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Biplab Majumdar and His Poetry with Special Attention to *Cosmic Convergence*

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Abstract

Biplab Majumdar is the author of nearly 100 books of poetry, prose, rhyme, translation, novels and short stories. His works are published both in Bengali and English. The contents of this latest volume, *Cosmic Convergence*, are divided into two parts: Part-A covers the year from January to December and Part-B contains 12 poems on a variety of subjects. The poems are followed by 3 pages of selected comments on Biplab Majumdar's by a variety of eminent authors. This volume makes possible an assessment of the scope and stature of Majumdar's work. These poems-often witty and beautiful- are an achievement, a testament to Majumdar's ongoing power to engage us in his vision. They confirm Majumdar's reputation as one of India's finest poets. From evocations of the daily wonders of life to explorations of spirituality, feelings and sensibilities. His celebration of idiom and understanding of the modern mind may help us to understand ourselves.

Keywords- Spirituality, Energy, Vernacular, Landscape, Convergence

The poet has a great graphic energy and a creative visual sense, as see in the first poem, "Journal of January," with its carefully crafted vernacular of deceptive skill as we see in the first verse of the poem:

In the jazzy days of January
Breezy bright bluish
Traces its origin
In stubborn storm
Of my scintillating soul
From the tower of time. (*Cosmic Convergence*, 2)

His approach to the theme of everyday life with its subtle variations helps to modernize the representations of landscape within India in recent decades. For example, we see in "Fabled Flames of February" the example of humanity's love of wealth over everything else and humanity ends in the fire that engulfs us all:

Our every priceless profit

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Has been proved as a failure,
Our all mundane mournings
Become meaningless, as all
Human happiness hover at last
Over the fire of pyre that
Engulfs earthly existence . . . (*Cosmic Convergence*, 3)

The tone of his voice is exact and confiding, as in “Alphabates of April,” as he deals successfully with the middle ground of everyday life, and the fact that, no matter what beauty we witness, everything dissolves when love is expressed:

Nascent narcissistic night
Smiles with screaming stars,
Expands up to the
Distant dreams of desert.
All yields of yesterday’s yearnings
Come closer as a warm woman. (*Cosmic Convergence*, 9)

Majumdar mixes gorgeous imagery (“Let these daisy days be my life,” p.29) with common vanitas (“All worldly wisdom/ Merges into man’s/ Epical existence on earth,” p.35) and passing pronouncements on the power of prayer and hymns (“When the humane heavenly hymn/ Be showered atop the world,” p. 39), that leave room for more in-depth treatment. Interesting and accomplished and highly associative as the poems are, one stands out for me. That is the title poem “Cosmic Convergence of August”. A poem about the poet and his poetry, it begins with the auspicious advent of:

Awesome August
A wilting wildfire
A windswept wisdom
A wordless woe
Runs after a
Rainbow revelation
With verse of vicissitudes. (*Cosmic Convergence*, 19)

Then switches to a consideration of the poet’s role as he harnesses words and images to carry his messages to the world:

And he has to harness
Whirlwind of wild scream
Devastation of divinity
Collapse of conscience

Within his world of words
Within his illuminated inscapes

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In cosmic convergence

With verse of vicissitudes. (*Cosmic Convergence*, 5)

“Dream of December” takes us to the city which is pitiable under a ‘snake-bitten sky,’ where

Light of life

Gets gracefully gray

On the face of the city.

A sticky shadow of sadness

Older than

The age of stone

Engulfs entire environ.

In sacrilegious still surroundings

Bewildered birds of darkness

Dive down

Crossing crepuscular crescendo. (*Cosmic Convergence*, 7)

In the second section, Majumdar’s style is spare and often enigmatic and with the poems such as “A Hunt” making cryptic reference to “wader white” and “rippling / water /of wiles,” and “Teardrops of Sky” mirror the “morning sky”. It’s not surprising that his approach takes huge leaps in compressed moments of rumination. The ominous “Paranoic” moves quickly from “A sacred lamp” to the wind “frowning with/ thousand faces.” “Waiting with Garland” briefly addresses the appearance of the sun after the night.

Sun yet to peep,

waiting with

garland

of

golden glory

to

greet

only

you. (*Cosmic Convergence*, 9)

“When Poetry is Written” asserts how stars and moonshine are the original ingredients that allow the poet to bloom “into poetry”: “High time for/ causing / magical mesmerism.” “Sanguine Moments” conflates the “face of fear” into the “Mesmerized matrix/ of moments...” and in “Epitaph,” the poet is alone on a boat, floating away in the current, his fingers touching the water of life. This is probably how it should be for the poet: alone, contemplating nature and human nature, the landscape and our place in the world.

The visionary quality in these poems can seem astonishing in its range, its depth, its complexity. Sometimes the emotion becomes simpler and calmer, the poet’s feelings break clear of the disintegration of the world around him, but the pain is there in the love, and the

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darkness, and the overwhelming sense of wonder at life and landscape. The shorter poems here can hardly contain the breadth of vision Majumdar attempts to express, and form is of little importance compared to subject-matter. His main concern is to restore to humanity in its true autonomy, creativity and value.

Work Cited

Majumdar, Biplab. *Cosmic Convergence*. International Poetry Society of Kolkata, 2004.