
JAYANTA MAHAPATRAS SELECTED POEM VALUED THROUGH CULTURE ON ORISSA

S. Gnanaselvakumar,

Assistant Professor of English & Head, MKUCC, Sattur

Email: selvakumar7mkuc@gmail.com

Abstract

Jayanta Mahapatra's poetry:" The Voice- Selected Poems, The Dawn of a New Year- Burden of Waves & Fruit," writes their titles. The poet writes his poems familiar of those people live in the native on Orissa. They are belonging their calamities spoil their life and future also. It will change and then live peace of mind. Here Jayanta Mahapatra search and study of their mind of Orissa people only. His all poems are emerging out his native calamity on Orissa. People are living those native place but those mind, character, behaviour and each and everyone adjust and live in long under native place at the end of breath. If someone is calling to me a voice far away, but it is strangely familiar to the manoeuvre of Scorpio turning slowly onto it gradually its side from season to season. The hills are on fire, the cries of crickets swell with each warm hour. It is desperate for friendship a movie queen. Somewhere he known's breathlessly on an unknown door. Something that waits for me but I have not seen as yet. I do not know about it. I would have helped to me suddenly, I come to see face to face. I am unable to find out my own home either here or there place. The poet voluntary writes his native place nature and exposure in compare to other areas. For that times reason for all exposition and thoughts he also mentally affects and then full of pain his hearts and then feel in life long. He writes about rain from his area. Mostly he writes rain poems. The poets always think about his native village and status. He is only emerged out of his state's status and views of the society and cultures.

Keywords: *Native calamity, adjustment.*

Someone is calling me, a voice faraway
but strangely familiar, a manoeuvre of Scorpio
turning slowly onto its side from season
to season. The hills are on fire,
the cries of crickets swell with each warm hour;
desperate for friendship a movie queen somewhere
knocks breathlessly on an unknown door.
(Poem-The Voice, Book Volume- Selected Poems, Page-70)

If someone is calling to me a voice far away, but it is strangely familiar to the manoeuvre of Scorpio turning slowly onto it gradually its side from season to season. The hills are on fire,

the cries of crickets swell with cash warm hour. It is desperate for friendship a movie queen.
Somewhere he known's breathlessly on an unknown door.

It is summer; a storm
cries from the lonely places of the sea.
The tears that leave me outside
are only my own. Perhaps someone

like that of a long-sunken ship
wanting to come up again on water. A voice
that belies the dead whiteness of the sky.
(Poem-The Voice, Book Volume- Selected Poems, Page-70)

It is summer season. It cries from the lonely places of the sea. They tears that leave the
outside are only my own. He has been calling me a long time. I hear a voice like that of a long-
sunken ship wanting to come up again on water. A voice crucially belies the dead whiteness of
the sky.

And I look at the hand I wave often
from the window, unable to understand
as more stars move into place, and
the tuberose spreads its warmth by the window,
as I try to make myself more than what I am,
thirsting under stone
like grass caught in a tangle round itself.
(From Burden of Waves and Fruit(1986)
(Poem-The Voice, Book Volume- Selected Poems, Page-70)

I look at the hand my wave often from the window, unable to understand. The mind
waves to need ride pleading over in the land. Stars and moon move into the other places. I try to
make myself. I thirsting under some like grass caught in a tangle round itself.

On the dawn of a new year
something is waiting for me inside the door
of my own house. Whatever it is, it's nothing special.
(Poem-The Dawn of a New Year, Book Volume- Burden of Waves & Fruit, Page-49)

Born of a new year, I think something is waiting for me inside of the door. It is my own
house. Whatever, it's nothing special.

What is a day like this made out of? Of daily lessons
of the past? Of the dead who appear, and stand
to the sounds of life? Or of wishes lost,
like dead matches that didn't light up, a rule
of reason that makes one so conscious of the mind's
beauty, of our carefully nurtured dignity?

(Poem-The Dawn of a New Year, Book Volume- Burden of Waves & Fruit, Page-49)

What is a day sad like that made out of ?of course daily lessons of the sounds life?. It is real dead matches in daily life. Rules of reason that makes one so conscious of the minds beauty. Be our carefully nurtured dignity? A sorrowful wind that to sends the ghost.

Or of a sorrowful wind that sends the ghosts
of my faith running for their lives?

On the floors of this house haunted by the scent
of incense and a fruitless tree of shadows,
footsteps lie heavily where I have let them.

(Poem-The Dawn of a New Year, Book Volume- Burden of Waves & Fruit, Page-49)

My faith is running for their lives? The floor of that house, intense and fruitless tree of shadows and footsteps lie heavily. I have let them.

And voices too, drifting in circles
about the tired bed I have left. Something
that waits for me but I have not seen as yet.

(Poem-The Dawn of a New Year, Book Volume- Burden of Waves & Fruit, Page-49)

On voice too, to drifting into the circles about the tired go to bed. I have left.

Was the dawn of a year ago any different?

I do not know if it would have helped me
had I come face to face with it. But now,
summoning common sense, reaching toward it,
I'm unable to find my home either here or there.

(Poem-The Dawn of a New Year, Book Volume- Burden of Waves & Fruit, Page-49)

Something that waits for me but I have not seen as yet. I do not know about it. I would have helped to me suddenly, I come to see face to face. I am unable to find out my own home either here or there place.

Only the insufferable dream of someone
who lusts to become absolute as the sun.
In the sky's all-white vastness the sun shows
the ruins of blood. Once again I reach forward,
but it's of no use. In the first light

I merely hold my breath, unaware
that all forgiveness in me was dead until
it made me see its claim to have given me
the kind of happiness I had wanted again.

(Poem-The Dawn of a New Year, Book Volume- Burden of Waves & Fruit, Page-49)

They are only in the insufferable dream of thoughts, of lusts to become absolute silent watch the sun. In the sky's all white vastness of the sun shows the ruins of blood. Once

again/often I reach forward, but it's of no use of living beings. I merely hold my breath unaware that all forgiveness in me was dead during life time. I have given me the kind of happiness that wanted again.

Works Cited

- Mahapatra, Jayanta, "The Voice", Selected Poems, (New Delhi: Oxford University Press, 1987). Page -70.
- Mahapatra, Jayanta, "The Dawn of a New Year", Burden of Waves and Fruit, Washington: Three Continents Press, 1986, page -49.
- Das, Bijay Kumar, 'The poetry of Jayanta Mahapatra' (Fourth Revised and Enlarged Edition) New Delhi: Atlantic Publishers, 2009.
- Swain.k, Rabindra, 'The poetry of Jayanta Mahapatra: A CRITICAL STUDY', Prestige Publisher, 2000.
- Nanaware, Vinayak s "Imagery in the poetry of Jayanta Mahapatra ", Imagery in Modern Indian Experimental Poetry in English". Pune: Vidya-Vaibhav Prakashan, 2012.
- Das, Nigamananda. 'The Poetry of Jayanta Mahapatra: Imagery and Vision', New Delhi: Adhyayan Publishers, 2006.
- Mahapatra, Jayanta. 'Relationship', Cuttack: The Chandrabhaga Society, 1982.