

A Silent and Eternal Homeland of Swadesh

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Introduction:

Swadesh Sen (1935-2014) was the last milestone of the traditional mainstream of Bengali poetry with respect to his poetic thought and the first milestone of the New Bengali poetry with respect to his borderless poetics. When we all were trying to understand our external world, he was exploring the interior world, the inside of our inner home, joy and sorrow of our very own home. When we were busy with clever competition with language and its form in poetry, he sat coolly in his inner home, rediscovering and rearranging the ordinary words to represent his own household. He believed that the tradition, reformation and discovery of roots, feelings and values can accumulate and intensify all our isolated consciousness. In the process of endeavour his language and its use became the new light of the Bengali poetry world, the Homeland of Swadesh Sen. He was born in Borishal, a village of present Bangladesh and brought up in Tata, Jamshedpur, a steel city in eastern India. He was one the core poets of the Kaurab's experimental literature in 70's. He authored several books, *Rakha Hoyechhe Komlalebu* (The Orange is Placed) in 1982, *Matite Dudher cup* (Milk Glass On The Floor) in 1992, *Chhayay Asio* (Come In the Shade) in 1998, *Swadesh Sen-er Swadesh* (Homeland of Swadesh Sen, Collection, part I) in 2006, *Apple Ghumiye Achhe* (The Sleeping Apple, a Collection) in 2018. He was awarded Academy Award for literature in 2012.



Swadesh Sen

Here is a glimpse of his poetry from Homeland of Swadesh Sen:

*There are silent and eternal words
Now stopping here, coming quietly, I'm silent
All are Maya, adding these included words
I have to know in my life.*

*The man is one, his mind moves in so many directions
Just think, in this universal eye
 everything and far reach here
Repeatedly we know various directions of permanent modest clear sky and air
We see a lot without looking it, could see in intense unknown
The nut tree takes our game full of nutshell.*

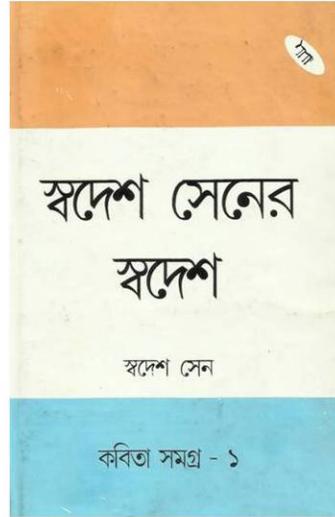
*I see fixed spots on the face opened in rebuke
Brings a kind of confirmation of looking it better
That is the kindness which gives the space
That is the courage which opens before everybody
All of them come as words at some midday.*

*Coming quietly, could be seen silently
 How much could be seen or known
When our belief shakes up,
 how everything left away.
More words of human's friend and foe relationship
How much can give us
 daughter wife brother sister tradition all these
One who writes the marriage-paper
which ecstasy makes him to write?*

[“How when”, Swadesh Sen's Swadesh – P-50]

A review of *Swadesh Sen-er Swadesh* (Homeland of Swadesh Sen)

Here's my journey into the homeland of Swadesh Sen. The journey through the water-stair of this homeland created the space for me to reconstruct my own poems in an internalized language. In the process of reviewing Swadesh's book, I wrote these poems, with a structure of combination of prose and verse.



***Swadesh Sen-er Swadesh* (Homeland of Swadesh Sen)
A collection of poetry
Published by Kaurab, Kolkata in 2006**

There are words, silent and perpetual included words. Words of moving life; calling constantly behind the said words. It's a surprising unrest in a continuous time-stream. Solitude comes to sit within. A game is running within. It's a nutshellful game for existence, for non-existence. A continuous revelation could be seen inside. Many unknown seed-beds take birth in the source of each revelation. The silence of buds touches the distance. An inevitable speed rushes towards the germination of possible multispeed. In easy utterance wonder could be seen with intense unknown. Even without seeing, so many observations remain engrossed in universal eyes. It's such an intense wonder that, as if the piercing sound wave received its language just now. In a fine midday, the possible wavelength becomes word with your writing fingers. Henceforth bridge crossing words get reflected in the multidimensional mirror. A perfect utterance of sunshine flashes on the word's body. It is such a sudden such a personal colour that all the walls fall off from the body of the expression, from the neck of the gesture.

I have come near water
through surprised water-stair
Some words kept folded with excited wave
Some non-words too
Flying birds through the waveless exotic sunshine
still retain the counts of zero
Shackled dawn tears out silently
Yet the sun rises with bare colours
The birth memories of the clouds swirled into the water
Give me water give me water
It seems to be someone called
from threshold of the interior

There were so many solitudes of autumn; cloudy eyes, trembling lips. Was there something to receive? There are some longing since birth somewhere within heart. An endeavour gets more and more newness of beauty. New lights have been created by the broken shore of un-embodied beauty. There is excellence inside the blue. How all these days take their form? All the non-receipts of the days fill the inherent night-womb by breaking the water-stair. If you break the placenta, you could see that a deep excellence is dancing with the sound of rains.

I had to go
at a distance of the flying peacock
Had to go
far away from a measure of distance
There are hands full of love
as if somewhere inside
flying birds
lightning flash
The unparallel made by joining pollens of light
is writing the moments of bird-calling words

You talked about the marks, where a flock of pigeon gets lost every time. Action of feather is placed besides their flying. You may think of a reaction. Though the flying marks are indistinct, our attainment of water and air are only through that. They have been filled in such a way that, if you call them, the interior of marks will spill over from the waterless, airless hidden cavity. As if, if you say I have come, means of marking simple living will come forward.

The delicate relationship becomes frozen
in the uncertainty of darkness
in the opposition of position
But the frost had something to say
about existence
about nonexistence
Melancholy begs your skyey shelter
Through the silent unanswered stair
expansive love comes flying
at the open window of answer

Who will give the characteristics to the unable love? Even if you don't want to engage yourself, people still break something for the sake of their nature. I couldn't search any direction through date. Whether it is good or bad, the days blossom in the interior, where the door kept opened in both the ways, where the simplicity is just like 'come in, sit down please'. The home of new poetry shines with sunshine. From its interior the attributes of orange move in the direction of union of mind. The call of the honest friend wipes away the red mark of inability.

Dilemma about space and light
A swing in an embodied life
Though the descending of birds becomes news
all greens get frozen
Even though it's resistive in the masque form
there are some words
inside the frost

inside the orange
Before suicide just think about those swinging days
silently folded in the memory cell
like a migratory bird
All these artistry through their neuronal pages
All these flying through their weightless feathers

The incoming bird, flying with impossible measure, calls the other call. All going are returning from the interior of whole, from the side where the focus of formation is coming back. But not all going are meant to go. It's somewhat coming and going. Just like the correct word, rejecting colour and style plays in its original sound. When the proteins become sufficient, the nut blooms to a new one.

Existence is a perspective view
in harmony of light
with respect to darkness
Sitting in the light session
I think about your existence or non-existence
in my dips of wetting
That's a dilemma
On the bank of the actual Padma river
feeling of standing constantly
was becoming the absolute
so silent
so effortless
as if all the visual perspectives will fall off
in the illicit notation of feelings
Wishes to get the ground will float
in the speechless pause of infinity

Before realising the result of addition, the relation gets lost in the tragedy. We couldn't notice when the gestures of life fly off in the illusion of death. Still I could remember that you hold my hand in the evening. Dazzling horizon was trembling in the opposite of your fingers. As soon as I tried to see, the fog became deeper. Still some part of the night was left out before sinking of the boat. I just wanted to float in the reading of you, in the utterance of you.

When the pain of losing finger is a subject
who could stop the subject-less dawn?
If you take the brisk walking of the new office-goers
or if you take the carefree walk of non-young girls
is the pain relieved?
When the uncertainty of position is swinging
within your small capricious demand
By breaking the philosophy of the subject
I start walking towards the alternative
the interior
the unseen grief
wait a bit
Your elated eyes
flooded with cries
everyday
Oh poetry! Is it your destiny?

If you keep the content in mind, you can think of circum-content. As far as the mercury-less mirror wants to show the story of being human. The stories remains attached to the egotism of nonbeing. This is the school of whole, where only longing exist, nothing to achieve. Within this tremendous potential of unrestrained desire, the whole is moving towards inevitability. The sensitive nonbeing is ruling it from behind. The midpoint between being and nonbeing is oscillating on the multilayer mirror. Feelings of becoming swing in the incoherent buzz of nonbeing. The whistle searches the music of appearance. That is also un-embodied. You want to

hear it too! Just listen to its accent which is making an alternate construction with your hints. An out of group beckoning lies on your fingers.

It will fall
As a waterfall
in the jubilation of life
in the erotic passion
Belief will swing on disbelief
scars become prone to fall
You are filling the grass paper
with the quality of aromatic lemon
You know the wonder of bent beauty
I am thinking of dry eyes of the dumb bird
Will it be wet today in your silent work room
attached to the household with indifferent tune
baked in the light of expanded consciousness

You said about Dharma, your own Dharma, like the mynah, always found under the Emblica tree of a home. This is your method in your disobedient motion. Unsupported you never be within any dimension. You have kept the returning call in your own Dharma with your own feelings. All these word-pollens have been germinated by digging the womb of the mystic mantra that you have kept in interior by breaking all the rules of grammar.

The light-word of an ordinary bird
An ordinary flight
Yet an infinite call on its feather
A call within the call
Different every flower every butterfly

The vineyard could see the flash of an old shadow
My I-you love in the question of your position
how much could translate the star's pain
Glassy confession of the lost home is falling
in the flying-feather rejection of the ordinary bird

You want to bring back your hands while keeping your legs into the field. Mild sprinkle of the conquering rain is inside the desire. Indicator of inherent melancholy plays in the endeavour of receiving. This is an endless game of longing and receiving. Yet the mercury-level of melancholy drops down to the red mark under your ocean-deep shelter. This is the north-open hints of spontaneous wetting. This is the hints of light, where the firefly gets up from the darkness, where our myrtle creeper, our nourishment becomes denser.

Searching alternate
in the water
in the fishes
in a simple pen rejecting border
flowing philosophy towards the life
with unblemished belief
Bowling down to the beautiful reasoning
Oh! Water-logic
In your interior art
belief of proton
acceptance of neutron
Melancholy of negative particles
are dancing surrounding it
Oh! Water-logic
Please spread in the sun
Little warmth of steam from the lost spring
Let it be cloud
Let it be Love

In the four hands of carbon
let it accumulate
our passionate artistry
our impassioned science

The overall colour writes the story that lost its reality. Conflict walks in the intrinsic circle. Look at our artistry, the tradition flows in circular gesture. You have taken granted that words will not accept anything. Yet your indifferent writing hand is swinging along the every tangent of the circle, where all decisions are spattering in the freak of failure. Call of infinite is touching the breathless super-mark. Grief of failure is getting deeper inside the call. And grief becomes the controller of your poetry.

Relationship
a sweat-wrapped inner union
illuminated juice of pomegranate
in the nursing of decorative interior
in far away
in sadness
in stars
such a moving speed
that only love could guard
Munia and its white eggs
Returning vision will construct
the blueprint of grief

Abstraction! Sitting inside the non-traditional wonder, I could see your feet, placed oppositely. I could see how it has spread its laterite way slightly away from the centre of consciousness. You walk with small steps towards the world, hanging on the iron bar. An oceanic difference exists from iron to blood. The collision is inevitable. Sparks of collision begin to sprinkle. I haven't seen any fire in that spark, yet your affectionate hands getting warm in the fire of spark. Your call is moving towards the restlessness of the sinking boat. From the belief of the spread life, some kind of invitation comes from your pet groundnut tree.

The gradual modulation of violin
passes through the iron grid
Your hearing at the edge of life
could see the silent tune
In the smooth mirror of nature
a perfect reflection will be gifted
by the golden finger of the violin player
A wishing bird will fly in
by opening the interior door
to moult its feather
Our anklet-land will embody
the elusive tune

This is an abstract hints, in absence, in irresistible love. If you become smell of lemon on the leaves of pomelo, feathers will shade little light on love. There is no competition, no possessive sense. Only a doubtless love song flew in my solitary cave. My lonely words become deeper with your caress. I sit down with the western words, keeping my back away from the world. When the parallel riddle of the east becomes a continuous sequence, you call in the interior with a right tune of the bird. The second call wakes up with the words from the interior of my heart. Blowing away the egotism, your caressing finger becomes intimate in our finger-forgotten relationship.