CHAPTER V.

GENERAL SURVEY OF IMAGERY IN ASSAMESE POETRY (1900-1940).
The period under review is termed as the romantic as it has all the characteristics of romanticism. Like poets of England had their influence on those living on the distant bank of the Brahmaputra. It is because of the teaching of English schools and colleges then, and European culture and civilization spread in this land. And for the young enthusiastic group of poets and writers of our land the new age was begun. The new age in our literature is really an age of review, discovery of the beauty of life. It is an age of sensibility. The mind and sense are in revolt. It was a revolt of the long trampled desires. Varied and rich in texture our poetry achieved through the renaissance of feelings and innovation of forms. And free blossoming of intellect is possible in the land of free thinkers. But we were not free then. So that our poets could have written down cannot be expected in the existing works by them all the works were produced during the British rule. We have visual images in most of the poems of the period but the sensual images are so vivid in the poems of love by majority of them. It is because of the inspiration of the beauty of a woman and love to her. The poets of love are many in number and their poems tell us of the mysticism too in many cases. Very few are metaphysical in character save N. Devi or K. Sarkarati, symbolism in the hands of K. Devi and S.M. Nara is par-
excellence. Metaphor in H.C. Choudhuri are the important qualities of his poems. Of the myth and history too his poetry is unique. Abstract images in G.K. Karwala, N.C. Kaichour, etc. are mentionable.

Actually the emancipation of imagination from the old ideal and thinking by poets and writers was seen on the wave of romanticism, forgetting the medieval thought and spirit. The imagery was subservient to the poetic impulse, moods and attitudes. To most of the poets the inspiration was origin to common place objects of life and the nature with the artistic vision. This power to transmute ordinary things into objects of perennial beauty is one of the most important things in our poetry. And though stilted in emotion and passion, the new poems show the new inspirations. Yet they were not from the free nightingales to sing what they wished as the foreign yoke held the strong reign that prevented some of the realities to be exposed in its true vein and colour. So we are not sure of the imageries proper in the political aspects as it should be the cry of the creation's very self and agony of the human. But it was the ecstatic delight, divine happiness or the hell or heaven to many poets as we see the fine regions of the selves that sang for the period.

Here is a survey of the different types of imageries we see in the period viz. the visual, sensual, mental, philosophical, political, historical, myth, archetype, symbol,
It is better to begin with G.G. Agarwala’s "Pratima". Here the image is that of a poet’s inner soul that can conceive of the supreme beauty, Pratima which is not described fully. The very word suggests what we can understand by the word "Manaspratima" the sweetest and the most beautiful figure. But the most beautiful things are indescribable and the most sublime feelings are inexpressible as Shiotetsu of Japan says. And this beauty is not to be found elsewhere. It is a conception by the artist, and is something very prove, very different from everything else. Beauty reveals everything because it expresses nothing. It is self-expository indeed. But Agarwala’s poem "Pratima" may be treated as the introductory attempt suggesting the fragrance and beauty of other parts constituting the image of beauty. We must look into the innermost parts of the collection though it is not the variorum edition. His serious introspection can be seen in drawing imagery - the integral type of simile in his poetry and metaphors for clear suggestiveness, absolute simplicity of his language and deliberate choice of certain words are so significant that they help as aid to our understanding of the visionary experiences.

It will be a hazardous task to deal with all the poems one by one in detail though the number of poems composed by
agarwala is not great. But we have some 20 or more poets in the period under review. And major poets have major works of valuable phase. So it will cover some thousand pages to see them all in a single chapter. We must have some repetitions too as the various categories of images are there in the same poem or in some of the same poet say R.K. Choudhari, we see similar imagery repeated for the singular theme. It will be better to classify the poems according to the various kinds of images we have. They may be classified as the visual, sensuous, abstract, concrete, static, synaesthetic, association of ideas, chain imagery, cluster of images, philosophical, (causa and tuum), absolute, political, image of nature or art and architecture, vignette, myth, archetype, symbols, dream or dead imagery, metaphor, simile, other figures of speech, verbal image, submerged image, ambiguity etc. And there are subdivisions or combinations in some of them say the sensuous images as mainly due to appeals of the imagery to our senses e.g. sense of sight, sense of touch, smell, hearing, taste etc. And there may be abstract, combined, simple, complex, abstract complex, combined abstract, immediate images. Hence it will be classified so far we can see the prominent image in a poem and then of the whole body of the images in detail to be discussed with the poem as far as practicable. And to consider all the collected works of the poets of the period under consideration or review is a tremendous task, a foolhardy thing. Even some of the master pieces by poets can be
a fine dissertation for our topic—imagery. Let us begin

as in the case of the content and subject-matter of those poems classified beforehand.

**Visual Image:**

In G.K. Agarwala we see the visual image in *Phulasaridara* (blooming mustard flowers), *Jankunwari* (princess of the forest) and *Jalkunwari* (water-nymph). The first reminds us of Daffodils of Wordsworth—"A host of golden daffodils," and the words at the beginning carry the striking image 'sansar chakrachanit ki rang chaichha mor'? (what pleasure have you got to see me wander in the cycle of this world?). The opening lines of Wordsworth are "I wandered lonely as a cloud/That floats on high o'er vales and hills,". Agarwala is wandering as the cycle of creation wants. And it is the cycle of life just after our birth. We act according to their world before us. Worldly desires (bishai pash) work as a cyclone or whirlpool in Agarwala but Wordsworth is free as the cloud. And the last lines of Agarwala have the similar image of the inner self of the poet. To Wordsworth daffodils flash upon that inward eye which is the bliss of solitude. Agarwala cannot forget the unforgettable scene of the blooming mustard flowers. His mind is like the moths with wings of variegated colour. But those wings lead him to fly as Wordsworth did as a lonely cloud, to enjoy the beauty of the nature so live. The image is the significant one when we consider the moths flying, over the
blooming flowers to suck the sweetest honey, from flower to flower in so free mood. As the flittering and dancing in the breeze, daffodils seemed like the stars shining and twinkling and stretched in never-ending line ten thousand at a glance tossing their heads in sprightly dance, so the fine picture of the colourful wings of moths over the blooming flowers is a 'jocund company' as boyhood had been to Agarwala. The imagery is here of 'emotions recollected in tranquility' for Wordsworth and Agarwala. It is piquant and significant too. The sense of sight is everlasting. Metaphor is also mentionable. His livar (dew) has also some metaphors in it. Dew-drop is to the poet a pearl or star or a bud of flower. In the imagery leads us to a flower garden where fairies danced and left as the memento of the festive mood the dew-drop 'mukuta maniti pahit jilike' (the bead of pearl glitters on the petal), and 'ranggilir shav hanhi nacionar ral ohan eikani' (the memento of the festive mood of the fairy or dancer) say that. The poet is sad to see the fading away of the dew-drops at sun-rise as his flowers were adorned with it. Then we have his vapunwari and balkunwari wherein the beauty of fair nymphs and the playful activities of those nymphs are so well depicted. In both we see the heavenly beauty 'Rupahir mel devayoni khel manume nehekha sukh' (union of beauties to play like goddesses whom man does not see) in the first and 'manuh lokar nohe rup khel nejana vichitra lila' (it is of no human world, the play of beauty in so much variety unknown to man) in the second, tell us of the land, the
denizens thereof. But the supernatural scene of their active flying bodies their poses, joyous moments to enjoy the beauty of nature and company of all its birds and flowers, endless talks and laughter of mirth amidst the fragrant wild flowers 'agate alekh banaphul rashi, rupre ganhere jhara' (facing numerous wild flowers full of beauty and smell) in the first and 'katojani gai padumar renu ghannichhe sarvanganai' (some anoint/pollens of lotus all over her body) in the second, tell us of the sense of sight and smell. And the nymphs played with ducks, offering even the breasts 'nara piyao juli katojani hanhak piyao diye' (some offer the honey of the breast to ducks with affection). The scene of the first is the calm midday in the forest with no human being and that of the second is the early part of the dawn to welcome sun-rise. The pleasing imagery of the wild life in the former is equally enjoyable as the live image of the waves after the boat made of flowers, drawn by ducks in the water, the arobe of nymphs in the second of actually a dream scenery.

In Aram (mistake) ezbarua just after his riske has depicted the beloved's eyes mistaken to be roses 'roos nahai priyar nayan' (not roses but the eyes of my beloved), the song is to him the heat of the beloved, its water is the lover's honey, the rivulet is the love-stream (nai Nahai pudi, prakar hiya, pani nahai, premra, nahai thik premra pravan)
the lines at the beginning tell us of the Banadevi (deity of forest) as Agarwala's Bankunwari. He compares the 'sewali' with stars, the flowers with fairies, the calf of the deer with the beauty of the forest, the flower on the lock of hair is the moth, breeze is the sigh of frustrated lovers. He is charmed with the image of nature resembling his beloved. In the first poem of the 'Kadamkali' he gives us the pen-picture of the nature in its different aspects especially in summer. He is not an expert as we see in other poems of this kind e.g. Tomakehe dhul pao naramar sakhi (I like only you my dear friend) written a year later, Chuma (kissing) to our expectation. The visual images in the first is that of nature so bright all the inmates of the spring season but the only love and attachment to the friend is all to the narrator as he can have no peace of mind in other objects of nature outside that very company of his friend who is to him the only flower 'Tumi vine mor phul nai aan' (I've no other flower except you), 'tomar hatat achhe mor pran' (in your hands my life rests). In the second the most touching scene of a kiss in different creatures or natural world which is, like Shelley's Love's philosophy an echo of 'Nothing in this world is single'. But the Romantic unreality depicted in Bhram shows the changing colour of imagination every moment and the romantic image is so visual here. In a next picture he could see in:

H.C. Goswami: in Vasanta we have the flowering plants in full bloom. H.C. Goswami wrote his Prakriti, a successful work to see
and its life, image in it of a moth r invigorating us as
the only force that controls the sun, moon; decorates the
seasons in various costumes, helps flowers blooming or
attuning birds with new tone. But the dreadful image of
nature is also here 'kshane howa dayawati kshane ba narzai
ati' (You turn violent or compassionate in a moment). His
most unique creation to this very field of visual image is
Puwa (dawn or morn). Here we have the fine idea, hearty
description, excellent imagination and local colour in it.
The serene, sombre picture of the nature at dawn is depic-
ted here. The sky, the first rays of sun-rise the cool
breeze to awaken the world asleep after the day's daily
drugery, once again to be attuned with the forgotten song,
'jilingani eti shi padum banat swaragar rai an Halichhe'
(Heavenly beauty is poured on the lotuses); 'akalsriya
duti padum-kaliya chuna khai Halichhe-jalichhe' (the
lonely buds of lotus are dancing to kiss). We are led to
the next scene as if in a celluloid and more like one.
The ducks forget their love-lore to enjoy the heavenly
hue and stand quietly as if in a painting they look at one
another. Here the visual image reached its height in the
mature haq of Goswami. It is so simple in construction but
so artistic in creation. Simplicity is the soul to them.
The whole poem is a collective image and we have here also
the charming description for his hearty union with nature.
In his last stage R.N. Tagore wrote in such a manner of
simplicity though his art was calm but not so ornate. Each
undecorated, cramp, straight and clean. It may be poetry
of statement but Goswami has no such thing.

P.N. Gohainbarua has his 'Leela' (wife's name), the
life-sketch, autobiographical in character. Its theme is
the story of his conjugal life with Leela. His title has
been attributed as the poem of world-picture (samsārhita-
kavya), the world of married life. In the cantos VII, XI to
XV, we have the visual images in the description of nature
at different places on way to the Inga Hills just after his
marriage. In Prakriti Vithay (canto VI of Leela) the primitive simple life of the Nagas does look down upon the artificial life of the civilization 'Ghinai kritim skobha
sabhyatar saj', natural gifts—like fruits, water of the
stream like Amrit, the sight of far distant places, the
beauty of nature that opens fair for human beings to buy
but it is for the enjoying or sympathetic mind only 'kirota
manab pran bechonti prakriti' and 'nebechile man-pran-skmatra
bech.' In the cantos XI to XV, we have the similar imagery
as the description of the path to Nagaland. The deep forest,
dark night were ahead in the journey that was dreadful for
a storm to destroy the very cottage under which they had to
take shelter for the night. The next scene at Sarampani, a hot-water spring 'pavitra nijara utalichhe sada' (pure spring is boiling) and Leela peeping on the spring, her changing hues in the face 'salai jeuti kshane mult-arganar' and then Leela is a poem itself 'says the poet:

'Leela mor apuni kavita, 
milile kelpana bibha, 
saundarya bukat yene prakritir shobha.'

The poet was inspired by her beauty resembling nature. They entered into the Hambar forest had rest in the cart compared to a palace and Leela with a queen. The visual and at the same time imaginary scene of the forest is here:

'nijam prakritir nijarar kalkale, 
batahar sarsare-nilan surat, 
santir jurani thal anile topani.'

(the calm nature, murmuring spring, wind with a song of union caused calm and quiet sleep). The Hambar is a deep forest

'idorhor aranya age, nijan nital, 
nijam bhavat tar, gahin prakriti, 
jivale bhayankari rupe marav hiyat'

(deep, serene and in deep thought it is dreadful to human heart). But that feeling of danger was diverted by the poet with novel stories yet the elephant met on the narrow path through the dense forest caused them to think of their life and its safety. Then we have the historic Mirikamangar, Dimapur and at last after four days of their journey they
reached the foot of the hill and the fine description of
the view from the nearest point—**is here**:

'prakrita parvat rup, nilagat delha,
ephalia echatia simakhandha garh.'

(Actual form of the hill seen from distance is that slanting
rampart) and at last reached the beauty-spot, Anardanath.
Its height and the gorges, the cave, the zig-zag path of the
scene **are visual images** far as the eye can see and enjoy
and the playful moment of Leela like all the minds that go
to reach the stones on bed of the stream. She picked up all
the beautiful stones one by one

'eti thai aru eti, ghuri an eti,
leri lai aru eti atike chikun,
idare bharai konch silor gutire.'

(she picks up one dropping the other and then one more fine
and thus filling fully the small bag on her breast with
stones). Thus the troublesome journey leads us to think of
the sights and scenery they passed as if in a film of our
cinema— the celluloid rolling all the moments. In his Brahma-
mamitra we have the course of the mighty river. Chanmangiri
has a fine description of the beauty of the hill. It is the
temple of forest 'Aranya mandir' and Mandil below it is like
a mirror on which reflects the beauty of the hill. All descrip-
tions are so vivid with the visual images that an
expert hand may not do more than that.
R.N. Choudhari

The nSk? one, is our poet of nature or birds as others call him, for R.N. Choudhari is so pure a heart to be united with it. Bihagi Kavi Choudhari has contributed to this field of the visual imagery as the most powerful and expert hand. His forte is the description of the creek and corner of the natural beauty with all its live elements-creatures, flora and fauna, seasons and the changes etc. The very class of his visual image is of no mean order. We cannot expect what our ancient poets did for their strong visualizing power e.g. the prominent classical poets like Kalidasa could do to satisfy all our aesthetic pleasure whether visual or imaginary. Imagination in their expert hands had their most excellent contributions at its best. Yet Choudhari as one of the followers of classics, painted his pages of the 'Sadari, Keteki and Dahikatara' in our own language with some such attractive things. Tapovan on the streams, the fine fascinating natural scenery surrounding it, the simple peaceful and happy life of those days could guide ancients but Choudhari has to his misfortune the most adverse elements or atmosphere since his childhood. Life to him has no such rosy path either physically or mentally. We may classify his poems for our imagery into nature, bird and flower though everything comes under the same Nature. The true worshipper of beauty in nature Choudhari could see it full of birds, flowers, fruits, rivers-streams, hermitage, gardens, the moon and also the glow-worms. Poems in the 'Sadari' are composed at
different moments of life strewn with the diverse elements.
A life, that he lived, has been depicted through those pages,
specially in Sakhilai (to the friend), Matridevi (mother),
Maran (death) etc. His first poem Maramarpakhi (dear bird) 
has the visual image:

'Patar aarat aachhil lukai aajali charai eti, 
radar rashmit kare tirvir seujiya pakhi duti.'
(a simple bird was hiding behind the leaves, the blue wings 
glittered in the sun-rays). But his Bahagir Biya (marriage of 
Bohagi) is really the live image of his love to the nature and 
birds:

'Jada jagatat jiva jagatat pao sakalote dekha, 
mahaviswajuri biringichhe yen anandar purna rekha.'
(everywhere in inanimate or animate world the same ray of joy 
and mirth is in full all over the universe). Here we have the 
newly grown green vegetation to embrace the spring. Again

'Puspa-kananat tarulataraji dhari nava kishalay, 
aparup rupe shyamkunja pati dhara kare sukhamai.'
(in the flower garden plants and creepers with the new buds 
make the world happy with the beauty of the green leafy 
nooks) in the Keteki, tells of the same image. Born on the 
north bank of the Brahmaputra he has the enjoyment of natural 
beauty in the spring and autumn forgetting all the devast-
ation and damages done by its floods-

'Luitar kane kane kanhuar phul, 
batahat halijali dhauye dhauye dhau kheli, 
tushar dhaval kanti dharichhe vipul.'
(the flowers of kanhi, a kind of weed, on the banks of the 
Brahmaputra or Luit, dance with waves for winds, as if the
white snow is in its glow) in Dahikatara. External world is actually the expression of the inner one whether it is of flower, fruit, bird or stream—the different aspects of nature. In the Awahan (Sadari), we get—

'Prati gachhe gachhe latai latai navin madhuri kehe, abyakta arow shuni bihangar nache pran tale tale, sewali baakul rashri rashri phul phulichhe kanan bhari, prem alingan karichhe dharak dubari banat pari.'

(on every tree and creeper the new beauty is playing, to hear the unexpressed voice of birds, the mind is dancing with cadences Sewali, baakul and many other flowers are blooming in the garden and embrace the earth lying on the durba grass).

The garden is no doubt that of the inner world of the poet but the visual image is so fine. Everywhere there can be seen flowers and flowers only in the Bahagir biya. In his Aentkall (bud of lily) we have the landscape of a beel (small lake) where the least cared or nursed lilies grow but there we can enjoy all the beauty of the world 'maratar shobharashi ekelage yen-sarajile bidhi nijanat (as if the creator created it with all the worldly beauties deposited on one spot in the lonely land). In course of the usual change of season, he sees in the autumn—

'Puspa vristi hal tor parash manit, nimaj ghanhanidara panipiyalire bhara, mukutar subhramaia shyamal patit, ki sundar snigdhakanti phulla bananit.'

(at your touch flowers poured like rain, the soft grasses are covered with thesewali, it looks like the wreath of pearls on the green mat, how bright is the blooming flowers in the
forest), and again the next stanza has a fine visual image -

'Shyamal trinere bhara dhuniya pathar,
sundari shara-dabala pindhale harit mala,
sangitar hillolat premar adhar,
phulil hradat kata kumud kahlar.'

(the field, overgrown with green grasses is fine, the beautiful autumn decorated with green wreath and with the hilarity of music for love many lotuses bloomed in the lake), as the poem Dahikatara relates. Girimallika, Abhisar, Anjali etc. have the visual image for the description of nature in so fine a way. The sense of sight so keen in the poet, is duly and explicitly clear with the very strength of the vocabulary used in the first that begins with —

"Ayi anabagunthita phulla shikharini,
ranji manikarnikar harit mekhala,
achha shobhi subh raveshe kari surabhita,
lauhityar tirbhumi shyamal banani.' etc.

(On the uncared, fully blown flowers on the hill Manikarneswar ye are in white robes, making fragrant the weeds on the rivers maputra or Lauhitya). Then the other flowers in

'Thaye thaye bidhe bidhe phulil rangere kutaja kutmal raaj,
dronijata subhrakanti phulla dronidale.

(at places with variety in colour kutajakutmals bloom, ironis are in white flowers) and the sun-set on the snow-clad mountains 'ranjita tushar subhra nimaj galat,
surabhi kusum rag rakta chandanar,
seshadri sikhar yebe ranji sandhya rage,
sukhere visram labhe sandhya nabhamani'.

(the soft cheek clad with snow is depicted or ointed with
red chandan-scent, when the peak of the mountain sleeps
happily in the hues of the setting-sun), the same visual
It can be seen in Abhisar too:

'Ushar rupat madhumalatir,  
komal buku kare chikmik,  
sudhar adhar lawani othat,  
birangi uthil rangali pik.'

(at sun-rise Madhumalati's breast glitters and the lips with honey are bright in red spit) and every line in Anjali e.g.

'Kunje kunje malatir mahasamaroh,  
pranbhora sewalir hanhi,  
chandanar gandh-remu kari bitaran,  
phure dik-diganta bhanhi.'

(malati is in festivity at all nooks, sewali laughs with life distributing the scent of chandan in all directions) or
'Saundaryar mahamela viswamandirat.' (the great fair of beauty in the temple of the world), have such image.

A.G. Rai Chowdhuri:

Next we come to A.G. Raichoudhuri. In his 'Tumi' the physical beauty of the beloved is excellent, leaving aside not a single portion or limb but it is really the spiritual and is enjoyed only by the spiritually uplifted. Yet the visual image in 'gabharur golapi galat lajar rangali abha' (on the rosy cheeks of a maiden the reddened gleam for shame) and 'chenehir chakur chukat eti kerahih kataksha' (in the corner of the eye of the beloved an askance) and 'Sundarir rasal buku rasarpratima (on the sweet breast of the beauty the image of sweetness) have in them the most enjoyable variety of visual beauty. That is quite possible for a young poet. Other poets of the period wrote poems with no such striking visual images though some of them like their forerunners tried.
Sensuous Image:

And for the poems rich in sensuous images, most of the poets in the period fall in the same group of the poets of love. This may be the most attractive of all the romantic images in our literature.

L.N. Bezbarua:

Bezbarua wrote his Privatama (beloved), Privatamar saundaurva (beauty of the beloved), Maina (darling in that name) and Prabasuar chithi (letter from one in a foreign land), to depict such sensuous images. The beauty of the first poem lies in the succession of images through which the loveliness of the beloved is suggested. It begins with

'Janamarepara suni ahi achho,
mukuta-malar katha;
kat powa yai,
kenekuwa vastu,
kintai nai powa dekha.'

(I have heard of the necklace of pearls since my birth where it can be found, how it is, but it is not seen). The next lines tell about that necklace as the poet called the beloved and she smiled at him and the real necklace of pearls was revealed. It was the beautiful line of teeth in her mouth.

Then he compared the lips of the beloved with the powalmani (coral-red), the cheeks with roses without thorns and his beloved is the very lotus so excellent blooming for day and night. She is to him 'premar putala chenah pratima' (a 'oil of love and image of affection). The next poem is more perfect in this field of imagery. He is not concerned with the physical
beauty only and its enchantment or praise. At the very beginning he deprecates it 'kelai lagichhe senduria gal? pharing premikar jui, kowabhaturia othar talat, phetisap thake sui.'

(what is the need of a cheek like vermilion? It is the fire for a grass-hopper. Under the red lips lies a cobra). This is a hyperbole indeed. Then he says of the eyes like a star twinkling; and the high flirtive breast soft as the cream, where Cupid slips, the lock of hair like cloud curled like sea-waves, hand like the stem of loto's inactive but only a tie to mad lovers, the sweet voice is the flute of a hunter to enchant. But all these are to him the sharpest weapons. So he wants no such beauty that steals away the heart and mind, but his choice is of a heart in which he will be full and forget his self. He wants such love that denies separate existence, and wants such drink of love that is eternal. So in every word about love or beloved, he has indicated the same sensuous image as is possible for a true lover. It may be the vision of the soul too. The climax can be 'pranai-madira diya enemok, chirakal raginer (give me that drink or wine of love that inflames the eternal fascination). In his poems, Maina, Tomakehe bhal pao maramar pakhi, we have heart-rending cry of the soul, pining for what is not. He is suffering from the disease of maina and it has no medicine to cure asto the meaning of the words 'bukut maina-rog' and 'darav nathaka rog' signify. He has not seen his maina and he does not know what it is but he feels it to be the image of his thought 'matra
I think you to be the very image of my thought). He weeps for it, ceaseless weeping makes his eyes bulge and loses his voice to call long, he is drying like straw to think for it. Yet it is not responding. So the cry for the impossible as the most of the romantic agonies imply, is here. The image is that of the words Shelley said in his *To a Skylark*:

'We look before and after, and pine for what is not. Our sincerest laughter with some pain is fraught';

the poet is restless for the heart's desire, his maina; but it is something unattainable or unknown. And so the assurance from his pure heart is there in the last lines of the poem.

In the second poem, there is the same image of one for whom he is fixed and all his world around is full of that very bird or Maramar pakhi. In all the aspects of nature or its bird like Keteki, flower, spring season etc. have no meaning to him. He wants only that only flower, the maramar pakhi 'tumi vine mor phul nai aan' (I have no other flower than you). He forgets all the world to think and feel for the sweetest desire. And in the *Pravasuar chithi*, we have the more restless state of a mind experiencing the yearnings for the distant relative or the nearest one as if to write to the poet. He is for his 'Priyatamar prem chithi ei pam' impatient and mad for the last three nights. But no such letter from her reached him on the 14th day of the full-moon. He thought to have the love-laden letter just on that moment of restless mind but all his hopes nipped in the bud as the full moon passed without any
letter. He feels the fullmoon no better than a new moon. His heart is like a volcano to be erupted soon. So he addressed her as 'Priyahe, tomar kathin chit' (my dearest, your heart is hard). He felt the night as a long age or year. And he wept for the whole night. All the elements of the nature are going on in the usual way— the Ashok blooms, the breezes blow, glow-worms glitter, the Cuckoo on the mango tree coos, dew-drops on the durba grass are seen. But his hopes went in vain. We have no indication in Bezbarua's poems of what fatal love can be as George Darley has in his 'The Loveliness of Love'. Beauty is to him illusive and so he says frankly in the beginning of the poem Prvatamar saundaurva. The image here is familiar to our imagination and it is also pure as it speaks of the love of youth and its frustrations along with the depreciation. The red lips painted with lipsticks, in them the venoms of a serpent, the lust or sex-appetite so well expressed on those lips and also the fear of tragic fall or consequences etc. all these are the mixture of finest ideas. To consider it from the point of feeling, thought, and the imagery it is his masterpiece in this very field of sensuous imagery.

C.K. Agarwala:

Then we come to C.K. Agarwala. Though very reticent and restrained his Madhuri (sweetness) has some fine touch of sensuous image. Kalidasa describes feminine beauty with conventional account and falls into the very danger of sensuous
engrossment and sometimes over elaboration. His descriptions of Sakuntala, the wife of the Yakṣa, Malavika, Parvati, Urwasi are interesting in the gallery of women. In canto V of the Kumarsambhava the anxious Uma, her poses have influences on our Agarwala to write in the same tone and spirit his own poem. He is successful to tell us of the sweet heart, her beauty, poses, smile, voice, high breasts, lock of hair, eyes, feet. May be, his Madhuri is conceived, in the form of Devi or Manavi, and everything is half-hidden from the eye or an illusion. Here lies the inquisitiveness and Lucy of Wordsworth is 'A violet by a mossy stone half-hidden from the eye'. 'Heard melodies are sweet but those unheard are sweeter' said Keats. If we consider the creation of the poet to be the imaginative beauty then also we have the eternal pursuit to see that exquisite beauty. And there is the divine discontent. We can't be satisfied so easily with what we receive. So it remains as half-hidden no doubt. The lines beginning with 'phuto ne nuphuto kai kumaria kaliti oth lajere bai michkai hanhiti' (the bud yet to be blown-on lips the smile with shame) and 'na yayau na tasthau aga-pichha bhariti' (the feet neither going nor staying) etc. are immortal creations by Agarwala.

H.C. Goswami:

Then we have H.C. Goswami, one of trinity of the Jonaki age. He is the first poet of love. We know it very well that behind every poet of this period there was some sweet-heart
or human beauty or imaginative one as the sole impulse to their love poems. They worshipped that beauty, praised her physical anatomy or all the beauty attributed to her. There were also the happiness of the union or the pang of separation too. Goswami has for the first time declared the freedom for the love poems. In his poem he sang the glory of love as English romantic poets could. He frankly said that he had received a letter from his beloved. It is his Prvatamar chithi (letter from the beloved). And it is full of sensuous feelings and images. On receipt of the letter he smelled the fragrance in it and also kissed it heartily. How erotic the sense may be to do that, he felt the letter to be very person of his beloved. He was not strong enough to avoid the mad passion in his heart. He was mad for love. He saw all the beauties of nature unveiling them at all the spots but nowhere he could see such pleasing beauty in any of the natural objects. What he could enjoy in the letter from his beloved was exceptional and nothing could carry what that letter had in it the sweetest honey or the most fragrant smell. Though the letters written in an ugly way as she writes a bad hand yet there is everything wanted by the poet, the lover. The aroma in it, the colourful description of the beauty and love in heart-winning way of writing with all the simplest words chosen by the expert hand of Goswami, have made the poem a unique one of its kind. Here we see the purest sensuous image of the very anxiety and satisfaction of a yearning for love.
The inner self of the poet is another image here. He is going to touch with all the earnest desire the apron covering the high flirtive breast of the beauty and then enjoy it, as he says in 'Saundaryar bukur kanchali undangai/prakritir chhonghar chalo pit pit' (removing the veil that covered the breast of beauty I saw the green-room of the nature one by one), but intention here is purely sensuous. Those experienced in such appeals or appetites can easily imagine how fine rapture is there. It is not so easy to express what exquisite delight can be obtained at such moments of the full satisfaction of the heart's desire either physical or aesthetic. Ecstatic delight is there. Our poet Goswami has such delight as he was so fortunate enough to approach the beauty. Then he compared his beloved's letter with the music of a poem carrying with it or sweet melodies inherent in it. To him no poem amuses so much as he finds them bereft of such song or melody. Moreover 'kavi nikunjat phuli kata kavita/malayat uti uti phure prithivite' (so many poems bloom or born in the garden of poets and float on the breeze on this earth), and again, his concluding lines sing the glory and immortality of the letter and its very enchantment. He says-

'phul phule sari yai sukae vanani/vasantar kunhi 
pat radat lele,
tomar chithiye priye jane ki mohini/nitau nohowa 
banee na na phul mele/hridayat heparar bhotatara jwale
(flowers bloom and fade away with forest,new leaves of the spring season dry up in the sun, what charm is in your letter that brings forth fresh and new flowers daily and I am so
anxious to see the Venus). His image leads us to the evergreen
garden of imaginative worlds of his own though physically we
have some regions in the topography of the world that remain
evergreen throughout the whole cycle of the year or time.
Goswami has another poem of such sensuous image. His Eti
kataksha (an askance) bears the same sentiment of pleasure and
pain at the unexpected side-glance in the eye of a beloved.
It can react in the mind of the lover like a sharp lance
thrown at him instead of a sweet soothing long look. The wound
in the heart of hearts for that askance hurled at by the sweet
heart is more painful than all the sharpest weapons can cause.
His other poems having such sense of image are Kako aru hiva
nibilao and Kakuti. But his masterpiece is Privatamar chithi.

P.N. Gohainbarua:
The next one in our subject is P.N. Gohainbarua but he
has no such sensuous image in any of his original poems. His
romantic attitude is not like that of C.K. Agarwala or Bezbarua.
So we have in his love poems the social and traditional mode
of conjugal life. There is the least fervour of Goswami's tone.
Yet his Dhopakali (the bud of Dhop tree) has some influence of
Goswami, and Prerana also proves that. Some lines like 'pra-
kritir phuli utha buku udiyai, adha alo adha chhant jeutir
khani pranbhari ahao yebe bar jolangai' (opening the high
breast of nature the store of beauty in half light and shadow
when I see through the wall) of the first poem and...
'saundaryar kanchali meli, jeutire kare keli, ulan vistari'
(opening the veil of beauty plays with light or glimpse, extending 'joy) in the second, tell us of Goswami's opening lines of the poem Privatamar chithi. But Gohainbarua is not so frank to say all about the beauty.

R.N. Choudhari:

R.N. Choudhari is one of the celibates among our poets of the period. And most of his poems are purely based on love of nature and its various aspects. Yet we may be led to think of some sensuous feeling found in some of them. His Sadari, Ketaki chharal, Gowahi ebar mor priva bihangini are about birds and the beauty of the spring season and he is not only self-forgotten for the pleasure obtained in them but also there is some lusty feeling of a lover too. 'Am the poem Heban weft: 'bizehichhe aha, kunja kananat, premika vasanta rani; ichchha hai, yen man-pakhi mor kare gun-gan nava vasantar, dio dugalat henguli bolar kumkum chandan san.'
(beloved queen Spring is moving in the garden; it is felt that my mind is to sing the glory of the spring, and desires to paint the cheeks with yellow hue of kumkum chandan). In the Ketaki charal he says -

'tomar sangite priye jane ki mohini, ashar padum pahi mare michikia hanhi, hridai vinat baje premar ragini.'

(what charm has in your song o my dearest, hopes enkindle in me and in my heart the tune of love begins). It may be about
The next one of those celibate poets in the period of the topic is Jatin Duara. He is one of the poets of love but the difficulty is to find out all his love-poems as he destroyed most of his poems on love. He was very shy of being known to others as a poet of sensuous feelings. Yet we can take up only a few of his poems collected in his Aponsur although it is not a variorum edition. His Tomalai, Tente, Milan, Maram bikhariilai, Sukhar sapon, Herowa sapon, Saponar sur, Chakulo, Pakhila, Atitak yoahe pahari etc. are to some extent sensuous in tone and imagery. He is a frustrated lover and all his poems tell us of that very state of mind in the poet. So it is very hard to find the free, frank words about his beloved or the ideal beauty. Thereby we have lost a fine portion of our love poems no doubt. No physical beauty of any form is praised or no such human figure is related in his poems. But the inner mind of the poet is clear from the very words or contents of those poems. In Tomalai (to you) he mentioned of one figure in whom he saw the sweetness of love. He says,

'Saponar pratham puwat sar pai uthilo yetia, dekhichilo tomar chhaviti jiwanat premar amiya.'

(at the dawn of dreams when I was awake I saw your figure that is the sap of life). He tried to taste it approaching nearer
and found it in his heart, 'kash chapi shilo yetia tumi pranar majat' (when I was nearer, you had been in my heart). But he was dreaming and in the reality none was there to love him. He wept for long and at the last moment of his life he wants to see her and the last line of the poem 'tumi mor pranar pratima' means that she is the very beauty he wants and says, 'you are my heart's desire or pratima'. The next poem Tente (then) has the same feeling of separation. In the lines-

'tente nowarim tomak seviva hiyar majat dhari,
yavanehe tumi chirakalalai mok ekabare eri ?

(then I shall not be able to serve you in my heart, will you go away from me forever?) have the fear of separation. He is on the sea-shore and like the waves of it he wants to end his life. He thinks it to be the last meeting with her. He is tired of the false hopes. He wanted to garland her with the wreath of Malati flowers. He says in despair:

'Apurna vasana thakil ashesh namil andhar ahi,
muphulil aru hridi phulanir premar kusum pahi.'

(so many desires remained unsatisfied, darkness prevailed, the flower of love could not bloom in the garden of my heart). It is purely a soul-wringing and heart-rending anguish of a lover. Milan (union) is about his desire to be united with the sweet-heart. He wants to favour his beloved with 'sansarar dhuli balli jokari ketiya lam mai tomak adari (when shall I entertain or embrace you cleaning all the worldly duats). Though not fully sensuous in tone we find here some burning desire that may be for the too much affection. He
wants to cross border of the land or fly beyond the land or time. And there is a cry for the Timeless too but the lines

'Erati-erati matho ebar bukat tuli lowa mok yatanere; jilikita gal mor natun puwat youvanar rangali rekhare.'

(only for a single night keep me on your breast and my cheeks will be red with the red hue of youth in the new morning) he wants such a touch that can invigorate him and regain his youth to enjoy all the colourful dreams no doubt. It is the eternal law of life to seek after the undying propensity of lust for life as the Gita says that our soul is deathless, eternal, it cannot be destroyed with the decaying body in the chapter II. So is our propensity, desire, lust for whatever it may be. It cannot die. Duara wanted to enjoy his youth only for a single night. And that is sufficient to prove his libido, sex-appeal if any or his utmost cherished desire. We donot know what he wanted but there is the same urge of sensuous something. He changed his mood in the last line of the poem. In Marambhikarilai (to the one seeking kindness) we see same despair for his love. An unrequited lover as he is there is none to sympathise him with compassionate heart not to speak of love. So it is an aftermath of frustrated love to say-

'etiyao bhaba saponpurir konoba kunwari ahi, tor antarar ashra musumar yatane melaba pahi.'

(yet you think that some fairy of the dreamland will come to you and the flower in your heart, of hopes will bloom). It seems that he had someone so dear to him that the poet
is still hopeful of his past. And there is the unforgettable thing the image of one he loved once. His Sukhar sapon (happy dream) tells us something more live. He begins it with 'Jiwan sarathi mor sukhar sapon kash eri neyaba dunai' (0 the support of my life, my dream, donot leave me again). As in the previous poem he says of the same dream-land and some fairy of that land as it is the very dream for which he lives. He cannot do without it. It is a sensuous feeling to hanker after a dream that may be a fairy as the next four lines of the poem tell. He cannot meet it and says- 'kata rati ujagare achho bat chai chenehar maladhari lai', (for many a sleepless night I am waiting for you with the wreath of love) and it is an impossible thing to meet a figure in dream as in our usual life. Again there is the same invitation to the beloved or the support to his life as in Milan,

'aha mor kashalai katowa ratiti, dukhiyar tokara panjat, chenehar chumatiye natun ashak jilikaba, natun premat'.

(come to me and spend the night in my wretched hut, the loving kiss will enkindle new hopes in the new morning). He is so hopeful and optimistic of a new life with his sweet-heart. He wants to live a new life against the will of the beloved. That is the tragedy. So the hope against hope is there and it is really a sensuous life or the life that gives value to it too much for his self. So he is a self-seeking man. The next stanza is more optimistic in tone, as he says;

'bajiba vinat mor ulah sangit jivanar sont ulatibam, akashi niyar dare saragar para devatatar ashish namiba.'
(an enthusiastic tune will be rung in my lyre, the flow of life will be back, blessings of god will come as the dew-drops from the heaven). He is pining for his youthful vigour to enjoy it again. He likes all the objects of nature and is ready to follow the happy dream that will lead him to the unknown path. In Herowa sapon we have the Manas Pratima of his dream in an opportune moment on the stream and he saw it as he wanted. He was full to see the endless flow of light and striking beauty in the world. He says,

'dekha dile saponar manas pratima dithakat kavir pranat, ananta alok rashi asim saundarya uthali uthil jagatat.'

The next few lines have the sensuous image as he says,

'hepanhere pratimak-bukure savati ulahat gale kata gan, othate lagai oth kavita raniye chenehar dile samidhan.'

(embracing the beauty with desire sang many a song in the delight, and she, the queen of poems kissed me to respond my love). He opened to his beloved all his heart and love. The happy news of their union was made known to all and he had the sun of love rise up on the shore of youth as he says 'seldina yauvanar sagar tirat pranayar arunadai'. But the sweetest dream was lost. Then he turned mad and wandered to find out the old memories that died down. On his path he met some other like that old familiar face in his last stage of life. She too enticed him and thought that the lost dream was found. But he was mistaken. The last lines of the poem are really the expression of a frustrated lover and there is the sensuous appeal again, like Browning's 'Last Ride Together';
(on the eve of the eternal pang of separation I own you and extend all my love in the heart). In the Saponar sur he is not happy to the transitory world as flowers fade away soon yet in the last lines there is a slight information about his sweet-heart—

'antarar prem-putaliye saponate cheneh yachiba--, dekha dekha sukhar sapon, sar pai kandiba laghiba.'

(the sweet-heart will love me in dream and on being awake we are to weep) as the dreams are meaningless and cannot be true to life. Yet he has such a hope for sensuous feeling for his beloved. In Chakulo (tears) he says of the old memories for his lost desire and there is a scene of some sensuous feeling and image of his union with the one he loved—

'milanar pon pratham chumati hiya abegere bhara, bhavar lahari cheneh chaneki ulah upachi para, ekhani vinat ekhani hiyvar eketi madhur tan, dhire bai aha hridai talir eke nijarat san.'

(with all the passions of heart the first kiss at the union and the feelings for love as the symbol with all the enthusiasm, the sweet tune of one heart in a lyre is like a bath in the same stream of love flowing slowly in the heart). In Pakhila (moth) he attributes himself as a moth to enjoy the sweet honey of fresh flowers or unopened buds. How the feeling and sense of the lines beginning with

'belir kiran sani uri akashat jagatai jeuti charao, mphula phular kali chumi sadarere saponar batari bilao.'

(I beautify the world with the rays of the sun flying in the
sky, kissing the unopened buds affectionately tell of the

dreams), here, speak of the inner self of the poet who feels
himself as a moth in this world to laugh happily in every
age. In 'Atitak yowaha pahari,' we have the reference to the
beauty he worshipped unknown to others as he says,

'garhichhila rangmane silar pratima,
pujichila dhup dhuna lai,
rakhichhila mandirar guput konat manuha chaku arkaai'.

(you made the image of the stone and worshipped burning resins
and incense, and kept it in the secret corner of the temple
unseen by others). Here the cherished beauty is mentioned
though he wants to forget his past as the poem means 'forget
the past'. He has none to say good-bye to him though he was
waiting for nothing for such a send-off. The sad past is in
reality the revenge of time and none can prevent it 'samayar
pratisodh, kone badha diba? jagatat akalsariya' (it is the
revenge of time, there is none to stop it, and you are alone
in this world). This is a shocking word to tell about his
loneliness in this wide world and it is for emotions so live
but the most painful image of such sadness lies in the next
poem. His Sunya parichai (symbol of nothingness) begins with
'mor ei hiyakhani jetuka patar dare sejuiya bananir baranere
dhaka; (my heart is covered with the green colour of weeds like
the jetuka leaves). The Jetuka leaf is a peculiar species of
its kind to show the live green colour outside but on press-
ing it we get the red blood-like sap out of it. The very heart
of the poet is also like that leaf of Jetuka. Outwardly it is
love, bright but inwardly fully dead. It is a sign of the smiling depression. So the image here tells us of his sensitive mind. But he is concluding with the painful words about the fatal blow in the next poem Aji mok yowane pahari (forget me to-day). "jiwanatya yauvanar premar sapon ebar lukai yadi aru dekha nidiye dunai; (the dream of love in youth once lost is lost forever). Youthful dreams are so colourful and that of love is more live to the poet. And like the sensitive plant our poet is in a trance due to unfulfilment of the desires. Yet he is pining for his Manaspratima, beauty of his own and it is a true sensuous image in most of his poems though in a refined and reticent tone.

A.G. Raichoudhuri:

Though mixed up with mysticism the sensuous image in A.G. Raichoudhuri’s poems Tumi and Beena is enjoyable. A poet of love Raichoudhuri is enchanted with the sensuous beauty of his sweet-heart. So the sensuous imagery is at its best in his hands though it is interpreted otherwise. He begins his Tumi (You) thus ‘tumi lajar rangali abha gabharur golapi galat; (you are the red glimpse for shame in the rosy cheek of a young girl). It is a long sensuous description of his love and its beauty in various ways as is possible for the deepest and the most emotional poet of love. Here we find the creation of all the colourful beauties that may be imagined by our senses, enjoyed and be mad for the same. A young poet
of love may easily lose his mental equilibrium too. He may be restless. And Raichoudhuri is not an exception. He was mad, restless, unhappy to lose his sweet-heart in the moment he saw her as the most pleasing one for his ideal beauty. He was not prepared for such a catastrophe and the greatest tragedy in life. And there was no alternative but to end his life to avoid it. He once thought to suicide but firm determination diverted his cowardice and then was an active worker in the freedom movement. So he valued the love of the country neglecting all the beauty in the person of his beloved. But the words from his beloved in the last moment of their meeting were not made known to us. To him she was the queen of beauty, that could not be compared with others. The inspiration of his poems *Tumi* and *Beena* is that queen of beauty. So *Tumi* is the truest expression of the enchanted emotions of love for that beauty. The long poem is divided into seven sections like the spectrum. It is a long history of the sensuous feelings in the innermost world of the lover- the conception of beauty in each and every limb of the body of the beloved as the live passions and emotions all the moments could imagine and wanted to enjoy or could be enjoyed. He is not failing to paint in full bright colour every image of beautiful and the most attractive lines of beauty he saw and enjoyed. We are led to think of his pure love for which he could taste all as the senses can- the sense of sight, the sense of touch, the sense of smell, the sense taste all are satisfied here. Actually it is the young lover
in the poet full of the finest and accurate conception of the exquisite beauty in one aspect and the full hearty embellishment of that very beauty leaving nothing - not a single speck of the specious beauty remained untouched by this expert hand and the imaginative ways of enjoyments of love as is possible for those free hearts. To mention the long list of the beauty-spots of the beloved will cover a large portion of our discourse but we cannot leave them untouched. He begins with the rosy cheeks of the maiden, then the arms, lips, an askance look in the eyes like a lotus, desire for a kiss, the image of savour and the sweet soft breast, soothing smile in the sweet face, the throbbing of the emotional heart, anxious search after a luxuriant one by one mad for luxury, in every pose the flow of beauty, the anxious heart of a distant lover for hopes, the most delicious thing on the lips of the beloved, offering the breast willing to meet the mind of a youth with his secret desires felt by her, on being kissed by the lover the offended cheek of the beloved, on the high breast the falling apron, the heart kept in happiness of the mind to the lover, the beads of sweat on the rosy cheeks enchanting him with the flowing beauty, the restless pair of eyes wistful for an embrace, the mad lover embracing his beloved, the beautiful girl at the mirror to see her own beauty and laugh, the beauty of the beloved on tearing the girdle, the eyes under the veil in a fix to look or not, the half-opened stage of a bud in the girl on the eve of her attaining puberty, an incomplete song
of separation or the talk of union, the rhythm of the beautiful girl in front of the handsome one etc. all attributed to his Tumi or God. God is in all the forms of attractive beauty to his sense of sight, taste, touch and smell. And all this we get in the first section of the poem. Other sections are not rich in sensuous image as he tried to raise and install them on a high pedestal. The images of sex-appeal for the heartening beauty that thrills the mind are significant creations of a perfect genius like Raichoudhuri. The very expression is so sweet and attractive for the ideas and language giving us a poetical image in full. The most excellent lines of this section are—

"tumi lajar rangali abha
  gabharur golapi galat;
tumi santir jirani khini,
  chenehir bahur talat;
tumi chumare upachi utha,
  laharir rangachuwa oth."

(you are the red lustre on the rosy cheeks of the young girl for shame; you are the peace of rest under the arms of the darling, you are red lips of the beloved full in kisses),

"tumi suwadi kataksa eti,
  sundarir padumi chakut."

(you are sweet glance or askance in the lotus-like eye of the beauty),

"tumi rasar pratima khani,
  sundarir rasal bukat;
tumi michikia hanhikhini,
  premikar madhur mukhat."

(you are the image of savour on the sweet breast of the beauty; you are the winning smile on the sweet face of the beloved).
"tumi bilasi vichari phura vilasini biyakul hai,
tumi khojepati sundarir saundaryar sont para bai."
(you are in search for a luxuriant like you, your are the
grace in every step of the beauty), "tumi duranir premikar
hepanhar vyagra hiyakhani" (you are anxious heart of a distant
lover),

"tumi nitambini sadarir nitambā-chumbita sulikochha,
dekhuwai antarat atriptir mahachitra racha."
(you are the lock of hair touching the hip and showing it
create great discontent),

"tumi dekar pranat thaka gupāhepanh buji pai;
milan baliya buku eri diya ochar chapai."
(you offer your breast willing to meet the youth with his
secret desire known to you), "tumi premikar chuma pai rohpata
adadir gal, (you are the cheek of the darling offended after
a kiss from the lover),

"tumi adha khaha rihakhani sundarir uthanga bukat,
tumi premikak sapi diya prankhani pranar sukhat."
(you are the half fallen apron on the high breast of the
beauty, you are the heart kept in happiness of mind to the
lover),

"tumigolapi galat sobha sari sari mukutar gham,
biyakul kari mok sushama dhalichha abiram."
(you are the shining bead of sweat on the rosy cheeks making
me restless for the endless beauty),

"tumi chanchal eyuri chaku alingan bichari bichari,
tumi gabhir dhyanat bahi pami yowa premar pujari."
(you are the pair of eyes willing to embrace, you are the wor-
shipper of love united with it in deep meditation),
"tumi dapon agat lai chai chai apon madhuri,
michiki michiki hanhi mugdha howa rupahi lahari."
(you are the beautiful girl sitting at the mirror to see your
own beauty and laugh on being enchanted by it), "tumi kalpanat
khela mor premkhela bagari bagari" (you are the imaginative
play of my love, rolling on),

"tumi chaone nechao kai chakuyuri orani anrat;
tumi hanhone nehanhokai mukhani oloma premat."
(you are the eyes under the veil in a fix to look, you are
the mouth blown for love to smile or not), "tumi dione nidikai
mataliyamilan-engit; (you are beckon for the union awaited not
so clear); "tumi sundarar samukhat sundarir mitha lailash"
(you are the rhythm of the beauty in front of the beautiful).

And there are so many lines in the same tone and spirit to
tell us all about the beloved and her beauty from her head to
feet. But it is doubtful whether the images are enjoyable to
our senses. And his way of describing the physical beauty of
the beloved is not so refined in places and that is probably
for the sensuous appeal in his loving mind forgetting what
others may think of him for such free and frank words. Here
we donot find the influence of our classical literature as
there is no simile or metaphor borrowed from any of the
ancients. So his originality in creation of the images to
embellish the ideal physical beauty of his sweet-heart is
there. We are proud for such a treasure in our literature
from one in deep love for his choicest one. His Seena is one
of best creations in our romantic poetry considering glimpse
of ideas, pitch of melody, the colourful description. It is the concluding portion of the long poem Tumi as all the appeal in it is like the tone of the endless waves on the ocean and it is centered round the proud young girl. Here we hear the heart-rending tone so intensified to search after the lost desire just on being shocked. Packed with the same sensuous images, this long poem is also the love episode of the first part of his youth, as in the former. He says,

"sunibane katha eti mor?
hiya-mandirat mor,
kiman khotali saji thare thare virahar vichitra
rangere raji,
sital seteli pati rakhichho kiman,
gai-bai kiba-kibi rasbhara gan,
yikhanate bhal powa tate shi bahi lowa,
prem-ashrudhali dhandh dhuim padhiani;
hiyabhara vedanar kathakiti kai,
ananda rasat tate maji ram mai."

(will you hear me? in the temple of my heart so many rooms are made and they are painted in variety of colour, cool beds are there, I sang some sweet songs,- and whichever you like be seated on it. I shall wash your feet shedding tears of love; and then speak out my heart's anguish to feel myself happy). Like Jaidev he is ready to please his beloved in the moment of angry mood. How sensuous he could be even to touch her feet and wash them with tears. Even Lord Krishna did that to please Radha. So the image here is fully for fleshy desires. Then again,

"shhiba shiba buli rakhichho duar khuli,
mor hiya bhanga ranga remu,
birahat pari chatiphuti kari,
achhe bai betha benu,
ash ale bukut sabati tarei rajim mohini dukhan gal,
sel rup chai sata janamar yatana jurai jinim kal."

(the door is kept open waiting for you with my broken red heart in pang of separation singing on the sad lyre, on her arrival I shall paint with that red powder of the broken heart the charming cheeks and to see that beauty I will outlive the agonies of the past lives). This is also the sensuous image of a heart pining for what is not to him. He is to think of the past recollecting all and wishes to meet her again and says,

"tumi nopowane mok chini?
baru achnane manat thanir sei,
premat majowa katha,
ekhan patite duo etar hai achnilo duo jute gantha,
mok kiyano nopowa chini?"

(Do you not recognise me? do you remember that love-smitten word, lying on the same bed as one in union, do you not know me?). He cannot forget her and invites her heartily to come and unite with him in his world—

"alekh jiwan bagari bagari,
asimar buku phali chur kar;
madhuri sushama butali butali,
rakhichho sajai mor hiyatal;
aha aha priya ei samayat maji thako duo maha milanat."

(after so many births piercing through the infinity I have stolen the sweet beauty picking up to decorate my heart, Come my beloved, at this opportunity moment to enjoy the noble union). But he is not expecting the eternal bliss to meet her only for a small hour. Yet the instant of their chance-meeting is sufficient to pacify his heart, burnt in agony. As in the former poem he again says,
"gotel mukhani mok nalage dekhaba,  
gotei madhurikhini nalage phulaba;  
tenai pohar kari nalage ahiba,  
tenei Khalak tuli nalage hanhiba."

(I donot want to see the whole face, donot exhibit the full glamour, donot come with all brightness, donot laugh loudly).

The pride in her made the poet think of his odd way of approaching her as a low, worst one to hanker after her beauty. Then he was ready to fight against her and so challenged her to try his strength that is centered round her. How sensuous the image here to expose his childish manner and attitude could be as a true lover. He has every fear of losing very image of his beloved and he questioned himself and again searched in his own heart for the same. He says,

"hiyar tarap atletikai kiman chhalere meli meli mai,  
mani mani chalo katadin kijaniba nuumti tat thabi  
maro mihate tomak;  
kintu tat, anui anui tar aphuranta ras madhuri apar,  
phuli jwali sushama asim ugarichhe saundarya prapat  
dekhi mai akul abak."

(I scrutinished all the membranes of my heart, in so many tests one by one and for many a day as if you were not there and think of you for nothing but in each of the cells or atoms there is the endless beauty, the infinite beauty is in full bloom and is overpouring it. I am struck dumb and anxious to see it). He was satisfied for the moment. That is sensuous indeed. We see the lust for life in him as in Keats or Khalil Zibramn there is the same discontent. We see Dante and R.M. Rilke otherwise in this matter of love fully satisfied with something other-worldly magic of vast infinity or spiritual
beauty. But in our Raichoudhuri we see the same restless state of mind as most of the romantic poets have. So we see in his poems sensuous yearning of the love and beauty. The source of this poem Beena is that restless search after that beauty, in different ways. But it is fruitless. And to pine for and pursue after the impossibility is at the root of all the great romantic poetry. Both this Tumi and Beena have fully related the long personal history of the inner world of the poet of love. It is not an exceptional one considering all the love-smitten works of such poets. Next we come over the poems of S.K. Bhuyan, Nalinibala Devi. But they are not rich in sensuous image. N. Devi raised the feeling to a higher reality.

R.K. Barkakati:

Most of the poems by R.K. Barkakati are about love and it is completely human. As in other poems of love there are the same passions, emotions, feelings, yearning for union, the happiness of that union, the pang of separation etc. To every human being a moment may come to praise only a single pair of eyes among the hundreds of thousands. It is intuitive and natural. That may be the love at first sight. Dante had such experience. Our poet Barkakati writes, "mane yak chine chakue chinai seihne habala tomar chakut eman mau?" (what the mind knows is known by eyes, so there is so much sweetness in your eyes?) in his Si Duti Chaku (those two eyes). Again,
"sakalo chakute naito ullas sakalo tarare sobha nabhat sau;
naito amiya sakalo othane pare yi tuliba duti paranat eketi chau."

(there is no enthusiasm in all eyes and all the stars in the sky are not equally bright, we cannot feel all the lips full of honey to create the same wave in two hearts). He is then conquered by those eyes and the two hearts unite in no time like an electromagnetic effect. He says in the poem Kshantek (moment),

"kshantek mathon hai chakm chowa-chui,
pran-man hai yowseak, guchi dui."

(only a glance or moment to look and be united in one heart and soul, forgetting the two). The most helpful thing in his Sawali (a kind of flower), a collection of 80 poems, is the date of composition i.e., the year put at the end of some of them, though the poems are not in the chronological order. The earlier one i.e., Tetiya (then), tells us of his calm and quiet life but unknowingly someone came to him and sang a song which acted as the lightning and his mind was moved. He lost his mental peace as if in a qualm. He began,

"nachhil dhumuha nachhil batah abhul thir,
tetiya jiwan mridul madhur bayut dhlr."

(there was no storm or tempest, no wind, it was calm, then the life was in calm breeze). But suddenly the atmosphere changed,

"enstei tumi udila ye hanhi,
karpata yen batahated bhahi
karpata kiya najanakai galahi gan?
akasmat kiya bijuli mari kapala pran?"
(at that moment you came to me smiling as if flying in wind so unknowingly and sang to me; suddenly like the lightning you shook me. But why?). He was not a youth then and his mind was like pacific ocean or calm sea, no tide was there but on seeing his beloved he was restless for the violent waves in his mind. It was like the moon to make him dance in flirtive mood in the mind to enjoy the playful moments in laughing, dancing on being influenced and moved by the beauty. But suddenly it disappeared and stole away his mind. He lost his dream-figure but could not resist his mind to regain it somehow as a senseless one. He lost everything deluded by his own mistake and lost the sense of sight. It was darkness to him. Thus he exposed his youthful love enkindled in the next poem Ashantek composed a year later in 1911. The heart and mind were then united as one. The image is purely sensuous. The sensuous feeling in Yadi (if), and Téo (yet) are most pleasing like a folk-song speaking of the heart's desire to meet the sweet-heart at any moment in any form. His sensuous feeling makes him forget his masculinity too as he wants to change the role of enjoying hearts. How intense the lusty desire is there to sing like the pagan in the vast open field of his pastoral life. In the first-

"yadi tumi howhale padum eph,  
mái yadi rib rib malaya batāh;  
dhīre dhīre gai dhari chākutī thudāi,  
kariloheten sneh sata chuma khai."

(had you been lotus and myself the light breeze then I could have loved you kissing for hundred times after shutting your
eyes and so slowly). But in the second poem he wants to be a lotus to be kissed by his beloved as the breeze in turn,

"baru, mai hao yadi padum epah,
tumio ebar ahi sata chuma khowa yadi;
hai baru rib rib malaya batah,
palabane teo lava pranar nepah?"

(if I be a lotus you too come and kiss me a hundred kisses as the soft breeze, will your heart be contented then?). Similarly he wants the beloved to be a lily and himself the moon-light to embrace in love and laugh in the first poem and then in the turn he wants to be a lily to satisfy her in the form of the moon, but yet, he is in doubt of full satisfaction. In Padin she vai (two days come and go) he tells us of the transitory game of love like the play with dusts or a house of cards, yet his heart so anxiously is yearning for love and fame. Here we have no keen sense of the feeling that embodied in full view in his Viswaharan (elopement of the universe) written in 1914. It is a quick process indeed to see the epitome of beauty or the quintessence of beauty here in order to tell about his maturing love of beauty, and nature now transformed to a human being. It is now purely sensuous and image here is also sensuous. Nature is no more attractive to him as in the past, he forgets all its beauty. He says,

"yidin hante chaku chat mari tumi ujalila mor,
sei din dhari yen nila hari tilletkai sakalobor."

(on the very day you were glittering my love, blazing or charming my eyes from that very day you had been robbing all of them). Nothing in nature was pleasing to him. Actually all
the pleasing aspects of natural beauty were then could be seen in a single point - the very person of the beloved, "tiltilkai harila viswa, tilottama hai karila nihsva," (you have robbed the universe or world slowly, you became Tilottama or the most beautiful making it or the world worst.)

His point of attraction was thus diverted to her as she swept away all the beauty of the moon, the sky, the wind, the river, the flower, and the sun too. How could it be possible for him to endure the distressed state of the world? All he wanted now can be found and enjoyed in the same person of his beloved. So he is full. All his desires are satisfied now.

The meaning of the poem is the loss of the world by the poet or the lover and won by the beauty or the beloved, he is lost in her. It is really a fact that one may lose his all for love, beauty and kingdom. Yet there is the same divine discontent as Vidyapati said that for lakhs of ages he kept the beloved at his closest touch yet the very desire of the heart was not satiated. And R. Browning also sighed in the same way 'Only I discern/Infinite passion and the pain of finite hearts that yearn.' (Two in the Campagna-xii). The same image is seen in his Tomar Parash (your touch) written in 1919. He says,

"pulakhbara chandr gan nalage mor siman bhal, sakalo chandr ganar gan tomar matat pao yi tal."

(I do not like so much the gay songs of birds; in your voice I find such tone or rhythm as is the song of all these songs of birds). Her eyes are more bright than the stars, even no
such flower blooms to make the earth new in a spring season
as her touch like that of electricity made his youth restless.
It is so sensuous. But those poems Tumi and Atmar Milan, Čār
Milan have the burning will to win the sweet-heart. In the
first he is not sure of the right path to run after the desire
as it seems to him to be the lightning flash, waves of the
sea, fragrance of a flower, cooing of a cuckoo, or the indica-
tion of his heart roaming outside or the eternal longing
mixed with the wind of the spring flaring high up in the sky.
He cannot catch it. The same unintelligible question is in the
third, it is so clear a heart willing to unite with beloved
but illusions are misguiding him and cannot meet. And so his each
limb is wailing for these in her, the physical union wants the
mental oneness too. The live sensuous image is here. The same
old tone of Chandidas is seen in our poet, in the second poem.

"atmai milibakhojamor/tomar atmare/noware dariba lag,
ghane mayai agure;
Seihe kande mor prati anga tava prati angalai."

(the soul is me wants to meet yours but cannot only for the
illusions, and therefore every organ is crying for the same in
you). He is restless no doubt. The strongest urge of his sense
is in these poems and therefore the images are sensuous. In
another poem Upahar (presentation) he wants to please his
sweet-heart presenting his own red heart that is zed only to
hanker after her. Yet he is not sure of her love and like
Sakuntala she indicates in her poses to look at him indirectly
from a distance, or in her full breast and smiling lips, eyes
to be caught in a glance, and to write something with the toe on the earth. He is to fly up in the sky that is not in easy reach in such a state of uncertainty, as his poem Frasna (question) tells us. But he has his elixir of life as her eyes seem to him. Those eyes like that of a deer are so cherished that it is for his thirsty heart the paradise and like a butterfly he wants to die buzzing for those charming eyes rich in lusty lusture.

G. Gogoi:

As a poet of love Ganesh Gogoi is in the same company of Duara, Barkakati and Devakanta Barua, Main theme of his poems is love and so he is fully immersed in the thought of love and emotional sense-appeals to offer and worship the beauty in the temple of love. He is free and frank like ultra-modern poets of love. Strong passions, deep faith and hopes in him are found instead of despair and doubt. He is pleased to see his love, inner beauty reflected in the outer world of nature and so he says,

"sei din bhabichhilo hengulia arunar satoti rangere mor priyak sajai,
    kamal banarpara rangabaga padumar parag papari ani
dim opachai;
phulere sajim tari phulere tarim pal phular hatate
    dim phularei batha,
phular pahite bahi phulanite phul chuhi melim ananta
    man phulephule gatha.

(That day I thought to adore my beloved with the seven colour of the sun and the red and white petals of lotus found in the lotus garden in plenty, I shall build a boat of flowers, its
sail and pars made of flowers and then sitting on the petals of the flowers, sucking flower in the garden, keep open my wide mind full of flowers or so flowery). Really his inner world is so flowery as the very word 'phul' is used for nine times here. Beauty of anything is related to love. It is lover’s gift. So Gogol is in the same mood of Barkakati either in beautifying his beloved or in the pang of separation too. But the pleasing side of love excellently depicted by Gogol, who knows very well to do so, is unique. He has in his poem Rupiyoti (glimpse of beauty) the fine description of the charming physical beauty of the beloved. It is, not only emotional but also full of thoughtful exquisite images mixed with it. How the anatomy of the beloved is highly praised in so soft and lucid words like—

"jali kata rihaei dhakile ki haba sakhi pahi meli phuli aha padumar kali?
abegar ba lagi nuribane renu tar, nahibane kash chapi matala ahi;
kenda-son-barania tomar lawanu tanu dahibata khamiare noware dhakiba,
biringi biringi sakhi manoramrup-rekha jonaki paruwa hai jiliki ahi;
orani talat thai adharar rahghara mohlaga mukutak nowara rakhiba;
nilajisamire sakhi orani guchai lai kamania kamalir kavita gathiba.

(what is the use of covering the budding lotus-bud with the apron riha? on being touched by the emotions will not its pollens fly and come to it the excited butterflies? Your body is like cream and raw gold in hue, it cannot be hidden under an embroidered cloth or khania, its charming lustre will
pervade the apron and will glow like a glow-worm. You cannot keep under the veil the enticing beads on the sweet lips, the shameless wind will remove it and make a poem of the charming lotuses. The lotus blooming in the heart's lake of the love as described by the poet reminds us of the eternal truth that the fragrant pollens fly just when a flower is in full bloom. Beauty is self-exposing. Bud of a lotus, the budding beauty of a young girl are the eternal points of attraction for poets to wonder, and feel happy or delighted in the heart of hearts for the rays of the cup of gold at the top of the temple of love. How keen the sense of sight or taste is here to enjoy beauty. Barkakati has his Tilottama in name without the touch of the finest lines on the body of the beauty but here we have the most attractive and selected lines. None can avoid them. His Asirbad (blessing) has the strong desire to be united with his love and the image is sensuous. He says, "dine, kshane, anukshane bane bane upbane eketi thopate thak duti man phuli, dhyane, jnane abhiyane dane, gane, abhimane dutipran eti hai uthak ujwali."

(daily in its minutes and moments, in forests and gardens let the two minds rest in one and the same stalk blooming, in meditation, knowledge, expedition, gift, song or pride let the two hearts shine in union). And another poem Pratiksha (expectation) he concludes with-

"saponar manorama manasi kamala pratyakhat aji lakshya murtimati hal, jahnabir rupdhari prem-mandirat tomake pujim buli pratikshat ral."
D.K. Barua:

He is also a poet of love. His is purely objective like that of Gogoi. In his Sagar Dakshintha (have you seen the sea or ocean?) we have the sensuous images to tell about the youth love and woman like others to praise the physical beauty of the beloved, yearnings for union with her, the fear of separation and also the pang of separation. His Manorama is so loving a figure as he has painted her with all the gay and bright colours of his cups filled with so many pleasing paints. His montage is of the same order as Gogoi's. He says,

"chakut tomar saponar maya mukhat jonar vimal chha, nishahat yen kamal ghahar surabhire pur mridul ba."

(in your eyes is the illusion of dream, on your mouth the shadow of the moon, and you exhale the fragrance of soft grasses like breeze). Her black lock of hair has the colour of the dark night of the new moon and its beauty, her voice is enchanting as taught by love? her laugh makes the Kalang dance with the flowering hyacinths. So we see here the regional
landscape like his Manorama. Then he speaks of the fingers like lotus-stems. And there is no new thing. Yet it is a sensuous image. In In Ranga ati Karavir phul (a red Karavi flower) he has expressed his mind as in the tone of Chandidas

"tumi mok nakaba ekoke, ekoke nakao mayo duyo matho duyolake chal, chaknr bhashare kam antarar sanchi thowa katha, yi katha kako kowa nai."

(Do not tell me anything, I too shall not, both of us will look at one another and will tell in the language of the eyes all that is kept secret in the heart not said so long to anybody.) And the particular language of the eyes is most significant and fully sensuous. None knows the meaning save those in deep love. In the Asarthak (fruitless) he sees Manorama as Barkakati saw his Tilottama,

"bhal pao kiya mai, kimte bujam hera, bhal pao kiyano tomak, sristir madhuri-rasi, jiwano mau-koh achhe dekhi lukai tomate?"

(Why I love I cannot make you understand my love, and why I love only you, is it for all the beauty of creation or sap of life embodied in you?). Last lines of the poem are more expressive of a sensuous image as he says,

"phulichha padum duti, othate lagai oth manorama, tumi aru mai, amio lereli yam? asarthak priti mor? pap matho ei chuma-chumgi? ki karim hak pap, kshati mai, mai pam swarga tate tumi raba tumi."

(Manorama, we are two lotuses blooming on in closest touch you and I, are we to fade out? my love is fruitless? is it a
sin to kiss? I am helpless, let it be so and I donot mind, I have my heaven there, you will remain pure). The fear of separation is here and it indicates the inner feeling of the poet so anxious to see their union everlasting. It is an eternal law to punish thousands of lovers by those jealous gods and so this fear of separation is more explicit in his Kalang parat majnisha (midnight on the Kalang) just on the eve of the marriage of his beloved with someone. He knows that she will forget him to lead a new life yet he hopes that she will remember him if perchance someday she sits under that Bakul tree the fragrance of its flowers may cause uneasiness. How sensuous the feeling is here as it is very hard thing to forget his beloved. It is an eternal pain.

Abstract Image:

Then we come to abstract images. All creations of poets fall in that category as nothing concrete can be had from their outputs; however the image may be vivid and we think it as concrete. Our C.K. Agarwala has his first poem Pratima (image). It is an abstract image. The poet is not in a position to expose his mind for want of the appropriate words 'hridayar mandirat lukuwa pratima bhasha nai kirupe bujao' (How to express my inner beauty hidden in the example of my heart), and the same inability is expressed by D.K. Barua in his Aprakash (unexpressed) supporting R. Browning's words "The petty done and undone vast". Barua says, "sristir dinare-
(since the day of creation so many expressions of beauty are mere a drop in the vast, unexpressed ocean of beauty). Most of our inner feelings remain unexpressed as the abstract ideas. Bezbarua has no such image in his poems, but his Awasesh (end, last), Banhi (flute) written as song have some abstract idea. In the first he means the transitory things like the flower, moon, the lyre, a beautiful girl, our hopes and desires, the riches etc. but the fragrance of a flower, the soothing beam of the moon, the tune of a lyre, the glories of a man remain. They are eternal as he begins "phulil malati, phuli sari pari gal/bilowa saurabh matra jagatar ral" (the Malati flower bloomed and faded away only its fragrance remained in the world). In the other poem he means the tune of the flute is nothing but the life and its different aspects. It may be about our happiness, distress, our laughter and cry, one and only one God, end of the soul in the Great soul or Almighty. He says "mor eketi surat banhitii bandha, eketi mathon mat" (only in one tune my flute is made and it has only one voice), the meaning is not clear. It may be usual symbol of love or of the least significant life, but the ending of the poem is so hopeful "anta anantar majat asan,/ banhitit baje atmahilopan, suha he suha he amrit-santan,/ atma paramatmat". (the seat is between the end and endless,
the flute sings about the union of the soul with the Great soul, 0 son of immortal). And he leads us to think of the span of life here and also of its immortality. So the images are abstract, or philosophical. R.N. Choudhuri has no such important abstract image in his poems. But he has every attempt to pacify his agonies of the heart like age in his tanovan and its peaceful surrounding with all the gifts of nature. He wants a pure atmosphere for this and to write about a flower he himself feels a flower. Such instances are in the Sanskrit and English poetry also. Kalidasa wrote how the wife of Yaksha was offered a Kutaja flower only to pacify his pang of separation in the Meghduta. Wordsworth had the peace of mind amidst nature as he wrote in Tintern Abbey. A flower may be a symbol of happiness or sorrow in different moods of the mind. Choudhari has such abstract ideas in "sugandhi rahansana saundarya pratima prakritir nandan banat/maratar sobharasi ekelage yen sarajile bidhi nijanat" (the image of beauty with the hue of scents in the paradise of nature as if the creator has made it with all the beauties of this world at this lonely place) to see a lily in its bud, in Bhetkali, and it is really the innermost feeling of the poet to enjoy such beauty. In Bibhuti (riches) he says, "phulil hiyat mor lakhe lakhe phulparimal gandhe surabhita" (lakhs of flowers bloomed in my heart with the fragrant pollens). Here also we have the fine idea of his flowery heart and mind. And the image is purely abstract as none can see into his heart.
Next we have Duara and his Omartirtha (holy Omar) a translation of the Rubayyats of Omar Khayyam. It is full of difficult images and most of them are abstract. There is so live an image of the dawn and the sun-rise with all the glittering rays to awake the world asleep. But what Omar wanted to know could hardly be satisfactory as the beginning and end of the creation is a riddle to all the philosophers. This is a fruitless attempt to know the Infinite. Most probably the poet was hopeful of a new life as lakhs of flowers bloom at dawn only to fade away along with the course of the day. None can avoid death the leveller. So he says,

"piyalati mor dharahi mukhat ana pransakha samai nai, 
pakhi meli sau jiwan pakhiti anantar pine uri ye yal."

(hold the cup my dear, time is short, life like a bird is flying to the infinity). The world is mere an inn. We come and rest for a while. So we have the abstract feeling like a search for a black cat in the dark room. Sufism influenced the poet as there is the word "piyala" or cup of wine (symbol of devotion). We are easy preys to the cruel Time or destiny. So the images are mainly abstract. In many of the love poems of the period we see the fine description of the physical beauty of the beloved and the burning desire for the union but in the poems of Duara we have the other-worldly destination just after the frustration, and his Apon sur gives us the various abstract images on that journey all alone in the wide world as he says,

"akale apon mane bahi miralat racho mai nijanar gan, 
sangihin bihagir akul surat akasat bhanhi uthe tan."
(I compose the song of the loneliness sitting alone in the solitude, the sky is resounded with the earnest tune of the lonely bird). He lost his heart's desire and is now rehearsing the same old song of his love though it is of no gain. We cannot look into the very sad heart of the poet and his heartrending anguish but there is a fine picture of his eternal loss and the image is there in every word. It is like a swan-song.

A.G. Raichoudhuri stands at the antipode of Duara, specially in the field of the love poems. Rai Choudhuri is free and frank to tell others about his love and his Tumi is a fine exhibition of his inner world. The subject-matter of it is purely objective though there may be some touch of mysticism. And only for that we are to search after the abstract images as he wrote in the preface to the same thus "I cannot say what has come out of my mind; but I know it well that the love in the first part of my life flowing in diverse way passed through the generous beauty of nature in the same sympathy and emotions avoiding all the passions for separation and pride to mingle with the infinite." That was 1910.

At 26 years of his age he was so mad to meet the both ends of his busy life—the call of the nation as his youthful vigour could afford, was attended along with the love to his sweetheart as the sole force to his activities. That is a hard thing on the part of a patriot to be too keen in the selfish desire for his self, neglecting all the people in the country. So he has depicted the union of his heart with the sweetest desire
Tumi. That image is really abstract in all his lines. His beauty is raised to the level of the Highest Good, the most beautiful. We find it difficult to understand how it could be possible for a loved one then forgotten totally in view of the bright beauty attributed to some other, outside this world he lives in. But that was practicable only for the pride and social distances between them. The burning desire for a sweet union was nipped in the bud and so it was an easy alternative to him then to cry for all possible helps in his distress and the sole support was none other than the highest bliss, it may the mystic faith or other-worldliness. The abstract world is not described by the poet but the excellent beauty he had so well imagined in the very person of his beloved is a unique and soothing one to please him and thus ameliorate all his pains of suffering for the greatest loss. At last arrived at the last resort to his life "mor sate gathi dichha antahin viswar prangan" (you've united me the endless field of the universe), and again, he says, "tumi ananta premar khani kshudra mor hridayat gatha" (you are the abode of infinite love mingled with my small heart). That life of a mystic cannot be imagined so well by others like us as the very bliss is unattainable to us. We may approach it with some assumptions but the mystic knows it and the full vision of that region is vivid to him. So that very imaginary world is pictured by the poet in his concluding portion of the long poem. It is a region of the imaginative feelings so delightful to
the deepest thought of the traveller in that region. To others it is quite abstract an idea. Raichodhuri remembered his beauty in praising heartily "more generous than the sky, more bright than the light, more pure than love, more soft that devotion, more deep than a principle is the very beauty of that beloved to brighten my heart or inner-world, to that very loving one's feet all my offerings with love" in the page dedicated to her his second work *Beena*. It is a mysterious thing to readers. In those words we see the union of the sky with the earth. And in the one and the same person so much generosity, purity, softness and depth are also attributed. That is not the beloved but the beauty itself, or the Supreme Beauty. Here the sensuous love is transformed into the spiritual, divine love. He also wrote, "Nothing has found place here save the small trickles of the sea of thought escaping out of the heart that is pressed from all sides of this wide world's blows." The abstract image in -

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hiyar tarap eti etikai, kiman chhalere melimeli mai,
mani mani chalo katadin kijaniba nai tumi tat;
bhabi maro michhate tomak;
kintu tat, anui anui tar,
apfuranta ras madhuri apar,
phuli jvai sushama asim,
ugarichhe saundarya prapat,
dekhi mai akul abak".
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(in all the membranes in the heart I scrutinised in many ways for many a day, lest you are not there and think of you nothing; but there in each of the cells the endless beauty is in full bloom, then to see the glare of the infinite beauty I am anxious and speechless.) The very state of the inner-mind is
not visible in the expression and we are to think of the core of his heart filled with only the very image of his beloved as if each and every part and particle of which it is composed, is culled and enshrined in the highest altar. The beauty enjoyed by him is not so explicit here. His search is that of an introvert. We cannot see or do what he does see or enjoy. The infinite beauty, its endless flavour or stream of beauty etc. are purely personal to the poet as the lover. None can imagine what that beauty be, physical or eternal. Yet, he is not satisfied with that. He is restless. To search after the unattainable, impossible something is a long history of that restless life. Mysticism in his poetry is also a good and significant idea of abstract image. The realm of his inner soul is vast and higher than that of ours and the words Tumi and Beena are significant for such ideas as Tumi is vast, great, infinite void, the most mysterious one and it cannot be seen by our eyes or is far beyond the limit of our ordinary voice or mind, that spiritual entity of the Upanishads. Beena is his Aeolian harp with all the tunes related to his own songs. In Epipsychidion, Shelley wrote how his beloved Emili Viviani led him to think her as a guide to a higher, more visionary existence. He sings out in attractive, melodious tunes the praise of her heavenly nature and her radiant, arresting beauty. She is to him a kind of Dante's Beatrice. The title, which mean "a work about the soul out of my soul", expresses and intention to universalize this experience of
passion. In our Raichoudhuri we see the similar attraction and enchantment to his beloved Indu, who led him to a land of light and love and immortality like Shelley. That is purely abstract as it is the ideal beauty in a girl. His Anubhuti has some poems depicting abstract image. Suridautya (the messenger of tune) is a fine example. Here is the description of the far distant land beyond the blue ocean where his beloved is in the same state of mental distress. So he wants the very tune of his own heart's lyre to meet her and tell her all about him. In another poem Viswadolan, there is also a fine picture of his imagination like the fanciful idea of sending the heart's tune to meet the beloved. It is purely imaginary swing composed of all the colourful rays of the stars in the sky to enjoy the most happy moments of the union with his beloved. That abstract thought of a seat in a purely imaginary scene is excellent and picture is a unique one as his conception of love. This reminds us of R.N. Tagore's Jhulan for the similar idea of union and enjoyment of the sweetest hours in the sweetest company of his beloved. But it seems like a dream-scene not at all realisable in our practical life. So the image is abstract. The Last Ride Together by Robert Browning has such an image. The unfulfilled desire are thus exposed in true faith of its realization in any form or other. And the image thereof is significant.

N. Devi has such image in her Pratiksha (waiting), Anubhuti (feeling). She starts the first with-
(in between the life and death the blue ocean is flowing, from the unseen shore a tone of sadness is floating). That very region of blue ocean is not intelligible to us except our present span of life. It may be the eternal pang of separation or the sweetest memories of the one closely connected with her life. But it is sad. So the last lines of this poem are more painful feelings to wait for a long sleepless night with eyes so anxious to meet the cherished desire on this land of ours. The pang of separation in her is not known to others. She says-

"hiya jora bishadar rekha,
kone baru pai tar dekha."

(none can see or imagine the sad, dark lines of the heart). That is really a region not visible to others as the wild-fire so distinct and dreadful. It is certain that all the miseries, happiness or enjoyments in this world are transitory. Life is not the eternal bliss. So she is hankering after something eternal in her words of the poem Anahuta (uninvited):

'0 mor param priya tumi kat tumi kat kat? (where are you my dearest? where, where?). This eternal search for the Eternal, is like a solace for the moment though she sees the same object of worship or quest in every step of her life, so distinct. She cannot forget the best memories and says:
"jiwaner prati pate pate-
aka tayu charanar rekha".
(one every leaf of the life your name is written or drawn).
Yet she is not in peace. That very state of mind is not ima-
ginable to others. But this is an inward awakening in her.

R.K. Barkakati wrote a series of lyrics mostly auto-
biographical as they tell of the love in many of them. So
we can see the abstract image in a few of them. In his pan-
theistic words in the poem Sarvarupat (in all forms) he says-

"etiya nai akar tomar
sarvaviyapi gala;
sarvarupate etiya tomak
pindham dingir malal."

(Now you have no form as you have expanded to all, so I shall
garland you in all the forms). To see the lost beauty in all
is possible for a mind diverted or despaired of his or her
cherished desire. It is madness to do that. So the lines
speak of some abstract idea in a mind. Similarly his infinite
love to his beloved is expressed in the lines of Jiwan jeutl
(light of life) thus :

antarar anata prem
nujao kimate,
noheto aiswa yon hem
dekhao ki sate;

(Infinite and endless love in my heart is not expressible or
cannot be made understandable, it is not also a heavenly gold
to be shown). In the last lines he again says :

"e ye nohe sukh
nohe dukh
antarar ananta dhauti,
predipar dare matho
puri puri
jwali yowa jiwan jeutl."
(It is neither happiness nor the distress, but like a burning candle or wick the glaring glimpse of life.) That which cannot be expressed well by the very feeling or the craftsmanship of the creator, is an abstract something for us. And to see all the beauty of the world in one is possible only for a true worshipper of beauty in a beloved. Barkakati did so in his poem Viswaharan (elopement of the universe):

Tiltilkai harila viswa,
Tilottama hai karila nihswa ...

(you have robbed the world in parts, and you became Tilottama making me wretched.) The striking contrast in these lines is seen as, a poet of love could adore his long cherished desire in 1914 but that very beauty turned to infinite or inaccessible something in 1917 as the very dates of composition of those poems go. So there is changed image, the most significant one of the very beauty. It is closely related to the heart of the poet. But we can hardly imagine his Tilottama or the Infinite one for its abstract form or image. Cosmic beauty is there.

Last of all we are to consider D.K. Barua. His Sagar dekhichha (Have you seen the ocean) is full of abstract images. The very word Sagar (ocean or sea) is an image of vast, infinite, dreadful nature as the human power is futile in comparison. Moreover, the unknown treasures in the bosom of the ocean is immense. The poet compares his own heart with the ocean,
which is not seen by him. How contradictory the words are for us to find out the meaning though we may easily follow that the imaginary sea or ocean is the poet's heart. He knows it and has seen it in all its unpacified furious forms, the howling sea can show. None but the very poet can imagine that very ocean and its everchanging forms like the ripples on the surface of its restless and evernew waves. His words prove this as he says:

"Nilim salilras, badhahin urmimalla achhe dur
diganta viyapi.
mor e antarkhani sagrar dare nila vedanare
dekha nai tumi?
uthichhe marichhe yat vasanar laksha dhau tomarei
smriti-sima chumi."

(blue waters, free waves in a series are spreading over to the far distant horizon. My heart is also blue or pale like the ocean for miseries, have not you seen it? In memory of you lakhs of yearnings are rising and waning).

There is a series of other images here in this poem to tell about the loving heart of the poet, and about the very beauty and love. That is intelligible only to such loving hearts or beloveds only. To us it is abstract something particularly in this age of technology and complex social atmosphere. His flowery soul is well expressed in Aprakash (unexpressed) to tell us of the abstract thing or ideas as he says:

Antarar ananta kavita khantekiya phular bhashare
kidare likhiba?

(How will you write in a language of the transient flowers the infinite or endless poems in the heart?). It speaks of the
enormity of the subject love and its undying words all the life to write on without an end to it. His love is eternal as it seems to us and so he wants no wreath of fine flowers that will dry up soon. He wants something eternal but it is not mentioned here. Moreover whatever we have seen about the beauty expressed or praised so long since the day of creation is mere a drop in the vast ocean of the Beauty unexpressed, unlimited or infinite. He says:

Aprakash saundaryar simahin samudrar eti matho
samanya topal.

So the world of imagination in the poet is a vast one and we can hardly see such real one indeed fully exposed. We cannot imagine what the Aprakash saundarya (unexpressed beauty) can be, or how so vast, infinite, limitless as an ordinary man. His world of vision leads us to an imaginary Arcadian longing. So it is abstract.

Concrete Images:

We may think that every work or a piece of work by a poet is a finished product of his imagination. And so it is concrete form of the imagination. The pattern is visual, as in the flashing of a light. Concrete images are not of lower degree than those of abstract ones in many poems of the period.

C.K. Agarwala wrote his beautiful poems Kishori and Madhuri (young girl and beloved) for concrete images. We see the fine form of Kishori in
"phuto phuto kari kene numali kaliti
samari adhek, meli adhek pranti,
khanke lukai, punu bhumaikan mari,
la dhemalir anre chhowali kishori."

(The last bud to be bloomed in its half-blown state, covering half and opening the other half of the mind, hidden for a moment and then again peeping through - the young girl is behind the sport of shame). The beauty of this young girl is raised to its height in the next poem Madhuri as a complementary to the former poem or the very beauty imagined in the maiden. He wrote in the manner of Kalidas' Kumarsambhava to beautify the poses and moods in the girl. It can be compared with some lines of Keats too as The Grecian Urn has such images. His lines-

"na yayau na tashau
aga pichha bhariti."

(A foot that neither goes nor stays) is a fine pose we are to enjoy in a maiden. We see the budding beauty of the beloved at the beginning of the poem and then

"suno ki nusuno ai
utti sha gitti."

(the song half-heard) reminds us of Keats' line "Heard melodies are sweet but those unheard are sweeter." Man creates forms in order to grasp the world. Even the act of perception is, in a complex way, a creation of forms. We have, therefore, the form of the beauty here as the poet sees, Kishori and Madhuri are beautiful human forms.

Bazbarua has his Malati, who is like Agarwala's Madhuri, a pure bud yet to be bloomed. It is not smelled by any butter-
fly. To many of the poets the ideal beauty is an inspiration to his work. Bezbarua also says about his Malati thus:

bhavare pratima bhavate barhichhe
bhavare behani kare;

(the image of my idea is growing and deals in or spreads ideas or thinking). So the poet is working with the beauty as an impulse to him but the very name Malati is a particular person to do that. So it is a concrete in form of the physical or ideal beauty.

R.N. Choudhari wrote his poems on birds, flowers to say particularly about some of the interesting ones though his soul was open to all. Such a particular element offers a ready means of image or different shadings of tone or theme to be met with. Yet perhaps a bird or a flower is the happier choice to him. It is said once by the poet himself that when he was writing a poem on the rose he wanted to be like rose, pure and fragrant. And birds are winged creatures, free and joyful. They are not earth-bound like men. Such happiness was the earnest desire in the poet too. His Keteki, Dahikatara, Priya Bihangini, Golap. Girimallika, Shentkali, etc. tell us of the concrete forms in writing about what he or we can see in the nature and its beauty. A bird or a flower is a particular living creature nurtured by nature. But only a poet can immortalise them through the choice of his own. A Cuckoo, a Skylark, A Nightingale, a Daffodil, the choice to these romantic poets in English as our Keteki, Dahikatara or Golap.
We shall get the concrete image in the works of Raichoudhuri provided with a kind permission by the poet to particularise his Tumi as his very words about the inspiration of that work say. It was one beautiful young girl Indumati. His true and frank words about his pure love to the tragic separation as related in the Tumi can be autobiographical and concrete picture of the love-episode.

**Philosophical image:**

Subtle sense of mystery cannot be satisfied with the material gain and this sense of mystery drives us away from deist to pantheist view. Most of our poets of the period are not satisfied with what they had in the field of literature or individual aptitude. So, many of them turned towards mysticism the only resort to them. Every work of art is a philosophical output to some extent as it is an expression of the inner soul. We, therefore, have the philosophical image in most of the poems.

C.K. Agarwala wrote his Ichha (will), Maya (illusion), Atripti (discontent), Mai (I), Akalsariya (alone), Prapanch (five senses) etc. He says in Atripti:

"pranar pranat kiya hepanh imani
samsar to atriptir ghar!"

(why so much desire in my heart of hearts, the world is a home of discontent). This is nothing but the divine discontent in human mind. How will power is the only force to win the struggle
for life is in his words in the poem Ichha:

"Jiwan-juddhat ichha pradhan sarathi
ki bhai marane rane ichha sarvadali."

(Will force is the main support in the struggle for life,
what is to be feared of death in a battle as the will-power
is the destroyer of all). The world is full of the omniscient
Mai and none is there as he says in the poem Mai:

"Jamsar morei purna dekho,
achho matho niranjan mai."

About the illusion of the worldly beauty he says in the poem
Maya thus:

"Mayajal vistarile samsar sundari
pelale meral mor atama avari."

(The worldly beauty has spread the mesh of illusion and
enmeshed my soul). Everywhere we see the soothing beauty to
enchant us either by its sweet voice or the bodily beauty to
make us happy and full. The artist is always an isolated and
lonely being amidst the populous city or the world. He lives
in his own world of creation or thought. The poet says in
his poem Akal-sariya thus:

"Akalai uri phure pranar pakhiti,
kalpana-vihari niranjan skashedi."

(The bird of life flies alone on the lonely sky where roams
the imagination). Emancipation of imagination in romantic poets
is clearly expressed here in these words. The last lines
again stress on the same state of loneliness. He wrote:

"Janapurna nirjanat kata lagariya?
viswa samsarat hai akalsariya!"

(In the loneliness of a crowded world where is the companion?
in this universe, ah, I am all alone). One may feel alone not
to find his or her true companion or the sweet-hearted in the midst of a huge crowd. It is always true for a love-worn one. He or she cannot find any face pleasing to him or her in absence of his or her cherished desire or the sweetest face. So is the case of a human being in this wide world as he is born alone and also will die alone. In his second work _Pinbaragi_ (lyrist) we have a poem Prapancha that means distress illusion, error or deception. So there is a philosophical thought on the creation, the world and life on it. He wants to purify the world of evils like pride, arrogance etc, to show the power of divine spirit.

So Hem Barua is right to say that Agarwala is a philosopher before he is a poet. And the philosophical image in his poems are worth-mentioning.

L.N. Mezbarua has no such particular philosophy to be said through his poems though he wrote such deep dissertations like _sri-Krishna-Tatwa, Vishistadvaitavada_ in other books. In his poem _Awasheh_ (the last remains) has the philosophical image to think of the most essential thing in our mortal life terminated by death as is the law of life and only the name and fame of one may remain as his words "Sukhyati akhyati ral, atma awashesh." The last remain of the human life is its soul that is indestructible, imperishable or immortal. His very philosophy is to say the same truth of the adage: "ma kuru dhana janyauvanagarvam, harati nimeshat kalah sarvam."
there is nothing eternal though the poet speaks of the fragrance of a Malati flower, the melodies of lyre, the sweet smile of a young girl, the waning light of the moon on its second day to the full-moon phase, the desires and ambitions etc. culminating in an echo of reminiscence. His Janti (peace) has the same truth and philosophy to say that the attachment to the worldly things and the dark worldly life have cast in the form of ignorance the sun-like principle of life or the very essence of life. He is sorry for that ignorance in the man and says,

"yugamiya eri kshantekiyu! mani eri kanch ki kari?"

(what will you do with a piece of glass leaving aside the jewel or stone that is eternal?). We run after the trifling things neglecting the real one for our own ignorance.

We see no such philosophical image in the poems of H.C. Goswami, P.N. Gohainbarua and some others after them. R.N. Choudhari is a true believer in the most striking thing—the love and compassion in the wide world of Nature and also in the human-world and wants to have it for his most neglected life as there was none to look at his disabled person since his childhood. He wishes someone to be the closely attached but none responds to his call, though the nature is the only soothing mother to him for its beauty, generous offering of the fragrance from flowers, sweetest sounds from birds that are no more self-seeking like the human mind. He is much
pleased to be with them for life. The voice of a bird made
his life rhythmic so to say as the sad past caused his life
unworthy, miserable. And so he is glad to see the most hearty
and sympathetic attitude in all objects of nature. There is
certainly the philosophy of love to nature that can be seen
in his Mirahir ukhi (words of a love-torn) and Keteki. He says in
the former thus:

"prem-abhilashi mai premar baliya,
premeihe lakshya jiwmar,
harathuri khai kata bichari phurilo
giri ban bijan prantar."

(I am yearning after love, I am mad for love, my aim of life
is love, I ran after it in the hills, forests and lonely
borders or places). Here in this poem he is self-forgetful to
use the word thrice and in the latter poem it is seen the
synonyms to express his mind. The words pranay, priti, maram,
premik, prevasi, prem-phul, premankur, prem-parimal, premar
ras, premar taru, premar phal, premar mandakini, premar salil,
premar nai, premar suti, premar taranga, premar pavodhi,
premar parvar, premar bhur, premar beha, premar hat, etc.
signify that. He defines love as the eternal, true and
indestructible thing; sense of taste, sense of smell, sense
of sound in their endless forms abundant in nature have made
him anxious, astonished. So he says in Bishuti (wealth) thus:

"ras rup gandh giti vipul sampad
he iswar tomare bishuti",

(taste, beauty, smell, song all these assets are your wealth,
O God). Similar sense is seen in his Golap (rose) as he says:
"Hup ras gandh parash premat
jini piyara hindusthan."

(you have conquered India with your beauty, sweetness, fragrance and touch of love). He tries to see the mysterious form of the formless in this very sublime state of his mind full of rup-ras-gandh-spårsha or the sense of beauty, taste, smell and touch, respectively. In Kete  it is distinct and significant as he says:

"Mayo Yao ravi prempurilai,
premar bhurat uthi
premamaye yat premar sowad
bilai muthiye muthi."

(Wait, I too shall go to the land of love on the raft of love, where the loving God extend the taste of love in handfuls). God is the abode of love and to love Him is the purest path. Choudhari follows this path only to avoid all the hypocrite human world, bereft of love or sympathy.

J.N. Duara shows the quest after the mystery of life and its end which is not unveiled. According to the Omartirtha, the translation of Omar Khayyam's Rubiyats which follows the philosophy- the materialistic view, is, 'eat, drink and be merry'; Duara is not in the same spirit to follow Khayyam as he wants to proclaim through his poems that to worship God is to worship beauty or beauty leads to God. In Tomalai (to you), he says how he saw the beauty in the first dream, he saw that was elixir of life to him but he was distressed to see none but that beauty to support him in all possible ways and at the last hour he bid farewell to her thus;
"hanhi mukhe magilo melan
 tumi mor pratima pranar."

(I bid you farewell with my smiling face, ye are my image of life). Here is the mystic in Duara. He remembers the past to see the same Pratima and her memory in Atitak yowaha pahari (forget the past), atitak neyaba pahari (do not forget the past) and sunyaparichai (signifying nothing) which tell us of his philosophy of life. He is in the strong power of the destiny and irony of fate. In the last poem he says:

"nichina natedi mok najan deshar pine
 niyatiye het dhari niba aguwai."

(the time/fate will lead me as a support to the strange land by the unknown path). That his existence will be forgotten by the world is expressed in the last line of that poem:

"Paharani-naikhani pajar kshedi bai,
diba jagatat mor sunya parichai."

(the stream of forgetfulness flowing down by the cottage, will tell the world about my absence or nothingness). This is a tragic tale of the human being in the cruel hands of time, the destiny. It is his pessimism.

Dr. J.K. Shuyan wrote his apon sur (own tone) to tell about eternal quest to find the the reality but nowhere he can find it. The nature, its different aspects, the creation and destruction, all are in mystery. It is not known what we are and all the arguments, reasoning and logic fail to answer that. There is no certainty about the creator. He says:

"Kon mai? tumi kar, tarka chiradin,
nijar adtitwa sio sardehat leen."
(Who am I? Where from you are hailing, is a matter of debate, even the very existence of ours, in darkness of doubt). Truly the philosophers are silent about that as it is like searching of a black cat in the dark room with no lamp.

Nalinibala Devi wrote her poem *Param Trishna* (greatest thirst) to tell us the entire philosophy concentrated in it. She wants like Dr. Bhuyan to know the real cause of our life in this world that very old abode of us as the reminiscences of the past live can tell but why we come again and again here in this very world is not known. It is only for the unsatisfied souls, we are to be born once more. In the last lines of the poem she says:

"*Bhogatei manuhar tripiti polowa hale, vasanāo noware thakiba; manuhar vasanar samadhi-sayan hale jīwan marano nethakiba.*

*manuhar duchakur asim saundarya-trishna sukh-asha, hepanh bukar nahai e maratar kshantekiya jīwanar sukh-asha param padar, rup-trishna chirasundarar.*"

(If enjoyment could have brought on satiety, desire could not have existed. If only the desire of man can emerge in the eternity, the life and death will cease. The endless thirst for beauty in mortal eyes, the desire of happiness in the heart are not short-lived but these are the desires of eternal happiness and eternal thirst for the Ever Beautiful). And that great thirst for something eternal is the only alternative to her lost peace in the worldly life. It is always the fate to many.
R.K. Barkakati has his **Eketighar** (only a house), and **Duti Manuh** (two men) that have some sort of philosophical image. In the first we can imagine how the reasoning and intellect dissuade one to have faith in the light of life. To the poor by the poor cannot be true to such a man but the simple souls can attain the bliss for their deepest faith.

He says:

"Murat bharil tarkar dhuli
mukhat vakya bali,
chandra-surya pashiba nowara
gharti thakil khali."

(the world is full of the dusts of arguments, in the mouth the sands of talks/words, the house where the sun or moon cannot enter into, remained vacant). No light of any faith could enlighten that soul as it is always critical, suspicious. The second poem has the Vedic or other scriptural faith of two birds—one of them is the seer, the other enjoyer, or God, and man. One is quite opposite to the other. One has many forms, the other dies at all time. He says:

"Eti gharat
duti mathon
duti manuh dhare,
eti khale
lukai sapon
eti jali mare."

(in one house only two man can find room, only two—one of them plays like a dream hiding himself, the other is burned down). Here, the one who plays like a dream is God or the enlightened and the other is ignorant one pining for God. The idea is very fine indeed.
In some of the poems of D.K. Barua we get the emotional ecstasy imbued with a philosophy, the idea of an omniscient destiny. But we cannot identify clearly the philosophical images as in the poems of A.G. Raichoudhuri who has the mystic philosophy in his poems.

**SOCIAL, HISTORICAL AND POLITICAL IMAGES:**

In C.K. Agarwala we have Tejimala, Binbaragi, Manav bhandana for social image. Tejimala is the live symbol of poor, wretched girl in the cruel hands of a torturous step-mother in every age and clime. The very word makes us think of the selfish world, inhumanity in a day-to-day affairs of a family that can easily kill an unwanted but loving child. Agarwala has criticised the society through this poem on the social evils and says:

"Manuhe manuhe imanehe maram  
chakulo pare sunwari  
manuhar chotalat madhuri phutile  
manuhe nichini, hai,  
sari, tuli, chingi mohari pelale  
manuhar maramo nai."

(So much is the affection to man in a man that tears roll down to see that, Ah, a fine flower grown in the courtyard of one has been destroyed on plucking, uprooting and sweeping it away as man is unkind). Tejimala is a long story of such an unkind, incompassionate step-mothers, who hardly can adopt a step-daughter or son as her own. In the second and the third poem we have the quite contrast view of the poet with a human
appeal to serve mankind. It is about the human world while in the poem Tejimala we have also the heartless human attitude to nature. As a man cannot praise, nurse the beauty of nature (Tejimala was transformed into a flower and man ignores its beauty) has been expressed by the plant that is Tejimala herself. In Binbaragi, we see the high and low strata of the society. Here is a scene of the society in which it is said like those lines of Tejimala:

"Kutumei randhe, kutumei barhe
kutumee kutumak khai,
kutumar tejere banti jwalale,
majiya bhakabhakail."

(those relatives cook, distribute, they eat or kill one another. With the blood of a relative the lamp is enkindled brightly on the floor). He has called such incompassionate, unkind man a demon. But the world is more than the heaven as he says in both the poems and in the same words. He wrote:

"dekhichhe prithivi swargato adhik
manuhar nijapi ghar;
manuhei dev iha jagatar
manuhei paratpar." (Binbaragi)

and in the Manav bandana, similar words are expressed-

"ei ye prithivi swargato adhik
manuhar nijapi ghar,
manuhei dev manuhei sev,
manuh vine nai keo."

(the world is above the heaven a permanent home, man is the only god to be served and none but man). The social image here is a pleasing one, for its political aspect.
Bezbarua wrote his Binbaragi and Dhanbar-Ratani in the same light of social image. In the first he reminds us of the past but an an optimist he did not like to hear from the lyrist the sad stories of the past like the distresses of Sita, Damayanti, Draupadi, Bala, the conquest of Assam by Burmese etc. but the glories of Ban, Bhagadatta, Haskar Varma, Sakar-Madhav, Chilarai, Naranarayan that might enlivenize the youths of the land. This is purely a romantic spirit and attitude and renaissance so active then, the time-spirit needed it. In the concluding lines he says:

"natun pranar na chakuyuri
dipiti dhali de tat,
purani prithivi na-kai chai lao,
he bin, esari mat."

(Let the new eyes in the life glisten, I want to see the old world anew, O Lyre, sing once). The image is social, historical and political at the same time. And they are interrelated. But here we do not see the rebel in him as Agarwala says in his Binbaragi:

"Himalay-chura buralohon
uchhali kaliya pani."

(I would have sunk the peak of the Himalayas under the water of the ocean or blue). Bezbarua wrote his ballad Dhanbar-Ratani only to depict the love-episode of the simple Miri folk in his days. But the pure love for Ratani is a death-knell to Dhanbar and it cannot be imitated by modern youths or girls who exchange this cheap thing now with bank-balances. There is the scene of a simple, primitive society and its
customs and old bindings too much prejudiced, that caused Dhanbar to end his pure life. This social distance is still active in the minds of those so called conservatives. Even some of the poets of the period under review followed Dhanbar for such rigid society, the death in life to them says that through their writings.

Beginning with Madhav Kandali's Ramayana of our ancient literature we see the true picture of the social images full of its birds and beasts, cottages, games and sports, customs and the way of life to our modern poets of this age. But none is so proficient in that field like Raghunath Choudhari. His Bohagir biye (marriage of Bohagi or Spring) is the finest example of such social image. In it, we have the finest description of the wedding ceremony solemnised by the joyful company of women. The bridegroom is:

"kandarpa kumar premik vasanta
ahichhe darati saji
vividh surat pavitra premar
uthichhe bajana baji."

(The spring, the beautiful lover has come as the bridegroom, love-lore in its various tones is ringing). Bohagi is the groom here. On her wedding there is the joyous atmosphere even in the heaven not to speak of the earth. Every nook and corner of nature is also sympathising the occasion. Drum, flute, etc. are other instruments to make it alive with suitable tunes. So he sees the cloud, insects, blue robins and other joyful birds joining the ceremony:

"marilehi meghe dholat chapar
jiliye bajai kali
tuni bulbuli nache cheo dhari
hetuluka ojapali."

(The cloud is beating the drum insects are reciting flutes, the blue robins and other birds are dancing, like the partners in a dance). All the flowers in the season are scattering their pollens of fragrant scents on the happy occasion. The newly bloomed flowers are the Simalu, Palash, Asok, Mandar, Kamini, Kanchan, Champa, Nahar etc. The soothing breeze is blowing to help those flowers in offering their fragrance. The blue sky above is the canopy and the green grasses over the earth are the fine carpets for the invitees. Young girls are singing, even the birds have joined in their song of mirth. How beautifully he has described the way of dressing the bride by the finely dressed girls, is also a purely Assamese social scene:

"patar cheleng gat meriyai
patmadai chuchimaji,
joran pindhaba ahih sundari
patgabharuti saji."

(weaving the silken cheleng, dressing her hair, Patmadai came to dress the bride as the youngest girl). On being dressed in a befitting manner as is the social custom, the bride is sitting in her beautiful costumes. He says:

"sajikachi yen achhe patrani
golapi sayat bahi,
kiba aparup rup-lavanyat
pelale jagat muhi."

(Like the queen on being dressed, she is sitting on the rosy bed, her exquisite beauty has enchanted the world). In his
Dahikutara too similar image of the groom can be seen:

"shil vasanta dara lahban kari;
adari anili taye tuli suwaguri."

(the groom, Spring came in a luxurious way, you have received him with the pure scents). And in other lines the poet calls Dahikutara as a girl who was received by the girls of the forest thus:

"kashat mangal-ghat phular karani
mili yata vanabala
pindhaichhe vanamala
bukut pindhai dichhe dugdugi khani."

(The forest-damsels in body carrying the pot of piety, have garlanded it with wild flowers and bracelet on the breast).

Then the reception by the princesses of flowers, as Dahikutara arrived, in these fine words of the poem "daily offers:

"phular kuwaribore
saji rang-rupahare
phular sarai kati thane thane pati;
janitchhe byakulata ingitere mati."

(The princesses of flowers dressed in colourful dresses with the bouquets of flowers kept in places, have expressed their anxiety, beckoning). The images are typical.

Last of all we see A.G. Raichodhuri only for his historical or political image in some of his poems. India was to shed blood for its independence and he wrote poems to awaken the spirit in the people. His "Jag jag dekha-tez jag, Jag betha mor jag, Uddipana etc. are such poems. To protest against the great killing of innocent at Jaliwanalabang he wrote:
"Jag, jag jag bharat santan Hindu-Musalman jag
mukti-sankha baje gaje bhedi
laksha bhratar hiyar tejedi
ranjit howa jaliwanalabag."

(Awake, awake, sons of India-Hindus and Muslims, the conch for victory is rung to resound Jaliwanalabag that is redeemed with the blood of lakhs of hearts of brothers), he appealed to fight for freedom for the nation like many of the contemporary poets in India. We see a Walt Whitman or Shelley in him for such spirit. But there is no such vital work like the Leaves of Grass by Whitman, though he wrote in other media to propagate his spirit of national feeling. D.K. Barua has such image in his Devadasi.

**Myth, Archetype:**

A sympathetic interest in history is the result of a refreshed interior life as Brandes says. But cultural heritage is a part and parcel of history. One may be interested in historical events, a powerful king or queen, some striking political change or achievements but all these may be treated like a myth or legend as Lord Krishna and many other characters are to many devotees. We are enchanted by the glories of our past, its heritage and the Indian culture, Myth are more alive in our in our minds. So not only the romantic poets but any Indian can remember and rehearse it. Our poets did that. L.N. Bezbarua wrote in his Binbaragi about the past and wanted
to hear all the glories of it neglecting that part of the saddest thoughts. That is due to the romantic spirit in him but the eternal desire to sing the glories of the past is quite natural for a patriot like him. So he says:

"Suna ai baragi, ananda khini, asamar yash-rashi."

(Sing, 0 lyrist, the stories of happiness, the glories of Assam). But he could not forget all others like a Sita, a Damayanti, Badan etc. along with the glorious days of Sankar-Madhav, Chilarai, Naranarayan. In Devayani we have mythological talks.

Agarwala wrote only two poems to mention such image. One is his Sita-Sarama, the other is Nachiketar Upakhyan, adapted from the Katha-Upanishad. Gohainbarua wrote his Urmila for all chaste women like Sita.

The most mentionable poet in this field of imagery is R.N. Choudhari with the myth-making phase of his Nature-feeling and its beauty he saw. In his first book of poems Sadari, we get Phalgu and Vaisisthasram based on mythology. Phalgu is another name of the Ganges. It is flowing beneath the surface of the earth and there is a river in that name at Gaya. It is a holy river on which Hindus offer something called a "pinda" to their dead ones in the faith of salvation. But the Phalgu was cursed by Sita and Vashistha also led a cursed life. The first is from the Vishnu Puran and the second from the Kalikapuran. To tell sympathetically
he questioned Phalgu:

"Urvasi Menaka, Rambha kimba surabala 
tyaji baijayanti-dham amar alay;  
nagbala rupe tumi pravesila hai,  
mayapuri nagpur patal garbhat."

(Are you Urvasi, Menaka, Rambha or Surabala leaving the 
divine Vaijayanti have entered into the land of snakes under 
the earth as a daughter of snake). Here again we have the 
mythological figures Urvasi, Menaka and Rambha. In Vasistha-
sram he said:

"kata yug mar gal kalar sotat  
ajio vasisthasram achhe ekebhave."

(So many ages passed in the flow of time, still Vasisthasram 
is in the same state). This name Vasistha leads us to think 
of Vedic age too. His Gowahe ebar mor priya bihangini (sing 
once, 0 my dear bird) reminds us of the river Yamuna and 
Krishna and Yamuna is the symbol of eternal love. Our poet 
had to remind that thus:

"parene manat pakhi yamuna tatini  
kadam gachhat pari  
panchamat sur dhari  
karichhila vrajangana-man umadini  
gowasei sure mor priya bihangini."

(Do you remember the bank of the Yamuna? and sitting on the 
branch of the Kadam tree you sang in the fifth tune exciting 
the minds of the women of Vraja, sing 0 my dear bird in that 
tone). The Yamuna, Vrajadham and the name Krishna are inter-
related. This images lead us to think of the Bhagawat Purana 
Canto XX, and the Raskrira. Vedic influence is for all 
Indian poets like R.N. Tagore who also strengthened the
Upanishadistic view and characters. Our Choudhari is also in the same motive to say through his poems those ancient works like the Vedas, Upanishadas, the Puranas, the Mahabharata and the Ramayana. But his Urvasi is so live in poems Sadari. Keteki, Dahikatara that it reminds us of his cursed life like Urvasi, and that is only for his distresses. His love for Kalidas and his works tell how he was indebted to our ancient poets. He depicted the hermitage of Kanva as Kalidas did, following the scenes of the Sakuntala and Meghduta. He wrote about the painting Sakuntala had used to paint thus:

"Malini tirat durva asanat
rangmane bahi devi
padum patat anki thaichhil
pran pratimar chhavi."

(On the bank of the Malini sitting on the durva grasses in her happy mood she painted the image of life on the leaf of lotus). His Keteki is leading him to another scene for our pleasure and another episode of the Mahabharata about Nala and Damayanti is told:

"Nishadh deshar raj udyanat
sunali yidina git
Vaidarbhi premat kumar Nalar
hal pran bichalit."

(When you sang in the garden of the palace, king she was allured by the love to prince Nala). Thus a cluster of images about myths and archetypes can be seen in his poems. There is another scene of the Mahabharata in his Dahikatara:
"Sunali yidina git srngarar
virahini Tapati
bai gal asrunir
sambaran rup chhavi dhari antarat
bhramile katano din saila shikharat."

(On hearing the love-song Tapati wept for the affliction, and with the image of Sambaran in her heat she roamed in the top of the hill). There is a fine description of love-torn Usha of Sonitpur in his Keteki like the Vishnumur and the Harivamsa:

"gali majnisha dipak surat
premsancharini gan;
kusumkomala sarala Ushar
mohit karili pran."

(At midnight you have sung the love-inspiring song in Dipak, the flower-like soft simple Usha was enchanted). Another myth is that of Sati who died to see her husband being insulted in the gathering of the invited guests by Daksha, according to the Bhagawata, Sivapurana, and Kalikapurana. He wrote only a few words:

"sabnar majat pale sati laj
raj pratyakhyan suni."

(Sati was ashamed of it hearing, the not permitted by the king to join). And like Sati Madalasa also died to see her husband not back in time after a battle with demons. He wrote:

"Alori gandharva purndandan kanan
gali kino viswajit
madalasa premgit
patili premar hat lila niketan." (Dahikatara).

(Moving all the Nandankan or heavenly garden, the land of the demi gods what world-winning song have you sung about
Madalasa, and thereby you have established the fair of love, the home of sports). He also had called from the Ramayana such image, in his Karbala we see his lines beginning with:

"Dasarathi padasparshe Ahalya pasnani
pale yen moksha dharma; labnile mukti
Tarakar lilakshetra dandak Kanane."

(Ahalya, the stone has won the salvation at the touch of the feet of Dasarathi, she regained freedom in the land of Tanka's playground, the Dandaka). Again, we see such a myth in PhulasayjU:

"marichnile saktisel tanani yipat"

(that strong sword you had thrust at me), and "antardahi Ravanar chitajui kura"(the heart-burning fire of the funeral pyre of Ravana) lead us to think of the battle fought by Rama and Ravana. And there is an appeal in the tune of the Vedas and Upanishads in his poem Prasasti as he wrote:

"uthahe ritwik dhyani amriter putra,
utha yata muktipath yatri."

(Prasasti : Dahikatara) (Arise, the sons of Amrita or deathless, the preceptor and meditator, awake, all the pilgrims of freedom or salvation). And not only in Indian myths Choudhari is, also, for his vast study of Sanskrit literature and other languages, giving us the palatable and lucid references of Islamic myths too. The very word Karbala indicates that and here also we think of the curse or the influence of the stars under which Azid or Mabiya was born. The angel Gabrael foretold it. And it came true unavoidably in the battle of Karbala. Choudhari has so many words borrowed from the
Islamic history to make his short epic a success. The characters depicted there are like legendary figures now and Muhrrum is observed for those heroes. His poem Golap is infused with some Arabic words as in the Karbala. A few lines will suffice for that. He wrote:

"kon nandanat lagali chamak
nachichhe yat pari bulbul."

(in which heavenly garden you created attraction, where the Bulbuls are dancing like fairies). And, "hasnaham tivra gondhat" (in the pungent smell of the Hasnahana), in

"Arab-piyari Basra ranir
gul-badah pelali jur;"

(Queen of Basra, the beloved of Arabs, with a flowery-face, has been calmed). Other pleasing words are Papiya, Gulbagan, Piyara Hindusthan. The name Babylon and that of the colossus, on the Cyprus that is touching the heaven remind us of the hanging garden there, wonders of the world. Then we have the interior of the palace in:

"Ladsah-heram kari guljar
dil dariyat tulili ban."

(On beautifying the interior of the palace you have created the flood of joy in the river of heart). This poem is more rich in Arabic and Persian words than the Karbala which has some typical image in the Islamic faith, e.g., Jallad, Raaja, Nabi, Mostafa, Swahid, etc. Then again he could paint his own Hindusthan with some Persian paints like his sweet words in the poem:
"Dilli-begum Nurjahanar
achhiline taye dilbahara?"

(You had been soothing the heart of the queen of Delhi, the Begum Nurjahan?). Then again we see the third wonder of the world mentioned in this small poem. He is so interested in old glories as he reminds us of the different people of the world in a moment and their immortal works or events. He said of the lover Sahjehan and his immortal work to commemorate the very love, his beloved Mamtaj in the Tajmahal, one of the wonders of the world for its architecture and beauty for all time to come. He has to his credit his own Tajmahal in the small poem Golap adorned with all the selected words appropriate for an exquisite beauty in a rose and his Karbala is miniature edition of the Mahabharata of outlandish characters. And it is only for the Prem-maḍira (wine of love) in his heart to depict the very Gulbagan so long nursed by him but that garden of flowers in his heart, is not so vivid to us. It is the creations' very self. He mentioned of Arabian Nights in his Antim Jyoti (last gleam). "Arabyar swapnaupanyas?"

Another poet indebted to foreign language is J.N. Duara. He has translation of the Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam from the English version of Edward Fitz-Gerald. Like R.N. Choudhari he also called some words like the Madira, Piyala to enrich his translation. But his work Omar-Tirtha has no such myth save the Destiny (Niyati). In the hands of the
blind destiny the chariot of man's life is running as he says in the following lines of the poem:

"andha niyatir andha biswasat
  chaie manuhaar jiwan rath."

It is nothing but the archetype. In his other poems also this word is used or its synonyms can be found in its place. His Apon Sur, the own tone, has:

"Hanha kanda jagatar riti chirantan;
  vishadat ulahar gan,
  poharat andharar andha awaran,
  niyatir vichitra bidhan."

(It is the eternal law of the world to laugh and weep; in sadness the song of gaiety or enthusiasm, the veil of darkness in light as the excellent law of Time or destiny) and in the Sunya Parichay we get:

"nichina batedi mok najana desar pine
  niyatiye hatdhari niba aguwa."

(To the strange or unknown land the Time or destiny will lead me along and unfamiliar path). He used a synonym of the word 'niyati' in his poem Jivanar Sur thus:

"kino vihadatar saopat,
  asha tar kalite chhigil."

(What a curse of the destiny, that his hope is nipped in the bud).

A.G. Raichoudhuri has no myths and that is only for a busy life he led like a Karmayogi, and to serve humanity was his aim. It is mentioned in his Vedanar Ulka. Yet we may mention a few words from his Tumi.
"madanar sar tani
prem-trishna jagowa pranat"
(pulling the arrow of Cupid you create the thirst of love,
in the heart), where Cupid is a mythological character. Then,

"upadan amrit bhogar,
mahamantra ananta yogar,
sanjivani maha maranar."
(the menu of Amrit or the food for deathless, the great spells
of the endless yoga or penance, the sanjivani or medicine for
deathless etc.) are such words connected with myths. He acted
in the living present and hardly thought of the glorious past
and its heritage. Yet his poems on patriotism have some legen-
dary glow as in:

"jag sthirpratijna kathor brahmachari bhismar ripudama-
jag Buddhadev, Mohammad satyar hake jivan pan."
(Awake, be determined like celibate Bhisma and his continace,
and arise with the aim of sacrificing life for truth like
Buddhadev and Mohammad). It is an ideal and strong promise
by Bhisma as the lesson to us from the Mahabharata. Buddhadev
is the light of Asia and Hazarat Mohammad had to fight, as
Jehads mean for the propagation of Islam. In his Mai viplavi,
mai tandavi (I'm the rebel and great dancer) he wrote:

"mai kal-vijayi viplavi
mai kal-vinasi tandavi."
(I am deathless rebel or revolutionist, I am deathless great
dancer). The Tandavi is none but Lord Siva and Raichoudhuri
reminds us of the Nataraj Siva and his Tandavnritya, N. Devi
has such myth Urvasi in her poem Purnima.
Next we come to R.K. Barkakati who is interested in myths as many of his poems in his Savali tell us. First of all his Viswaharan has the fine example Tilottama:

"tiltilkai
harila viswa,
Tilottama hai
karila nihswa."

(You have robbed the world of its beauty and become Tilottama, the most beautiful making me wretched). Tilottama is a fairy of Amaravati, the kingdom of Indra. Then in his Sundar we have Siva:

"manomandirat pujim Siva" (I shall worship Lord Siva in the temple of my mind), in Abhav he mentions about the myth of the Ramayana:

"bhal powa si ye hai
maya-mriga kar?"

(for whom the search after an illusive deer is this love?). Rama was misled to chase the same deer, the uncle of Ramana. Marich was in that form. The most important one is Urmila:

"abyakta vedana tumi
he devi Urmila."

(you are the unexpressed afflict, O Urmila). She was neglected in the epic by the poet as a minor character, but her mental agonies are not less than that of Sita. Then we get another mythical figure from the drama of Kalidas. His Sakuntala vidai goes:

"Kanva- tapovan-sannihit
he tarur sreni
suna tomaloke aji
mor vakyadhvani."
(Kanva says, 'O plants near the Tapovan, you hear my words;) protector of Sakuntala was sad at heart to bid her farewell. In another poem Ghar-jeuti he mentions of Sita, Damayanti and Savitri, Arundhati. In Mukti we get Kailash, Ganga, Gajendra, Indra and in Saundarya Urvasi is mentioned. And his Tajmahal is like a myth though this is a great achievement of the Mughal history. He says:

"Taj tumi ranga tej
biranir antarar
got mari sila howa
marmahbendi byatha"

(O Tajmahal, you are the frustrated lover's heart-rending agonies, his red blood frozen into stone). This is the truest expression of lover looking into the heart of another in the same state of mental agony. In Satya we have Brahma-kamandalu, Rudra, Brahma, Vishnu and in Herowa charai Alakapuri. It is also an image of architecture though there is no vivid description of the same here in the poem. In Keteki, R.N. Choudhari has such image in this way:

"devi Sakuntala de kenva ashramar
phulani majat thaki
dhuniya dhuniya phulkali lai
guthuchhil eti chaki."

(Devi Sakuntala made cycle of the buds of fine flowers in the garden of Kanva's hermitage). Then again, we have the instance of Sakuntala practising fine arts, as she was painting the very image of her lover on a lotus-leaf. He says thus:

"malini tirat durya ashanat
rangmane bahi devi,
padum patat anki thaichhil
pran pratimar chhavi"
Sitting on the durva grass on the bank of the Malini, Devi, i.e., Sakuntala drew up with joy the picture of her sweetheart on the leaf of lotus. It could not be finished with paints as she was overwhelmed by thoughts and the picture drawn was washed away by tears. The original scene of the drama by Kalidas is followed here.

**Symbol and Mysticism:**

Inspirations blow with too wild a breath for its motions to be measured. The symbolist Movement in the XIXth century France was fundamentally mystical. The mystical character of symbolism was a religion of Ideal Beauty, of L'Beau and L'Idéal.' Symbolism, then, was a mystical form of Aestheticism. Symbolists showed that poetry should be decorative. And in our poets we see the archetypes in place of symbols as many symbols are deeply rooted in human experience that can be regarded as archetypes, or universal archetypes.

Let us begin with C.K. Agarwala for symbols in his poetry. He is a symbolist of no mean order in our literature. But most of his symbols are metaphysical. In his Pratima and Binbaragi we see symbols in many symbolic expressions. First of his Tejimala is the eternal symbol of a destitute, the most neglected and unfortunate child. It is the misfortune personified. In other words the hatred, envy, uncompassion-
ate step-mother, a strange world to Tejimala etc. are another aspects in it. Kishori, Madhuri, Pratima are different symbols in his poems all about the ideal beauty. His Pratima is the innermost symbol of beauty he worshipped.

Bezbarua, H.C. Goswami have their Priyatama delicately symbolised in their poems Priyatama, Priyatamar saundarva and Priyatamar Chithi respectively. Similar symbols are Tumi, Rani A.G. Raichoudhuri's poems and Manorama in D.K. Barua's. They are nothing but their ideal beauties personified or specified like Keats' Fanny Brawne.

But the actual forte of symbolism is found in the poems of J.N. Duara. His Nadi (river), Nac (boat), Naoriya (boatman), Pataruwa (wanderer), Jetukapat, Sarapat (fallen leaf), Pakhila (moth), Luit (the Brahmaputra) in his poems Naoriya, Pakhila, Sunyaparichai are impregnated with such live symbols. But we can think about his loneliness to the best symbol in his poems as he mentions at Avalsariya (alone) like R.N. Choudhari misleading or diverting our attention and inquisitiveness to know the exact person or thing of beauty in nature with his different birds or flowers as the symbol of his beloved. Only for the symbols Choudhari is called a Bihagi Kavi and Duara should be called a Naoriya Kavi now.

D.K. Barua has in his Sagar Dekhichha the symbol of the ocean or sea, which is really the inner-self full of the
emotions and all passions especially love for his sweet-heart and its innumerable aspects like the ripples or waves in the ocean. He says freely and frankly in this way:

"mor ei antarkhani sagar dar nila
vedanare dekha nai tumi ?

(my heart is blue like the ocean with afflictions, don't you see?). And the long poem goes on saying all about that very theme, untiringly.

Moreover the poets of love have their symbolical expressions embodied in their titles too as the Pratima, Tumi, Sadari, Apon sur, Sandhivar sur or Sagar dekhichha etc. and they are the live and true pictures of the innermost motif and soul. It is not wrong to see the man exposed in his work of art, as most of the writings are autobiographical especially in lyrics. Beatrice symbolises much that Dante honoured and so these words or names symbolise such objects.

Now about mysticism our poets in our land did not have to seek inspiration from foreign sources. It is a strong belief in an Indian that there is a transcendental something beyond the limits of the visible universe. There is also a stronger spiritual pining for the Highest Good, the Ultimate Truth or Absolute Reality and a distressed one is more keen to search after that Reality. So most of the poets of love had no alternative but to seek and rest in a strong shelter. It is the mysterious being. It is also like the ideas Immanuel Kant and many others held a dynamic Sublime. The most
important one is A.G. Raichoudhuri to see that Noumenal being in all the lines of his long poem *Tumi*. A true lover as he was the mystic ideal in him also is of the higher plane. In other words it is the spiritual upliftment of the poet's soul as is mentioned in its different stages. So he says:

"sakalo tumiy nath
jagatat dekhichho yiman.
(you are all my lord whatever I see in the earth). Gita and the Upanishads also say that. Yet he was not in peace and his *Beena* is a restless search after that peace or the highest bliss.

Next in importance is N. Devi and her mystic faith is best illustrated in *Pahara Sapon* (forgotten dream) in the *Sandhiyvar sur*. She begins it thus:

"sapon kahini matho
manuh jiwan
lin hai niyatir anaga sotat,
manuh jiwan thara rahasya nigurh
sesh hai yai dur atitgarbhat."

(the life of man is only a dream that vanishes into eternity, the great mysteries of life of man and in the distant past).

But Raichoudhuri and N. Devi are opposite poles in the field of emotion and passions. One is a love-stricken, the other enjoyed her married life happily.

**Dream, Dead Imagery:**

A poet is a man who creates his own myths and there is an inner voice or wrong mind. It is the imaginative life or
the mythical mind. This mythical mind is known in our dreams but the poet knows it with a penetrating and selective validity. And our poets have no such history of their poems like R.N. Choudhari who could remember the occasion of a particular poem. So it is not an easy task too, yet we may identify the particular poems by some of the poets to be a dream or dead imagery. In W.B. Yeats' words when poetry is Image, life must be tragic. The image is dead, yet flesh and bone, unvital, yet describable, almost necessarily, in terms of vitality. So in the very names of poems by some poets we see dream-scene or exact dreams too. C.K. Agarwala wrote Sapnon, Nahai sapnon. But not a single word signifies a particular dream. In considering the complexes like hysteria, neurosis etc. due to the long suppressed sex-urge we see dreams in their symbolical expressions. Dead imagery is such a symbolic expression of someone dreaming a dream, enjoying the cherished desire in all the possible ways like embracing, kissing for the lusty desire. Our poets have the dead, very old imagery like Nishar Sapnon, Pashan hriday, Phulasayya, Prem-alisvan etc. used by many others in our ancient poetry. They come as stereotypes, most familiar.

Bezbarua wrote Nikunjalata Sapnon magan and it is not a dream.

H.C. Goswami wrote his Eti Kataksha (an askance) and his words "saunaryar bukur kanchali uangai" or "yato sungo chuma khao" etc. in his Privatamar chithi, are such images.
He has no dream or dream-scene in any poem.

J.N. Duara is the most mentionable poet in this field of dreams or dream imagery. The word sapon can be found in most of his poems in the Apon Sur. In Smriti khantakiya we get Nishar sapon (dream at night) in Naoriva, Premar sapon (dream of love), in Naoriva niya nao bai, Kshantakiya sukhar sapon, in Tomalai, Saconar pratham puwat (at the first morning of dream), in Aji mok yowaha pahari, Yauvanar premar sapon (dream of love in youth), in Awashan, "manas pratimakhan etiyao sapon majat" (the image is still in dream), in Herowa sapon, Madhur sapon (sweet dream) and Saponar manas pratima (image of dream), Herowa sapon (lost dream) in Sukhar sapon, Vasantar premar sapon (dream of love in the spring), etc. At no exact dream-scene or a dream is described in those words.

In the Nahikatara of R.N. Choudhari we get a few poems with such words as in the last stanza of Pratidhan there is Mohswapan (dream of allurement), in Atripta, third stanza has Sapon madhuri (Sweetness of dream), and in the last stanza of Nahikatara Maya swapnapuri (the illusive land of dream) and Mayar sapon (dream of illusion).

R.K. Barkakati has "yaatio sapon teoto apon nahale sapon khelia kiya ? (Sunari: Sewali)"

(Though it is a dream yet it is my own, otherwise why have played on dream ?), in Tajmahal "vistariche inrajal ithak sapon (spread the illusion of dream), in Gharjeuti (angel in house)"
"saponar abelir
madhu swapna bela (at the last part of the moments
of the sweet dream), in Phular chaiki "Saponar sei apon jan"
(that own man or sweet heart of the dream).

And last of all we have in G. Gogoi's Swapnabhanga
the finest and exact reminiscences of his dreams about his
love that was lost to him. His live and hopeful Brahmaputra
has been turned into the Nile of sorrow. He begins:

"Swapnar majat bahi sapon rachane
manuhe nitau kare mayo karichhilo;
sanduriya saponar sonali kiran
mar gal aji matho tukichho chakulo.
swapnabhanga swapna mor nilaj pranar
surhin aikyatan birah ganar.

(men always dream dreams in fanciful way. I too did so; the
golden rays of the vermilion dream has set. I am weeping
to-day. This Swapnabhanga is the dream of my shabby soul, mute,
the toneless harmony of the pang of separation). Here it is
the cry of the afflicted soul as he lost his sweet-heart
Kiran in the prime of life. But it is not a dream.

We see different poems of N. Devi, telling about
dreams but they are not dreams. In her Pahara sapon (lost
dream) there is the mystic element as she says that the life
is mere a dream but in a poet like Shakespeare it is the same
image or meaning of life as he said 'life is an empty dream
or a walking shadow.' In other poems like Milan, Minati,
Baran, Smriti, Putali she mentioned of dream. So there is not
a single poet of the period writing on his or her own dreams
as dreams are like poems significant for the mental state
under which they are formed or seen.

J.N. Duara has some kind of dead imagery in his poems like Herowa sapon "he-pañhare pratimak bukjure savati (embracing the beauty with desire), saaare savati (embracing kindly); in Sukhar sapon "chenehar chumati yachila (offering the affectionate kiss); in Chakulo "milanar pratham chumati" (the first kiss on union) etc. may be dead imagery. In his other poems we get such imagery like Premar sapon, Smriti mandir, Smriti smashan, Baliya baragi, Samsar Viragi, Samsar tivagi, Sristi patani (beginning of the creation) etc.

R.N. Choudhari concluded his Girimallika (vahikatara) with such imagery:

"akritrim pranayar sneh alingan
nisprabh phulani mor hak jyotirmai."
(effectionate embrace of pure love, let gloomy garden begin glistening). In Dun (gift) most of the dead imageries are distinct. He begins:

"punjibhuta veśanar tilra aghatat
alorita hai yeve kshudra bukukhani
vyarthatar aruntud a karun surat,
baji uthe pralayar hahakar dhvani."
(on being hurt by the collected agonies when the heart is moved, the cry of the catastrophe rings out in the pathetic tone of failure). Here the old familiar wailing of any misfortune is heard and it is always in the same tone of the distressed heart. In Antim iyoti we get the words of such feeling: Maram bhikhari (yearning for compassion), Udam vasana (the unrestrained desire), purjai talasa (unconquer-
able lust), *Marmahata* byathahata *urvaha jiwan* (the heart-broken, wounded, unendurable life), *Byatar sahasra jala* (thousands of irritating wounds or agonies), *Byarthatar gani* (guilts of failure), *Bukupora tapat uchchhvas* (heart-burning hot inhale). In *Phulasayfam* more live words of sea imagery can be seen, e.g., *Vedanar boja* (burden of agonies), *Nibir nirawata* (serene calm), *Rikta hridayat* (in the empty heart), *Hiya bhasha vishadar* (of the heart-breaking agony) etc. In his *Machavi* there are words like *Madhugandha* (sweet scent), *Madhuyamini* (honey moon), *Mantramugdha maniraj* (enchanted serpent's king), *Mohmadira* (wine of desire), *Marmavyatha, Marmahata, Maru-trishna* etc.

In A.G. Raichoudhuri's *Tumi* we have the words *Prem parabar* (ocean of love), *Prem alingan* (embrace of love), *Virat vedana* (great pain), *Birahar tibra vedanat* (in the utmost pang of separation), *Birah-batari* (a word of separation), *Triptihin prem* (unsatiated love), *Prem-parash* (in touch of love), *Premar phulani* (garden of love), *Premar porani* (anguish of heart), *Dagda jiwanar* (of the burnt life), *Premamai rahasyar* (of the mystery full of love), *Kamana kuruli* (cries of lust), *Kalpna-parat* (on the side of fancy or imagination), *Prem-lata* (the creeper of love), *Vibhranta vasana* (bewildered desire) etc.

In her *Sandhiyar Sur* we have such images, e.g., in *N. Doyen* etc. in *Anahuta* (uninvited) "Jiwanar sanadiya parat" (at the last hour of life), *Vishadar kalima runat* (in the form of pathetic
beauty), Dhulimai prithibir para (from the dusty world),
Santimai charan (peaceful resort); Hiyabhaga vedana (heart
breaking agony), Hahakar birahar (woes of separation) in
Sachane; Manas pat (mental scene), Pritir nilara (spring of
love), Asur sagar (ocean of tears), Vismritir endhar puri
(dark land of forgetfulness) in her Pahara sapon ((forgotten
dream), Surar jhankar (symphony), Jonak yamini (moonlit-night),
Hiyabhara chiravedana (eternal hearty pain), Vyathita prana
(inflicted heart) in Sesh arghya (last offering); Visha sur
(pathetic tone), Vishadar boja (burden of agony), in Pratikka-
sha (waiting); Asanta paran (unpacified heart) in Atripti;
Sarag suha (divine drink), Jiwanar pratichhav (image of
life), in Enchar; Sagrar shau (waves of ocean), in Naoriva;
Dhulimai lehasa (mortal body or dusty body), in Samachi:
Sonitar lekha (written in blood), Sokmai gatha (shocking
ballad) in Prahari Yamar yatana (pang of death), in Premar
mat (kind word), in Para parat; Mriul malya (sweet breeze),
Charan-dhvani (sound of feet) in Abhisar; Mini-ra rajani
(sleepless night), Swaragar madhuri (divine bliss) in Purnima;
Trishita atama (thirsty soul), Tapita antar (bereaved heart),
in Pata: Atripta pran (unsatiated heart), Dukhar prachir
(wall of sadness), In Tumi; etc. N. Devi is one of the
elegy writers in our poetry.

Then comes G.C. Gogol for this type of imagery. His
"Anupam nirupama lukuwa pratima" (the most uncomparable
silent or hidden beauty), Galpata (necklace), Hirar aangathi
(diamond ring), Tulasi, Ganga (water of the Ganges), Premanav aahup-dip (wick and scent of love), Henguliya arun (golden sun), Senduriya sapon (golden dream), Jonali kiran (golden ray), Smasbar chita (funeral pyre), Kencha sonbarkaniva (the glow of raw gold) etc. in his Papari and Swamabhanga.

The poems of N.K. Barua have Nilim salilarasi (blue waters), bainhain urmimala (unrestrained waves), Nila vedanare (blue in agonies), Hiyahe priya (heartless beloved), Antahin amubuti (endless emotions).

**Time Spirit:**

As a whole the poetry of the period under review can signify well the time-spirit as all the poems are expressions of the new trend. Yet there are some particular poets and poems in this field too. We have Agarwala Jonaki, Binbaragi depicting the literary and social trend.

In Bezbarua we see Binbaragi, Mor desh, Amar janmabhumi, Usha, Panhi.

H.C. Goswami has his Puwa (morning), telling about the age of Jonaki.

Gohainbarua wrote his Prerana, Bhuli, Panti in order to mention what the literary journals could do for the period.

Raichoudhuri has for his credit Mai achho mai achho, garhakar mok tanudar, Mai viplav mai tandem.
And Barkakati wrote his Mahatma about Gandhiji who inspired him and many people for struggle to win our freedom then.

Metaphor, Simile:

Our poets are not Kalidasas or such experts in the uses of metaphors and similes in their poems. Yet we have the use of metaphors and similes in their poems. And not a single one is outside the old order. Most of the ideas we have tried to find out are the fine examples of metaphorical ideas and some of the poems are like a purely metaphorical image or allegory. No brighter simile can be found in our poems of the period concerned. C.K. Agarwala has his poems Pratima, Jiwanar-dali, Kishori, Madhuri as metaphors. In his Binbaragi we get Manuh-rakshas, Antar-dapon, Hridai-sindhu, in Samsal Rahasya — Jiwan-tarani, Dejar-dhumuha, in Ichchha, Bahu-lata in Kishori, Hridai-sarag, Premsanti, Man-sagar in Nakar topola, Himsa-vish in Tara.

Bezbarua has written Pharing-premik, Hridai-tarani, Mrinal-dubahu, Mau-mat, Pranai-ma'dira, Prem-murali in his Priyatama-saudarya, Tatwajnan-suruj in Santi, Pranai-pallab; Pranai-pakhi, Hridai-hin in Devayani.

H.C. Goswami has no such interest in metaphor save a few e.g., Krishna-prem in Mohan banhi and Jonaki-savita in Puwa.

R.N. Choudhari has not used metaphor but a few like *Man-pakhi, Asha-pakhi, Prem-madhu, Manas-saurabh* etc. in his poetry.

Mura has *Cheneh-phul, Manas-pratima, Cheneh-nijara, Prem-putali, Sowarani-tapon* etc. His poem Pakhila is metaphorical expression.

Barkakati used *Agni-vina, Prem-parabar, Moh-ma'dira, Prem-paduli, Prem-amrit, Sita-asru-sagar, Sneh-prem-jyoti* etc. His *Eketighar* is a metaphor.

R.N. Choudhari is the most mentionable poet for his simile in our poetry of the period. His *Upama* in the *Safari* has such example and it is for his love for Sanskrit:

"Meghar kolat kare chikmik
ajali bijuli bala,
amanisha yen hira manikar
pinchicheh mohan mala."

(In the lap of the clouds the lighting flashes, as if the newmoon has worn the enchanting garland). Then again in *irahir ukti* we have such a simile to mention a few from his *Safari*:

"Pari ralo mayamai samsari jalat
banbisa bihangar prai."

(I am enmeshed in the illusive worldly net as a bir$^2$ hurt by the arrow). In his *Yugal tara* every comparison is a simile though it is not clear. In *Jonalai* he says:
"Mor flare chakoria phulla pran kumudini."

(like me the moth live lilies) Jonalai (mahikatara).

In Anjali we have "Vichitra hirar mani usha devi yen prakritik aiche hemanjali."

(as if the dawn is offering dew the diamond beads). The comparison is fine. In Bhiksha he says:

"Silar rekhar are tomate sadai thake yen atal biswas."

(like the line on a stone let the faith rest in thee).

In Agarwala we see similes in a restrained state. As his poems Pratima, Kishori, Madhuri are like the live metaphors we may see them as similes too. His Ashirvada has a fine simile like the adage 'mans sana corporo sana "Sundar-mukhar dare sundar jivan". And his expressions "Atar agat, bat barhi yai", "Nijam akasar nichuk kathat" have enchanting touch of simile as they create sensuous image in our minds.

In Niyar:

"Mukuta maniti pahit jilike phatik panit dhowa.
Nishar tara eti saryehe achhe saragat topani yowa."

(the pearl on the petals washed in crystal water is like a star of the night fallen from its sleep), and in Jonaki we have such a simile too as he wrote:

"Sapon rajyar kata ye kumari malayat uti ahe
Swapnar aveshe pakhilar dare nachi hannhi lahe lahe."

(So many maidens of the dream land fly on the breeze and in dreamy mood dancing like the moths so slowly).
In Duara we have the single significant simile telling about his life:

"Mor ei hiya khani Jetuka patar sare
seujiya bananire dhaka, --- Sunya parichai" in his Apon sur. The meaning is "My heart is covered with green grasses like the Jetuka, a kind of plant with leaves full of red sap."

In Awasan "Akas kusum dare man's pratima khani" is another simile.

N. Devi has some similes, e.g., in Pahara sapon in her Sandhiyar sur, we have:

"Mahur prabhati smruti
saponar sare
pritir nijara yen
milanar mela."

(like the sweet dream at the dawn the stream of love for union).

In D.K. Barua we have in his Manorama a few lines to our investigation, e.g.,

"Ag barishar ba rib rib
batahar dare tomar hanhi,"

(your smile is like the soft breezes at the advent of summer.)

and then in the concluding lines of the poem:

"Dahoti anguli champakali yen,
padumar thari vukhani hat,
dui for pati tharak barak,
tat naikiya makor gati
nipotal buku, latumani oth,
duyopari jant dalimguti;
marumal prithibit sakhi,
tumi kavitar eketi suti."

(ten fingers are like the petals of Champa buds, hans are like the stems of lotus, the two darpatis are moving with the shuttle without any rest, high breasts, red lips, teeth like the seeds of pomegranate; in this desert like world you are
the only source of poem, my dear).

Our poets used the appropriate epithets and the presaid language as far as possible in their poetry following the very style of the English romantic poets and we lost old figures of speech and thought etc.

**Romantic Image**:

Our poets tried to reconcile the opposites of action and contemplation like the romantic poets of English literature. So we get the romantic image in our poetry too specially in those poets of love. The object of art is to produce pleasure though the love poems of many seemed to be immoral. In this field of romantic imagery A.G. Raichoudhuri, G. Gogoi, N.K. Barua are most mentionable for their live images of the beloved and her budding beauty too. And to most of them the beloved was none but the ideal beauty. To praise and sing the glories of that very beauty was the sole aim of their writing then. So Raichoudhuri has his Tumi and Beena and mentions of Tumi not a particular one. Barua's name Manorama while others termed it as Pratima, Privatama etc. Mysticism in Raichoudhuri, N. Devi has its full bright revealed picture which is really the opposite side of an afflicted heart. Spirituality in metaphysical poems also tell that. But R.N. Choudhuri, Kumar and Barkakati could divert their very agonies or pang of separation in other way. Choudhuri left the human world and praised the nature and its birds and flowers
and different aspects of it for the only solace. Duara followed another path of loneliness, floating him along the eternal stream of the pang of separation, his boat at the will of Time, The Destiny. Barkakati has no alternative but the pantheism to see his beauty or ideal beauty in all forms of the visible world. Nowhere they could rest in peace as is the case for a divine discontent and their concept of the last resort for the eternal peace is a mysterious something. Hardly we can attain it, as a mortal being. We are destined to that discontent and despair.

Other figures of speech, thought and meaning:

It will be a long discourse to do all the necessary work of survey of the figures of speech or meaning like alliteration, pun, ambiguity, Utpreksha, metonymy, synecdoche, irony, transferred epithet, personification, here now.

Alliteration:

R.N. Choudhari followed the classical poets for his ornaments, vocabulary and myths etc. and in his poems Madhuri and Madhavi as the very beginning of the words with M he loves much shows the alliteration of a significant line. He has also such figure of speech in his Karbala too. He writes:

Tritap tapan tape tapta santapiye
labhichhe anaja sukh ananta hamat.
— Karbala.
Every word on the pang of separation for the loss of the sweet-heart to any of the poets of love may be termed as the irony of his fate. We donot find the various types of figures of thought and meaning so vivid in other poets,
as most of them wrote in the most conventional way. Yet Bezbarua has alliteration in his poem Awashesh, R.N. Choudhari wrote his Madhuri, Madhavi for such figure of speech.

Poetry of Statement

As most of the poems by Raichoudhari, Duara, Barkakati, N. Debi and Devakanta Barua are about their love or lost love, the very beauty of the beloved, their pang of separation and then the mystic faith in some of them well-wrought, we therefore, may classify them as the poetry of statement. They are different from the rhetorical or an ornate poems. It is like the catalogue of some objects through descriptions. Yet there may be some taste of poetry though scattered. It may be devoid of any image too.

Though the eternal subject-matter of poetry is life and its different aspects like love, and death, yet we always see in the body of the unique works, divinely coined words by ancients for their conventional way of saying out what they want. So we may treat those very familiar glossary or vocabulary to be the most live and also as the symbols or images in our poetry too. To mention a few here will suffice our purpose, e.g., Prem, Jiwan, Mrityu, Sundar, Saundarya, Ras, Rup, Chhavi, Smriti, Ritu, Puja, Arati, Homagni, Phulasiyva, Jaron, Din, Rati, Puwa, Sandhya, Akash, Purnima, Amavasya, Pachowa, Churnibayu, Janata, Nirjanata, Mahanil, Sunya, Jagar, Smahan, Chitri, Rad, Barsheun, Megh, Asim, Atit.
MrJasm, MaSL^tiOLtit fem i, uthan buku. Golanigal, Ayata-
netra, Dant, Mukh, Chuli, Chaku, Oth, Anguli, Hanhi-Chaoni,
Khoi, Mat, Lai, Vishad, Shok, Tap, Randon, Maram, Cheneh,
Dhumha, Nivar, Maya, Jwarga, Muktí, Sangit-Writva, Nai,
Nap, Samsar, Hat, Pat, Jataruwa, Pathik etc. And Mallarme
told Degas that we donot write poems with ideas but with
words, and poets use, choosing them with their own mysteri-
ous myth-making power, as if the magic wand works in their
expert hands. We therefore get the most magical words from
their hands as the most pleasing poems impregnated with the
human sentiments and the bliss, the ecstasy or the divine
beauty.