Chapter-III
Pash's Anger

Pash, like Shiv, pursues a rhythm but a different one, all of his own, a singular rhythm borne out of a burning anger, a vehement protest, an outrage at the ruthless killing of human freedom by bourgeois politics, at progressively shrinking possibilities of just living.

The pain of not being allowed to meet the moment in its fullness is always crossed by an unceasing anger against the imperialistic (bourgeois') hegemony over our possibilities of self-creation, of intense living.

The breathless anger traverses a verbal path whose trajectory is determined by an equally breathless rhythm which refuses to be tamed or taught by any received aesthetic of rhyme, metre or poetic diction. It takes its own, different route, rather makes its own pathway at a risky angle and distance from the beaten tracks. The angry impulse leaps into the unknown the shortest way, without any map of this new poetic territory, well away from the Punjabi poetic landscape, both new as well as old, mapped out so far, without also any Modernist quest for the new. It is not a spirit of adventure but the uneven, broken rhythm of a breathless, angry pursuit of a call from the other which leads him by the nose. Pash did not care for composing complete poems, neither did he believe in constructing fragments to consciously leave the space for the modern critic or the Barthesian reader to step in with his Formalist, Structuralist, or Poststructuralist discourse to fill it. The poem comes to a halt where his anger runs out of breath, a singular impulse strongly marking each of his poems and thus not letting it be wholly appropriated by any critical discourse, reading or meaning. You always know that something still remains to be read; the very signature which compels the reading eludes it,
gives it a slip in the end. This signature exceeds both the word and meaning, the signifier and signified:

It is the "blood", not the word, that sings the moment, that flows into/as the rhythm of the poem, not the words which have flowed too much, repeatedly, over the stones and have thereof lost their edge, suppleness and fluidity. The "blood" does not wait for the right moment, the propitious time, the ready audience; it follows its own impulse to celebrate life, to sing of the wound:

Lahoo tareekh deean kandhan nu ulangh aaonda hai
Eh jashan eh geet kise nu barhe.....ne
Jo kul teek saade bahoo de chup darea 'eh
Tairan dee mashk karde sun)
It does not respect the path or boundaries of any history. The song of flowing "blood" is, of course, irksome to those who are accustomed to having this blood gather in a silent pool in which that can have their daily swim.

The serious (but not solemn) play of this song (which signs everywhere the verbal artifact of the poem) cannot be reduced to high seriousness or frivolous play of an imported Modernism or Postmodernism. Our blood is of a different (albeit red) colour, so is our poetry, so is our postmodern. Their modern or, for that matter, postmodern cannot come like happy tourists to swim playfully in our blood, in the rhythmic flow of our (poem) poetry, to suck it away into their own universalism or relativism. They must come drawn by our blood and poetry, compelling as they are, to seek meaning for their virtually dead postmodern, to resuscitate it, to revitalize it. Their endless chant of death—the death of God, of philosophy, of man of author, of literature, of history—has ceased to enchant us anymore.

If the history of western thought has found its end in the absolute of death, it must now look to us, the poem and the story that we are, to sustain it beyond (or before) what it has 'presented' as its virtual death. May be, who knows, we have another, the other, view of (their nowhere present but all the same necessary) logos. It may not be, after all, just a matter of thought or reason or logic. It may turn out to be a (really present) matter of experience and practice, of work, of lived thinking, of a time and space soiled with labour and love:

हृदय रहते है
चौंदे की संगमर्थी का धृत भीत रहता
फिरौं शुद्ध घैंड पैलों रंग पड़िया है
फिरौं विदितव्रत मचों रंग भक्ति है
Oh samajhde ne
Chun dee chandni da geet sung naata
Jinha bhugol pairan naal parhhya hai
Jinha itihaas saahaan naal gharryaa hai

Oh dus sakde ne
Moh da jindagi vich thaan
Jo maan dee tarrafdi vilkan
Jo mehboob de hottaan utte koi pathrai hoie khahash
Nazarandaaz kar aayee

Oh jaande ne
Chetar keon hasdai hai
Oh jaande ne
Saawan Kaahton ...... hai
Jinhan layee rutta da ehsaas
Kamm labhan naa labban naal jurriea hai)
Pash is well aware of the increasing blurring between reality and representation but he would not lose sight of the distinctions and would do everything to save 'reality' from complete dissolution into textuality:

Before the meaning of 'There is nothing outside the text', there is the urgency to gain the real solid ground to even literally take the next step.

90
Poetry is not simply a matter of aesthetics or a verbal game for Pash; it emerges with the need for living out the moment in all its ordinariness, with what it demands and desires of you:

Poetry is not simply a matter of aesthetics or a verbal game for Pash; it emerges with the need for living out the moment in all its ordinariness, with what it demands and desires of you:

(Zindagi je kavita jehi hundee
Aseen khaamosh hee rehnde
Suphne je paththar de hunde
Geeteyaan sang parch chadd de
Paani naal je dhid bhar sakda
Taan pee ke so rehnde
Chaandni je arhi ja sakdee
Seoo ke paa lainde)

Pash knew what he desired was the 'real thing' and he was only writing this desire in/as his poetry. If he could suffer the pain of 'reality', where was the joy of reality which every body desired so much and never got. He was not interested in revolutionary rhetoric nor was he insistent on only socialist revolution. He wanted enough living space for himself and the others where all could freely explore the possibilities of full living, where everybody could know and live the difference of her desire:

(अभी भेदे मौली चूँ चूँ ही तवी चप्पैँ
मीन उड़ेँ मले भीषणँ विष्ण महामार धर,)

91
He knew how impossibly difficult it was to translate his desire into the reality of its fulfillment, but he believed in struggling for human
freedom even in the face of the impossible. Without this freedom, what after all is the point of living? Then why not stake this life on the struggle for even an impossible looking freedom?

The poetic act was necessitated by the disjunction between the grammar of dominant discourses and what he felt should be an authentic life, by the contradictions playing what the 'universal logic' of this grammar tried to unify into a coherent and consistent discourse:
मुंदेदौ, मैं वी वी के तुहाड़े वर्जा सान
निक्कियां निक्कियां चोरियां करने वाले होती वाले वाले नहीं सान
ग्यूल्ग ग्यूल् 'टे पुजी लाउड़ा सान, मैं पर झूठ नहीं सान

........... ........... ...........

फर इन्ज होली होली मैं तूड़े वर्जा नाई रहा
माइनू दासिया गी ज्यू होली बोलना पाप हाई
चोरी कर्म कर्म बुरा हाई
परमेतमा आई हाई
सारे मेनुख बाराबार हुंडे हुन
मैं इन्हा सारान प्लिकैयां डी
Mainu laggea mere khilaf
Kise bahut hi bheanak sajish da shuru hon wala hai
Main ghabra ke tuhadi karachrri 'chon hath khkhich leya
Te jee bheana borrhda hoea, kitaban de maalean 'ch phas gey a
Kaale kale akhthar tikhkhian soolaan vaang mere badan ander utarde gaye)

'Innocent' of the discourses surrounding his childlike desire to 'play' the game of life, he never knew the politics which would define for him as to what was the right way to go about living. However, he was soon to be socialized into the universals of morality. The strange grammar connecting these universals made him so scared that he suspected some "great hidden conspiracy" behind them. The initiation into an awareness of the political ideology behind the discourses which marked the limits of human desire for freedom had him extremely upset, and it dawned upon him that something vital had broken inside him, that he had to explore anew the possibility of the very act of living:

Jado mainu pataa lagga, ke dharti roti de wargi nahin hai,
gend wargi hai
Ambrian vich neeli jehi deehndi khilah hai, rubb nahin
Jadon mainu pataa lagga, viddia manukh di teesri aakh naheen
Sagon do he aakhan da teer hai –
Te inj deean beshumaar bemaza gallaan da pataa lagga
Mere andar kite kujh dig piya see
Ate ik 'tarr ....a....k' jehee aawaz te main takkea
Mereean aandraan vich khubhe hoe sun
Rangan te bhetan dee ho waali alokaar kavita de kichchar)

It was this disillusionment with the prevalent discourse which urged
him to rethink what 'life' – personal, relational, social – meant, to
redescribe for himself and others in a different and new vocabulary what
he thought the self, society and the universe were and could be made. The
urgent necessity of this redescription led him to the contingency of a new
vocabulary, his poetry, which might create a space for himself to breathe
more freely and possibly, for his world, greater chances of freedom.
However he did not find this act of rethinking human freedom easily
acceptable to the modern bourgeoisie liberal politics whose "patterns of
acculturation characteristic of liberal societies have imposed on their
members kinds of constraints of which older, premodern societies had not
dreamed."10

(Zara vi aapna baare bolan utte tohmatan naal vinnia geya
Jad main jhooth, chori, meherbaan parmatama
Te sabh manukhan di barabar hon deean dharmawana 'te
'Dobura sochna' chhea taan mere inj sochan nu, hinda
gardaneya geya)
But the different 'truths' which this "rethinking" made to appear in/as his poetry might appear strange, he wonders in a highly ironical tone, to his fellow citizens:

(Mundeo, mera sachch na manna – je aakhan

Kirf kappre da toka chang sakda hai manukhi kikk andarli goonj nu

Je aakhan har sachai keval changi hoce shaaka hundi hai
Je aakhan - pandarven to baad
Har varaan sewyaan chon uthdi bhaff da gubar hundi hai)

What could be more agonizing than to realize that there is no 'presence' of 'reality' in the way we are made to look at the object of our desire by the dominant discourse which has constructed our false consciousness and distorted perception:

(Eh keha taseeha hai
Ke tuseen kurrian, phoolan te parindian nu takde paye howo

97
This mad rush of so-called civilization and commercialization has commodified life so thoroughly that even the basic human relationships have nothing but blind passion left to them; the poet almost laments this poetic awakening into an awareness of all loss of meaning and humanness, with a highly ironic 'nostalgia' for the 'lost' innocence which could frown at the complexity of the 'world' where now reality, textuality and politics are so inextricably mixed up that it is impossible to believe any 'underlying' presence or truth which might anchor our hopes of any authentic personal or social life:

Te hun main chanda haan, sarrak 'te ja rahe kisi madel school de rikcha vich
Charrap deni charrh jawaan , te toffee choosda hoea
Is udhrre gudhrre faile hoe sansaar nu, masoom jehi takni naal ghoooran

98
However, the painful awareness of his socio-historical situation has confronted him with strange 'truths' which collide against one another in the very dim light of a poetic voice struggling against the black sun of human existence:

The truths that his poetry makes are indeed strange and paradoxical one but he is not imposing them in the form of a social, moral or even literary discourse. He does not believe in the sanctity or transparency of poetry as a revelation of some always already given, universal reality:
Taking its distance from any canonized discourse and also making its difference from other contemporary 'Progressivist' poets, his 'voice' is not any blessing in the name of a revealed truth or any political or moral advice; it is rather like "the rain pouring over a dunghill" which his words are trying to wash, and in the process only succeed in "polluting the air with foul smell". His words are liable to contaminate, be contaminated by, the grammar of meanings, the history and politics of readings. The history of Punjabi poetry and criticism bears out the truth of what he said his poetry, his words were. His poetry did contaminate what till then passed for Marxist poetry, was read as Progressive Punjabi poetry. The Punjabi Poetry which seemed to have found its Modernist aesthetic with great efforts suddenly had to contend with disruptive pressure of an entirely different poetic signature. It was dismissed as unpoetic, rhetorical, overtly political or ultra-leftist:

\[ \text{\textquotedblleft} \text{\textquoteleft} \text{\textquoteright} } \]
(Tainu pata nahin main shairee wich kiwen giniya janda haan
Jiven kise bhakhe hoe mujre 'che
Koi hadda-torri da kutta aa warre.
Tere bhane main kise khatarnak party layi
Khware ki likhda ha adhi raat tak laatoo jagaai
Tainu pata nahi main kavita kol kiven janda haan
Koi pendu rakaan ghus chuke fashion da nawaan suit payee
Jiwen bhwantari hoi sheher diyan hattiyan te charrhdi hai

Main kavita kolon mangda haan
Tere layi noh palish di shishi
Choti bhen layi rangdaar cadhai wala dhaga
Te bapoo de motiye layee korra daaroo)

He "goes to poetry like a rural girl desirous of looking smart who, wearing a new suit of outmoded fashion, steps embarrassedly into the showrooms of a city to buy nail polish". The modernist poetry, however, does not entertain even, the idea of what Pash demands of it a possibility of living and thinking 'reality'.

बहिन दिगश रुप से दीपावली भोजन है भक्ति से भक्ति आत्में अप्सरा है
उसे मंगा देखा मंगा अप्सरें अत्माके है

Kavita is tarhan diyaan mangan nu shrarat samajdi hai
Te maheene de maheene aapne raakhee nu
Baint de dande
Te mulcum battan waalian rafian de ke ghaldi hai
Raat baraate mere vall
The modernist discourse of poetry is stubbornly vigilant against such outsiders and polices its boundaries with the aid of its critical and political watchdogs. But here was a voice which was not to be silenced by any force. It problematized the neatly drawn and heavily policed boundary and threatened to shake its Modernist foundation of art versus life, representation versus reality, high art versus popular culture.

You do not happen to often read such lines of 'hardcore' poetry which, through the power of such telling and fresh imagery, deconstruct not only the borrowed and modernist aesthetic of Indian poetry but also, with an uncanny poetic insight, the anticipated aesthetic of western Postmodernism. Yes, there can be a poetry of political commitment to the possibility of human freedom, which is also at the same time quite self-reflexive regarding its own limits as a verbal construct which cannot discover or create any definite meaning or reality:

```
चौद्द भजन रत्ती दूध भजकर भावदी बी कानी ते
विवेक भजन बहुत भजकर धीरा विवेक दीली बी कानी ते
तेही भजन बहुत दूध बी कानी ते
तेही दूध दूध दूध दूध दूध दूध दूध दूध दूध दूध दूध दूध दूध दूध दूध दूध दूध दूध दूध दूध दूध दूध दूध दूध दूध दूध दूध दूध दूध दूध दूध दूध दूध दूध दूध दूध दूध दूध दूध दूध दूध दूध दूध दूध दूध दूध दूध दूध दूध दूध दूध दूध दूध दूध दूध दूध दूध दूध दूध दूध दूध दूध दूध दूध दूध दूध दूध दूध दूध दूध दूध दूध दूध दूध दूध दूध दूध दूध दूध दूध दूध दूध दूध दूध दूध दूध दूध दूध दूध दूध दूध दूध दूध दूध दूध दूध दूध दूध दूध दूध दूध दूध दूध दूध दूध दूध दूध दूध दूध दूध दूध दूध दूध दूध दूध दूध दूध दूध दूध दूध दूध दूध दूध दूध दूध दूध दूध दूध दूध दूध दूध दूध दूध दूध दूध दूध दूध

दूध आतंक घसीटे आतंक घसीटे आतंक घसीटे आतंक घसीटे
अतंक आतंक घसीटे आतंक घसीटे

........... ...........

दूध आतंक घसीटे आतंक घसीटे आतंक घसीटे आतंक घसीटे आतंक घसीटे
आतंक घसीटे आतंक घसीटे आतंक घसीटे
आतंक घसीटे आतंक घसीटे
```

19
Tainu pata nahi oh khararnaak party ki kardi hai
Utthe shah kalian rattani vich
Mohabbat da ik undndra dastavez
Sutti payi dharti 'te pharrphraonda hai
Lagataar kureddi hoi hawa sahween
Nangi hikke kharran da ik silsila hai

Utthe hathiaaran wargi aadmii hun
Ate aadmian wargi hathiar

Uhnna nu cycle chaheede hun
Te roti di thana khaan lai koi ve cheez
Jaan maut di nakshan wali chah
Te mere kol kujh nahin hai
Aak de bootean wargi kavita ton siva
Jo amban wang deendi hai ve choope nahin ja sakde

Here we have a poem which struggles with words against the impossibility of keeping the memory of those traces which have been buried under the Enlightenment project of modernization:
(Asal vich uthe lok hun
Durehe khooh nu jaande raah di reth warge
Jis te koyee sadiyaan swaniyaan bhatta chukki turiyan
Sochdiyan hoyian ki shayad kadi
Etne sarrak ban jaye
Par sarrak utte challan wale tractor de chalak nu
Na sawaniyan da pata hovega
Na loka jethan vichi reth da)

The poet who cannot but respond to the burden of tracing out the traces of these lost traces has to struggle against the forces which appropriate the labour of working masses as well as the history of that labour to their own ideological ends. He has to break through the nexus between bourgeois discourse of media and vulgar politics in the name of so-called democracy, in order to see if there could be some possibility of any light in this dark night to which the grand narrative of western Enlightenment has condemned us:

(Tanu pata nahin main kutte hoe giddar wang
Keon daur aayean haan vlaatee akhbaar de sampadak kolon
Jisde be-rathne bahut kule sun

104
The work-soiled language of common people has been consigned to the dust-bin of history by the political rhetoric and the 'factual' discourse of media. Poetry faces the task of retrieving this 'lost' history:

Poetry, for Pash, is a doing, an action against the onslaught of a discourse which is consuming the everyday reality, the labour of a common man. His words "desire to burn like the oil in an earthen lamp" whose dim light might provide a ray of hope for the ordinary rural Punjabi villagers to carry on weaving their little narrative in the pervasive darkness to which the Grand story of progress has condemned them. If poetry
cannot 'be' this kind of 'positive' intervention, he does not care for any other 'use' or 'meaning' it might have:

(Mainu kavita di is toh sahi varton nahin pata)

But such poetry, in its desperate search for meaning, has alienated him from what he once believed, in his pre-poetic 'innocence', to be the real little narrative of his village life. Exiled from it now by his struggle against the grand discourse of capitalism, he longs to be a part of what is in the danger of losing itself underneath the dark forces of a history steered by its bourgeoisie guards:

(Mere pind! Kite manu raat barate milan aa
Jad jail de gumant te bathi-dehasat de jahlat di giraz
Apne paran nu samate landi hai
Sirse darban jagde hoon ne uhana da ki hai
Tu ish tarahan aai na
Jiwen balde shive te bekhabar langh aonide hai parinde koi
Te chati chakian kol aa ke punchi
Mere oh najarband kithe hai jis di najar
Jiwen chapper che tardo nimal dupheara hunda shi?)
However, the poet cannot give up the hope, he has a strong feeling that his village must be still busy in its struggle to keep the little narrative of its culture going, to create space for the 'difference' of the only way it has of being and living:

भव बिंद्रे –
अभी हैन्सम आते गहरी हैं उठे बेदर
हुं उं दिव्यां शेलेक्ष्मा उजर हूं दुर्घर वधर 'घुं
उं दिव्यां शेलेक्ष्मा दे धूंखत हैं वहिकर्मा
सुंकालीकर्मा दहे धूंखती हैं नवे।
हुं धूंखते दीनिलिमा लहरी देव निरम दिन दिन शेलेक्ष्मा
सिद्धु दीनिलिमा शेलेक्ष्मा दिशा रखत भूमा भावना दिवसदा है
उं दें खंध जब दूंखे दे सिंध आे
हुं देवी शरदा समेत आदर।
भवे दिन, दीनिलिमा दीनिलिमा दिन उं निरं दुम दीनिलिमा
भव भव दिवसदा हूं देवीकर्मा उं नैनहलिमा 'उं नैनहलिमा
दीनिलिमा दी अवसानः
से भवी आदरी समर्थ दीनिलिमा।
हुं उं जुट दिन दीनिलिमा दीनिलिमा राखे सीलिमा उं करनां
से धूंखते दीनिलिमा दिकर्मा देशा दूंखे जिंदव दिकर्मा
सिद्धु दीनिलिमा भोग जुटे शुक्रनिलिमा दूंखे दूंखे
वि निकह वजादेट संहितिमा दिनान दीनिलिमा लघु दूंखु दे
भव दूंखु सफे २५
(Par ethe)
Anne vehel kad honi hai tere kol
Tu ta rughia howenga hawa nu rukhshir karang che
Ta ki turrea de mukhan to pehelan
Mungfalian di udari ho sake
Tu uhana bachiyan lai ret vicha reha howenga
Jina lawia lawia ungala nal ura paona sikhia hai
Te umar bhar ure de chiba che

107
The village must be busy "laying out fresh layers of sand for the kids who are to learn with their small, fragile fingers. The drawing of θ (the first letter of the Gurmukhi Alphabet used for Punjabi language), into the loops and curves of which their world will remain enmeshed for all their lives." Their entry into the symbolic stage signifies the loss of their presymbolic world which does not know the divisions and boundaries, the law and the custom, the social discourse into which they would be soon initiated. The poet is mourning this loss, and trying to make something of this mourning rather than search for the never-available Lacanian Real. The desire for the Real can wait, but not the need to meet the real demands of daily act of living. The village is the very voice of the valour which bends to the call of the real moment the logic of any aesthetics or poetics:

The village must be busy "laying out fresh layers of sand for the kids who are to learn with their small, fragile fingers. The drawing of θ (the first letter of the Gurmukhi Alphabet used for Punjabi language), into the loops and curves of which their world will remain enmeshed for all their lives." Their entry into the symbolic stage signifies the loss of their presymbolic world which does not know the divisions and boundaries, the law and the custom, the social discourse into which they would be soon initiated. The poet is mourning this loss, and trying to make something of this mourning rather than search for the never-available Lacanian Real. The desire for the Real can wait, but not the need to meet the real demands of daily act of living. The village is the very voice of the valour which bends to the call of the real moment the logic of any aesthetics or poetics:
Poetry is part of the struggle, the struggle itself, which marks the possibility of return to the 'reality' of 'a' living which is holding tenaciously, valorously to its difference in the face of a homogenizing bourgeois universalism. Can he afford to lose sight of this difference, the poet wonders, the possibility of its reality, the reality of its possibility:

(Main aape he kise din parat awanga
Mere taan hon hi nahin hai
Tere chihkar vich tillian hoian pairran nu takkan ton bina
Tere jathariyan di mati ute
Deevan naal mil ke jhilmilaon ton bina
Main bhala kinj rahaanga

(Main aape he kise din parat awanga
Mere taan hon hi nahin hai
Tere chihkar vich tillian hoian pairran nu takkan ton bina
Tere jathariyan di mati ute
Deevan naal mil ke jhilmilaon ton bina
Main bhala kinj rahaanga

(Poetry is part of the struggle, the struggle itself, which marks the possibility of return to the 'reality' of 'a' living which is holding tenaciously, valorously to its difference in the face of a homogenizing bourgeois universalism. Can he afford to lose sight of this difference, the poet wonders, the possibility of its reality, the reality of its possibility:}

(Tu akhar pind e koi shajwadi shair nahi
Jo is fazool tha sanse'che rujhiya rahe
Ki khawre kinne hunde hun do te do
Tainu taan pataa hai ki do te do je chaar nahi bande
Taan chill tarash ke karne hi painge
Tun soormgati di barrakh e mere pind
Etthe na he aawin chore jeha banke)
Saanje tharhe utte kacch bhanan ton  
Jithe haare hoi burrhian ne beh ke  
Paviter sachaian dian gallan Karnian hun)

The poet would rather prefer the narrative of folk truths told by the elders of his village to the grand western tale of universalism and humanism. He knows the distance he has traveled from the 'reality' of his different social self but he is not prepared to concede defeat. He is not the one to bemoan the gap between the desire and its object, the dream and its reality, the sign and its referent. He would fight for deconstructing or reducing this gap as much, as far, as possible:

(Mere toh jara vith te main son reha han
Is de baavjood
Ki unnha naal jhggrra bahut vadh giya hai
Jinnya di muddtaan ton mere naal kaurr si
Ke kholl payeean hun oh jheefan
Jinnya vichmain parchavian vaang theher jaana chaheya si
Is zarra jinni vith de vichkaar

| 110 |
Main roti vang beha ho reha haan te kabar vang purana
Main bhashan dee daad deni sikh reha haan
Is de bawjood ki ghoogian rush gutkana chad gayian
Te chirriyan mere ghar di chat nu chad ke
Janglan vich aalne banaon lagian hun)

What is this gap constituted of? It might turn out to be simply the weakening of the will to fight, the poetic vision needed to measure up to the very task of living with the dignity of a human being. The desire for meaning must not die, the bird's flight must not lose sight of its sky:

(What is this gap constituted of? It might turn out to be simply the weakening of the will to fight, the poetic vision needed to measure up to the very task of living with the dignity of a human being. The desire for meaning must not die, the bird's flight must not lose sight of its sky:

However, Pash does not pursue any unrealistic 'poetic' desire. The uncanny insight into the absence or lack as always already constitutive of the very structure of desire leads him to a disturbingly honest confession of the inability of any means, even poetry, to translate desire into meaning or fulfillment:

(Eh jara jinni vith, kamadi sheh ke baithi kaali tittri hai
Eh zara jinni vith, shayad meri maan di devee takkni hai
Jis vich meher da samunder houli houli mushkaan lagg piya hai
Eh zaraa jinni vithi shaed oh anparhiayan kitabn hun
Jinnha vich giyaan de darakhat houli hauli anne ho rahe hun)

However, Pash does not pursue any unrealistic 'poetic' desire. The uncanny insight into the absence or lack as always already constitutive of the very structure of desire leads him to a disturbingly honest confession of the inability of any means, even poetry, to translate desire into meaning or fulfillment:

(Eh jara jinni vith, kamadi sheh ke baithi kaali tittri hai
Eh zara jinni vith, shayad meri maan di devee takkni hai
Jis vich meher da samunder houli houli mushkaan lagg piya hai
Eh zaraa jinni vithi shaed oh anparhiayan kitabn hun
Jinnha vich giyaan de darakhat houli hauli anne ho rahe hun)
In the absence of both the source of this "thirst" for her 'presence' as well as any means of slaking it out of existence, he can only stake all his strength and valour to save the traces of an experience in the danger of fading away even from the memory itself:

Disarmed and exposed, his desire is still waiting for the impossible, for the sun "The sun" fill its empty world with light and plentitude. But he is quick to chide his "innocence" which is desperately expecting the bird that has flown out of its nest never to return again:

(Ohun kinna keha si mere vich ton larkharandi phire
Teri ankarri nu,
Jiven aapni hi lahi jutti nu labhda sarabi
Pyas de ugende muhaniyan te jhool jave)

(Ohnu kinna keha si, meri jaan baazi nu
Ke rattle hanere phunkardiyan hoiyan
Teriyan parron utte bukkan di tasli dhare
Te kise sirri khoje vang
Nihathean hi suraj di udeek kare)

(Uhnu kinna keha se, meri masoomiat nu

(30) (31) (32)
He is painfully aware of the inadequacy of language or imagery to articulate the intensity of his longing. The singularity of the poem which 'his' desire is cannot speak in a poem without being appropriated by general semantics, the poetics of reading. He would not like the dignity of his desire to be compromised by opening it up to words or images, by offering it to the generality of reading. But the desire is so insistent on speaking itself:

Pash is trying to articulate something like what Derrida describes as the poetic in the French poet Paul Celan, "Given that all experience is the experience of a singularity and thus is the desire to keep this singularity as such, the "as such" of the singularity, that is, what permits one to keep it as what it is, this is what effaces it right away. And this wound or this pain of the effacing in memory itself, in the gathering-up of memory, is wounding, it is a pain reawakened in itself; the poetic in Paul Celan is also the thing of
this pain." Desire cannot but be wounded by language, and language too must meet desire to find its movements and meanings, to dislodge itself from the fixity of a stable or final meaning, to acquire the rhythm of a poem:

These words are not the poem, the singularity of an intensity. These words are merely falling like dry leaves, whose pleasant smell bears the nearest trace of where that intensity is rooted, like the looks gone cold in the aftermath of an unspent passion whose fire they can never touch again. There is nothing to say. Words are running arrogantly like the proverbial hare, mere shadows of an evening hope racing only to meet the tortoise of a dark history already waiting for them in the staircase of a gloomy night:

(Kujh kehna kise da unj vi fazool hai, meri muhabbat! 
Ghumandi sahe vaang sutte hoe parchevain 
Shaman nu jadon sarpatt daurange)
The long night of the ruthlessly slow and steady movement of
history may not reward with success any individual or communal struggle
for enlightenment. All that the poet can save is the intense desire for living,
for simple freedom of being human. He would not take any other's
definition of what it means to be a human being:

The long night of the ruthlessly slow and steady movement of
history may not reward with success any individual or communal struggle
for enlightenment. All that the poet can save is the intense desire for living,
for simple freedom of being human. He would not take any other's
definition of what it means to be a human being:

The long night of the ruthlessly slow and steady movement of
history may not reward with success any individual or communal struggle
for enlightenment. All that the poet can save is the intense desire for living,
for simple freedom of being human. He would not take any other's
definition of what it means to be a human being:
Ke aadmi kise kisam da pashoo hai

Pashoo nu bhul ke vekhen je caamred
Barrian gallan nu aap ashmaan hallan nahin jande
Jinnah ton wakif hai suirf aadmi da lahoo
Aadmi de lahoo vichon bandook da parchawaan dubh janda hai
Sanjh de ghumushe ch jeekan
Jambe jatt de sharaabi gan dubh jande
Te eh jo behas khatar behishde paye ne aiwen
Dhartiyan, taare, samunder
Oorja leheran te chan-ehna de mufat de role 'che ghereya
Aadmi da soorma lahoo
Sire de sehensheel sarota hai
Kaamrde, stalin tere ahut barhbola si
Nahin si janda ki aadmi de lahoo vich
Sahee etihaas da sahee badal vee hunda hai)

He is suffering the pain of a poetic awareness of the differences which constitute him as/through language. The poet in him cannot bear the loss of edges and fluidity the words had to suffer at the hands of orthodox Marxist poet who has reduced their multiple possibilities to his own political discourse:

हैं भी वह तू पर आप विचार
हैं मजबूत जी तू का रिंग तू
हैं बहुत रिंग रिंगटिंगों मचात्सरण तू
जेन दें तों वह तू दिखा नी।

...... ...... ......
सिंग हूं अपनी मधुबनी चट्टी
मनसा है अंकार । मिष्टि तिथि है ।

सिरे बैठे वचन पृथ्वी देखते हैं वहे निश्चल।

मुझे पद्म जगत उलझाये ते हम हैं पसीने ।

सिरे आकाश हिंद मनन बोले युक्ते पदें ।

सिरे मैंने 'चंद्री मंगल चुड़ाने मनइ में

पृथ्वी पड़ी रहते।

मे मनसा है शिवभक्त ते । पद्मां चीना विविध तेज ते हमें

किसे श्री भगवान है लकड़ी है नक्सल में हुी

मे अप्सरा स्वरुप है रूप मलिन हैं।

बाँध संपरिश मिश्र तरी -

किसे हु बंधु ती सीना अदेश वे ख़ान वर्ग

बजन बजन है लेखन ता।

मद तंदुरे रहते वेदो ज्ञानी वे

भवना हैं व्रत 'च मद यू ततः ।

प्रङ्ख वंश हैं दा

पद्म अग्र तलन तदनी ठीक ठीक

अप्सरा सुंदर ती तालाब वे कहती हैं।

अप्ने श्रीभक्ति है तरुण तरुण ।

दे प्रिया सिद्ध मात्रते दे

सुप्रसिद्ध धर्मों सुंदर बाध्य दी ध्वज म सी

देव मे सती मं...}

........... ........... ...........

मे जान 'थिम धार ते घाढ़ ती धुनिया' नए मानव 'च च ज बंधु वर्ग हैं।

मे दुःख ते मंगल तर्क हुि हैं हृदय हत वे मदम 'भवनी' दी दया भवनी मंडित

बृहस्पति दी वर्ण तथ जनम ।

मे 'थिम बंधु ती भवनी मंडित हैं देवती तरुण

117
वर्षों दे अभिलेखों हिंसा तैयार अहिरण्य सं।
भी हूँ हिंसवजत दी मददी सा मुझ नहीं
बनाबिंद, भी छोड़े उड़े बेहाल नहीं है
अपने देंगे दे धिन मूँ चढ़ रही मवे।
भी गुड़ दी सत्य भव आँधे
वेश जेहु चट्टी वे अहिरण्य नहीं
भव दी विमु सच्चा दरि
ता पुरे भव रग बंदहारे दे भराए
वें हृद विनं गुंड सेविया शुंप िश बे शेबनी।

भव आँधे कंजर दे घामचुंपें
भे पण दो भाविसें
गरी वेदी आँध्र घामचुंप दे। गंडे भव दे भटचे ఉई
मटे गाड़े पूरा पेंवर विनं गरी वेदी उठक गलंदे
गरी धड़पस थङि गिट ही
वेश घारे दे विनं भुवनी ही सम
गरी विवर दे जानदे पूंड ही समदुर्ग दे उत्तमी लंढे
गाढ़े दे विनं दे गरी
गरी दे भव 'ते जनिम भव आँधे
ता बाज़ ता भूव दे आहे-वृद्ध दा विनं
भव उठ आँधे। 39

(Tainu pataa nahi hai kaamrāde
Tu shabdaan nu kee kar ditta hai
Uhna vich lipteean sanvednawaan ne
Tere das kee liyaa si

Sīrī tu aapni sahoolīe tie layee
Shabdan nu changna sikh liyaa hai
Jiven banna kadhaon lai koi patvari nu milde
Tu uhna nu is tarah kadi nahi tambia
Jiven aandian vich machal rahe chooche hon
Jiven meehan 'che chondi sanwali dupher ander
Dhup ghuli hove
Main shadan nu jhuliya hai, unna diean tikhian noka sane
Kise vi maussam di karopi don bhadiyan nu
Main aapne lahoo de vich sharan ditti hai

Guru gobind singh nahin
Ehna nu kavita di sanjo pehna ke toran baad
Barra barra chir roea haan
Shabad jad kutte hoi teri takdeer de
Matiyen di dhup 'ch sarrdi hun,
Meri kavita dee chaan
Uhna di maut sang harrdi hai
Aapne jusse di nazakat kho behndi hai

Te pichche jis shyare de
Sukhkhean party vich ralan di khabar si
Oh main nahin saan

Main taan us khabar de chapan ton barra pehelan
Jad shabdan 'ch raat utar rahi si
Te hnere de shap nawan nu kundla maar rahe san
Main shabad 'party' di bachi khuchi sawendana chura ke
Tilak giya saan chori jehe
Mannukh di kaawan rauli vich
 Jadon mere hi kadam sun rahe san mainu
Prem kavitawaan waang
Main us dubh rahe sawaedna nu chaukshi naal
Kawoan de aandean vich rakh aaya saan
Maan nu viakaran di bareki da pata nahin
Kamred, maan use tarahn jhjalli jahi hai
Aapaan dove te khabran us nu badal nahin sake
Tu hun vee jad ghar aawen
Oh tainu pacharr ke aaron layee
Ghar de kise shoe naal
Jaan poore ghar naal kuttegi te magron
Tere muh vich sukha hoya dhud tunn devegi

Gharatte khabaran de baawjood
Main haazar haan kamrade
Jiven koi aalana jhakda hai, dhde ghar de malbe 'chon
Sahre hai prem pattar vich jiven koi haraf bach jaande
Jiven pardes khattan gaye dee
Band bakse di vich murrdee hoi lash
Jiven chir de gawache putt di bandook chon tarragi labhe
Garabh de giran te jeon
Kise di maan 'ch kanwar parte aave
Jaan geet na mooh te aaye-geet de jeon
Bhav tar aave)

This conflict between the poet and the political worker within him, between the desire for the real home, real event of the home and the stale event of the news, has left him broken, his 'home' reduced to a rubble.

He is merely a word which has survived in the cinders to which a burnt love letter is reduced. But that word is still glowing in the cinders. And it is the remains, the remnants of a word, a letter which is all important and glows with the intensity of a desire that would still chase the
possibility of living, only after it is purged of half-knowledges, half-truths of theory and philosophy:

The remnants of an intense desire still motivate the signifier to chase the possibility of a signified, howsoever deferred or distant:

All his life, he had one foot firmly fixed to the earth, his head held high towards the sky of his desire for human freedom, the other foot
seeking to step on the elusive ground between the earth and the sky to gain which we have been labouring throughout the history against its appropriation by a politics which would not yield ground for us to breathe freely with a human dignity. This is where he found himself called when he first started writing poetry (रेख ज्ञ वां was published in 1970 when he was just 19 years old and had yet to pass matriculation),

मावे ब्रह्म उपाधि ने बोले सखी
मेरे अपने अपने दिन दिन पूछ रहे हैं
मेरे दिन मे मेरे दिन मे है जी जी
मेरे दिन मे मेरे दिन मे है जी जी

and where he found himself left before he could take his poetic journey to its desired end. The following poem ‘कल’ (Vafa) was published posthumously in 1989 in the collection 'Khilre Hoe Varke' (scattered papers):

मेरी ब्रह्म उपाधि ने बोले सखी
भगवान अपना मेरे मेरे दिन दिन पूछ रहे हैं
मेरे दिन मे मेरे दिन मे है जी जी
मेरे दिन मे मेरे दिन मे है जी जी

122
(Saalan bhar tarap ke tere layee
Mainu bhull gayi hai chiran ton aapni aawaz di pachaan
Bhaasha jo main sikhi si, manukh hiha jappan laye
Main us ede sare harf jorr ke vee
Masaan a mere naam hi ban sakiya
Mere lai waran aapni dhuni kho baithe bare chira de
Main hune likhda nahin tere dhupeele angaan di sirf parchai
farda haan
Kadi ve akhkhar mere hathan 'chon
Teri tesveer hi ban ke nikalda hai
Tu mainu haasal eh(pea) kdam bhar de vith naal
Shyad eh kadam meri umar toh he nahin
Mere koyee janmaan toh ve vadha hai
Eh kadam falde hoe lagataar
Mall lagega meri saari dharti nu
Eh kadam naap lagega moean aakashan nu
Tu desh he nahin
Main kadi partanga jatoo de waang teriyaan joohan wich
Eh kadam jaan main
Zaroor dohaan 'chon kise nu katal hona payega)

The poet here is fearing the inevitable – the loss of the memory of the loss. The singularity of the pain of a moment is so compelling that the poet must preserve it, must write it before it is lost into the indiscriminate noise of political rhetoric or the sensationalism of journalistic jargon:

देव तर वहे वि भगी झड तपलिटे
खली चंचा देखीं शिक मुझे देखे मर्हुँ डे
सत देव भगी फिकरे देखे सतीब चंचा तिल 'ते धिबुवती उत्थी ॥

123
The poet is reminding us, urging us not to forget the moment; he mails a message, a Derridean 'Postcard', a poem to the 'history' which can do nothing but record the external events which exclude the tears of their victims. "An organized discourse, one which is articulated (to sentences, for example), can be sent only to the extent that, already readable in the element of universality, it has a consistency and a translatability. When it is sent, whether the sending is posted or not, when it is addressed and it crosses, it changes, in some way, space and time, this permits it to remain up to a certain point what it is precisely because it is detached from the singular and unique moment of its apparition whereas laughter, song, and tears are detached with much more difficulty from the uniqueness of that particular moment.\textsuperscript{45} The poem laments this detachment of the tears from the unique moment and also their effacement through repetition, particularly in political and journalistic discourse:

\begin{quote}
वें स र बजी वि बुढ़ लखीदी
नट अनी चढ़े आटे फर्याँकः रुखः को भाषाः सुभाषः सधी
वें स र बजी वि बेठी बुढ़ लखी
सिद्धे पटड़ी दीनः मामलः बोयः हः स्नः खः तः वरः बिः नंगः
तट बुढ़े वेषे बिलायिंवर
अभी वर्ती सदिः दीनः दोः दया पवित्रः दोः
अनेकः महः 'वे दुधुधुड़ी आतुरः दो' मित्रः वेषः उदः दिं दिं
\textsuperscript{46}
\end{quote}

(Rabb naa karo ki aseen bhul jaee
Barchi vaang haddan vich khubbhbe hoe saalan nu
Jad har gharri biphre hoi sareek vang sir 'te garakhdi rahi)

(Rabb na kare ke bhul jaeaa
Jad assin varte gaye dhamakian naal bhare bhasan sunan layee
Rabh na kare ke koi bhul jaave
Kiyen dharti dian maasoom gallan nu lahoo mailiya giya

124
Jad chane hoi vidhayak
Aapni vaari layee kuttian de vaang hirrde rahe
Ate sarrkaan te hartaliyae majdooraan da shikaar khed hunda reha)

The pain and anger which are detached from the moment and then "sent" (in the form of this poem) as a witness of the moment to us who can never have witnessed that moment will perhaps always be haunted by "the singular and unique moment of (their) apparition." Indeed you cannot read receive it without being somewhat possessed by the specter of the singular moment (dancing among the mourning, angry words) visible at the horizon of a readability which would nevertheless deconstruct whatever mourning or anger still 'inhabit' the poem. Even the first reading of the pain and anger that is sent is always already a belated one, and hence can never receive it in the 'fulness' of its singularity. However this mailing of a 'postcard' detached from the unique intensity of the moment becomes a poem only to the extent that the specters of that singular intensity keep haunting it. The specters are all that still survive as the poem after all the meanings have been read off the verbal construct, the mode of existence which inscribes it, makes it visible, as a poem. The specters also circumscribe, delineate the furthest limits of the horizon of whatever 'meanings' can be read 'into' the poem. Even though they nowhere inhabit the poem as its meanings or structure it as its 'essential' elements, the specters are lurking behind the poem, hovering above it or invisibly spread within it, in a way so as to escape every deconstruction or reconstruction of meaning, to remain as the possibility of meaning, of deconstruction itself, "the almost nothing of the unpresentable whose power informs, and makes possible, its every representation."
The poem, first of all, is lamenting its inability to record the moment in the singularity of all its pain, of the tears of its victims. How can we live in the face of the effacement of this uniquely painful moment from our very memories, because it is essentially not readable or repeatable but also because it must inevitably suffer certain readability. "The uniqueness of the moment is what one cannot explain to a third party, … neither the time of tears nor the time of laughter or song is calculable or repeatable. And by the same token, obviously they are not readable. A tear is … kind of discourse."  

The poem's candid admission of its own failure to keep the singularity of the event even as memory is ironically crossed by the chance contingency of its recovery from/as 'the scattered papers' (विलुप्त लेखे लेखे) which Pash had left, perhaps deliberately, unpublished during his own lifetime:

कैसे राग बने वि बेशी हुए नाचे  
बिभें बढ़की चीना मुग्ध बैठे है खून भलिया लिखना  
(Rabh na kare ki koi bhul jaave  
Kiven dharti deean maasoom gallan nu lahoo milliya giya)

This renewal of the effort to keep the moment from absolutely disappearing takes the form of this reinscription in the Punjabi cultural memory of a manuscript to be read/seen as a poem belonging to its literary discourse. The almost lost moment re-emerges in its spectral power which invests every reading with the possibility of reinventing it as "what Derrida would prefer to call an 'experience'… that means at the same time traversal, voyage, ordeal, both 'mediatized' (culture, reading, interpretation, work, generalities, rules, and concepts) and 'singular' …."
The poem traces the desperate movement of signifiers which desires to set up a pure gesture of anger, lamenting its continual loss in words the failure of the words to translate that anger onto the page:

Virodhi partian de bachan vargi hai
Jo sada aghe aghe da shor paonde hun
Ate aag naal khedan di manahi nu
Hamesha sir jhukaonde hun
Maaf karna mere pind de yaaro
Meri kavita tuhadi maslian nu hal nahin kar sakdi)

The poem happens as a transformational act which both uses and abuses the discourse of standard Punjabi language and Punjabi Poetry. What summons to be translated in the poem is not only the words or even ideas but most significantly the transformational act which must be laid bare by the critical reading. The poem is lamenting angrily, self-reflexively, its inadequacy to represent the violence and injustice constituting the socio-political text. The hectic, breathless pace of the first few lines refuses to settle into any given rhythm; the signifiers move with the very rhythm of a violence and their exasperation at not being able to render that violence on the page:

127
The words desperately chase the meaning which seeks and fails to capture the contradictions and complexities of a social 'reality':

(Tapoon tappon di umare
Jo hal magar phir phir ke
Tusin khuchchan da dhanda saar lainde ho
Te koole safnian nu
Mushke hoi kurrte de naal
Varre utte tang chandde ho
Kaun la sakde tuhadi jeebh nu taale
Tusin taan chingarge daru di ghut pee ke
Tusin nangez kadh devoge shabdan chon
Tusin jaa tapakoge raje raani dee baat vich
Phullan de bhaar tuldi us raje di beti nu
Daang agge laa ke hakkan layee
Jo hown naal gulan deean rakhdi hai shartaan
Kewal chaar bhwaathian de badle)
बेरे देशते, बी देशते
बांधे पुकार ने मस्सन्न सा सानचड़
उं हिम ने फेरिचा नाल नाल बुझ चढ़ी तै निशालश की उठा,
उं हिम ने चचचा सानर फिर ही तै
बिछ तुहरिए ते हृद्र बढ़े स्वतंत्र ते
विछु नाल नाल तुस्ती ने अगर दी रि हिं
उं हिम ही तै
बिछु हृद्र अधीरन ने धुतेदेज ने मरे
पहुं भव बांदी बंदी ए बिछ ?
भह वहर उं हिम ने धीर ने पांडे
बिछु हिम धेर राम धिया धमू धृष्ण
उं हिम ने अघीरन ने दूं दूं दूं दूं बच नशा।
उं हिम बांदी नेशु बेंट अधीरना
उं हिम दूं पूर्व मैंन दूं दूं मैंन दूं दूं
पृथक बेंट धरे धरे दूं दूं दूं दूं दूं बंद बूं
उं हिम बांदी बच दूं दूं दूं दूं दूं
उं हिम ने धेरे धेरे ते दंड दे दंडा तै। 52
(Mere dosto kee dassaan
Barraa purana hai sawanaln da darakhat
Te is de patian naal laad kar rahee hai
Siasat de hawaa
Te baaki sabh kujh chad ditta giya hai
Kahean, kuharhe wallian di aakal utte....
Unj taan ik sawaal eh vee hai
क्यी सुफ़ियाणौं दै दर रेकेट दे
Kyon naal naal turdi hai masraan di daal?
Te eh vee ki
Kon ubhar aaoondi hai supandosh di samein

129
Paroon mar gayee katti da bimb?
Maaf karna mere pind de yaaro

Kavita likhan waala eh parakoo munda
Tuhadi maslian nu hal nahn kar sakda
Panj wari jail katt aaona
Jaan door shehran diyan satezan ute
Police kolon khadi hoi tambian da zikar karna
Tuhadi sarr rahi duniya layee
Kise sukke hoe chappar ke wang hai)

And you go in search of things which are sharper and more effective
as a weapon in confronting the bourgeois energy in the political struggle:

(Massilian da mataa mere dostu kujh is tarahan hunde
Ke kavita uke hi na kafi hundi hai
Te tusi bari door nikal jaande ho
Tikhkian cheezan di bhal vich
Masalian da mata kuh edaan da hunda hai
Ki tuhada sabar thappar mar dinda hai
Tuhade kaear muh utte
Ate tusi use jagha to shuru karde ho

130
Ironically Pash had pleaded that he be killed at the alter of poetry, for the sake of poetry. He lived for poetry, and strongly wished to die for poetry. It was the same compulsive death-wish which every true poet has, must have in order to serve poetry (the poet must give all his life, including his death which is the most precious, perhaps the only, experience of living):

\[
\begin{align*}
\text{Jithe kavita khatam hundi hai}) \\
\text{Ironically Pash had pleaded that he be killed at the alter of poetry, for the sake of poetry. He lived for poetry, and strongly wished to die for poetry. It was the same compulsive death-wish which every true poet has, must have in order to serve poetry (the poet must give all his life, including his death which is the most precious, perhaps the only, experience of living):}
\end{align*}
\]

Every great poet's work is strongly marked by an insistent death-wish – Thanatos and Eros co-habit the soul of a great poet but we have to differentiate the death-wish of Lorca and Pash from that of Keats and Shiv. Great poets as the latter were, they could not expand the other (which the
desire chases) into a socio-political territory where they could meet her. Pash and Lorca desire to sacrifice themselves, fighting on the way to the 'realization' of socio-political, physical or metaphysical space where they hope they can finally meet the other. Their poetry is also a labour of love issuing from their hope, and in turn, keeping this hope going, replenished and revitalized with their voices, songs, tears and, of course, blood:

कहीं ही भूख मुक्ति जो कुर्सी चढ़ी चढ़ी
मिलेंगा अगर ही बांधंग जो सैंथिक घंटी खून देंगी
तो मुक्ति में ही बंध विषम में भूख रह गहरी 'उंदे विषम देंगी
........................................

भे मुक्ति देंगी जब में ही बंध जो अभयारण
गमणी हिंद
भीतर मीठ जब बंध धंधार ती घटि मुक्ति मही
ते भीतर मदद
अंत वंदन विषम-विषम की टेकौं 'उंदे देंगा विषम देंगी
मदद ईंध भीतर बंध हूं
धिंधली जही भटकर बंध होंगे भी में मजबोरी शटिकही
बिंदु की दिशा रूसी को दिशा,
तो भिंडल रंग पुष्प शीर तर टपते।
भीतर बेंग जूत बंध होने के पहले
भी मुंह रंग मंडरा हिंद उने शी घड़ते
तो नीले बेंगल देंगे ईंध भांती दी
भीतर झुक अभयारण है।

(Teri ve akhak sunioa hai surma nahin jhaldi
Sunia tere vee waalan to kangi tabhkadi hai
Te sunia mere ve katal itihaas de aonnde safe te likhia hai

..................................................

Main sunia hai ki mere katal da mansooba
Rajdhani vich
Mere jamman ton bahut pehlan hi ban chukiya si
Te peeloo sair
Ajj kal vishv-vidyle naukri te lagg gaya hai
Shaid oh mere katal nu
Niyooni jehi ghatna karaar deve ate shtaabdi layi
Karaye dian nazmaan rahe likhda
Te pehlaan waang hun kujh vee naa hove
Mere kol teer hun kagaz de han
Jo panjan salan vich eko hi chalda hai
Te jeehde wajde hai oh paani nahin
Mera lahoo mangda hai)

Marxism, particularly the brand of borrowed Marxism on which the Punjabi critic thrives, cannot give us 'the meaning(s)' of Pash's poetry. It is Pash' poetry, rather, which gives an insight, a passage, a certain possibility of relevant entry into Marxian thinking, a chance of reading Marx from where we are situated, from the difference of our own historical position, within the context of our own socio-political ethos:

हूँ लाहूँ चाहूँ धृष्ट छत्र
मैं तबी विकल्प लटेडुँ दुःख
तकरी ते बड़े दीयों हैं भिक्षुकों
हूँ लाहूँ धृष्ट छत्र हिंसां 'ए धृष्ट हृदी
भीत दी तथ्यमूल तांत्रिकी
हूँ लाहूँ धृष्ट छत्र कोटे तरमुँ दिंगे
बेतियाँ दी मतलब रुख़
हूँ लाहूँ धृष्ट छत्र कोटे दे पूर्ण तर मजबूत बने
बढ़े पे बिटे सकरो
हूँ लाहूँ धृष्ट छत्र
भूम दे ही 'च दिखाई छन्दी काली एकासल स्थिरी

हूँ लाहूँ धृष्ट छत्र महिम दे दिखाई स्वरूप लटेडुँ
(Teesra maha yudh
Jo nahin lariya jayega hun
Germany te bhaire dian foojan vichale
Teesra maha yudh hikkan che khur rahee
Jeen de baadshahat larregi
Teesra maha yudh gohe naal lippee
Kothian de sadgi larroo
Teesra mahaa yudh jhange ton dhup na sakan wale
Baroje di chitte larange
Teesre mahaa yudh
Moot di funbe che lipti vaddhi gayee ungal laregi

Teesra mahaa yudh us sehem de khillaf larrya jawega
Jiddan aks meri dandeiyan kaddi dhee dean akhan che hai
Teesra mahaa yudh
Kise khasta jhe kheese 'che muchkore gaye
Nikke jhe sansaar layee jayega lariya)

Revolution for Pash does not so much consist in an armed struggle
as in the intense desire and possibility of return to the reality of living from
which we have been exiled not only by a bourgeois ideology but also by
our own implication in dissolving the possibility of this return into a
pervasive imperialism of the simulacra:

भें दिखाएं ! दिखे मेरे उनच खड़े निश्चित भा

.................

मिलें छोटे छिले आ बेखबर सोह आयिरिए ते परिणत ब्यूटी
Mere pindaan! Kite mainu raat baraate milan aa

Jiven balde sive to bekhabar langh aaondaa hai parinda koi

Par kithe
Aini vehel kad honi hai tere kol

Tu unha bachian layi reth vich reha hoenga
Jinha laveean laveean unglan naal oorra paona sikhna hai
Te umar bhar urre de chibban 'chon
Chude nahin sakna sansaar aapna

Tu aakhar pind e, koi sohajwadi shaer nahin
"A true ontology" Jameson writes, "would not only wish to register the forces of the past and future within the present; but would also be intent on diagnosing, as I am, the enfeeblement and virtual eclipse of those forces within our current present." How can we re-construct re-create or reinvent such "a true ontology"? Certainly, "the enfeeblement and virtual eclipse" of those vital forces, of the loss of even their memory must be diagnosed critically, before one can think of even the possibility of an "ontology of the present". Pash's poetry reinforces the possibility of such an ontology, even three decades after its publication during a time which 'looked' much riper for a meaningful and radical social transformation, and which coincides with our failure to realize that possibility. Was he not trying to articulate the possibility of "archaeologies of the future" rather than the definitive forecast of where we find ourselves 'today', which still speak (with) 'the same' force of a voice, in poems like 'ओं ए रिन्हा (the day (-) to (-) day) ?
लिखी टेक्चर लड़ी नीचे
किती ने तोंड बैलियाँ ला भेठ
भेंट ने दिल मानिए बच्चे की बंदबंदी ना जानी देती 'च देखियाँ' ते
धुःख ते देखियाँ जीवन भर हिशना किया
रवी भव दिलमा मी मधुला सबवाली
भेंट ने दिल लटे बैंडी चचा लंका
मैंने ताड़ती दे खाते 'च भागं जी देखियाँ' ते
भेंट ने दिल सहायी तवी विश्व भिन्ना
गायने दे दिल कियां दिखे दरददखड़ाया जुठ दिया ते
भेंट ने दिल आभे चुप्ची दे बड़ हरे बैंडी देखियाँ लंका
तीनी दी दोस्ती जन्म दिखा ते
संगीतात्मा ते भेंट ने दिल दिमाम पूरे दे जन्म ते
तन्मं देंट बैंडी देंट दी ध्वनी ते
तन्मं देंट दी आंधूड़ी बुदी दी घुन्छ बैंट डेंट मज्झ रंगी
घुन्छ बैंटी देंटं दी तीजा ते
तन्मं खूँटना बैंट से दी
विखिर भरी चुके दी चुकाए दिखे संजै बैंडी दिखावी ते
तन्मं दिमाम जंध भेंट ला
चुकपे सिंघ बैंट देखिया दूरा ते 58

(Lagda hai eh saver nahi hai
Maut di hathali utte aathri hoi mushkurahat hai
Raat di ro ro sujji aakh hai
Suraj warga kujh kidhre nahi hai

Ghugian de gutkan'te kujh ve shuru nahin hoea
Shaed aaj da din 'bachne amli' de hooke ton suru hoea hai
Billi rohar gayi jeehda
Bhoon ke rakhe dodean da chhanna
Aaj da din sayad karmoo di sukhdi jaa rahi rouni cho uggea hai

Khurle te bajhian beeba balad jisda

137
Raatin maar geya si sehan sarkari
Aaj da din phate hoi dudh di chaah waang
Randi ratni di galan 'che masan hi utarda hai
Aaj da din shudai hari kihan diyan
Gallan de kingarian utte larkhronde tur reha hai
Aaj da din amro choohri die gal payee hoe uttar vang
Nanje di namoshe tarda piya hai
Lagda hai aaj da din kise marde da lahoo hai
Jaan radd hoee vote di parchi hai
Jaan pind di allarh kuri di bahut ghutt tak sakan wali
Bahut doongi naina di neejh hai
Jaan udaas bodhe di
Seonk khadi boohe di chugaath utte laggi hoi tiktaki hai
Jaan kise baanjh auret da
Churahe vich keeta hoean toona hai)

The poem does not mourn the loss of a certain possibility which might have given the day its 'truly' celebratory ontology; nor does it lament or trace any alienation from an ontology as what Janeson calls "the desire called Utopia." Rather, the poem thinks the unconceptualizable possibility of 'the today' to 'really' be prolonged into (an always possible yet-to-be) present that could be truly ontologized:

(Aaj da din bhai de sankh pooran 'te khatam nahin hovega
Aaj da din khwaria bahut lamma chala jaae
Te panchi sanjh di uddar udeekde thakk jaan
This is neither a present projected out of a past, nor a fixed present abstracted out of the multi-dimensional flow of time. Neither is it merely the aesthetics of a present, allegorized or symbolized through the formal techniques of poetry. If it is not a mystically envisioned transcendental present, it is not either addressed to "the desire called Utopia" which can "be theorized or even imagined within the conceptual field governed by not only the word 'modern' but by any logic of conceptuality.

It is rather an enumeration with the help of some images which are neither symbolic nor allegorical, nor even literal in the sense of some old or new naturalism, pre-modern or post-modern (magic) realism; it is a catalogue of what constitutes the reality of a certain view of the present afforded by a very limited and narrow horizon of freedom made available by the forces occupying the privileged posts of history. Is this catalogue metonymic, in the sense the western theorist has given us, the part signifying, substituting for, the whole? It is instead a catalogue, a singular poetic thinking, without there being as-yet a concept (abstracted out of a 'really' prevalent 'present' or in the form of a theory/imagination of "the desire called Utopia") or political programme of the 'whole'. This poetic catalogue is one of the only positions 'left' to us, a poetic horizon of rethinking, from where we can ontologize 'the' present from where we can ontologize into a present at least the flux in which we are caught, the flow of history which ruthlessly carries us we don't know where:

\begin{quote}
वेद यो के दिनों सभी दृश्य भाषित भी
भव्यता यो के समस्ती हृदय,
दृष्टिकोण यो पुराण बेलिंग्राम यो के दिव मंदी स्वरूप बनानी यो
अधीन अध्यंत्तर ऐसे यो
सीधे यो मंदिर मंदिर वध दी कुछ नर यो मजबूत यो है जम।\end{quote}
क्षति जी माति पर चौंक द्रुत पढ़िए यह
ते मरति जड़त्ती वंच सांपति है
धूम वशस् हंगा
ऐ भुज्वे जो भयमर लक्ष्मी देवी
सुधरी है
पदोसी अश्ववरी द्व स्वर भूषि माति थालकर
क्षति जी आहे उन्मु गौण द्वारे।

नेपाल हिंदु स्तरी जुड़ी सांपति है
विद्वानः गवारी हिंदु जाती ही पीढ़ी
गुरुबाईयों के गितें के अनेक-नेके जुड़ी देवी,
क्षति जी चढ़ती विधानं बूंटे 'ह' दुवा है
जुड़ी के आदि देवल्ल मा माती नाम
रचिते चेहरी नाम भी वे देवी
पापुजु देववरी दी एक सेन 'ह' बसरी दै
क्षति जी दुनिया दी चीन अकट 'ह' महत्त्व सांपति है भाग
क्षति जी हिंद में हिंदु है
विद्वानः दे बुंटे के निर्म हिंदु
अज्ञ खुबजी द्वारे, देवी
क्षति जी आहे उन्मु गौण द्वारे।

क्षति जी देव टेकीयों धीमां दिशा बाईयों
रचिते कोने हिंदु
वेदी जुड़वानी हिंदु दी ईमान,
भुविनीति द्वा चंद्र देव की पिंडी 'ह' से द्वारा है
हिंदु ही चरा अंतर दुबू जायी फैरी दे रवाना
क्षति जी दुतके दुवे देववरे दुबे
हिंदु दी दैर्द संधु मधवीरी सजिव दी देवी
क्षति जी जीव वरे यजु मूघीते दुबे
जुड़ी दे बुंटे पृथवीरी दी जीवी मधव
क्षति जी आहे उन्मु गौण द्वारे।
रैत दी
भेल गला कुछ बेठे टिके बच्चा बच्चा सेन्झार है
शों गेहूं बैठे घुटने दी पसीनी तसीनी
झाड़ी दे घटाई सब्जी -

(Roj he saheje jehe ug aaondi hai
Pathjhar di sanghni dhup
Chullian da dhooan kothian te ik sahi naksha banaonda hai
Manukh andarle desh da
Jihde ton sachi muchi kujh ve kurbaan ho sakda hai
Roj hi seheje jehe kam chanak uthde hun
Te saari dharti kann ban jaandi hai
Us koari waan
Jo mudh ke aasmaan varge nain
Sundi hai
Pehla mahawaru da dard seheje seheje tapakna
Roj hi eshe tarahn hunda hai

Pounna vich vahondi turi jaandi hai
Itihaas vargi ving taringi leek
Soanian de siraan te adol bhatte wali tokari
Roj he baldan deean buttan 'ch tarda hai
Turri te mote tandlaan da sehemeya sawaad
Jiwen bimaari naal meer hoee
Paaltoo kukkri di daal sangh 'ch phasdi hai,
Roj hi kuttian deean akhan che mar jaandi hai aas
Roj hi ikko samein uthde hai
Kirsaan de kutte de diddh vich
Antali burki da jhora,
Roj he ise taran hunda hai.
Roj hi dubb dendiyon dheean dheaniyan
Gille gohe vich
Kachchhi kuri zindagi deen aag
Ghumiyar da chake roj hee mitti 'chon farda hai
Zindagi deen jhna anier rurh gayee sohni de naksh
Roj hi jooan nu kasde burrhe
Vich hi bhull jaande sukhami sahib de pauri
Roj hi reh reh ke lahoo thukhdi rahi
Naaye ton lattan nanaonde charrian de gandi zubaan
Roj hi ese tarhan hundi hai

Roj hi
Manu sara kujh bhune hoi kabab varga lagda hai
Jo mojan utte hund he parosea jayega
Kursi de khaan layee)

The proper, and so rare, poetic re-thinking of the possibility of a yet-to-be present does not, and need not, settle into a theory of "the desire called Utopia or "archaeologies of the future". The poetic thinking (which is also inclusive of, and not entirely constituted by, what can "be theorized or even imagined within the conceptual field"). It can engage and work upon 'the political unconscious' in a way so as to still give us hope of not only "Radical alternatives, systematic transformations" but relevantly radical subject positions which are becoming increasingly subject to ceaseless shifting in this postmodern age of consumerism:

नहीं तो भाग तो बाहिर हिच दिशे शेषें ला चौंद दे बेह
इसके बाहर यही शक्ति की बोझ कल्प
मैलों दे यहु 'य तुहुं संदही दे
मने मैलों दे डेलों बिलिया
वे माफिया यीशा एक सेवाकर्मी रहा

में जं लहर को बुधीधार का शिकार
विचि भविष्यवादी हो रहे विवाद बनाने जिम्मेदार की लेख की वर्णनव
मेरे दरबार ते थूँने 'न भागी मेटो की आंक
मेरे दरबार ते थूँने जै भोजन दी गई लोक लवणा।

मेरे वे अफत र बालिका विवाद में मजबूत की घटे घटावक करने
हूँकड़े हीम्म विमान ते तीं ते

विद्य हीम्म लखीग ते तीं कुछ पहचाना

में शेड ते मजलदी हीम्म भविष्यवाद तुड़क लगाना।

मलबेर शी घरे जब संगी बुढ़ी ची
वे थूँने हूँ कल्ले विवादवादी ही
मे मे मजबूत विवाद तुड़े पागु दवर्णवा।

मे मे मजबूत विवाद भीड़ मंड़ मवर्णवा।

मे म देवी दिख जैसे खरौं विवादवादी ही
ता थूँने अफत दवर्णवा मवर्णवा।

मेरे सतरी डिय सं वेश विवाद ते कंठ बता हो टीका लवणा।
मेरे सतरी डिय म की रसोई भक्त जी तुड़क तृणी देवी देवी दिवी देवस्तर ते
मेरे सतरी संरक्षण भक्त जी महाव लवणा।

खुद खुद मधू देवी मक्खी ते
मेरे वे अफत र बालिका विवाद में मजबूत लवणा।

देवीम ची बुढ़ी भविष्यवाद हूँ थूँने मे म देवी
मे म उस मृहे हूँ तृणी देवी देवी तुड़क ते लवणा।

गृह शुद्धि खुशी विद्या ते वे देवस्तर ता।

मे मे म देवी देवस्तर ते चुंबु एक नहर ता।
मे मूँझे मेटी ची बुढ़ी दरवाढ़ नी शब्द ता।
मे मूँझे देवश्चर ते मूँझे देव ची बना ता बेटल।
मे मूँझे देव ते, मेटी दरवाढ़ ता बेटल।
मे मे मक्खी विवाद, खुद दरवाढ़ ते ता जै ते सुभां बना बनवी ते
ने वेशविश्वास अवस्था ते देवर्णवा जै, विवाद तर ते खुंज़े बनवी

सीतादेवी देव विवाद चुंबू एक बाज़ार।

143
(Mere ton aas na kareo ki main kheetan da putt ho ke
Tuhade chagle hoe sawadan di gall karanga
Jinha de harha 'che rurh jaandi hai
Saade bachian di totali kavita
Te sadiyan dheean da kanjak jeha haasa

Main taan jad vee keeti-khaad de ghathe
Kise garbhari di heak vaangu pichak gaye ganneyan di ghal hi karanga
Main dalan de khunj 'ch pai sauni dee phasal
Te dalan de booh te kharre seal di hi ghal karanga
Mere ton aas na kareo ki main sardi di ruth khirran wele
Phullan deean kisma de naan te
Pind deean kurian de naal kunaa dharaanga

Main bank de secetroy deean khachteen muchchaan
Saranch di thane tak lammi pooch di

144
Te us poore chirya ghar di
Jo main aapni hik utte paal rakhiyan hai
Jaan ethaan di hi koi karar bararri ghal karanga
Mere layi dil tan bas ik path de pate varga lothra hai
Mere layi husan koi makki di loon bhukki hoi roti jehee lajjat hai
Mere layi zindagi ghar dee sharaab wang
Luk luk peen di koi shae hai
Mere to aas na kareo ki main khargosh wang
Roheean di kooli mehek nu pole jehe sunghan
Main har kase nu jotaa lagge hoe baldan de waang
Khurli utte sidhdha ho ke takkarian haan
Main jattan de sadh howan to ura da safar haan
Main buddhe mochi di ghumi hoi aakhun di loo haan
Main tunde holdar de sajje hath di yaad haan kewal
Main pind waqt de chappa sai da daag haan kewal
Te meri kalpana, us luhar di than than ton loose maas wargi hai
Jo bereham aasman te khizya rahe, ik hwan de bhule layi
Jeehde hath vichla chao da phala
Kadi talwar ban jaave, kadi bus pathiwan di pund reh jaye
Main hun tuhade layi kise harmonium da pakha nahin ho sakda
Main bhande manjdi jheere diean unglan 'cho simda raag haan kewal
Mere kol suraj di us supan seema to ure
Halaan karan nu bohat gallan han
Aje main tharti te chai
Kise siri de kale-saah bulan jehi raat di hi gal karanga
Us itihaas di
Jo mere baap de ghup nal loose mere ute uakariya hai
Jaan aapni maan de pari patian biyanen de bangool di ji gal karanga
Mere to aas na kario ki main kheta da put ho ke
Tuhade chagle hoe sawadan di gall karanga
Jinha de harha 'che rurh jaandi hai saade bachian di totali kavita
Te sadiyan dheean da kanjak jeha haasa)

Only poetic thinking gives the possibility of preserving something of a trace from/with which to ontologize the present (in terms of a political possibility of 'positive' intervention to first (re)make a future substantive enough to lend itself to the "archaeologies" which for Jameson "Ontologies of the present" demand) whose forces are not only suffering "the enfeeblement and virtual eclipse" in the face of a reality dwindling into the postmodern simulacra, but the even greater threat of an irrecoverable loss of even their memory in a world of signs where not just the referent but even the signified is being increasingly swallowed up by a hegemony of the signifier:

इंग्रजी लेख समीक्षा

(इंग्रजी लेख समीक्षा)

ईंग्रजी लेख समीक्षा

पत्रकी ब्रांड बेंकी भी

उंग्रजी लेख समीक्षा

उंग्रजी लेख समीक्षा
भएँ सच्चाई दिखा
बि धूम रा रंभ विधि मध्ये 

dूंग धूमकत्र वेंच दिखी दी अरुणां शहीणां
धिव देवधत दी धर्मा मध्ये
धिव ध्वनां दे भतावत दी अरुणा
ते धिव अन्धे दी त्वेंट दिखं डेंटी धुतवट दी
दिखासं दे बैंकी लहरलं दिख
भुज से अभाव दी अरुण धूम से करे रत्नी मुदी
धवन दिखं दूंग से घटनक दी अरुण धूमवं वर्णी रत्नी मुदी
आर्जण ते करे ही धूम से रत्नी बैंकी जीव रत्नी अदिकार
धिवध रा धूम दिखी दी वेंट दे बैंक हामिकद दिखा
धिव तेंक अर्थ दरा मध्ये
मिरु बरे दी धुंडूँ रा तद्वी आदिकार।
धिव तेंक आर्जण रा मध्ये
मिरु धवव मध्ये रा मध्ये
भा बैंकी दी धुंडूँ संख्य ‘आ चबुक तद्वी मध्ये।
धिव तेंक धुंडूँ संख्य तीय दीम्बर वाजां रा मध्ये
मिरु रा बरे ही सदिकारर्था धूम रा तद्वी दिखा।

धुमकत्र धूम दिखे वे भा मध्या मध्ये
चख वे तीकिरं चंकट दी धूम रा वर्णी धर्मी सवाद
पह अर्थ धूम दिखी सवाद दी धर्मा दिखाना।
धूम से पंखे वे ध्वनधर्मा शवत्व धूमवं इत्यादि पह
धिवध दी दिकिकारं दिखासं राते
ते वंटे धूम बतकी धूम दी सवाद
बचे मध्यस्तं भाव भीती बांटी।
धुंडूँ बरे दी रा पह भव तक मबिका
धूम दिखं फिंत्र अर्थां रा मध्ये

आये रितां रत्नां बि धूम रा रंभ दिखी मध्ये
धुंडूँ ठी नेंमी दंपा
Kande da jakham

(us bande da naan jihde janam to koi samat suru nahin hunda)

Uoh bohalt deer tak jinda reha
Ki us da naan reh sake,

Dharti bohat vadhi si
Te usda pind bohat choota
Oho sari umar eko chan vich suada reha
Oho sari umar eko khet vich hagda reha
Ate chahunda reha
Ki s da naam reh sake

Os umar-bhar bas tin hi aawaza suniya
Ek kukan di bhaang si
Ek dangra de gharkand di aawaz
Te ek aapne hi bootan wich roti puchkan di
Tibhian de reshami chaanan vich
Surraj de aastan di aawaz os ne kade nahin suni
Bahar vich phoolan de chatkhan di aawaz osne kade nahin suni

148
Taariyan ne kade ve osh de lai koi geet nahin gayia
Umar bhar oh tin hi ranga to bas wakif reha
Ek rang bhoi da si
Jhda kdade ve ushnu na nahin aayaia
Ek rang aashman da si
Jidhe bohat sare naam san
Par koi ve usdi jheeb te charda nahin si
Ek rang usdi tiwi dean ghallan da si
Jis da kade ve sandiyan us naan nahin liya

Moolian oh jind ke kha sakda si
Vadh ke chalian chaban di us ne kao vaar jiti sarat
Per aap oh bin sarat hi khanda giya
Os de pake hoi kharbhugiya warge umard de saal
Bina hi cheerian nigal gaye
Te kache dhud vargi us di seerat
Bade sooad nal peeti gayi
Ohnu kade ve na pata lag sakia
Oh kini keehat afza si

Ate eh lalsa ki os da naam reh sake
Doomane di makhi waang
Ohde piche rahi laggi
Oh aape aapna bout bana geya
Par os da bout kade vi jasan na baniya
Os de ghar to khoo tak raah
Aje ve jionda hai
Par anginat poran da hetha dabi gayi
Ohdi pour vich
Hale ve ek kande da jakham hasda hai
The real song which can voice the pain of a common man is rather tuneless; it does not have the lilting, melodious rhythm which Shiv took to the very heights of its intensity and which, to a much less extent Amrita Pritam, Mohan Singh and, later, Surjit Pattar articulated. Pash sought a song which could beat with the rhythm of a common, poor villager’s act of daily living; it did not bother him as to which form it would take, which tradition or discourse it would seek to belong to, or borrow from.

Where is ‘the substance’, the possibility of coming to presence of a song which would keep (in the safety of its own anamnesis) as well as articulate "the wound" still smiling from within the trace of a voice which was lost underneath the numerous other traces some of which have appropriated the entire event of temporality to their own individual histories. Where are the sounds or marks, whether 'written in the soul' or spoken in the space – poems, novels, sciences, histories, philosophies, theories, discourses, whatever – which can make a song to both preserve and sing this voice which too was seeking the same signature on the page of time but could not begin any era to witness that signature:

रगुं उसका जितना बहुत नया
धरे से दिखा बैठा बैठा दुःखहरू...
मंगे अपने सहाय, उम्मी नहीं सहायकी लांड
मे वी बलता ने हस्तक ला क्रमक
मे पूँ चचनी चक देख बेख
मिठूं चा दिख बीड़ घट मवे...

मे घूम 'च इंट दिख मायाने मेंट दी झुंबी
मे पै घू मे 'जे राएट लेहे टॉयवर दी टेमपर टिमभ
मे सी दिव 'जे हिमर दिख राखकट तैया दे तूफ़ान

मे जबलू हस्तला ने ऐतिहासमा
मे मेघू दिख नर्तक बुझ बेख
मिठूं चा दिख बीड़ घट मवे...

मे सी दिव 'जे मेंट दिख चफापेड़ी चा बेख दिख
मे बाज 'च भा दिख केभेड़ चनू दी खाम
मे...

'च दे दिख खाफ सावर जपाटिट दा सिव
मे हादे मे वर्दी चा चनू दी दुनी हैरण
धर मेघू दिख नर मनी बुझ बेख
मिठूं चा दिख बीड़ घट मवे...

मेघू देख दिख मधुभावी चा बकल लेहे
मे अपनी 'खेल-बख़ा' दी माज़ दिख नर मे
मे 'चौदा' रहु दी बची बत हैल चनू
मे मेघू देख दिख बुझ बेख
मिठूं चा दिख बीड़ घट मवे...

(Mainu chahide hun kujh bol
Jinha da ek geet ban sake

Kho lawo metho eh bheer di tan tan
Saar dewo mainu mriyan nazma di dhoni 'te
Meri khopri 'te beshak tankawe hakoomat da sihya-danda
This is a passionately painful but angry cry for a 'substantial', and not just theoretical, space of freedom for the marginalized, all but mute,
voices to sing, to celebrate, their act of living. The poet would not settle for anything less than that. He is angrily dismissive of all the discourses which cannot articulate the pain of the common man whose reality does not figure in any of the modes – political, philosophical or poetic – of representation. Pash's poetry becomes, and not just poses, the very crisis of representing what is always already getting lost in the very discourses and institutions which come into being in the name of representing it. His poetry happens as, is a singular event of, the problematic of representation which is also, as the general crisis of representing any singularity, "generic to the postmodern spirit of late capitalism." It is not the blissful pain of an intensely lived moment, as in Shiv's poetry, melting into a melodious rhythm, but the angry pain of not having been allowed enough freedom to intensely live out the moment. If the anger 'appears' obscene to the reader unused to a new poetry, so be it. If the anger finds itself translated into obscenities which violate the very aesthetic of Modernist search for the absolutely new, these obscenities mouthed for the first time in Punjabi poetry, constitute a new aesthetic of rejection of an obscene aesthetic which exists only as a covering up of its failure to represent the obscene repression of the angry, may be grotesque, cry for human freedom.

(Eh geet main ohna gungia nu dena hai
Jinha nu geeta di kadar hai
Per jinha nu tuhade bhane gaona nahin pugda
Je tuhade kol nahin hai koi bol, koi geet
Mainu bakhan dewo main ki bakda haan)
The absolute need for making this song does not submit itself to any aesthetics or discourse of literature. The poet feels frustrated and angry at not finding any 'substantial' sounds or signs to make, to materialize, this song. The frustration and anger write themselves into a rhythm and diction which flout all norms and definitions of poetry. "Here words are no longer signs, nor appellations they only touch the page and pierce the writing. Here it is forced, turned away, tempered, unoccupied. Literature is fucked. There is nothing more to describe, and nothing to name. Obscenities have no meaning. Poetry must not deliver obscenity; neither must it deliver us from it." 67

It is a postmodern with difference, another possibility of a yet-to-come engaged postmodern which is not simply content with a pervasive textuality and Poststructuralist banishment of the meaning along with the Structuralist exile of the referent from the realm of sign.

Here you have a poetry where anger and sheer outrage are translated into words, the words which at best can only signify their own failure to touch the singularity of an angry gesture, words which only mediate between the pre-articulated text of a blazing outrage and its explosion into a violent event. The expletive, just before being mouthed in all its incoherence of pure violence, is allowed a shape, a rhetorical detour, a passage through words, a tone all of its own. The expletive which as such would be the danger of losing its force by being immediately recognized and appropriated is given another trajectory, a passage through a complex textual network, which lends it a surprisingly sharper edge of significatory power. Pash was the first poet to give Punjabi poetry its own face, its contemporary signature with its untranslatable idiom, a language soiled with all the marks of its not only literary but more vitally cultural and historical journey. It is the angry burst of an exploited peasant mediated by
an inter text of ideological awareness. The force of the expletive is both multiplied and lost in the event of its translation into a rhythm which is already upset by the chaotic rush of anger which melts into words just when it is about to be outpoured.

The words resist settling into semantic patterns, they keep burning with the suppressed anger which haunts them aglow till they are burnt out, their cinders scattered into meanings and metaphors. The words do not represent anger; they can only falsify it, masquerade as its 'true' simulacrum, already desperate in their movement towards meaning, their movement away from the anger, the power which energizes them. They have to pass through the destiny of meaning, of losing in their power by gaining in the meaning. On their way to meaning, the words lose their heat, their heart, their mourning (even) of the loss which brings them into being, of the appearance, the flicker, the traces of the disappearance of the trace.

The expletive here, is not a Punjabi version of the four letter word, not just another obscenity belonging to the slang of Punjabi language, something which takes different form in all languages. It is vitally constitutive of the signature, the singular tone of Punjabi language. Its meaning is the least significant here, it can even articulate affection and love in the popular Punjabi culture. It invests speech with its native intonation and energy. Its force lies in the anger, frustration and passion it articulates in Punjabi Culture. This force cannot be translated into a foreign language. As Milan Kundera puts it, "We can use obscene words in a foreign language, but they are not heard as such. An obscenity pronounced with an accent becomes comical... obscenity: the root that attaches us most deeply to our homeland." 68 In my view, it cannot be translated into an equivalent concept with the same accent even in the same language.

As if it had been waiting for centuries to find its way into poetry, it exploded with all the desperation of its desire in Pash's poetry, eventually
finding its aesthetic dignity, transforming and rewriting in turn the very aesthetic of Punjabi poetry, "an aesthetics whose bourgeois motivation can be registered in its twin end points: the trivializations of the purely decorative and enjoyable on the one hand, and the sentimental idealism of the various ideologies of aesthetic justification on the other". 69

The bourgeois aesthetic of high art had exiled the expletive as an immoral outsider, the disruptive force, the very representative of low popular culture, of banal, 'obscene', routine of the everyday. It would require the space and work of another thesis to explore the reasons as to why it had been repressed for so long in Punjabi poetry and what forms did its sublimation and transformations take as it must have passed through a verbal and semantic detour from the poetic unconscious onto the page decorated with only clean and pure words. To what margins of our poetry had the expletive been pushed. What are the other areas of language lying in close proximity to the expletive which were marginalized or excluded from an officially recognized poetic discourse.

There was an immediate uproar by reactionary criticism. It was either pushed to the extreme left of the literary stage or banished altogether from the aesthetic theatre. It was dismissed as mere rhetoric by an rural/country upstart who could not write 'poetry', it is distasteful, prosaic, nauseating. Readers who had grown up on reading Mohan Singh, Amrita Pritam and Shiv Batalavi, had an altogether different taste for poetry.

Yes, he could not write what passed for Punjabi poetry, so he chose to write against a poetry which had become synonymous with lyricism, linguistic experimentation, rhythmic flows (even in Puran Singh's Whitmanian free verse) imputed modernism, sentimental and slogansereing progressivism, romantic yearning and nostalgia, various forms of subjective and transcendental experiences a private cry of the soul cut off from the larger contexts of socio political and linguistic reality of an
ordinary Punjabi's contemporary life situation. The need was never felt so strongly and sincerely to not only voice the complex reality of a wounded world but also repair and prepare it for a better and fuller life.

His poetry breaks under the pain of the movement which he lived with an awareness of all its contradictory truths, a movement which struggle the love and politics between stayed the between life and its negative by discourses of power and socio-religious morality. When the movement burning with the fury of a desire for freedom a desire which is always already frustrated – when this movement is birthed into words, it lets out an anguished and angry cry of protest before it is trickled into the happy world of meanings. But the body retains the wound still, even a good three decades after the Naxalite movement which for Pash, at that time, signaled a realistic possibility of realizing (fulfilling) Mark's dream of a perfect social life free of all ills and conflicts which plague it due to the hegemonic and ideological forces of capitalism.

It was not a mere poetic game veiling some underlying political programme, nor was it merely an overtly political rhetoric in the name of an new-wave revolutionary poetry. They are the product of a passionate urge to confront and preserve a moment lived in all the dimensions—political, personal, cultural, aesthetic — constitutive of its structural complexity.

That is why even though detached from the original moment of the singular event which occasioned it then, and now removed from that moment by a yearning socio-historical gap (which has witnessed radical changes in the cultural ethos and the forms of political struggle), these poems still 'bleed' from the wound which keeps the memory of the difficult and painful detachment. Some remnants of the angry fire still burn in the cinders which these poems are after a series of appropriating readings to which they have been 'critically' submitted (subjected).
References

2. *Ibid*, pp.240-241
4. *Ibid*, p.52
5. *Ibid*, p.74
7. *Ibid*, p.135
11. Pash, *op.cit.*, p.128
14. *Ibid*
15. *Ibid*
17. *Ibid*, p.145
18. *Ibid*
19. *Ibid*, p.146
20. *Ibid*
21. *Ibid*, p. 147
22. *Ibid*
23. *Ibid*
24. Ibid, p.158
25. Ibid, pp. 158-159
26. Ibid, p.159
27. Ibid, p.159
28. Ibid, pp. 160-161
29. Ibid, pp. 160-161
30. Ibid, p.164
31. Ibid
32. Ibid
33. Ibid
35. Pash, op.cit, p.164
36. Ibid, p. 164
37. Ibid, pp. 186-187
38. Ibid, pp. 188-189
39. Ibid, pp. 190-191
40. Ibid, p.192
41. Ibid
42. Ibid, p. 52
43. Ibid, p.195
44. Ibid, p. 241
45. Jacques Derrida, op.cit., p.388
48. Pash, op.cit., p.241
49. Jacques Derrida, op.cit., p.362
50. Pash, op.cit., p.122
51. Ibid, p.121
52. Ibid, pp. 121-122
53. Ibid, p.122
54. Ibid, p. 44
55. Ibid, pp. 162-163
56. Ibid, p. 157
57. Ibid, pp. 158-159
58. Ibid, pp. 138-139
60. Pash, *op.cit.*, p.139
61. Ibid, pp.118-119
62. Ibid, pp. 124-125
63. Ibid, p. 119-120
64. Ibid, p. 86-87
66. Pash, *Sampooran Pash-Kav*, p.87
69. Frederick Jameson, *A Singular Modernity*, p.3