Chapter - IV

Pattern of Imagery and Its Aptnes

Poetry is a rhythmic experience of the human surroundings in relation to the phenomena of nature. If differs from all other statements in language as it uses a cultivates language to fill in the readers a fresh awareness of the known and unknown ranges of experience after giving them a vivid sensuous pleasure that terminates in a message. A rhythmical experience is a musical apprehension or organic or inorganic substances. The co-ordinate phrase ‘human surroundings in relation to the phenomena of nature’ focuses our attention on the human interest implicit in poetry, not on the phenomena of nature, for they are meaningful to us when they are perceived and related to human experience and interest, although the phenomena might exist without the poet’s perceiving them. Poetry is a special. Statement in a language – ‘a cultivated language’ which grows with the poet, and in this particular sense, it records the growth of his cultural consciousness which, above other things, sanctifies his words’. Rhythm is a characteristic of this language. It is instrumental in forming and finding
the right poetic image. Rhythm by itself does not exist in poetry, while it can in music and dance. ‘A cultivated language,’ therefore, is the sanctified body of words in which dwells the poet’s vision. The poetic image is a coin of which one side is the sensuous pleasure. That is, a stimulant pleasure which is not the end but the means to an end. The sensuous pleasure which is not the end but the means to an end. The sensuous pleasure which is not the end but the means to an end. The sensuous pleasure is derived from the perceptive field, therefore perceptual. ‘A message’ is the poet’s belief that may prove to be helpful in modifying the values of a society. No poetic experience is compiled. Howsoever brilliantly sensuous it might be, unless it is invested with a message not only for a people but for humanity at large.

The poet’s vocation is to develop such images from his experience as would fulfill these requirements. And the act of finding them must involve a process. Through which the poet’s experiences pass before he actually makes poetry or creates a sparkling image. This chapter aims at exploring pattern of imagery and its aptness in the poetry of KN Daruwalla. Such a study is justified by the very fact that no critical Endeavour has been made to explore the dynamics of his imagery.

Sanskrit poetics, perhaps the comprehensive in the world, comprises well over 400 titles of original works and commentaries centering on five major schools of poetry: the Rasa school of Bharat Muni, the Alamkara school of Bhaman, Udabhatta, Dandin and Rudrat, the Riti school of Vaman, the Vakrokti school of Kuntak and Dhuvani school of Anandvardhan. All the schools discuss Kavyaprayogajan, the function and immediate purpose of poetry, Kavyathetu, the equipment of a true poet and various other elements of poetry. A close examination of the five schools reveals
the fact that there are mainly two parasthanas or schools of criticism in Sanskrit poetics – the Rasa and the Riti schools. Western poetics, founded on the Poetics of Aristotle who was at the Academy at Athens where his teacher issued the decree of banishment of the poet from his ideal state described in the Republic, and developed upto the struc turalists of our Indian Scholars started reading Plato, Aristotle, Longinus, Wordsworth, Pater, Crocre, Richards, Leavis, Eliot and numerous other aesthtes in a spirit of renaissance. Not only did they read their works, but committed the folly of ccepting them as models and mastrs of cricitism without looking back to their own massive tradition of aesthetics. Even today, the situation has not changed; it has rather become meanacing to creativity in our country because it is distressing to note that both critics and creative writers of India look forward to getting the pat of their Western counterparts.

It is one thing to say that the artist, content and form are fused completely and they become one in the poetic image, but it is quite another to give a convincing theory to this effect. Accepting the theory that the poetic the image is a whole, and putting aside all critical tension of the debate upon the supremacy of one over another, it is gratifying to note that Anandvardhan and T.S. Eliot are the only critics in each tradition who have put forward a convincing theory of the poetic image.

A poetic image signifies a poetic process, its development and its culmination is reached not in its harness or evocative power or evocative power but in its thereness or a fresh awareness of a human situation or the phenomena of nature. Of all the Sanskrit aesthetes before, Anandvardhan, it is Bharat Muni who has propounded a consistent theory of the image irrespective of its use in the drama or in poetry.
Bharat’s theory is based on the Sutra, formula, Vibhanubhavavyabhichari combination of ‘vibhaveas, anubhavas and vyabhichari states of the mind. Vibhavas consist of relations between man and the elements that excite him, anubhavas are reactions expressed in terms of human gestures, and vyabhicharibhavas are ephemeral emotions that appear and disappear, yet they strengthen and consummate sthayibhavas, the permanent emotion. The poet’s ingenuity should fuse these three elements into one whole with a view to manifesting and sublimating one permanent or dominant emotion or another. Bharat’s coordinate phrase emphasizes rasanispattih, the proeuction of the art-emotion which is ostensibly the end of a work of art. Even a very short poem, unless it ceases to be a mere wit, a haiku on an aphorism, contains an emotion more or less like a firefly-flash, but emotion such as this, even at the level of sensuous pleasure, is unsatisfying if it fails to create a single valued image. How is the art emotion created? Bharat’s answer to it is theory of five conjunctions which determine the quality of the image.

Bharat has worked out the analogy quite elaborately, but still one might ask, does the poet’s mind really function so systematically? Bharat’s answer to this is that the artist’s mind is capable of going through all the five phases at one and the same time. The five conjunctions only define the nature of the image, which is not merely an adornment or a figure of speech as it is commonly taken to be, but the poem itself. This theory further suggests that the image is the very principle of poetry.

As the Natyasastra is believed to have been written in about 300 B.C. and not later than this, Bharat’s theory of imagery is perhaps the earliest of its kind. Between Bharat and Anandvardhan, the long period of about 1200 years may be said to be
sterile from the viewpoint of a theory of imagery. Dandin (A.D. 700), Bhamah, Udabhatta and Vaman (A.D. 800) could add nothing to the theory of Bharat. For them riti, the special arrangement of words is the soul of poetry. Dandin is interested in various ritis, techniques of making poetry; Bhamah sees poetry as a combination of words and meaning and in this repeats what Kalidas expressed in the first verse of Raghuvansa centuries before, and Vaman tries to establish that (a) ritiratma Kavyasya, (b) Visista padrachana ritih, and (c) Viseso qunatma, i.e. riti is the soul of poetry; that special arrangement of words is riti, and it is the soul of poetry, that special arrangement of words is riti, and the special arrangement of words is the soul of words. Of all the successors of Bhasrat upto Anandvardhan, it is Vaman who sees alankara as the intellectual concept of beauty.

The history of Sanskrit poetics shows that Bharat’s Theory of rasa with stress on the fusion of through and feeling, influenced even the leading aesthetes of the Alamkara school who sought to establish the superemacy of embellishment over art-emotion. This dichotomy existed and anticipated an aesthete who could innovate by making a fresh approach to it. Anandvardhan knew what exactly was at stake, and how far variant aesthetic theories could be fused and straightened out.

The poetic raw material passes through these stages in order to be the ‘inner voice-imate’. On the surface is is in the form of a Samvad or an ‘objective correlatieve’. The phrase ‘objective correlatieve’ is purposefully used to show that it is identical of what Anandvardhan means, by giving so much prominence to samvad. He says, ‘samvado hyansadrisyam’ that samvad is inner relatedness which is like a shadow, prat5ibimbavat, or like a picture, alekyakaravat or exactly like the body of
EXPERIENCE, TULYADEHAVAT. The first kind of samvad is mere perception which is expressed without being matured; the second form of samvad is a worthless picture because it does not synthesize thought and feeling with a view to producing an art emotion; and the third is the perfect poetic image or the objective-correlative which embodies synthesis of opposites or disparate experiences. It is reasonable to believe that T.S. Eliot might have drawn on these categories for shaping his theory of the ‘objective correlative’ and the ‘three voices’ of poetry. But as we discover, Anandvardhan’s theory of the poetic image is a little ahead of Eliot’s theory because Anandvardhan strives to search the reality of which words are only symbols, and as symbols they are nothing more than shadows of things in which Reality manifests itself. A ‘word’ is a shadow because its value is indicative. It may form a picture by its combinations and this picture may appeal to the senses, but if it terminates in only stimulation of senses, it may be called a stimulant only as it cannot work like a tranquilizer. Eliot and his Western counter-parts are stuck with the second movement of the words. Anandvardhan rejects this and prescribes the third movement of words at which words crack up, the sensuous spell created by them breaks and the enlightened see in them the reality of Reality manifested in them all. It is at this level that the word become liturgical and hence sensuous pleasure terminates in ecstasy not in mere stimulation of the sensory system, sensuous joy flows into ecstasy which is judgment after reflecting on what forces upon his mind in connexion with the event. Beneath the horror of this situation, there flows an undercurrent of soka, the art emotion which is aroused to fill the heart with sympathy lest we should act like brutes. Whether the hunter be real or imaginary, the affect of the verses will be the
same. Our anger becomes the anger expressed in the poet’s words ‘manised’ and we keep on repeating it as if we were calling down curses from heaven upon the hateful hunter. It is surprising to note that the art emotion does not appear in an objective form in these verses; still it is aroused and felt because the third verse which climaxes the situation becomes pity itself. So the images have a carrying quality. Caught in their spell we are face to face with the ‘inner voice-image’ of pity which is pratiyamanarth, the revealed meaning of these three verses, and ironically enough this is the dominant emotion of the epic of Valmiki. Anandvardhan refers to the art emotion of the verses to elucidates his Dhavani theory. A work of art does take us to an area beyond time and its objects. The facthood of objects does not linger on, it is completely eliminated when the beauty generating poetic image begins to form itself. The poetic image thus formed is like the beauty of a damsel, and not like any of the parts that make it possible.

During the early sixties a sudden change was discernible in the work of the ‘new-poets’. These poets represented starting changes in viewpoints, theme, imagery and the use of the language. Remarking towards the special traits of these poets, Mr. David Mecutchion, a well known critic of Indo-English literature, says, “The poets of the fifties are fresh, inventive and individual. English is their natural medium of expression ……. Not an alien tongue, but the language in which their feelings find form most satisfyingly the language in which they make love, as Mr. Lal would say.” Nissim Ezekiel, Dom Moraes and P. Lal have done yeoman service, by their notables verses, to the post-Independence Indian poetry in English. Actually, the ‘new poets’ started to work in a hostile atmosphere. Thus, it would not be wrong to say that the
new poetry had its birth in the soil of revolt, challenge, indemnity and experimentation. The new genre of poetry differs from the old one not only in its subject matter, creative urge and awareness but also in its technique and craftsmanship. Thus, the works of the ‘new poets added new dimensions to the Indian poetry in English. They have dealt with the contemporary issues quite realistically, using new diction, imagery and rhythm. This change in their attitude, generated a genuine concern for technique and craft in the younger poets of the generation. As a result of this, these appeared host of experimentalists, such as Pritish Nandy, K.N. Daruwalla, Jayanta Mahapatra and Arvind Krishna Malhotra on the landscape of Indian English poetry. These poets have successfully steered the new poetry to the modernity adding to its fresh meaning and depth. Commenting on the ‘new poets’, Dr. K.R.S. Iyengar says, “The Western influences are still there: but even more than the ‘content’, it is the expression and the technique that are being adjusted to the needs of the new age. Hopkins, Yeats, Eliot, Auden and Dylan Thomas, perhaps even Allen Tate and Wallace Stevens have thought our poets the importance of taking their art seriously. In Indo-Anglian poetry, Nissim Ezekiel and K.N. Daruwalla are specially notable for consistency and maturity.

The new modernist poets convey their experiences through proper form with a lot of craftsmanship. In their works, form and meaning are interdependent. Quite contrary to them are the older poets who are primarily concerned in saying a thing, craftsmanship is the secondary issue for them. Dr. A.K. Shrivastava and Dr. Sunita comment on this aspect as follows: “Our older poets considered it more important to be able to say a thing than in the manner of saying it. There was always a tale to tell, a
vignette or a landscape to unfold, a metaphysics to expound, an emotion to convey, and there is in this poetry impressive sureness and precision of the underlying conception, idea, message. But the echo-interference of imported models almost always stunted the growth and full maturity of whatever they wished to convey and created that may best be described as a disbalance of tension in the poem, the form and content of which pulled in opposite directions, if the former pulled at all. There was to be sure an occasional mighty line, a haunting Lyric, a well made sonnet and any number of choice phrases, but the point of special distinction was inevitably the underlying idea. Against this background. One finds Nissim Ezkiel to be the first among the neo-modernists who has consistently equally stressed the importance of craftsmanship and the subject-matter in a poem. K.N. Daruwalla, R. Parthasarathy, A.K. Ramanujan, Adit Jussazwale, Jayant Mahapatra and Shiv K. Kumar are known as the poets of dedication. Their works reveal their great consciousness for craft. In their works one finds them constantly conscious towards content, tone, structure and control. To quote Pritish Nandy: “There is a sense of discipline all throughout but this discipline is not a fatuous imitation of English verse-habits and works. It inclucators an awareness of control as opposed to the earlier poets like Aurobindo and Sarojini Naidu. In fact, this is the strange thing about recent Indian poetry in English it is generally controlled and disciplined.

Similarly, one finds the contemporary poets experimenting consciously in the field of imagery. These poets have abandoned the old and conventional models of imagery. They are found inclined towards bold and powerful imagery which is realistic and economical. Though Daruwalla started writing poetry in the late
seventies, he has a meteoroid rise and he is a poet of great promise. He equals Nissim Ezekiel, Kamala Das and R. Parthasarthy so far poetic contribution is concerned and in some respect such as depth of feeling, language economy and orinality of sensibility; he even appears to be superior to some of his contemporaries. He is a conscdcious fractsman. In his best poem, theme and tone, structure and imagery interact in creating an absorbing human drama which has few parallel in Indian poetry in Englihs. One finds Daruwalla drawing petic sustenance from myths, rituals, festivals and religious performances. In Mehar Ali, the Keeper of the Dead”, ‘The Parsi Hell’, ‘Aag Matam’, ‘Sixth Moharram in Lucknow’ and ‘The Mazars of Amroha’, one finds Daruwalla dealing with the theme related to myths and rituals. Pointing to a Tibetan myth which relates that one day the Goddess would descend on the earth to take away the dead, he writes in ‘Mehar Ali, the Keeper of the Dead’:

Red rain will fall
As the goddess descends,
Her rain-red hair streaming
Backwards in the wind, to cart
Away the dead in the fold of her mists.

In the similar way, ‘Aag Matam’ and ‘Sixth Moharram in Lucknow’ and ‘The Mazars of Amroha’ refer to the rituals practiced by the two sects of Muslims on the eve of Moharram and to a legend respectively. In the opening lines of ‘Aag Matam’ referring towards the immortal sacrifice of Hussain and the ritual, practiced in his pious memory, Daruwalla writes :

‘Alams held aloft the procession comes
(a rhought blisters along the arid skull;
So also shoulder-high, the Imama’s enemies
Carried his severed head, spiked to a bear
Alams held aloft, green sticed with stained
Topaz-the green which the arab soul hungers
For spiced with the brown realities of the
Desert-the process emerges from the Imambara.

Similarly, in ‘Sixth Moharram in Lucknow’, he writes:
The breast-hating thuds away, as the
Lament rises, ‘Hai Husain! Hussain! Hussain!

Likewise, he refers to Hindu rituals and mythgs in the poem, ‘The Waterfront’ such as ‘Dassazsvazmedh’, ‘Pindan’, ‘Mantra’, ‘Gyatri’, ‘Panchtirth’, etc. In ‘The Parsi Hell’ he has made use of ‘Chinvat Bridge’, ‘gethas’ and ‘dakha well’ which are related to the Parsi myth. So, it would not be wrong to say that Daruwalla’s poetic vision is deply rooted in myths. His reaction towards the rituals performed by different sects is not pleasant because he feels himself alienated from them.

Daruwalla’s poetry has smooth rhythmic flow. The sudden change in rhythm provides breathing gap in his verse. He writes in free verse but his lines mostly have vowel endings or consonant endings. This brings his verse almost near to the rhyming scheme. In the following lines it can be seen how swiftly the rhythm varies but how effectively the poet conveys the gathered up experiences through them:

Pairs of padded feet
Are behing me
Astride me
In front of me
The footpaths are black feet
Conveering on the town
Brown shoulders black shoulders
Shoulders round as orbs
Muscles smooth as river-stones
Glisten
Till a dry wind scourages
The sweet from off their backs.

In the above quoted lines, one notices rhyming pattern almost near to coherence. Besides, they are also notable for beautiful functional images and well chosen words. Here ‘the town’ bears the image of a concave mirror and the people that of the rays of light. Likewise. Smooth muscles bear the resemblance with weather-torn will rounded stones.

The other great characteristic of Daruwalla as a poet is his power of generalization. He begins his poem with an individual note but without any great difficulty he makes it universal in character. As in ‘Mother’, he starts sketching his aged and crippled mother but by his immense power of generalization, he makes the sketch of his mother of universal nature. This special quality in Daruwalla highly speaks of his craftsmanship:

Your spine goes creaking now
Across the bow of your body.
Your skin preserves the past

In its creases
Like mummy-wrap.

Likewise, referring to his mother’s pangs of separation at her widowhood and the fire of ever-dying love, he says in a generalizing tone:

I think something shriveled
Within you, Mother,
The day you broke you bangles
And shook the lion-dust
Of my father from your brow.

The above lines are remarkable not only for the poet’s power of generation but they also break highly about the economy of word. Here Daruwalla adeptly presents the individual sorrow in universal way by making the use of well-chosen economical words. The same trait of Daruwalla can be also seen in the following lines of ‘for my daughter’ (Anaheita):

You have armlets of breads,
Black and red an topaz
That brave the dark arrows of the evil eye,
Brandy in the navel
Driver the cold away
Your navel-cord is the same
Your mother had and here
Mother before her an elongation
In time.

A poet’s imagery, generally shoots out from his own experience. Consequently, it is found that most of the images used in Daruwalla’s poems have sprung up from his experience as a police officer. Even in the sensuous thing, he finds something ugly, offensive and dreadful. By contrasting the objects of his poetic vision with their just opposites, Daruwalla effectively has his say. Referring to the people who carry bearers of a different sort’ and to the dead being carried by them, he adds, ‘on the string-beds they carry no henna-smeared brides’. In short as his poetic tool, Daruwalla justaxposes sensuous with the dead and ugly to have the desired effect which is certainly a modernist trait. This technique is visible in the following lines:

They are palanquin-bearers of a
Different sort on the string-beds
They carry no henna-smeared brides
Prone upon them are frail bodies
Frozen bodies delirious bodies some
Drained of fever and sap some moving
Others supine transfixed under the sun.

Quite contrary to Daruwalla, the neo romanticists are ever found to be fed with beautiful and attractive things. Daruwalla like other new poets expresses his experience through well chosen concrete images. His sensuousness gets expression in the following lines of ‘Monologue in the Chambal Valley:

Do you recall how it was with the women
When we started? Taut-breasted ones-from the Hill, brow ones from Bihar, soft and overripe Daughters of the desert/daughters of the Forest tribes?

In the following lines, it is again seen how the poet graphically describes the moments of man’s sexual excitement and also the process of his being lulled down through the find imaes of ‘faloon-fury’ and the dove: this is a part of Daruwalla’s poetic technique as stated earlier:

And heal with your own bodies;
That is the crux of love :
The faloon-fury of the moment
Turns into the dove.
The face as spirit, the face as flesh
Blend in the face as love.

Again, it can be seen how the poet describes irresistible physical passion through well chosen concrete images, functional in nature in the following lines:

However you bury the shadow in the heart
Under slabs of concrete and a coil of bone
However you wall the cave-impluse at the mouth,
It will hammer at the sides and break free,
However you bury the shadow in the heart.

Like other ‘new poets’, Daruwalla also, is found consciously experimenting in new imagery. To express the instatiable thirst for blood of the rioting people. Daruwalla makes use of a new image, not earlier in vogue, in the expression ‘barracuda-eyes/searching for prey’. Likewise, that mass of liquiefied flesh/seathing in fear’ stands for a man living in constant fear of death, ‘the marionette head’ for a senseless man, bleached white and utterly raped’ for an anaemic and exhausted persons. Stalactite becomes symbol of cosmic vitality and energy, ‘tonsured heads’ for people with completely shaved head, ‘colour of daggered flesh’ for redness of melon and ‘buzzard winds’ for violent wind and so on and so forth. In short, Daruwalla has presented his experience through quite new and realistic images.

Daruwalla’s coinage of words is Indian with a view to giving smooth rhythmic flow to his verse he coinds words in Indian fashion, such as blue bottles, aminland, smokestack, treeline, floorboards, toadstool, dragonfly, chrissake, rucksach sailboats etc.

Daruwalla also uses rhyming lines in order to heighten the effect of his poetic work. This also adds to the swift flow of his feelings:

The serpent-water unbwinding from their coils
Hiss in turmoil
Down the flagstones. Nothing’s bluer, not either
Not comet-fires
Nor crystal nor sapphire,
No speculum of a mineral-coloure bird
Is s intense, The blue dot is the word.
In his earlier works such as Under Orion and Winter Poems, the poet has dealt with the contemporary themes such as drought, famine, pestilence, communal riot, loveliness etc. He has used irony and satire as his tools in these poetic works, consequently they are inclusive and impressive, while in his later works, his bent is rather inward. Hence their incisiveness and impressiveness are not so great as they are in his earlier works.

Being a strict follower of the creative circle dedicated to the cause of writer’s, workshops, he has never drifted back to the old nodality and technique of the neo-romanticist. The poet has expressed himself through his works using new idioms, phrases and realistic images. He has not ignored the physical aspect of man in his poetry. On the contrary he has made it all the more sensuous and lively by using apt phrases and well-chosen images. Commenting on Daruwalla, Nissim Ezekiel writers, “To most Indo-Anglian poets, simple expressions of emotion with a sprinkling of imagery exhaust the craftsmanship. They rarely attempt the dramatic, the creation of characters and situations, the poetic dialogue and the sustained reflection on an experience. Even description skill is rarely demonstrated. Daruwalla is in a different class.”

At another place while comparatively looking on Daruwalla, (he) Exekiel remarks, “By putting Daruwalla among his contemporaries one sees how he scores heavily over them. By depth of feeling, economy of language and originality of insight, Daruwalla commands respect.”

In the following poem one finds the use of two violent sensual imagery. At one place the poet creates a scene of bleeding womb, as in the lines:
“her seizures are cyclic
The visit her in her menses”

At the other the poet presents the picture of a woman who has fallen victim to the lust of some brutes:

“She recovered, bleached white
And utterly raped”

In the second portion of the poem, i.e. ‘At Bansa’, one finds sensual imagery, both beautiful and ugly in the lines quoted under:

“that everybody is here
then, scrawny girls
carved out of a single thigh
hysteric quail-like brides
banging their foreheads on the floor
and loose-fleshed women
with a foetus and a demon
in their ballooned bellies.”

Daruwalla presents a lively picture of the surrounding in which ‘Bansa Mazar’ is situated:

“It was a village like one other village
mustard fields incised by dirt-tracks
tumorous outgrowths of mud and wattle
and here and there a patch of stonework
beginnings in a new atrophy.
Around one mud house
White chalk-prints of a palm
Khamza the protecting hand of Fatima
Run all along the wall.”

Digging at the people believing in exorcism and such other rituals, the poet further tells about their mode of treatment in a mocking vein in the following lines:
“In low melodic murmurs he intones
suras from the Quran
kindled arabesques
that unwind from his mouth
like a thread of light
with a black finger-and the smears
mascare on her eyelash
daughter! Your troubles are at an end.”

Winter has been used as a symbol of old age and deprivation. Daruwalla narrates the awesome power of winter in the following lines:

Suddenly the tree near our windows shook.
its whiskers twitched,
its leaves, yellow and ochrous
like henna-smeared hands
fell severed from the wrists

The poet used here the beautiful sensuous imagery of henna-smeared hands quite in an opposite context. He further prolongs the all baring power of winter in the following lines:

The tree is now all bark and bough.
leafless twigs scratch
against the glass
like skeletal children
scribbling on a state,
chalk fingered

The phrase ‘chalk fingered’ suggest bood-lessners which is often to be found in man during his old age. Winter is also a symbol of the lack of vitality and life. Hence, the poet described hail-ridden winter wind as follows:
there is a smell of hail
in the air and lighting burns
the just-widowed wind.
Beats her head against the glass panes.

In the second section of the poem, the poet beautifully enumerates the effect of the crippled age on man’s life. As man is drained of vitality during this phase, he becomes rather introvert. At the same time, passions also start to pat with him as do the flakes of dandruff from the portion of the head having no hair. To quote the poet:

the expressions ripped away
like torn wings
its passions flaking off

like dandruff, like falling hair
blown back like maenad-hari.

In the third section, the poet beautifully expresses man’s helplessness during the old age. He tells that the ghosts of man’s glorious period keep on haunting him even during his old age. Man becomes terror –struct the moment the comparatively looks on himself, that is, on his present physical state to that of his past one. In the words of the poet:

I heard the thick waters of your dreams
lap the shores of your night:
behind your rhinestone eyes
flickered a flame of terror

In spite of all his effort to forget his past to mould him as the present demands, man sometimes fails to cope himself with the changed situation. He remains swestruck and dumb-founded. The shocks gained during this period remain fixed in his psyche till his death:
but you tucked the dream
within the sleave of your body.
It lies coffined in your psyche
another seal affixed on the mouth of love.
Your never opened up......

Last, the poet says that once strong and potent man becomes object of pity and compassion during his old age, his rhinestone eyes express helpless-ness:

behind your rhinestone eyes
flickered compassion.

In the fourth section of the poem, Daruwalla presents a fine-sketch of man just before his death. Actually, man gets completely deformed before his normal death. His body gets a tumorous growth, his skin becomes ‘raffia’, his hair grows very thin, his body represents nothing but a case of ‘charred ribs’ and he becomes as helpless as fledgelings. Even the voice sticks in his throat and he finds horrifying darkness looming around him. To quote the poet:

in twig-nested
    and sparse-leaved
November the nest
    against the dusk
glowrs like a
    charred ribs
bristles
as if a bush had been
    grafted
on a tree-fork
bloats
as if a gland
    in the tree’s groin
had turned tumorous.
    with cotton seed
    and raffia
    but the nest is lined
    overhead the mother-kite
    keens
    circline anxiously
    withing the twig-walls
    fledgelings
    shrill consonants
    syllables.

Here Daruwalla’s precession and exactness are worthnoting. The poet appears to be at his best in his particular section. Imags used in the section are well chose. While going through the poem one gets a lively and vivid sketch of age and deformity.

    In the fifth section of the poem, Daruwalla presents a moving picture of a man awating death. Draind off energy and vitality and dried off life juice, man is surrounded by many of his well-wishers and admires. He appears like a drugged man internally months shtarct their journey in his physical self. In the meantime, the time of his stay in this world is up and ‘honey-thives’ come and smoking out the bees, take out a ‘honey-laden crescent’ and leave the war aside. The poet presents the process of man’s death as follows:

    as the afternoon wore on
    the honey-thives came
    and smoked the bees out
    and carved out a honey-laden
crescent for themselves
    and left a lump of pocked was behind.
Lastly, the poet beautifully puts the process of assimilation of man’s dusty self into dust. He also mentions how man’s friends and relatives leave his earthy self to its fate and take their own ways:

*Sparrows and squirrels, a bird
with a black crest and a red half-moon
of an eyelid bickered over
the wax remains the next day.
Then with a drone of straining endeings

the bees rose like a flock of passions
from a dying heart, and left.

The poet further gives a beautiful expression of the hissing wind originating from the horizon and slapping the people in their face, who came in its way. The bubbrand winds suggests its predatory nature and speed. Similarly the phrase, ‘cocoond in a body-heat’ is suggestive of a man having nothing to protect from the biting cold except in the heat of his own body. The lines quoted under are given notable for the use of line imagery:

*The horizon was well-stocked
with the buzzard-winds
keening high and fierce on the bank across.
He heart it though he did not feel the ice.
Finger-tip and toe
were still cocooned in body-heat,
but he heard among the reeds
and latched his windows.

Daruwalla gives an account of the windfall just after the nightalls, using again fine images and symbols in the lines quoted under:
At nightfall the wind
like a borde of Tartars
lashing their ponies
with rawhide whips
crossed the river

‘a borde of Tartars lashing their ponies with rawhide whips crossed the river’, is suggestive of the ravaging return of some foreign invaders who left the country after plundering it of life and wealth.

In ‘The Fighting Eagles’, the poet makes a similarity between ‘the fighting eagles’ and the fighting people. He adds sarcastically that even the reasons for fighting are same in the case of the eagles and the war-mongers. To quote the poet:

They fought for the same reasons:
   a female,
   a patch of the sky
   or crag-kingdom

Pointing out the devastation causes during the war and also mockingly talking about the craxe of the war-mongers the poet comments:

Their keening was no longer
fierce and chill;
a language of pure sounds
but a splurging hysteria.
As they dipped and rose
their senses reeled.
The enemy became faceless, voiceless
and the crag-kingdom
black with a million nights of frost
swiveled round them.
Lastely, the poet wishes earnestly, had th war been fought in such a placed where the majority of the people could have remained untouched by the misery it brouth in its spate:

Were they eagles raking up the skies
or berserk soldiers fighting on a hill?

In ‘Harnag’, the poet talks about his own superstition. He does not keep himself aloof from the group of the superstitious people, rather he feels that he is one of them. To him, ‘harnag’ is the symbol of impending misfortune and misery. The moment he or any other member of his family sees it, his family is bound to be visited with some kinds of misfortunes or the others. He confirms his superstition by many examples taken from his daily life. In short, to him ‘harnag’ is a sinister creature.

Taking about the abode of his sinister creature, the poem opens with these lines:

The bamboo jungle grew around for house,
an arthritic forest
of tangled bone
spiked with leaf.

He calls the tangled bamboo a s ‘tangled bone spiked with leaf’. The use of the this beautiful image heightens the experience of the poet and makes his description vivid and lively.

The other thing which led to the confirmation of the poet’s doubt whith later on acquired the form of superstition in him, is the death of his dog, named ‘Tiger’, Regerring to ‘Nagpanchami’, Daruwalla writers:

We, like others
had made a serpent-god
from lashed blades of straw
and offered it milk in an earthen bowl
and grain, the hand legs
of our dog Tiger
frozen paralytic.
his lungs strained and heavy
like a pair of bellows and broke.
Pointing out the purple tongue
The vet, who wonly a minute ago

Had treated him for colic, said,
'Sure as death, he had died of snake-bite'.

‘In My Father’s House’, the poet talks about the tomb of his father. He exhibits the only difference to the noticed in his father’s new above is abode is lack of warmth, activity and throbbing, life. The changing seasons do not affect the internal world of the tomb in any way. The images are vivid:

Nothing is new
around this place
except the snow,
except the quiet
monastic vows
of wizened bark
on skeleton tree.
the ribs too are a monastery
when seasons to not change within.

The poet narrates that his father gazes towards him as if he were alive. The poet questioningly remarks who would remind him of his physical death; in its reply the adds:

The quickening drip,
agitated mud,
icidles
rotting muscle.

April rites;
The spring has dog
into his flanks
grass flames in regions
phlegm plagued one

and lastly, the poet remarks that the settling of grave-levels would certainly remind him of his physical death.

“Mehar Ali, the Keeper of the Dead” presents fine sketch of the last man of a tribe. This man I sunken into the marshy land of orthodoxy up to the nose. The man talked about is Mehar Ali, the last descendant of Chandez Khan. He still has a hope that someday goddess will descend to cart away the dead. This points to an orthodox belief still held by majority of the Tibetans. Pointing towards their belief the poet reproduces images of Mehar Ali:

In the year of the fire-serpent,
the prophecy runs
lighting will chop the cumulus
into chunks of meat.
Red rain will fall
As the goddess descends,
her rain-red hari
streaming backwards in the wind,
to cart way the dead
in the folds of her mist.

Introductin Mehar Ali and his lineage, the poet sarcastically presents.

Two of them survived and had
this catacomb hewn out of limestone cliff;
mixed ‘Bhot’ women and begot children
who withered generations scorched
like dying melons on a withered vine.
And now with a face like a patch of fissured bark
and eyes; pools dulled with a film of moss,
Mehar Ali, the Keeper of the dead,
remains the last of the living,
his days slowly emerging into ash

Sketching the survivors of Changez Khan and their wives, Daruwalla presents beautiful images of Changez Khan:

The two survivors lie here
and these their Tibetan wives.
A match flares across the vault.
This miniature on the wall, look at the
faces—each smaller than a match-head—and the paint-effect, like
hair line fractures on a cartilage.

Mehar Ali, appears in the poem as a man of serious disposition but honest belief. He rarely replies to queries of the visitors of tombs of his forefathers, on which he is keeping a continuous watch. But occasionally he is found to be conversing with the dead ones. The images are very apt:

But when high winds mona,
Driving the rain into the catafalque,
and lightning rends the sky,
speech starts fermenting in his mouth
and bursts out
in bee-stung incoherence.
It is then that he communes with the dead,
they say, and his eyes
probe each wraith of mist
for the sky-woman,
her hair flaming red,
as she alights upon the shroud-grey skin

that keeps him whole-
Mehar Ali, the Keeper of the dead;

In ‘The Unrest of Desire’, Daruwalla has recollected his early marital experiences. This poem has nine sections, most of which deal with the theme of love at a physical level and in four of them the poet expresses his fear and apprehension holding him regarding a quick and of his happy conjugal life. Howling of the jackals at night is telephonic indication for communion, for the poet. Frankly, the poet relates:

It is just the telephone between us,
grey, impersonal:
The children are sleeping, she says, ‘Comel!’
She had to think of me now
with the elements in fullcry
and the air smelling of lighting burns
like a scorched pelt;
Now the poet relates how he is received by his better – half:

It will go well with her
if I kiss them on their foreheads
suddenly.
she is in my arms
swarming.
Her nipples and the grass outside
harden together,
tense with coming thunder.
Kissing her on the neck
I nibble the words
as they slur across her skin;
did the thunder frighten you?
Yes, with both the kids asleep
it was eerie, terrifying.

These lines are remarkable for voluptuousness and sensuousness but only at physical level. Daruwalla recollects that a turning point sets in his conjugal life when the ‘semul’ flower appears a red alert for his because his wife suffers from cough and gets dismayed during the period. He gives vent to her feelings in the following lines:

‘When the ‘semui’ tree
flowers with ember
that’s the flower dust, I think’.
‘Pollen’, I corrected her
and read dismay in her eyes.
‘how will you ever write, my love;
Poetry is written with
the wrong words, don’t you know?

Now, the jackals howl becomes ominous for him because there is a folktale about it;

Their cries herald
the death of the wilderness
the passing of ghosts.

Thus, ‘The Unrest of Desire’ recollects the poet’s excessive attachment to his wife as well as doubts, fear and apprehension. This poem contains some lines of rare beauty, depicting sensuousness and voluptuousness on the poet’s part. Likewise, some lines are notable for the suspense and the psychological fear they create such as:

For a moment I am amazed
that the almond tree
all dressed up in white
does not sway on its roots
in the wall and the wind
of these vulpine hungers;
but stands there petrified,
a white shadow
etched on the darkness,
its white flowers tattooed
on the body of the night.

‘Love among Pines’ recollects love experiences of the poet had on an evening. Enjoying a walk with his wife the poet catches sight of some sensuous scene which make him whisper:

destiny lies
in parting of hair
in the parting of grasses
in the parting of thighs?

Daruwalla mentions the advent of the looming darkness using the beautiful imagery of ‘black shrapnel’ and further adds an account of his love-making, full of sensuous and voluptuous description:

Dusk explodes into black shrapnel
on the knife-rim of the earth.
What is there in my hand when it
slides into your blouse
it prowls like an animal that makes you writhe,
turning your nipples into black sprout of barriers?
We sweep pineneedles into a stack
(they don’t prick at all when vertically spread).
The pinecricket overhead is a shrill monotone.
The moments stacked against each other
turn incandescent with a running flame.
We both know that we are here for:
beneath you skin
of wild talk you are tense,
beneath the cinderling ash of my body
your body is a surprise
for as I fall upon the earth-crust that is you
we spin, we spin, we spin
your feet pointed to the skies

Using transferred epithet, the poet calls the commotion caused by a baby-whale in the sea, as ‘baby-whale talk’. He also presents very effectively how the ‘wave’ foam carried baby-whale caused great stink in the city;

The night passes in baby-whale talk,
a baby whale which came in
with the foam and outstank the city,
till the fire-brigade cut it up
and thwew it back into the ocean.

In the morning, it appears that the islands ‘had walked out on the mainland like somnambulist. ‘Somnambulist’ presents an image of a man who walks in sleep. Owing to this malady sometimes he gets out to unexpected places. In similar way islands also appeared to be suffering from somnambulism and hence in the sea:

Morning: islands, like somnambulists
which had walked out on the mainland
and awoke to find themselves
waist-deep in the seas.
The wind
sings at
high
tide,
Metaphorically, Daruwalla views Bombay as ‘black yeast’, ‘black salt’ and ‘awall or rotting muscle’. All these things speak to the ugly look presented by the city. But the city presents quite a different look if viewed from the harbour. He presents this landscape as under:

**Bombay is black yeast**
from here, and black salt,
a wall of rotting muscle.
Across the harbour the vertical
ciry of the righ keps rising-
grotesque heads on unsteady shoulders.
The slum-city of asbestos
squats at its ankles,
unddled behind a smokestack.

Mentioning the horrible and violend sound of the cyclone at night and depicting the picture thereof poet puts as below:

**At night the cyclone**
is many-throated, many lunged.
Gulls dash against the lighthouse
on the hill: squall-debris.
The searchlight is hinged to a broken joints
It swings, throuwing its yellow spray
at the storm,
even though salt blinded;
a wild dilated eye to which
birds home with wild dilated eyes.

Sketching another fine landscape on his poetic canvass, Daruwalla likens the sea and the sky as two concave mirrors faced towards each other. Secondly, he likens them
with the two ‘gaint wings’ of a ‘purple moth’ that is the just risen sun. He compares
them also with ‘arose pink oar looking for a boat’ and ‘lilac axe-blade looking for a
treeline’. Thus, one finds the underquotted lines, full of beautiful functional imageries,
and giving a fine sketch of the scenic beauty of the dawn:

The sea and the sky, two concaves
mirroring each other,
two gaint wings of a purple moth,
a rose-pink oar looking for a boat,
a lilac axe-blade looking for a treeline.
The gulls were not there
nor their cries
nor the angry rhythm of their wings.

It is a good attempt on the part of Daruwalla to sketch the scenic b eauty of a seaside
and the sea in its various mood realistically. The poet’s choice of words and images is
so exact that while perusing the poem, on finds the landscapes pictured in it, just
moving before one’s eyes. ‘Gulzaman’s son’, is a fine sketch of a ‘bearded’, ‘gaunt’
and broad boned shephered who accepts solitariness as his missing son. It is winter.
So, Gulzaman takes refuge ‘in a stone breaker’s pine-hut’ at night. His ewe lines by
his side to be warmed by his body’s heat. In the meantime, she starts groaning with
labour pain and in an hour gives birth to a feeble lamb. Gulzaman sees the reflection
of his lost son in it and joyfully exclaims; ‘this is my son’. He forgets the pangs of his
lost son and starts healing up his personal injury by being one with the lamb. The poet
has presented a graphic picture of Gulzaman, his relatives, his surrounding and the
biting cold of winter and lakes of his excessive joy at the arrival of the new-lamb, in
the poem. Recalling his joy, the poet puts him as under with his ewe and refuge:
The turf is sodden but his own fold
is a small den made snug by bales of hay.
His ewe snuggles up to him and bleats
recognition, a thin tremolo of love blanketed by gutturals of pain.
Relations crowd, darkening the doorway,
as with heavily-greased arms Gulzaman
examines her. Yes, the lamb is on its way!
An hour later it is there, quavery-legged
and wet and uncertain about
its rickety, foru-prongede hold on the earth
Shortly it pees. Allah he praised, now it will oive.
It cannot die of a chill in the stomach
Either the doorway has been cleared, or clouds
have been parted for an instant by the sun.
Gulzaman picks the dun-coloured lamb and holds
It to his chest. ‘This’, he says, ‘this is my son’.

Daruwalla is at his best in sketching the country side with its people and animals very effectively. The picture of the people, living in snowy region is so vivid that it appears that he is one of them. He also brings their sorrow and misery to limelight by drawing it on his poetic canvass. Though himself an urban but he apply describes the problems and emotions of the rural mass with equal skill and intensity. In short, his poetry is an assimilation of the rural with the urban civilization.

‘Fish are speared by Night’, graphically recalls how the coastal-people do fishing at night. During daytime they use nets to catch the fishes but night they use spears to catch them. Daruwalla presents a lively sketch of fishing at night in the lines as under:

Hashlights stab the sea,
from shoulder-height javelins descend,
splintering the light as the fish is skewered
and forced down the pear-head,

still threshing the sand.

‘Flashlight stab’ gives one a preliminary picture of the violent act which is going to follow. Likewise ‘splintering the light presents a fine image of the javelins-stirred water and ‘threshing the sand’ stands for the completions of the shewering process. The fishermen return to their houses ‘with their harvest on their backs’, ‘two hours before dawn’. ‘Shell-grit and sand still clinging to their feet’, indicating that their just return from the sea.

But when the weather is not worth fishing, they do fishing of a different type. This fishing also is done at night. This fishing is not done in flasthlights but it is performed in darkness. How graphically the poet presents the copulation process is worth noting in the following lines:

But when clouds go about like shrieking gulls
and each wave descends from its cliff-top
like a contract, and the wicker lamps are
snuffed ut, they spread their fishing-nets on the
ground and spread their women over them
splay-legged.

Fish here are speared by night.

This is indicative of the poet’s capability of suddenly changing over from the individual to the universal and this quality adds to his greatness as a poet. ‘Shrieking gulls’ stands for the elements of nature in furry. Likewise, each wave descends from its cliff-top ‘indicates the violent waves of the sea and spread their women Poems from the Tarai in Under Orion portray vividly the low-lying, mosquito infected area of the Tarai. The Parijat Tree depicts the gentle and calm mood of nature. Snowman, Pilgrimage to Badrinath, The Old Man of the Sea etc. are some of the finest nature
poems in Apparition in April. Mark the picturesque description of mountainscape: over them splaylegged’ makes the poem grossly sensuous.

Poems from the Tarai in Under Orion portray vividly the low-lying, mosquito infected area of the Tarai. The Parijat Tree depics the gentle and calm mood of nature. Snowman, Pilgrimage to Badrinath, The Old Man of the Sea etc. are some of the finest nature poems in Appartition in April. Mark the picturesque description of mountainscape:

\[
\text{Stony eyes turn northward toward stone} \\
\text{and the grey austerity in the stance of hills;} \\
\text{the snow-hush under granite skies} \\
\text{and the wind biting like the dentist’s drill,} \\
\text{whipping the mist into a horizon.}
\]

In Crossing of Rivers there are some remarkable pictures of nighscape, riverscape, mudscape and ghostscape in poems like Boat-ride along the Ganga, Nightscape, Vignettes I, II & III. The River Silt, Crossing of Rivers and Harang. In most of these poems the scene is laid in Varanasi and the central metaphor here is Ganga. Ganga appears in these poems “with all its primal, religious and emotive connotations. The River’s Rhythm,” writes Vrinda Nahar, “is that of life and death, of birth and rebirth, of passion and rejection. ……. In and around it are all signs of stagnancy the tonsured heads, the fossilized anchorites, the tattooed harlots, and the dead who are brought to it shrouded in the anonymity of white”. The opening poem Boat-ride along the Ganga presents a vivid and realistic description of the Ganga whose banks are littered with flaming pyros:

\[
\text{and once more the pyres; against a mahogany sky} \\
\text{the flames look like a hedge of spear-blades}
\]
heated red for a ritual that bades no good.

The mourners are a cave painting, grotesque
done with charred wood.

The background in Daruwalla’s poetry is provided by his immediate surroundings – by a ganga, a Ghaghra, a Chambal valley, a Tarai, a Varanai, a haridwar, a Rishikesh and a Badrinath. This background is associated with legends and myths drawn from remote antiquity. The purification rituals associated with the Ganga as the sportive framework extend his poetry to tradition, to myth and to the symbolic., even spiritual dimension. He freely uses words which are indicative of rituals and religious aspects of Hindus; such as “mantra”, “gayatri”, “pind-dan”, “panchtritha”, “ashratm”, “Ardhkumbh” etc. Daruwalla also uses Muslim myths and rituals in Aag Matam, sixth Moharram in Lucknow, and the Mazars of Amroha. In the Parasi Hall he has made use of Parsi myth. Daruwalla’s poetry, thus, represents the composite religious culture of secular India.

Daruwalla is a gifted poetic artist. He has cultivated a modern idiom to capture the attention of the modern intellectual. He imparts a colloquial and ironical hue to his style when he exposes the social and political evils of modern existence.

Daruwallas is unquestionably a front rank poet in modern Indian English poetry. Nissim Ezekiel writes “By putting Daruwalla among his contemporaries one sees how he scorches over them. By depth of feeling, economy of language and originality of insight, Daruwalla commands respect”.

Thus the majority of Daruwalla’s images are Indian but he differs from his contemporaries in the use of his imagery. His images are apt and indicate his perfection in poetic art.
Daruwalla mentions the advent of the looming darkness using the beautiful imagery of ‘black sharpnel’ and further adds an account of his love-making, full of sensuous and voluptuous description:

Dusk explodes into black shrapnel
On the knife-rim of the earth.
What is there in my hand that when it sidles into your blouse
it prowls like an animal that makes you writhe,
turning you nipples into black sprout of berries?
We sweep pineneedles into a stack
(they don’t prick at all when vertically spread).
The pinecricket overhead is a shrill monotone.
The moments stacked against each other
turn incandescence with a running flame.
We both known what we are here for:
   beneath your skin
Of wild talk you are tense,
beneath the endering ash of my body
your body is a surprise
for as I fall upon the earth-crust that is you
We spin, we spin, we spin
your feet pointed to the skies

The above lines are notable for they present a vivid picture of the gross physical love. Though they reveal sensuality in a lively way but they are almost near to sexual morbidity. After all, the picture painted by the poet of state of physical communion is grossly at the physical plane and hence realistic.

‘Form the Snows in Ranikhet’ is another good piece of love poem, full of voluptuousness and sensual elements. This poem is addressed to a newly-wedded friend of the poet. So, using wit and humour, the poet instructs him how to make the
maximum use of the physical pleasure. Advising him how to penetrate the poet writes:

Words footholds, winds, are trapped in the snow he
a little effort and they can be found
Just dig through too white feet of silence
till you hit the ground.
Even now the hush is where it was
when the flakes first floated down.

Again, mentioning the physical aspects and the process of even renewal the poet writes:

But the goddess of the seasons
still chews her comic end.
Her mastication brings forth
green leaf and golden bud.
Fish will erupt from larval beds
and go downstream with the flood.

How physical union creates new life on earth, is also related by the poet in the above quoted lines.

In the following lines, Daruwalla narrates how ‘the falconfury of the moment’ subsidizes after the act of sexual consummation:

And heal with your own bodies;
that is the crux of love,
the falcon-fury of the moment
turns into the dove.
The face as spirit, the face as flesh
blend in the face as love.

Reminding his friend that in the act of creation, ‘a little killing’ also takes place after each act, the poet jokingly remarks:
You’ll be probing for the fire-core
of creation abutly red,
the embryo hatched from your joint flame.
You don’t forget the dead;
for you’ll do a little killing
with every act in bed.

Again, the poet adds humorously that in course of time, the killing would so swell in number as his further exploration would be nowhere but in dead cities:

Old terrors that were sung of
even in ancient runes
will die a cell-by-cell death
within your bed and soon
you will explore dead cities
in each house of the moon.

The above lines also highlight the biological phenomena in human body, according to which out of the thousands of sperms and ovum only one of the each fertilizes with the other and in abnormal cases, the two of each group. In short, the poem is a good piece of love poem written by the prose for his newly-wedded friend because it also attempts to make the addresses known about the biological phenomena evergoing in human body.

‘The Unrest of Desire’ relates that man’s physical craving is quite natural and it gets particularly through his eyes. The poem, also reveals that man’s craving for physical union cannot be repressed even if how hard he tries. Commenting on this inevitable and natural physical phenomena and biological instinct, the poet writes:

However you bury the shadow in the heart
under slabs of concerete and a coil of bone,
however you wall the cave-impulse at the mouth,
it will hammer at the sides and break free,
however you bury the shadow in the heart.

The repetition of the line, ‘However you bury the shadow in the heart’, makes his statement rather assertive in tone and texture.

‘The Parsi Hell’ highlights the poet’s religious beliefs and ideas. The poet feels that ‘the parsi hell’ is the imaginative product of the religious heads. Expressing his own feeling about it, he tries. Commenting on this inevitable and natural physical phenomena and biological instinct, the poet writes:

However you bury the shadow in the heart
under slabs of concrete and a coil of bone,
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The repetition of the line, ‘However you bury the shadow in the heart’, makes his statement rather assertive in tone and texture.

‘The Parsi Hell’ highlights the poet’s religious beliefs and ideas. The poet feels that ‘the parsi hell’ is the imaginative product of the religious heads. Expressing his own feelings about it, he writes:

The parsi hell is insubstantial, a long
stint in the house of falsehood, foul food
and speech turning base on a wailing tongue.

Talking about the dreaded ‘Chinvat Bridge’, he is highly critical and mockingly revels:

Even the Chinvat Bridge which turns its edge
towards the evil is not an Aztec knife
which cuts through fat, spiced tendon, cartilage.
Keki N. Daruwlla too, has made a close study of Indian life in some of his poems. In some he has dealt with the contemporary issue which are assuming alarming proportion and waiting for their final solution whereas in some others he has taken up such issues which are legendary in nature but are doing disservices to the Indians because they have lost rationale behind them in the present context. Even then they are being observed by the Indian because they have acquired traditional importance and have been part and parcel of our character. In this chapter an attempt is being made to see how Daruwalla reacts to different habits, behaviour and customs of the Indian and to what extent he is justified in doing so. Love has been a perennial sources of inspiration for poets whether ancient or modern down the ages. Indian too have taken it be a synonym of life. To them it stands for ‘Satya’, ‘Shivam’ and ‘Sundaram’, with the growing pace of modernization and urbanization love has become pretentious in nature. Now it does not represent the pure milky juice of life and to some it is merely restricted to the physical level. What is the poet’s concept about it, is also to be considered? Sex occupies an important place in almost all works of the ‘neo-modernists’ whether verse or prose. India being the land of Vatsyayana, the great ‘sex-pundit’, has never ignored sex as an unimportant part of man’s life. But the attitudes of most of the Indians as to the matters of sex display striking difference. They have taken sex not as the mere fulfillment of animal desires of two opposite sexes but as some important creative social obligation of individuals. How does Daruwalla treat the matters of sex and love and whether he is close to the Indian concepts of love and sex or presents a contrast is also to be viewed in this chapter?
The country’s partition and its aftermath seize the poet’s mind with great imagination. His heart goes to the innocent people who are put to unfold sorrow and suffering by the imposition of curfew on the areas disturbed by communal frenzy. He is perturbed to see the reign of chaos and confusion which is trying to engulf the entire area in its spate. Actually the poet laughs at the insanity and folly of the rioting people who lack any genuine cause to quarrel over. Daruwalla is greatly shocked to note the long-cherished principle of co-existence being shattered in a communal-rake up. In this poem, ‘Curfew-In a Riot Torn City’, Daruwalla presents the view of social – distintegration which our society undergoes in the form of communal violence. As the poet lacks in proper equivalence to express the feeling of the suffering masses, he takes the resort of an image and expresses their feel as under:

“the starch on your Khaki back
turns soggy, the feel of things is queer
your which to forget it all
the riot, the town, the people
- that mass of liquefied flesh
seeking in fear”

Like many other modern poets and writers, Daruwalla expresses his great disgust of the process of urbanization. To him urbanization is cancerous and he calls ‘the town is a tumour growth’. This remark of his is quite apt and much nearer to the Indian ethos. Ease and comfort vanish from the life of man as society grows on industrially and urbanely. Evils and corruptions spring up from urbanism. Hence during ancient times the Indian seers and sages always kept themselves aloof from the din and bustle of the urban civilization.
Nothing is dearer than one’s own self. This great Upanishadic truth reflects itself. When the poet satirically comments on the lukewarm tendency of the poetic officials engaged in peace-keeping operation. Though man’s own life is of supreme importance, his duty is not of any lesser significance in any way. Actually one should take his work not only as suffering but also as joy and fulfillment. Hence lord Krishna preaches Arjuna to prefer death in the follow-up of one’s own duty to the observance of another’s faith. Being conversant with this universal truth which is the foundation — stone of the Indian-life, the poet laughts at the ineffective peace-keeping operation of the police officials:

“Get on the the roofs!” You shout
Lanes swarm with Khaki
reluctantly they move up over crooked stairs
no one wants acid running down his face
the face running with acid
and spend a lifetime
trafficking
with bizarre mirrors”

The same concern of the poet comes to surface at the breach of duty of the medicine-men who hesitate to touch the victims of plague and cholera for the fear of their own lives. ‘White habits’, ‘white faces’ and ‘white bonnets’ symbolize the faces white with fear of imminent death. Here one finds the poet beginning with the individual and changing over to the universal:

“nurses in white habits
unicef jeeps with white bonnets
doctors with white faces receive them
‘who says they have cholera?
they are down with diarrhea
who says it is cholera?
it is gastro-enteritis
who says they have cholera?’”

Although the ‘black’deat’ is matter of long past, its devastating effect and harrowing experience have permanently settled into the psyche of the Indian masses. Daruwalla’s pestilence’ is a living record of the sad tale it has left behind.

‘At bansa’ is a sub-poem of the poem entitled ‘Epileptic’. Superstition plays a dominating role in most of the Indians life. They take most of their diseases and ailments to be the result of the fury of some un-propitious souls and while believing so they invites much of their suffering. Actually superstition is deeply rooted in the Indian-psyche irrespective of caste-creed affiliations. The common-folk living in villages, still add much importance to the various acts of superstitions. The poet put very interestingly how a patient of epilepsies is being cured ‘At Bansa’ in the following lines :

“In low melodic murmurs be intones
suras from the Quran
- kindled arabesques
that unwind from his mout
like a thread of light
with a black finger-end he smears
mascara on her eyelash
‘saughter’! Your troubles are at an end!”

‘Suras’ and ‘mantras’ are after all, matters of faith which is beyond logic. The neo-modern poetry is materialistic in nature, so the poet’s mild attack is not surprising at all. The most remarkable thing which catches one’s attention in the poem
is the lively description of the unhygienic surrounding in which exorcism is being practiced. Several English surveyors have already taken a note of the Indian villages for their filth, squalor and dirt. Here Daruwalla presents nothing new as the indifference of the Indians regarding these unhygienic things but in versified form. A note of deep irony runs through the following lines because an ailment is being cured by practicing a ritual, that too in the most unhygienic surrounding:

“It was a village like any other village
mustard field incised by dirt-tracks
tumorous outgrowths of mud and wattle

and here and there a patch of stonework
- beginnings in a new satrophy.”

Daruwalla’s deep anguish at the institutionalized corruption at all levels in government offices in free India, finds forceful expression in his ‘Monologue in the Chambal Valley’. The poet is shocked to note the ideals and values of life gradually deteriorating in independent India. On one hand leaders vow ‘to wipe every fear from every eye’ and on the other they secretly wish to know about the ‘Swiss Bank’. He appears to be greatly concerned at the loss of values in public life. In a land (like India) which has ever preached austerity and integrity in public life, extortion, corruption, erosion of conduct and chaos and anarchy have become rampant. They have rather become the second nature of majority of the countrymen. In absence of proper equivalence to give expression to these complex ideas, the poet probes into the subconscious of ‘the bandit chief’. Free India is no longer the representative country of Sita and Savitri. Now women are sold here like hot cakes and man’s yearning of spiritual enlightenment is being rapidly replaced by his growing desire of physical
enjoyment. The bandit’s Chief utter contempt for womanhood becomes quite obvious in the following lines:

“And where did we not sell them?
In holy fairs, in cattle markets
to old man- girls younger than their daughters
to the young-one-eyed and lame who couldn’t get a wife.”

Growing disillusionment of the poor folk with free India and a number of unchecked social evils have forced them to lead a life of uncertainty, chaos and anarchy; otherwise they too wish to live a normal like other people. Economic disparity is the most dreaded of the evils. It purses man to seek power from the barriers of the gun. The bandit chief spells out his compulsion as under:

“Ten thousand coin in silver was my daughter’s dowry
not to speak of cash, not to speak of gold
who else could do it but a king?”

The problem of dowry has become rather alarming in the post-independence era. Dowry has become a symbol of affluency and reputation in society particularly among the elites. Politics has fallen from its high pedestal in the independent India. It has degenerated into a game of money-making. Blackmarketeers, politicians and officials are hands and gloves now:

“the mud in your house has changed to sandstone
the windows thatched with khas
and came is work your Persian wheel.
They pay yous your percentage, I am told
cattle-thieves and brother-owners
and rice smugglers, lest you have them caught”

The suppressed anger of the bandit-chief becomes vocal in the poem entitled ‘Hawak’. Now patience has given way and he is in wait for opportune time to wage
war against the tyranny of man. Hawak symbolizes the young India which finds it difficult to contain her growing anger because exploitation and extortion are still unabated. It also stands for the champions of equality and justice. To quote the poet:

“I will hover like a black prophecy
weaving its moth-soft cocoon of death.
I shall drive down
with the compulsive thrust of gravity,
trained for havoc,
my eyes focused on them
like the sights of a gun.”

Daruwalla has attained a high degree of objectivity in his poetry. Though in ‘Hawk’ he appears to be rather vocal!, his repressed anger does not cross its limit in ‘rhapsody on a hungry night’. He sternly takes to took the power-hungry politicians who instigate the innocent people to pick quarrel with each other by their harangues:

“Sheep are looking for green words
on the dry page of the earth, ”

Political hypocrisy is ever on ascendancy in free India. How to grab power is the sole concern of the politicians irrespective of their isms and affiliations? Certainly they have nothing to do with people’s misery and suffering because they live in a state of absolute happiness in five-star hotels where the ugly realities of life never dare to intrude. But it is astonishing to note that while giving vent to his feelings the poet never allows his self to intrude. The quote Bruce King ‘what comes across mostly strongly in Daruwalla’s poetry is rather the self-control and repressed anger of the alienated as in ‘Routine’ and ‘Hawak’.

‘Hunger-74’ is a major contemporary poem which appers in Daruwalla’s Winter Poems’. India is an agricultural country and cultivation is its main occupation.
But cultivation mainly depends on the visit of the monsoon. If the monsoon is regular, there is almost normalcy in the nations’s life. When it does not visit at all, people’s suffering multiplies leaps and bound and all drying drought inevitably appears. People’s hardships and miseries becomes boundless when the monsoon does not visit the country for two or three consecutive seasons. Drought-74 was of such devastating magnitude that the shadow of impending death was visible everywhere. Daruwalla presents the horrifying situation very remarkable by using apt images in the following lines:

“The land is an earthen dish,  
empty as always  
baked and fired in a cosmic kiln  
There are smithy-fires overhead-  
they are forging another sky!  
The coppersmith bird shrieks insistent  
that death is round the corner.”

Drought has brought immense sorrow and suffering to the common men on the one hand, which on the other it has brought the most opportune moments for the smugglers, profiteers and hoarders. The poet satirically remarks:

“No end to hoarding!  
Breaking open the lockers they find  
a briefcase full of case”.

The common-people have been driven to such extremily that they are ready to do event the greatest of the sins for the sake of some morsels of grains. Life has become a great liability for them and they helplessly try to invent the ways of death. Redtrafficking no longer borrhifies them but it too, is suffering from depression. To quote the poet:
“There is no red light area in the town
where starving daughters can be sold.
The river-bank comes to the rescue,
its sand soft as volcanic ash.”

Inspite of people’s daylong quest for food, they have to go without food at night. In the words of Daruwalla,

“Hunger is an ampty nest
to which birds fly back in the evening.”

In ‘The Wringing of Hands” one has lively sketch of the cracks which have come into existence in absence of rains. They are so enormous in sizes that they can easily swallow human-beings without any difficulty. Very realistically the poet portrays the earth people tread on:

“He walked over land dry enough to set fire to!
Hard enough to crucily a God on!
Cracks wide enough to swallow a million Sitas!”

The unprecedente famine and hunger has reduced majority of the people to mere bony structure. Life has become compulsions for them. Passivity reigns supreme in their lives because of debilitation. There is almost the silence of death in people’s appearance and looks. Daruwalla presents fine portraits of famine-stricken people as follows:

“His nephews sat skull-cropped,
their necks vein-corded, their heads
bandaged with resignation.
Every where he saw haunted looks, the same
fears fermenting in salt-rot bodies,
old matchstick bones groaning
under the gnarted hide.”
Briefly it can be said the “Hunger-74” has left a permanent scar on people’s memory though it existed only for a brief spell. People’s harrowing experience of the drought has resulted in certain changes in their behaviour and outlook. They have fully realized that money plays a decisive role in man’s life and hence they have grown materialistic in their outlook leaving behind all the set-norms of humanity and kindness.

“Migrations” which appears in the poet’s Landscapes, presents a vivid picture of the people deserting their natural habitat in quest of food and sustenance. Being allured by city-life and with expectation of food and employment the hard-hit people move towards cities in large number. Villages are getting depopulated because they have nothing but sorrow, poverty and all-consuming hunger. The process of desertion which started after unprecedented famine and drought is still on. Though the poet is a product of city civilization, he is fully aware of the sorrow and suffering of the village-folk. Hence one finds a lively portrait of the process of desertion. Here he does not associate himself but acts as an observer who suffers with the suffering masses. How the village-folk are being carried away towards cities in anticipation of better future can be seen in following lines:

“Do you see trains steaming out,
ten thousand frying on the lurching roofs?
It is our cafts rolling today.
Our villages walking out with their headloads,
an ant-line following
the scent of a moist root.”

These lines are suggestive of the poet’s great concern over the ever-growing rate of dissertation of the village people because the villages which represent India’s
soul, are still being ignored even after a period of more than four decades of independence. He appears to be greatly obsessed to think what the fate of the country will be if this process remains unchecked. His repressed anger is vibrant in these lines which give a signal of the ensuing storm. It is truly great for a city-born poet. Pointing out this trait of Daruwalla’s personality Bruce King comments: “The withholding of the self is part of his poetry’s strength as it communicates an intelligence poised between anger and reflection, a knowingness towards what is seen and experienced. He has a fascination for passionate commitment which involves dedication violence such as he finds, and would appear to identify within Muslim Culture.”

The stigma of untouchability is still there in the Hindu society, in particular. The low-born are looked down as something despicable and mean. They are thought to be ment particularly for servility. Thought the Indian constitution has guaranteed them equal status in the Indian society for all purpose they are subjected to discrimination is all matters including even crime. Even the religious-heads, who should work for the regeneration of the society and should undertake the emancipation work of the low-born do not adopt a tolerant outlook towards them. Daruwalla exposes their double-standards and in human attitudes in his poem ‘Death By Buriall’:

“but when bandle struck
and raped the daughter-in-law
and plucked earings
from lacerated lobes
torturing the mother till she pointed out
the cash hidden in the haystack
and made of firing far into the night
they said nothing to the Baba
for he was after al a Bala
and was only halfway through
his silence-fast.”

But ‘the Baba’s halfway through his silence fast’ vanishes like the summer dew-drops on another occasion when the hoolums are supposed to be the low-born. He shows his full potency and virility and makes an ‘outcry as if hail had come down on standing harvest’. The poet puts his behavioural difference in an ironical way:

“it was different story now
when after the melee
the burglars had been concerned
for they were low brew
sprung from the feet of Vishnu
growing out like toe – nails
Sprouting like hair on the metatarsus”.

These lines are also a sad commentary on the caste-ridden Hindu society which has slight notion about the so-called low-castes which render invaluable services to the humanity. This antipathetic attitudes still prevails in the Indian society in general and in the Hindu society in particular partly due to the strong impact of various legends on the Indian society and partly because Indians have forgotten their true religion which preaches work is worship. Instead of being the respecter of work it has become the respect of blood. The Indian Muslims are not quite immune from this bourgeois impact. They too maintain composure when injustices and cruelties are practiced upon but they start to tan communal tension over the dead. To quote the poet again from ‘Death by Burial’:

‘The sewed them up in gunny-sacks alive
but here providence, scurvy till now
could still intervene
half the village could be hindu, half muslim
enough cause for a riot!
with half the village shouting
‘death fy fire’
and the other rhalf
‘death by burial!’

Growing immorality among the Indian masses particularly the elites, also gets space in the poetry of Keki N. Daruwalla. The poet is greatly conscious of the fact that so called elites of the Indian society are blindly imitating the west in matters of sex and love. To them sex is not a matter of recreation and realization of one’s social obligation but of exchanging of sensations, heavings and sighings. The poet shockingly reveals that even poem of our top ranking freedom fighters are not immune from this lust. Their age and dress beguile their true nature. In the poem, “Food and words, Words and Food” one comes across the instance of sexual perversion which grips our modern society:

“He is an old leader after all
who has gone thrice to jail
- twice for hume-rule
and once for sodomy.”

In the name of modernity, sophistication is having a full display in the Indian society. Internal beautification is being replaced by the external one which is nothing more but show of spongy hips, bra-piercing teats and loving words lacking love. Simmering of blood affects the course of action not only of the youths full of vivacity and life but also of some people much advanced in age. Such a man of fifty becomes
an object of ridicule for his immorality and debauchery in Daruwalla’s poetry. While probing into the cause of his suicide the poet says that he does so at his failure in, “wanting its last fling of conquest over a schoolgirl.” This shows the utter degeneration of the Indian society. The poet also has a dig at the Indian youths who mostly possess unclean and voluptuous thoughts and who always remember that, ‘between the naval and the knees/is taboo region! Rotarian Renu’s display of fleshy part which incites sexual perversion gets expression in the following lines:

“Her spinsterhood alone is alien  
The rest of her, overt and sailent  
is Indian to the bone  
The thing rotaraiian about her hips  
the rotary grind as he does the twist  
the rest is rooted stone  
She shows to advantage her razor-shaved legs  
- Chipped portions of kegs-  
Her torso-the-oft- quoted ‘double-fired egg’."

One finds predominance of sensual and erotic images in the poetry of Keki N. Daruwalla. He has taken resort of them which talking about the degenerated and vulgar love restricted to physical level. The poet has recollected his early marital experiences in his poem ‘The Unrest of Desires’ which occurs in The Keeper of the Dead. This poem depicts the difficulties which arise in the way of consummation of sexual desires of a couple in absence of privacy. This reflects an important trait of the Indian’s conjugal life which does not allows the openness of sex. Hence they have to repress their sexual desires to waiting and to wait for the signal for the opportum hour. Generally every couple wishes for the prolongation of sexual-life and is get sacred to
apprehend its short-end. Howeling of jackals at night is taken as a telephonic indication for communion by the poet in the following lines:

“It is just the telephone between us, grey, impersonal:
The children are sleeping, ‘She says’ come’!
She had to think of me now
with the elements in full cry
and the air smelling of lighting burns
like a scorched pelt!”

How a night-games starts between a husband and a wife, also gets lively description in the poem. The poet presents a fine portrait of copulation and realization of physical urge of two opposites in the following lines:

“……..Suddenly
She is in my arms
swarming.
Her nipples and the grass outside
hearden together,
tense with coming thunderf.
Kising her on the neck
I nibble the words
as they slur across her skin.
Did the thunder frighten you?
yes, with both the kids asleep
it was eerie, terrifying.
And if the children had been awake
she may not have thought of me
for another three months!
As if in reply
She presses me harder to herself.
I enter her
the way a boat starved of fresh water
enters a harbour."

These lines are also expressive of the apprehensive conjugal-life led by most of the Indians. The problem of secrecy and privacy mars much of the joy which they get out of this act. Actually Indian couples meet a might in such an apprehensive and mysterious surrounding that they fail to recognize each other very intimately not to talk of other details. In these lines one finds the poet’s subconscious at work and the use of images of ‘a boat starved of fresh water’ and a ‘harbour’ help him in giving vent to his emotional outburst.

Seasons keep on changing round the year and the change of seasons affects man’s life to a great extent all over the world. With seasons changes man’s mood, desires and needs. Sometimes man’s sexual desires are in their full fury which at others they are at low. How the change of seasons affects an Indian conjugal life, has been deeply explored by the poet. The advent of rainy season fills the poet with queer feelings and emotions. It is most propitious for physical-communion and hence he wishes for its prolongation. Here the poet is in line of other Indian poets who have sung of it in their beautiful poems. Kalidasa’s Meghadoota bars a particular reference in this context. But winter and the autumn seasons are not favourable for the poet because during these periods he suffers from despondency and misery due to the ill health of his wife. Throughout July-nights drifting apart, drifting into and soaring of blood remain in full swing. Even the adent of the morning does not lesson the poet’s physical craving but he has to retard keeping in view the presence of his kids. Every July-morning the poet’s beloved appears to be lavished with queer newness and
freshness. It is astonishing for the poet that even frequency uses do not cause any erosion in her beauty and charm:

“Nest morning she is a coriander leaf
   newly plucked,
   rain washed.
A feeling leaves, branches out
like a baby arm
across the webbing that cocoons my ribe;
a feeling softer than skull-membranes.
And I reach over for her
soft and willing and naked
and slowly have rested
my head on your things
and your soft belly.

In short, during the rainy season the poet is caught hold of voluptuous and sensual desires. Here again one finds the poet generalizing his personal desires and feelings, making them universal in nature. Daruwalla’s love-portraits are realistic and not vague abstractions. Lovely and sensuous sights incite sensual desires in him and he whispers in “Love among Pines”:

“destiny lies
   in parting of hair
   in the parting of grasses
   in the parting of thighs”

The poet’s sexual obsession is quite in tune with the Indian-life. Right from the dawn of our civilization the Indians have treated ‘boga’ at part with “Brahma”. Love which has got moral-sanction of the society is always a wholesome affair. Only banality and debauchery have been always decried. The only difference in case of the
poet is that he rarely allows it to transcend the physical leve. “Love among pines’ amply suggests that the poet is all earth and his poetry is all earthy:

“Dusk explodes into black shrapnel
On the knife-rim of the earth,
What is there in my hand that when it sidles into your blouse
it prowls like an animal that makes you writhe,
turning your nipples into a black sprout of berries?
We seep pine needles into a stack
(they don’t prick at all when vertically spread)
The pincecricket overhead is a shrill monotone.
The moments stacked against each other
turn incandescent with a running flae.
We both known what we are here for:
beneath yor skin
of wild talk your are tense,
beneath the cndering ash of my body
your body is a surprise
for as I fall upon the earth-crust that is you
we spin, we spin, we spin
your feet pointed to the skies.”

In these lines one finds a consummate picture of the process of copulation, moods and feelings which grip a couple during the moments of sexual realization. The use of gross sensual images makes the poem all the more realistic and voluptuous; and this makes the poet truly modern. Winter is a symbol of coldness and lack of physical warmith, where as autumn is that of barrenness and lack of potency. Daruwalla exploits the symbolic meanings of these two seasons obviously for the same purposes. To him, redness of the ‘semul’-flower is red-alert and ‘pollens’ are embers:

.. ’When the semual tree
flowers with emebers
that’s the time the cought gets me.
It’s the flower-dust, I thing.’
‘Pollen’, I corrected her
and read dismay in her eyes.
‘How will you ever write, my love!
Poetry is written with
the wrong words, don’t you know

A poet’s imagery, generally shots out from his own experience. Consequently it is found that most of the images used in Daruwalla’s poems have sprung up from his experience as a police officer. Hence, most of them vivifies violence, destruction and death. Even in the sensuous thing, he finds something ugly, often-sive and dreadful. By contrasting the objects of his poetic vision with their just opposites. Daruwalla effectively has his say. Referring to the people who carry the dead to the crematorium or the burial, he calls them ‘palanquin-bearers of a different sort’ and to the dead being carried by them, he adds, ‘on the string-beds they carry no henna-smeared brides.’ In short as his poetic tool, Daruwalla juxtaposes sensuous with the dead and ugly to have the desired effect which is certainly a modernist trait. This technique is visible in the following lines:

they are palanquin – bearers of a different sort
on the string-beds they carry no henna-smeared brides.
prone upon them are frail bodies
frozen bodies delirious bodies
some drained of fever and sap
some drained of fevr and sap
some moving others supine
transfixed under the sun.
Likewise depicting the ugly and repulsive girls, the writers in ‘The Eplletic’-

-thin, scawny girls
carved out of a single thigh
hysteric quail-like brides
banging their foreheads on the floor
and loose-fleshed women
with a foetus and a demon
in their ballooned belies

Quite contrary to Daruwalla, the neo-romanticists are ever found to be fed with beautiful and attractive things. Daruwalla, like other new poets expresses his experience through well chosen concrete images. His sensuousness gets expression in the following lines of ‘Monologue in the Chambal Valley’:

_Do you recall how it was with the women_
_when we started? tant-breasted ones from the hill/
brown ones from Bihar- soft and overpipe/
daughters of the desert/daughters of the forest tribes?

In the following lines, it is again seen how the poet graphically describes the moments of man’s sexual excitement and also the process of his being lulled down through the fine image of ‘falcon-fury’ and the dove; this is a part of Daruwalla’s poetic technique as stated earlier:

_And heal with your own bodies;
that is the crus of love:
the falcon-fury of the moment
turns into the dove.
The face as spirit, the face as flesh
blend in the face as love.

Again, it can be seen how the poet described irresistible physical passion through well chosen concrete images, functional in nature in the following lines:
However you bury the shadow in the heart
under slaps of concrete and a coil of bone,
however you wall the cave-impulse at the mouth,
it will hammer at the sides and break free,
however you bury the shadow in the heart.

Daruwalla has given dramatic touch to some of his poems which have been written in ‘monologue’ or ‘soliloquy’ such as ‘Monologue in the Chambal Valley’, ‘Mistress’, ‘Requiem for a Hawk’ and ‘Mehar Ali, the Keeper of the Dead” etc. in ‘monologue’. Daruwalla has tried to explore the subconscious of man. In ‘Monologue in the Chambal Valley;’ the poet brings to light the inhuman nature of the bandit chief as well as his contempt for womanhood. Likewise it also exposes the government officials who are hands and gloves with the criminals and antisocial elements. The use of soliloquy and narrative helps the poet in presenting his feelings vividly without himself being a party to it. Due to the adoption of this mode, nowhere the poet is found to be intending in the poem. Besides, like a play the poem has dramatic growth. In the beginning of it we are informed of the content which gradually complicates and reaches the climax and after it, there is sudden anti-climax. In the beginning of the monologue it is given to know how the bandit chief started with the procession. Gradually it comes to be known how he turned into a hardened criminal from a trader in flesh and lastly the revelation of mental restlessness and agony serves as the anticlimax of this poetic drama in miniature.

Similarly ‘The Mistress’ has a dramatic beginning. The poet presents his mistress i.e. Indian English as a woman of loose morals. He accuses her of ingratiating others as well as him. By presentings his feelings dramatically, he keeps the readers
spellbound unless the makes this dramatic revelation that the woman talked about is nobody else but the language he uses.

Daruwalla appears to have consummated in the use of this technique especially in the poem, ‘Requiem for a Hawk’. The poem starts with the declaration of an ornithologist that the actual habitat of ‘hawk’ was at least a hundred miles away from the sea-cost where its fossil was found. This revelation serves as the exposition of the play which is going to be staged in the poem. The issue further complicates as the geologists carry out investigations as to the correctness of the observation made by an ornithologist. The issue reaches its climax as ‘a tent city has sprung up in the desert scrub’ and ‘Festoons, buntings, the simulacra of a reception’ are arranged to receive the Shiekh who comes there to celebrate the birth of the bird at its original habitat. The poem reaches its anti-climax as the Sheikh leaves the trained hawks in the air, which suddenly fall and meet their sudden death. The tragic death of the hawks is following by darkness enveloping the earth and shrill cry of the crickets, piercing the silence. And after all, the underlying current of Irony adnsatire makes poem a great success.

Like other ‘new poets’, Daruwalla also, is found consciously experimenting in new imagery. To express, the insatiable thirst for blood of the rioting people, Draruwalla makes use of a new image, not earlier in vogue, in the expression, ‘barracuda eyes/ searching for prey’. Likewise ‘that mars of liquefied flesh/seething in fear’ stands for a man living in constant fear of death, ‘the marionette head’ for a senseless man, ‘bleached white and utterlyraped’ for an anaemic and exhausted person, stalactite becomes symbol of cosmic vitality and energy, ‘tonsured heads’ for
people with completely shaved head, ‘colour of daggered flesh’ for rediness of melon
and ‘buzzard-winds’ for violent wind and so on and so forth. In short, Daruwalla has
presented his experience through quite new and realistic images.

Daruwalla’s comages of words is Indian. With a view to giving smooth
rhythmic flow to his verse he coins words in Indian fashion, such as bluebottles,
mainland, smokestack, treeline, floorboads, toadstool, dragonfly, chrissake, ruck-sack
sailboats etc.

Daruwalla also uses rhyming lines in order to heighten the effect of his poetic
work. This also adds to the swift flow of his feelings:

\begin{quote}
\textit{The serpent waters unwinding from their coils
hiss in turmoil
down the flagstones. Nothing’s bluer, note ether, not
comet-fires
nor crystal nor sapphire;
no speculum of a mineral – coloured bird
is so intense. This blue dot is the word.}
\end{quote}

It is often said that Daruwalla has used journalsistic English in his poetry but
this is not the whole truth. Excepting a new poems, rest have been written in quite
simple and intelligible diction. This adds to the fluency of speech and smooth flow of
emotion and sense. In ‘Hemants’, he writes:

\begin{quote}
‘She, who caught her
stealing back at first light,
said, ‘there is mustard-flower
on your back, be careful,
it is getting to be winter,
you may catch cold.
\end{quote}
In his earlier poetic works, Daruwalla had failed a places in using punctuational marks at places. Owing to this fault, he becomes obscure sometimes. But in his later works, on finds correct use of punctuational marks and no lapses in their use. This fact may be versified in the above quoted lines. In the underquoted lines it can be seen how the poet has failed in inserting punctuational marks at places:

Near the iron
the water-urns are emptied
and the ‘Kamers’ bristling
with peacock feathers
are flung on the temple-dome

The first and the fourth lines should have a commas at their end and the fifth a full-stop.

In his earlier works such as Under Orion and Winter Poems, the poet has dealt with the contemporary themes such as drought, famine, pestilence, communal-riot, lovelessness etc. He has used irony and satire as his tools in these poetic works, consequently they are incisive and impressive. While in his later works, his bent is rather inward. Hence their incisiveness and impressiveness are not so great as they are in his earlier works

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