

Poetry

P C K Prem

Letter

It is an open letter
to convey an aesthetic message
forming a weak confession,
without period.

It confuses but interprets,
but the message is lost in words
and men involved carried no identities,
veiled probing brought out morbid hints,
that suggested another dark orientation.

Then dirty antimacassar
spread on emancipated person
running about in jungles of intellects
engaged beyond time in sorting out
differences that re-enact a scenario,
waiting for an eye for defining
limits, patterns and moulds.

No one arrives to console
in such corrosive circumstances to say,
that smoothness awaits a patient
suffering an inevitable mental agony,
assembled in tit-bits bereft of connection,
calling for a relation on pebbles
to write a detailed criticism
deriding, berating with no basis.

Smelling distanced flower is a routine
but brings no cover of consolation
and this continues unabated,
struggle to convey the spirit that
lingers on.

Consciously desiring for a communication
where cooking and feasting bring joy
of intimacy, depth and degree,
so that a letter becomes a speaking individual
with limits to indicate not a word
but an expression of meaning,
because speech fails that gives

birth to a letter searching for an identity.

The Animal

A man cannot look out
when an animal rides within,
and it is destined
to be a bitter eternal fight
and man will not escape
from bodily pain.

He shall remain in bedlam
Without thought, logic, mind
and still contain a modicum of brain,
agonized exequies
without its solidifying, an inevitable incident
Casually reported.

It is an infinite search
That knows no end,
and man shall always soften in coolness
of winter before burning candles
to the finish.

Remaining a disintegrated man,
waiting for an animal to come
and rejoin in ultimate defeats,
that cannot be averted by centuries loaded,
with scriptures and sermons
of ageless Gods.

And bells that shall remind a man
Temples, churches, where walking men
moved to become Gods,
and brightened darkness in stony-temples

To become timeless and voiceless,
statues shall there remain looking
at perversions and infirmities
without remedies.

And a man prayed without a break
in time and space awaiting deliverance
in bondages and harmony and in total chaos,
Thus man in man and animal in man
remain a destined reality.

Truth unchallenged that thrust him down
to live a perennial life of evolution,
of growth and ultimate death
a broken and disorganized living
since man in animal cannot run away,
To live an integrated existence.

Nurse

I intimately watch her
she is my nurse
smooth, loving, graceful and sublime.
Looks after a sepulchral body
tissues unborn,
she bears testimony to my pains
her face becomes stiff and rude
and at times she exhibits anger,
I profaned her smile and myself
in sympathy brought forth a sarcasm
of unrequited love born
when no love sprouted.
A strange harmony in disturbed wards
whose corridors screech to a moving halt,
of patients, limping bodies
emaciated, pale and great fluid thoughts,
remain unborn to write a book on catharsis.
Air smells foul and a nurse moves
about in blood and disease
unconcerned apparently but compassionate
wears a mark of a will
for one can challenge it to a duel.

And passion is individual and private
and compassion exclusive,
frighteningly honest
unique in temperament.

Lot of destined turbulence
and pre-willed rot
walking on ramps and electric lifts.

It discusses separations and farewells
without eyes beholding an experiment.

Her nimble fingers continue to walk
on charts and bio-data scribbled,
on pedestrian's paths, she strolls
with no regrets.

A constant friend in distress made boring
by repetition and fabled stones,
it begets life when least needed
dextrose and sodium chloride haunt
a complete recovery in truncated careers.

No one could declare it useless
nobody will retell an experience
that occurred in honeyed whispers
in eyes open and speaking
words that would not disturb air
and communicate no message.

An assembly without debate and poison
escaping without a route,
probing life in latest electronics
generations of labour bring forth,
it knows a beginning and not an end.

A private enterprise in public sector
confusion erupted in sick wards
where patient treat doctors and play
with nurses calling sisters
a Cross blinks and forgets the man.

It lives a lonely life,

here everything works naughty in silence
of forced anesthesia.

What a torturing wait for consciousness
when dreams of a glowed and glittering,
but dulled sensibility
hope for an extra lubrication.

A sheer lie and an end without hope
and thus alongside the patient bed
grows an intimacy
that shall write an autobiography,
with smudged thoughts and lies unknown.

An utter confusion
on hospital corridors making futile
tries for locating extinguishers,
to press and break them
for fire shall spread and burn
and nobody shall live to read
an autobiography.

Dead Lives

The search of a piqued intellect
for perfection of life bemoans
over the vast desert of modern consciousness,
made worst by the spiritual skepticism.

Doubts follow rashness of a clouded death
death that seems the glory of life,
to valiant on whose grave fungus grows,
for whom failure seeks divine beatitude
in this confused orchestration of life.

But in anguished soul finds escape impossible
from this labyrinth of disfigured images
only failure envelopes the intellect,
that feels the tragedy of modern times
Self-centered and ready for self-surrender.

Lost obscurely in absolute moral bankruptcy,
for failure in character of politics
maintains the hollowness, the shame
and ugly defections teach,
leaders faithful to amass banefully
the undisciplined riches of thousand tears.

But screaming ideals at the top of voice
whose vision assumes deadening dimness
paranoia and bodily levity.

Spoils the game
shallowness murders the soul forever
where aching body lives in death.

Somewhere unwished pains torture
hearts bleed with grief,
seeing the impotency of efforts
warring opinions bring the fall.

Those wrinkles on age-old thoughts
in queer dark interludes,
where tuneless music haunts
putrefying the morals of preachers,
who dust and elusion embraced
thus becoming soulless and spiritless.

And now wrecks of a world shapeless cry
whose death-like shadows,
sojourn in gloom over the horizon,
with spirits of dead who lives now.

And an embittered moon witnesses
naked butchery of man piloted deceitfully,
assisting wind ignobly polluted
earth fails and groans for peace,
so peace has landed on moon
savagely undone the spirits of man.

Its manifold illusions uprooted the man
making the dust of moon dry,
not cool and peace giving but burning
these zombie-like dwarfs always boast,
sing the song of glory deceased
of transient life and relics self-designed.

And agony of calamitous distortions
of feelings that stirred the brain dead
ignorant and wanton creatures,

secreted in instincts infidel.

Rebelling against hopes unfed
where edifice of peace crumbles,
in disgust it lamentably scrambles
for an existence that moves away.

Stumbled mind in wavering bodies
lives like the dead listlessly,
on the vast marooned canvas of life
where dances a man with the spirits
of the dead who live now.

About the Poet

P C K Prem (P C Katoch of Garh-Malkher, Palampur, Himachal, a Former Academician, Civil Servant and Member of Himachal Public Service Commission, Shimla) an author of several books is a poet, novelist, short story writer, trans-creator and a critic in English and Hindi from Himachal, India. He has published eleven volumes of poetry along with Collected Poems besides six books on criticism, four books on ancient literature, two on folk tales, six novels and four collections of short fiction. In Hindi, he has authored twenty novels, nine books on short fiction and a collection of poems besides more than a hundred critical articles, reviews and critiques published in various national and international journals and anthologies.

Echoing Time and Civilizations (Editors –Rob Harle, Sunil Sharma and Sangeeta Sharma) 2015 and *The Spirit of Age and Ideas (in the Novels of P C K Prem (Editor –Dr Laxmi Prasad)* in 2016 and *Kathasagar of P C K Prem* (Dr Jogindra) are books on him. His recent publications are *History of Contemporary Indian English Poetry – an Appraisal* (2019) in two volumes, *The Lord of Gods* (2019) in two volumes, based on *Srimadbhagavata Mahapurana* and the latest *As I Know 'The Lord of the Mountains' Shiva Purana* (2021).

He lives in Palampur, Himachal, India.