

P C K Prem

Tales of Half Men

Chorus lines 1

A bitter break in historic bonds it is
and I am a child of midnight
of relations rooted,
in societal ethnicity
and a maniac in search of a location.
A babe of dreams unrealized,
played with sticks and shepherds,
cows, buffalos, sheep and goats
I took little pets to the pastures,
cocks, hen, parrots and pigeons followed
without noise at a distance,
as we shared sighs and sights,
of immature love with tender wet skin
under dark shades of trees.
I talked to birds I remind
and animals I took to the grass land
at times, eyes spoke a crypt language
which even I failed to decipher.
Who am I, a question arose?
am I man, a thought surges?
As relations and blank space haunted,
an area of love, of sound and music
appeared radically mystic
as I failed to define a wet skin of passions.

Chorus lines 2

It barely flashed on the mind
that I ate ample meat of many birds
of sheep, goats, hare and cock
and intense twinges bled profusely

as blood stained curses of a hushed voice
shudder now in memories hearty.
I ate meat and yummy it tasted
and took time but I was strong
that killing on the streets and roads,
and places of ringing bells was
a cultural need
to satisfy human appetite,
as feelings of nausea and disgust
filled the body
while blood littered around.
Cried visions of pagans, mock laughter
hisses and slanting lips,
I was told to forget a man's job
in brassy invectives as hoarse voices echoed
and singed throat as if nice to kill
to live life on unlimited terms of an end
because past's over-viewing future can't revoke
an unusual caucus conspiring
to capsule present with tribal instinct,
but it is a history defying reason
that politics is an animal with a man's head
among the society of half men.

Chorus lines 3

Eye-language of animals resists,
and birds lack option in hunter's noose
as dumb live in fretful times of inquiry
by the lord of death,
where a wordless hunt digs a hole deep,
and in the heart fosters a recurrent truth
of death in tentative times by men,
or by men who may be half men
as the thoughts throb
agonizing to digest, I weep alone.
As an adolescent I learnt to live
in the fields, jungles and grasslands
in fiery hills along an eely foliage,
I frisked about, scrambled,
and lived in old caves to bury secrets,
of incestuous relations and ancestors.

With unending feasts on barbecue
with scores of man-eaters, panthers
birds and cannibals too, infused vigour
and nerves stirred
a wild liberty of forest sandy,
when pacified brisk flickers of heart,
wrestled with doctors' forks and pincers,
wandering with tipsy fingers,
at times slipping into the nurses' bodies
while the women on table in green robe
trying to give birth to half men,
and men headless.

Chorus lines 4

Deep furrows, pines and deodars
and distending hill ranges,
deserted specks of bare snow
on grimy peaks and barren valleys,
appeared in search of a land to rest on
as silent souls of mute springs wished to flow,
for these nature's objects loved
so that men live in muted harmony,
despite an uprooted location
of men and women who nurse.
But still rustling leaves
and runny melodies, and wild roots
fruit and spring water,
life ancient yet modern, of sounds
whacking words unsaid
tranquilize and amaze.
Culture lenient is crusted
burgled and arsons disturbed,
loud festivities, songs, and numbing cries
dynamic and rational all,
collided to prolong a tempest
as a ritual to linger on and desecrate,
let alone clamour in focus
beyond the hills, trees and rocks
in feelings far off those words,
as sentiments of alliance
pestering kindly in the jungles,
to remind a truth eternal.

Chorus lines 5

It rained, softened earth
 and radiated smiles
 clouds in sky floated as if it ruled,
 spread over and touched sky
 it was a brazen life force.
 Like lullaby and amorous whispers
 breeze wafted beside placid touches,
 and walked in melodic mumbles
 in music with a soul of jungles,
 hopped-tripped in chaste prayers,
 to spread over the bed
 to taste moments of pleasure.
 Here God lives in each pulsation
 she is a little goddess,
 wishing for a mausoleum that has no casket.

About the Poet

P C K Prem (P C Katoch of Garh-Malkher, Palampur, Himachal, a Former Academician, Civil Servant and Member Himachal Public Service Commission, Shimla) an author of nearly sixty 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 hundred critical articles, reviews and critiques published in various national and international journals and anthologies. He is recipient of Himachal State Guleri Award, Academy award and *Bharat Hindi Rattan* award and several other literary and social awards.

P C K Prem -*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 latest publications are - *History of Contemporary Indian English Poetry – an Appraisal* (2019) in two volumes and *The Lord of Gods* (2019) also in two volumes, based on *Srimadbhagavata Mahapurana*. Presently, he lives at Palampur, Himachal.