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Gita Mohanty's Poetry: An Outcry of a Humanised Soul

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Abstract

Gita Mohanty is reckoned as a very stellar modern Indian poet residing in America. She is very intelligent, intriguing and intense human being, and her aesthetic attributes spurred me stoutly to write a paper on her poetry. She is an adjunct Biology professor in the U.S. A. She is a passionate poet with a primly and pellucid thoughts and progressive outlook. Poetry to her is an inner conversation with her soul. She is a humanist and radiates humanistic gestures of goodwill with her facile pen in the maze of her beautiful pieces of verse. She is a philanthropist and serves selflessly blind children and underprivileged in India. Her poetry reflects robustly her love for humanity, Indian ethos, Indian culture, Indian philosophy and pertinence of life nonchalantly. Despite living in a foreign country, she never sever ties with her motherland and always reminisces the liveliness of Indian culture and vibrancy of life found in the country. She is a prolific writer and relentlessly posts her poems on various literary fora: Global Literary Society, Motivational Strips, Atunis Poetry, and World Writers' Web. The present paper, however, is a humble attempt to pry into her mind and art, and to present perspicuous appraisal of her poetry from biographic, thematic and spiritual perspective.

Keywords: Love, Humanity, Philosophy, Death, and Salvation

Indian poetry has come of age with respect to global identity, quality and exquisite variety. Today several new voices emerged on the poetic horizon their sharp sensibilities and artistic excellence who have enthralled the readers worldwide. The women poets are unconditionally undulating their vision, mission, desires, emotions and aspirations in the maze of their

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winsome writing. They have successfully carved niche for themselves, established identity in society and simultaneously maintained their individuality at home. A. N. Dwivedi writes in his book *Studies in Contemporary Indo English Verse*: “In the fast changing socio-cultural environment in our country, women are becoming much and more self-conscious, self - expressive and self –assertive (1). Women poets do not lag behind their male counterpart in the field of poetic creativity.

Indian English poetry has galaxy of star women poets which includes Toru Dutt, Sarojini Naidu, Margaret Chatterjee, Tillotama Rajan, Kamala Das, Gauri Deshpande, Lakshmi Kanan, A. S. Modayil, Suniti Tajmoshi, Gauri Pant, Sunita Jain, Meena Alexander, Sivakami Velliangir etc. and now a new name is added to it to increase the gleam quotient manifold. Now we witness more women are penning beautiful verses and glittering the universe with their gems of poetry. Their K. R. S. Iyenger in his treatise *Indian Writing in English* (2) opines:

The women are ‘splendid’; they are clever; they are touchy; they are ductile in their ego. Some are so much engrossed in their own petty sex-sex sparring with males that they are almost blind to the immense luring beauty-the terribilita- of the Indian landscape where toils Indian Woman of Sorrows. Certainly, The women poets of today have dared all that men had dared, and they have few inhibitions. Freedom and energy often team together, but there is need also to go beyond the recurrent sense of hurt and appetite for strife, and reach at the beauty, harmony, peace, fulfilment. (729)

As I delved deeper into Gita Moahanty’s poetry, the inherent message enlightened me, and endeavour became quite invigorating. Plunging deep in her psyche, I found her a poet of extraordinary exuberance and positive urge. I witness the wriggling waves of contentment and discontentment, weal and woes, joy and sorrows, and rabid rage gets a safe shore of serene spiritualisation in the spectacle of exquisite realistic poetry. We see rigorous reverberation of life and her persona creating ripples in her poems. The poetic themes are wide spectrum of vibrant colours ranging from love, life humanity, altruism, women empowerment, friendship and death etc. The wavelength of her poetic sensibilities is very domineering and dominating. She doesn’t regiment her pen in any rule but gives it a facile and forceful stroke.

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“Love Reflects in the Genetic Material Itself” is a very charming piece of verse woven around the theme of love. The poem is very thought-provoking, thoughtful, and very well thought out deliberation dwelling light on relationship between two souls. The poet has expertise on Bio Science, and displays her mastery over craftsmanship especially in the employment of scientific metaphors and jargons. She relates beautifully the biomolecule DNA, our genetic material with inherent human nature. The poet describes the blossoming love chemistry between two lovers who are starkly like two helical strands of DNA tethered tenaciously to each other, no matter they are diametrically opposite in disposition. They are entwined inextricably together as having own nitrogenous bases but it is love which is expressed with hydrogen bond, and bind them sprightly. The poet uses purines, adenine and guanine who intersects to show coherence and contemptibility while pyrimidines, cytosine and thymine show their contentment in life and love. Mark the following lines of the poem “Love Reflects in the Genetic Material Itself” (3):

When Adenine pairs with Thymine,
As if it says, all your sadness is mine,
And vice-versa, they are designed by divine,
And when Guanine pairs with cytosine,
As if it says, “my love, you are always mine,
And our togetherness is absolutely destined.

(<https://www.facebook.com/1607836919>)

“If I Ever I Would Fall in Love” is very delightful and delicate love songs of Gita Mohanty which highlights the peculiar sensations felt by a woman to fall in love or stave off the yearning for romantic love. She is torn between the craving of her heart for love and intellects’ imposition on her this vibe not to be. She presents a panorama her feelings how she would behave when fall for someone and concludes with a resolution. She rues that she would never find anyone who is gifted with every traits that she aspires for. The poet makes no distinction between her falling in love and finding a lover who comes up to her expectations. She concludes candidly that the sky doesn’t hold the bright star that can dive deep into her emotions and increase her intellect’s iridescence. Love is not seemingly an emotion to the poet where heart becomes subservient to intellect, but intellect must guide heart to find an ideal lover. The poem is highly mystical and wistful brings out beautifully

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poet's intense longing for an ideal one. Mark the following lines of the poem "If I Ever I Would Fall in Love" (4):

For whom, for what it would fall?
Who would be that ideal, to such I haven't met before,
Until and unless my intellect and emotions,
Perfectly design and prepare,

As per my whim and desire,
No one as such can appear.
The sky yet doesn't hold that bright star
And makes me fall for that, so far,
Who can glare at my perfect vision,
Capturing my emotions,
Seizing my intellect's transmission.

(<https://m.facebook.com/groups/252154565336217>)

Another love poem "All I Wanted to Say is ..." "throws light on poet's awareness, closeness and concern about some environmental issues. The poem primarily presents poet's merry go round of emotional upheaval fostered by curiosity of expectations and denial of accepting the reality when she sets out for excursion with her soul mate. In the garb of some attractive metaphors, the poem unravels unravels her concern about global warming, and depletion of ozone layers from the atmosphere. She suggests to harp on nanotechnology and bio fuel as alternatives to diminish the dependence on petrochemicals and minimise the carbon combustion, and check green -house gases emission which warm the earth brazenly. She gives a clarion call to all to save earth and environment and bequeath a better ambiance for the future generations. The poet seems to be torn between her loyalty to her soul mate and concerns for the incessant degradation of atmosphere. See the following lines of the poem "All I Wanted to Say is ..." (5):

Nanotechnology and biofuels as sustainable energy,
If you still didn't understanding anything, that is fine.
I'm done with your environment technology things,
I too was not talking about that your forgotten

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‘Sweet forehead kiss’

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Another love poem “Let Me Love You a Bit” deals with the theme of love. the poem is brilliantly crafted around beautiful metaphors, and shows fathomless love for her husband. The poem is floral gift to valentine on the auspicious day of love birds. The poet wishes each and every heart fills with love, affection and compassion. Love is the panacea for all human predicament. It is the platonic bond that cements the ties between lovers inextricably. See the following lines poem “Let Me Love You a Bit” (6) :

As if you gotten mesemerised in the fragrance
Of a musk and preparing you to indite,
You remained engrossed and absorbed,
In all my charms being remain quite.
Let me put my lips signature,
All over,
Each and every moment of yours,
Hugging your past, present and cosmic future,
In your conscious and unconscious sphere,
Doesn’t matter, I may or may not be there,
I would be in your dreams and thoughts....

(<https://www.Facebook.com/groups/25215456533621>)

She displays a rare emotional maturity, and pours down her feelings honestly, diligently and passionately in her poems. She is very unassuming and unpretentious in the expression of her love for her father and memories of his presence came crowding in the time of mourning, and she philosophises what her father gave and she got. The poet had a colossal regard and unflinching love for her father and reminiscing his affection that bloomed into blossoms she becomes forlorn. The flowers bloom, fall and fade into eternity leaving behind the fragrance lingering. The poem shows poet’s indomitable attachment with his father, and laments that she was a balm of her old age, an apple of his eyes. Her father is present in her poem as an unavoidable deity directly and indirectly. The poet becomes nostalgic despondently and remember her serving her as his mother after the sad demise of his own

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mother in his childhood, and fondly addressed her as Ambi Ma. Mark the following lines of her poem from her tribute to her father “My Boi Where are You” (7):

My Boi your Ambi Ma here is waiting for you,
Baba, your adorable Gethi Ma is waiting for you,
Where are you, where are you, where are you,
Your Ambi Ma looking for you...

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However, one of the most distinguishing feature of Gita Mohanty’s poetry is autochthonousness. Indian culture, traditions, ethics, myth, Vendantic Philosophy are the dominant themes of her poetry. Despite her long stay in United States doesn’t let her to sever her ties with her native country. The poem, “You can’t count on me, but...” is an excellent poem reflective of her deep devotion to Indian ethics. She is so much enamoured of its bright halo that she never wants to break its safe cocoon, she takes it as a touchstone to verify what is genuine or right. She so nonchalantly splices subjectivity with objectivity, intensity of emotions with fortitude of repulsion, the light of assurance with lustre of choice clothed in beautiful metaphors that leaves her readers enthralled and awestruck. The poem is primly pen-portrait of her romantic rapturous heart, and also shows her intellect superimposing on heart’s longing. The poem is one of her best with feisty frost glistened on her firm conviction in Indian values and ethics. The following lines of the poem “You can count on me, but...” (8) Corroborate my point:

I have my thought’s own territory,
I wouldn’t compromise on trespassing,
Before entering, you have to knock in my mind,
If my heart doesn’t agree, I can’t let you in.
But in spite of all that,
You can always count on me,
Still if you find a friend in me,
If genuinely you need something,
No doubt for you, definitely I would be coming.

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Reading poetry is like soaring high on an escalator. We feel jerk in the beginning, more swiftly, smoothly and irresistibly tilt the last jerk of the destination- no one can foresee when and how the stair will slip from our feet to seeing her elevating flight. Her life view is born of the acceptance of the excruciating fact that suffering is necessary for survival as for artistic and creative explorations. The poem “Please Know, on You Someone May Be Counting” is one of the best poems by poet woven around the theme of life. The poet presents the real purpose of life: Life is beautiful, meaningful, a precious gift of God, to live gleefully braving all storms. The writer presents the panacea of all human predicament that we must live for others, break the cocoon of self complacency, ready to help out others, rabid to bring cheer and smiles on the faces of others, to feign or pretend to show happy to make others happy whose world revolves around us, whose expectations are tethered to our happiness. Successful is one who knows this secret of life. Life is to be enjoyed like rollicking ride seeing the enchanting landscapes through the window of the chariot we are aboard. Mark the following lines of the poem “Please Know, on You Someone May Be Counting” (9):

Next time when you commit something,
Please know, on someone is counting,
Not just listen, hear him out,
His inner cry and suppressed shout,
Please give him a firm hand to come out,
Put your ear, to hear, his disturbed silence,
Just don't say buddy, be his true solace,
Let's save a life by truly hugging his vibes,
Giving sometime, listening to him.

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“I'm Evolving” is one of the most enchanting, enthralling, and engrossing poems by Mohanty showing her unflinching and unwavering faith in Hindu philosophy of life. All the denizens of the world are subject to ceaseless process of change, as change is the law of nature. Evolution is the bedrock of life. Some souls fall prey to evil impulse, and indulge in

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malpractices and wrong doings like selfishness, greed, ego and voluptuousness and mar their prospects of smooth salvation. Attachment always proves to be detrimental, but detachment anchors us to safe shores and be nimbuses us to bath in divine light of spirituality. The poet seems to detach or alienate herself from the carnal desires and cruel clutches of materialism and wants to tread slowly in real the pursuit of spiritual life. The poet strives to live for the betterment of mankind and calls for feeling of altruism, she finds solace serving the humanity. The poet has broken the veneer of pristine and pleasant attachment to worldliness and has seen the rays of enlightenment and realisation of her true self. The poem entails the divine attachment and spiritual growth in the spectacle of evolution and heading headlong towards the valley of salvation. The poet has given an outlet to her cascading feelings in the haze of some serene scientific metaphors as ‘Tartarus of mine’, ‘hermit crab’, ‘Saprophytic growth’, ‘connecting cables’, and ‘sacred medula oblongta’ etc. See the following lines of the poem “I’m Evolving” (10):

I’m evolving from the vortex of whirlpool,
Erupting from the Tartarus of mine,
Intoxicating with my karmic wine,
Detaching myself from the attachment’s vine,
From the past, present and future of mine,
A cocktail of time,
Churning and blending the intellect and mind,
Quenching and drenching my soul to shine,
An intellectual evolution and beyond,
Like the morning star, arising from the horizon of my own,
Like a hermit crab, leaving shell of its own.

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The poem “Liberation of I” is a brilliantly carved composition espouses her longing to shine in the divine enlightenment which navigate to salvation. The poem dwells upon her exploitation of self. The poet gets light by her chain of introspective speculations. Every permanent thing is transient, and the knowledge of light hovers around us, the darkness of ignorance is devoured by the lustre of our enigmatic illumination strengthened by deep divine power. All mundane and materialistic things don’t attract her anymore. ‘I’ evaporates in the

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gleam of His sunlight. Lord Buddha espouses that all our senses end with forsaking the desires. By controlling our senses, we grow to be stoic amid the storm of worldly pleasures and march towards salvation. The poet seems to do away with all frills and fringes, décor and decorum. The poem is testament of her true realisation of self and cardinal desire to splice the soul with the great soul. Mark the following lines of the poem “Liberation of I” (11):

‘I’ started soaring high
In the intellect’s sky,
Way better than the continuous mind’s friction,
Painful and anxiety’s lightening motion,
Beyond the love and hate’s emotions,
Exceeding all the transitions and relations,
A big transformation for emancipation.
Still “I” looked for what is that beyond all the jurisdictions,
I started looking for transcendent position,
Somewhere beyond the body, mind and intellect’s jurisdiction.

(<https://m.facebook.com/groups/7785238191147346?view=permalink&id=1167606576905733>)

In conclusion, we may affirm that the poems of Gita Mohanty are pearls flowed freely and felicitously from her blessed pen woven around love, life, truth, family, cardinal certainties, spirituality, serenity and calmness of nature, women empowerment and environmental concerns. Her poetic sensibilities possess dulcet and delicious adroitness and alacrity, vibrancy and existential exuberance and incessantly dynamic in her pursuit of spiritual enlightenment. Her poems are stimulus symphonies that foster freshness, egress inner light, powerful craftsmanship opening in enchanting metaphor vaults. She embodies and emblazons the holistic and spiritual affinities and associations as she strikes and stimulates the poetic pool of life. She bares her soul to squeeze its essence.

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