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Editor-in-Chief: Dr. Siddhartha Sharma

www.TLHjournal.com

sharmasiddhartha67@gmail.com

Pravat's Songs of Love: A Transcendental Metaphysical Experience

Bam Dev Sharma
*Formerly Department Head, English
President, Campus of International Languages
Tribhuvan University, Nepal*

Long time ago, one famous Californian poet, Martina Newberry, made her remark that poetry tries to connect--- it has waves to connect. I was not able to notice what she meant, but later, it turned out true to me. I agree with her absolutely because poetry is boundless entity which can connect frequency waves of the poets before they get connected. The connectivity, however, is nothing but the poems which pierce in the minds or hearts. When I gradually started writing poetry, I was at fog what it really meant to be poet. I thought, in the beginning, that it was for the sake of name or personal satisfaction to express pent up minds. How can one get names just by dabbling some lines when people are desperately engaged something of exquisite kind!

In fact, I came to know this when I came to contact with Indian poet, Mr. Pravat Kumar Padhy. When I read his poems, mostly shorter of the kinds, I was amazed the way he used his quizzical expression in profound aesthetic propensity. His prolific writing is exposed to transcendental border across the globe. This helped me understand that poetry communicates faster than our human communication. I guess poets have their heart waves which move faster than our poetic lines. Every time, I read his shorter poems and haiku and collected them. Exactly the same thing happened to him.

Though I was friend for a long time, I did not talk to him formally, but I used to read his posts and commented if I had time. But when it was too late, I could not control myself and shared my feeling. I was surprised when he shared the same thing: he told me that, he, too was watching me poetically. He too had collected some of my poems. The frequency wave patched and I became fast friend. Usually, I was charmed by his poetic lines. So much grateful was I when the

man with excessive humility, purged on duty and responsibility as a top ranking professional, would love poetry. As a person of deep insight in life, I was surprised how he could manage time or poems. When I was on the face book, I found his one or two pieces. His posts never remained empty like his poetic hearts. I tend to believe that even in his professional meeting, he thinks of dabbling one or two lines and refine them when he has easy time. This can only be possible when a poet is deeply lost into creativity not for the name or fame, but for his own significance -- for his substantial joyous moments in life to which he wants to be himself --almost secluded from the mundane realities.

He is an accomplished artist whose sense of aesthetic pursuit is compendium of the joys of cosmos and human pathos.

I read his "Songs of Love: A Celebration" , a Writers Workshop Publication, in which he enjoys singing the beauty of nature-- human beings. To some extent, I find some poetic complicity between William Blake's "Songs of Innocence" and " Songs of Experience". When we try to delve into Blake's poems, we find nothing but the inner beauty because he invokes the true beauty which is far richer than human rationality. Padhy also likes to ejaculate the same sense: the same beauty and joy which is evocative of human heart. As we know that the songs of human beings are self expression of beauty articulated in the true sense of life, Padhy makes the same because his "Songs of Love" reflect deep human psyche, humanistic fervor, the universal paradigm and the thread that connects something innate and external realities.

Artfully I repose
On the high seas
Of your beauty.
The warmth
Of my inner sun
Swims with your

Passionate waves.

The poet brings far-fetched images! This is the jubilant expression where the poet envisions something of the great transcendental beauty at his disposal. The luminous joys of waves sparkle his wits. He gets seduced into the inner sun that can burn both of them! This is exuberant poetic expression in which Padhy postulates the ethereal with bodily form.

The garden of joy
Ripples mystical waves
And makes us
Part of a great life.
They play hide and seek
Circling you
With their sunny smiles,
And we discover
Petals of love and glee.

Moreover, there is another implicit ground in Padhy's poems. There is a blend of macrocosm and microcosm. He glorifies the beauty of the nature and gives specific connotation for human beings as one who can experience such joy.

We climb many heights
Embodying soul to soul.
Our love,
In your richness valley,
Silently brims
As the imprint
Awakens
Like a tender leaf.

The magnitude of personal reflection and the colorful description converge, thereby creating a beautiful poetic image without voluble expression. His balance of words and their image cluster to sing some aspects of beautiful life are marks of Padhy's artistic exposition.

Life is a wave
Of joy and sorrow.
Harmonically it swings
In the high and low.
I collect the grains of hope
By the side
Of the completeness
And wish
The waves of our creation
Would breathe the zest of life
For the longest time.

Because of this idiosyncratic nature, his poems remain as fresh as blowing wind, as genuine as the panorama, as shocking as lightening. In each poems, it is hard time for the reader to sift the words from their poetic fecundity. Like the good painter, he balances the paint stroke and colors: his paint strokes are the words, and his colors are the images. When I read his poems, I find sonorous sense. I am not reading poems, but also feeling them as if they are perfectly palpable for me. This is another enchanting thing which only few artists can do. In his poems, the wind ruffles with leaves, grass gleams with the sun, twilight is soaked with waves, the moon reverberate with cloud. Like metaphysical poets, he combines seen and unseen, palpable with impalpable, matter with spirit, sound with words.

Slowly you sail
With shades of shyness,
And carefully I unveil
The miracle of union.
Nearing the Moon

I immerse
Within the divinely wished
When you clad me
In the world
Of celestial sky.

I sketch
My imagination
Living in an
Aspirant grain,
And awaiting
For a warm touch
Of the sizzling soft rains.

He is in complete delusion in finding the depth of love because his love is kernel of profound love; it is not just ejaculation of fancy or gratification.

To what depth
Shall I measure
To touch the
Nectar of love.
Like drops of
Drizzling rain,
It drips out
From your eyes—
Swollen by
The dreams of
Midnight.

To experience such love, one has to have the eyes to sense the celestial joy love brings to the eyes. It is not for common one who does not submerge oneself into getting this depth.

As it is generally said that, long modes of communication is for the mind, and shorter one is for the heart. Padhy's short poems speak from deeper core. Because the heart doesn't need logic to furnish, he sings through the hearts. His poems are immediate, surrealistic imprints of life. His poems, therefore, don't need anything to extenuation; they are reflective pieces of life and they seem as they are. Love, in his poem, is not something that corrodes; it is never to blemish; it is deep fervor as penchant as human life; it is not as something to gratify. Love in materialistic sense is something that gets gratified and diminishes sooner or later. However, love that is of universal is something that connects tree with sky, soil with water. Padhy, in his poems, never slants towards that kind of diminishing entity of love. Rather, it is something which brings decorum and symmetry. To be precise, Padhy's love is transcendental. It is the spirit of the humanity. It tries to create bond, fidelity, truism. We never find his love dissolving into the poetic lines alone, but it creates some kind rejuvenation with awakened consciousness.

I go back to the
Pages of time
And read the poetry again.
I plunge to think how
Time shapes our mind
With beauty and bliss.
It is more to
A divine journey indeed.

It is pastiche of human true sense of expression and joys of nature, the cosmos and the entire universality. It is bled of soul with beauty where eyes alone are not supplanted to sense it. The soul has to listen to reverberating echo like the music lover hears the beautiful sonata.

Our souls listen
To each other's voice
As bliss spreads its wings,
And echo listens
To the voice of silence.
The angle of image
Meanders in my eyes
And the space of freedom
Fulfills its wish.

Long time ago, John Keats sings the beauty, Padhy, too, sings love as beauty which is hidden magnum of human life. His love is not fragmentary, but complete unison where human flaw and precision are put together. It seems to me that Padhy wants to glorify his feelings towards love--- he wants love as something which is the sole matter that signifies human existence. From rhetorical dimension, Padhy's poems sometimes seem quite terse, laconic. Yes, they are. Besides, most of his poems are ironic, they are some flowers put into a glass gleaming from the distance. They are exquisite to expose human mystic flashes; they portray the myriad of dimensions of life.

Besides, poems are quizzical-- they talk about human sensibilities the diverse magnitude of life, from womb to numb.

Please convey
Our best wishes
To the New soul:
The Designer's gift.
I wish, close to you,
She listens

The lyrics
Of the evolutionary waves.

Memories are preserved
In the tiny pebbles
Of the meandering flows.
Songs of love scintillate
On the colourful edge
Of the living span.
The caring warmth
Of our creation
Nurtures us to rest
In the evening hours.

There is distinct voice of humanity perched on the cosmos. When we read, his poems don't seem to be embedded with the extravaganza, but they do have profound substance where nature and life, the heart and soul, the beauty and esthetic magnification, joy with delight and love with pantheism interplay.

The warmth rejoice
Of the sacred celebration
Carries
The nostalgic memories
And reaches out to the sun
Of a new bright light.
In the open
Ecstasy quaintness sky,
On the cosmic path,
We continue to walk
With the evolutionary smile.

Padhy is quite successful coining words which are not for the meanings but soul searching. When I chatted, I asked him the very first question how he was able to manage time. And, I was so delighted that he makes time for it because when his pensive heart seeks that poetic diet. Actually, poetry is the language of heart-- when heart seeks for that flavour, you cannot resist it! Indeed his literary imagination celebrates the beauty and brilliance of creation.