

Parminderjit

He is best analyst of his own 'poetry', which is like him and us, also akin to his parents: full of love, charm and affection. But it is also reminiscent of fissures of feet and poverty of life. Existence of poet is so miserable that at times poetry runs away from him; only to knock at his door after a gap; and he gets a lease of life. Rightly, his verse is like a flower and a cactus, just at the same time.

Mere Kujh Haasil (Few of My Feats) is collection of Parminderjit's selected verse written during last 25 years that appeared in his various publications: *Likhtum Parminderjit*, *Meri Maarfat* and *Bachpan Ghar Te Mein*. It mainly speaks of his unfulfilled desires, but he hates to invite pity and doesn't grumble; instead boldly gives expression to grim reality of a helpless life that he lives:

I'm not a tree
Don't intertwine your nest on me
Don't ever think of weaving
The life long dream in straws
I am not a sky
Where you could appear as a star
Nor a passageway
That you could write the story of a voyage
Don't also think of becoming my ripple
I am neither stream nor a sea
I am mere a tear in the eye of a river
That lost its way in the wasteland

Parminderjit's poetry has power and style to stand for all those who have been marginalized to a non-entity and who feel that they, just like their ancestors, have been dropped from the pages of history. He is 'an elaboration of his forefathers moans', 'the title of a long story of their silence'; his every relation with motherland is crippled; and,

in wake of this country's glory of Vedas, rich heritage of Upanishdas and the ancient civilization he finds himself to be an alien.

Instead of melting in to anger, this poetry presents the case of deprived, with vigor and strength. He sets on like a fragrance and after failing to find the lost footpaths comes back as smoldering gust. But Parminderjit remains on voyage because he never turns away from the dialogue. There is a definite movement and interaction in the 'self' that emerges in his works. Though he repeatedly, sometimes stridently, paints the grim images of unrealized innocent dreams; yet doesn't surrender.

In most of his poems, Parminderjit sets in motion with a strong image in the opening lines and then starts progressing along it: 'I was one of the trees, which fell down last night'. After painting a bright scene of nests, the chirping birds, their wings and warm relationship amongst them, he asks that his life be given to some other tree so that he could see that 'moment' which kills the shades and cuts the sunshine to size. One can notice, in this poem, the anger of an agonized individual and composure of a creator. See this too:

Perhaps there is no house here
There are temples and Gurdwaras only
Where one can't spread out like a guffaw
One becomes slave of rituals
And burns like a Jyoti or candle
Every wall expects someone
To recline in worship every moment

Parminderjit, at times, looks like finding some solutions that lie in him. After all it's not Nirwana or Mukti that he is in search of, he is happy to 'live with his sins like his breath'. He wishes to move with his own feet, and he knows that all the social curses have to be swept like the sweat on face.

Though a little loud and repetitive, his poetry is socially relevant, concentrated in mode and intense in appeal.