Chapter-V
The Broken Wing
In 1917, Sarojini Naidu published her third book of poems *The Broken Wing*. It was anxiously awaited by her friends, admirers and well-wishers. The poetess had met Gopal Krishna Gokhale, in 1915 and told him about the political luminary of India. The Magazine, *The Indian Ladies* also waited for it and it was included in Mr. Heinemann’s autumn list. Dr. Amarnath Jha, a friend and admirer of the poetess, possessed a copy of this book which had come to him from the library of Sir Edmund Gosse. A letter dated 21st Dec., 1916, pasted in the book, from William Heinemann to Gosse acclaimed its authenticity:

"Herewith another of your God-children, I had hoped to get the book out to Sarojini before Christmas, but it has been quite impossible. She ought to be pleased with it when she sees it".¹ Its publication brought happiness to poetess as well as to entire poetic world.

"The Broken Wing is better than the Bird of time.

Qualitatively as it is more rhetorical than lyrical. We can find more freshness, more spontaneity and maturity in "The Golden Threshold", but not the tumult of the soul that we can witness in The Broken Wing. But in The Bird of Time one feels that the poetic muse is dragging along listlessness and has to whip and lash herself into some sort of tuneful utterance. There seems a temporary diminution of fervour".² It does not show any market poetic improvement in "The Golden Threshold" and we have to rethink of remarks of Sir Edmund Gosse about it,

"the note of girlish ecstasy has passed and that a graver music has taken its place."³

The Broken Wing was dedicated to "the Dream of Today" and the Hope of Tomorrow." These words highlight Sarojini's style of poetry as she had been a 'singer of songs' and a 'song-bird' in every vein of her being. In its Foreword, Naidu awakens Indian womanhood to the need of time, and claims.

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² Ibid, P.208
³ Edmund Gosse, "Introduction", The Bird of Time, Pp.6-7
“The Indian woman of today is once more awake and profoundly alive to her splendid destiny as the guardian and interpreter of the True Vision of national life—the Vision of Love, The Vision of Faith, the Vision of Patriotism”.4

Padmini Sengupta, the noted critic, feels,

“Sarojini’s Foreword is nothing short of a formula (Art has been reduced to a formula!), clothed in the copying task of looking back to the glorious past—a fault so apparent in Indian writers”.5

The title is itself self-justifying as title of The Broken Wing to G. K. Gokhale, inspires him to question the poetess, “why should a song-bird like you have a broken wing?”6

The answer naturally follows:

*Behold! I rise to meet the destined spring*

*And scale the stars upon my broken wing!*

Was her “Wing” then really broken? The answer is assertive as it was. The year 1915 was sad and

depressing to Sarojini. She lost her father in January and after a month, Gokhale, had also passed away and left her the door of darkness to grope. Both had been her source of inspiration. Pathos, therefore, had a terrible grip over her that reflected in The Broken Wing. "The title of this poetical volume has been characterized to be "the saga of her emotions". 7

As a woman of sharp sensibility and profound sentiments Sarojini wrote poems like Memorial Verses in her homage to Gokhale and In Salutation to My Father's Spirit, (a tribute to her father) Iyengar estimates its worth and says,

"As far The Broken Wing, there is beauty, the beauty of living things, the beauty of human passion, in several poems, there are "the whirling eddies, the raging fevers". 8

Padmini Sengupta feels the state of mind of Sarojini Naidu and has remarked which "stressed her ill-health, for she was at this time tired and worn out

7. Tara Ali Baig, Sarojini Naidu, P.27
8 K.R. Srinivasa Iyengar Indian Writing in English (Bombay 1973) P.225
with the arduous tasks and her numerous journeys”.\(^9\)

But her spirit never faltered and retained its invincible nature.

“The Broken Wing” is divided into four sections:

Songs of Life and Death, The Flowering Year, The Peacock Lute and The Temple.

Aldous Huxley, who happened to see India in 1925, admired Naidu regarding her poetry as well as leadership and oratory. He hit the world headlines by declaring that he saw no beauty in *Taj Mahal* by moonlight, but was fascinated by Sarojini Naidu whom he met in *Bombay’s Taj Mahal Hotel*:

“It has been our good fortune, while in Bombay, to meet Sarojini Naidu, the newly-elected president of the All-India Congress and a woman who combines in the most remarkable way great intellectual power with charm, sweetness and courageous energy, a wide culture with originality, and earnestness with humour. If all Indian politicians are like Mrs. Naidu, then the

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country is fortunate indeed".\textsuperscript{10} 

Sarojini Devi brought to Indian nationalism a point of view which was not only poetic but also feminine. She was conscious of her both roles. Vishwanath S. Narvane has rightly remarked:

"She approached social and political situations with the aesthetic sensitiveness of a poetess. And she imported to the struggle for freedom a special kind of grace and gentleness which only a woman can give".\textsuperscript{11}

L. N. Mishra finds her poetry of Indian ethos,

"Her poetry presents a \textit{kaleidoscope} of Indian scenes, sights, sounds and experiences transmuted into a fantastic vision of colour and rhythm. Her themes are mostly familiar and even insignificant, but for the fact that they are vivified through the magic glass of her imagination".\textsuperscript{12}

He further adds, "We can find in her poems common men and woman, dancers and wandering

\textsuperscript{10} "Sarojini Naidu", "K. A. Abbas", Bhartiya Vidya Bhawan, New Delhi, 1968, P.46

\textsuperscript{11} Sarojini Naidu: An Introduction to Her Life, Works and Poetry", Orient Longman, New Delhi, 1980, P.90

\textsuperscript{12} " The Poetry of Sarojini Naidu", "L. N. Mishra, B.R. Publishing Corporation, New Delhi, 1972, P.121
singers, weavers and fishermen, palanquin-bearers and bangle-sellers, snake-charmers and flower girls, street-vendors and merchants, milk-maids and boatsmen and many other personalities, festivals, and gods".  

This section opens with the poem The Broken Wing which breathes an air of patriotism. It is presented in question and answer style about the Broken Wing. The questioner is in a happy and hopeful tone, while the answerer in a sad and depressed one.

The Gift of India was written in August when the first world war was in full swing. It is in the form of an address by *Mother India* to the whole world, especially to the allies. The boundless grief of Mother India for loss of the Innumerable heroic sons killed in action throughout the globe is poignantly expressed. There is an implicit protest against the imperialists in it and highlights the mother and son relationship which is essentially feminine:

Can ye measure the grief of the tears I weep

Or compass the woe of the watch I keep?

13. Ibid
Or the pride that thrills thro’ my heart’s despair
And the hope that comforts the anguish of prayer?
And the far sad glories vision I see
Of the torn red banners of victory

It has been called ‘a war poem’, but critics are divided on this point. At its best, it is meant to draw the world’s attention to the great concern of mother India to the Allies during the first world war. It is explicitly not anti-British, and for this the poetess has been taken to task. A critic says: “I rather think she, in later years, regretted having written it”.

The Temple displays her another face of poetic sensitiveness in the conversational style between the Priest and the Pilgrim. The Priest warns the Pilgrim to get ready for sacrifice at the altar of Love, and the Pilgrim responds that he has nothing to offer but his broken lute, wounded heart, and stricken soul. The poem contains the very fine example of her feminine sensibility in terms of sacrifice and suffering as the

feminine heart responds very well in such context.

Lakshmi, the Lotus-Born was composed on the *Lakshmi Puja Day*, 1915. It is a hymn to the goddess of fortune, whose blessings the worshippers require and invoke with eager devotion for prosperity of "cradles and kindred and cattle" and cherish their heart-fires and coffees and corn”.

Lakshmi is Goddess of prosperity and fortune and poetess craves for her blessings with feminine aspirations.

The Victor, is a poem of humility and when the world offered rich robes and carven gems of different variety, she had nothing to offer except her own fine face, hands and life. We can see her poetic sensibility as presented in this poem.

The Imam Bara focusses our attention on one of the features of Muslim Culture in the following remark about this poem:

“The Imam Bara” is a chapel of lamentation where *Mussulmans* of the Shiah community celebrate the tragic martyrdom of *Ali, Hassan, and Hussain* during
the morning month of Moharram. A sort of passion play takes place to the accompaniment of the refrain Ali! Hassan! Hussain!”16

*The great Imambara of Lucknow*, an imposing building, was built in 1784, by Asafuddaula. The poet displays the procession march of the Shaih-followers, beating their breasts and crying aloud in anguish. This is how they commemorate the sad death of Hassan and Hussain, the brave sons of Ali and Fatima (the daughter of the prophet Mohammed). This poem represents the highly pathetic portrayal of her feminine insight.

Another poem steeped in Muslim culture is *A Song from Shiraj*. The poet happens to hear the loud music from the mosque towers of Shiraj before daylight and is rather disturbed, for that comes as a call to wake the world to the “atonement of sin”. It symbolizes the quest of life of prophet Mohammad Ali. Her feminine heart responds very acutely to the divine messages resounding from the towers of Shiraj—this is time to awake the world from sleep. She strikes an appeal to

the whole of mankind to spread the light of enlightenment so that the world may be rescued from being deteriorated.

“Imperial Delhi” was written in 1912. It is an eloquent tribute to the historic glory of Delhi, which has witnessed the rise and fall several times of so many dynasties. The following lines are powerful and suggestive which highlight her poetic power:

But thou dost still immutably remain
Unbroken symbol of proud histories,
Unageing priestess of old mysteries
Before whose shrine the spells of Death are vain

Her Memorial Verses comprises tributes to Mahbub Ali Khan (In the first verse) and to Gopal Krishna Gokhale (in the second verse). The first verse was composed on August 29, 1911, and the second one was on Feb.19, 1915. Both contain personal reminiscences. Sarojini’s own notes inform us that “Ye Mahbub’, which means ‘O Beloved’, was” the device on the state banner of the late Nizam of hyderabad...

the well-beloved of his people's and that "Gopal Krishna Gokhale was the great saint and soldier of our national righteousness" 18

The poem incorporates the wonderful spirit of her feminine sensibility.

"In Salutation To My Father's Spirit" is also commemorative in contentment and treatment. It is a beautiful expression of Sarojini's deep affection for her beloved father, who kept aloft the ideals in the great tradition of the ancient Hindu sages and rishis. It was written on Jan.28, 1915, just after the death of Sarojini's father. Her feminine spirit has responded well in her tribute to her departed father. The Flute-Player of Brindaban is a song of a worshipper of Lord Krishna who, enchanted by the magic music of the divine flute, which can relieve people from the worldly worries:

"Krishna, the Divine Flute-player of Brindaban, who plays the tune of the Infinite that lures every Hindu heart away from mortal cares and attachments".19

The next two poems are “Farewell” and “The Challenge”. In the former, the poetess bids farewell to her own people and city and takes leave of them with tearful eyes, and in the latter, she flings down the gauntlet to the elemental forces like the sea, earth, and the skies to bear even a part of the deep love and the relentless sorrow and the wild vintage of despair that she heroically bears in her heart and mind. Love and feelings of sadness are the care of her feminine sensibility.

Wandering Beggars presents the Indian fakirs, moving from door to door and singing psalms in a loud voice. They sing melodiously, though they don’t have a shelter, nor cloth, nor bread or gold etc., yet they are gay and bold. They don’t care for present and future, they simply go with the “staff of freedom” in their hands from place to the place, love to beg out of humility till death, which levels their princely desires and distinguishes and the gap between beggars and kings. They have implicit faith in God which enables them to lead an easy and carefree path of life. Naidu as
a poetess feels the supremacy of soul for which woman
is the only queen of such treasures of emotions:

We are free-born sons of Fate,
What care we for wealth of state
Or the glory of the great?

Y, Allah! Y, Allah!

Life may grant us or withhold
Roof or raiment, bread or gold
But our hearts are gay and gold

Y, Allah! Y, Allah! ²⁰

The Lotus is a sonnet dedicated to M. K. Gandhi,
the Father of the Nation and got its place in World
Tomorrow (New York, Dec. 1924). It highlights the
virtues of the Mahatma, the great immortal soul, who
stands for his great deeds for the cause of his country
and countrymen. It is in form of a Miltonic sonnet
which is suggestive to express her poetic sensibility---

The midst rapture of thy glorious heart...

But who could win thy secret, who attain
Thine ageless beauty born of Brahma's breath

Or pluck thine immortality who art

Coeval with the Lords of Life and Death? 21

The Prayer of Islam was written on the holy occasion of Id-uz-Zoha, 1915. Her secular sentiments of love to all religious display her womanly heart as a mother and as a human-being. We can see the Muslim community in prayer to Allah, but we call Him with different names. According to Sarojini, there are some “Ninety-nine Beautiful Arabic names of God as used by followers of Islam”. 22

The poem reflects the sense of love and unity as a power can be considered as another face of feminine sensibility.

In Bells, we have three kinds of bells beautifully depicted—anklet-bells (the token of divine love). These separate stanzas of nine lines each are written for such kind of bells. Her sensibility responds to this poem. Like “The Flute-Player of Brindaban”, some other poems also have a mystic note in them. Of such poems,

21. Ibid, P.99
one may mention “The Golden Vigil”, the woman, separated from her lover finds comfort in apostrophizing the morning star. James. H. Cousins considers “The Pearl” to be “as precious as its subject”. And the poem “Kali, the Mother”, is based on a Hindu mythology. Kali is known by many names---Uma, Haimavati, Ambika, Parvati, Gauri, Girija, Shambhavi, Maheshwari, Mahamaya. She is “the eternal mother of Hindu worship”, as the poetess informs us. People of all ranks and classes approach her with their offerings. Kali is worshipped in Bengal too much, and is considered as terrible, but tender and divine, as time demands. Her feminine sensibility is well-portrayed in the picture of ‘Kali’, the mother and a symbol of power, the mystic and spiritual being in following lines---

    O terrible and tender and divine!

    O mystic mother of all sacrifice,

    We deck the somber altars of thy shrine

    With sacred basil leaves and saffron rice,

    All gifts of life and death we bring to thee
Uma Haimavati! 23

The two short poems Invincible and Three Sorrows should be read together. In 'Invincible', the poetess scatters her fine poetic sensibility and becomes a symbol of Hope and Love, through crushed under the wheels of Pain and Sorrow, she remains invincible in her spirit of soul. In the second one the poetess wishes to solve sorrow with sorrow as a mark of "a deathless shrine". 24

Awake, the last poem is dedicated to Md. Ali Jinnah, a trusted friend of Sarojini. It was recited on the occasion of the Indian National Congress in 1915. The worshippers of all religions are brought forward to the Altar of Mother India in order to hail her as a "queen" and a "goddess". It is a mother-like treatment of matter which reflects her feminine ethos:

Waken, O Mother! thy children implore thee,
Who kneel in thy presence to serve and adore thee
The night is aflus with a dream of the morrow

Who still dest thou sleep in thy bondage of sorrow?\textsuperscript{25}

The second section begins with “The Call of Spring”, dedicated to \textit{Padmaja} and \textit{Lilamani}. Sarojini makes her mother-like cries to dear children in order to welcome and share the joys of the spring. The Coming of Spring, and The Magic of Spring are two faces of spring. The first poem is much more despondent and distressed in tone, while the second one brings the mood of Spring’s triumph over the despondency of the poetess:

\begin{quote}
The \textit{kimshuks} burst into dazzling flower

The \textit{seemuls} durgeuned in crimson pride,

The palm-groves shone with the oriole’s wing

The \textit{koels} began to sing

The soft clouds broke in a twinkling tide...

My heart leapt up in its grave and cried,

“Is it the spring, the spring?”\textsuperscript{26}

In Summer Woods, a poem of cry for freedom,

where the poetess expresses her desire to go to the
\end{quote}

\textsuperscript{25} \textit{V.K.Gokak, Op.cit., P.151}
\textsuperscript{26} \textit{A.N.Dwivedi, Op.cit., P.99}
woods along with her lover, for she is fed up with worldly prosperity which signifies "painted roofs and soft and silken floors", and "with strife and song and festivals and fame".

Her feminine heart responds quickly to her love towards her lover.

Another notable poem "June Sunset", stands unparalleled in its poetic worth among the Spring poems. There is neither regret nor rapture in it, it rather breathes "contentment and tranquility".

It gives the fine note of her feminine heart and opens with "Here shall my heart find its heaven of calm" and concludes with...

An ox-cart stumbles upon the rocks
And a wistful music pursues the breeze
From a shepherd’s pipe as he gathers his flocks
Under the Pipal trees
And a young Banjara driving her cattle
Lifts up her voice as she glitters by

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27. Ibid
28. Ibid
In an ancient ballad of love and battle

Set to the beat of a mystic tune,

And the faint stars gleam in the eastern sky

To herald a rising moon

It is remarkable that each of three stanzas of the poem has created a world of its own inanimate nature, of birds and beasts and of human-beings.

With The Time of Roses, ends the section which is simply descriptive. The poem is noteworthy for its lucid language and lyrical impulse. Her feminine heart speaks very sharply with a poetic madness of love, of spring festivity and love-loyalty.

Hide me in a shrine of roses
Drown me in a wine of roses
Drawn from every fragrant grove!
Bind me on a pyre of roses
Burn me in a fire of roses
Crown me with the rose of Love!

The section named The Peacock Lute has nothing

essentially new from the viewpoint of poetic experience except poems like "Caprice", "Destiny", "Longing" and "The Festival of Memory" as they possess their own individual charms. This section carries the powerful lines of the Persian poet *Omar Khayyam*, who wrote about "Iran's soft lute", with sorrow in its strings", as its epigram, and all the poems in it breathe a kind of the "sweet, desolate, balmy pain" air.

"Caprice" is a short lyric dealing with our caprice, whim, indifference, which often cause pain and suffering to others. It is a call for greater consideration and sympathetic understanding of our social relations, particularly those of love.

In the first stanza, the wild flower symbolizes the delicate heart of the beloved. It reflects the tender feelings of poetess who thinks of the indifferent kiss to a flower which breaks its petals, and thus, throws it away, similarly the lover has crushed and broken the tender heart of the poetess. His caprice or indifference causes and heightens her suffering.
In the second stanza, the beloved objectifies her soul as a cup of wine. As after drinking the wine, bowl is thrown away carelessly, similarly, her love has been rejected by her capricious lover and it brings her ocean of grief and suffering. As poetess she is hearty and hungry of affection and love:

You held a wine-cup in your finger tips,

Lightly you raised it to indifferent lips,

Lightly you drank and flung away the bowl...

Alas! it was my soul

In “Silver Tears”, Sarojini welcomes her grief and sorrow, while “Caprice” shows how maiden’s hearts are broken by those of unworthy lovers. But in “Longing”, the heart, though broken, still hopes for the return of the wayward lover. The poem embodies the pang of love and loneliness. In Ashoka Blossom, we can witness the desire of bursting into lyrical rapture under the pressure of love. Infact the blossom becomes a symbol of pure love. ‘Attonement’ expresses about Love and Death. Welcome has nothing original to

speak about The Festival of Memory, the last contribution of poetess to “Love’s dear memory”, which stands against all the ravages of time. It is better to be loved reminds us of and lost than never to be loved at all. It is the Tennysonian spirit of love. Love’s memory revives two things—Rapture and sorrow. Similarly hearty kiss concentrates in itself the deep agony and bliss, fulfilment and farewell—a miraculous combination of opposites. Love does not require any pomp and show and here her feminine sensibility is beautifully expressed in the following lines:

Shall I array my heart
In Love’s vermeil attire?

O shall I fling my life
Like incense in Love’s fire?  

The sweet madness of love is expressed in its rhythm and texture which carries the spirit of Cavalier and Metaphysical poetry as Punekar has observed:—

“A sort of gem one is used to expect in a combined collection of Cavalier and Metaphysical verse of the

The last section of the volume named The Temple: A Pilgrimage of Love is a heart of love poems. It is a trilogy containing twenty four poems in three parts: "The Gate of Delight", "The Path of Tears" and "The Sanctuary". The epigraph taken from R. N. Tagore points out the very fine sense of the poetic sensibility:

My passion shall burn as the flame of Salvation,

The flower of my love shall become the ripe Fruit of Devotion

It embodies the central theme of Bhakti cult of Vaishnavism, which incorporates the fragrance of Indian Spirit.

The Gate of Delight, deals with love's fulfilment. The woman offers her life to her love. The poem ‘The Offering’ displays the utter humility and total abandonment as a part of divine bliss. She has neither beauty, nor youth, nor greatness to offer to her Love.

34. Shankar Mokashi, Punekar in His Essay “A Note on Sarojini Naidu”, included in “Critical Essays on Indian Writing in English”, edited by M. K. Naik (Dharwar: Karnataka University, 1972) P.79
but, she possesses “heart’s deathless passion”. She is quite satisfied with a kiss of “the shadow of Love’s passing feet”:

But I have naught save my heart’s deathless passion

That craves no recompense divinely sweet

Content to wait in proud and lovely fashion

And kiss the shadow of love’s passion feet.  

The Feast is another poem, where she is happy to smear her head and eyelids with the “entranced and flowering dust” that Love offers. Now she does not require any sandal-paste or lotus-wreath or pearls or gems, as she did love to have Love’s footprints on her breast and would love to eagerly share all lover’s sorrows and secrets. It is a fine presentation of her womanly feelings. In “Ecstasy”, she carelessly welcomes the glories of Spring (*The Weapon of Kamdev, the God of Love*). It is a kind of challenge to Spring, for her own heart is charmed by the magic of Ecstasy. “The Lute Song” displays her lover who does not require any mirror or lute, but her eyes, voice and heart

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will serve the needs that love demands:

Why need you sad penance or pardon or prayer

For life’s passion and folly and fears?

My soul be your living atonement, O Love,

In the flame of immutable years! \(^{37}\)

In If You Call Me, she shows her response of a lover who will come swiftly and fearlessly on the call of the haunting music and vivid imagery of love even swifter than snake and flies. It suggests the fine sense of her feminine sensibility:

If you call me I will come

Swifter, O my Love

Than a trembling forest deer

Or a panting dove,

Swifter than a snake that flies

To the charmer’s thrall.

If you call me I will come

Fearless what befall \(^{38}\)

‘The Sins of Love’ shows her feminine response

\(^{37}\) A.N.Dwivedi, Op.cit, P.103

in confessing of sins for looking the holy face of her lover, touching his beautiful flesh, assailing his lips and breast with her own as to satisfy her hunger of love, for which she begs to forgive her.

The Desire of Love is a short simple song, but intensely packed with passion: For her, no sacrifice would be greater than instilling immortal breath into his mortal flesh and treating him like a god. The last part is The Vision of Love where the woman has lost all knowledge except her lover. She treats him as the sovereign and sweet reality, the splendour of the star, the night and music of the sea, the subtle fragrance of the spring, the rich fruit of all Time's harvesting, the sacred fountain of her spiritual sustenance, and the temple of her woe and bliss. Towards the close of the poem, she expresses a fine sense of her feminine poetic sensibility:

All pain is compassed by your frown

All joy is centred in your kiss

You are the substance of my breath
All you the mystic pang of Death 39

The second part of The Path of Tears, shows the gradual disillusionment of the sensuous woman. The Sorrow of Love shows the woman who is sorrow-stricken as her lover has turned his face away from her. He is afraid of his strength and pride that will suffer the loss if he continues his love towards her. As a woman poet, she feels the pain.

In The Silence of Love, another poem of romantic melancholy where the beloved has given her lover everything she possesses: Her flesh and the treasure of her soul. She will not demand anything in return, not even a single hour from his resplendent years. In If You Were Dead, the woman is prepared to welcome her lover’s death as it is the only way of being one. It is a supreme poem of love and sacrifice. It is an Indian-like surrender of woman for achieving the great mission of life which Dalway Turnbull calls, “Sarojini has achieved a rare beauty” 40

In Invocation, she makes a unique call upon the star of her trust shine implacable and pure, serene and just, and raise her struggling spirit clean from the dust. The beloved is confident that her lover's wrath, grief and stern agonizing silence can chasten her love-torn heart and make her soul proud of. It has a direct appeal to the lover, to whom woman has completely surrendered herself in love: her flesh, blood, heart, dreams, and soul. It is a cry of love and an act of surrender for sake of love which is certainly high and divine in spirit:

Take my flesh to feed your dogs if you cherese,
Water your garden-trees with my blood if you will
Turn my heart into ashes, my dreams into dust---
Am I not yours, O Love, to cherish or kill

Mr. James H. Cousins has rightly remarked:

“Our poetess has flung herself to an emotional exaggeration that obscures the clear vision of the spirit, and she pays the penalty in positive ugliness”.

Dr. Dustoor has observed the deep sense of love in her poetry “There is much in S. Naidu’s love poetry which is, as in her other verse, extravagant, needlessly wordy or merely pretty. But all in all, it reveals a sensitive and passionate spirit and what is more, strikes a note unfamiliar to reader or English poetry”. 43

Padmini Sengupta has admired her poetic passion:

“The overall impression created by “The Temple” is that of poignant passion and utter abandonment having a bearing upon Sarojini’s own emotional disturbance at that time. There seems to have been some better disappointment in romance, and she has sacrificed her all”. 44

She further adds,

“She now abandons every romantic sensual longing and starts a new life after purging herself in the sacrificial fire of Love. It must, however, be pointed out that she never made a frank confession of her emotional disturbance to anyone”. 45

44. Padmini Sengupta, Op.cit, P.45
45. Ibid, 109
In brief, we can say that Sarojini Naidu as a woman poet has expressed her deep sense of love between lover and beloved, people and nation, love of festivals and feasts and that of many-sidedness of love. But her feminine insights and aspirations essentially make her poetry coloured and charmed with poetic-glory par excellence. The Broken Wing incorporates such treasures in it which can be treated as a remarkable contribution of Naidu to Indian English poetry.