

POETRY

SWAYAMBHUA

P C K Prem

1

It is living activitised for him
over hills, clouds and storms
in deep darkness of the sky
and rollicking kicks.
It is waltzing with jazz and disco
Sans rhythm and music roaring
And even so he prompts himself
To discover new lands.

There open up a hidden treasure
of meaning in vacuum.
man runs in all directions
he chases shadows
on the other side
on all the sea shores
and mountains' streams
marble torrents and airy heights
he searches and flows
with dirty hissing waters
and washes hands in clear sky
while reality eludes him
in chilled fears
he drinks black water
of pungent odour
that poisons him
to immortality.

2

He rushes to all sides
in dry winter
and discovers himself
in a deserted society
moving like an avalanche
breaking into tiny cells
visualizing spirits of streams.

It is a reflected existence
in desolate fragments
from his lonely excluded realms
where scattered thoughts
invade in crowds
to slaughter individuals
run by machines that speak
in cranks and jerks
on railway liens
laid to impress purpose.

It is a planned living
in tensions of time
where man contemplates
a virtual suicide in hard times
without throwing a body.

3

It is his murder
without spilling blood
and it flows in red drops
over iron, wood and pebbles
it is scattered
in areas wide and dark
ghosts visit and weep
about life lived
along a continuous journey
between ashes and immersion
in a holy river
where epitaphs voice
a silent lie
in the loneliness
of disappearing ashes

and here man's relations
grieve over with tears
and cries without substance.

4

and where passions go dreary
for he has the wisdom of life
and tremendous inkling of death
awful and somber
a theme immortal
he repeats an enigma
in hours of self pity
quietly drumming up
ordinary protestations
against cool punishment
he stares and bowls
in total impudence.

Thus ultimately creates
fears on paperbacks
in sensations
and oozing sex without warmth.
It is in mechanical designs
that man wastes himself.
On a morning of early subdued summer
he yawns into non-existence
watching breakfast television
giving bored visuals of honking
leaders with heads of foxes
and jaws dripping blood
who vie with each word
and survive in each fragment
of a minute.

5

It is a routine
a spiritless journey
to jungles of orgies
a crude repletion
without a sustaining thought
and thus the spouse
of today Satampa suffers

who can't withdraw to forest
 for practicing austerities
 with his consort
 and so man watches colours
 that smile and cry
 on faces without the shape
 of man's head
 an unsure artist draws
 a picture hazy
 on canvas old and torn.

6

Figures in lines
 camouflage to form
 a distracted appearance
 taking tea on dirty beds
 resting against pillows
 a rape in agreement
 but noise and sensational
 for news of private moments
 and modern Satampa's TV
 becomes a living reality
 and her Sanjay becomes blind
 with Dhritrashtra gaining sight
 to have glimpse
 of dark and polluted Delhi
 that deflects
 Manas without mercy
 for he is learning to live in fragments.

7

It is a laughing scene
 that invents a third eye
 a destiny studded with stars
 and stones
 planets at a deep blue distance
 a sad and cynical commentary
 walking always without notice
 like autumn's camphor.
 And with knowledge
 of the firstborn and Genesis
 of known and still unknown

and awaiting God's Commando
which now originate
from the mouth
of a silent lady
who became a widow
in suicidal bomb blasts
and he builds the world.

8

Now today's God says
to him
to Satampa and all
the world is a tree
it has fruit poisonous
though shalt eat of it
each inch
each piece of living flesh
each drop of human blood
warm and fresh
'And though shalt eat
Drink
And so thou shalt
Live for ever
In life and death.'

It is cartoon-flooded farce
it rebuilds Shakespeare and Kalidas
to re-enact scenes
of wild history
and fetching heroes
lost in tombs and entombed
forts and palaces
talking and singing
of death and destiny
and mysteries
a hazy living televised
at breakfast time
without an end.

9

It is joining loose ends
without a hook

life without a direction
body without a soul
and with heart that appeases
physical hunger not emotions.

In oblique woods
so said Siddhartha of Hesse.
And initiated a man like him
to non-living
and sips his tea slowly
with passions
and without taste.
A straight walk into body
serialized in black and white
breaking into images
fragments
that give many meanings
without words.

10

He reads books and forgets
understands but cannot communicates
he says, fails and kills himself
without a wound
it is a dark sadness
and a redeeming grace
to save a face
without a canvas
it cannot be his tragedy
for he waited
for disfigurements I agony
of living without a design.
He thinks of eliminating
pests and weeds within
for his is a definition
of man filling this earth
circumcised in guts and values.
It is God's humiliation
in darkness and high hills
where he runs in all directions
but escapes through one path
exhibiting outlets
without an entry.

11

A pipeline to carry him
a tunnel like digging
into the vast world
that shows him the way
in tiny particles
ridiculous in attitude
a style without an imitation
a fractured living with an image
without reflection.
And he stands I unsympathetic
summer rays
and gingers tremble
as he crashes into newspapers
without an authenticity
and a message.
An ugly comparison
That never expected a date
with fate
that embraces and stares
at his incapacity.

12

It is his living
in intuitive premonition
of a fugitive
of earth like Cain
waiting for perdition
without an end
in a land usurped
by changing papers subtly
and shedding tears
for the destitute.
A painful experience
in crude infertility
with man she bedded with
and a woman he ravished
without the heat of a woman
in love.
A clock like movement
in precision and finish

no scope to run in waste.

13

It is already a drama
without a plot
there he lives and breathes
in day and out of day
without asking as to why he lives
and revisits a life
in these perforated images
of curious dimensions.
It is silence of the deep sea
noise rockets ridden sky
that grinds itself
into a thousand pieces
of plants, birds and mountains
moulding fate and man
who walks to the world
in search of purpose
and essence of stagnation
it is a question
that defies solution.

14

He has witnessed
strange bargains
business runs as usual
here men sell men without pity
here women are seduced
and tall men enjoy
and drink death
and auction virtues
and corrupt societal set up
without a stop.
Daddies run amuck
remain intoxicated
and forget relations
to fall victim
to starvations and bartering
here mothers are fucked
and daughters run into fathers
so relations become suspect

it is science
where men fail
to recognize depths
speaking through living beings
who are dead
merely fossilized memories
but thrive
nursing trivial connections
based on needs material
or otherwise
it is a heartless depiction
without service.

15

All work without purpose
it is a mass service
inviting church-bells
and prayers in temples
it is a mad crowd
running with headless men
and without hearts
a mindless race where crowds
collide and collapse
among dry trees
and sandy mounts
where rivers become parched
it is a thirst
without a drink.

A man without a face
and a face sans man
mutilated and ghost
who dreams with open eyes
and scenario remains misty dark
when human beings walk in shapes
of legs, arms, eyes and lips
and he collects a huge fragment
to see himself in it.

16

He thinks of kings
and kingdoms
writes about goodness

heaven and Paradise
of Doves he sings songs
no ghost and evil spirit.

He is a priest in man
there is scripture
he embodies religion
and slowly empties bowels
of nuts and butts
he exists and looks alike
no bombs, arson and lies
no rapes and limits
it is free and he is a bird
among all
full of freedom and free of lies
he smiles
but rushes to the hooting
of machines
and awakes to bleeding truth.

17

He is not now but he was
in thoughts
he is a ghost now crying
death
he is pained but rejoices
destined to become noble
and turns into a rose
of sweet smell and honey
fated to die condemned.

Lies in thorns and inferno
of shame and continuous hatred
so cannot save himself
he is in him who walks naked
hungry and skeleton
changes into a ravishing man
who lives in palaces
walks not on earth
but flies in iron and robots
a second name.
He is a priest who worships
a manager who manages

vast work and fields.

A worker who moulds workers
and manufactures mind-boggling
machines that move
he is dissolved
among preachers and teachers
leaders and loafers
he builds and he weeps
he breathes
and laughs incessantly.
He lives on many planes
without fulfillment
he survives and struggles
in all births
without completeness.

18

He prays and swindles
away from truth and facts
he is curious
and enacts a farce
he knows he is destined
to die in a deserted
autumn of emotionless-ness
he lives in pieces
and in whole.
And he thinks
it is a meditation
as if on the bank
of river Sunanda
that long years are wasted
and Manu passions unanswered
when assumes the role of
demos and ogres
to finish himself.

He could not be the same God
like Eros
a wild boy in childhood
with no respect
for age or station.
And still flows about

on golden wings
shooting barbed arrows
or wantonly hearts on fire
Manu was to renounce
and meditate
for he was fated
to live complete
but still incomplete
and in small lives
collecting evidence
to make a history.

He tries to become a God
but responds not to prayers
offered daily in despair
he challenges his identity
that is inconsequential
and without value
but ends up in tiny portions
defying collection
for he is a man destined
to die and breathe
in fractured life with 'the self'
Not the body?

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.