CHAPTER II

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Like Rabindranath Tagore who took to painting in his sixties, Prof. Iyengar also took to writing poetry in his sixties. There is a kind of poetry which instructs and delights; there is another kind of poetry as Prof. Iyengar says somewhere else, which aims at ‘the magic rendition of the veils of Unknowing and thereby tunnels a passage to God’. The poetry of Prof. Iyengar is this in nutshell.

As Prof. Iyengar was a great devotee of Sri Aurobindo and his spiritual collaborator The Mother, for several years he was associated with the ashram. He had the fortune of witnessing The Mother in her ashram. As early as 1973 Prof. Iyengar made three visits to the Sri Aurobindo Ashram at Pondicherry. He was attracted with the three-fold significance of the ashram as the ashram was not merely a spiritual centre but a seat of learning and a seat of international understanding, as it includes the centre of education, Auroville as well.

Tryst with the Divine (1974), his first volume of poetry, offers an account of the darshan that the author had of The Mother on 15th August 1973. Besides, it includes a spiritual commentary on human life
in relation to the cosmic drama being enacted in the universe. The 15th of August happens to be a significant date both for India and for the devotees of Sri Aurobindo as the great seer and freedom fighter was born on that day.

Although *Tryst with the Divine* is a spiritual tract, its poetic quality is by no means negligible. The poet writes innumerable couplets to serve as epitomes for his philosophic reflections of mature wisdom.

In Section I, 'Look Homeward', the poet offers us a ground for speculation by a challenging question:

> Is the way up in the world-stair the same
> as the heady downward plunge?

*(Tryst. P.7)*

The poet feels that we are caught somewhere between the terminals and hence our degeneration. Like Yeats, the poet seeks a centre that can hold. The world is replete with *maya* and caught in the web of delusion. Man is tortured by indecisiveness in discriminating between reality and illusion. Men become desperate when their actions do not often produce the desired results and they 'grovel in bleak defeat'. Basing himself
upon the adage that old age is second childhood, the poet cleverly remarks:

Old age is childhood in repetition
with folly superadded.

(Tryst. P. 17)

In Section II entitled, 'Courtyard and Sanctuary', Iyengar describes the serenity of the Mother's place. Nature there seems to throb with divine impulse,

The very trees here seem to meditate,
and the leaves swing in prayer.

(Tryst. P.16)

Section III, 'On the Brink Again', deals with the duplicated or for that matter the reduplicated folly and unhappiness of man. Men quarrel among themselves. Innocence is sacrificed at the altar of convenience. Even form infaney children are taught Avidya in the name of Vidyā. We are deprived of true education.
Life preys upon life, man is wolf to man.

We fetter our babes with the soapy cords
Of possessive attention.

They flit between Home and Academy
And mature into madness.

(Tryst, P.13)

Life on earth has become egocentric. We mistake routine knowledge imparted at schools for true education.

Entrapped in the ego’s knot of vipers
we poison, and are poisoned.

Seduced by the wine-press of Avidya
We deny the higher Light.

(Tryst, P.14)

Section IV, ‘Play Ground’ deals with Iyengar’s darshan of The Mother. The rapture of the devotee is understandable when he describes the words of The Mother as ‘Organ Music’. The poet is led into
spiritual contemplation as a result of the *darshan* to the extent that he
describes all life as *yoga*. True life according to him is a mystic
workshop for the Divine alchemy to operate. The poet is very well
conversant with the integral *yoga* of Sri Aurobindo and it is no wonder
that he remarks that zeal, love and adoration of the Lord will culminate
in *jyana*, thus trying to prove how the *bhakti yoga* and *jyana yoga* are
parts of the same plane.

Section V. 'Of Many Colours' continues in the strain of Section
IV. This time however the poet tries to capture the feeling of a cross
section of humanity from all continents who have come to visit the
subcontinent, in search of The Mother's bliss. There were derelicts and
drug-addicts from a distance. There were many like the Venezuelan
who was not satisfied with his worldly success, and a girl from Mexico
who came a second time. The poet insinuates that The Mother performs
no commonplace miracles, as

One miracle is news, but one thousand
add up to the commonplace.

(Tryst, P.26)
Section VI which bears the title of the book. **Tryst with the Divine** continues the story of the devotees who have come from far and near to have a glimpse of the divine presence of The Mother.

Ten thousand pairs of eyes converged to gain a view of the Balcony.

*(Tryst. P.23)*

The Mother appears to be a presence of the Divine in a human mould. Her appearance is like new dawn showering ambrosia.

In Section VII, the philosopher poet falls into spiritual speculation:

Do we choose, or are we chosen? Who has mastered heaven's book-keeping?

*(Tryst. P.25)*

In the presence of The Mother, moments tend to be what the poet describes them as 'the eternities'. In a world gripped by the fear of death The Mother seems to be the only refuge, the only abode of solace and bliss.
The body and soul of the world feel gripped
by death in this hour of fate.

Only thee, incarnate grace, can confront
the shadow and reclaim Life.

(Tryst, P.??)

In section VIII, ‘Fore runners’, the poet describes the
transcendent abilities of The Mother. In her presence, race, caste
hierarchy and all other fetters seem to dissolve. She ushers in a new
spiritual awakening.

And with this spiritual dawn outpours
light and life and ananda.

(Tryst, P.30)

In section IX, ‘Auroville’ is described as the ‘Future City’ and
also as ‘a new city of dawn.’
In Section X, 'Darkness at Dawn' the poet very sensitively represents the final withdrawal of The Mother from this earthly life and his reaction when he telegraphically receives this news. The poet says:

The news was like a sudden stab of pain,
and the very cells rebelled.

(Tryst, P.39)

Section XI, 'Face to Face' is a realistic description of the scene in the ashram where groups of people were waiting eagerly to have their last encounter with The Mother.

The last Section, 'Living Flame' is the description of The Mother's mortal remains being lowered into the samadhi and how the living flame of the Divine is lit in every mind that has faith in her.

A Light is lit in everyone, and these
emblazon the Living Flame.

(Tryst, P.42)
**Tryst with the Divine.** as in the words of Prof. Iyengar himself, "is a serious work."¹ It can be considered a sequel in verse of his book *On the Mother*.

In the post script Prof. Iyengar pens a brief biographical sketch of both Sri Aurobindo and his spiritual collaborator The Mother. He calls them 'the catalysts of change and the alchemists of transformation.' He also describes the *ashram* and Auroville, the centre of education. "**Tryst with the Divine** is a unique poem – a crystallization of ideas and thoughts of a lifetime of association with the divine presence of Sri Aurobindo and The Mother², comments Prof. (Mrs.) Ila Rao.

Prof. Iyengar’s second volume of poetry, *Microcosmographia Poetica* (1978) is described as ‘a high-aspiring testament of humanity.’³

The poem has its roots in India’s Rock of the Ages – *The Vedas* and *The Upanshads* and *The Bhagavad Gita*. It has a logical and advancing argument with the rigour of a philosophical exposition, in keeping with what it expounds, namely the path of integrated awareness to Divine life.

The poem starts with the birth of the universe with astronomical sidelights like ‘the mighty bang’ and ‘a universe expanding, contrasting’
in which the philosophical insight is deeply fixed. The poet considers the nature of language and its culmination in the Sea of Collective Consciousness:

From the Sea of Collective Consciousness
a shining pearl swims ashore:

A white – imp or a talismanic charm.
It floats o’er eternity.

The word is light and life – or the dark seed
Of decay and destruction

(Micro, P.10)

He considers the nature of poetry as a ‘divine efflorescence’ and ‘the mighty echo of the breath of a great soul’, which remind us of The Brihadaranyaka Upanishad which calls The Vedas ‘the breath of the Eternal’.

For the poet:

A poem is a structure of meaning
and a murmur of music.

A poem's a catch of the Infinite,
the clue to the Harmony.

Poetry means looking at the face of Truth
behind the golden cover.

(Micro, P.14)

The poet considers the function of poetry to be 'untrammelled Ministry of Truth.' He feels that often in poetry there is hidden the clue to life's barbed-wired labyrinth. As vision, imagination and delight, poetry soars above the humdrum. It throws open the floodgates of knowledge and there all obstruction ceases. It is an invasion of ineffable and a conveyor-belt of Grace. The poem strikes a living spring in the desert-wastes of impermanence and revealing the inner man and Nature. Poetry invokes God himself. He gives a graphic description of man from the beginning less state of Rasa, from primordial inconscient state of life to the time when he attains his sublime state of mind 'Where beginning and end are one', there is no point in coming down to the 'cactus land and ground of gravel'. He should advance further. The poet proclaims in the Aurobindonian idiom:

A breakthrough beyond mortal man must be
evolution's next decree.

(Micro, P.31)

The whole poem glorifies man, who according to the poet, is kavi who, again, is no other than rishi. "Written in the tradition of Sri Aurobindo, it has attained a transparency which it is difficult to find in the master himself."

Leaves from a Log: Fragments of a journey (1979) consists of the poet's observations and reflections during his travels and assignments in various countries and of course, India. As he tells us in the Preface, "A newspaper report, a portrait in a magazine, a book recently read, a myth lately recalled, an anecdote overheard in a lounge, a possibility cerebrally explored, a vivid dream recollected in the morning, these, as also personal encounters or experiences and certain historical happenings" (Leaves, P.5) seem to impress him.

Besides 'Time: Tyrant and Redeemer' and the end piece 'A Hope for the Future', there are nine books in this volume. The poet starts with the time, which is a wasting and withering asset. He feels that it drips like tiny drops of water. It is both a tyrant and a redeemer for him.

But Time the ineluctable tyrant
sweeps on unpredictably.

And yet the tyrant is also a friend.

Almost a benefactor!

(Leaves, P.11)

In a poem titled ‘Madonna and Child’ in Book-I, the poet sees a woman carrying a child and she scatters smiles around. She makes him comment:

A woman’s smile is a magic casement:

a child’s is utter heaven.

(Leaves, P.19)

In ‘Groves of Academe’, Iyengar wonders:

What’s not possible for the man endowed

with vision and endurance?

Here body, mind and soul heave in concert.

Wholly committed to Truth.

(Leaves, P.21)

In Book II, ‘A Truce with Time’, the poet feels that there is some mystic screen that divides the child from the commerce of the world and he observes that the child, any child is the secret place where the New Mankind may rise. In the Poem, ‘Cocktail Party’, the poet keeps but silence when he is asked about the ‘untouchability’ back at home. In the poem ‘Invitation’ the poet extends an invitation to all the rich men and
women of the earth to come and go around Bharat. He tells them that
Indians are large and magnanimous. He suggests them to see Bharat as
the human microcosm, a concept of endurance. A museum of entire
History, and a laboratory. But he warns:

she’s an ancient country and you cannot
buy her heart of mystery.

(Leaves, P.51)

In another poem he sees several successful women perform on
the gilded stage. He feels sad on the chaos of unreal cities, and the blind
hurly-burly of international intercourse.

The last three books – VII, VIII and IX were written during the
Emergency. They deal with the poet’s reactions from time to time to
suddenly erupting and continuing situation in its poignancy as well as its
tragic universality. It was a traumatic experience for him, as it was for
millions of others in India. In ‘Foul and Fair’ the poet sadly remarks:

Everything said means the opposite thing,

and Truth is in custody.

It is crime to see, observe, mark or speak;

Numbness is the safety-valve.

(Leaves, P.87)
The poem 'Delirium' deserves a special mention as it portrays the situation of Emergency vividly. He hears that people are very relaxed, oozing with rare happiness. Even the conversations on phone are so sedate, so brief and non-committal. There is crematorium quietness beyond all hope and despair. Newspapers are aplenty but news is scarce, and speculation is rife. He concludes the poem with the lines:

This is the murderous hour of the night
delaying the coming Dawn.

(Leaves, P.93)

In the last poem, 'Move on! Move on! continuing his journey symbolically, the poet bids the readers farewell in the concluding lines:

Good bye, my comrades, let me make a move,
and forward to the unknown!

(Leaves, P.120)

The book closes with a ray of hope for the future. As the poet observes:

There are signs that the hour is imminent
when the cosmic egg will crack.

Perhaps soon the reverberating scream-
New birth and the piercing cry.
Is the call of New Consciousness stirring?
It will brook no half-measures!

Only the union of Power and Grace

Can condition Next Future.

(Leaves, P.123)

"Emergency has shown us Power at its worst. But when Mother Might comes along with Mother grace, then will life on earth become life divine"\(^5\), comments Dr. (Mrs.) Prema Nandakumar.

As the poet admits humbly, these are leaves torn from a spasmodic travel-log. But behind the book one can see the traveller, the philosopher-poet being led onward by the influence of his master, Sri Aurobindo. It is this philosophic mind that threads the various themes and situations that the book deals with.

**Australia Helix: A Spiral of Verse Sequences** (1983), recaptures Australia's 50,000-year old aboriginal pre-history, as also the modern period commencing with Captain Philip's landing in 1788, at its best. The 101 verse sequences were written during the poet's stay in Australia from February to May 1979, and the months immediately following his return to India.
As the key term 'spiral' suggests, it has been a keen desire of the poet to rise above the physical and soar to metaphysical heights. The work records the reflections of the poet on his specific experiences, which yet reach out to generality of experience.

Commenting on the nomads of the pre-historic days, Prof. Iyengar says that they knew the art of living and dying, and of racial survival. There was community and communion, order and acceptance. Ailments provoked their own cures in that self-adjusted eco-system. 'The nomads said: the hearth is everywhere, we're sisters and brothers all.'

The poet offers his prayers to Kunapipi, the mother of Rivers. He remarks

The dreaming Abos knew the art of life;
our egos but create hells.

(Australia, P.8)

In the poem, 'God's Miserablest Country', the poet criticises those who commented that the country was infested with flies and it was the god's most miserable country. They also said that the people there were nasty, tall, thin, long-limbed, full-lipped, wide-mouthed and bottle-
nosed. As the poet cleverly makes a point that the majority of the forced arrivals had little choice but to stay in Australia.

Iyengar considers that buying, bartering and seizing of land are evil transactions. sin against the Divine. He feels that sacredness cannot be sold and as the elders say we own nothing to sell. He describes very vividly how Australia became ‘A New Home’ m in the poem with that title. Barrels of rum from remote Bengal, sugar from Mauritius found their way to Sydney. He philosophically muses:

History is a tantalising web

with no beginning or end.

(Australia, P.16)

The poet is agonised by the havoc wrought by the city and the fading away of the country, as he laments:

God made the country, and Man made the town,

but who has bedevilled both?

(Australia, P.20)

The poet expresses his regret on the sight of the city, where,

The spruce toy nightingale displaced the bird

of music and mystery

and

All life was a circuit of salesmanship,
And everything had its price.

(Australia, P.20)

Computers are almost a breakthrough for many in the modern times. But the poet says that they make us play but passive roles. He feels:

They ferret out the dangerous secrets
from reefs of our deepest depths:
And what they tell is what we know, what they
advise is what we desire.

(Australia, P.44)

The poet wonders whether “They are like the witches in Macbeth?”

A chunk of the modern life invites devastating logic from the poet persona in 'Revolt of Youth':

This is the skylab age, and computers-
not parents – govern our lives…

We reject your soapy sacrifices.

Your coward formulations…

Our fantasy jeans, our drab nudities,
our casual pregnancies.

You condemn our barbiturate culture
and sexual anarchy;

But this our hell is your handiwork still

An abortion of your child!

(Australia, P.47)

On a visit to Warragamba dam, while admiring the triumphs of technology in the construction, which quenches seven million thirsts, the poet is worried about the marginalisation of humanness:

Praise we the Virgin and the Dynamo:

but where, where is the Virgin?

(Australia, P.52)

In the poem, "Schizophrenia", the poet has an unnerving doubt whether all of us suffer from this great disease. He wonders whether there is a yawning abyss between what we seem and what we are. He flits between love and lust, heaven and hell and falls in between. Marching on he grows dizzy on the road. He considers himself a philanderer with untruth, compounding with insane self-deceiving. Sadly in the concluding lines of the poem, he says:

And now there's no more light, and no more life-
only the nadir of Night.

(Australia, P.105)

But it is not the end. Because the poet knows for sure that there is the possibility of a ceiling for the ego. To cow down the ego he prefers to
turn inward, stray lower and look for his ontological roots. He wanders among the paths of knowledge, love and action which way will win self-change and world-change. But immediately the poet wisely remarks:

But cease all vain debate, and surrender:
what is right will unfold itself.

(Australia, P.110)

The end piece, ‘Zero Hour’, deserves a special mention. Though written in 1969-'70, it was not included in the previous three volumes of the poet. It is a poem with the background of the human situation in general, and the war in Vietnam and the Biafran civil war in particular. "The poem is a clear picture of poet’s horror of war and the meaningless of the so-called 'modern-life.'" 6

The poem projects the precariousness of the modern human situation, bedevilled as it is by narrow nationalisms, arms race lunacies and the threat of Nuclear Doomsday. The poem resembles The Waste Land only in the outer form merely conceding to the five-section pattern. The content as well as treatment are the poet’s own, Indian to the core.

Iyengar too starts with spring, but unlike T.S.Eliot, he is wisely practical. He finds Holi is ‘for festive fireworks and new year
offensives’. In the fourth section ‘On the Brink’ the poet feels that the world is on the brink as,

We’ve made machines slave and slay for us
We’ve made machines think and judge for us...
We’ve mechanised the heart and atrophied the soul.”

(Australia. P.122)

The poet feels sorry for the state of the universities, which are supposed to be the repositories of intellect, for in modern times they have turned to be,

…the latter-day pyramids
Where half-dead academics in resentful coma
Cultivate mutual companionship.”

(Australia. p.123)

But all is not lost. For,

We witness in the child’s glorious efflorescence...
Three million years of the evolutionary race...
Those melting cries that seem to summon a God.

The poet calls for a return to the lost kingdom of the child:

Let’s first find our way back if we can
To the lost kingdom of the child:
That would at least be a beginning!

(Australia. P.126)
Needless to say, **Australia Helix** is Aurobindonian. In a letter to Prof. Iyengar, Prof. V.K. Gokak remarks, "You have probably carried Sri Aurobindo to Australia in this collection."\(^7\)

It is indeed "a global poem, which inclusively surveys the human scene, performing in the process a liturgical function."\(^8\) **Australia Helix** was readily welcomed for its visionary range, revealing insights and power of articulation, as also for its bridge-building between India, Australia and the world.

**The Ramayana** of Valmiki, although its title highlights the *avatar*-hero’s wanderings, is equally the great saga of Sita’s sufferings: *Sitayaa Charitam Mahat*. Sita was an *avatar* too, the supreme *Shakti*’s divine descent to play the role of sufferance sublime.

In *Sitayana: Epic of the Earth-born* (1987), Prof. Iyengar re-tells **The Ramayana** as quintessentially Sita’s story. Deriving primarily from Valmiki, *Sitayana* also draws occasionally upon Kamban’s *Ramavataram* and Tulsi Dasa’s *Ramacharitamanasa*.

The chief distinction of *Sitayana* depends on the convincing and meaningful tilt towards Sita, from the rational-linear masculine to the psychic-integral feminine world-view. In India, ‘god-head’ has always
been identified with the Eternal Feminine: and although this has been obscured of late. **Sitayana** is a conscious return to the ancient verities.

**Sitayana** was warmly and widely welcomed (it went for a reprint in 1989, just within two years of its first publication), by scholar and common reader alike, as the first full-length epic narrative in English on the Rama-Sita-Ravana theme, for its gallery of women characters and for the contemporaneity of its appeal without prejudice to its timeless quality.

Prof. V.Y.Kantak highly appreciates **Sitayana**. He says:

> May we call Prof. Iyengar’s Sitayana a kind of recovery of our inheritance, or, if ‘recovery’ be not the exact word since that inheritance was never entirely lost, could we take it perhaps as recalling of it to new life?

Speaking emotionally at the ‘Meet the Author’ programme of Sahitya Akademi, Prof. Iyengar recounts:

> As a boy of 4 or 5, I learnt the Sita-Rama story from my grand mother while she tried to make me to take my food. I read **Ramodantam** in my II form from my Sanskrit teacher. I read Channing Arnold’s **Ramayana** in prose as
a non-detailed text in my S.S.I.C. class. And after innumerable adventures in understanding, I tried in my seventies to re-live and re-tell the Sita story in my Sitayana. May I not say?

‘In my beginning was the end
And in every seeming end
There is always a new beginning.’

Satisaptakam: Saga of Seven Mothers (1991) is a re-telling in verse of select tales from India’s munificent Epic and Puranic heritage, notably The Mahabharata, The Bhagavata and the Tamil classic, Silappadhikaram (The Lay of the Anklet). The bulk of the work is amazing as it contains about six thousand three hundred quatrains. Of course, quality never falls short of excellence.

Prof. Iyengar explains how he came to write this Saga:

After toying with one or another exciting theme I plumped for a polyphonic theme. Saga of Seven Mothers: Satisaptakam. Woman is naked new-born babe, woman is virgin pure and incandescent, woman is the Lord’s spouse enacting a drama holy yet human, woman is Mother, descended Aditi, mother of the gods, titans and
humans. I selected from the opulent gallery of the great mother – antiquity these seven: Devahuti, Sukanya, Devayani, Damayanti, Renuka, Draupadi and Kannaki. And I thought relating in my own way their different life histories, I would perhaps be able to project something like a rainbow arc of the evolving feminine psyche.\textsuperscript{11}

The seven Satis invoked in this Saga, team into a spectrum of archetypal variety, projecting almost a parable of Evolution spanning a whole Yuga Cycle. These Seven near apocalyptic visions of maidenhood, womanhood, motherhood, distinctive in their tints and contours, nevertheless merge into the all-inclusive Ray, the pure White of Adya Shakti.

As in Sitayana, in Satisaptakam too, the focus is less on the protagonist male and much more on the Sati-heroine and her psychic compulsion to face and master increasingly difficult or complex situations thrown up by the evolutionary drive that carries the race forward, from the Gold and Silver to the Bronze and Iron Ages. Isolable and autonomous on a first view, the seven tales can nevertheless be viewed as a Rainbow Arc of the Eternal Feminine, an ensemble of Sati–images that are no doubt reminiscently ‘old world’, Itihasic and
Puranic, yet not lacking in perennial as well as pointedly contemporaneous appeal.

Neither close translations from the original Sanskrit or Tamil, nor planned abridgements, these verse narratives often follow their own course as determined by the artistic drive of the moment. And the ‘Prologue’ and the ‘Epilogue’ are meant to provide a present-day and rather personalised setting for high-lighting the interweaving of change and continuity in this Legend of seven Noble Mothers.

With its convincing evocation of past ages and its vivid portraiture of Adya Shakti in Seven of her terrestrial manifestations, Satisaptakam made a ready appeal to a wide circle of lovers and students of Indian culture and literature.

Reviewing Sitayana and Satisaptakam, Prof. K.Krishnamoorthy comments, “I can’t think of any other publication in modern times, comparable to these, like Valimiki’s epic they too are unparalleled.”

**Krishna Geetam: Delight of Existence** (1994) recalls in verse the universally cherished Krishna-story set in the cosmic perspective of Vishnu’s Ten Incarnations. But the epic is neither translation nor mere
abridgement, and is rather meant to stand on its own as a fresh re-telling of the age-long Krishna saga for a present-day English readership both at home and perhaps even abroad.

Krishna Geetam lays stress partly on child Krishna—the boy prodigy, and the ravishing Flute-player of Brindavan, all leading to the Rassa levels on a Sharad Purnima moonlit night, when Radha joins Krishna to lead the Dance with the uncanny evocation of the Love Divine, its universality and permanent currency in the Brinda Earthly Paradise.

Naturally, Radha is central to Krishna Geetam but with a difference from the traditional handling of the theme. Here, Radha is indeed Adya Shakti’s willed descent to collaborate in Krishna’s avatar-mission, and she is verily the heart and soul of the Flute-call and is alchemic power to blaze forth the Love divine and Delight of Existence.

After the Rassa, while Radha and the Flute remain in Brindavan, Krishna moves, first to Mathura; and after the killing of Kamsa, shifts to Dwaraka, and plays the roles of Prince, Warrior, House-holder, Peacemaker, the Gitacharya on the fields of Kurukshetra, and guides the Pandavas to victory over their Kaurava kinsmen. His avatar-role
ending, he withdraws from the world when he is accidentally hit by a hunter's arrow.

After Krishna, following the ministry of Mahavira and the Buddha, the message of the flute-call — the gospel of Divine Love — finds inspired Apostles in Vishnuchitta, Goda Devi, Chaitanya Mahaprabhu and Bhakta Meera. The Epilogue brings out Krishna's message of Delight of Being to the present-day when, perhaps, Kalki is poised to usher in the decreed New Dawn and the Sunrise of human concord and Delight of Existence.

Writing poetry was an avocation for Sri Aurobindo. So it was for Prof. Iyengar too. As he followed the foot-steps of his master devotedly, poetry became a means of sadhana, a kind of meditation or tapasya for him. To be precise, his poetry is eternity in words. His 'Tryst with the Divine' continued unabatedly till he found the 'Delight of Existence' in the Flute Call finally. Truly it is a journey eternal, indeed a saga sublime.
NOTES


8. K. Venkatachari. in a Review article.


11. Ibid.