

CREATIVE WRITING

POEMS

DAMSEL LADY

Clear night and burning star
The lady of beauty and brawn
Stout, musky body of July char
Prevented me unto the gown.

Body-tide though barred her sleep
Willing to cope her but unseen
I was shaken to the deep
To enjoy the damsel of nineteen.

Night was over, dimmed the star
Crack of dawn, beamed the lady
Busy in chore, kept me afar
Ended the day waiting the brady.

Again, sunset and evening star
And one clear call for me
She was ready, no more war
Sweated her body with glee.

DIYA OF THOUGHT

Stars glittering in the sky without the moon;
Diyas at Saryu bank without the boon.
Stars for all, *Diyas* for high brass;
Ponder it sometimes or let it pass.

Passing the years widening the gap,
Is it not on humanity, a slap?

One puts on *Diyas*, one waits to go off;
One costs one's penny, another's belly half.



Each *Diya* in mystic order laid;
Be soon off quickly; she said.

The more they lit on, the less I have;
Boasting the breeze for moving behave.

Repairs her smiles, awakens every grace;
And calls forth all the wonders of her face.

[A helpless and abandoned girl collects left/unused oil in
Ayodhya].

FUTILE DAWN

I went to temple in the dawn
 Half-naked, barefooted with desire;
I saw a doe with a fawn
 Feeding the offspring, I admire.
A lion in roaring stance
 Fierce and burning bright;
A rat of little glance
 Eating sweet with delight.
A snake around the neck
 Before His chest outrange;
A lady in sari bedecked
 Grandeeattire, subtle arrange.
Deer, lion, rat and snake
 Sari, lady and idol of fawn,
I prayed loudly, no one awake
 Futile dawn, my face drawn.

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DEATH OF A SOULMATE

A unique silence spread
An uneasy hastiness hovered all around
Normal glee and grandeur grew silenced
Nature with all beauty looked faded.

A well-bred man schooled in professionalism
Stood asking all and sundry about the mess
His modernism has blunted his kindness
Sad faces stared at him in wonder.

A poor man dressed in rags came ahead
Over weeping has turned his eyes red
Rolled his eyes across the crowd
And said 'My pleasure and purpose died.'

Every eye in the crowd wept
Sympathising with the poor man fate
The man queried about policy or flat
And said 'if not the dead was foolish mate.

The poor man overtaken with loss
Said that money was dross.
Tear for her worthy nature
Oh!she left me amid burdening venture.

The man with material acumen
Was touched with the pain .
He grew sad and said to the another man
Really, life without a soulmate is a pain.

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SHORT STORY

BREAK OF BONDAGE : A PSYCHOLOGICAL STORY

The structure of human brain is tremendous. In every behaviour of human being psychology plays an important role. Nobody perhaps, is good or bad either. Man is made of circumstance and everybody lives according to his own convictions. It is said that man behaves generally according to the convictions he has received in his early childhood days. His behaviour is guided mainly by the following factors:

- 1) An impact or incidence received in early childhood days
- 2) Trainings given in very specific ways
- 3) Some habits by birth
- 4) Something imbibed through hard labour.

The above factors may be responsible for man's behaviour throughout his life. The story in the present context is related to one such man on whom the impact of greater loss, which he received at quite an early age of life, helped him in developing a typical personality in the whole locality. That his great grandmother, who was living as a portrait on the wall, became everything for him, setting aside all the living men of the surroundings whom people call neighbours, friends or anything else. Normally such a person is also declared typical and is avoided by a large group of persons for the reasons best known only to them. So called society, in fact, has made certain systems, beyond that only genius or abnormal can go. Normally, the people of the society do not consider such man genius, rather he is considered abnormal. So called social scientists, perhaps, forget to consider that man essentially is a bundle of oddities who work and attach priority to his inner self which is not visible. True, the external behaviour, in majority of cases, is only deception. The real self of a man is his inner self with which he likes to live when one is alone or personal. It is a matter of encouragement that, of late, real social scientists have started studying this aspect of man's nature. Man may be a political, social or any other being externally, but essentially he works on the basis of his internal or hidden self. At least this is what the psychology of man's nature tells us.

Aman Bhaskar was a man on whom the memory of childhood days made such an impact that he became a riddle for the common people. They say that he lost his mother when he was only two year old, and at the age of four he lost his father. Nobody was there to take care of him except his grandmother. For him the third member of the family was the portrait of his great grand mother fixed on the northern side of the wall. Aman would not like to talk with anyone and had nothing to do with the rituals performed by his grandmother. The reason for such an aversion for rituals could not be known to anybody. The only thing he would like to do at home was only to shut himself for hours in the room where there was portrait of his great grandmother.

The man's grandmother failed to understand what his grandson used to do in the close corner of the room where there was nothing except the portrait of his great grandmother. The grandmother wanted to know but could not. She, however, did not make any further inquiry. Aman was an obedient grandson and would listen to every command of his grandmother. Aman's father had left a big ancestral house, the rent of which was enough for the maintenance of the family of the two. Aman was a good student and had taken his postgraduate degree in history. He had no friend in special and it is said that one who has no friend, the whole world is his friend. Although, frequently he used to talk with Vishal who was his neighbour, but would never share his grief with him or anyone else. Once Vishal had asked him, 'Aman I have seen some people receiving you properly when you wanted to talk, but I have also seen some people looking down upon you. Don't you feel embarrassed and reacted?' 'Embarrassed and reacted? Why should I? I have never seen people in terms of expectations. I am never happy or sad with their behaviour, I like to live only with my vision, and my only aim is not to hurt any people.' Then he would laugh mysteriously not to be understood by Vishal. Aman had another passion too, that of reading history and biography. The noble job he used to do was that of teaching history to any level of student. His interest in reading biographies was excellent. The life of Subhash Chandra Bose impressed him for he took decision and tried to fight the Britishers in his own way showing his tremendous capacity for organization and never looked back. Success and failure never meant much to Subhash Babu. Aman also liked to read Albert Einstein whom he considered a man of gifted brain. He loved to read history and biography for they helped him in how to weigh and how to judge; and, while judging, he had the realization that God cannot alter the past but historians and biographers can. And for all these things he would not forget his great grandmother, and think it is only due to her blessings that he could analyze things in such a nice way. This was also due to his conviction and faith. Nobody could deviate him even an inch of his faith in his great grandmother who had died thirty years back even before his birth. Such was the nature of his belief, and that perhaps was the best of him.

One morning Aman started weeping with loud shriek, unbelievable for many. He was complaining to the people of the locality that he was not alone till date. He said, 'My father left me when I was only four year old, my mother was gone barely when I was of two. My grandmother is still living, but today I have lost my great grandmother.' 'You have lost your great grandmother, was she alive till date,?' asked a viewer, 'we have learnt that she died thirty years back, even before your birth.' 'No she was alive in her portrait.' The viewers in all said, 'This is a mystery, how was she alive in her portrait? And if she was alive how did she die only today? Are you sure were you not talking to her ghost?' 'Not at all, replied Aman. He continued, 'There is nothing like ghost in her case. The portrait of my great grandmother was so lifelike that a spiritual relationship was established. She was alive for me, but today she is dead.' The viewers were not convinced, therefore,

they asked further, 'How do you say that she died only today?' Yes I was connected with my faith.' 'Your faith, we fail to understand,' said the viewers,' we smell something 'Gothic' here.' 'Whether you believe it or not, I am not concerned with you all, but I know I have broken my bondage today and that's why she is gone only today . The bondage was I would never weep even in the toughest of situations, and also I would never hurt the feelings of any innocent. Today I broke both my bondage as for no reason I wept and lost my faith in great grandmother, Second,I hurt the feelings of an innocent needy boy who came to me with some questions on history with a greater hope. Not only I refused but was also harsh in my behaviour with him. This , perhaps, was the fault of mine that my great grandmother left me for ever as the divine light which was reflecting from her eyes in the portrait was gone today. This was my bond with the infinite and unknown and that was the base of my living,'saying this he again started weeping.

Some young people were not convinced with this logic of Aman, but a seer understood and commented,' Aman is right. It all depends on man's staunch faith in conviction, when he thinks greater soul expects of him something good for the mankind as a whole and in no case would weep for personal loss.' 'Till date,' the seer continued,'Aman maintained the bondage between him and the infinite, but only today he deviated, therefore, his connectivity with the unknown was broken.' Despite the seer's logic some people were not ready to accept Aman's and the seer's logic.They had their own arguments to push forward.Some said,' Aman was virtually mad as in his early childhood he lost his parents the impact of that must be there on his mind'.Some said,' He must have been infatuated by the ghost of his great grandmother,while his grandmother was always with him. This was nothing but the dominance of whim and foolishness in him. Whosoever got the opportunity commented according to his own level.Aman didn't attach any importance or heed to any such comment.In fact, he was knowing, what is happening in our inner recesses ,that is the world of faith and truth cannot be known by our external recesses that is the world of mundane realities and everybody is free to interpret things in his own way as per his orientation, knowledge and education.

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THE FLAME OF HUNGER

(The original story is in Hindi titled *Charwaha* by Ramvriksh Benipuri, a renowned writer who is popularly known as 'kalam ke jadugar'. This story has been translated into English titled *The Flame of Hunger* by Yugeswar Sah)

And he was frying something in the fire of *kande*¹. Three goats were grazing in front of him. In one of them, a baby goat is hanging from the udder. At a very short distance, a cow is grazing and a calf is sleeping keeping its neck in the stomach. An old woman is cutting the grass on the right side and he is frying something into the fire of *kande*.

The East wind keeps increasing the flames of fire. He still fries something in the earthen pot. His face is scorching with the flames of fire. But his face was brimming with elation and excitement frequently. He is frying something in the fire of *kande* with devotion.

Peasants are ploughing the fields at some distance. A herd of cattle are grazing on the high land meadow. There is swaying and howling in the forest of *jhauaa*². A quail has just flown away cutting the wind with the saw of feathers. Keeping the heads high in the sky, two palm trees are dancing with delight in the background of the obscure shadow of the village. And he, with burning passion is frying something in the fire of *kande*.

A lone heron is standing gloomily in the dry drain. There is nothing but emptiness all around the harvested wheat fields. And he is frying something with ecstasy in the fire of *kande*.

He is just a ten year old boy. Nature has played a cruel joke with his face. Neither he has colour nor beauty. Just a black ghost. His swollen stomach proclaims his eternal hunger. Spreading his rickets-stricken legs, saliva dribbling from fatty lips and clumsy fingers, he has been frying something in the fire of *kande*. An extremely crowded bus has just crossed. A fatty *seth*³ couple, sitting on the rickshaw, breaking the bones of lower-aged rickshaw puller, are going. The rhythm of the song of *birha*⁴ is being broken in the mouth of the dozing *gadiwaan*⁵ on the bullock cart. Why so many people walk on the road? And why their feet run so fast? Is *laddu*⁶ being distributed in town? Let it be distributed. And he is lost in frying something in the fire of *kande*.

The grain he was frying is perhaps prepared. Saliva is drooling after getting thinner. He takes that prepared grain on his palm. The palm is being burnt. But how to throw this new edible? He takes it in the mouth quickly. But the tongue can not bear so much heat. He tries to take air by opening the mouth once or twice. But the heat of that grain which has been fried in the fire of *kande* is not decreasing. Should it be thrown out of the mouth? No. He will not commit this grave mistake. He is trying to swallow.

There is nothing but drops of sweat on his black forehead. He is gasping. The throat is burning. There is petrichor in his nose. There is tingling sensation in the ears. Where is the tongue water dried? How he would swallow? How would he spew? There is nothing but water in the eyes but why does this water not tickle on the mouth.?

A vulture has just gone after wandering over his head. Two crows are crowing before him and reminding him of their share. And after having swallowed that new grain, fried in the fire of *kande*, how he is taking the sigh of satisfaction!

Glossary

Kande: It is made from cow or Buffalo dung in round and cake shape commonly used in rural areas as fuel for cooking food.

Jhauaa: a type of bamboo from which baskets are prepared.

Seth: A rich person who deals in lending money with high interest. A rich trader. It is also a form of address to the rich people in rural areas by the poor people.

Birha: A sad song for the longing of absent beloved. A folksong in Bhojpuri dialect in couplet form.

Gaadiwaan: A person who drives/runs bullock cart.

Laddu: A type of sweets which is small in size and round in shape.

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