

'*Horse with Wings*' is Varinder Parihar's fourth book of poetry that is woven with simple vocabulary and syntax; but it's potent enough to lead us to the intricacies of life. Easy looking poetry turns so complex that the reader finds himself virtually gripped in it because Varinder doesn't deal with emotions, he provokes the thought process. His concerns and expressions are unusual.

Varinder Parihar is living in Southampton (UK) for the last more than 30 years. He also resided in forests, spent time with his solitude and fought with his compulsive neurosis. He defines life as misery, confinement and a brut routine. 'The modern Alexander has become prisoner of a fort where he possesses nothing'. The dreams and ideas are chained and the miseries don't have wings to fly, hence they stick to us. The institution of marriage for him is:

*A sword of artificial light  
That divides the misery into two parts  
And before either could know  
What is his or her share  
The journey is over.*

An earlier poem declares:

*To seek salvation through death  
In the slaughter house  
Could mean nothing  
But an expression of joy.*

Still, interestingly, he promises hope because the reader is invited into a meaningful dialogue with his surroundings, traditions and ideologies. Varinder is in search of an eternal happiness, but his *Sham (The Evening)* tells us that it's difficult to retain the moments of pleasure that pass through him like a flash of light. His curiosity to know the obscurity of post death stage and strength to *dive* into a *mirror* for the purpose gives meaning to his art. He wishes, in addition to living with the 'lions', to have a friendship with trees, birds and animals; an effort to solve the mystery of life with the chemistry of nature.

The reality of human existence has been portrayed in *Samundar Kishtiaan Bharia*. He sees the vessel of his father, which is submerged in red of the sunset, followed by oscillating brown boat of his mother. The light pink ferry carrying his sister is clearly visible but the one belonging to the elder brother is engulfed in the distant fog. "*Berhi Meri Vee Rangaan Kitaabaan Dee Tiar Hundi Honi Ithe Kite.*" The poem is like a painting that has many layers of meanings indicating different ages, stages, relations, interests and equations.

Varinder sees no difference in the life of Delhi or Durbin and Ludhiana or London, because all human beings have identical concerns and attitudes: 'We should not make culture a scapegoat.' But interestingly he underlines the importance of languages. Hence we need to know how can he divorce the force of culture from within the language.

He is refreshingly original in his ideas and their expressions. Who else has compared the sweetness of music with 'ivory notes'? Only Varinder can compose poetry about the '*unwritten poem*'. He is like "*one of those many Siberian cranes who are trying their hard to write on the trembling pages of the sky*". His *Horse with Wings* is unadulterated food for thought, without even a trace of sentimentality. Dalip Kaur Tiwana compares his poetry with that of Baba Farid, that is always unblemished. In the words of Dr Noor, "Parihar's work is declaration of the return of Panjabi poetry in England."