CHAPTER VI

IMAGERY: ITS APPLICATION IN ASSAMESE POETRY (1900-1940)
Romanticism was of many shades. The causes of this change are exceedingly complex. Art was not a heightening of the actual but a deliverance from it. Fancy, which affords an escape from the familiar fact became corner-stone of the romantic poetry. Primarily it was an extraordinary development of imaginative sensibility. In their imagery the glory of the lake and mountain, grace of man, dignity of simple folks, wonder of faery, mystery of old historic places in short, nature and human world, acted as the springs of the poet's inspiration. The different avenues to the world of romance were to rekindle the soul of the past, to call up Pratima or Manas Sundari, to make the natural supernatural as Wordsworth and Coleridge put it. So this world was duly disclosed by imagination, related to the world of sensation or senses. Mental images of very many different hues in our poets specially those poets of lyrics full of elegiac notes and wailings for the youthful love and its frustrations, can be seen. It is due to the ideal beauty for them as a poet of love can imagine and feel deeply for such a beauty. We have also the figurative poetry in the traditional way of the ancient classics as some of them borrowed the very live images of Kalidasa or of Sankardeva. The touch-stone of Sanskrit poetic applied in ornamentation that is compared by some as the bracelets can be seen in the Upama or simile use...
profusely by Kaliṣa, the depth of meaning in Haravi and
the lucidity in others, were not shun by the poets. Myths and
archetypes, the legendary symbols, the eternal subject-matter
of poetry, i.e., life, love and death were always there. But
the Chitrakavya or pictorial poetry for the figures of speech
or meaning has its suggestiveness and emotions too. And the
poets of the period under review had to depict the emotional
side only for their sentiment of love as most of the poets
were first a poet embellished with the bright beauty of some
human figure or that of nature. Mysticism is the only alter-
native to some of them as the lost love or the ideal beauty
caused them to seek shelter in the highest bliss according
to their view.

On the other hand the social, political, religious or
economic affairs of the period seemed to the young writers
to be prone to the burning problems though they were not
free enough to so what they wished in that direction. Para-
doctically the repression can so more better to the creative
faculty but we see no such bright figures in our poetry to
fight against the evils of that society then under a foreign
yoke. So we have no such live image of our social status or
revolting mood in the poetry of the period. Yet some of the
poets invited attention to the people for the new social order
in every possible way as the renaissance in the field of
literature could so. We cannot so what they so for the
poetry in which imagery was applied in order to see its new
form as well as the content. Many of the poets could show the fine, delicate and even or equilateral images drawn in their poems as the striking quality of the new poems.

R.N. Tagore told once that we should express our thoughts in images so as to make the readers understand what we want to say. Poet, therefore, thinks in images or feels by them. And he is in them. A poet, first of all, sees something, e.g., a piece of cloud, a flash of lightning, a peacock, a bird, a flower etc, and then depicts it in his language, the special medium for him. And his language is also flowery as his very mind that can see first, then becomes overwhelmed with grief or joy, may be thoughtful and then expresses his joy or sorrow as far as practicable. So we may represent a poem by some concentric circles with its centre vision circumscribes by other circles of attitudes and moods, thought, imagery, rhythm and language. But language has suffered a sea-change. Trends come and go but the original aptitudes in man do not die. They feel and think in the very brighter and newest way possible and express in the suitable way invented by the new view of life. Our concern here is to see the application of imagery in our poetry. To apply some original ideas, thoughts, figures of speech, imagery in a befitting manner is not an attempt here as poets had been influenced directly or indirectly by the western literature at first though many of them could hardly avoid the ancients. A touchstone of poetry can be taken for granted as was the case for J.N. Mukarji to
keep with him a note book on poems as the sweetest companion for all the moments. Those were the most pleasing lines of the master-pieces of some great poets of the English Romantic period and some other important ones from other literatures too. To some the ancients like Kālidāsa, Magha, Bhāravi, Shakespeare, Wordsworth, Shelley, Keats, etc. are the foremost and favourites and they always quote the favourite lines from their poems. Or writes as the true follower of his favourite one as the sole impulse to him. Valmiki's Rāmāyanā is superb in point of imageries. For Upama, Simile all turn to Kālidāsa, and for the meaning to Bhāravi. Our poets could look for their style, fiction, language, imagery etc. Which ideals as we see C.K. Agarwala enriching his poem Madhuri with the finest touch of Kālidāsa's Kumārsambhava, "Na yayau na tasthau...", that of Keats' Ode on a Grecian Urn or of Sankarāvya's Haramohan. The imagery is applied here to beautify Madhuri in all possible ways and therefore it is the best and the sweetest creation by our Agarwala. His Kishori is another poem of importance as both of them are the products of the same feeling to enjoy the very beauty of a maiden. We have here two different pictures of the young girl, one is in open wide field. She is Madhuri. The other is behind the bars of the home. Beauty in Madhuri is epitomised for the suggestion in the poem and we can imagine well the unseen or half-heard beauty or melody respectively. Dhvani or suggestion is the soul of poetry, as the ancient rhetoricians like Anandavardhan
and Abhinavagupta propounded. So our Agarwala tried to apply that theory in practice. He is successful too. We have our Lucy in Maḍmuri as the half-hidden beauty Wordsworth depicted in his poem. So there is also the application of the romantic image too. Agarwala is the true worshipper of beauty as he wrote "Sundarar aradhana jiwanar khel" (To worship beauty is the sport of my life) yet he fails to express all about the finest image of his inner beauty, the ideal beauty he had cherished in the heart of hearts. It is quite impossible to do that. None can copy the Supreme Artist, the Nature. Each and every line in its everchanging colour can not be copied by any of the swiftest hands of an artist, of an expert painter too. So in the same breath of Robert Browning he also expressed

"Hridayar manirat lukuwa pratima
bhasha nai kirupe bujao"

(how to make you understand about the image hidden in my heart). Browning said in this way as the words "The petty one and undone vast" mean. Eezbarua also had similar image in

"Jhabare pratima bhabate barhichhe
bhabe behani kare;
bukure bhitarat chenehar saphurat
Malatir chenekhan chare."

(the image of my ideal beauty grows in thought, deals in thought or idea; the beauty of Malati brightens in the store of affection in my heart). So the very image of beauty or the ideal beauty which is not expressible in its full bright colour is the idea here in all of them. K. Barua too expressed the same feeling in his poem, citing Browning, "Antahin anubhuti --- akani prakash" (Aprakash). Thus the image can be
of western origin, and it is applied by our poets in the truest form in their respective poems. If the creator of the image of his ideal beauty is not satisfied with his own words or creation how is it possible for a man like us to enjoy the same in the same spirit of the poet? The most wonderful region of the mind cannot be easily intelligible to others. It is wonder of wonders and the suggestion is there in each of the poems by our poets. And the most wonderful and mysterious being is the absolutely unintelligible one as the very universe is full of such mysteries. And that image of the Absolute Nothing has been imagined by the mystics too. We have seen so long about abstract images applied in their poems by Agarwala, Bezbarua, N.K. Barua. Imaginative beauty is born when the impressions produced in the mind by external objects begin to develop a life of their own images, and make the mind of the observer a mansion for all lovely forms. The poetry of the Romantics is full of the visionary gleams, we get the view of the world not visible to us, the touch of it that is intangible, we know the most unknowable or unknown something, we clutch the inapprehensible to some extent. It is the insight or intimacy of vision the poet is blessed with. In Agarwala we see another fine picture of his ideal beauty in the line of his poem Pratima referred to Chitralekha, the legendary figure, well-versed in drawing the whole of the universe and its living creatures in the exact portrait like a painter and Agarwala called her for his creative mind to be strengthened as his pen.
was failing "Sakhi Chitralekha mor kalpana sundari" (O my imaginative beauty, Chitralekha). This image leads us to think of a world of fine arts in which there is none but the supreme artist Chitralekha. She knew all the denizens of the heaven and this world of ours, and could paint even the heart's desire in Usha the daughter to Sana. Telepathy was practised even in the days of yore as this proves. And the myth applied here is traditional. She and only her brush and colour can help the poet at the hour of his need and then the art-gallery or montage for the poet will be full. We have different names of the ideal beauty attributed to his or her best choice as Raichoudhuri called her Rani, Tumi like Tagore's ideal beauty Manas Sundari, Vichitrarupini, Jivan Devata, Vivid picture of such beauty is seen in Manorama of N.K. Barua while R.N. Choudhuri expressed simply some words like Sadari, Madhuri or Madhavi but none is his choice like his birds or flowers. Or objective correlative is there. Baudelaire maintained that every colour, sound, odour, conceptualised emotion, and every visual image has its correspondence in each of the other fields. Mallarme insisted that poetry was made not of ideas, but of words. That is applied in our poems too.

But these are easy or simple beauties, as conceived by every one of them. They are not difficult beauties or sublime. Sublimity is the echo of a great soul like Valmiki or Kalidas, Hante or Homer. In the period under review we have no such great poet of our own producing an epic or a world classic
though most of them could be in touch of such works of importance.

We have already made a survey of the various images in our poetry in the preceding section. So it will be a short-cut discussion now on some of the particular instances of those images our poets had applied in their poems either directly influenced by the romantic poets or some of our ancient classics. And we shall stress on some special features like mysticism, symbol, elegy and lyrics or love-poems, for their influences in the western literatures. Only a few poets of the period will suffice to do that.

Mysticism:

Indians should not seek the inspiration for the mystic ideal or spiritual aptitude from foreign sources or guides. Eternal truth, the transcendental beyond the limits of the visible world, the Almighty, all these mystic ideals are at the root of our culture and philosophy. And there is also the Mayava$\dot{a}$ of Sankaracharyya that leads us to think of the universe as an illusion. Some of our poets like A.C. Raichoudhuri, N. Devi followed this path of Supreme Truth. We cannot know the success they had attained from that very path. His Tumi and Beena are infused with such fervour of mysticism as the critics like Mr. B.K. Kakati, Mr. K.C. Das etc. stress$\ddot{a}$ on that in their discourses on the poems of Raichou$\dot{a}$huri. The direct influence we can find in his Tumi is purely from Indian
faith as the Upanishads, the Gita etc. pave the way to us.

There are moments, the rare moments indeed, in which the mind of man is seized by the mystical mood, and the intuitive leap, may be helpful to be in harmony with the Supreme, whatever be the conception of that. As the Gita says: \textit{Buddhigrahyam atindriyam}, intuitive perception only can achieve the luminosity of integral vision, reason as a guide here is inadequate. A true lover Raichoudhuri failed to win his beloved, the mortal beauty in this world and so tried to see that very ideal beauty in the supreme being. The mysticism of the Upanishads lays stress on this supramental realisation and regards all other phases of mystic delight as partial.

\textbf{Mystic elements in Raichoudhuri and N. Devi}

In his \textit{Tumi} Raichoudhuri has depicted the union of You and I i.e., \textit{Tumi} and \textit{Mai} and it is really the attainment of the heaven by \textit{Mai}. Here we see the spiritual aptitude of the poet searching after the love for the universe and beauty culminating in the eternal love or the Supreme \textit{Tumi} that is realised in his own heart. So You and I are united here,

\begin{quote}
\textit{"Mor sate ganthi \textit{\^}ichha \\
antahin viswar prangan."}
\end{quote}

(you have united with me the field of the endless universe).

And again he says that he is the eternal source of love that is linked up with the small heart in his words:

\begin{quote}
\textit{"Tumi ananta premar khani \\
kshuda mor hridayayat gatha."}
\end{quote}
Actually the search after his Tumi is an attainment of his spiritual penance or meditation; that penance is for the spiritual world, and its impulse is the simple intuition. So he raises the very image of his beauty and love so such a plane that it is quite impossible to see such scene in this mortal world of ours. That has been depicted with the hue of the pure compassion and love. It is not experienced by the external senses. It is possible only when the Being and becoming are in the same plane or united as one entity. The second phase of his Tumi deals with the maternal love, the childish anger as we see in the case of Lord Krishna and Yasoda, who adopted him as her own child. This is a chapter of the glory of the universe. In the next phase the real achievement of the mystic delight as he sees here the Brahman, creator of this universe, there is the fine description of the beauty on the earth and sky, the love and wonders there. Here he sees the one among the many, the unseen or invisible amidst the visible and the emotional output of that experience. The scenes are the primary things about the Great, Infinite or the most Mysterious One. His Tumi unveils the mystery of the universe with its own mysteries and in this mighty universal form he sees the Truth, Beauty and Good. In the fourth phase he attains the enlightenment of his soul or the Light and consciousness as if at the advent of the dawn and so he says to see that light:

"Sarasi ekanman
samari asim pran" and—
The lake is enlivened with that light and the green grasses with the dew-drops on them resemble the universe. These lines remind us of Lake. He has realised the existence of the eternal something amidst this very mortal world:

"Michhate bharami mare ananta jagat-purnarupe achhe kintu hiyar majat."

(For nothing one wanders in this world, it, the Truth or beauty, is in the heart). Self-realisation is evident here. To know thyself - the sage words are so hard nut to crack. All the truth and beauty of the universe are inherent in our own soul and the Tattvamasi, that is you of the Vedanta was realised thus. The poet sees the whole world full of love. At the last phase, the end of his penance and the attainment of peace, in all its forms, has been expressed and he is full. It is interesting that some find in many of Wordsworth's poems the mystical vein. His Tintern Abbey, Ode to Immortality and the Prelude convince us to see that vein. But Raichoudhuri has not applied any of the aforementioned mystical ideas in his Tumi or Beena. His is original and traditional as an Indian poet can depict that very idea in the same spirit of the Upanishads: "Atmanam pravachanena labhaye na ma bhaya na bahuna srutena" (The Atman is not attainable through lecture, intellect or learning). Raichoudhuri wrote:

"Ananta rahasya bhara alokar sot
ujjvalai diya tumi mane mane mor."
(With the mysterious stream of light you enlighten me so silently).

Wordsworth wrote:

"Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting:
The soul that rises with us, our life's star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar:
Not in entire forgetfulness,
Not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory we come
From God, who is our home:
Heaven lives about us in our infancy!

---- (Ode to Immortality)

In these lines the poet seems to draw closer to our Indian thinking, but he did not suggest the idea of a series of future lives for human soul. The poet tells us about the immortality in the midst of suffering and despair as Keats tells about 'the vale of soul-making'.

Our Raichoudhuri said:

"Ananta anand ei rahasya-bharal
aguru tomare triptir chariphal,
palake palake phuli
jiwan jagai tuli,
saraje asim kata saumaryar bhumi,
hiyar sahana her, tatvamay tumi."

(This mysterious store without its beginning and an end surrounded by the full contentment of yours, blooming in every twinkling of an eye, enkindling life, creates the infinite space of beauty, the desire of heart, You are the mysterious).

Thus Raichoudhuri applied in his poem the same ideal of a mystic, hankering after the Eternal Beauty).
N. hevi expressed her mystic element in her poetry and in the poem Pahara Sapon, it is best expressed as she wrote to her own satisfaction thus:

"Sapon kahini matho
manuh jiwan
lin hai niatir ananta sotat,
manuh jiwan bhara rahasya nigurh
sesh hai yai ur atit garbhat."

(the life of a man is only a dream that vanishes in the endless Time, the life of man is full of deep mystery, it ends in the womb of the sea or distant past). In the poem Param Trishna we have her philosophy of life and thirst for the Eternal Beauty. Thus the mystic elements and the spiritual attitude of the Vedanta philosophy are applied in her poem and ours is a land of Nachiketa neglecting all the worldly blisses as the trifling nothing in the greatest pursuit of the most sublime or the Eternal Truth. It is the sole path to attain the life's last resort, peace of salvation whatever it may be. In this connection we never fail to see the same fervour of the heroic view of life in the poems of George (Stefan George) and that of Alexander Block.

George wrote:

"You who are pure as flame and slender,
You shoot from fine strain flowering,
You like the Dawn serene and tender,
You like a simple, secret spring,
My fellow through the sunlit meadows,
Thrill round me when arkeneth.
Lightning my path among the shadows,
You cooling wind, you fiery breath.
You are my longing and my thinking
I breathe you in all air that is
I sip you when my lips are drinking
In every fragrance find your kiss ... (as neue Reich)"
and Blok had his Beautiful Lady, who becomes 'the Queen of Purity' 'the Mysterious Virgin'. He had a mystical union with Lyubov or Love and the event was regarded as a kind of mystical union, in which the poet was united to an incarnation of his Vision. And Beatrice symbolises much that Dante honoured.

Raichoudhuri tried for a happy union with his Rani or Tumi, N. Devi with her Unknown Being, the Eternal Beauty, others like Duara wanted his Herowa Sapon, Saponar Sur, Jibanar Sur and Barkakati ran after his Sundar or Chira Sundar but none of them were successful in this life. So they are contradictory, as most of the mystics are.

In them we see the application of the sensuous beauty, Eternal Beauty or the spiritual beauty as the imaginative beauty can be classified or they have different kinds of poetic vision like the insight, illuminative or vast that are only applied in their poems.

**Elegy and Lyrics**:

Let us have a brief review of some of our poets who wrote elegies and lyrics. We must begin with R.M. Rilke's words on the basis of which he stands for his belief in Art and the Beautiful. He wrote in his Requiem:

> O ancient curse of poets
> Lamenting their own lot and telling nothing,
> For ever passing judgment on their feeling
> Instead of shaping it.
As a humanist of the truest order he protested against God as there is always the high and low. Frustrated love is at the root of his words in Pieta:

"I can find thee no more. I am alone.
I am alone with all men sorrow name,
Which to relieve through thee was still my claim
There whom I cannot find..."

Rilke wrote elegies that meant everything to him and his poems are much more than pictures in words. It is hard to say what the main subject of his Elegies is. And as a poet he speaks for humanity. But his Angels stand for the absolute of poetic inspiration. He longed for an absolute. Our N. Devi and R.K. Barkakati wrote elegies only to lament over someone nearest and nearest. But they all spoke in the tune of Byron saying:

"Away I see know that tears are vain,
That Death nor heeds nor hears' distress
Will this unteach us to complain?
Or make one mourner weep less?

or in that of Charles Lamb:

"Why human buds, like this should fall,
More brief than fly ephemeral!

Most of the poems by N. Devi are about her loss in the happy life as she lost her near and dear ones. Putali is one of them in which she lamented for her son's premature death. Barkakati remembered his friend Chandranath Sarma in his poem Swargiya Chandranath Sarma and in the poem Kavindra Rabindradarshan he praised R.N. Tagore. But the evil of life lies in its incompleteness and poems by N. Devi and Barkakati tell that with the full picture an elegiac note.
In the wailing heart, Agarwala has his poem *Ajeya* too.

Now about the lyrics we may say of those poets like J.N. *Tuara*, N. *Devi*, P.N. *Gohainbaru*, G. *Gogoi* to mention a few. According to F.S. Flint a lyric is the best form to see an idea in its concrete image. A long poem is not suitable form to show the unity, flow, and uniformity of idea and emotion and the unitary form cannot arise there. *Kalidasa's Meghacuta* is a lyric, concretised form of human emotions. In his long poem *Apon Sur*, a collection of some twenty eight poems we get the same emotion and tone of *Tuara's* inflicted heart. Like Shelley he pines for what is not to him. And he sings his own song composing it at the remotest corner and the same old tone is heard again and again to wring his sad heart greatly inflicted. The same echo of Shelley's:

> We look before and after,  
> And pine for what is not;  
> Our sincerest laughter  
> With some pain is fraught;  
> Our sweetest songs are those that tell of safest thought.

can be heard in *Tuara's* lines as if he followed Shelley for his emotions and passions to be beautifully laid down. The images we have in his Apon Sur are in a series of stark, unadorned, severe and remote in character, to reveal the innermost agonies, the cry for the lost desire. So it may be the influence of Shelley or of *Rilke* who found that he was at the mercy of his instincts, his doubts, uncertainties,
inability to feel at home anywhere for long. To sustain himself he clung to those moments that remained brightest in his memory and in which he seemed nearest to his love. It will cover a long time and a vast space to see all the very important images he had applied in his poem to accomplish his lyrical fervour. That artists are, for their lives, different and isolate, has been proved by Duara, as he began his poem Apon Sur. There is the mental image of the poet in its maddest colour. He cannot meet others as the human love is futile, transitory. This is epicestic in:

"Tumi mok bhal powa sunileo hanhi uthe haba pare eo eti saponar rekha."

---(Sunya parichai),

the meaning is, it makes me laugh that you love me, may be, it is a ray of dream. Love-making is not a dream-scene at all. It is a vital affair to a pair of young ones for their life-long partner. So the tragic element he wanted to forget the whole world, flowing down like the river of forgetfulness, forbearing all. We see the poet in his true colour in the manner of Kalidas' Yaksha lamenting for his separation. He has poems on boatman (Noriya) and the philosophy of his life is there as the boatman is none but the poet himself. He applied the direct influences of English romantic poetry in many poems though there is also the philosophical touch of Indian origin. In form everything is western. Yet we see the pure picture of Assamese rural life in the following fine
clauses and phrases—'ejare melile pahi' (the Ejars are budding) in the poem *Ananta*, *Sonar harina* (golden seaer) in *Naoriya vai bhatiyai*, *Luhtar bahal buku*, *Kal pachhowa* (terrible west wind) etc. He applied the image of Shelley in his poems *Tomalai*, *Sukhar Sapon*, *Saponar Sur*. In *Naoriya(c)* we see the application of the image of the poem 'Crossing the Bar' by Tennyson, in *Chakulo*, that of 'Tears Idle tears.' His *Herowa sapon* has the image of Keats' 'La Belle name Sans Merci' and the scene in the *Naoriya(a)* resembles that of Browning's 'The last ri-e together' or that of Wordsworth's 'Simon Lee.' Moreover we may compare some of his poems with that of R.N. Tagore's *Parash pathar*, or with poems of Gray. He applied the technique of western poets in his poems. Thus we have the application of imagery in *Naara*'s poetry but his forte is symbolism and his symbol like *Nao*, *Naoriya*, *Patara*, *Nai* etc. are everlasting along with a tone of pessimism. As the true worshipper of beauty he was self-forgotten for his ideal beauty or the image of his mind and a musical note is there. The danger of the aesthetic approach to life is that it loses a taste for ordinary things by concentrating on beautiful objects and may even be pained or disgusted by them. In the last resort it leads to a passive melancholy, a refusal or inability to face experience or any hard task. All art is bounded by some limitations. So the success in one direction is gained by the loss in another. *Naara faced
such fate. He is our Davide Ignatow or Nathaniel Hawthorne.

N. Devi was not fully influenced by the western thought and the direct influence for her images in the poems was from the ancient classics. So we have the application of imagery as traditional, as she read Sanskrit Kavyas and Bengali poetry. The main and outstanding features of her poems are devotion, mysticism and patriotic fervour. Her mystic delight is like that of other mystics, as we have said earlier. Grief and sorrow were not to part with her. Blows one after another shattered her frail mind and that image of mind is seen in her poems. Here is the wailing for the Eternal Beauty behind the veil of the worldly blisses in the most attractive allurements. That very tone is sung in her Sandhiyar Sur, and it is so familiar to all of us as a mortal being. We find the shades of some lines of Shelley in her poem Keats, as if she applied the image of Shelley in her poem. But it is really not a case as most of her poems have the touch of ancient classics or the Vedanta philosophy. So the images she had applied in her poems are traditional. She is our Sylvia Plath. Her eyes are sharp and her heart is responsive. Event is produced in the aural imagery. We shall best realize the goal of N. Devi if we reckon with joy as Nietzsche said that all that suffered, wanted to live, longing for what was higher, brighter, and this is the irony of fate to many. Each joyous ecstasy entails a negative ecstasy. The state of
darkness and illumination coexist over a long period, alternating sharply and rapidly.

Gohainbarua wrote his *Lesla*, the auto-biographical long lyric to apply the imagery of Milton's *Paradise Lost* as the theme of the Adam and Eve has its touch in the purest relation between the man and woman to see the creation in its full swing. It is a monologue about his worldly affair with the beloved wife who was lost in the prime of her life. For its form the striking feature is the use of blank verse in the manner of M.M. Mutt of Bengali literature, that was in practice by the expert hands of Ramakanta Chouhrur and Bholanath Das in our literature.

G. Gogoi has his epic of life in the *Papari* and *Swamabhanga*, the first is full of the emotions and passions of the heart of a young lover while the second is the epitaph of his lost love so to say. The same lyrical tone is applied in his poems here as he spoke all about his cherished desire and her beauty. The other title by him *Rupiyoti* is also the bright picture of his affectionate heart and the sensuous feelings to his Fanny, Kiran. In *Swamabhanga*, the mighty Luit of hopes turned into the Nile of sadness for good. He was lost, like Keats and the same fate of Keats was faced.
Poets of Love:

We must begin with G. Gogoi here to see the application of the images on the theme of love, philosophy of love etc. as the older group of the poets of love in the period concerned turned to mystics or patriots and pessimists as the frustrated lovers. None of them could be Romeo-Juliets or Laila-Majnu or a Sahjehan at all, though Tajmahal was referred to by someone. All the young poets read the poems on love and its philosophy as the young learners of English literature. They turned to bards of passion and of mirth indeed. The poem 'Love' by Coleridge is the pathfinder to many as the beginning startles a young mind:

"All thoughts, all passions, all delights,
Whatever stirs this mortal frame,
All are but ministers of Love,
And feed his sacred flame."

This very flame of love was burning in any youth at a certain weak moment or an opportune moment in his or her life. It is a divine bliss indeed in the guise of a beloved or a lover that may act as the life-force, Impulse - the Creative Impulse, and all to him or her. That is the high time of life to an enchanted or blessed one. And Byron's words "The days of our youth are the days of our glory;" had the full force on them to see them, go into the deepest thoughts of love and create something immortal. All we get as the poems on love are thus the everlasting glory of the
young lovers. Poor things, we see no such bright woman figure deeply interested in love, though N. Devi wrote for her affection to the young sons she lost. But all lovers are fated to be a Dante, Romeo, Sahjehan as we see no Dushyanta-Sakuntala, Raja Harischandra, Nala-Damayanti, Beula-Lakhin-\textsuperscript{ar} in the same line of Rama and Sita of the greatest epic by Valmiki. Tragedy followed the Comedy. We are deeply interested in Eternal law of Death, the leveller and "Eka rasah karuna eba cha" the only sentiment is that of pathoes, and those days of Rama are gone for ever. So the very image of a happy union after the long struggle, sires cannot be seen on any life of the poet of love. And there is the tragic picture of his or her life, the wailings, heart-wrenching agonies, soul-writhing anguishes, death-wishes-in all of them. We forget the birth and its joy and between the last day of our life and that day of birth we look for the subject of love may be an Ideal Beauty, La Beau, aesthetic or some human figure. But the romantic ideology is to pine for what is not, the most unattainable, impossible something. Tragedy lies there. Gogoi, D.K. Barua, J.N. Duara, A.G. Raichoudhuri and many others lost their beloveds for social distances between them or by the cruel hands of time. There is the picture of the eternal tragic flow in all the poems of love. Either one is ruined for his life or diverted in his pursuit like the mystics, patriots, passive or pessimistic. Whatever
be the extreme point in a love-affair, we see the different stages of the love-torn one like Dante's. He may be in a heaven of his own at a certain moment and the very image in that montage of the episode is the most pleasing to all. There is the true picture of the inner soul of the poet to describe the most beautiful world that can be so well conceived by a partner. And all the poems of love in our period have the similar attitude to be united with the cherished desire, for the fulfilment of all the ecstasies so long dreamed of in this life of their mortal world. But that can hardly be satisfied as the divine discontent is there. The probability is a frustration in most cases. So we get another picture of the inflicted heart that may be a hell too, as Dante saw it. Our Gogoi, Barua, Duara, Raichoudhuri all are experienced of the frustration, though we don't know how long they could enjoy the most pleasant world of their dream of love. So in each of the poems of love we see the true picture of a frustrated world to which they had been dragged unknowingly by a strong force of opposition just at the memorable moment of their lives. That is, we get the poet in his poems and the *Britannica* of B. Croce says that the feeling is altogether converted into images, into this complex of images and *is* thus a feeling that is contemplated and therefore resolved and transcended. Hence poetry must be called neither feeling, nor yet the sum of the two, but "contempl-
ation of feeling," or "lyrical intuition," or (which is the same thing) "pure intuition"—pure, that is, of all historical reference to the reality or unreality of the images of which it is woven, and apprehending the pure throb of life in its ideality. And Encyclopaedia Britannica says that the lyric is not a pouring forth, it is not a cry or a lament, it is an objectification in which the ego sees itself on the stage, narrates itself, dramatises itself; and this lyrical spirit forms the poetry both of epic and of *rama, which are therefore distinguished from lyric only by external signs.

So Gogol has the epic of his life in his *apari in its full bright colour, the *awnabhanga, that of his frustration. The image of his immortal ideal beauty is there so well applied in the poetry. Raichoudhuri drew the finest picture of his beloved in all possible craftsmanship and his Tumi is our *divine Comedy about his *eatrice *umati. We donot know the true person of his ideal beauty *uara a*ore (most probably a beautiful daughter of Bezbarua?) or that of *arkakati who also had written poems of love, while n.K. Barua mentions of some *anorama in free and frank way. He has applied all possible colours to the image of his dreamland on the *along, the abode of *anorama, along with that of his sweetheart *anorama. Most probably it is the finest of all the ideal beauties depicted by any of the poets of love in our literature.
The identification of the poet with objects which appeal to him and his senses is the initial step in image-making. So poets are able to make the desert blossom. They are the luckiest of mortals, since frustrations, sorrow, even despair are stimulating and obedient to their creative hands as C. J. Lewis opines. That very stimulation can be found in our poets of love though most of them had been frustrated. Actually most of them tried their best to be relieved of the very agony and unendurable pang of separation and wrote down all about the past—the horrible past as Goethe said that we escape the world through art, and art was also our link with it. So we have our poets of love. They created their own images in our literature in eternal hue.

**Love, Beauty and Nature**

It is not distinguishable a thing of beauty either in a human figure or in a natural object like a flower. All seem to be the same in the eyes of a worshipper of beauty. Though we have a light touch on the poets of love applying the image of love in their poems still the same sentiments of love and beauty go hand in hand with nature. A thing of beauty is joy for ever. We must look at a fine face of any attractive and beautiful figure for all its particular beauty-spots, poses, moods, glances, voice, smile, looks etc. just like the natural objects in the open spaces, like the wild flowers in full
bloom at any moment of our life to stay and stare. Way-side flowers are not praised by anybody. All sounds, all colours, all forms, either because of their pre-ordained energies or because of long association, evoke indefinable yet precise emotions. We may then be enchanted, enticed, loved for such association, or approach for love. It is natural. We praise a fine natural scene for the pleasure it may enkindle in us for long, or for a single moment. A single moment of enjoying the divine beauty is worth thousand years of worshipping an idol of our faith for nothing. And where there is love there must be beauty of any kind. None can deny that. It may be for the love and affection to that object or person. Only for his or her love to it the thing or person may be so beautiful, pleasing to his or her heart and mind. He may be fully intimated with for all the moments of life, only fine resort being that very object of love, which he or she may beautify according to the sweetest will, and cherish desire. In our Raischouhuri, Gogoil, Barua we see the same image of love or the object of love idealised and worshipped on being installed in the core of heart for his or her life. Beatrice was the live symbol of love Dante could honour and worship. He too wept, for the loss to him, the dream he had dreamed in his ideal beauty. Alexander Blok married Love (Lyubov) a mystical union with the incarnation of his Vision. But none of our poets could see their cherished desire being united with him on
this mortal world to enjoy the happiest life as they could dream. Their dreams remained as dreams of the imaginative or imaginary world. Even longing for Totality can be marked in some as N. Devi showed similar attitude in her poems. Beauty is something very pure and different from anything else. So is art. Therefore beauty and art are inseparable. According to Wilde beauty is the symbol of symbols. It reveals everything. Art beauty is not found, it is made by the artist, who imposes it by his own will. In beauty Raichoudhuri's Tumi and Jeena excelled all though Barkakati as a poet of love saw his beloved in his poem Swarvarupat. To Raichoudhuri and all others the thing of beauty is really the symbol of symbols. We cannot make out what the inner mind of those poets of love saw just at the very moment of their creation. The first and foremost thing is the very beauty, love to their beloved no doubt. So the very image is their love, beauty in full bright colour it enshrined. "We end in joy" as Theodore Roethke said and our poets of love actually enjoyed such joy and happiness at the very beginning of their love to enjoy the beauty. The supreme goal was not achieved by any of them and thereof the highest bliss they dreamed of was no more to their fate. Yet our Rani (Indumati), Manorama, Pratima, Madhuri, Kishori, Privatama, Leela, Kiran, Suniar etc. are concrete images of the young poets exhilarated and embellished in true spirit of Keats to see his Fanny Browne, or as Dante saw his Beatrice. Those eyes were innermost souls
of the poets' things were more true and deeper than we mortals dream though a Manorama, Rani, Pratima can be mortal. So the love and beauty that attracted our poets was divine and each of their poems on love might have been a Divine Comedy indeed. But the opposite phase is also true. Congreve exposed such a bitter truth to say that you are no longer handsome when you have lost your lover, your beauty lies upon the instant: for beauty is lover's gift: it is he bestows your charms, your glass is all a cheat. Tagore also said in the same breath that the beauty of a woman is not only a creation of God but she is beautiful only for the attribution of beauty to her by a man from the core of his wonderful world of heart that can imagine and create such beauty of his own. But true lovers never meet in their life for a happy union. Tragedy lies there and we get their Divine Comedies.

Nature is the purest of the pure companion, one and the untroubled image of Nature in Rousseau or Wordsworth made the poets of the period to turn towards it. A bud always signifies new bright life, and it acquires a strange implication in human destinies, and inspires thoughts of death too deep for tears as a bud may fade away or fall just after its full bloom. It is so transitory. So Herrick uttered, "Fair Daisies, we weep to see you haste away so soon." And our P.N. Choubhuri praised and nursed in his heart such flowers and birds. His Girimallika, Golap, Kanhuwa, Proni, Simalu, Palas, Asok, Madar
Kamini, Kanchan, Champa, Nagesvar, Bhentkali, Padum, Chandan, Malati, Nahar, Karavi, Dalim, Tager, Gutimali, Yuti, Jati, Ajar, Marzi, Akan, Aparajita, Sarivah etc. made him say,

"Phulil hiyat mor lakhe lakhe phul
parimal ganhe surabhit.

(Lakhs of flowers blooming in my heart are full of fine fragrance), and his dear birds like Ketek, Dabikatara, Priyabhangini, Kuli, Sakhiyati etc. got the apposition there to see all the live creatures of the Nature. It reminds us of Wordsworth's love for the meanest things like flowers and the Cumbrian scenery that attracted him. Choudhari loved common things because they were common and called forth or caught imagination. Most of this bird poems belong to the solitary days at his farms in distant villages. Red rivers and blue hills of Assam were also mentioned by him as we see in his poems- Luit, Manikarnika, Giri Kailash, Vasisthasram etc. We have different names of rivers of our land in poems by other poets of the period, e.g., the Manas or Deka Manah (Pashan Pratima) by Sailachar Rajkhowa, Dikha by Besbarua, Kalong by D.K. Barua, Yamuna by R.N. Choudhuri and C.D. Barua etc. So Nature has its eternal appeal to all ages and therefore our poets had in their poems the fine images of those live rivers with the waves of which some of them had to play, dance and live for long. The live image of the Luit, Lauhitya or the Brahmaputra, is, from the days of the epics the Ramayana and the Mahabharata, distinct in the mind of Indians not to speak of
our own people who live on this vast valley.

Simile and Metaphor:

C.D. Lewis also gives importance to the use of simile and metaphors in poetry in his *A Discourse in The Poetic Image*. Our poets like R.N. Choudhari followed strictly the ancient classics for his figures of speech, yet we cannot expect from his pen the true suggestive poetry as is visible in his descriptive mode of nature and different aspects of natural beauty like birds, flowers, and foliages. But similes and metaphors are there. We may cite a few examples here. His poems *Madhuri* and *Madhavi* are written for *Anuvrajas*, alliteration. In both the poems the sound of *m* can be heard, e.g.

"Mandire mandire mumukshu mandali
mridanga manjari bai
mahesh mahima madhur kirtan
mahanada mane gai ——(Madhuri), and also in his *Dahi-katara*, we have

"Madhugandha gitchhandha
manmathar awahan
maratar marubhule
malayar pale ghran —— (Madhavi). Choudhari used not so much the simile in his poems, yet we have it in some of his poems like *Upama*, *Mrabir Ukti*, etc. In the first he wrote thus:

"Meghar kolat kare chkimik
ajali bijuli bala;
amanisha yen hira manikar
pindichhe mohan mala —— (Sadari) and in the second:}
"Pari ralo mayamai samsari jalat
banavishha bihangar prai --- (Birahir Ukti, Sadari).

He used Yamak, pun in the following poems as we see from the contents in them.

"..... Sundar shyamal trine
shobhi achha tumi kar bala Karbala? -- Karbala, and

in the Sadari we get:

"Arup rupar swarup tomar
nubujilo mai hari,
alik bhaona dekhai matho
vivek nila hari --- Viswarup.

He has also the use of Slesha in his Sadari as we see from the lines quoted here for example:

"Madhugandha mandira manase
madanaha mahape gunje, -- Hathuri and also in

"Sajale bharati ai sanjivani vina,
nirjiv jananbhumi labhile chetana"-- Sri Sankardev.

Hyperbole or Atisayokti is there in his poems in the Sadari and Dahikata as we see:

"Phulil hiyat mor lakhe lakhe phul
parimal ganhe surabhita --- Sibhuti and also in

the lines

"Phugichho bhugim aru aggha hridayat
sata sata vrischik sampran --- Bhiksha-Sadari

Climax is seen here:

"Jada jagatat jiva jagatat
pao sakalote ekha
maha viswajuri biringichhe yen
andar purna rekha --- Bahagir Bhaa --- Sadari

Anti-climax can be seen in the following lines of the poem

Mikkin in the Dahikata:

"
"Dukh-dainya jiwan samal
niryatan mor prabhur ashish."

Personification is also found in his Karbala as he wrote the following lines "Hai swartha, ki ye tor mahiyashi sakti., or in the lines

"Asha, he chhalanamayi kalpana sundari,
karichhahi Jayedar hiya ashikar.

Ambiguity is present here in

"Urvasi menaka, rambha kimba surabala
tyaji vijayanti-tham amar alay;
nagbala rupe tumi pravesila hai,
mayapuri nagpur patal garbhat

-- Phalguna-(Safari)

The figures of speech or of meaning are not irrelevant and contributed much in evoking a fine poetic sense, or an equally superb poetic image. All this is related to the creative imagination of a poet. The secret of originality in the evocation of a visual image is first, the eye, and then the descriptive or interpretative imagination. We are to see the other images for a special attempt in R.N. Chouhari. As in the preceding section it may be mentioned of the fine particular imagery now as he told us of his birds and flowers or the different aspects of mental image.

The Poet looks at a bird:

Most probably a bird may prove to him a happier choice than the other aspects of nature. The bird is the free winged creature not earth-bound as a man is. So the lonely being of
Alexander Selkirk was to utter:

"Oh had I the wings of a dove
How soon would I taste you again!"

Or the Psalmist cried out:

"Oh that I had wings like a dove,
For then would I fly away and be at rest."

We are always fascinated by the songs of birds. The croak of a raven has been immortally associated with the ominous; the warbling of the lark has suggested a perpetual happiness to which man can only partly attain. Birds are the inseparable parts of natural beauties, specially in their spontaneous and joyous activity. The enchanted mind of Choudhari used this creature in different names of it as the symbol of nature itself. He himself thought to be one of the natural creatures like birds or flowers. And his consciousness allowed him transcend nature. The power of transcendence can be interpreted as guaranteeing man's lordship and dominance over the rest of the creatures since he is far less than they subject to immediate sensations, instincts, and blind urgencies. But his transcendence of nature can also be interpreted as a tragic alienation from nature. In his poem _Puwati Tara_, Choudhari wrote thus to speak out his mind:

"Gale git evaauti ganga chilaniye
prakritir nibir deshat,
uthi si karun ahvani aiganta vaapi
mar gal nil akasat."

(the messenger of god, Ganga Chilani, a kind of bir like
eagles, sang in the lonely part of nature, and its echo of sadness reached the horizon and then mingled with the blue sky. Again in his Monalai, a poem in the Dahikatara we see the similar tone of a sad wailing as he wrote:

"Sandhiya khaaye ahi
mare vidrupar hanhi
niyati aalat pari mate hutamat"

(the glow-worms at the dusk laugh at me and the owl hoots harshly). How the sad heart of the poet was distressed to hear the cries of the unsympathetic sounds of those birds like ravens, can be imagined here. But the deepest agonies are only depicted in the lines beginning with: "Jarjarita kare tanu samsar porani" in his Privabhangini (the body becomes fatigued with the sorrow of the world). And nothing can pacify him as is the case for a distressed one, or the least happy state of mind. Even the bright moon cannot be the pleasing object to him on a night of the fullmoon. The change of seasons is of little meaning to his distressed state of mind, the depressed mind. All the aspects of nature may timely warn him for something reassuring and auspicious. A storm, lightning flash, rain, the sun-rays, cooing of birds, buzzing of flowers etc. turn to him for not so hopeful a sign. He said:

"Binar maapur tanu napao santvana prane
asphuta sangite aaye mita sanjivani,
gowahi ebar mor priyabhangini."

(The tune of lyre cannot appease me; let me have the elixir of life in the unsung or unsounded song, Sing 0 my dear bird).
How deepest the agony is! And it has been expressed in the finest way. He wants not to hear even a sound to disturb his peace of mind that is actually sea for worldly afflictions, and it has vividly reached its climax in the lines:

"Akau edin ahiba sarat
hanhiba sewali pamhi,
theo shari shari kariba nartan
khanjani pakhiti ahi.
kintu mor sei manas-kusum
gaichhe yidina sari
saundarya parag sunya hiyakhani
nuthe aru than shari."

— Vishad.

(The autumn will come one day, the sewali will bloom, the Khanjani will dance in different moods. But on the very day my flower of the mind I had lost, from that day I felt my heart devoid of the pollens of beauty and it will not be live again). He dies for ever. Here is the tragedy of his life. So the mental image is here so vivid to us through his poems and though it is not of the sublime in nature like that of the Ramayana or such other most memorable works impregnated with sorrow, pathos yet we know from the lines about the inner self of the writer and they are the wailings of the self indeed. In these lines we may hear the influence of Kālidāsa, too as he offered a Kutaja flower to the messenger cloud in honour of the beloved in the Meghānta by the hands of the Yakṣa. But his poems dealing with the enchanting mind of his can please us all, as is the case for the average man to enjoy the beauty and festivity of nature in all its finest glories specially in spring season. In his Jeteke we also
hear the heavenly voice as he wrote in the lines:

"Torei surat vividh bihange
suwala suwala chhande
gahin banat giribhaiyamat
vibhur mahima van\(\text{'e}\)."

(In your tone the birds of varieties sing in the sweetest tune
the glory of God in the deepest forests and hills and plains).

Again the same tune of that Keteki there is the tone of love:

"Vinar jhankar muralir \(\text{dhwani}\)
tatinir kulu tan,
torei surat baje samsarat
vimal premar gan."

(The high pitch of the veena, tune of the flute, sweet sound
of the stream all are in your tone that is the song of pure
love in the world). It is a live-spirit to other things of
nature too, as he wrote in the following lines to tell that:

"Tomar sangite priye jane ki mohini
ashar pa\(\text{dum}\) pahi
mare michikiya hanhi
hri\(\text{a}^\text{\textquotesingle}^\text{ay\textquotesingle}-\text{vinat} baje premar ragini."

(What magic is in your song that the lotuses grow and in our
hearts we hear the tone of love). In his \textit{Bahagir D\text{\textquotesingle}ya} we get
the very live scene of the nature in the spring as he wrote:

"Jara jagatat jiva jagatat
pa\(\text{a}\) sakalote \(\text{dekha}\)
mahaviswajuri biringichhe ye
an\(\text{\ddot{a}}\)n\(\text{\ddot{a}}\)anar purna rekha."

(In the animate and the inanimate World I see the ray of
happiness all over the universe, in full). Actually the birds
and other objects in the nature are enjoying the a\textquotesingle\textquotesinglevent of the
spring season which is to be wed\(\text{\textquotesingle}\text{\textquotesingleed} in a befitting manner.
Then again in his *Maramar Pakhi* we see the similar live scene as he wrote:

"Rangiyal pakhi aharichhe ganar
bhurban bhulowa sur."

(Gay birds are singing the song of enchanting the earth). In his *Keteki* also we hear the same echo of the gay life:

"Neva ki sonav ganamar
migaha tor git suni,
kuverar puri alaka nagari
ute tate pratishwani.
kino ajarshani mantra mati tai
bhulali tinio lok."

(The gods, demons, demigods all are moved by your song in the kingdom of the kuver, Alaka is echoed by it. With what an enchanting smell have you moved the three worlds?) And like the *Keteki*, *Dahikataura* is also a symbol of spirit of the universe as he said:

"Tayei alakananda prem maahurima
jagatar anupam taye ati priyatam
tayei vasanta dut saraa pratima."

(Ye are the sweetness of love, you are the best object of love, you are the messenger of the spring and the image of the autumn). There are many lines in his poem *Dahikataura* of the same order we may expect for the live image of the happy mood only for the birds' song. And like the birds *Keteki*, *Privabhangini*, *Dahikataura*, etc. as he pleased to address them from among the winged creatures, we see also some particular flowers that could please his mind in different moments of his life. We know that lotus is an independent image for
centuries ago, and continue to be so, even up to this date.

In the very distant past when it might have come before the poet for the first time, as a standard of similitude, then it would have presented itself with its sprightliness, perfume, and colour. It bore so much similarity with the beautiful face of a 'amsel that it later stood for it. In that event the import of lotus would come only within the ambit of the suggestion of sense. Similarly the lily, rose, wild flowers like the Girimallika, Ketaki, Ashok, Malas, Jimalu, Mandar, Kamini, Kanchan, Champa, Nageswar, Simish, Seuti, Malati, Karavir, Bak, Sewali, Parijat, Yuti, Jakul etc. are also enticing to Choudhari for their beauty and fragrance. And none can be outside the world of the beautiful flowers and their sweet smell like the world of birds singing for the very pleasure of the human mind. It is eternal as the world of the beautiful nature, is. So Choudhari wrote: "Manas hra\at banhe asha kum\ini" (In the lake of the mind the hope like the lotus blooms or laughs). Or in his poem Bhentkali (bud of lily) we see the pleasing beauty.

The Poet looks at Flowers:

He wrote: maratar shobharasi ekelage,
yen sarajile bishini\anat
(as if the creator has created all the beauties of the world in a single plot in the lonely place). Actually flowers are
the beautiful expressions of the happy inner-self of Choudhari and so he said in his poem *Gobhi* in the *Dahikatara*, how he saw lakhs of flowers bloomed in his heart:

"Phulil hiyat mor lakhe lakhe phul parimal gan*he surabhita." (Lakhs of fragrant flowers are bloomed in my heart). How the mind of the poet is so flowery can be imagined very easily from these words alone. To him the flowers are the soothing sources of beauty and sometimes they relate to the past days of the happiness and sorrow. At the very first sight they are so pleasing and smiling with their beauty that we are to stay and stare for a while to enjoy some divine pleasure indeed.

In his *Girimallika*, he saw the bank of the Brahmaputra being beautified by them:

"Ayi anavagunthita phulla sikharini ranji manikarnikar harit mekhalā achha sobhi subhra veshe; kari surabhita Lauhityar tirbhumi shyamal vanani." (O unsewn, full-bloomed flowers, you are beautifying green wrapper of the Manikarneswar and you have beautified the bank of the Lauhitya with your beauty and fragrance). In his poem *Dahikatara* we see another beauty of that bank smiling with flowers:

"Luitar kane kane kahuar phul batahat hali jali dhauwe dhauwe dhau kheli tushar dhawal kanti*dharichhe vipul yen sur tarangini pulake akul." (The flowers of the *Kanhi* are dancing with the wind waving at its will on the bank of the Luit, the snow-like white
beauty intensified the over joyed tone of song), the season here is not the spring as these flowers bloom in the autumn. So there is also the significance of the change of time in his flowers. Then again:

"Puspa vristi hal tor parash manit
nimaj ghunhani kara
panipiyalre bhara
mukutar subhamala shyamal patit
ki sunser shigha kanti phulla vananit."

(On your touch flowers poured forth like rain. The plot of soft grasses overgrown with the panipiyali flowers look like the pearls on a white bed. How striking the beauty is of the blooming flowers in the weed !). The two stanzas, that one preceding and the other following this in the poem also give us a picture of the beauty enjoyed by the poet only at the presence of the bird Dahikata. So the birds and flowers are inseparable entities to natural beauty. It will make the tiresome and tremendous list to mention all the beautiful stanzas depicting the beauty of nature enriched by birds and flowers here.

It is so enticing to see the similar poems by different poets in foreign literature, like Daffodils by Wordsworth and poems of Tennyson, Burns for the beauty they saw in flowers as our poet did. And in the realm of the winged creatures too we may remember the poems of Wordsworth, Shelley, John Keats, W.B. Yeats, E. Thomas, R. Jefferies etc.
Mysticism, Birds and Flowers:

The striking contrast with the love poets of the period under review will make Ghoudhari to be our Wordsworth as he is called Bihagi Kavi, poet of Nature for his love to nature and its other aspects of beauty. And while others tried for the union with the spiritual reality on being frustrated in their love Ghoudhari tried in the same manner too. But the path, the way of approach is quite different. Mystics tried to see the eternal beauty in the beloved he lost for ever, but Ghoudhari was inspired by his birds and flowers to try for that heavenly beauty. He had no ideal beauty for him as we cannot find any reference to such an enticing beauty in his poems. He sang the glory of birds and flowers and wanted to be one of them for the happier life he pined for and found in them. So the spiritual upliftment was of different order. It is of the purest kind no doubt as the very lives of the birds or that of a flower are the purest of the pure objects in this world of ours. We cannot be so pure and simple. And only the purest shall see God if there is any. This purity is at the root of his poetry as we see in many of his poems the attitude in its true picture—

"Tomar lagate uri yao bihangini, sadai baichhe yat prem-manaktini."

—(Gowahe ebar mor Priyabihangini)

(To that region will I fly with you my dear bird, where the love-stream is flowing always). His Priyabihangini is the
messenger to his heaven. Another fine example of his love for the nature is the poem Nair Bukut (on the bosom of a river) that also may lead to that land of the last goal. The river is the significant symbol of our life and its above is not known to us and its endless flow to the vast ocean or the Last Resort signifies that eternal search after the reality no doubt. He said:

"Prane prane bhal pao prakriti balak,
*uiro ukhani hiya ekkhani hai
ban*ha achhe pranai *olat;
mahaprasthanato *uyo *uyorehe sangi
kako keo nero jiwanat."

(I *o love the *aughter of nature heartily, we are boun* to each other and our hearts in one string of love are so unite*; even to the last goal we are the two companions not to be separated in this life). So he is sure of his goal and the peace thereof no *oubt. It is quite natural as he follows Nature as his true path to the Ultimate Goal.

Visual Images in Birds and Flowers:

We have already mentioned of the different types of images in the poems of Chou*hari. Here we shall mention only about his birds and flowers for special attraction to our sense of vision. An* among all our senses the visual has the most appeal. It is also most fertile in that it stores up images and can translate them back in the poetic association. In his *atari, we get the description of the birds and flowers in a mirthful company to celebrate the wed*ing of
Bahagîr in the poem Bahagîr Hîva. The names of birds and flowers create in the mind of the reader the visual image of that very bird or flower. On the other hand, he wrote on particular flowers like the Golap, Shentkali (the bulb of lily). Along with the visual image we get a fine description of the beauty too. Then in his Ketaki, we see in the same traditional images the true picture of our own natural beauty in Assam that we neglected so long. The last one is his Bahîkatara in which we have the long poem in that name about the bird, not at all attractive to the ordinary fellow as the case may be in the very life of many unattractive ugly faces in the human world of ours. There may be none to praise a wayward flower but a striking beauty is always a point of attraction. Our Bahikatara has no such attractive colour of its body nor the pleasing sound of its voice singing all the aawn the hymn to God in its usual way. It is its life as the song to propitiate the Almighty is the most unforgettable thing to a small bird like that while we human beings cannot or do not like to do that simpler thing in our life. We forget the creator for our mortal world and its blisses. Poet Choudhari discovered that enchanting hymn sung by that very bird an was enchanted and pleased to hear it though the very meaning of its song was unintelligible to us. But the way it sings specially in the spring season is really the same what Choudhari could mean or enjoy in that moment of his composing the long poem. In the freest mood the song continues
for hours even. It is our skylark indeed. Some of them are of fine soothing voice to change the tone at times to sing the songs they please as if the masters taught the various symphonies, Ragas and Raginis in a systematic way. Even in a cuckoo we cannot expect so much different tunes as this very small bird sings at different moments. So it is a peculiar one that attracted the poet for its peculiar song though it is a familiar bird to him since his childhood.

He described in his fine visual image the beauty of the bird as well as the sweet enchanting tone of its song. He was bound to remember well his past lives to hear the bird singing in such a soothing sweet tone. It is actually a poem of love as the word Prem (love) can be seen on every page yet it is not the ordinary love to a bird or someone else. It is longing for Totality. Along with the beauty of the bird Mahikutara we see also the beauty of many flowers too in the same poem and the description is so vivid that we cannot forget the flowers depicted there so well.

In another poem Girimallika in this title we have the fine scenery of the hill Manikarneswar on the bank of the Brahmaputra and there is so much touch of the sentiment of love that we are misled to see someone with the most beautiful form and enticing beauty. In his poem Jibhuti he was overjoyed to see lakhs of flowers blooming in his heart and this leads us to think of his inner-self that is so flowery, though it is not visible to us. His Keteki is the ideal
beauty to him as the different stages in the poem Keteki are impregnated with his eternal love to someone not explicit here. He remembered Sakuntala, Nal-namayanti, Yaksha, the Gopinis of Raja Cham and the flute of Krishna that enchanted them. Then we see visual images in connection with his most favourite birds and flowers so well applied in his poem. And these images are real and original by the expert hand of Choudhari.

Social Images, Myths:

Though we have a survey of most of the images in the poems of Choudhari yet we are to mention how he applied the myths and social images in his poetry now. His Sahanir Bhya is the most important example of the social image he applied in his poetry. It is purely an Assamese society he had the opportunity to depict in the befitting manner as if an eyewitness or an invitee to a marriage ceremony had one the tape-recording of all the words in the gathering or the cinematography was relating to the audience the vivid picture left nothing that an Assamese tradition, following the Vedic rites to solemnise the usual marriage, its prior preparations up to the last moment of its performance. We are so glad to be the eyewitnesses to such ceremony. So he applied the real image of a marriage in his poem. The myths he applied in his poems are also traditional as we have already mentioned in the previous section. As he was interested in classical liter-
nature it is natural that he should borrow them from his favourite works in ancient literature, and along with the myths, see also his love for historical images too in his Karbala.

**Philosophical, metaphysical, religious images:**

His philosophy of love has been duly depleted in his poems as we have already done on some of his poems. He is so fond of birds and flowers that outside the very realm we see nothing of any important images to him. Really it is art for art's sake to some extent. Only for beauty's sake he wrote about many of the birds and flowers. In that faith of love and beauty he wrote most of his poems. And he also had the same faith in religious beliefs as Wordsworth had that thought and wrote:

"A motion and spirit that implies all thinking things, all objects of all thoughts and rolls through all things."

And not only in a poem of nature, we see in his other poems like *Bhiksha*, *Viswarup*, *Anjali*, *Puwaita* etc. the religious belief. And that belief is eternal in the minds of men. So it is applied in his poems too.

It will not be out of place to consider a poem for his visionary power to paint his pages with all the possible images we may be in due course fascinated with. But it is quite impossible to see such an expert hand and all the
varieties of images cannot be comprise* in a single poem of a poet not of the or*er of the epic writers.

To many his master-piece is the long poem Keteki. We are to see a few of the images here now. He began the poem as if the b* itself is a mysterious creature. In the first stanza he cou* not identify it with any familiar b*. It was quite new to him, as if a messenger of go*. The second stage of the poem is full of beauty. In the first stage we have the picture of the Assamese society an* life, no local colour is there but in the thir* we have the fine reference to the Sakuntala of Kali*asa an* the image here is of exqui­site beauty for the original work of Kali*asa was followe* here. All are visual. In the fourth stanza we see the wi*er view of the poet. There is light an* life everywhere. Indirectly it is consciousness. But the last stage ended in despair for the disappearance of the bird.

Modern poetry an* its complex images not found in the poetry under review:

Complex results are seen in this mo*ern perio* just after the Worl* War II an* the poetry of the mo*ern poets are bearing the most mo*ern imageries in their poems. Varie­ties an* complexities are there in the images too. Once R.M. Rilke felt that the complex worl* of to*ay cou* not help him for the creative activity as he wrote in elegy thus:

We've never, no, not for a single *ay,
Pure space before us, such as that which flowers
Endlessly open into.
The differences in himself between the ideal and the actual were in his view characteristic of everyone. The evil of life lies in its incompleteness. To the modern poets, such challenges are fruitful but to our poets of the period under review like Nara, Raichouhuri etc. such opposing destinies tore them to pieces or diverted their attention. So we see in most of them the images of a soul with all heart-breaking agonies and soul-wringing cries but in the modern poets we see the compassionate hearts enlarged to sympathise with the labours in the coal mines, the prostitute in a dark lane, a weary rickshaw-puller, the easy prey of the prejudice society like a child-worker and the orphans fighting with the street-dogs for a scrap of bread found in a dustbin. And not only for the distressed people of his land but for all in far distant countries their sympathies can be seen. Hence we see the new view of the human appeal and attitude of a philanthropist. But to some of them the new order may come after destruction and disturbances as Roman Rollan believed "Where order is injustice, disorder is the beginning of justice" and Hemanga Biswas wrote in his poem "Irugarala (To Ibrugarh). Here we see the least interest in the beauty of nature as it cannot supply the daily necessities to man and he is right to say as a paradox:

"Paniya sonar deshat yadi
gharar chaki najwale,
numuwa salita numai parhiba
lamp-postar tale, ...."
(If the wick cannot be enkindled in this lamp of oils, put-out it and read under the lamp-post) and it is always the similar fate to us as we see poverty in the land of plenty, this image of our land was not felt and handled by the poets in the age of the Jonaki. Life of a middle-class society is seen in the poem of N. Baraloi as she wrote 'Professor', a poem clearly showing the hardships of a professor to obtain balance. A sense of revolt is also there. The most striking contribution to the modern poetry by the imagists in the post-war period has enriched our modern poetry for their new imagery in various aspects and it is due to the direct or indirect influence of the western literature of the period after the imagism and symbolism in poetry has been studied and practised in their poetry. The trend of modern poetry was change so rapidly from existentialism to surrealism at the instance of Jean Paul Sartre and Louis Aragone that our poets with their proper education and learning in that field could well imitate those trends and we, therefore, see the images of new order and appropriate for the poems of new variety. During the sixties of this century F. K. Barua, M. Bord, N. Phukan (jr), N. Baraloi, H. Natta, H. Battacharyya, N. Natta, B. Barua and many others have created attractive images in their poetry of the period. But to the poets of the period prior to the forties had no such complex society and life of a modern city. So they could not raw
images like the modern poets of today. Even in an image of nature we see the striking contrast as M. Jora conceived in his poem *Anāhā Upama* (blin* simile) of the moon that was to Chouhari a sweet desire as he wrote in his poem *Jonalai* (to the moon). Jora compared the moon with an ornament made of silver and it rings on its edges by the wind as the musk or darkness prevails on earth but to Chouhari, moon is the one long awaited by the beloved for union with all the hopes and cherished desires in a sweetheart. So the romantic flavour in the latter is prominent but in the former we have something more to think and feel about the things compared. Similarly Chouhari saw Vasisthasrama in its mythical point of view and with its pristine glory of the past heritage but Vijnalal Chouhuri neglects all that in his poem *Vasisthat* into (the sway at Vasistha) as he says:

"Bhanar shyamal chhaya paharar neela
aru kalasvara shila
eyeto vasistha."

(the green shadow of the weeds, blue hills and the sounding stones—this is Vasistha). It is a naked beauty of the place in the eyes of the modern poet. Mental and social or political images were not of the same order the modern poets. W. H. Auden tried to see the change of the society through the change of mind in the individual and our new poets followed such ideals as we see in the poem *Svapnabhanga* (Awaken from the dream) but C.K. Agarwala and A.C. Raichoudhuri wanted to reform the then society through a revolution as their poems
had the picture of the contemporary society — firing the foreign yoke. But it is of the same lot our people are crying and trying to turn into a better one since independence. Modern outlook and wider sphere in the political image can be seen in the modern poets as Rama Gogol wrote "Mor tejar maje'i aharaha howai bai thake Vietnam" as the struggle for freedom in that land made him think of, and feel for those freedom-fighters in Vietnam all the while as if they are also related to us only for the worst lot. The mental images in the poems of pessimistic Duara cannot be found in any modern poet as he is not an escapist. Chiranjiv Jain wrote in the form Japanese Haiku to show the mental state thus:

"Hri'ai mor jarajirna ghar
bahusatikar dhulire duhar
en'harat matho olami rai
akarita svapnar mrta'ehbor"

(My heart is a wornout cottage covered with the dusts of many centuries, the seas dreams are hanging in darkness). It reminds us of the thousands of dreams one can dream in his past and present lives not fulfilled as Leo Tolstoi is of the same opinion that only one of those innumerable dreams one can dream, is his present life. Life is an unfulfilled dream no doubt.

We have no such bright picture of our own generation in the poems of period under review as we see ourselves, as if the mirror is held before us to see our faces there, in the poem Lajpat city edition by Miku sing Rajput:
Guahatir bayas kiman? nejano. mor bayas 28;
1974 chan. viqavidiyalayar aprayojaniya snatak aegree,
pentar oparat gurushirt, emukh ari-mor baliyali.

Fancybazarat sari sari viparin sarhyashobha
rastar kshat yor yor trishna, rati supralaikie
bharayauvanar apapanit asamiya samakritir kenkari
natun rajhanir charkar aptarat failar bijuti
haichai kolahal katukti mananiya mukhyamantrir samukhat
keisaman thaluwa bekar yuvakar charam-patra,
iyar majate bina tikatere khub bechhi
Nalbari- Gauhati.

(How old is Gauhati? I don't know. I am 28. It is 1974.
The useless aegree of the university, the grave shirt over
the pent, a face grown with bear-- are my madness. The
evening show of the rows of shops at Fancybazar, the thirsty
pairs on the road-side, wailings of the Assamese culture for
the pride or insolence of the youthful vigour up to the mid-
night, the mistakes in the files in government offices at
the new capital, the great disturbance and harsh words in
front of the honourable chief minister, the ultimatum by
some local unemployed youths, and to travel without a ticket
at least in between Nalbari and Gauhati). Non-cooperation an
boycott of foreign education was the stronger weapon towar's
the achievement of freedom though it enkindled the very
spirit to stand for the birth-right but the post-indepen-
dence period could do little for the new pattern of life we
all had wante. Our education is not supporting us for our
that neglects
living and it is at the root of the hippie-cult and the
traditional culture etc. While the romantic poets acte as
forerunners to the renaissance in all spheres of our life,
the image here is of a society ruining itself. But it is a
paradox to some extent to identify ourselves as ultra-moderns. They want to be a phoenix and see the new social order.

**Difference in the images of nature world classics ha,epicted:**

Even our Ramayana has a fine description of the sea in the Canto on the Lanka, the land of Ravana. So we have the sea image there as the Ilia or plays of Shakespeare rich in such images. But our land is far far away from the sea and therefore we cannot expect a life so closely related to a sea. People in ancient Greece or England had to struggle for their existence and fight many battles on the seas. And so it has a particular place in their epics and stories. But ours is a vast sub-continent with its mountains and rivers. So the important images of those mountains and rivers cover a large part of descriptions in our epics. Epics have the greater influence on the poets of the regional languages in India. So they are using profusely the same type of the natural beauties, its flora and fauna and therefore the same significant and particular images on nature can be seen in our poets too. On the other hand, we do not see such beautiful image of nature and its various aspects in the world classics like the Ilia and Odyssey. Hardly we get a scene of river there or a high mountain like our Himalayas. But our poets are proud of these natural beauty of the land so fascinating to the sympathetic minds and eyes. To stay and stare at those
pleasing sights and depict in the most delightful way to enrich the poems or other types of creations they tried. In Kalidasa too we have a vast region of the northern India depicted in suitable images as if he had traversed the land along with the messenger cloud or Meghduta. His pictures of the different seasons also influenced our poets to raw images in the like manner the spring, autumn, summer and the winter in our land. Our poets of the period under review much for the hills and rivers to be in eternal glory of the valley. But all these are circumscribed by the very boundary of the land. They loved the land and its life surrounded by so much beauty and praised nature for its sympathetic gifts to the life of the people as R.N. Choudhari to the same attitude to nature can be seen from the pictures of the various corners of the state. But in contrast we see now in the poems of the modern poets the new types of images. Vijnalal Choudhari mentions of the ocean and the ships along with the Ganges in his poem Salani, Bohagat (the Bal-forest in the month of the Bohag) and there is a scene of the Negro labours. Hemanga Biswas thinks of the tragic death of the beggar boy who died in the hands of police, a complex image expecting the crops of blood to grow as the flower of the madar in the next spring in his poem Obhatani (return). While C.K. Agarwala mentions of the sea in his poem Jeenbaragi in a strong attitude to change the society, there is no image of a sea in that poem. In the lines of other poets
too we find the word sea or its synonyms on various occasions but we hardly find an image of the sea or ocean in those poems by our poets. N.K. Barua is known as the poet of Sagar ekhichha (poet of the ocean seen) but the description and image thereof is not of a particular sea or ocean. It is really the metaphorical idea implied in his words, the title of that poem or collection of poems in that name. We can imagine the very inner-self of the poet of love like an ocean dancing with innumerable ripples and waves that is not visible to him as he has expressed that it is not seen by him too. But he heard about the unconquerable waves there on the ocean. His mind is vivified here as one inflicted with love. So it is not the actual image of an ocean or sea like that of Shakespeare or other poets.

Other aspects of nature like the animal world inhabited by the different kinds of animals has been depicted by Shakespeare in his plays. Birds and flowers are beautifully depicted by our poets like Choudhuri but he left out the animal world in his poems. So we have no image of the live animals in those poems. But in our modern poems we see such images of the animal world. Introduction of the wild elephants, serpents, vultures etc. mentioned by poets in their poems can be seen e.g., the poems Comrade Ratneswar Babha, Gangacharanir geet etc. by H. Miswas and Chhai (ash) by K. Mahanta to mention a few. But Mahanta meant the Chinese aggressors by the word Sagun (vulture) in his poem. So we get different
image of birds too in our modern poetry that was absent in the preceding era of our concern here. This way we can easily differentiate the images in our poetry on nature and its different aspects with those of the world classics. And our period under review is completely traditional in their images drawn from nature. And as they differ from the modern images on nature which is a complex one in type for the new values of life and the new approaches too in all directions now made by the modern poets, it will be a far cry to see the classical images in its true colour.

The image of the poet in a lyric:

Of all forms of literature, poetry, particularly the lyric poetry, bears the strongest imprint of the individual character of the poet. Unlike novelists, dramatists, scriptwriters, he does not describe his feelings concerning the objective world with detailed depictions of characters, stories, episodes. He stands up to speak for himself alone. That is to say, this particular form of literature demands the distinct individual character of the poet. If that is established, the true picture of the poet is vivid. In ancient classics of Kalidasa we have indirectly such a fine image of the love-stricken poet in the character of Yaksha pining for his beloved in the long poem Meghāuta. Another poet Jaiśeṣa has done the best to pine for the most beautiful in this world as Raṣha, the reverse of Yaksha in
character but true in spirit of the eternal love. There is the fine picture of a mad lover, a man or woman, as seen in the poems Meghduta and Gitagovinda respectively and the individual character of the poets are so clear from their poems. But poets of love in the period concerned like Tura, Raichouhuri, Gogoi and many others could not be in the same footing to depict their own individual characters through their poems on love. Tura was not willing to speak out freely and frankly about his beloved and Raichouhuri turned a mystic while Gogoi surrendered to fate. Thus we have some incomplete picture of the lost battle in love, seeking love or the beloved. No love life is painted fully.

Images in the films and that in poetry:

The only successful visual phase of literary works is the film or T.V. now so popular to the modern minds. The images there are distinct and clear-cut. Extra-ordinary cast of images, the strong dramatic unity, structure and speed, sound and swift editing and montages etc. in technique and the clear-cut expression in the most suitable dialogues, music full of vision and life, themes on the eternal problems of life like the social distances, oppressions, injustice and the protests against such eternal problems along with the hopes and desires in human beings and their achievements and failures mostly romantic in fervour can be seen in the realistic and idéalistic films of today. So they are more nearer...
to the life of our own. We are shown and seen therein. But credit goes to the writer whether he is a novelist, dramatist, story-teller or poet, though they cannot so well visualise the images in true colour and tinge vividly as the producer of the films can. And our R.N. Choudhari 'epicted in a series or cluster of images in his poems, the nature and social life like a film-producer; musicality can be attributed to the poems of Barkakati as in films music is essential a perspective. On the other hand dance is the mother of all languages but our poetry cannot exhibit such art in practice though Choudhari has in some of his poems the 'ancing birds and flowers for our pleasure not to be compare with the real 'ancer 'epicted by Donne in the lines:

"Her pure and eloquent bloa
Spoke in her cheeks, and
so distinctly wrought,
That one might almost say,
her boy thought."

So we see the visual beauty emboie here but in poems it is abstract beauty to be imagine.