

UNIVERSAL  
LIBRARY

OU\_210699

UNIVERSAL  
LIBRARY

FIRST IMPRESSION

May 1048



---

Printed by Dhirubhai Dalai at the Associated Advertisers & Printers Ltd., 505, Arthur Road, Tardeo Bombay 7, and Published for Principal V. N. Bhushan, Bhavan's College, Andheri, Bombay, by Morarji Padamsey on behalf of Padma Publications Ltd., 53-54, Lukshmi Building, Sir Phirozeshah Mehta Road, Fort, Bombay.

OUP—557—13-7-71—3,000.

**OSMANIA UNIVERSITY LIBRARY**

Call No. 821.914

Accession No. 9551

Author B57F

Title

This book should be returned on or before the date last marked below.



SHRI K. M. MUNSHI  
and  
SHRIMATI LILAVATI MUNSHI  
with esteem and affection

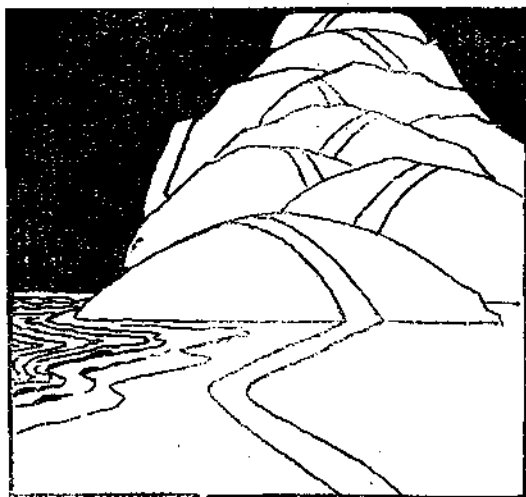


प्रत्यर्पितं सहृदयं हृदयस्य भावाः  
— भारवी —

"To ascend far  
Lost in a storm of light"

—William Wotion—

Hi



## POEMS

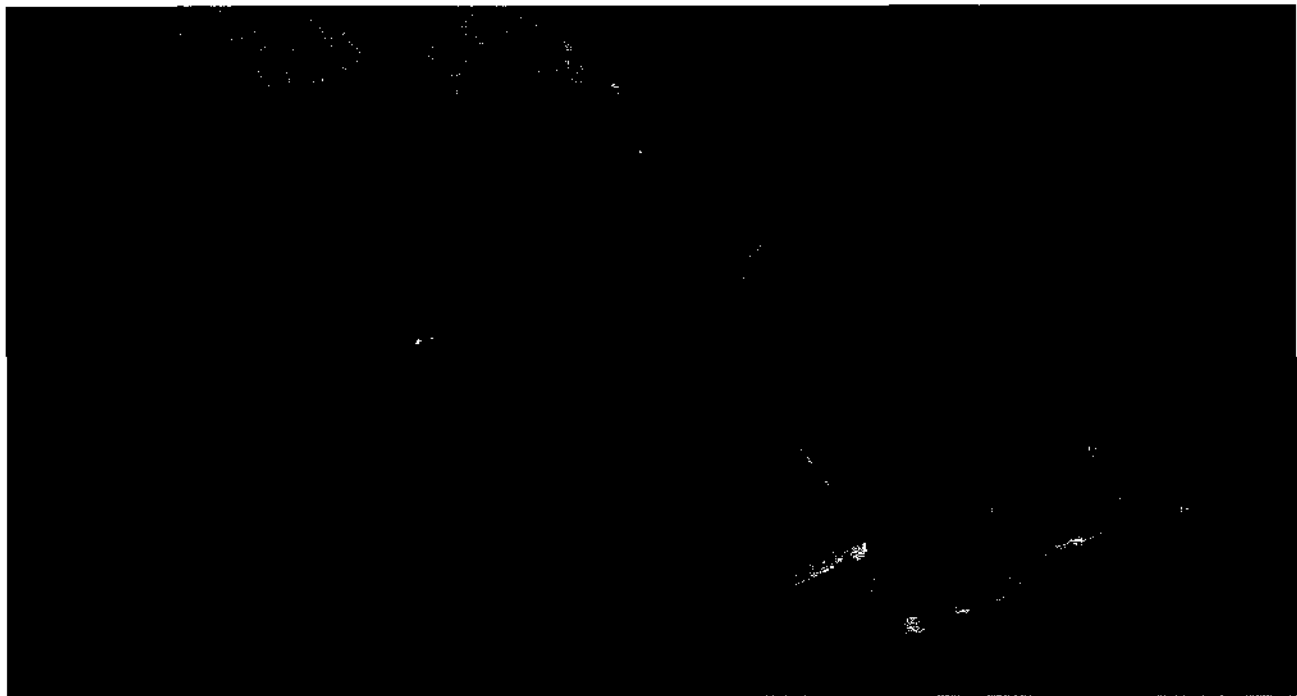
\*

Repository  
Diwali  
Life Beyond  
Spring  
The Tryst  
Tagore-Anjali  
Unexpected  
The Promise  
Kinkini Brinda  
The Image-Maker  
Ninth August 1942  
The Goal  
The Teaching  
Resonance  
Comparison  
The Capture  
The Boon  
Opalescent Arcs  
Precious Gold  
Rainbow  
The Hint  
Sweet Reward  
Spatial Love  
Poignancy  
Defiance  
Day-break  
The Band  
Being  
Miracles  
Life's Immortals  
The Half-God  
The Rival

\*







*...By kind permission of Nicholas B.*

## THE FAR ASCENT

Beyond the verge of Time  
Is heard Eternity's chime;  
After fiery storm is calm  
And rainbow's seven-hued smile,

On the mountain's crest  
Are white wizardries;  
Above the horizon's line  
Is the cosmic dance.

The hills rise high  
To kiss the blue Infinity;  
And the poet dreams  
Of the far ascent.

Long and lone the path  
To the far off goal—  
But he marches on  
As the lure is bright.

Across winding ways  
And yawning chasms,  
Wonderment-beguiled,  
He goes to greet joyance.

Life's oracle speaks  
To floating mysteries,  
And the poet's pilgrim-soul  
Tingles with ecstasy!

\*

REPOSITORY

Open wide the barred door  
And let your conscious self  
Drink deep the diamond glow  
Of the sanguine sunrise afar!

Then will you feel  
The thrill of a miraculous delight  
And find the unlit nooks of your self  
Blossom into a radiant glow.

Strange worlds within worlds  
Your vision will behold—  
And you'll-find your earthiness  
Mould itself into Godliness!

The deep golden blush  
Of the sanguine sunrise afar  
Will impart to your existence  
A meaning new and rich!

To Life you will be dear  
And to Death a stranger;  
A repository of divine hush—  
You will enjoy inner calm!

\*

## DIWALI

The dying sunset in all its golden opulence dies  
As the wearisome winter dusk lets loose its shades  
And paves the way for the bell-less feet of Night  
Who flashes her black breath across the world.

The treacherous Darkness hoists her banners of black  
Scarce suspecting the bright coloured attack  
From rows on rows of little laughing lamps  
Lit by Diwali-enchanted women and men.

Night comes swiftly on with her arrows of gloom  
But reels back in wonder and white with fear  
As she beholds the unique spectacle of flames  
Twinkling from rows on rows of earthen lamps.

Ah, Diwali has come—the festival of lamps and laughs,  
When even the lampless and laughless homes  
Fashion of their luckless lives and loves a dream  
To offer at the feet of Lakshmi as she passes by.

Ah, Diwali has come—with all her wealth of light!  
Light your lamps—you men and women—  
And you, too, children dear, light your lamps  
And blaze the path that is yours in life !

The little earthen lamps that all of us light  
Are symphonies of Faith to the Eternal Light,  
Coloured prayers to the bountiful mercy of God  
That vouchsafes us rare hours of radiance!

Pain and penury forget their habitual gloom—  
And pleasure and plenty redouble their usual bloom—  
As at Diwali time the little oil lamps gleam and glow  
Making lustrous the momentary world of man!

✱

LIFE BEYOND

The poet died—and he did not know he died;  
And she too—the beloved in praise of whom  
The poet had sung laughing litanies of love—  
She too died—and did not know she died!

That the play was over—they did not know,  
Knew not that love and laughter had finished their sport,  
That the raptures of scent and song were hushed,  
And knowing not—moved as ever in the realms of dream!

In the life beyond—where intimate meanings hide,  
Where million pulses to one radiant centre beat,  
Where new moons and stars embroider the hem of space,  
There, the poet and his beloved sang and loved as of old!

\*

## THE PAR ASCENT

### SPRING

(Figuratively Speaking)

Metaphor of merriment and mirth,  
Symbol of blossoms and birth,  
Simile of scent and splendour,  
Emblem of wakening and wonder!

Bird with a bright fluttering wing,  
Legend with a rich romantic ring,  
The dear delight of all true lovers,  
Fairy god-mother of laughing flowers!

Parable of odour and colour,  
Priestess of fresh and fragrant dower,  
Bell-ringer of bright Beauty's gong,  
Bride of the bridal season and song!

✱

## THE TRYST

In the darkness of night is burning a flame—  
Orange, red and gold—all one radiant hue;  
A bridegroom on his nuptial night  
Is never so bright, never so true!

Lustrous viceroy of light, the deep dark's bloom,  
"Come"—he carols into the folds of space,  
And the whisper-desire, like a quivering dream,  
Shoots through the sahara-silence of the night.

"Come!"—the wonder-whisper finds a ready response,  
As out of her secret haunts a moth flutters forth—  
And stares with her beauty-glamorous eyes  
At the lone light-robed bridegroom in the night.

The beckoning is over—and over the wooing too—  
As the bride leaps into her lover's outstretched arms—  
Leaps with a laugh—and melts in his warmth!

Ideal perfect—immolation complete—  
The lovers evaporate in each other's arms—  
Ah, happy the flame and the moth that in one tryst  
Realise the dream for which millions yearn!

\*

TAGORE-ANJALI

(i)

His marvel-wings of magical self-impulsion  
spread far into the immensity of space  
And his marvellous symbol-veil burning bright  
with rapture's roseate-petalled fire,  
The glorious invisible God of Time himself  
suspends for a while his onward stress  
To bless with fresh perfection the age-coiled poet  
of star-crowned ecstasies!

A secret-woven splendour is here ensphered  
in this glorious human god of song  
Who shines like an argent moon-ray  
on the wrinkled forehead of life itself;  
Seeker supreme of white unbroken immortality  
and the infinite harmony  
That springs from the rose-joy of the inexhaustible  
divine dream-chime!

His illumined mortal body consents not to be caught  
in the cold clutch of time;  
Secure forever in the radiance-wrapped silence  
of the luminous sempiternal  
He laughs and lives with the passing years  
on the high-levelled play-field of life  
Watching the colour-fed magic shadow-show  
of dark and troubled human existence.

Time-free raptures are his, and too, his  
the poise and peace of a bright golden age,  
And his also—seventy years of waking  
and dreamful kinship with golden god-delight;  
Poet, prophet, sage and seer—sovereign supreme  
of a high self-wrought empyrean,  
Thrilling with his ever-enchanted flute-tunes  
the world's highways of thought

## THE PAR ASCENT

(2) ,

Rainbow-wings throbbed in the endless horizonry  
of the high-souled sky  
As along the meridian sun's westering curve  
of sapphire light  
Skimmed the song-bird like a smiling flicker  
of the sinking flame  
Casting the lonely splendour of its coloured shadow  
on the travailing world.

What pathetic cry is it that shimmers  
across the cerulean vast of the sky?  
What dream twinkle is it that stirs  
the scented hush of the Sanctuary of Death?  
What vessel of clay is it that is brimmed  
with the wondrous halo of heaven:  
What rhythm of rapture is it that inspires  
Immortality's flame-petalled rose?

The song-bird that sang in the black branches  
of the moon-unmated tree of Life  
Thrilling the heart of the earth to aureate-ecstasies  
of the purest silver and gold  
And scattered melodious enchantments  
redeeming the barren hours of man—  
Has winged its way to the aureoled realms  
of effulgent spirit immensities!

The world's heritage is forever perfumed  
with paradisial gladness and grace,  
Man's wandering vagueness is flushed  
with the fire-points of vermilion dreams,  
Life's tuneless spaces are filled  
with the magic silhouette-delight of song,  
And the ancient kinship of Earth and Heaven  
with unique star-born glory is crowned!

The Poet's Passing  
7th August 1041

THE FAR ASCENT

UNEXPECTED (TO—)

Thunder pealed in the cloud-capped sky  
As the flashing lightning passed crashing by;  
Afraid—she clasped her lover close  
And made delight blossom like a rose!

\*

THE PROMISE

Thrilled by the finger-touch  
    of her lover-knight of Spring  
Who has not forgotten  
    his flowery promise of yester year,  
Earth awoke this morning  
    from the spell of winter sleep  
Gathering about her cold nakedness  
    the gauzy veils of golden dawn!

If only human beings  
    keep their promise as does the Spring,  
Life would shine with the sun  
    and sing with the stars!

\*

KINKINI BRINDA

A sweet heaven-sense perfumes my languid self  
As before me flashes the damask joy-flame of dance,  
And thrall to the throbbing cosmos of coloured forms  
My poet-heart roams in the heart of rapture-realms!

Unmoving seems the swift-winged surge of Time,  
Imperishable appears the dance-born ecstasy-dream;  
Earth's dumbness makes its eloquent appeal to Eternity,  
And mortality rises to greet Heaven's grace!

Worthwhile is life if, in a moment of trance,  
It can slip its chains and divinely dance!

11th January 1912.

\*:

THE IMAGE-MAKER

Great gift is yours—maker of immortals!  
Out of the floating visions of your fecund brain  
Spring into shape unknown and unseen forms  
Satisfying mankind's primeval thirst!

Great glory is yours—master of the moving finger!  
Your spirit and soul according well,  
You chisel into shape the radiant forms  
That beckon man to life's unchanging goal!

Great solace is yours—designer bold!  
Moulder of images of mud, metal and stone,  
Your hidden desires flower forth as deeds,  
And your skill blossoms with petals of fire!

"No, no, such paradisial praise is not mine,  
I am the holder of the lamp and not the lamp itself  
That throws its illumination on life's highways,  
I am the stem, not the flower, the string, and not the song!

"And know this, too, my friend, not at all mine  
The glory and the solace that you think is mine,  
For I know that the one real God dwells in me  
And not in the beautiful brittle forms I make!"

\*

NINTH AUGUST 1942

Leaping forth like lava from a volcano's burning heart,  
Brave awakened Life has entered the field;  
Shall we not share the upward aspiration to Light,  
Share the sacrifice and suffering demanded in the fight,  
Relume our spirit at the fiery altar of revived faith,  
And cease cheating ourselves with hypocritical vanities?

Too long have we trafficked with selfish desires  
And lost eternity's inheritings, imperishable things;  
Unnumbered visionless years have we wasted  
Greeting ineffectual angels and false divinities!

No, no longer shall we be indifferent to the new sunrise  
And taint our souls with unpardonable apathies;  
Here and now we vow to follow the Nation's stirring call  
And champion the country's cause of freedom and peace!

\*

## THE GOAL

These coward children of caution and care—  
What do they strive for in Life's vulgar ways  
Shunning perilous peaks and paradisial amaze?

What do they seek in the darkened nooks of life—  
These nurslings of prudence and earthly lust,  
Missing the amber glow of the star of infinite desire?

Enamoured of the mask of beauty that all things wear,  
They by-pass the gleam that changes the soul to fire—  
And dream not even of the far-off vision-land  
Where the Spirit is touched to holiest God-glory.

All paths do not always lead to the shining goal!  
Bright is the road only for him who scatters fiery sparks  
Prom the torch of his soul—through the surrounding gloom!

\*

## THE TEACHING

My failures do not make me sad  
But spur me on to endeavours fresh,  
To fashion anew the dust of dreams  
And plan and create over again!

The master-dreamer, God himself,  
Is oft-times a foiled fashioner;  
Are not his failures writ large  
In mankind's strife and greed and hate?

But he does not despair, it seems;  
In the silence of night He recreates  
What man during day desecrates  
And attempts perfection once again!

God himself teaches me sure  
To worship work through failures many,  
To gain the regality of my soul  
And the grace of His bridal embrace!

\*

## RESONANCE

The airy call from the azure spaces of heaven  
Is heard not in this rusted world of apathetic souls  
Whom no noble impulse stirs, no dreams lure,  
No worthwhile emotions urge to ascend far.

Why strive for and reach the meaner goal  
That lifts not high the insatiable human soul,  
The soul that needs the nourishment of glowing visions,  
Of passionate yearnings and benign desires?

Hear you not the slow march of Time's lethargic feet  
That impedes the quick advent of the future day  
When mortals and immortals shall merge into one  
And illumine Life's Sahara with Spirit's light?

Vexed with the tumultuous sound of the human tide,  
Impatient of the world's torpor, worse than death,  
Let us flash across the unchartered spheres  
Cleaving the ether of higher and ampler life!

Drinking the dew of morn and the light of the stars,  
Let us into ourselves draw the essence divine  
That shall re-create our lives into resonant flutes,  
And inspire the dumbness of things with the voice of Life!

\*

COMPARISON

Magic throbs in the heart of Dusk!  
Silence profound fills its eager soul  
As twilight descends from above  
Touching all things with the odour of peace!

Dusk is like the aged man, ripe in years,  
Full of thoughts and visions profound;  
A god in the amplitude of his contentment,  
Ready to follow the Master for His dream!

\*

## THE FAR ASCENT

### THE CAPTURE

Visions play constant hide and seek  
In the inner courtyards of our souls;  
Their laughter aids us to see afar  
And find ourselves reflected in a star!

Visions have wings of mystical strength;  
They fly with freedom to the unknown vast  
And capture the rich shadowless Gleam  
Of the infinite rapture of God!

\*

THE BOON

With all her green and gold perfections robbed—  
Earth lay vanquished at Winter's feet;  
The only favour she asked with faltering lips  
Was for the warmth of the rose's kiss in Spring!

\*

OPALESCENT ARCS

Light-robed immortals of the inner spirit  
That quivering speed through glow and gloom  
Making lustrous the silence of Time and Space  
As they converge on the vision of the soul!

White lights that outlast the feast of life  
Are the creative spirit's jewelled dreams,  
Opalescent arcs of a self-sustaining flame  
Lit at the fountain of the Parent-Spark!

✱

PRECIOUS GOLD

The eternal pulse in the life of life  
Throbs eternally—revolving the wheel of change;  
And imagining progress fickle, you and I,  
Stand despair-flushed, and blink listlessly.

But if we turn from our miserable routine ken,  
We shall behold the stretching horizon-line  
Drink the glittering light, and mate itself  
With the bright luxury of the radiant morn!

Let us likewise do; and gather the gold  
Of life's pageant before it descends into dust—  
And thro' pursuit of Beauty and Goodness posses,  
The precious gold and glory of eternal things!

✽

## RAINBOW

No, not for me the tragedy that fills the years,  
The pricking thorns and the cold wet tears;  
No, not for me fickle peace and painted lies,  
And stupid dreams that yield to tell-tale eyes!

Gold is my heart, gold is my soul, all gold am I,  
Stretching my vision to the farthest point in the sky—  
Dreaming with faith of a dwelling among the stars  
Whose twinkling radiance nothing earthly ever mars!

Ah, no idle undesirable dream is that  
To be of the earth's best, and escape the rut  
That disfigures life's dulcet harmonies  
And reduces existence to meaningless ease.

Ere Death swings us into unknown lands  
Making us one with shapes of unfamiliar bands,  
Is it not lovely to live like a rainbow on the river  
With thoughts and dreams divinely aquiver?

Life is for living—for splendid hearts of gold,  
!For dreams and deeds cast in heroic mould,  
For magnificences imperishable and bright,  
And revels and raptures that enfold eternal light!

No, not for me the pain and the tragedy of time!  
For me—life's perfect and passionate chime,  
Life that lives and leaps from joy to joy—  
Till sentinel Death speaks the inevitable envoy!

\*

## THE HINT

The flower finished its dawn-dusk life  
And, prophet to no fruit, dropped in vain;  
Men much wondered how and why  
Such innocence should be scaffolded thus.

And God's own voice cleared the doubt\*  
"Innocence dies not to perish but to live,  
To live wearing the martyr's crown of light;  
He who dies like a flower lives ever in glory!"

\*

SWEET REWARD

I am tired of reading—reading the songs,  
Songs of relentless Death and her wrongs,  
Death who, 'mid life and love and carnival  
Creeps stealthily on clutching one and all!

I am tired of people—people who fondly think,  
Think that we are ever and always on the brink,  
The brink of doubts and dangers and death—  
Things that steal the ecstasy of human breath!

What pessimism this that wounds the heart  
And poisons our wings with its winging dart;  
What strange feeling this of abject helplessness  
That makes us regard life as a wintry wilderness?

Are we not what we think—heroic or weak,  
Majestic or fallen, bold or timid, proud or meek,  
Are we not the architects of our labours and lives,  
The fashioners of our future in the midst of strife?

Let aspirations remain unfulfilled, and love unrequited be,  
Let Destiny perpetuate her wrongs, and life unilluminated be;  
Still, through the enveloping darkness we shall journey on  
Holding dear the golden harvest of our inmost life!

Yes, we shall journey on—with dreaming hearts and eyes—  
Towards the opalescent dawn that after darkness comes,  
Towards the bright little star that God lights in the sky  
As a sweet reward for the splendid dreamers of dreams!

\*

SPATIAL LOVE (TON—«IN—)

The flower looks up to the sky  
And breathes forth its blossoming love;  
The star looks down from the sky  
And reciprocates the rich homage!

They look at each other from far away  
And commune through wordless speech;  
Their mutual love throbs in them alone  
Unseen by eyes that know not love!

They dwell apart, like lovers sundered wide,  
And yet thrill each other through space;  
Eternal playmates in Space's vast embrace  
Betwixt the azure dome and the tawny earth!

\*

## THE FAR ASCENT

### POIGNANCY

"What are these fluttering leaves, mother dear?"  
"They are god's own happy moods, my dear?"

"And these blossoms that flower and fade?"  
"They are of God's own songs and silences made!"

"And, I suppose, those perpetual tears in your eyes  
Are the griefs of the God in the skies?"

And the child dimpled into smiles  
As the mother burst into wails!

\*

DEFIANCE

Life is a tyrant—red in tooth and claw—  
That imprisons human beings in an earthen cage—  
Feeding them with endless alluring hopes  
And with waters drawn from the river of Pain.

Bright tinted toys of flowers and fruits,  
And fragile gauds of dreams and deeds,  
Rhythmical interludes of success and defeat—  
Are all the human parrots' poor playthings!

Wing-cramped, they perish one by one—  
Captives of hope—hostages of death!  
But not all!—some live beyond the cage,  
Live—spirit-plumed and wisdom-shod!

Enfettered though, they send their visions far  
Into the vast highways of Love and Truth  
Where the lovely birds of Consciousness sport  
With the virgin fires of God's own dreams!

They defy Life's tyrannous hold and sway  
With the white-souled song of their spirit  
And send the ringing echo of their bright melody  
To where Beauty blossoms on the edge of the Deep!

✱

## DAYBREAK

In the swimming white-blue diaphanous mist—  
The chaste and choicest prelude of day—  
The Dawn has its radiant rapture-birth,  
Like a laugh from the lips of the vanishing dark!

Day-break is divine—for in it is symbolized  
The regeneration of the spirit that no decay knows;  
Centuries of dawns have flowered and faded,  
But dawn survives—a perpetual snow-saffron joy!

The lyric light of dawn, like the eternal spirit of man,  
Speeds through the heart of aeons—a petal of flame,  
Reluming the inner world of vista'd thought  
Where the unheard is heard and the invisible seen!

\*

THE BAND

Earth-wanderer—hearken once!  
     forsake the lifeless conventional way  
 And follow with courage and faith  
     the unfamiliar winding path!  
 Relinquish the remembered scent  
     of all the dead yesterdays,  
 Set brightly flaming the fire  
     that frozen lies in you,  
 And give speed and strength  
     to your shining soul-impulse!  
 What though the new path  
     be weary, winding, and long?  
 The gorgeous lure of the new  
     may lead you to lovely things—  
 To where virgin trees croon  
     their amorous vows to the skies,  
 And star-girls make love  
     to dreamers wandering alone!  
 May be, generous unseen hosts  
     with their lanterns alit  
 Will be there to offer  
     warm hospitality's welcome hand;  
 May be, there, the fears  
     that keep you under thrall  
 Will vanish at the sight  
     of Mother Earth's guardian soul;  
 Perchance, in the amber glow  
     of the miracle-scattering light  
 The senses, to a strange and thrilling  
     spiritual oneness refined,  
 Will shatter the self-forged manacles  
     that cruelly weigh you down,  
 And help you to join the band  
     of the finite lovers of Infinity!

\*



MIRACLES

The dawn that reddens the East  
Is God's own beautiful blush—  
The dusk that darkens the West  
Is God's own inward hush!

Radiant Truth is the golden sun,  
Eternal Beauty is the silver moon,  
As vast as Goodness is the sky,  
As profound as Love is the star!

Ungessed intimate affinities hide  
In the things we hear and see—  
Soul-impulses ever swim  
From one to another being!

Substance into a shadow dwindles,  
And shadow into substance grows;  
At times God descends into man,  
And sometimes man ascends to God!

Creation glows with miracles  
Of mysterious rapture-power—  
And Spirit-lustres thrill  
The clear vision of Immensity!

\*

## THE PAR ASCENT

### LIFE'S IMMORTALS

Life gives us love  
And love offers thoughts;  
Caught in imagination's web,  
Thoughts turn into birds!

The birds are ever on the wing!  
To east and west they fly,  
To north and south they run,  
Lording the outspread sky!

Birds blossom into dreams!  
Fashioned of faith and fire,  
They join the starry dance  
And enjoy a rapture-trance!

Life has deathless dreams  
That have deathless souls;  
They outlive night and day,  
And survive sun and spray!

\*

## THE HALF-GOD

Startle. . . . . Sway. . . . . and gleam  
The shadowless wings of song-  
Flapping the star-dust of dreams  
Along the highways of Spiritland!

The call of Beauty from the Deep-  
Like a silver lamp alit on the steep  
Of a mounain crowned with stars—  
Leads man beyond his narrow ken!

Out of the mould of the desolate dark  
Springs forth a bright little spark-  
Springs and darts like holy desire,  
Pilled with the glow of Promethean fire!

Like a fire-plumed red sunrise  
That incarnadines the sombre skies—  
The inward eye beholds the magic ways  
Of life that on the Road of Yearning strays!

Beholds and breathes the enfranchised air,  
Feels the chains of the flesh slipping down,  
Hears the trumpet-paens of glory roll—  
And encompasses an unimagined goal!

The passionate searcher of dawn-lit skies  
Lispig the symphony of praise—  
He, the lover of "the Real and the unheard song,  
Beckons to his side a beauty-bright throng!

Part-human..... .part-divine..\_\_\_a half-god he  
Who enfolds in himself aspects of Infinity!

\*

THE RIVAL

The radiance of a mystic Rose  
Flushes the horizon of my mind—  
Mocking the saffron-laugh of the sun  
And the silver smile of the moon!

Brought to its mysterious birth  
By the ecstasy of a fostering star—  
The radiance rivals God's own work,  
And opens an epochal era in my soul!

\*

## SOME APPRECIATIONS

### OF THE AUTHOR'S PREVIOUS BOOKS OF POEMS

@ *Rabindranath Tagore* : Your poems are unconventional, spontaneous in expression, and full of idealism.

® *Sarojini Naidu* : A poet worthy of the privilege and burden of poetry.

*John Galsworthy* : Your poetry has individuality, emotion and grace. I like it.

⊛ *John Drinkwater*: Your "Flute Tunes" with their exquisite music, tenderness and feeling are enough to make me wish that I could read some more of your poetry.

*Maurice Baring*: I have read your poems with the greatest interest. There is in them the rarest gift — vision.

*Sir Martin Harvey* : Many thanks for your delightful gift of "Enchantments." It is indeed an enchantment to read your memorably beautiful poem on the "Taj" alone. With deep appreciation of your lyrical talent.

*Laurence Housman* : I find some of your thoughts beautiful and striking. Their eastern philosophy appeals to me. I like them much.

*Phillip Guedalla* : I very much appreciate your valuable verses and am reading them with great enjoyment.

*Edmund Blunden*: I admire the fine and affectionate spirit which shines throughout the poems, and the many moments of bright colour and picture which stand out from page to page \_\_\_\_ One may well envy you the beautiful light in which you see the world.

*Wilfrid Gibson* : I have read your poems with much interest. It is fascinating to observe the subtle difference with which your oriental mind uses the English language. I like the spirit of your poems.

© *A. G. Gardiner*: I have read many of your poems with much appreciation, both of the content and the form. There is sufficient power in your work to justify you in exercising your art with the assurance that you have something to say, and know how to say it.

@ *Bonamy Dobree*: I am most indebted to you for the opportunity of seeing your graceful work. I like your poetry. It is musical and touching, and has the stamp of sincerity.

● *René Galland* (France): I have read your poems through, and must say that they brought me pleasure, and acted as a tonic on my wearied spirit.

Q *Jules Bloc* (France): There is spontaneous charm, wealth of imagery and happy expression in your poems.

® *Louis Cazamian* (France): Your poems are all charming with original thought.

® *Ernest Rhys*: Good poetry. Strikes me as the work of a very imaginative mind.

© *Slierard Vines*: You possess that enviable thing — the lyric gift, which expresses itself in your poetry through a laudable handling of rhythm and colour.

© *Sylvia Lynd*: I think it remarkable that you should write so eloquently in a foreign tongue.

© *Somerset Maugham*: I have read your poems with intense pleasure and much admire your exotic strangeness. It is wonderfully stimulating.

*R. L. Megroz*: I have read your "Footfalls" with great admiration. To find such devotion by a contemporary to the enduring realities while we are so harried by the complications of "Civilization" is indeed refreshing and encouraging-

® *Nicholas Roerich*: Your poems are most sonorous and are touching such manifold subjects that it is a great pleasure to read them. Under the surface of daily matters you touch upon eternal themes. People need today most of all such lofty calls. I congratulate you.

Thoniasanne Payne: Your thoughts are very exalted and find

a very effective medium through your pen—adequate in expression, charming in grace and holy in purpose.

- ® *Louis Eilshemius* (America): You are a born poet. You have fire, sweetness of diction and a tender heart. You have studied Shelley and Keats, still keeping your individual self in your work,
- ® *Shigi Tokenaka* (Japan): I have read through your books of poetry with pleasure and respect,
- ® *Kan Kikuclvi* (Japan): I have read your poems, and have found them deeply impressive and successful hi bringing nearer to the reader the poetic feelings and atmosphere of that great and mysterious country—India.
- ® *Irene Ormsby* \ Mr. Bhushan is a true poet by right of vision, of personality, and of craftsmanship, and I, for one, shall expect a great deal more that is beautiful and true from his eloquently original mind and pen,

—PRESS OPINIONS—

- ® *English* (Magazine of the English Association, London Vol. II, No. II, 1939): Mr. Bhushan's collection of poems (*Footfalls*) will certainly add to the reputation of this sensitive and versatile Indian poet, who lias already published a number of volumes of English verse. Mr. Bhushan is a lyrical poet with a real vision and originality and he gives English poetic forms a new charm and freshness by adapting them to the expression of Indian imagination and mystical thought... Mr. Bhushan's poetry opens up a new field of vision for the English mind, and deserves to be better known in Europe.
- © *The British Annual of Literature* (London, Vol. II, 1939): It is interesting to observe the manner of approach to English poetry by one whose critical work has made him an authority on the subject. Prof. Bhushan's command of the language is so perfect that his work might easily pass for that of an Englishman.
- 6 *The Principal Poets of the World* (London, 1930): A spontaneous splendour of vision, a magical bird-like melody, and a happy blending of a direct spiritual intonation coujJM wth a

subtle sense of luxuriousness—are the outstanding qualities of Mr. Bhushan's poetry.

*QRingwood Speaking* (London, Vol. III, No. 2, Feb., 1935); Is there any doubt that here is a poet admitted to the freedom of his fellows by divine right

- ® *Poet's Guild Quarterly* (London, December, 1932; Review by "I.O."): Here is a writer to charm me with the music of the unseen. There is wonderful colour in the poems and the movement and vitality are abundantly evident. The writer is startlingly original and presents a series of remarkable poems, overflowing with life and truth, and giving us splendid pictures of eastern glamour. The vision splendid is there, and the promise of even deeper work to come. Surely, such a command of alien tongue should give one to wonder.
- *Mitre Press*: (London, 1930) : The poems are very good and well worthy to represent Mr. Bhushan in this great International Anthology of the World's best poetry.
- The Bombay Chronicle* (Bombay) : These poems have grown like blossoms out of the poet's raptures. The feeling and atmosphere of the verses is Indian. There is freedom, enchantment and the hidden consciousness of fire in the verses.
- ® *The Mahratta* (Poona) : Fine poetic instinct and fine poetic expression. Mr. Bhushan's poetry comes to us like the monsoon full of hope and joy for the immediate present, and of rich promise for the future.
- ® *Triveni* (Bangalore) : These poems carry with them the fine stamp of an individual extremely sensitive to the good and the beautiful in life and Nature. The poet reveals a happy gift of phrasing with the rare grace of intuition for the right word to combine effect with melody. There is a typical Indian atmosphere throughout.
- ® *The Hindu* (Madras): Mr. Bhushan deserves to be congratulated on his charming collection of poems. They make delightful reading evincing as they do refreshing originality of thought and grace of expression. The atmosphere is typically eastern, colourful and gorgeous, yet delicate and soft.
- *The Educational Review* (Madras): Prof. Bhushan's books of verse have made his reputation as an inspired poet. All

his poems are characterised by entrancing melody, felicity of phrase, height of thought, rich imagery, sweeping emotion, and poetic glow of an avowedly mystical nature., The author's commanding intellectual virility and alertness render the poems full of rare intensity and positive poetical greatness. Mr. Bhushan, the poet, speaks, in a voice genuine, dear and sweet... .Mr. Bhushan's works which are powerful and promise-bearing expressions of the Indian cultural Renaissance, attain power and popularity through the impression they give of an ample and noble spirit.

- ❶ *The Leader* (Allahabad): There is a delicate beauty in Mr. Bhushan's poetry that is difficult to analyse. With a spontaneity, really poetic, this young writer sings with ease and rapture of all those poetic details of a country full of vastness and mystery... .Derived no end of delight in reading his poetry.
- ❷ *The Twentieth Century* (Allahabad) : There is bold imagery, fine poetic spirit, a heart throbbing with visions of beauty and an imagination aspiring for cosmic reach. Mr. Bhushan has all the richness of an original mind—its love of colour and symbolism and its devout idealism. And what is more, he has a freshness and an individuality of his own.
- ❸ *The Modern Eeview* (Calcutta): Sublime poems with a pretty turn and creditable command over language and metre. The writer shows a happy knack of versification and seems possessed of a genuine lyrical vein. Mr. Bhushan has many admirers, and many more are bound to be attracted by his charming poems.
- ❹ *The United India and Indian States* (Delhi) : These enchanting poems bear the stamp of a born poet, For, the author has a wonderful command of the English language, and can express his ideas in words and phrases best suited for the purpose.
- ❺ *The Indian P.E.N.* (Bombay) : Mr. Bhushan is a questing master-spirit who has conspired to colour silence with the wash of sound and to wed it unto Muse's vibrant ecstasy; he has wrought such exquisite melodies as are heard only in the land of a poet's fantasy. Like Blake, he is a man of vision— In some of his poems he is most original and highly entrancing.



# KIRANAVALI

A series of Anthologies  
of  
Indo-English Literature

Edited by

\* V. N. BHUSHAN \*

—ALREADY PUBLISHED—

• THE PEACOCK LUTE

©THE MOVING FINGER

Anthology of poems in  
English by Indian writers  
—1945—

Anthology of essays in  
literary and aesthetic criticism  
by Indian writers  
—1945—

—SOME OPINIONS—

- " ... The choice (in *The Peacock Lute*) has been made with taste and enterprise\_\_\_The introductions themselves are of great interest\_\_\_The collection and preparation of the material have obviously been a labour of love, enthusiastically carried out — "

—*The Times literary Supplement* (London)

20th September, 1947.

- "...The collection is a milestone on the road of understanding and progress— "

—*The Poetry Review* (London)

Sept.—Oct., 1947.

- "The editor of the volume, Professor Bhushan, himself a poet of high order, deserves to be congratulated upon this excellent work... Specially valuable are the introductory essays which are scholarly as well as delightful—The book is a successful venture and it ought to be regarded as a new cultural acquisition..."

—*The Modern Review* (Calcutta)

August, 1945.

- "—an important perhaps, in its own humble way, an epoch-making publication—Its strings will thrill the ears and touch the hearts of many."  
—*The New Review* (Calcutta)  
July, 1945.
- "—This is a book to be bought and studied...."  
—*The Weekly Mail* (Madras)  
31st March, 1945.
- "—We have no doubt that this anthology will pave the way for a better cultural understanding between India, England, and other English-speaking countries of the world. Excellently printed and nicely got up, the volume deserves a place on your shelf.... "  
—*Amrit Bazar Patrika* (Calcutta)  
12th August, 1945.
- £<—Professor Bhushan Jias rendered yeomen service to Indo-English literature by bringing out such an authoritative and attractive anthology...."  
—*Nagpur Times* (Nagpur)  
15th June, 1945.
- "'....I read your *Peacock Lute* with much interest, and am greatly impressed by your learning and discrimination."  
—*Sir S. Radhakrishnan* (Benares)  
12th March, 1945.
- "...Your mastery of both prose and verse has vastly advanced. I read your introduction with much admiration—I am grateful for the taste you have given me of the present day English poetry of our countrymen. With your guidance I have seen somewhat of its achievement and its promise."  
—*The Rt. Hon'ble V. S. Srinivasa Sastri* (Madras)  
26th April, 1945.
- "...an admirable collection..., you have filled a distinctly felt public want...."  
—*The Rt. Hon'ble M. R. Jayakar* (Bombay)  
8th March, 1945.
- "\_\_\_I perused the volume almost at one stretch—This book affords a synthesis of the country's thought-currents

expressed in verse... I greatly admire your own poems...."

—*Sir C. P. Ramaswami Aiyar* (Trivandrum)  
6th March, 1945.

"...*The Peacock Lute* has impressed me considerably both because of its excellent get-up and the admirable selection of the poems included in it... You have rendered a distinct service to Indo-English literature\_\_\_\_\_"

—*The Hon'ble Justice M. C. Chagla* (Bombay)  
3rd April, 1945.

- "...you have brought out a beautiful book, sumptuous, elegant companionable, and have opened a new avenue in the literature of 'India.'"

—*Sri Buddhadeva Bose* (Calcutta)  
24th February, 1945.

- ®"——a delightful and sumptuously produced volume.... (*The Moving Finger*) is sure to add to the prestige of Indo-English literature abroad and to stimulate creative effort and research in India."

—*Blitz* (Bombay)  
4th August, 1945.

- "—a volume of criticism which could compare favourably with anything that could be brought together either here in England or in the United States....! found your own comparison of Omar Khayyam and *Eablti Ben Ezra* completely convincing\_\_\_\_\_"

—*Herbert Read* (London)  
9th December, 1947.

- 0"! have much enjoyed looking through them (*The Peacock Lute* and *The Moving Finger*) and am having them placed in the Government House Library. I am sure they will give pleasure to many of my guests, and encourage those of them who are new to India to get to know some of the valuable literary work which has been done by Indians writing in English."

—*His Excellency Sir John Colville* (Bombay)  
1st October, 1945,

- "\_\_\_\_Even the briefest survey of the two books reveals that here is riches indeed...."

—*Walter de la Mare* (England)  
7th June, 1947.

● "——indeed, I can hardly think the series will fail to benefit both writers and readers of the literature concerned.

—*Edmund Blunden* (England)

● "\_\_\_\_I have examined them (*The Peacock Lute* and *The Moving Finger*) with some care, and am impressed by the range and bulk of the work you have assembled....I am sure you are doing valuable work in producing these anthologies and that they will play their part in the cultural relations between our two countries....<sup>M</sup>

—*Herman Quid* (England)

30th November, 1943.

● "\_\_\_\_The appearance of these two handsome and well-produced volumes, edited by that indefatigable champion of English and Indo-English literature, Professor V. N. Bhushan, and written by Indian authors in the English language, is an important and significant event."

—*The British Annual of Literature* (London) 1947

••

**By the same Author:**

- Books of Academic Interest——  
For the use of \_\_\_\_\_  
Indian University students——
- FACETS OF MODERN ENGLISH POETRY (1937)  
(An Essay in criticism)
- THE ETERNAL BLAZON (1941)  
(A study of *HAMLET*)
- THE LAST ENCHANTMENT (1942)  
(A study of *The TEMPEST*)
- THE FLAMING MINISTER (1943)  
(A study of *OTHELLO*)
- SELECTED POEMS OF MATTHEW ARNOLD (1941)  
(With Introduction and Notes)
- HOMAGE TO KEATS (1941)  
(Critical appreciation of Keats' Prose and Poetry)
- SILAS MARNER (1942)  
(With Introduction and Notes)
- MILTON'S *AREOPAGITICA* (1942)  
(With Introduction and Notes)
- MARLOWE'S *DOCTOR FAUSTUS* (1942)  
(With Introduction and Notes)
- PRELUDE TO POETRY (1942)  
(An Essay on the art and science of poetry)
- JAWAHARLAL NEHRU: Jewel of India (1942)  
(A Biographical Essay)
- THE MAGIC SHADOW-SHOW (1942)  
(A Critique on the Novel Form)
- THE HAWK OVER HERON (1944)  
(A Critique on the Comedy Form)

\*\*\*

- "As a critic Professor Bhushan is dispassionate; as a commentator he is wise; as an exponent he is admirable. With his wonderful capacity for subtle interpretation, his praiseworthy faculty of weaving ideas into pleasing patterns, and his enviable command over striking expression—Professor Bhushan gives the reader of his books a rare pleasure\_\_\_\_ He is one of the few Indian scholars who combine in themselves the gifts of both creation and exposition"

—*The Social Welfare* (Bombay)

15th October, 1942.

- "... .A series of brilliant literary productions... .Professor Bhushan is an intelligent critic and a wise commentator/'

—*The Maharatfa* (Poona)

16th October, 1942.

- "Professor Bhushan is a brilliant scholar of English literature and a lucid expositor of it... .A scholar of outstanding critical acumen....his intellectual endowments constitute an asset of high order——"

—*Dr. Sachchidananda Sinha* (Patna)

30th August, 1944.

- "\_\_\_\_One of the outstanding scholars of English in the country\_\_\_\_His critical editions of some English classics and his volumes of poems amply demonstrate his ability to interpret English literature to Indian students, his gifts of exposition, and lucid thinking, and his command of the English language——"

—*Dr. Amaranath Jha* (Allahabad)

21st August, 1944.

- "\_\_\_\_Professor Bhushan is a man of admirable literary attainments\_\_\_\_an able and sympathetic interpreter of English literature\_\_\_\_a real intellectual asset to any university \_\_\_\_a wise and stimulating influence in any community life of youth/'

—*Sarojini Naidu* (Bombay)

7th September, 1944.

## V









