is humanity here !  
See, how inexpensive they are !  
Anyone can buy them  
Take a whole lot of high principles !  
Take, clay images of fat men!  
These are 'isms' of all sorts  
Everything is in lots !  
What should I do, I'm helpless !  
Gosh! it is worldliness  
Therefore, I also sell

You may get any commodity weighed  
All this is  
For sale !

Take this expensive woman's wile  
Be amused if buy soon !  
It can turn day into night  
It can create disorder in order  
If you restrict it  
It will hold you by the neck  
If displeased  
It will cause domestic turmoil !  
The less said, the better  
This woman's wile is quick to affect  
It's whimsical to the core  
It decides its gain to suit the time and the way  
If you don't need, let it be there  
I put it down  
Yes, bhai-saab !  
I always play with it !  
This...  
Ali this is for sale !

This hybrid grain is a new development  
It causes vomit and diarrhoea  
It's a purgative  
One who consumes is consumed  
This ghee is made from inedibles  
Mixed with commodities not permissible !  
These are diseases wholesale  
Babuji, have been caused by this !  
These medicines for the diseases  
They eradicate diseases  
For restrictions of any kind  
There's no need to live any longer !  
Yes, sir! All this is for sale !

Take this demon Ravana strong !  
Who abducted Sita

There's a heap of lousy Kumbhakaranas  
Who wake not but eat a lot, gluttons !  
Take, these are clever poachers  
Who set bamboos afire  
Take, this new generation variety,  
of cheats and snobs  
It kills the infants quick.  
Take, this Hiranakashyap, the demon !  
For whom Narsingh no more descends !  
Take this Karna-bountiful like Shibi  
Take this Duryodhan, vain glorious !  
Dushashan along with it  
I give for no extra charge !  
All this...  
Is for sale !

This 'nationalisation' great  
It camouflages all commodities  
This all powerful 'control'  
Sticks to chests quick !  
Along with it is this 'black'  
I offer free of charge !  
All this is for sale !

This variety of material is here  
Examine thoroughly and evaluate !  
I shall charge fair price  
Let your purse strings be loose !  
This is 'contract' this 'permit', and this 'quota'  
Take! Babuji buy-this !  
See this, it is provocative  
This is tattered blanket, magical  
I stole it from somewhere  
To tell you the truth: it is a saint's  
This is stupid blow-conch garrulous  
Step, brother, to the leader  
Our Gheesu's mother  
Brought it along at second marriage !  
See this, 'licence' here

This is 'nonsense' there  
If you have commonsense  
You can understand everything  
Every item is miraculous, sir !  
Nothing comes easy  
I got them with strong recommendation  
I deal in these items !  
All this  
Is for sale !

This speech draws crowds !  
This slogan disrupts the gathering !  
This statement is a sham  
As showy as an altar !  
Take this journalist yellow, or black !  
This litterateur, brother-in-law, gainer or loser  
This poet singing hoarse  
Sings more than a transistor can !  
He drinks like a fish  
And can eat anything !  
This poet: joker's page  
A broker of entertainment  
A hawker of cheap jokes  
A pool of mud  
Take fine-arts! pornographic !  
This stark naked to entice problems  
Take these topless actresses  
These actors fortunate  
Take music-dance-drama !  
Take these fashionable characters !  
O brother, don't create crowd  
Whoever wishes to buy  
Must come forward !  
All this is for sale !

Numerous items, commodities  
How many names should I count !  
Take from grain to mountain !  
It's quite late, I must leave !

Tomorrow again, I shall be here  
You may get new varieties !  
Right from Satvanti-Lajwanti  
To the perverted harlots !  
I'll bring a variety of new moves !  
Really  
I'll show tomorrow !  
This,  
All this is for sale !

## A conference of lamps

On the night of Diwali  
—the festival of Light  
The lamps met in a conference  
And resolved,  
Following the speeches of the chiefs.  
We must keep firm our position !

Earthen lamps are no longer in demand  
This Festival of Light too  
Is turning stranger !  
Our flame like braided hair  
Flickering mark on the forehead  
Sacred thread of the wick  
All stand imperill'd !  
And day in and day out  
Is being lost  
The flame of knowledge !  
What else is in store ?  
The holy plant of basil !  
At the gates of the temples  
Now discover  
Bulbs, small or big  
And thus  
We dwindle to a minority !  
In our own homeland  
Secular attitude  
Has no regard for us  
No importance is attached to us !  
After the sun, the moon and the stars  
We held the pride of place  
Remember !

Our burning in all directions  
Was deemed divine  
Our perennial flame  
Was all important  
But alas! Where's it today...  
Where is it...

That adorable excellence and reverence ?  
(Clapping)  
Neon lights burn today  
Mercury ones dazzle the eyes of one and all

Glare of fashion  
Mocks at us  
Our illustrious-nation  
Is dazzled !  
Penance-renouncement seem stuck up !  
This murderous  
Cruel darkness  
Seems lured by lust of power  
Shows gross ingratitude !  
Striking at its own base  
Its own existence  
It chooses to destroy !

We, the symbol of light  
Diwali being our identity  
Perennial flame at worship...  
Before that  
A young lamp  
Turned formidable  
And with a flickering flame  
With alacrity to register protest  
Some  
Land-lady had illuminated  
And put it on the demarcation wall  
With very little ground-nut oil  
Which is all run dry  
And

Light has been eclipsed !  
Do you possess any way out within ?  
Or a political move...?  
You have been decorated in platter and worshipp'd !  
In thatched altars and temples !

## A song of sky

Once  
I asked the sky:  
    How many do you possess, the suns  
    The moons  
    The stars  
    Galaxies and meteors ?  
How far are they  
    From one another  
    Distant and apart ?

The reply was excellent:  
    You are an accomplished mathematician !  
    You're knowledgeable astrologer !  
    You're well-versed in sciences !  
        Calculate and see, brother !  
        Compute and see  
        The distance !

A bystander said:  
    A million stars  
    One moon  
    The other sun  
    And the third the loadstar  
    The count is perfect !  
O great! Brother...  
Don't you know even this ?  
I salute you ?

Saying this  
With a sarcastic laughter

He rolled about amused  
His  
Serpentine-vein,  
A hissing snake  
Started biting me !  
I-too  
began testing learning science  
on-touchstone !  
But a glance at him  
And I took to my heels,  
Run away !  
And stopp'd  
To find my feet on the earth !  
(Earth's wasn't my head)  
The sky spread overhead  
The song is unsung  
And sung-as well !

I  
All around me  
Looked cautiously  
Is there anyone  
around...?  
When reassured  
That between me and the sky  
There was none  
Then quietly  
Indulged once again  
In reverie of asking:  
How many within you...?  
Over the words in my mouth  
Swoo'p'd  
A raven of 'sputnik'  
A falcon of 'Apollo' !

And I  
Sat down calculating  
Diminishing interest of my queries  
But I remain in accounts

Greatly handicapp'd !  
In the American account book  
    There was the moon  
A Mars, the Jupiter, the Saturn  
    In the other ledger  
Scrutinising the Russian account  
    Tallying  
        And comparing  
I was fed up  
Now I  
Wish to sing a song...  
Lord Indra drinks for fighting frenzy  
His Maruts are tipsy with Somras

## **The miracle**

Who says  
Voodoos and chants have no miracle ?  
'Remove poverty' the chant  
Mesmerised the nation !  
One who chants Mantra is a Mantri, the Minister !  
The ghosts of the Tantra  
Are openly miraculous !

## **O flame of the lamp**

O flame of the lamp! Forget not the song  
You crazy! Think! Don't dilly-dally  
Talk of the marks of light !  
Man sleeps covered with  
The blanket of darkness !  
His illusion bolting his wisdom out !  
Worldly tree stands upside down,  
Knowing not the pace of truth !  
Amused at body  
Why be at wit's end ?  
O flame of the Lamp !  
Let's see if you can destroy the gloom  
You crazy! Let's see if you enlighten the mind  
Let the nights be bright like gold !  
Talk of the marks of Light !  
Dazzled eyes  
Lost is the right path !  
Thugs hide at every step !  
See, enveloped in gloom  
Is the whole world !  
Steps fall unsteady !  
Thinking nonsense  
Devoid of deed and duty !  
The courtier's behaviour is just formal  
O flame of the Lamp; give the song a shape  
O crazy! Turn defeat to triumph !  
Give great glory with effective miracle !  
Talk of the marks of Light !

## **Effect of art**

Art  
Is never ineffective !  
Everyone is  
A perfect artful dodger !  
Speech  
Is a great verbose  
An art  
Oh, My Gosh !  
A great art !  
See the effect  
What else can be wished ?

## **Lamp**

O lamp !

Give Light !

O lamp !

It's the darkest night !

Black all over

Can't see the way

Thieves milk

The desired buffalo !

Pitch dark

Owls hoot !

Fools converse

Open but obscure !

Callousness of cheats

Crushes everyone

Give Light !

O lamp !

How callous

Look saintly

Count beads

Conspire every moment !

We have webs around !

Face of future

Can neither be seen nor understood

Light uncertain

Fidgets uneasily !

Sucks blood everyday

Chews bones

Give Light !

O lamp !

## I think

We are at work  
Mustering all the might at command  
To uproot—  
The sunrays,  
Planted firmly in the daytime sky,  
Which maintain the moral code  
And truthfully bring to light  
Whatever they observe !

We are engaged  
At the best of our capability  
In uprooting  
Of the tree of moonlight  
Growing and diminishing in  
    the garden of the lunar fortnight  
In the aroma of which is blended  
The fragrance of solitude  
That soothes the dreams  
And evaluates the minds of the waking !

But to this day  
We could pullout no tress of existence  
And in our frenzy  
We forgot our own homes !  
And started decorating  
The gates of others  
'Cause  
Our feet off the land  
Come in the way of each other  
Intertwined, go beyond control !

Of its own moves, breeze  
That helps grow, bloom and blossom  
The seasonal foliage - trees.  
On its own rises thundering  
Fierce storms  
Weakened branches break and full  
Rotten frames are razed to dust !  
We aren't the offsprings of the storms  
Then our wishes to uproot  
Is merely termide of our thoughts !

This 'I think'  
I could never understand to this day !

Who knows! where and when  
Do the great trees of existence grow and fall  
centuries old amidst the rainy grass !

Come! let's go alone  
Pity  
Ourselves !

## Moon — the thief

On the surface of the sky  
Unseen  
Rose the moon !  
I  
Reprimanded the moon  
Asserted manhood  
And said:  
O Moon rising alternate fortnights!  
Now I understand  
Your trick of growing and waning  
Your appearance illusioned me for long  
I regret  
That I wasted my life for nothing !  
Your  
Spouse: beautiful moonlight is an  
Exquisitely bewitching damsel.  
This is something personally felt  
I have to admit!  
But that's someone else's spouse  
You've callously kidnapp'd !  
Her youth was dazzling  
You molested her  
And turned her quite cold !  
The whole fortnight, you bid her dance  
The whole fortnight, it disappears  
I understand the whole design !  
How come  
Dark and moonlit nights !  
I can say  
You deformed and shapeless

Look adorable for her grace !  
You uneven, irregular, baseless  
Dumb !  
What makes you strut ?  
You cheat and snob !  
O Proud !  
How long could you defraud ?  
O ugly !  
We know your fraud !  
Your true identity  
We thoroughly now know !

The moon, quietly said:  
I still hold the simile  
Perennially uniform !  
Beauty like moon in the sky  
Beauty like moon's countenance  
And I am  
The great mathematician of time !  
Abode of the ancestors  
My mysteries are infinite !

## Identity

O Vishnu of the firmament !  
You're lonely, drained hollow of substance  
Simpleton and a thorough bumpkin  
What d' you have to be proud of ?  
Take my advice !  
Fool !  
Break this silence !  
How long will you be petrified ?  
Take stock of your chest !  
You heard my command !  
Of the self same words  
Thousands upon thousand Bhrigu  
Uncountable  
Kicks served in a pudding  
On your chest imprinted  
Thousands upon thousands of words  
Stripped you of your deceit !  
What  
You consider worth pride  
That first  
Shall become my identity !  
The Vishnu of the firmament laughed  
I  
Was at my wit's end  
Why does he, naughty, laugh ?  
I observed:  
The laughter scattering stars  
Baffled me  
My learning and knowledge shivered  
How many stars...!

Stars and Stars...!  
Forgot all faces  
Known and acquainted  
My tongue forgot to chatter  
Habit to identify slipped  
How should knowledge sublimate !  
Feeling the intensity of the atmosphere  
Wilderness incarnate  
I was stunned  
Out of thousands of suns  
A sun  
Shone and burnt so much...  
My Bhrigu descendent  
Forgot the hollow pride  
My own boasts  
Question: Speak... Speak out!  
What is there for me, poor, to say...?

## **Sinister lightning**

Sinister Lightning flashes  
Thundering/smiling/dazzling  
All around me !  
In the sky of mind  
The clouds of apprehensions  
Rise/consolidate  
Overcast dark sky naturally manifest !  
Within  
Thunder like fierce beats of kettledrum !  
Burst into  
Lightning, thunders higher one higher  
Then the only thought pricks the mind !  
This early morning  
Thunder must strike  
But somewhere far away !  
Clouds gathered within me disintegrate  
There's a brief diversion !  
And the washed/extremely/sublimated  
Peace finds it hard to settle  
Perhaps,  
Again some sinister lightning  
Striking flashes  
Near-by  
Rises vigorously around  
Before I establish a relation  
I don't know, how far it reaches !  
Everyday thus  
A new day rises.

## Who's she?

Who's she ?  
A woman  
    Beautiful/brilliant  
    Beggar - grief stricken  
    Widowed, unfortunate  
Stealthily arrives  
    Loves intensely  
    Enters my mind  
    Sticks in the heart !  
    Who's she ?

I pretend  
    Knowingly innocent  
And ask her  
    Her identity  
    One with her though  
    Don't know why ?  
    Release myself of her !  
    Who's she ?

She, stealthily arrives each day  
    And leaves unnoticed  
But she speaks inside  
    In every organ  
    Speechless !  
She chooses to arrive  
When by friends and chums  
    surrounded I sit  
And I  
    Sit among them  
    All alone !

Or she arrives  
The moment  
When I think-reflect  
Renounce-accept or win-lose  
Grappling with myself  
Suffocated  
Fancying  
An imaginary land  
Repairing the runs  
Sit all alone !  
As if awaiting her !  
Who's she ?

## Images

I  
See: around me  
Stand strange images  
They  
Walk/move  
But don't speak  
If statues spoke  
Why should they be statues ?  
Earlier the images didn't run  
They held their allotted positions  
But now  
They run/sprint  
One the other  
Leaves behind  
Sometimes one  
Always breaks the other/smashes  
The scenes are an open secret !  
They speak but just for the sake of it  
They know not what they say  
All identities  
Are futile  
They know none  
But themselves  
Most of them run  
To the capital !

## Fire

Flee...! Flee...!!  
There's fire!  
Fire! Fire!!  
It burns, it chars  
Amusingly it grows  
Red flames resilient  
Like the tongue of Kankali  
It wipes out  
Licks/devours  
The nation, religion, language, culture  
Governance, society, truth, thinking  
Burn by themselves  
They're ablaze  
Come-come, extinguish this fire !  
Come, eh! Get water !  
But all kings and queens !  
Who cares to bring water ?

Who ?  
Why should they extinguish fire ?  
They're the ones who  
Set the fire !  
Started fire ! for light  
Set fire: watch rising flames  
To see if darkness vanishes !

To put this sinful fire out  
There isn't a drop of charity  
Thinking turns hostile  
Damp and dry  
All burn

In flames is our nation !  
To burn and singe man/mankind

Nation burns: for its own greed !  
Religion burns with illusions !  
Language is aflame: for sins of others !  
With misdeeds

Burns dignity  
And culture

Governance is set ablaze by the unworthy !  
Society by vanity !

Truth burns: for affluence  
Meditation: for tall claims  
Mind burns but senses are numb  
Who should rescue ? Who is to extinguish fire

## Deepak raga

Under the fit of innocence  
Illusioned  
Recited Deepak-Raga !  
Mind is aflame  
Embers leap from each pore  
    Why did I  
Unknowingly sing  
This Deepak-Raga ?  
Perhaps, in this world  
    Bright rows of earthen lamps  
    And dazzling brightness thereby  
I aspired to see  
'Cause here all around  
    This darkness covers every nook and corner  
    Mankind is swept by it wholesale  
In order to spend the dark night  
Sang Deepak-Raga !

Lighted it every direction/illuminated  
Every corner lighted brightly  
    In the golden glow  
Having the same way  
So many thoughts  
Amused in ecstasy/rambling  
Sang Deepak-Raga !

Lamps  
Didn't burn  
My wish  
Frustrated smother'd  
Darkness won't budge an inch

I burnt myself of its impact  
Neither lamp nor light  
Nowhere/no way  
My heart burns with the thought of it  
Mind is full of misery  
See, the flames rise  
My sentiment to sing  
Set my own heart ablaze  
On singing Deepak-Raga !

## **Revolution**

She'd come  
On the crutches of the storm  
'Cause it's crippled !  
Everyone awaits it  
In the sky  
No commotion rises  
In the hearts !  
There's great turmoil  
People point  
At state duties  
An accusing finger !

## **Tradition**

Your  
Face I watch day after day  
and sing *everyday*  
Songs  
What could I do ?  
I'm helpless  
Have to maintain  
Love !  
A primitive  
Perennial tradition !

## Colour

Colours no longer mince  
In my eyes in confusion  
Individually  
Have been identified  
All faces !

Changed is the whole  
Scenario  
Colours blurred  
And vanish'd  
Colourless spectacle  
In the hazy mind  
The painful lack of colours  
Rises in a sand storm  
Over the inner hills  
Colour/there isn't any !

Then  
How can I select  
The colour of my choice ?  
Why does my predicament  
Not explain everything ?

Language reveals or conceals  
In a mind devoid of it  
Colours have no names  
Language or the lack of it  
Dispute of names  
Personal or impersonal  
Confused expression !

Colour  
Holds its own position/shall always do  
Is there anyone to be found  
Colourless !  
Let me mix a nameless colour  
Perhaps  
My own suffering, I  
Caress !

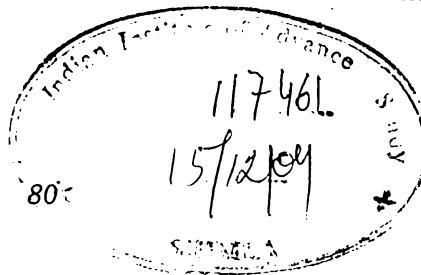
Now the colour that  
Besets my eyes  
Is that  
Like all faces  
All colours  
Are now alike !

## Knowing each other

Once  
The night was bright  
The moon up in the sky  
Herself  
Danced and sang  
My wife  
advised me:  
Don't compose these songs and poems !  
There're many other things in the world to do !  
It was forgotten and forsaken  
And the night rolled by !

The sun rose  
It shone bright  
How far after all is the earth for the sun!  
But the brightness is all powerful  
Darkness wasn't there  
anywhere-nowhere

Then  
I asked my prosperity incarnate:  
Don't pronounce the chants of  
the Ramayana-the Gita-the Bhagwat  
They are the songs immortal from poets of yore !  
It was forgotten and forsaken  
And we could know each other !



Woes of the Womb-begotten



Universality of human suffering in its inevitable and perpetual relationship with human existence overtakes the womb-begotten at the earliest stage of birth. This poetic perception is the thematic base of each of the twenty eight poems of this collection. Perpetual pain is thus the truth of creation for the poet and its numerous manifestations overwhelm him. Suffering is omnipresent and yet formless.

Written under varying odds and in different moods over a span of fifty years, these poems animate the undercurrent of human plight circumscribed by various forces exerting influence over human experience and existence.

**Kishore Kalpanakant (1930–2002)** was a well-known Rajasthani poet who assimilated the great poetic tradition, synthesized it to suit the concerns of his age and left it as a stimulus for the later poets.

**Madan Mohan Mathur** taught English in L. M. College of Science & Technology, Jodhpur. He writes critical articles in Hindi, English and Rajasthani. He is a creative writer and a well-known theatre personality, who has directed and acted in Hindi and English plays. He is recipient of Rajasthan Sangeet (1995–96)



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