

*POET'S CREATIVE BOWER*

By Aju Mukhopadhyay

All poets are alone as poetry is drowned in the din of large number of rival contenders who usually entertain whereas pure poetry does not wish to entertain in the sense that the other rivals do. Poets are alone in their creative bower which requires no other actor. Think of a poet's vulnerable position against the great politicians, models and the cricketers, specially in India. The remaining greats are taken care of by the big media. They pronounce the last word. Finish. We, the Indian English poets like many others in this realm, remain alone. Publishers usually make profit at the cost of aspiring poets. We struggle.

I do not think that efforts to write poetry to make propaganda of any sort, to make publicity in favour of religious belief or arguing through gross words make any poetry. Any sentiment may be expressed through poetry but that must be free from the crude utterances. Prose poems are Okay but poetry must have rhythm, even an inner rhythm and there is no wrong in rhyming though it may not be compulsory. Earlier, rhyming poems were the only poems. Poems rhymed are the natural products in their usual form. And poetry must contain pithy sayings. Ideas vague or without carrying any clear meaning are examples of inappropriate poetry but it must be noted that pure creations may not carry meaning for everyone. Good poetry must be a synthetic product of thoughts, ideas, dreams and visions grasped intuitively. Imagery, symbolism, subtle ornaments make the poetry enjoyable; pleasant to hear, beautiful to see. Whatever the force that dominates a poem a unique creation gives ananda.

I have reviewed and analysed large numbers of Indian English poets besides a few on others to find that no poem is an exact repetition of the other in thoughts, ideas or structure, though structures have similarities. Each poet has some distinctive quality or drawback. Some are very eager to rhyme, forcing it thereby spoiling the poem by forced pattern. A magazine of the establishment publishes only unrhymed poems. The idea is undesirable.

While writing a poem I do not try to remember any poem by any poet though some indirect influence of some poets may remain in the background without my direct knowledge of it. When

I write it I find that words sometimes come automatically; suggestively, intuitively; known and sometimes unknown to fill up the space expressing a particular idea or sense, to depict a scene.

When in the process of creation many imaginations and formations, which usually precede any such work, vanish or give birth to alternative links to help me complete the work. Rhyming may come automatically, sometimes I may try but do not exert myself much in the process. A feeling prevails that something is getting done, that I am pushed. Certainly I remain in the forefront as a social being or a nature lover or lover of the unknown. After the work is done I may or may not change words or punctuations. The poem remains in my consciousness for sometime or some days. Sri Aurobindo's utterance that "The poet really creates out of himself" seems to be true.

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***THE PAPER BOAT***

The paper boat  
I set adrift  
In my childhood  
On the flooded road  
Of a metropolis  
Has just arrived  
This rainy evening  
At my doorstep  
Under full sail  
Inviting me  
To set out on it  
For a nouvelle  
Adventure.

***AT THE RIVER BANK***

and quiet flows the river  
without a ripple or shiver  
trees stand windless  
not even a whiff in space  
no leaf shakes, no sound;  
fishes are sleeping  
sweating fishermen around  
have lost all zeal  
in the act of rowing  
their boats stand still

the water shines like a mirror  
naked boy looks at his figure;  
the world without a name  
halts at the bank of the river  
no one knows when it came  
none, if it was already there.

### *INSECT'S NEST*

When it came and built the frame  
on the wall,  
briskly I bruised it  
by a finger.  
Twice it came again  
I ignored it then.  
Now on the wall it has a shelter  
at the back of my computer;  
a frail one inch hollow tube  
upside open downside closed  
clipped to the wall.  
It's a tiny wasp  
may be with family it lives;  
they come and go.

Ain't all the great constructions  
like insect's nest  
brittle and fragile  
sure to go

today or tomorrow

measured by time?

Why bother about any mark made of lime?

### ***THE UNCIVILISED***

Uighur, a nomadic pastoral tribe  
of Turkish origin in Xinjiang,  
find it difficult to survive  
squeezed out by the Han Chinese  
introduced just for this  
as was shifted the Ethnic Chinese  
to kill the culture, depopulate, destabilise  
the peaceful Tibetan Buddhist race;  
this was the technique of red-rebellion  
of killing and degrading men by brewing poison  
of jealousy, hatred and strife among them.

Creating tourism and villa in the land of Jarawas  
leads to the extinction of the aboriginals  
for they cannot survive the touch of the civilians.

Wherever minerals, oil or woodland treasures are found  
men run to acquire the wealth profound  
extinguishing the pristine flora and fauna  
and the indigenous people, Nature-bound,  
in Amazonian, Peruvian forests, hilly belts in India  
in Indonesia, Philippines, Canada and Africa.

Moving into galaxies, to the north and south poles  
plundering the reserves of the earth and heaven  
men feel victorious but the soil they stand on shifts  
for their pollutive role in human lives;  
that men become pollutants, we are not surprised  
that civilised people are the most uncivilised.

### ***WHAT PEACE IS LIKE***

Peace is like the early rays of the Sun,  
slightly auburn, spreading on the eastern sky.  
Peace is like the mild setting Sun, sure of its return,  
splashing colours on the western sky.  
Peace is like the rising full moon, bright in its orb,  
from above the rows of giant palm trees.  
Peace is like the resting of the elephants  
in a sward before the promised sunrise.  
Peace is like the birth of an arc-rainbow  
after the gale and copious rain.  
Peace is like a sleeping pregnant cat  
on top of the hay stacked in a burn.  
Peace is like the child's sucking sound  
from the round breast of its mother.  
Peace is like the deep silence of the wood  
pregnant with promises near.  
Peace is like the concurrent rain  
spreading across the vale and dale.

Peace is like the trustful pacing of the child  
holding his father's finger top with nail.  
Peace is love, Peace is smile  
Peace is fragrance of the flower.  
Peace is faithful surrender to the Divine  
Peace is enchanting shower.  
Peace has its last resort away from the earthly bower  
in the Nirvanic void;  
beyond the domain of science, history or logic  
even as it baffles the ideas of Freud.  
Peace is love, Peace is smile  
Let the true Peace spread  
Let this not be fragile.

**Bio**

**Aju Mukhopadhyay**, Pondicherry, India, is a bilingual award winning poet, essayist, fiction writer and critic. He has authored 34 books. His poems may be broadly categorised in three groups: On Nature, poems with spiritual overtone and feelings and poems on social, political subjects, some of which may be categorised as rants. He is very subjective in his subtle feelings and expressions. Besides the usual genres of poetry, he writes Japanese short verses. His poems have been widely anthologised in about 25 national and international anthologies. More than ten books contain critique on his poetry. He has been published as a world poet in different international journals, ezines and poetry magazines. He has been awarded and honored from different poetry societies and other bodies in India and USA.