CHAPTER–IV

SURESH NATH AS A POET

His Life and Works

Suresh Nath, an emerging poet of great potential, was born on 7th October, 1941 in a small town, Sikandrabad, District Bulandshahar, U.P. His father B. D. Saraswat was a prosperous man and his mother G. G. Saraswat was religious minded steeped in traditional values. Suresh Nath attained his early education at Sikandrabad. Being a meritorious student, he was awarded Government Scholarship. He obtained B.A. degree from Agra College, Agra and M.A. from Aligarh University. He gained Ph.D. from Ch. Charan Singh University, Meerut (formerly Meerut University).

In 1961 Suresh Nath was appointed as English lecturer in J.S. College, Sikandrabad. Having served two years as lecturer, he joined Indian Army in 1963. He left army in 1971 as Major and rejoined the parent department of English J.S. College, Sikandrabad. He acted as Principal of the same college in 1989 and retired on 30th June 2002. Suresh Nath has successfully guided more than 30 candidates of research in the various fields of English literature. He has worked for ten years as an assistant editor of a reputed Journal Points of View. He started his own Journal Creative Writing and Criticism as an editor.

His book D.H. Lawrence: The Dramatist is considered an outstanding scholarly work on Lawrence. His articles on the authors like- D.H. Lawrence, Mulk Raj Anand, Raja Rao, R. K. Naraynan, George
Bernard Shaw, P. Lal, O. P. Bhatnagar and number of book- reviews have been published in several journals. Also he has presented numerous scholarly papers at various National, International Conferences and Seminars. He has contributed three poetic collections to contemporary Indian English Poetry.

Suresh Nath’s first collection of poems “Bubbling Life, But...” was published in 1997. It contains twenty seven poems. This collection has been widely reviewed and admired as an excellent expression of contemporary Indian sensibility in poetry. It is curious mixture of social, political and moral consideration, simple joys and sorrows; pleasant and unpleasant thoughts. Events in the life of a poet have a direct bearing on his state of mind for he has highly developed sensibility and competence to articulate his thoughts and changing moods. As a poet Suresh Nath has successfully couched his feelings in new expressive idiom essentially Indian. Theme is intensely felt by the poet on his pulses. It finds its own rhythm and natural expression in this collection.

The second collection Betrayal containing twenty six poems was published in 1998. It also reflects social, political and moral indulgences of the poet. This collection emanates his compulsive creative urges. The poet and reader share the same wave length and sensibility. Personal indulgence of the poet in the creative process relates him to the entire outside world.

The third collection What Can I Do was published in 2001. The poems in this collection reveal the evils of man and society. They highlight the vices and the virtues and touch the heart with emotional
references to love, beauty, sex, marriage and separation. Suresh Nath unhesitatingly attacks the evil practices in the contemporary society. He looks not only at the dark side of social realism but also the bright one. He also finds himself helpless to eradicate the evils prevailing in the system. As the title hints ‘what can I do’ he is unable to do something.

These collections of poems are more than enough to establish him as a poet of social realism. Suresh Nath, a college teacher by profession, has been chiseled into a renowned scholar, poet and critic of English literature by his literary zeal and passion.

**The Themes of Suresh Nath’s Poetry**

Suresh Nath, as a poet, has given full scope to his thoughts and expressions. He has analysed the life and its complications very minutely. His poetry is about joys and sorrows, hopes and fears, subjected to personal and impersonal loss. He has a highly developed sensibility and competence to articulate his vibrating thoughts and changing moods. He has aspired to achieve true love and concern in life. He has presented picture of the complexities of mundane life. His poems depict Indian life in various colours and his profound faith in Indian traditions and ethos. He relates Indian mythology in terms of contemporary society. In fact there is an intense feeling of autobiographical strain in his poetry. The pain of untimely death of his beloved wife by prolonged illness at the threshold of middle age is reflected in several of his most beautiful poems. He has witnessed the
horrid spectacle of death in all its details for quite a long time and the subsequent suffering – physical, emotional and mental. All this and rampant corruption in all sphere of life – social, political and academic resulting in deep sense of failure find an expression in these poems. He has watched life very closely and has revealed the complexion of man-woman relationship in present context. He has philosophised the life. Being an eminent person of society, he has an active participation in social and political exertions. These aspects of life are also focused in his poetry. The main themes of his poetry are man-woman relationship, philosophy of life, social and political vision.

**Man-woman Relationship**

Man-woman relationship as portrayed in Suresh Nath’s poetry, unlike his contemporaries, is intensely autobiographical. Wife is his love he celebrates in his poetry.

When other poets talk of love in general terms, he specifies it. It is martial love exceedingly personal and truly Indian in spirit. He does not speak of pre-marital or post-marital relationship; he advocates in the favour of conjugal love, the real love which he got from his beloved wife who left him in the lurch untimely. The poet bore the anguish of loss which her death brought for him. There is great impact of personal loss on his poetic creation. He loved his wife deeply but sad mortality snatched her away from him. The title *Betrayal* hints that the poet has been betrayed by life. He feels himself dead-alive. The poet asks in the poem “Why Did You Betray Me?”
I am a living corpse
Nowhere to go and nowhere to park.
The angel of Death has knocked
Escape, I cannot, he has blocked…
I, caught in a loving snare,
Stand sad, crestfallen, in unfathomable sea.
There’s no one now to retrieve me.
I repeat my question and blare:
“Why my Love, did you betray me?”¹

There are other poems in which the poet laments at the loss of his wife. He talks about purity of love. He compares his love with the love of Radha-Krishna and hopes that his Rani (beloved wife) would arrive at his one call. He is dejected. Suffering by the acute pain of separation caused by her death, he remembers the happy time of union. In the opening lines of the poem he addresses his love:

    Oh Rani! My mistress,
The great enchantress!
You came to me
Like Radha to her Flute Player.²

When she (Rani) was alive the poet was fully complacent and convinced. Now he is completely bereft. His acute sense of loss comes out in poetic forms. He says:

    Like contentment to renouncing seer,
A Jogin for her Jogi.
But I failed to see
Your noose hanging for me.³

The poet compares his beloved with a parrot. She has flown away to the abode of Heaven. Now he feels that while flying, she called out
the poet “Raju, Raju, Raju” in a different tone. He yearns to make out
the meaning of that change.

Like a parrot in a cage
You uttered “Raju Raju Raju”,
But the tone did change
When freed in pastures new.
What are these pastures for?¹

The poet had hoped for a long happy life. He never thought of
separation. But his dream shattered he found himself in a whirlpool
entangled in the meshes of world.

I hoped for an evergreen Spring-time
A honeyed – wooing all the time
A bubbling life, a loving wife,
A fiddling fife,
In the honey-sweet of forests wild.
The home is not here, soon I found,
Myself in a mirage, a stranger’s land all-round.⁵

The poet remembers the time of marriage. He was wed in the
presence of God. But she left the poet in midstream. The rituals of
wedding remind the promise of living together for ever. The ties of
marriage are never broken, only death can steal them.

Married we were in God’s presence,
It was He who joined our hands
I put vermillion in your parted hair,
A Mangalsutra round your neck-fair,
A marriage-ring on your lively Anamika finger.⁶

Further he remembers that she always fasted on Karvachauth for him,
for his happy long life but herself left him alone.
Karvachauth you always fasted for me
You took nothing till you did see me.
“God Himself granted you to me
The pearl in you and the jewel in me”\(^7\)

Now he even feels himself unable to write because she was the inspiration of his life. He finds himself in a dark grove. The poet is anguished to contemplate the tragedy. In this desperation he even calls her the mother of his disasters.

Oh mother of my disasters!
I was a soaring singing lark.
You have killed my song.
I know not what has gone wrong.
I still grove in the gloomy dark.
The falcon has pounced upon an innocent lark.\(^8\)

The poem “The Doli Has Waved Off” shows the acute pain of loss. The poet is left to wander in the pathless wood. There is no destination. The separation has broken his heart. He is snared in the whirlpool of world. He tries to come out of the mazy ground. The anguish of the poet is clear in the lines.

Like a whirlpool,
I meander in mazy rounds.
The destination is bleak;
I loiter and dangle about.
The way is marshy,
The floundering steps
Acknowledge not
Their own lost taps.\(^9\)

Further in the poem he talks about his sufferings in loneliness. No one knows his inner gloom. He wants to end the game of loss and gain. He says:
My heart burns,  
But nobody sees  
The smoke it gives.  
I wish the game  
Of ‘lost and found’  
To come  
To a screeching halt.  

The concluding lines of the poem “I Cannot Die” speak of his relentless sorrow. He wants to sum up his life but cannot. He is struggling between the two edges of world-life and death. He does not like to live but he can not die because he is not a coward. In spite of frustration in life he says:

It’s my life.  
Yes! my life.  
I don’t want to live  
But I cannot die.  

In the poem “My Shares in Life”, he calls himself unfortunate because he could not get love in return. His wife parted from him. The subjectivity of the poet is quite clear in the poem. He says:

I’m not the fortunate one  
Who got love in return.  
My share is only  
Many a throe and thorn,  
For pain and sorrow, perhaps, I was born.  
My body is wounded  
My soul is thirsty  
Eyes speak only tangles misty.  

In the same context he continues to define his life. Various comparisons have been made such as – his life is a gall; he has been transformed into a squeezed flower. The world only values money. In
this self-centered world, the poet is alone. None can share the gloom of his life. Sighs and tears are to accompany him only.

I’m a flower squeezed of
Its fragrance and honey,
This world only values money.
What can I give you?
Bhanwara has taken all.
Life has become a gall, haunting fears,
I’m left with only a few signs and tears.¹³

But every time he finds himself unable to dismiss her memory from his mind. The truth cannot be hidden. His eyes are deceitful; they have spoken his emotions which remain hidden in the core of his heart. The poem “The Truth” reveals the sentiments of the poet:

Many a time,
In my closed eyes
I tried to bury her
In the lonely
Graves of my memory.¹⁴

The poet asks the question to himself why he is sad and why his heart pains. He strives to console his heart but memory of his beloved wife teases him. Tears trickle down one by one like the particles of sand. The poem “A Handful Memories” bares his bosom.

Why, my heart aches?
I know not well.
Nothing more than
A handful of memories
Can only stay
In this small handy cell.¹⁵
In the poem “Passionate and Sincere”, he remembers his passionate and sincere wife. He can not forget such a companion. She was the inspiration of his creativity. Though she has returned to the heavenly abode, she still prompts the poet to perform worldly duties. She encourages him to compose the verses. He can not deny her unseen presence at any rate. He says:

Who can forget such a mate?
So noble, so simple
So innocent
And mine
And my own.\(^{16}\)

The poet compares him and his spouse with the two banks of a river that never meet. He writhes in pain and longs to embrace her. He can see her in his poetic flights but cannot meet her physically. He stands on the sandy bank of the river. Like a dangling lover he turns and turns. In the poem “The River Bank”, he says:

I can see her
But I can never
Meet.
We are nothing
But only two perennial
Running banks,
With lively river
In between,
Which can never
Embrace each other.\(^{17}\)

In the poem “She Soared Away”, the poet finds himself incapable to live in this world without her. She has soared away like a lark. She will never return from her heavenly abode. The poet has to face the
terrible ruin of life. He has been thrown onto the thorns, he bleeds. She has left a scar on his heart.

The lark soared and soared
Higher and higher
Into the heavenly regions.
Like a sharp scythe
She is embedded in my heart.
Now only I know
Or God does know
How I live without her.18

The pangs of loneliness are prevailing throughout the poems. He has lost the meaning of his life. Now he is searching for a ray of light in the utter darkness of the world. He tries to resolve the mystery of himself. The poem “Do You Know” transmutes his frustration and discomfort of solitary life. He has to bear the burden of life all alone. The opening lines describe his feelings.

I carry the sea of sorrows in my lonely breast,
And explore the ceaseless miracle of myself.
I see in your face the sacred fire,
That is my own, my throbbing own.19

The poet remembers his past days. The memories trouble him. He moves in a state of trance and regains her. Some figures and face appear before her – blazing eyes, left slanted half-parted hair with vermillion in between, Bindia twinkling on graceful shining face. But he is conscious enough to realise that it is the mockery of gods, he cannot regain her. His expectations are futile.

Look at the train of past memories,
Always aching with expectations.
Who has brought us together again-
It’s not a sheer coincidence,
Perhaps may be, new ploy of wanton gods.
Till yesterday I was naught,
Only half-alive, half-dead.\(^{20}\)

The poet consoles himself not to weep. He has to cross the ocean of sorrows. He is trying to procure his courage to fight against the world. He is not afraid of anything now. These lines remind Robert Browning’s “Prospice” when he says to himself.

“Hush! Don’t weep!
I hate tears, pool of tears
Too precious to shed.
This my Chheersagar to float.
I’m not afraid of the fisherman’s net.
I have fought much all my life.
Let there be one addition more.\(^{21}\)

In the same vein the poet says in the poem “Evenings of my Hopes”. Everything is lost but some thing remains. In this poem the optimism wins over pessimism. He shakes off his trouble and sees forward. He assuages his heart. He has to cover a long distance of life before final rest.

“Journey done
............... No.
Still to go a long way…
Fragrance is lost
But all is not lost!”\(^{22}\)

The poet tries to brace himself though feels helpless in the situation of acute isolation. He is unable to enjoy the festivals and other kinds of ceremonies. He is aware of his condition. His beloved haunts him very much. There is no meaning of the festivals for the poet. He is a
lyric without a lyre. The title of the poem “A Lyric Without Lyre” suggests his position.

“Holi dreads me,
Diwali shames me,
These festivals alike
Haunt me
Id and Moharrum Alike, torment me…
I sit like
A lyric without a lyre
A fresh Corpse
Without a pyre.”

The poem “The return of Rani: A Reverie” depicts the plight of the poet. He is totally alone. He hopes for the return of his Rani. He believes that she will call her Raju again. Her voice is heard by the poet only. He says:

“In mine-
Her eyes pledged and affirmed
The return of my Rani-mine
And only mine, …
I have got my dove--
My graceful love.
She is mine,
And exclusively mine.”

Suresh Nath is primarily a poet of conjugal love. He sings of the relationship between husband and wife. He treats both body and soul with great reverence. He has both aspects of love – physical and spiritual. He has enjoyed both in his Rani, his beloved wife. The poem “Her Innocence” shows the physical aspect of love – a perfect sensuous innocence.
“I could feel the showers of
Fair kisses, the warmth of her
Close embrace, the sweet smell
Of her fair body.
My palms took her face and could
Read her hesitant question:
“What do you want to do with
Me now”- shook me head to the
Toe. “Right, my love is true”
I smiled, kissed and kissed”.
“This is enough”.
The embrace tightened into the flesh-
Flesh must fade or else we two
become one.”  

He wants to know the difference between love and lust. There lies a very thin line between the two. In Nature, it becomes more clear. He observes the frisking of beetle. It also flirts, touches the new-born buds and their bosoms. Does its act invite any type of censor? In the poem “The Reality”, he says:

I see the wanton beetle
Flirting with blossoms,
Kissing the new-born buds and their bosoms,
Sucking the honey of his paramours,
Tasting the hospitality of branches
One after another ,…
Is it love or lust?
Is it life or death?
Who can answer this question?

The poet longs for touching his beloved. He aspires to couch in her lap for ever. He desires to sink in her eyes, hands and lips. In the poem “I Craved For”, he expresses his emotions in full sensuality.
I craved for--
Long sleekly hands
To pluck stars tender
from Heaven…
Eternal delight in your
Lap for ever, for ever
I craved for…
Throbbing bosom,
Far away from
Discerning eyes,
For ever-for ever.27

The poet recalls her lovely form and physical pleasure he derived with her. He has passed delightful nights. The poet mingles traditional love and eroticism beautifully in his poems. The poem “The Return of Rani” focuses upon the physical union of lovers.

Her cutting of lips,
Her thrusting of tongue,
Which I love too,
She has enslaved me…
I adored her, and took her
To my fragrant bed.
My coyish mistress
Offered me her curly tresses
Lustrous playful eyes,
Her tender hands,
Her solid round breasts
With budding nipples,
Her fragrant throat,
Her stroking lively kisses
Unnerved me.28

The poet calls up her bodily parts and tells how delightful it was to watch them. She was very charming and beautiful. He wanted to
embrace her forever but she was snatched away by the cruel destiny. He is grieved to bear her image in his mind. He says in the poem “Why Did You Betray Me”:

I beseeched you to remember
How you gave this garland of beauty to rest
Your fragrant curls to smell
And your firm solid breasts to molest,
Your loosening bra, your body to trace,
In my passionate masculine embrace. ²⁹

When his beloved wife was lying on the death bed, the poet desired to see her because he will never see her any more in his life. He wanted to touch her for the last time; the poet was diffident to express his innermost feelings. The poem “The Doli Has Waved Off” shows the mental agony of the poet at the time of her death.

This time I want to see
My Beloved in Her
Entire nakedness.
Till now,
I had been tugged
To the folds of Her cosy-bed
And the coils of Her fragrant tresses. ³⁰

The poet’s beloved was very passionate and sincere. She was noble, simple and innocent also. He recalls her physique, her gait and manners. In the poem “Passionate And Sincere”, he describes:

Passionate and sincere,
She always,
Drives me crazy.
Her legs are slim
Her body trim,
Gait is graceful
And springy. ³¹
The poet has expressed his views relating to the sexual instinct of contemporary people. They want instant sex. There is no preparation, no emotional findings. Only clumsy sex is a source of relaxation. In the poem “The Latest Instant”, the poet shows the reality candidly. He is not hesitant to disclose the moral deterioration of people. He says:

- Hard we work, hard should we relax
- Time we have none,
- Thus we need on instant sex.
- In the bed-room
- Of a new bride-groom
- I saw the picture of
- Two demons-magnificent females
- Horribly, gleefully mating with snakes.\(^{32}\)

The poet depicts the emotional hollowness of modern people. Instant sex is done to gratify carnal desire. No loving activities are done. Further he says in the poem.

- No loving cooings,
- No dovely wooings,
- No pigeon’s whimpers,
- No stroking, no lovely hair,
- No caressing mate
- No love no identity separate
- No soots independently growing
- Like Banyan tree.
- We have
- Become sexual acrobats.\(^{33}\)

Sexual attitude is very different now. The sharp contrast has been shown by the poet. Now the females are molested. Their sexual activity can not be called love, it is only carnal gratification. It is sheer lust.
And fingers – yes warm fingers
Frantically search the contours
Rough hands riding through the skirts,
Tearing – brassire,
Swallowing the tongues,
Crudely and brutally.  

This is how females are raped sexually. They are not loved even by their husbands. It seems they are taken with vengeance. The whole operation becomes brutal and brief. Human beings are transformed into animals. They do not even care for the pains of fair sex. He says further in the poem “The Latest Instant”.

Like a hard tax – collector
They collect their dues
In different hues
Without caring for
Swollen breasts.

The poet compares the lusty lover with the baby who plays with rubber toys. He twists them the way he likes.

Like baby rubber toys
They are twisted and bruised
With blue and red marks
On the skin.

These lovers are like birds and animals. Their target is to quench their physical thirst. He says:

Like birds and animals
A clumsy rapid mating
They hack eachother’s parts,
And tired they lie in bed
Like strangers incidentally met…
These are the new flirts,
Who laugh away life,
Like a cackle of birds.
This is the reality of modern man-woman relations. The poet stands for spiritual love. The poem “The Light of Love” reflects his views about true love. A short simple lyric defines the ideal love. It needs noble thoughts, trust, patience, charity and faithfulness to grow.

A prism of noble thought
Doth reflect -
An amalgam, a blend aloft
A purity divine--
It’s baring;
It’s daring,
It’s paring,
It’s caring,
With patience, charity
And trusting duly mixed
Maketh
One divine
Who loves and is loved.\(^{38}\)

True love is beyond the periphery of time and age. In the poem “Loneliness”, he imagines himself as God. He illumines the lamp every day and remembers his beloved every time. The storms have died down but the lamp of true love is burning in the heart of the poet.

But the lamp is still
Burning on the window sill.
I light in everyday
In the evening-
God – like I sit alone.\(^{39}\)
Social Realism

Suresh Nath has delved deep into the reality of contemporary society. He combines vision and reality, idealism and practical wisdom, emotion and rationalism and morality in his poetic creation. For him reality has two aspects – materialism and spiritualism. Both of them have been accepted by the poet as true. He does not discard the material reality. For him spiritual is not less real simply because it is spiritual. His realism is based on comprehensive view of life which is very much personal. Subjectivity is here. He philosophises life and death, love and lust, joy and sorrow. Suresh Nath has expressed his concern towards society and its functional bodies. What strikes one in the poetry is his genuine concern for the women, prostitutes, political victims, servants, commercialisation and an overall lack of emotions in modern life. The poet is fully aware what is eventuating in the society. In the poem “Why Did You Betray Me”, the poet defines life as a bubble.

A bubbling life, a loving wife,
A fiddling fife,
In the honey-sweet of forest wild.⁴⁰

The poet is very sensitive towards his surroundings. He suffers not merely because of personal loss but more because of oddities in the social-political fabric of the country. He is concerned with the evils of poverty, corruption, class distinction, ignorance and pollution that have made common man’s life a hell.
The poem “Environment” tells the truth. He keeps man above everything but poverty is the greatest abuse of the world. Man has forgotten the nature’s bounty. He says:

We have become a largest
Reservoir of poverty, ignorance,
Disease and illiteracy-
For poverty pollutes most,
She is not friend of
ENVIRONMENT…
Man is above every thing.
Remember poverty is the meanest curse.41

The poet tells the reality of life in the poem “Like The Moon”. He asks what life is because he is in doubt whether he is going to live or quit it. There is no significance of love, emotion, feeling and affection. Money controls all the relationships. Children don’t love their father if he is poor. The poet feels that there is complete disorder. Values are lost.

What a life?
Shall I live it or quit it?
We’ve no love, no emotion,
We’ve no feeling, no affection
Even children exact penalty
For poor father’s compassion…
Shamelessly they blackmail their passions
Into forced submission
To suit their selfish missions.42

The poet is shocked to see that even children don’t value the emotions of their parents who are actually their life-line.
They delight in exploiting their own
Father, the source of their life-line.
What a life?
Shall I live or quit it?
On the waves of a stormy sea
I toss like flotsam of a broken ship.\(^43\)

It is unbearable, so the poet thinks on the line to quit such life. In the poem “A Useless Race”, man can not speak truth since he does not have patience to hear. Now people are living a borrowed life without ideas and originality. They are the curious mixture of ‘Desi and Vilayati’:

We are a useless race,
Sickly, pale and like a corpse.
We have neither courage nor conviction,
Not gaiety, nor love for men.
Sun-burnt faces, like baked earth,
Helpless, we look to others for help.
We can’t speak the truth,…
We live a borrowed life,
Of borrowed thoughts, courage and ideals.\(^44\)

The poem “What Can I do” reveals the helplessness of the poet. He finds himself unable to perform his duties when he sees the corruption all around. Each one is devouring his own home. None cares none. He says:

What can we do?
When our own blood
Breaks into their
Own house…
When every family member
Becomes a snake charmer
When the fish begins
To bait the fisherman;
When the mother begins
To devour her own darlings.\(^{45}\)

The poet is dismayed when people around him believe in the theory of use and throw. Only physical happiness is their target. No emotion, no love is involved. The every thing is done hurriedly. Even carnal appetites may be quenched with itinerant homeless beggars. They do it for the hunger of their stomach. The poem “The Latest Instant” shows the reality of licentious person.

To satisfy our carnal hunger,
We pull aside the cover over-head,
Desperately long to see naked maid.
Philosophically we remove the clothes,
As if they were noting,
But tramps, nothing but tramps.\(^{46}\)

The poem “Prostitution” shows the reality of the professional bawds. They are bound to such professions. They have suffered the pangs of hunger-deprivation, poverty, exploitation etc. The history of prostitution is very ancient. This is the oldest profession. Now ministers take bribes, officers loot the country. They talk of morals but these tarts are more upright and impartial and transparent. They abuse only their own body. They carry the burden of society, dirt and sin on their heads. The exploiters are free to roam and boast. A very heart-touching reality of this profession is revealed by the poet.

The oldest profession
Of this mundane world…
The legends of Maneka,
Urvashi and Amrapalika,
Nagarbadhus of Vaishali
Rajnartakis, Devadasis
Still decorate the shelves
Of ancient literature…
The ministers take bribes,
Their officers are far a head, …
They carry the burden
Of your dirt and sin
On their heads.⁴⁷

The poet points out corruption of the responsible citizens on whose shoulders the country is borne. Even judges are not just. They also run after money like shylock. The preservers have become destroyers. The moral insolvency is prevalent every where in the society. In the poem “Moral Insolvency”, he says

Protectors have become tormentors,
Justice has become Shylock,
Expects interest for moral insolvency,
Should I turn my gaze?⁴⁸

In the quest of money people don’t listen to the voice of their conscience. The beautiful tree is cut down only to make a trifle chair. The contrast between tree and chair exhibits the downfall of society. He says in bitterness.

We are millionaires and billionaires
For bags of money, we kill
Our conscience, the fruitful lively
Trees for making chairs.⁴⁹

The poet thinks that the whole world is barren. There is no order policy or idea. Only barrenness is prevalent around. The spirits of Nehru and Gandhi must weep to see the land of their dream. In the poem “Barren”, he says:
Barren, Barren
Is the world--
That’s our life.
No vision, no policy
No ideas to conceptualise,
Barren Inside,
Barren Outside…
But not a drop of
Nobility and Virtue,
Mother’s love father’s care. 50

In the poem “What a life”, the poet tells the reality of politicians. After death they are wrapped in Tri colour. They don’t know the real meaning of the national flag. They did not honour it when they were alive. The poet observes and feels sad.

I see corpses
Wrapped in Tri colour,
Happily alive, they never
Bothered to know
the meaning and sequence
of these colours. 51

In the poem “How Unfortunate”, the poet curses himself unlucky to live in this corrupted age. People are exploiting one another. Anti-human activities are growing day and night. He is very dejected to ponder over it.

Have we not enough
Poverty, Corruption, Unemployment,
Squalor, disease, debasement,
Crime, violence, manipulation,
Polluted environment,
License-Quota department? 52
Money is the only god of modern man. People are looting even in the name of education. Educational institutions have become the source of earning. They befool by false show. The attention is given to pomp and show not to the level of education. The poet sharply criticises in the poem “Behari Janta”.

Looters of Public money
Man the National security.
Educational Magnets
In cross-country race,
In the name of English Medium,
Public schools -- our cowboys
Manage Saraswati.53

The poem “What a life” is about social-realism. The champions of society have become corrupt. They don’t pay heed to social justice. They trifle even for momentary bliss. The poem exposes the reality of these social-contractors.

Lo! They flirt
With Air Hostesses.
Champions of social justice--
They clamour at election hour.54

Whole system has become fake. Every thing is in muddle. Only name and fame whether by fair or foul means, are obtained. The poet is grieved to see the great dissemblers in society. He says in the poem “Modern Puzzle”

Poets brag of their fake passion.
Scholars pride in fake exhibition
Of their fake paintings.
Literary awards are
Bestowed on fake creations.
Fake freedom fighters
Jailed for theft and forgery.55
Every thing is fake – love, honour, intelligence, bravery, success, position. The fake encounters are being done by the police. Not even a single department is untouched by it. He says;

Police kill innocent people  
In fake encounters.  
Sky-scrapers are built  
On fake foundations  
And fake currency notes.56

Suresh Nath’s social concern is quite visible when his poem “The wounds of The Punjab Healing up” is minutely studied. The poet listened a chorus of shrieking young widows, orphaned children, hapless aged parents, the sobbing sisters and yelling brothers. He saw the brothers were killing brothers. The bloody wolfish violence was roving through. The plight of the people was miserable. The fields were dried, tube-wells were deserted and all the doors were closed. All were telling their woeful tale. The parents were carrying the painful burden of corpse of their loving children.

Lost affection, tired eyes of parents and granpas.  
The aged carry the corpses of their children  
On their trembling shoulders,  
Young widows qued up, the story of war in peace;…  
There are no tears, perhaps dried aways.57

The innocent citizen can do nothing. They can only weep to see the tragedy.

Modern enticement attract the people. Five-star hotels, Gardens, the glamorous life etc. ravish simple hearts but they are for elite class. The poem “Modern Bliss” highlights the contrast between rich and poor and their life-style.
These useless denizens
Who only weep
And cannot flare
A communal riot
An artificial drought
or galloping shares.\textsuperscript{58}

The poet laments and asks whether the patriots have bled for this. They have embraced gallows with smile for their Bharat Mata. But now people have forgotten it. The sacrifice of nationalists has been over looked. The questions of the poet are soul searching. They show his deep social concern. In the poem “Bechari Janta”, he says:

\begin{quote}
Did Jallianwalla Bagh
bleed for this?
Did Bhagat Singh, Rajguru,
Azad embrace the gallows
for this?\textsuperscript{59}
\end{quote}

Further in the same context poet says that people are adopting the western culture. It has devastated the life of India. Shameful servile flattery has arisen in the society. He says:

\begin{quote}
We still cling to
British style,
Base sychophancy.
Nehru’s dreams-
Gandhi’s dreams-
Have turned nightmares.\textsuperscript{60}
\end{quote}

He asserts that parents bring up children to serve the country as well as to their old age. But their target becomes to earn more money. The parents remain lonely only watching them. They are helpless. Their
hands must have been lifted for the welfare of country but they kill the society to hoard money.

We made our children
Doctors and Engineers.
But Lo!
They kill us
With their ingenuous
Technical hands.\(^6^1\)

The poet is more perturbed to see even God has not been spared. The temples also have become the source of hoarding money. The gods are now dumb and deaf. They say nothing; they listen nothing. The poet has shown the social reality in his poems. The heart of the poet is stricken and body weakens. He says:

In the name of God
We built temples--
Our friends sell
Them shamelessly,
Our mute gods
Like sheep and ships.\(^6^2\)

Now people want every thing instantly because they lack time; they don’t care for love, only physical gratification is their target. The poem “The Latest Instant” shows the list of instant activities. Such as instant coffee, tea, reservation, geyser, dinner, dancing ball, sex etc. the poet is fed up with instants.

During the past few years,
We have been fed
On new strange things with cheers.
Time, we do not have,
Love, we do not have,
We have only-
A long list of instants.\(^6^3\)
The poet is fully aware of his social surroundings. His poem “Summer Day Without Electricity in Delhi” talks about the critical situation in Delhi when electric supply fails. People cry for a glass of water. Delhi becomes the hottest and the most polluted city of the country due to the emittance of carbon monoxide and other fatal gases. The sun becomes as a furnace. The dry winds seem to come from hell. He says:

The poor hunt for shade,
A glass of water from the nearby machine.
An irritating hot day, sweaty day.
Sweat like an avalanche washes off the make up.64

The poet also remembers the incident of Bhopal a human catastrophe caused by industrial boom.

Social environmental has been polluted. Even the girls are not lagged behind. Brain – drain has become vogue. There is no significance of indigenous means. Money is deposited in the banks of abroad. The poet is perplexed:

Have we forgotten Bhopal?
Money and Mafia
The lovely sisters that crown
Multinational – mania,
All set to vanquish
And to pollute life and labour.65

The poem “Moral Insolvency” shows the mirror. Now society wants status only. It can be obtained only by money. Obscenity and nakedness are seen in the parties.
The obscene and indecent advances in a party
Have become a part of our so-called high society.
Shamelessly we exult in
Nakedness and not propriety
Lest it should become a god in
The temple – the temple of Mammon
And fix the price of man
organ by organ.  

The poet is deeply moved by the shameful scenes of poverty, corruption, squalor, sex-scandal, disease, ingratitude, over business, passions etc.

**Political Scenario**

Being an awakened citizen, Suresh Nath, the poet is fully aware of the politics in the society. He has peeped into the subtleties of power game. He has disclosed the reality of the so-called leaders. They don’t lead but seduce the society.

The poem “…So-called Politicians” is a good example in this context. The poem starts in a very bitter tone. He calls politicians lepers, beggars etc.

Lepers !
Are they not?
Like them they
Push each other’s cart
When out for their begging round,
In the name of common cause while
Thrusting their begging -- bowl.

The politicians make promises during the elections which they break just afterwards ‘Bechari Janta’ becomes their victim. They don’t have
any ideal. They are only election manifestors. The political reality has been expressed in the poem in vernacular diction.

Fronts -- Combine - Syndicates
Are born -- sans ideology
Sans common programme and policy-
Which remain tugged only to
Election Manifestos - for
The consumption of Bechari Janta. 68

In an angry tone he tells the people how these politicians entangle the ‘Bechari Janta’; they are ‘Namakharam’ not ‘Namakhalal’. They don’t leave ever their own party. Further he says in the same critical vein:

In the name of Namakhalali
To their faction
They do Namakharami
To their nation. 69

The politicians are lustful. They have been compared with wicked temple priests who are licentious. They take chance to gratify their carnal desire. The victim may be anybody whether touchable or untouchable. They do not bother about it.

Like the wicked temple – priest
Who pounces on lonely
Untouchable’s girl -- secular he is,
And cries out, if resisted,
“Polluted, polluted, polluted.” 70

Such type of politicians form the formless government. Their policies are not for the welfare of country and society. They change their party
and status for getting only their chair. The true picture of politicians has been shown in the following lines.

They form --
Governments -- which like
Mismated couples can
Produce nothing but psychopathic
Children…
Historically important
They are proud to be
Most scam-free government.71

The poem “How Unfortunate” shows that the poet feels himself unlucky. The protectors and patrons of society are corrupt. They are looting the country. Their only target is hoarding more and more. They are not leaders, they are mafias. He says:

Restrain and refrain
Watch the protectors
And Patrons who
Collude with despotic mafias
Expert in Hawalas --
And Hawalat.72

In the poem “Modern Bliss”, the poet refers the corrupt leaders. They can do anything to acquire ministerial seat i.e. ‘kursi’. In this game every person is trying to ensure others. The mafias and politicians are working together.

Loud speakers blare,
Factions ensnare,
Mafias and Politicians pair,
The noble run and scare.
Bury, Bury deep.73
In the poem “Bechari Janta”, the poet is worried to witness the political tricks of the leaders. They only make the plans. Their plannings are pseud; people are watching silently. They feel helpless to prevent them. He says:

Bechari Janta!
Mute witness to
Political gimmicks
Of so-called Champions
Of castless, classless society,
Pseudo-employment planning.

They have been called as new princes in khadi, they are robbers, a new race of libidinous they are. The poet has seen them very closely that they are nothing but corruption embodied. He says further in the same vein.

New princes in khadi
Pyajamas and Kurta,
A new Tribe of car-fuckings
Adorn our leadership.
Looters of Public money
Man the National security.

In the poem “What a Life”, the poet reveals that antisocial elements grow into leaders of the country. They become the champions of social justice. They clamour at election hour. Afterwards they become clever and excellent brokers of power. They misuse their power. The poet is astonished to see that modern ministers are chased by the police because mafias have become MLAs and MPs.

Criminals become MPs
And even ministers
We saw the Police Jeep
Running to catch them
Now they run to
Pilot them --
What a life?\textsuperscript{76}

In the poem “Prostitution”, they are shown as responsible to make a woman harlot. The prostitute sells her body to satisfy her hunger but the ministers take bribe for their only self-interest. The corruption of politicians has broken the heart of the poet.

The Ministers take bribes,
Their officers are far ahead,
They defraud the nation
Mortgage her for their passion.\textsuperscript{77}

The politicians change their colour like chameleon to fulfill their ends. In the poem “…So-Called Politicians”, the poet has described the whole aspect of political gimmicks.

Chameleon – like
They rise and energise
Colour they change
To suit their coveted range,
That suit the bill.\textsuperscript{78}

The concluding lines of the poem express the verisimilitude of crooked, rotten, unprincipled, dishonest politicians. They call themselves leaders, but they exploit the nation. They fight for trifles not for the cause of nation.

They fight for loaves and fishes,
Hide their mischiefs
Behind rustic faces.
Boneless are they
Like amoeba and reptiles.
Sold and brought.\textsuperscript{79}
**Innovated Symbols, Myths and Images**

Suresh Nath has personally experienced the awesome vale of sorrow and its attendant sufferings. So he could adequately convey such poignancy through symbols, myths and images. Through his poetic volumes *Bubbling Life But ….., Betrayal* and *What Can I Do*, one becomes aware of his intense grief at the loss of beloved one. His command over language and the immediacy of his wit play prominent role combined with gift of imagery which at once capture his readers, and place him at the forefront of contemporary poets in India. He transmutes his experiences into artistic form endowed with softness rare to find elsewhere.

Although Suresh Nath may not be termed a symbolist poet yet few illustrations are enough to prove his choice of symbols as appropriate device to articulate his most difficult impressions. These symbols are traditional primarily Indian in context. For example in the poem “And Now”, Bindia and vermilion symbolise the bonds of matrimonial life. They remind him of his wife whom he has lost. Vermilion in the half parted hair of the married woman signifies her love, the purity of relations, fidelity and trust. The poet visualises Ganga flowing in the flower valley. It makes it more suggestive because in Indian mythology the Ganga symbolise divine purity. He says :

> And left –slanted half-parted hair,
> With vermilion in between,
> Like the golden Ganga passing through flower valley,
> Bindia twinkling on her graceful shining face.⁸⁰
In the poem “Why did you Betray Me”, vermilion, mangalsutra, marriage ring are symbols of nuptial relations. They stands for perpetuating love and a fruitful married life. The description of wedding rites remind the poet of the time of marriage when he put vermilion in the parted hair of his beloved wife. He says:

Married we were in God’s presence,
It was he who joined our hands
I put vermilion in your parted hair,
A Mangalsutra rounds your neck-fair,
A marriage-ring on your lively Anamika finger.\(^{81}\)

In the poem “The Reality”, moth and candle symbolise the lover and the beloved. Moth wriggles to embrace the flame of candle but burns itself. The love pines for love. The candle weeps to see her lover. The symbol of moth and candle is very striking. The poet becomes subjective.

I see the weeping Candle
With her molten heart
Spread all over her stand,
And moth hugging her feet.\(^{82}\)

‘Vibgyor’ is the symbol of love and happiness. The colours of rainbow symbolise the hidden gladness in the hearts of human beings. Each and everyone becomes cheerful to watch it. The poem “VIBGYOR” shows the originality of sunlight and its attendants. The colours are as pure as pearls.

A rainbow of seven hues, -
Violet, Indigo, Green and blue,
Yellow, orange and red -
The world can view.\(^{83}\)
The poem “Simplicity” exhibits ‘sparrow’, the symbol of innocence and separation. It gives the momentary cheerfulness and flies instantly. The poet remembers his beloved wife and compares her with sparrow. Her last smile haunts the poet deeply. She soared away to the abode of God and left the poet in acute agony. He says:

   In the dumb yard
    A sparrow
    Shook the twig
    of nearby rose
    And soared into heaven. \(^{84}\)

The poem “Evening of My Hopes” symbolises the end of his journey of life. The optimism as well as pessimism has been seen in the poem. The limbs of the poet are weakening; the fragrance of his life lost. The evening of his hopes and life has come. These weaknesses of life cannot hinder the poet in the way of life. He does not confess the defeat.

   These moist lids
    Imprison me!
    Shall I desists!
    Why do they envelope
    The Evening of
    My hopes? \(^{85}\)

Rani, his beloved wife is the symbol of love and affection both spiritual and physical. In the poem “Return of Rani: A Reverie”, the poet dreams of her return. He remembers her tender hands, her solid round breasts with budding nipples, her fragrant throat and stroking lively kisses.
When I took her hands
In mine –
Her eyes pledged and affirmed
The return of my Rani – mine
And only mine, …
Her tender hands,
Her solid round breasts
With budding nipples,
Her fragrant throat,
Her stroking lively kisses
Unnerved me.  

In the poem “The Doli Has Waved Off”, ‘doli’ symbolises the beginning of new life. The married life starts with ‘doli’ but it is also the symbol of separation. The girl parts with her parents. The poet has written the poem in other context. The ‘doli’ has been compared with bier. The poet is waiting for his pyre. Rani is turned into ashes. He says with grief:

The flames pines for rest
But who can its smoke arrest ?
I garner only ashes.
The Doli has waved off
But the pyre still waits.  

Shakespearean character ‘Shylock’ symbolises cruelty, ruthlessness, rigidity and greed. Shylock is a very shrewd businessman. He exploits the situation to the maximum. His avarice is his greatest evil. The poet, in his poem “Moral Insolvency”, tells the condition of contemporary people. They are amassing only money. Their sole aim is to become millionaires and billionaires. They have killed their conscience like shylock.
Protectors have become tormentors,
Justice has become Shylock,
Expects interest for moral insolvency,
Should I turn my gaze?
Or put down my poor glass of tea?\textsuperscript{88}

Mythological references are very prominent in Suresh Nath’s poetry. Specially Indian myths have been applied to prove his point. The poet appears to be deeply steeped in Indian mythology.

‘Lakshmi’ is the goddess of wealth and prosperity. She is spouse of Lord Vishnu, one of the trinity of Universe. The worldly people attempt to make her happy. The poem “Mamon at His Door” indicates the myth of goddess ‘Lakshmi’.

\begin{quote}
Loud Incantations
Invoke –
Goddess Lakshmi,
With red lotus and
Black cow’s ghee…
Lo! The Goddess is happy.
Wait for blessings.\textsuperscript{89}
\end{quote}

The myth of Radha – Krishna has been cited in the poem “Why Did You Betray Me”. The poet has compared the love of Rani-Raju with that of Radha-Krishana. The spiritual love has been referred in the poem when he says :

\begin{quote}
Oh Rani! My mistress,
The great enchantress!
You came to me
Like Radha to her Flute Player.\textsuperscript{90}
\end{quote}
The poet criticises Indra, the lord of rain and Jupitor, Guru of gods in the poem “The Overflowing Vessel”. They have been described as licentious gods.

The Sambhog to
Attain Samadhi –
Merging oneself
Into other elements.
Jupiter is known
Philanderer – so are
Indra and in-numeral gods.\(^{91}\)

‘Saraswati’, the goddess of wisdom, music and intelligence is depicted in the poem “Modern Puzzle”. The poet invokes her to help him. worldly people are deviating from their path. He thinks that his knowledge is incomplete if he is not blessed by the goddess.

I scratched my head,
Invoked Goddess Saraswati,
‘Help me in the Quiz’,
I spluttered.
“My knowledge is at stake.
My prestige is at stake.”\(^{92}\)

The poet is obliged to lord Brahma, the creator of the universe and one of the trinity. God has given his own form of Aham Brahmasmi has been described very beautifully in the poem “The Price of Truth”.

“Aham Brahmasmi”
I’m Brahma,
The prettiest and dearest
Creation of God-
Who embodied himself
Into Man sans immortality.\(^{93}\)
The poet has incorporated not only Indian myths but other myths also. ‘Mammon’ a Roman god has been referred in the poem “A Rainy Night”. He is the devilish god of covetousness and wealth which has as an evil influence on man. A poor man is suffering, his wife is dying and children are starving. He finds Mammon sitting on his door. He gives three pieces of bread to him. The beautiful description brings out the irony of life.

    Thunder clouds, Lighting spatter
    To chide.
    He saw Mammon
    Sitting on a poor man’s door. 94

‘Bacchus’ is Greek and Roman god of wine. In the poem “The Overflowing Vessel”, he refers:

    Bacchus is goading
    To taste the forbidden
    Sweet grapes’ daughter dear,
    Lustful, deep-dug nectar
    That blushes, when it comes,
    Before the master. 95

‘Garangtua’ is the name of a monster in a romance written by French Writer Rebelias. This monster used to swallow seven pilgrims at one time. The poet called the politicians Garangtua, this way they are devouring the nation. He says in the “How Unfortunate”.

    Then, why invite cannibals
    With Garangtua throat
    That devoured many a government,
    And yet lustful hungry. 96

‘Phoenix’ is a mythological bird which lived only one at one time and for five hundred years. It burnt itself into ashes and from these ashes
arose another Phoenix. The poet compares himself to it. He does not like that death may carry him into dull oblivion. In the poem “Moral Insolvency”, he does not like to turn his eyes from the immorality. He says:

Should I turn my gaze?
Or put down my poor glass of tea?
Like a Phoenix, I can rise again.
Death cannot send me into dull oblivion.97

The socio-literary myth of ‘Moth and Candle’ has been used by the poet. Moth burns himself in the love of flame. The candle also weeps to see it. The poet assumes himself moth and his beloved wife candle. This myth shows the anguished heart of the poet. In the poem “Reality”, the poet shows the reality of true love. The lovers become helpless like them.

I see weeping Candle
With her molten heart
Spread all over her stand,
And the moth hugging her feet.98

Suresh Nath has embellished his poetry with various kinds of striking images. They are very artistic. The image is one of the distinctive elements of the language of art. It is the means by which experience is often communicated the poet has used them in his poems to give meaning not merely to decorate but to convey specialty. The title of his volume Bubbling Life, But…. creates the image of short-lived life. The poet is sad to ponder over the palpitating life. The poem “I Am For Life” presents the picture of corrupt life. The world has become a theatre.
And live in the languid sublimity
Of exploitation, frowns and selfish nods,
I’m bubbling over the palpitating life
And not meant for shelves or the theatre.\(^99\)

In the poem “And Now”, the poet remembers his past with expectations. He thinks that his beloved wife has been snatched by the ploy of wonton gods. He feels himself only half-alive and half dead. The picture of death as devil is highly appropriate.

I can see the devil,
Parched, petrified and sweat soaked.
I’m sure one day he will also
Cheer us with his chopped hands and sweaty cap.\(^{100}\)

The image of furnace is seen in the sun in the poem “Summer Day Without Electricity in Delhi”. People are oppressed in Delhi by hot weather. Their troubles multiply when electric supply fails. The picture of hell is quite visible in the outstanding stanza of the poem.

The sun is a furnace,
The dry winds come from hell.
Searing heat pushes people indoors.
Aching fans and Whirring desert coolers
Have, at least, a forced holiday.\(^{101}\)

In the poem “The Wounds of The Punjab, Healing Up”, the images are very striking and heart-touching. They create a clear picture of the misearable people of Punjab ‘blood soaked Panchnad’. The image of lips is very impressive.

I’m reminded of the blood soaked Panchnad,
Wailing over oozy wounds with ruby lips,
And there arises a chorus of shrieking young widows.\(^{102}\)
Further the image of sobbing sisters and yelling brothers intensifies the gloom. The heart of the poet laments to see the wounds of the inhabitants of Punjab.

The sobbing sisters and yelling brothers mute withness
To the macabre senseless violence, anarchy let loose.
Stoic-like silence curses the poor fate,
That turns them into defenceless ardent fatalists.\(^{103}\)

The image of weeping candle and wandering moth is conspicuous in the poem “The Reality”.

I see the weeping Candle
With her molten heart
Spread all over her stand,
And the moth hugging her feet.\(^{104}\)

The poem “Layers of Sand” shows the image of desert. The poet compares his own life with the sand. He helplessly sees and smiles like faded flowers of the flower-vase.

Like layers of sand,
Daily-trod,
On the shore
I know what
Is to be trodden…
A storm (Giblee)
Swept me sand-like
Unprotected and bare.\(^{105}\)

The sound imagery has been applied by the poet in the poem “On the Fence”. The poet is dejected over the loss of his beloved wife. He always watches the throstle at his gate and koel on the mango trees. A picture of his loving spouse becomes clear when listens to their sounds.
Lo! The thrush at my gate
Chirping desperately…
For me,
Koel’s long melodious
Cry “Kuhu, kuhu, kuhu”
Stir in my bowels
A sudden warmth. 106

Like wise there are many more images in his poetry lending richness
to expression. Use of figurative language beautifies the poetry. It
evokes an imaginative, emotional response which provides a vivid
specific description. There an artistic use of figures of speech. In the
poetry of Suresh Nath new similes and metaphors have been applied
by the poet. The poet has not left personification untouched. His
poetry strides beautifully with them. His figures speak as the poet
himself.

He has given extra ordinary comparison. The far-fetched ideas are
wonderful. The poem “I Cannot Die” shows artistic use of simile,
‘wild forest’. The poet feels that he is drunk or dreaming.

I can burn,
Like wild raging
forest fire,
Everything that
Comes my way. 107

The poet compares himself with animals. The people push each other
like herd. A very striking simile has been given in the poem “My
Shares in Life”.

Like cattle they push us
Into slaughter house,
With no penitence, they rush. 108
The sexual acrobats tear brassiere; they crush the breasts with choppy hands. Like a tax collector they collect tax. The swollen breasts are considered like baby toys. In the poem “The Latest Instant”, the poet used apt simile.

Like a hard tax-collector
They collect their dues…
Like baby rubber toys
They are twisted and bruised
With blue and red marks
On the skin.⑩⁹

The poem “The Overflowing Vessel” exhibits the comparison between men and animals. Worldly people are like animals. They behave like brutal beasts, only sex is the greatest bliss.

Like animals,
Do we not sleep, eat
And intercourse –
Nature has made us so.⑩⁰

In the poem “Struggle of Life”, the poet compares himself with a camel. He is struggling in the desert of without water.

Like a camel, I have gone without water
For days, nibbling the kopals of Babool tree.
My throat may be dry and coarse.⑩¹

A beautiful simile has been used in the poem “Retired”. A retired person feels dejected and humiliated. The comparison of the retired person with tired tyre in dicky is suggestive of loneliness, helplessness and despair. He says:

Unwanted and discarded
I lie
Like a tired tyre
In the dicky
Beseeching maintenance.⑩²
‘Metaphor’ is a figure of speech based on comparison that is implied rather than directly expressed. In the poem “Summer Day Without Electricity in Delhi”, the poet tells that condition of Delhi in hot weather, without electricity it becomes hell.

The Sun is a furnace,
The dry winds come from hell.
Searing heat pushes people indoors.\textsuperscript{113}

In the poem “Barren”, the poet calls the world barren. There is no truth, no fertility in it.

Barren, Barren
Is the world --
That’s our life
No vision, no policy
No ideas to conceptualise,
Barren Inside,
Barren Outside.\textsuperscript{114}

In the poem “My Shares in Life”, the poet says that his life has become a gall. He has fears and tears.

Life has become a gall, haunting fears,
I’m left with only a few sighs and tears.\textsuperscript{115}

Personification is a practice of representing objects, qualities etc as of human beings. Suresh Nath has used this device to express his ideas. In the poem “The Reality”, he asserts.

I see the weeping Candle
With her molten heart
Spread all over her stand,
And the moth hugging her feet.\textsuperscript{116}
Onomatopoeia contains sounds similar to the noise they describe. In the poem “To Basant – Panchmi”, he has enjoyed the chirping of birds.

Koels frisk from
One garden to another.
“Kuhu”, “Kuhu’ …
Papeeha’s, ‘Pee-kahan’, ‘Pee-kahan’
Lovingly kiss. 117

**Poetic Diction**

Suresh Nath, while employing various poetic devices, has written in verse libre. There is no extra burden of definite rhyme scheme but it has a great rhythmic effect. He is a natural craftsman and singer of human emotions. He has accuracy and brilliance of a master artist keeping his own style and pattern inimitable. He is highly subjective in thought. To express his thoughts, he has used vernacular words. Such as – Panchnad, Lehenga, Chunni, Bindia, Pachranga, Hawalat, Bechari Janta, Namakhalali, Namakharami, Jogi, Jogen, Mangalsutra, Doli, Sambhog, Samadhi, Basant Panchmi etc.

Some words might have been translated, but then their effect would have been lessened. So the poetic artist has employed them as they are used. Suresh Nath has emerged as a poet of subjective realism, unique in expression.


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