

The Creative Launcher

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Fancy Charms as Realism Quizzes in Cosmic Convergence

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Abstract

A beginning fills a man with immense optimism as the journey appears long, uncertain but exciting, and at other times, it appears quizzical and immensely wearisome and yet a colossal waste. It is moment when one deliberates on the origin, as time seems inscrutable. Flight of fancy embarks on a voyage and so a search for deliverance is the objective, for one is witness to a few sacrifices, spiritual yearnings, metaphysical anxieties and intellectual probing, shallow forethought, facts life presents, routine acts, ennui, anxiety, distress and mendacity in *Cosmic Convergence*. It opens up doors to a life of meaning and hope (Journal of January *ibid*), in a discreetly symbolic form, ‘And I feel /Our life is a /Suddenly stoning in skyscape.’

Keywords- Imagery, Visualization, Ambience, Metaphysical Anxieties

Biplab Majumdar hails from the fertile and creative Indian land and ambience where thins life is full of ease and creativity. He has myriad of expressions through his poetic voice. His symbolic selection of words make him great poet of the era. The following lines are remarkable to disclose his enthralling sense of poetry composition:

Opulent oceanic upsurge
Of motions and emotions
Enthralling experiences
Reverberating revelations...
The silent screame
Of sumptuous sunny

Life if maintains inner equilibrium and poise, offers moments of regrets, penance and a kind of awakening that makes life meaningful. Journal is a symbol that depicts life as it moves on and on through the corridors of time and space. Visualization and imaginative discourse continue in ‘Fabled Flames of February’ where he metaphorically hopes for a bright future, ‘As a poet lives /Luminous loner life /He listens to the /Silent screame of stone /can see the footprints of future /Can feel the /Soft feel the/ Soft syllables of sunrise.’ Life if grants hope, too much of materialistic desires cause anxieties about existence and so death devours at the end, and mere futility and disaster greet man and then make life miserable. Time determines the movement of life, for it is very powerful though a man may think it

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transient because a moment puts a step ahead and goes further, the left out turns past. It is a perennial journey.

...on and on
From the fog of frustration
To the dawn of delight
From the inscapes of ignorance
To the esoteric enigma
Of eternal effulgence.
Because that is the
Realization of real life

A man must understand that the stress and authority in life is precious than the call of death so life ought to be lived forcefully. It is time to get out of the chill that overwhelms and feel the warmth and luminosity of life as time beacons where colourful visions of future uncertain open glitzy horizons to a man of positive thoughts and trust.

Many layers of imaginative scenarios he creates, which at times appear hazy and scintillating also because these simply thrill and excite as emotional gush travels silently between some poignant thought of past not very clear but which hoists the flag of insightful but reassuring future (Magic Moments of March) even if retiring experience overtakes to fill life with confident upsurge. Continuity to assess and revise acts continues between hope and a bit of distrust as one faces realities, and drives out delusions. It is symbolic but truly an obvious depiction that looks persuasive and yet contentious. The poet of fancy tells that 'Water of life /Flows here...Towards the/hollowed horizon /With a view /To review the rowing' and it hints at continuity that life is notwithstanding the truth that '...all the earthly existence /is a verse of vicissitudes, /A striving to surpass /The mortal morphing of DEATH'.

Thoughts to meditate in intensity and experience a state of reveries rouse indulgence to find answers to 'quivering queries' about life and existence. Life is the object of deep study and he looks at it from various angles and tells in evocatively shrill lyrical and imagistic mechanism.

That our life is
Nothing but a stream
Of spangled seconds,
Like the flight of falcons
An ever-pervasive present
Whizzes past incessantly
To the world of nothingness

The poet appears to list out undulating journey of life in little pieces of terrific imagery and stunning hallucinatory frame of mind and attributes not precisely fresh meanings but definitely, these add beauty and magic to the expression with slightly innovative and vastly wistful formation of thought. 'Alphabates of April' seems a bit wacky expression but

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it is a time of Sun, Sky and Seas, which are 'daisy days' for him and moments of celebrations even as, '...an endless enlightenment /Beckons my blissful blossoming.' It is time when many thoughts invade and one feels a kind of extreme joy fulfilling dreamy sequence, for it is time of youthful exuberance and ecstasy and at this time, no melancholy disturbs cheers.

Now the shadows of separation
Cannot cast its curtain
Upon our
Mellowing mervellous moments
No forlorn foliage of frustration
Can capture our
Colossal cosmic conscience.

Whatever various activities, anxieties and thoughts about existence may distress or give joy to man but despite the dreams and the nostalgia that may be, he asserts humbly, that '...April is /The season of poetry /Let these diamond days be my life, *ibid.*'

Earlier passionate yearnings continue to strengthen poetic frenzy in 'Maverick Monologue in May' also even as 'Tremulous time reels and /The petals of poetry /Bloom with /Echo of eternity, /An imperceptible infinite illumination /Reveals its resplendent reverie.' Feelings of ceaseless flow of self-assured enlightenment continue to offer rich experience and wisdom the poet tells while lyrical vibrations excite life and so the wonderful imaginings push to steady passions. An extraordinary situation arises as in inspired whirling turf it is difficult to differentiate between the bona fide and the illusory, 'Until the rays of rainbow/ Shines on the /Sacred shrines of his heart of hearts.' He is obvious and yet incomprehensible but fantasy drives to faintly enjoyable cosmological distinctness and therefore, in dreamy insight, it fails him. To regale in abstractions and hazy flight of imagination does not take him to definite destination. It appears this mental condition suits the man in poet because at this stage, a blurred scenario seems to offer joy.

Poet's indulgence in flights imperceptible and foggy is an obsession and to get rid of this, for him, is likely to blow up the construction of cheerful but unnoticeable development in knotted flights of fancy. Therefore, he avoids the solidity in situation since it would give not preferred contentment. Halfway journey in life gives intimation of possible downhill ride to the attainment of objective may be or death certain as the lines, 'And you know it is a life-long waiting/ To see when the receding /Waves of wisdom /Come back /With pristine prayer /With hope of Hesper/With treasure of triumph.' He is apparent in 'Jewelled Jingling of June' where it is a waiting and earnestly he wants to go back to the origin, 'to its shore of time' a figurative expression of truth of ultimate end it is because the eternal truth is -

Our life is nothing but
A voyage to vastness
And of course
A way-fare's waiting

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To see the bright face of TRUTH

Gradual understanding of life, its relation to man and nature vaguely tells man to spread light around so that path to ultimate salvation perhaps becomes a possibility and a hope. A man confronting violent thunderstorm, challenges and uncertainties in life when he is on a downward journey, a genuine prayer to the Lord of Light comes to inspire him and so he wishes to spread aura of hope, love, peace and light (Jasmine Joss Sticks of July). A man spreads light only when love and peace fill him. Absence of either makes him despondent the poet feels somewhere. It is a humble effort when he wishes to 'fit as candle' the mix up of 'carnival, knowledge, catharsis, consolation, carol, church, clairvoyance, clarion call and transcendence.' A man in poet wants a life of happiness in totality where invocation of gods can purify and fill life with delight. He is aware of the material considerations. Here, he is clear and correct images make the expression effective.

Where the dazzling darkness of dollar
Grandeur of gold
Masthead of money
Makes the head haughty,
The purse of power prone to purchase
Vim of values, and the
Roads to realization
Get jet black with
Dark deluge of pride ...

Though he loves to take flights to skies unfathomed and wishes to enjoy in land of imagination unknown yet often he loves to think of man, who works hard and suffers without any breathing space. Life has little to give in terms of joy. August to the poet overwhelms. Perhaps it is time think of turmoil-ridden life but it does not happen. Escape route is the possible riddance and therefore, in luxurious imaginings poetry seeks path to consciousness. Heat of realities is excruciating but wholesome recognition provides some comforts and if the poet notices transmutation, it is a reprieve. He views life differently (Cosmic Convergence in August) and diligently makes efforts to find possible space for union undefined.

To him
Life is a spectacular squiggle
With splash of splendour,
Some spilt seconds from a
Surreal stream of surprise.

The problem with a poet is that he cannot be definite anywhere. He tries to reach earthly realities but then, takes recourse to ingenious flights and remains quizzing , 'His quintessential quest/ Leads him to/ Eternal enigma /Of cause and effect, /to search for /Seasonal semaphore. /Of wispy worldliness.' Ultimately, feelings of futility and void make one disenchanted with the world. Moments of enthusiastic stupor, splendeur of dreamy

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visualizations, joys of existence, movement of time from dawn and dusk to night, and merger of units of time and then future puzzle. It is obvious, 'In cosmic convergence/With verse of vicissitudes' and appears pleasant as wisdom and profundity. Unique journey rather cycle of failure continues as he witnesses, 'Devastation of divinity /Collapse of conscience /With his world of words /Within his illuminated inscapes...In cosmic convergence...' and so leaves an imprint of imaginative firmament.

Indications of change in weather begin to infuse optimistic feelings in man. Earlier, he is somewhat unhappy but in 'Semblance of September' fresh and gentle wind signals delight and cheers and a 'Maddening magenta of mirth/Meanders into my /Mundane manifestation.' The change is abrupt and satisfying and it encourages deliberating on life and its enigma as questions of identity arise while curiosity and eagerness to know of origin and the final destination begin to beleaguer. A feeling gets the strength to continue the uncertain journey towards deliverance to know 'the self' and the ultimate reality when holy names flash across the memory lanes.

My search continues to
Blooming bodhi of Buddha
Golden gospels of Jesus
Rainbow realization of Rama
Magnificent message of Mohammed.

He understands that many religions do not offer solace and resolution but create confusion in an ordinary mind. It drives to ambiguous and hazy situation, and understanding as awareness is incorrect and ignorance turns a quiz. One spends life in illusion and superficial revelation and a desire to know the answers through various religious sources increases. It is time to see into the phenomenon of things unknown. However, reality so near and radiant is merely rout of senses and wisdom. Imaginative projections and possible realization of facts and truth make a man uncertain and irresolute and then, it gives hazy glimpses of indefiniteness. Whatever uncertainties of outward bliss, joy and desolation he feels are the consequences 'of Spiritualistic reality' a quizzical proposition because even what is actual, is just a fabrication of mind's eye. It gradually takes one to death, an unknown reality one fails to see.

To take pleasure in esoteric lyrical expression and to derive joy out of wordy construction many a time proves good but it puts stress on the enjoyer of poetry. Alliterations sound good and musical, and cadenced vibrations catch attention but meaning often recedes even as near incongruity in lexis overburdens. In 'Obsession in October', he teases as horizon gets a strange quality.

Often my struggle for existence
Ever-engaged everydayness
And of course
My orange-yellow orgies –all

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Put a question mark
Before my harlequin horizon.

In curious turn of phraseology, objects in the natural world exist but soon it is a huge void. It looks at times when one attains the preferred destination but at last, it dawns that one is still to take the first step up and that is an enigma but it opens scope for understanding reality, the reality of not achieving anything.

Life is but a
Non-stop stride ascending,
Every ceiling when reached
Becomes a floor.

Thoughts of material enrichment raise doubts. The injured and violence ridden world aspires for peace and solace where souls feel choked and go back to the soil. Dilemma is - it is elsewhere that man finds peace. Miseries of human beings distress as violent behavior brings sufferings, hurts man and assails freedom of an individual. What a man attains in life ultimately has to abandon it for melancholic hymns because he is a mere voyager and ultimately, 'Has to bid adieu /The world smilingly /Waving his hand' and so discard worldly attachments and surrender whatever precious but transitory acquisitions before the all powerful time.

Personal impressions of months of the year captivate and provoke one to think deeply, for he talks of earthly and otherworldly life from the materialistic charm and consequent anguish to the metaphysical realities and at time, to spiritual life. However, swift flights of imagination and hallucinatory reflections continue unsteadiness –tossing between pleasurable and meaningful thought processes. 'Nascent neighs in November' offers glimpses of love, sensuousness and consequent pain and here, he speaks adoringly of seven horses of horizon and princess of paradise.

Often, he gives mystic touch with undercurrent of passionate feelings of love, which he thinks is eternal and all pervasive. He talks of 'Why myriad memories /Of lustful love/ Drive down to the /Hut of hearts /Years after years?' and asks questions. Then, stark reality haunts, 'When life shakes hand /With the hand of the end/ Bodies get decomposed, but /the tragic-comic fact is /There is no end of love, and/The souls...Because the cosmic call of LOVE/ prevails for /Ever and ever' makes it evident. He is aware of destiny that greets man and feels that mystery of living remains unsolved when he reaches the end of year. It has its share of grief and sorrows. Natural objects bemoan and a certain slumber overwhelms -an indication of imminent end of existence.

Man's ego and narrow-mindedness bereft of convincing voice together with thoughts of subjugating fellow beings do not help. It only hampers growth of man while violent temper further overawes righteousness, kills democratic spirit and violates human rights. Dilemma of human life it is where man is stable now and next moment, is a victim of illusions. A few images appear a little out of place in some lyrics and one has to go into the depth of meaning,

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which often evades correct elucidation and so one is prone to make frustrating eccentric interpretation. Weak thoughts about social anxieties disturb such men it is obvious.

If the first segment speaks passionately about the months of a year, poet's personal reflections engage. A bit practical, a little philosophical, metaphysical and faint inclination towards spiritual cravings is evocative and magical. The other section contains tiny lyrics, which convey meaning through images and attract attention. The thought of ultimate end haunts many lyrics. Stunning images in 'Teardrops of Sky' charm, 'Endless emptiness /extends/its palms/towards/eternal end.' Paranoiac speaks of 'A sacred lamp/in the/ hand of narrow night' and 'Old Age' knock at the door when, 'Someone/throws stones /nonstop/to the river of remembrance.' Gentle and pertinent images sum up a life in a few words and again, he is an eloquent imagist (Poet in Meditation) when he observes, 'Golden light/on the tree /in/tide less/tranquility./Shadows of soul/ are shivering, /leaves too.' Description of tranquility effectively charms even as shadow of soul disturbs leaves of the trees. It is the limit of imagination and this is transparent when he talks of the magic of women 'Wonder of Women' and the images simply hypnotize with animated message full of curiosity.

Sometimes
wilderness of women
reminds us
that
there is
enough wonder
in waves.

Thoughts of morality continue to flow in verses where he takes recourse to alliteration even if he has to coin new words. Undoubtedly, he appears enlightening to humankind, and so, espouses the cause global peace and harmony. Structure and content get adequate strength from the high-sounding words he uses effectively. Technique impresses, shrill lexis engages, unusual images provoke even as one tries to figure out depth of humanitarian message he conveys realistically. However, he is more comfortable when he goes beyond worldly reality and makes genuine efforts to connect man to the world unseen where he is in search of eternal love, compassion and peace for humanity.

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