

Kulbhushan Kushal's Rainbow on Rocks: A Knock on Human Conscience

Moved with the morass of modern times and torn with the troubles of his fellow-beings, the poet's mind overflows effortlessly to give expression to his sensitivities. He acts as a soothsayer as his enlightened vision enables him to predict the destiny of mankind. In his recent poetic collection 'Rainbow on Rocks', the poet takes a meditative spree to merge into and emerge frequently out of the world of displacements where 'rainbow' has been shifted from the sky and placed on 'rocks'.

Infinitiveness, tenderness, beauty, spontaneity and sensitivity are some of the characteristics of ideal poetry, according to the poet. In his poem entitled "poetry" he asserts that poetry is fabricated with the flights of fancy, innocence, meaningful motives, curiosities and rhythms of universal life as:

Poetry is echo
Of the restless spirits
Trapped in tunnels ...93

The virtues and motives of poetry are associated with benevolence and beauty. But poet's hurt conscious – the progeny of hostile circumstances, is deviated from the actual motive of creativity, which doubles his agonies and anguish.

Poet's desperation compels him to peck into the hassles caused by the existential predicament of transitional modern set up in the poems "transition", "twilight" and "Rocks". Thrills, freshness and beauty of life has been replaced by a state of oblivion and vexation. Instead of holding "Rainbows in their beaks" the "twittering sparrows" now are "clad in the rainbow" hinting at the artificiality in modern life. Modern man is caught in the whirlpool of dreams because he feels that future is uncertain. The poet reflects:

Deep into the sea of eyes
Whirlpool of dreams
The sharks laugh (76)

Piercing keenly into the complexities of modern set-up, the poet uses interesting symbols. "Grey moon" hints at the dullness and monotony of modern life whereas sky has been referred to as a 'tunnel', which signifies the intellectual confinement and prison-like existence of modern man. Delineating the chaotic condition of today's world, the poet laments to say that in this world morality has been replaced by glittering artificiality. "The night is too bright" seems to highlight the intellectual imprisonment of man i. e. his incapacity to recognize human values. Social life is suspended rather paralyzed as 'children now run in the drawing –rooms' and due to breach of faith in mutual relationships, familial ties have broken and shattered forever as 'the conjunctions are too weak to connect'.

A recurrent symbol in the poetry of Dr. Kushal is that of 'rocks'. In his conversation with Dr. Neb, the poet reflects, "Rocks have always fascinated me for their static disposition and nature Their barren faces remind me of the inherent barrenness of the modern urbanized way of life which paradoxically, in spite of high tech movement and mechanical movements continue to reflect rock like static presence..."(Kushal 58). In the poem entitled 'rocks', rocks symbolically signify a stagnant life lacking flow of conscious.

Emotional sterilization has made man incapable of deriving any enjoyment from life itself.

Meaninglessness of life has been well conveyed here:

In spring
They dance not
With the music of rain
They are cursed to stay awake

In the moonlit nights... (p. 86).

Rocks' also seem to be a crystallized evidence of the evolution of life on this planet, a quite witness of the history of mankind. And 'rocks' will be there to see the unraveling of the mysteries of future. Presently, 'rocks' form a bridge to maintain link between past and future.

Impact of the rottened convictions is so intense that man has been deprived of the sense of deriving pleasure from nature. Life conjoined with nature is peaceful, joyous and wholesome but man's intermittent interference with courses of nature i.e. "planting of marines \in their wombs \made them furious" and incur the wrath of 'Varuna' "to chastise the astray sons \and daughters."(79-80).

Beaches – a shrine of nature otherwise signify an abode of peace but now this tranquility has been distorted by the complexities of life. Entangled mind of the modern man has become unfamiliar with spontaneity, naturalness and simplicity and is incapable of attaining peace anywhere.

'Breaches' are breaking mutual relationships and an effort to restore lost faith seems to be an improbability. The big dustbins of 'five-star-hotels' are full of 'fresh rose bouquets' weeping for dead sensitivities and sterilized emotions.

Changing times and changing sensibilities permeate the poet's perception in such a way that we find a reversal of romanticism almost everywhere in his poetry. The idea in "Beaches and Breaches" is that nature instead of giving solace has become restless like man and rather than influencing human minds, seems to have been affected by the nasty tricks of man:

"Man...

Crookedly perceives

And attributes

The gentle blessings of nature

To the tricks of his magic wand ..."(72)

The poem "Reluctant Autumns" reminds Wordsworth's "Lines written in Tintern Abbey" but the idea incorporated in "Reluctant Autumns" is quite contrary to Wordsworth's views. 'Cold summer' i. e. the hopelessness of modern life, emotional vacuum and human apathy make 'winters hot' denoting anguish, agitation and abhor leading to 'Reluctant Autumns' i.e. dilemmas blurring human vision, thus debarring man to have clear conceptions and perceptions.

'Lily' signifying tender emotions has been replaced by 'cactus', which signifies the pinching and hurting ways of modern life. In the course of life, 'spring' has become legend. Freshness, vigour and joy exist no more as 'spring' seems to have vanished from the scene. Autumn is prolonged; it has become perennial and it rules the whole universe to the utter dismay of the poet. Life has become a "perpetual shower\of yellow leaves\falling incrementally."(15-16).

The blow of a nightmarish existence is so hard that the poet has lost all hope for a better future. A sensitive heart has to make a strenuous effort to "recycle bits, wits and relations" in order to grow accustomed to the flourishing consumer-culture of modern (strange) time. Nourishing the instinct of 'receiving instead of giving' has devoid all human relationships of emotional intensity and the crafty citizen of modern times need not plan strategies because "they are injected in our veins". But even the strategies do not bear any fruit and the result is "hunger" i.e. discontentment and dissatisfaction. Hunting for 'Eklavyas' hint at the absence of devotion and denial of truth in the modern world.

"Vengeance" is another cognitive expression where the vision of the poet becomes more ironic. Cultural amalgamation on global scene has created a serious problem of identity – crisis for modern man. But the height of absurdity is that man instead of being conscious of the identity-crisis, is proclaiming to have raised his stature. Symbols that used to reveal the mysteries of eternal

values have lost their meaning in the labyrinths of the modern times. Beauty and tenderness associated with art has been distorted and blemished. Poet refers to this anarchic state of affairs as “the topsy-turvy world” in which man’s real self-suppressed and stressed, crushed and crumpled under the heavy weight of unnaturalness, indifference and ‘compassionate oppression has learnt ‘to live behind masks. And in the ‘devastation decorum’ of modern culture, masked faces have become so indispensable that man feels alienated from his individual self. Now his effort is “to unmask the masks\ To look for our faces”. (p. 29).

Poet’s conscious again and again pricks him to contemplate on the cultural deterioration and the turbulent state of affairs caused thereby. Reflective imagery used by the poet in “Divine Brands” delineates his emotive chill and chagrin in the most effective manner. ‘Mountains’ otherwise signifying vastness have become cancerous whereas ‘rocks’ instead of being solid are ‘hollow’ from inside indicative of the hollowness of modern civilization. Rainbow – an emblem of heavenly bliss has been used as an image of hellish ugliness and a place where the vultures seek their food: the dead rotten flesh. The poet says:

It’s the festival of brands
Daronacharaya is back in our studios
With all his archery stunts
And Krishna is there
On our pastes and paanmasalas (p. 49)

Here mythical references of Dronacharya and Lord Krishna have been cited “as a poetic strategy to appreciate the power of myth”. (Kushal57). Dronacharya, responsible for the great war of Mahabharata because of his biased approach has been placed in the studios (the abode of artists) ; thus polluting the fineries of art with his tricks and twists whereas Lord Krishna – a heavenly figure , detached from illusion and Maya and an epitome of perfection has been allotted an insignificant place on ‘pastes and paanmasalas’. It is quite difficult to adjudge the ratio of degradation.

The poet is a helpless onlooker of the cultural chaos of the cultural chaos created in the present set-up where consumer-culture has crushed values, confused meanings and cursed times. Life has become a synonym for bold show-casing and bare self-centeredness. Poetry instead of being an expression of emotions recollected in tranquility has become an amusing word play with “crippled meanings”. The anarchic state of the modern world is well reflected in these lines:

These are not the times
To curse the seas
For drowning our ships
They are busy
Counseling the whales
And taming the sharks... (p. 90).

Poet is no more afraid of the nightmares as the reality he has to confront is more horrid and terrific than nightmares. The monstrous growth of a demonic world has troubled his susceptibilities so much that he has to make a strong effort to procure his conscious against the morbid ambience of this nightmarish cultural crux. The negative forces are so active and potent that the poet has not been able to secure his ‘son’ even who “is gradually getting accustomed to the culture of nights”. (p.740) Wavering of poet’s restless mind is an outcome of his yearning for beauty, thrill, exuberance, enthusiasm and harmony in life and the inability of modern ways to satiate that yearning . He is compelled to say:

Read not my poems

...

They are yet to meet

Fairies dancing

Under a peepal tree (92)

His voice of revolt against the changing patterns of human existence where nature is neglected and history overlooked, finds expression in different ways, in the cultural chaos of the modern world, history: a record of cultural heritage is uprooted of its actual context with the result that great historical figures “ Laughing Alexander”, “Schematic Chanakya” and “ Old man heading the Dandi procession” do not inspire to follow their footsteps. The poem ends with an honest confession of the poet that he is still making an endeavor to delve deeper into the labyrinths of life’s riddle by “ exploring types \ puncturing Archetypes” (p. 92)

Notes and References

1. Kushal, Kulbhushan (2005), *Rainbow On Rocks*, Jalandhar: Nirman Publications. All subsequent references are to this edition of poetic collection and are enclosed in parentheses within the text of the article.
2. Neb, N.K., “ A Conversation with Kulbhushan Kushal”, Pragati’s English Journal, Vol., 6 No. 1(June, 2005) (p.58)
3. “A Conversation with Kulbhushan Kushal”(p. 57).

Rainbow on Rocks: an Echo of the Restless Spirit

Thirty seven poems collected in the volume titled *Rainbow on Rocks** are a testimony of the mature poetic vision and chiseled poetic tools used by the poet Kulbhushan Kushal, who has done a remarkable task in these poems – introspecting, meditating, probing, interrogating and communicating the heart-felt thoughts and concerns of graver nature. Rainbow on rocks is not sitting static and relaxed on the rocks rather it becomes a metaphor for the flights of fancy- allowing the poet to feast on its multi-hued beauty. It also serves as a vehicle for gazing the globe around from various angles, taking different shapes and dives as per the moods, fancies and perceptions of the gazer. The rainbow also changes colours, positions and time-shifts to help the poet have a panoramic view of the things peeped into. The “dark rainbow” in the poem “Dark Rainbow” during the “long dreary wintry nights ” makes the “grandfather – fiddling with his hooka” recall

... with a wistful smile The slaughter of a damsel
And the melting of silver Kept in folded velvet
Before he was declared an alien
In his own land

The “ twists and turns” of his stories not only engross the listeners but also prompt them to question

Why has it happen so

... who partitions the air
Linking the sky and the land
Whose air do we breathe
And whose warmth do we steal

The darkness of the night, the mystery of the dark saga and the ugliness of the devastating happenings have been very aptly evoked and negated in this poem.

The alert and penetrating sensibility of the poet with the “baggage” of cultural, literary, historical, mythical, philosophical and scriptural “collective unconscious” in Eliotesque manner alludes to the past making responsive demands from the reader to ascertain the links and juxtapose the past and the present and study parallels and contrasts to understand the ironic vision of the poet in almost every poem. Exploring his personal unconscious, the poet reflects that having lived “fifty cold summers / fifty winters hot “he is not “sure of the happiness” and feels like talking of “the shades of pain” which are too deep. What pains him most is the culture of hypocrisy and show- off which has become the way of the world. He feels:”uncomfortable” to see the “ rotten freshness / A painted face / A painted smile” and is sad over “the masked faces” we invent “for all seasons, reasons and treasons” and live a life of pastiche, In this milieu of “rehearsed” responses

Our tinkering with ourselves
Has led us to
The invention of a mask
For all age groups

And for all troops

Since this fake living has “debilitated our souls,” there is a plea to make conscious efforts to “unmask the mask/To look for our faces” which alone will help us see our real selves and build sincere relationships with others.

Anguished at the detereoratition of values, lack of commitment and hollowness of human souls, the poet declares, “ we are ghosts.”

In the waste land
We are the protagonists
We have soiled the souls
Ravished the innocence
We pray to holy ghosts
But live not with them

In this faithless and trustless world “we hold each other’s hands “ “not out of love, but fear.” The poet’s gaze in these “out of joint “times senses “disorder,” barren successes/ Mock satiations/ Proxy fulfillments” and the “Angels from Hell” let loose who have “negotiated / The price of spirit.”

Diving on the ends of the rainbow, on one side the poet perceives the negative impacts of globalization initiating us to the “topsy turvy world” by eroding the home- land cultures and values and on the other the sway of consumerism and multi-media technology turning religion, culture and even motherly love “with a smile pasted on the face “ into “customized items.” The grandma’s smile snapped in a photograph in a “dusty album” is video taped as one sample of smiles to be “rehearsed” by the girls going on a picnic. In the

festival of brands with” multi-colored confetti “ the divine brands are used to launch and sell the commodities.

... Krishna is there
On our pastes and panmasalas

Goddesses are guarding
The commodities cheap

In the “cultural logic” of “the late capitalism” the media through the ads present

... tantalizing
Raw, scented, jerky bodies
Ejaculating fragrance

to enthrall and captivate the viewers to consume the latest brands which they are led to believe will

Make us innocent
Make our cheeks look smart
Make wrinkles less visible
And let frowns drown
In the twinkling of smiles
And glittering teeth

The impact of this play is so fast and gripping that

In one shot we presume
assume, we consume

We

The poet has very deftly captured the fluidity of meanings, restlessness of spirits, body consciousness, hyper-activity, fragmentation and fickleness of postmodern condition in a thought-provoking poem “Strange Times.”

Meandering meanings
In the bright tunnels
Zigzag conversations
Wild, lusty eyes
Restless mobiles
Flirting channels

Use and throw
Throw and use
Recycle bits
Recycle wits
And recycle relations

The poet laments that in these “strangest times” we have become “ shock immune.” In this visible darkness the poet is not afraid of the nightmares of “ the howling demons,” shrieking witches,” “ dancing ghosts,” “blood sucking cobras and man-eaters in the forest of Malgudi.” All these have become “ineffective” on him. What scares him more is that his young son is “gradually getting acculturated / To the culture of nights.”

He feels keeled by the molestation of the beauty of “a sweet fragrant girl of twelve” by “ the bearded smart smiling gentleman” who “Disappeared in distant lands / Now Presiding over the charity shows.” The “deliverance” attained by a helpless father by roping his neck because of his inability to arrange dowry for handing over his daughter to “a dream prince” since the crops failed due to draught deeply unnerves the poet. The havocs caused by the catastrophic phenomenon of Nature like “the engulfing floods” appear to him as Nature’s signals

To remind us
How our anarchy has robbed
The peace of the earth

And how our ears have stopped
Listening to the music
Of water, fire, earth
Ether and wind

The poet’s “ rainbow of memories” recalls the lovely scenes of

Twittering sparrows holding
Rainbows in their beaks
Smiling pigeons waiting
For the fairies dark
Inviting children
Singing ‘ twinkle twinkle little stars ‘
Wondering where they are
Refuse to retire

But now the twittering sparrows “clad in the rainbow” and “smiling pigeons” “frown at glowworms” who “fly across heaven “ where “the fairies dark / Don’t stretch their hands” to dance with them. In their place

Deep into the sea of eyes
Whirlpool of dreams
The sharks laugh

The survey of these and many more sights at the global and local levels makes the poet’s spirit “nauseating” and “ restless.” In these turbulent times when water “drenches us drier,” when we don’t pray for “the lost,” and “The dead are gone/The alive are cursed to stay,” the parched soul of the poet sees no hope for benediction. Hence his vision does not invoke or visualize “the second coming” of the Son of God to redeem mankind. Rather he wishes “ the anarchy to rule the world,” waits for generations to “fall apart” and *mahapralaya* to make all creation “willingly” slip “to a sleep” so that a new dawn may rise from the “ springs of creation.”

After giving us glimpses of his roamings on the swings of rainbows and his ruminations, the poet forbids us to read his poems in the poem “ Read Not My Poems” because of his many reasons. But it is a poetic way of drawing keen attention of the reader. The very serious issues raised by the poet no doubt acclaim the attention and reflection .The poet declares that his poems are “still busy / Exploring types / Puncturing

archetypes” because the grand narratives of stale philosophies, histories, religions, myths and stories have proved irrelevant and have failed to provide him succour. Hence he beseeches to

... detoxify your stories

It’s time to replenish our arsenals

No doubt Kushal’s poem are “the echo “ of his “restless spirit” “trapped in tunnels” making “prophetic pronouncements in silent valleys” but his quest is for

Nectar Divine

In the rainbows

Dense, dark and bright

These poems enlighten, jolt and prompt the reader to decode the messages conveyed through the aptly vivid and suggestive imagery, unconventional combinations of words, racy but reflective flow of feelings and thoughts and “the language of gestures” which certainly is “mightier than / the imprints of print.” The reader is left impressed not only by what is said but also by what is left unsaid, struggling to understand the enigma of rainbows created by the wonderful fancy of the poet.

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*Kulbhushan Kushal, *Rainbow on Rocks* (Jalandhar City: Nirman Publications,2005)

K.B.Kushal’s *Shrinking Horizons* : A Review

Dr.Kushal’s poems in ‘Shrinking Horizons’ point in unison to the desecration of the temple which the human body and soul were intended to be, by their own carrier- man. It is believed that man was the outcome of a Divine craft that combined the five elements, and then performed yoga for millions of years to create this gleaming shrine. The deification of economic growth based on materialistic foundations and consumerism has created anarchy in today’s so called new-age society. The poet is craving for an ideal system of platonic governance with due respect for ethical sensitivities. He is disgusted with the chaos and anarchy that has become the symbol of modern civilization. “...And the question of dharma has been man’s central concern from pre-agrarian to post-modern society. Hardly has been a time when we observe the absence of strain from righteousness. The purpose of education, apart from downloading skills and competencies- is to upload value sensitivities from the tradition so that the anarchy is kept in check and the sting of darkness is blunted by different patterns of light,” Dr.Kushal stressed during a recent interview.

Shrinking Horizons is about shrinking traditions, shrinking values, shrinking communication, shrinking compassion, and shrinking relationship shrinking childhood, and shrinking grief over the dead. All in all, about shrinking humanity. The shrine so painstakingly built by the creator has lost its primordial shine. The poet is craving for an ideal system of platonic governance with respect for

ethical sensitivities. He is disgusted with the chaos and anarchy that has become the symbol of modern civilization as depicted in 'Angels of Chaos':

*Hungry chaos now
Is devouring shores
Kissing homes, domes*

*In the dungeons dark
Dance angels of chaos*

*No rest within
No respite without
(Angels of Chaos: p.24)*

Shrinking Horizons is a wonderful introduction to a great poet who has much to teach us about —in the poet's own words—" affluence is the source of mischief, scarcity in their attitudinal orientations.. the compelling need for an education that touches, transforms; not an education whose journey is over with the industrial scale manufacturing of degrees and certificates. "

The poet is craving to be with Nature. And he is craving for pristine innocence. "And our craving for satyuga is the craving for pristine innocence- shuchita- the purity sublime which vedanta says is our natural abode, and urges us to make a clarion call and declare- "Aham Brahmasmi" and "Tat twam sset."

*Their grip is too mighty
Their hold too knotty
Who can liberate me
From these shadows
(Shadows:p.42)*

The poet wishes "to run away –in the land of- meditating rocks- dreaming deserts-melancholy mountains- sleepy stones.'

The poems in this collection are into holes or windows, to catch sight of the invisible spiritual waste as well as the obvious moral and spiritual degeneration. The degeneration of human values in recent times has disturbed the poet, and his despair know no bounds. He has made an honest assessment of the situation in his poems. His childhood buddy- the river Sangarma- seems always to beckon to him and the agony of separation from his soul mate, Sangarma, is evident, especially when he has to spend his later years in the concrete jungle of a faceless, heartless megapolis.

*All the pearls
May mean
Nothing to you
Compared with the
Rays of the sun*

*The touch
Of the earth
The kiss
Of your child
The embrace of your lady*

*Soul now tattered
The body fettered
Feelings featherless
The metallic heart
Oozing blood*

*We transformed
To stones
Dream of paradise
From where
We were exiled
(Victim p.45)*

Sun, sweetness, a promise of love and freedom that the heart drinks up and, losing it, grieves as it darts away and is lost in the maze of civilization. When he refers to 'myriad of memories' in Melting Metaphors, he is obviously being drawn into the swirling waters of Sangarma. His childhood memories are ferociously impinging on his present:

*Millions of memories
Meander in the zig-zag
Paths of mind
Receding trees
Flying parrots
Fading faces
Succession of images
Melting metaphors....
(Melting Metaphors: p.13)*

Kushal questions the basic principles behind an industrial society based on the illusion of the isolated individual.

*We count our failures
Wiser we
Feign to grow
Our successes show
How foolish
We are now
(Communication:p.38)*

Today, even the distant stars have lost their gleam as in:

In those summers
Nights were
Not so dark
I stared long
At the stars

(Summers Then: p.36)

The poet is agonized over the failure of all artificial ideologies and systems to bring peace on this earth. Then culture, tradition and religion should become more and more meaningful to us. We must now realize how thoughtful our forefathers have been and how much of our own self is bonded to our traditions and culture. The helplessness of modern man is beautifully captured in the following lines:

*The watch laughs at us
We laugh at the watch
We think
We can catch time
By forelock
But time
Has fettered
Our feet
Our hands
(Time:p.16)*

Have we failed our education system or has our education system, a mock-tale (read cocktail) of myriad influences, primarily the British, has let us down? Whatever be the hypothesis, Dr.Kushal's poetry cannot remain uninfluenced by his dejection with the way education is going. A poet cannot elaborate situations and conflicts that do not exist in the primary subsistence systems of society-whether it be the value system, the heritage system or the educational system. Dr.Kushal's poetry instantly reminds one of R.K. Narayan's setting and characters reflecting typical Indian ethos and simplicity which now is being thwarted by alien influences. Being a socially conscious educator with a missionary zeal to transform education into a weapon of personal, social and national reconstruction, as is abundantly evident from his path-breaking initiatives in the recent years, it can be safely deduced that Dr.Kushal, being a leader in education, suffers from some sort of guilt at not being able to direct the course of education in this country. Obviously, the system's flaws do find reference in his poems:

*With howling winds
And fire in their arms
And the homework
Thoughtlessly given
By the teachers
And the endless school routine
Summers then were
Never so lonesome*

(Summers Then: p.35)

The regimentation and routinization of modern education with its overwhelming dependence to the point of survival, on curriculum and text-books is subtly alluded to as in “Sangarma.”

*For days
The earth sang
Songs of joy
Flowers blossomed into
Symphonies sublime
Till I discovered
Beyond the sunset
There are questions
No book deals with
(On the Banks of Sangarma)*

Obviously, the poet laments that there is no room for fun, joy, adventure and inquisitiveness in this factory-oriented system of mass education and that text books are not the be all and end all of education.

In an interview, Dr.Kushal had remarked: “On the one hand, facilitating the creation of nuclear weapons, celebrating the inventions and waxing eloquent on the need for peace! No wonder educationists, in the form of secretaries to politicians- have been reduced to speech makers, dumb orators who are destined to work in Devil’s workshop with a sign-board proclaiming- “Angels’ Abode.” They need to decongest themselves, deconceit and depretend before they think of earning a place of pride in the annals of history.”

The poet is an aggressive advocate of heritage, culture and tradition and is very sure that one day Asiatic values and systems alone will bring about deliverance of the human race gone astray. To preserve and upkeep our heritage, he has been painstakingly organizing the annual mega-event titled HERITAGE at Pune.

*The preserved past
Is melting fast
The present is
Too brittle
Handle with care
With acumen rare
(Shrinking Horizons: p.19)*

The last century has been witness to a tempest of a blinding attack on our culture and values, of afflictions and fears . The forces of cultural invasion ranged against us are enormous. They are bitter. They are ruthless. They have a vast accumulation of resources and they will stop at nothing. We have only one weapon to fight and foil these forces- the wisdom of our scriptures, the ancient values passed on to us, and a firm resolve to abide by these values. Our most powerful and safest haven of

peace, tranquillity and trust is in authentic vedic education. should have seen educational institutions leading to the evolution of an individual who is at supreme peace with himself and his surroundings.

Some time back, the poet had remarked- “Tradition, per se, is the preservation of validated knowledge like our “scientific theories” – proven and validated- but vulnerable to be challenged at any point of time. So with traditions. They have to be respected as they are relevant to our survival and development. But the moment we feel tradition is getting irrelevant, education intervenes. Through different thought trajectories, sometimes through surgical interventions, sometimes through gentle remediation, or through alternate therapies- education heals the tradition and makes it fit to contribute to human development.”

Kushal’s poetry reminds us of the forgotten power of our mind as a connecting organ, it comprehends reality better only by connecting and it can connect any two things in an indefinitely large number of different ways. Which of these ways the reader’s mind should choose is settled by reference to some larger whole and this large canvas of reference has been amply spread out before us in Shrinking Horizons.

*Future is a siren
Singing melodies
Soothing our
Tense nerves
Till we are tired
And willingly yield
To its embrace
And kissing the crimson lips
Frantically crave for water
Till we discover
The mighty sea
Cannot lend
A drop to drink
(Time: p.17)*

Lines such as these create new synapses in the mind and makes the reader experience such things as colored hearing, gustatory sights, and auditory smells, indicating that the existence of something called synaesthesia.

Overall, Shrinking Horizons comes from the agony of an extremely sensitive, compassionate leader in literature and education whose limits of thinking and imagery transcend the galaxies, who believes in the cosmic connectedness of all things and phenomenon, and who feels strongly for our decline into the morass of a plundered and marauded value system. Just read the following lines:

*No new country
to be discovered
no bright spot
to be spotted
(Shrinking Horizons:p.18)*

*Beyond our sky
There are other skies
And beyond
More skies
(Beyond the Sky: p.23)*

One can surely conclude that the poet is not a human being with a spirit, but a spiritual being having a human experience.

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