

**CRACKS IN THE WALL OF CONTEMPORARY INDIAN POETRY**

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Indian poetry in English today is at cross-roads. Who is reading poetry? In educational platforms students are forced to read and analyze poetry. If literature is broadly divided into three categories-Prose, Poetry, and Drama; Poetry is sub-divided into narrative and subjective. Working in a +2 college, I have developed a passion for writing poetry and came out with more than 34 poems. They are my humblest offerings to my dear native land, the major foundation of their construction. Humble as they are, they make no pretensions to a philosophy of life. They only tend to explore certain points of view on the various facets of life. At best I might call them 'the encounters to myself'. I made a sincere and honest effort in forming a niche of myself in writing poetry- perhaps, a small poetic milieu.

While we're on the subject they mean a certain curiosity to understand whether, in this present period of great complexity and confusion of aesthetic and social value systems, anything short of posing knotty and tedious conundrums, and dressing it less fashionably than in curious typographic patterns and queer rhythms, can aspire to be poetry.

I am firmly of the view that poetry will ever get away from any attempt at defining poetry. I am very much aware of the fact, that I have not yet achieved any profound insights into identical tasks in my writings. Nevertheless, majority of my views are subjective and reflect the poetry of self-expression. In my tiny poetic output, I gave full throated expression to my own experiences, thoughts and feelings.



Dr. Raju, Andhra Loyola, ELT Director commented that my poetry is musical or lyrical. In an informal greeting, Prof. Sumita Roy mentioned Bramara's poetry is 'very interesting' and 'impressive'. Dr. Suaman Bala, Dr. Neeta Singh, (University of Delhi) commented very 'scholarly and highly academic'. With these words of appreciation and positive reception, I would like to come out with my extending warm greetings on the eve of Friendship day, I valued the value of Good friends in the following poem. Friends are truly important to our mental health and to the quality of our lives. To live and to love are inseparable from each other. Friendship is **an opportunity to love**, to learn about you, to mature as a human being, and to open up to the full experience of life. The definition of a true friendship is **someone who has your back, no matter what**. They watch out for you and ensure you are not in danger. They will never purposely lead us into making decisions that aren't good for us. A true friendship will always have your best interest at heart.

YOU....FOREVER!

You are a part of my daily life
Today you are more special
You are there when tears flow in joy
Today I feel they have added value
You are there in damp and dark
Today thinking of that beacon of light
You are there to dump heart's weight
Today you are the answer of my living
You are such friends, not siblings
Today reveals our roots are entangled
You are a source of sustenance
Today or tomorrow you will be
MY CLOSE AND DEAREST FRIENDS
HAPPY FRIENDSHIP DAY!

While expressing her mixed feeling on the value of friendship, "She did not use any sublime language nor ecclesiastical tone" (Dr.Raju-Andhra Loyola –ELT Director). 'She uses day-today language to capture a great deal of glowering moments in a lighter way. She is distinctive in two ways. Bramara's articulations are 'Interpersonal relations' and 'Inter-Cultural relations'.



Many of the Indian women poets focus on women's issues. They have a women's perspective on the world. It involves the writing of the materials and literature that deal, in a direct of implied fashion, women's improvements and their general enlightenment. My poem entitled *Muddled Thoughts Rev* holds women sensibility in general. Does she try to showcase the moments of a woman at the time of giving birth to a child? Many readers expressed their doubts. But I feel to shelter my emotions which are definitely not tedious.

MUDDLED THOUGHTS Rev

The muddled thoughts
struggle hard to take a step
A step forward , a baby step
Every step is pulled back
with gigantic force
solidifying mucus with every step
They form a thick impenetrable layer
suffused and fermented bacteria
to decay and decompose.

Tongue and eyes go mute and blind
legs paralyzed and hands cuffed
The straight jacketed mind negates the heart .
Enveloped to a lifeless life,
of the pure dark prison
the nethermost depth of abyss.

A bubble breaks free and gushes
leaving a trail.
Shaft of hope feeds into the tiny vent
proliferating the creases
diffusing its spirit
dazzling the dark in despair.
The cold well burns
The tongue lets out a sigh
Eyes blink to see
the immobile hand and legs waver
The warm heart takes its
elegant strides way with its journey.



The other feature of new poetry is presenting a fragment of philosophy. The present poem is no exception to it. A few lines used in this poem are noted for irony, characterization, dark humour, social commentary, chronological situations and challenging vocabulary and syntax. The poem titled *BIRTH OF SLOGAN* I believe, reflects all these essentials.

BIRTH OF SLOGAN

The world holds a candle for her
But she is groping to see the flicker of light in the darkness

He dies with a smile on the border
a feeling that he can be close now in the hearts of his loved ones

The curated media screams it's lungs out
Life goes unmindful to powerful waves

Squandering money
in the name of God
To reserve berth in the Heaven
Million chained in poverty
counting on morsels.

Her picture with wrinkles,
disheveled hair and patches
brings millions to the artist
Model dies everyday penniless.

Colourful water with perfumed effluents
bodies floating
perceived drinkable
Fights to own the same

Animals are worshipped
They are politicized
They are killed and consumed.



Bounty to the moneyed
Hunches to the meagre
A breach that cannot be bridged

Man.... indifferent to these noxious malignant tumors
Oblivious to the sensitivities
At some point
gets entangled into the vortex
tremors of pain and angst
gives birth to another slogan.

To conclude, 'reading a book of poems can be taxing for most of us especially when we just want to delve into a story, an emotion and then pack up. The common stereotype image of poetry is that the poet tends to use frivolous language with soaring similes and illusionary imagery to compose a poem'. But, the particular collection of poems unpublished written by me puts this commonly misapprehend notion to rest. I particularly chose to write poetry big or small first to myself. Secondly, the poems are composed by me to come very close to what ordinary women go through. And thirdly, the language used to convey the thoughts, feelings and reflections is fairly simple, something that a person not very used or interested in reading poetry can understand and identify with. I wish to come out with a few more poems in near future welcoming fair criticism.
