

Swaranjit Sawi

Known for his distinct poetry, both in terms of concerns and their expression, Sawi's 6th independent book of poetry titled *Maa* (Mother) shall be released this week. The strength of his creativity lies in his uncontrolled flight in to time and space that defies conventional boundaries. Sawi openly declares his philosophy of liberating poetry from fixed ideas/ideology and confront his critics with conviction in *Dehi Naad*:

There is no ism anywhere
On the pages of your body
But when I read them a poem
Drenched in love
Spreading the fragrance of your body
My listeners
Before any appreciation of love
Reflect an ism in their eyes.
(Tr: Ajmer Rode)

The new book *Maa* has been written in adoring memory of his departed mother; but mother here is not confined to a single person, who gave birth to the poet. He tries to expand the perception with his imagination and comes out with highly impersonal and meaningful statements. One might expect Sawi to deal with this matter differently from *Dehi Naad* where he was sensuous enough to celebrate the beauty and excitement of human body; but once again establishes, to an extent, his freedom from the pre-conceived ideas. Only Sawi has guts to portray his 100 years old grandmother in the following manner:

When she performed *Gidhha*, *Boliaan* and *Jaago*
Nani was no less than a commotion
In the days of marriages
I heard her when I was student of Ninth
My ears started smoldering
Nani was like a ruckus.

He certainly tries to come out of pangs of departed Mother, still remains under pressure of time; because celebration of delight is different from the commemoration of tenderness. The idea of personal death was in foreground in some of his poems in *Ashram*; he begs to know the means to alienate himself from cobweb of relations, social ego, memories, dreams, desires and sensuality. But death of his mother and life of grandmother have thrown him in the territories of reality in a very ruthless manner; that shudders him beyond proportions and ascertains that it's difficult to achieve above alienation:

O Mother!

Have you gone so far away
That you can't listen to your own son?
Then how the *Purohit* would be audible to you?
I give money to *Purohit* for *Jaap*
But still wish to do a bit to help you:
I failed to do when you were alive.

Guilt, helplessness and sense of loss overpower him and he makes no pretension of boldness; rather his acceptance makes him creative. And grandmother's condition situates him in a state of absurdity that is impossible to solve and hard to explain:

She is distressed.
Before I could speak
The century old Nani tells me
'It appears dear son
The God has forgotten
After sending me to the earth.'

One can also see poet's yearning to become motherly to alleviate pain of all sons of soil who have, unfortunately, taken shelter in drugs. He prays before all the mothers: Nature, Sun, Earth, Mountains and endless Stars; to bless him with nectar of their motherly persona.

Maa is a perfect homage to a mother, which also encompasses within her fold, the grandmother, daughter, father, cow, nurses etc. It shall introduce its readers, not only with another feature of Sawi's creativity but also poetry of diverse dimension:

Mother is that soil
Where father never sowed love or companionship
He planted only his commands
And she still stood by him
Through thick and thin