

# షైదానంలో మరచిక్



మూలం :

జి.యం. గిర్గలాని

అనువాదం :

డా. వి. కొండలరావు

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విశ్వనాథ సాహిత్య పీఠం ప్రచురణ

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Late **Mrs. MADHURI J. GIRGLANI**  
(W/o. J.M. Girglani)

Born : 24-1929  
at Delhi  
Dist. Hyderabad  
(Sindh)

DIED: 11-3-1985  
Hyderabad  
(A.P.)

Dedicated to  
My Wife Madhuri  
Who leaves behind  
Sweet Memories  
Who shared my  
Trials, Tribulations and  
Triumphs

## PREFACE

You, dear reader, will find this book in your hands without asking, as poetry books are more often given as complimentary copies than sold. Be so kind as to read it, or pass it on to someone who is likely to read it. There is no greater mortification for a writer than not being read. Criticism is not what he dreads.

After the first collection of my English poems was published under the title "Circle in search of circumference" I never thought I would publish another book of my poems. I am not a prolific poet. In fact, I have never thought of myself as a poet, in the sense we talk of poets, who can see where the sun cannot peep, whose vision penetrates the unknown and who get spontaneous poetry and keep on writing poetry and perhaps even think and perceive the world poetically, and pass out into immortality. My poems come on sudden impulses. Sometimes, I note them down and forget about them. At one stage, however, I thought I should do something about publishing a second book out of these tucked away poems and some fresh ones to be written to justify the company of friends who are poets or poetry lovers. I meet them often in the monthly meetings of poetry Society (Hyderabad), the World Poetry Society, poetry Society (India), New Delhi, International Academy of Poets, Madras and "Nela Nela Vennela" ("Moonlight Every Month"). There are many such friends outside these organizations too. Andhra Pradesh particularly abounds in poets as Telugu and Urdu languages are so very poetical and so rich in poetic tradition. The poetic tradition of my dear old Sindhi is also very rich but I happen to be living in a place where Sindhi language is languishing and almost vanishing. Coming back to my thoughts about publishing a second book: well, wishes sometimes do become horses. One day, Pandit Vandemataram Ramchandra Rao the famous freedom fighter of Hyderabad State and former Chairman, Official language Commission and International Telugu Institute who had occasion to see my earlier book, suggested that Udaageetha Prakasham Samstha, of which he is the Chairman, would be happy to publish my next book of poems, if I was planning one. Sri Kranti Kumar Koratkar, Secretary of the Samstha who was present, supported the idea. Both had always been kindly spirits ever since I had known them about 35 years ago. I must therefore first record my profound

gratitude to them for making this book possible by getting it published by their Samstha. It is not easy for poetry, specially English poetry, to get published in India.

Encouragement had been coming from many quarters but poetry does not flow under the power of encouragement. It has its own logic, if logic it ever has, whatever be the theories of poetry. Immediately after the first book, there was some sort of continuation of poetic impulse and some poems flew out, almost on their own volition they remained in the "Poetry File". But after that, for about 7 years poetry parted from my soul. Then the anguish caused by this sweet sorrow of poesy's parting itself gave rise to a few poems. These poems can be easily identified in the book. They are almost invocations to poesy to come back to me. The personal calamity, my wife's death in March, 1985, totally shutout poetry from my life, and I thought I could never write poetry again. I wrote a few indifferent limericks to laugh away some personal experiences immediately after my retirement on 30<sup>th</sup> Sept., 1986. But that was perhaps all the poetry I wrote then. It was in 1986 Dec.. That participation in IX World Congress of Poets at Madras rekindled the poetic spirit within me. Thereafter, I got some poetry back into my soul. I must also thank Mrs. Krishna Gupta whose monthly Poetry Reading Circle get-togethers under the aegis of Poetry Society, Hyderabad, over high tea and warm hospitality, again revived in me a fresh interest in writing poetry, "nela Nela Vennela" (Moonlight Month After Month), an informal gathering of poets every month, that is organized by my friend and neighbor Mr. C.V. Krishna Rao, a very fine Telugu poet himself, inspired me to write some new poems atleast to be read out at these meetings, where sometimes I was the only one reading English poetry. Most of the poets who participate write in Telugu. But poetry is poetry and these monthly meets stimulated some poetic thoughts. Slowly, I was able to convert my feelings and impulses into poems. Themes of my poems have always taken their own autonomous decisions to be born as poems. I don't claim any credit for or plead guilty of the choice of themes or even thoughts that embody these themes. They transcend my consciousness and descend as poems.

The continuing contact with friends who are born poets like the great poets Dr. Krishna Srinivas and Dr. Syed Ameeruddin

both of Madras, Q.J.Bapu Reddy(Telugu and English) and Sri M.Ismail (Telugu) presently Member, Official Language Commission, and Mr.Veeraswamy a literary critic of positive thinking and profound penetration, ultimately brought about rapprochement between me and poetry. The result is this book.

The choice of title was not very easy, but ultimately, the title that emerged seems to reflect the underlying theme of most of the poems in the book and the subconscious world view I have held about the insatiety of desires of everyone of us who seem to be always running after mirages, and a sense of misery amidst material prosperity of the owners of this earth. I have tried to embody the idea in the poem with the same title, Mirage in A Meadow. In fact, I wonder if poetry can ever get written without mirages in meadows. Mirages of the desert are too real and tortuous to produce poetry. Meadows alone create too much of the stupor of contentment to be conducive to poetry. It's only a mirage in a meadow, desires of a man whose basic needs are all satisfied, that can make a man a poet. Total deprivation cannot lead to poetry, nor can total contentment. Mirage in a meadow is midway between these two extreme states.

Foreward has always been a problem because one has to approach literary celebrities. Either they don't know you or they have no time. Or you have no perseverance. So, in my first book I never made an attempt to ask anyone for a foreward and straight way asked the readers to write their own foreward on the blank page provided for the purpose in the book. For the present book, a poem formed itself in my mind and I have published it in the book under the title ' Posthumous Foreward'. A part of the inspiration for it came from the old hindi film 'pyasa' of the late lamented Gugu Dutt, In which the pauper poet receives great recognition after newspapers had published erroneous news of his death on the railway track. He was got beaten up by the publishers as an imposter when he appeared in the public meeting and declared that he was alive. The stakes in his death were too high for the publishers. Part of the provocation for the poem 'Posthumous Foreward' has come from the apologetic refusal of the first person I approached for a Foreward. He had a valid reason, that he had refused to write a foreward for some other friends too. Fair enough, I thought,

I thank him for inspiring this poem. I thank Dr. Krishna Srinivas for his kind Foreward.

As I have now crossed 61, I suppose this will be my last published book of poems, unless the poetic impulses intensify during the last lap of life like the candle burning brighter before getting extinguished, as they say. In such a case, one more book is possible before I start on my inter-galaxy tour in an astral body. I suppose it must be quite an exhilarating experience to go places in an astral body. But, if you wish to learn to live, spend a day with Dr. Krishna Srinivas, whose zest for life and dedication to poetry are infectious and amazing.

Ramakrishna Printing Press, Hyderabad, and its cultured and dedicated proprietor Sri Satyanarayana and his two very pleasant sons, have for the first time in my life, made the experience with printing presses, pleasant. They have done almost everything in proper times and relieved me of the problem of hair-tearing proof-reading which they themselves do, so thoroughly.

Sri seela Veera Raju, the well-known artist of A.P. and till recently Dy. Director, Information and public relations Department who has done cover pages for almost every book worth its name in Hyderabad, has done an excellent cover page design, artistic excellence being a part of his nature. How does one thank an artist for his excellent work of art? I don't know. I pray for his long life, happiness and prosperity now that he has taken voluntary retirement to dedicate himself to the pursuit of art.

If the reader finds too much of 'subjective' poetry in this book, I crave his/ her indulgence. Somehow, I believe that unless non-subjective poetry on philosophic or spiritual subjects flows out spontaneously, one should not attempt to write it. Greater masters have already written on such subjects so perfectly. Why distort the beauty of their eternal, immortal writings or repeat their thoughts less perfectly. I have not considered myself competent to write philosophic poetry. If any philosophy drips out of 'subjective' poetry, it's an unintended fall out. I claim no credit for any original philosophy of my own, much less for any philosophic poetry.

**FOREWORD**

When poetry Society sent out a proforma to be filled in by the participants in its English poetry 'Kavi Sammelan', it had a column about message in the participant's poetry. This provoked the poem, 'What's the Message'. When someone refused to write a foreward, 'Posthumous Foreward" was born. The Sunday Mahabharata serial on T.V.brought out "Blindness in Maharabharata" Indira Gandhi's assassination resulted in the "The Black Wednesday". Thus, my poetry is impulsive, and I feel rather embarrassed by any philosophy being imputed to it. I do not feel shy to admit lack of any specific philosophy behind my poetry.

- **J.M. GIRGLANI**, IAS (Retd.)

From the mounts of Girglani's mind, tumble out fountains of thoughts refreshing and reverberating. Blake saw the world in a grain of sand and eternity in an hour. But Girglani's images traverse entire Universe and yield many a verse that will remain everlastingly everlasting.

His lyrics are "set to mind's music"

His "poems are echoes of his agonies and ecstasies"

In his "That is My Soul" he delivers to humanity an immortal message. He visions universal love incarnating in its pristine purity, in the ash of dust and in this:

" The sun. the mon,  
The clouds. the stars,  
God, man, beast, plant .....

Have lost identity and  
"That ash is my soul".

He cries :-

"Beware, I am a rebel, a maniac, a madcap  
my eyes emit laser rays, my lungs are thunderbolts  
my heart is a volcano  
my thoughts are atomic stockpiles  
I have just become a human being"

In "Child's Magic", he is superb. He seems to grasp the mysteries of creationism when he sings:

" From the bottomless crater

A little twinkle beckons  
I smile within at the signal of joy  
Lift it and heave it to my heart  
The fossil turns human".  
Such great thoughts suffuse his new book " Mirage in a Meadow."  
Girglani has earned a permanent niche in Indian Parnassus.

Dr. KRISHNA SRINIVAS  
Litt, D  
Founder President  
World Poetry Society and Editor in Chief  
'POET' International Monthly.

**J.M.GIRGLANI, Mirage in a Meadow**

In Girglani's best poems there is a direct transcript of life, an interpretive dramatization of experience. In addition there is a candour and humility that is refreshing.

"My poems just mould my heart beats into verse  
.....

My poetry's an echo of my agonies and ecstasies  
.....  
" I merely trace the lines from the palm of life".

Again, in his good poems there is a variety of rhythm and metre that suggests a fusion of form and content.

Quite a number of his poems, however are mere statements that are not poeticized :

rapid fire of the tongue  
Torrents of temper  
dam of stifed protests bursts

His use of initial rhyme as in "Let me cry" is effective not only in terms of sound but also lends an urgency and immediacy that is striking. "Re-Incarnations" is dealt with a terseness that belies the title and its ramifications. The poet makes a special effort to achieve an alliterativeness that is pleasing without becoming obtrusive. His treatment of personal loss and bereavement is controlled yet deeply felt without becoming maudlin.

Isaac Sequeira

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*Prof. Isaac Sequeira has retired as Professor of English. Osmania university, Hyderabad on 31<sup>st</sup> January 1990, and taken over as full time Research Advisor to American Studies Research Centre, Hyderabad. He is a Visiting professor in some of the Universities in the U.S.A.*

## 2. A Mirage of the Reality

“Mirage in A Meadow” is indeed a reality of Mr. Girglani’s impounded poetic outpourings. He spreads his sparkling green thoughts and visions on the meadow of his life experiences and mistakes the radiating refulgence for a mirage. It is a beckoning light-lake in which searching swans swim to the delight of their parched spirits. This is the poet’s intended idealistic perception of the enigmatic wise bountiful landscape, as distinct from an apparently socialistic and sloganistic connotation that one may be inclined to give on the first look at the title. Lamenting over the plight of the umpteen lives which “starve and thirst” while the landlords of the luscious sprawling meadow “scurry like desert deer, towards a distant tantalizing mirage of unsatiated desire, painless cheer”, the poet discerns illusion from reality with philosophical detachment.

What turns Mr. Girglani’s poetic outpourings into such a powerful and potent mirage? His heart beats, heady spirit, mind’s music, agonies’ echo may have no message to convey but admittedly they “compose the duets that cuckoo and canary sing” and “trace the lines from the palm of life”. No doubt the poems in this book have accomplished this and much more.

Yes, Mr. Girglani develops devastating heart beats: “A chance glance” of a passing beauty could ignite “an inferno” in his being. His heart also beats for the “beautiful Sindhri, bewitching sindhri” whose “flowers blossom in every garden”. Indira Gandhi’s assassination on “the Black Wednesday” makes his heart billow with immortal feelings.

“Sixteen bullets pierced through, each sixteen generations over : sixteen Everests crushed Himalaya’s chest, each sixteen avalanches over”.

“That is My soul” conveys the deepest message of the poet’s departed wife in the soul of whose ashes all the Creation has “lost identity”.

Who has not seen the daily dawn of the “pink beauty” in the Eastern horizon” yet none but Mr. Girglani could be inspired at the sight of “the splendour of exalted emergence/”

“My hands go up in involuntary oblation to acknowledge God’s greetings to earth “. This “dribble” of his heady spirit excels even the wit and wisdom of the sages.

He sees an eagle in its soaring angelic beauty only to be disillusioned by the “white winged” one descending “on a rotting carcass”. Beware of the deceptive appearances that may be encountered in most unsuspected settings in your life.

“Lyrics set to mind’s music” which can melt even the mutilated rocks into cascading melodies, punctuate the pages of this fascinating book. Girglani longs “to cry as he did in his mother’s arms when crying was not a shame”. His “heart pumps out lava” which he lets “to gush out through his eyes, lest it run through arteries and veins”. He scales the tallest peaks of vedic vision when he pronounces “Today let me wail my self hoarse so that my anguish may lose its voice and I may cry no more”.

Such echoes of his “agonies and ecstasies” reverberate through meadows of his penetrating musings. “Blindness in Mahabharata” is a commanding poetic height from which you could scan the panorama of the poet’s creative light. His images and symbols transcend the unknown peaks and descend on to the unknowable deeps in this “continuing” search for science. Myth, Faith and Reality, Even some of his experimental as well as accidental verses permeate the aroma of Divine Grace. In fact his earlier “Circle in Search of Circumference” “meets in this mystic Mirage more realistic pantomime of a visible circumference in search of an invisible centre. My long soul-deep association with Mr. Girglani inhibits me from expressing all that I would like to (lest it should be construed as self extolation) but I look

forward to greet him at even greater heights of his poetic attainments, now that he has conquered unscalable peaks.

Dr.J.BAPU REDDY

*Dr. J.Bapu Reddy is an eminent poet in Telugu and English, widely traveled throughout the world and widely acclaimed as a poet of depth and vision. He has many an award to his credit and has published about 9 books of his poetry in Telugu and English.*

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## Poetry Girglani

J.M. Girglani has established himself as a poet of international eminence with the publication of his first collection of poems “Circle in Search of Circumference”. He offers immaculate poems-mighty fine, memorable, monumental. He has been very much appreciated by the poetry lovers all over the world, for his exquisite poetical accomplishments. In ‘Mirage in a A Meadow’, he has reached new poetic heights.

Girglani’s poetry is captivating and exhilarating. Image, symbolism, music and meaning suffuse his poems. As such we witness in his poems an outburst of rare creativity and rhapsodical musings. He is a poet with a social concern and love for humanity. His social commitment and graphic description of life soaked in realism and sarcastic sur-realism is highly commendable.

Girglani is a gifted artist deeply rooted in the rich Indian ethos. He is well aware of the metaphysical vicissitudes of both the East and the West. He is highly philosophic and meditative in his poetic perceptions. He is a pure visionary with a quest for the Ultimate and the Universal. His metaphysical yearning is highly influenced by the oriental mystical ethos.

Girglani has already established an enviable position among the poetic elite, in the arena of contemporary world poetry. His poetry is memorable for its social and psychological explorations into the human psyche, and further, for its metaphysical mysteries and mind blowing existential encounters.

On the whole, Girglani has emerged as a highly fascinating, elusive and strikingly individual poet. He has a strong sense of environment, a living reality, and a fine flair

for language, which he uses with zest and dexterity. His gift for sharp imagery and use of powerful symbolism, and his poignant use of sarcasm and gentle humour, make him strikingly a different poet in the firmament of contemporary Indian poetry in English.

- Prof. SYED AMEERUDDIN  
Director General  
International poets Academy  
Madaras

## నా మాట

గిర్గలానీగారి ఈ కవితలు నేనవదించడం ఒక పెద్ద సాహసం. ఎందుకంటే గిర్గలానీగారు చాలా మంచి భావకుడు, సామాజిక స్పృహ కలవాడు, దేశ భక్తుడు. వారి ఆంగ్ల భాషా కౌశల్యం చాలా ఉత్తమ స్థాయికి చేరింది. వారికి అనేకానేక ఉన్నత స్థాయి ఆంగ్లేయ పదాలు అలవోకగా చేతికొస్తాయి. వాటిని వారు ఎంతో ఔచిత్యంగా వాడుతారు. భాషపై వారికున్న సత్కృతి వారికి వారే సాటి.

గిర్గలానీగారి కవితల్లో ఒకవైపు హాస్యం దొరలుతుంది, మరొక వైపు 'self pity' అంటామే, అలాంటిది. అలా నవ్వేవారు, నవ్వుకునేవారు, నవ్వించే వారు చాలా అరుదు. అది చౌకబారు నవ్వు కాదు, చాలా గాంభీర్యమైనది, హుందాతనంతో కూడినది. అలా నవ్వడం, నవ్వుకోవడం, నవ్వించడం అలాంటి హాస్యం, అందరికీ సాధ్యం కాదు. ఒక్క మాటలో చెప్పాలంటే గిర్గలానీగారు మంచి హాస్యప్రియుడు. వారి మాట ఎలాగుంటుందో, వారి వ్రాత కూడా అలాగే ఉంటుంది. అడుగడుగునా ఒక చమత్కారాన్ని జోడించకుండా వారు మాట్లాడలేరు, వ్రాయలేరు. అందుకే వారికి చాలా మంచి ఉపన్యాసకుడని, సంభాషకుడని, రచయితయని పేరుంది. వారి సాంగత్యంలో కాలం అలా అలవోకగా దొరలిపోతుంటుంది ఎవరికైనా, ఒక్క మాటలో చెప్పాలంటే. గిర్గలానీగారిలాంటి ప్రతిభావంతులు చాలా అరుదు.

గిర్గలానీగారు పైకి ఎంత సరసంగా, సరదాగా, ఖులాసాగా కనబడతారో లోపల అంత తార్కికుడు, దార్శనికుడు, లోతైన ఆలోచనలు, అనుభూతులు, అనుభవాలు, భావాలు కలవాడు. అనుభవాన్ని ఎంతో దార్శనిక దృష్టి దృక్పథంతో అందించగలవాడు. బైటికి భోగిలా కనబడుతాడు కాని లోపల యోగిలాంటివాడు. అందుకే ఈ పుస్తకంలో ఎన్నో కవితలు లోతైన వున్నాయి.

గిర్గలానీగారి భాషను, భావాన్ని అనువదించడం అంత సులభమైన పనేమీ కాదు. వారి కవితలు భాషరీత్యా, భావరీత్యా కూడా చాలా జటిలమైనవి. అందుకే

వీటిని అనువదించడానికి నేను చాలా కుష్టీ పట్టవలసి వచ్చింది. మరి కొన్నిటిని. అయినా ఎంత కుష్టీ పట్టినా అసలు అసలే, అనువాదం అనువాదమే కదా మరి? ఎంత కాదన్నా, ఔనన్నా అనువాదం అసలు కన్నా ఎప్పుటికీ ఎంతో కొంత తక్కువే కదా మరి మరి ఎక్కువ స్వేచ్ఛ తీసుకుంటే తప్ప. మరి ఎక్కువ స్వేచ్ఛ తీసుకుంటే మర్యాద కాదు కదా? అందుకే స్వేచ్ఛ అంతగా తీసికోలేదు, కొన్ని చోట్ల తప్ప, దానికి వారు నన్ను కాస్త భరించాలి.

గిర్గలానీగారు నాపై విశ్వాసముంచి వారి కవితలు నేను అనువదించుటకు అంగీకరించినందుకు వారికి నా కృతజ్ఞతలు. వారి కవితల్లో నాకు చాలా బాగా నచ్చిన కవిత “సింధ్రీ”. దానిని ఒక పాటగా కూర్చి వారికి దీనితోపాటు ఒక సిడిగా అందిస్తున్నాను సవినయంగా. మాతృభూమి కవితల్లో ఇది నాకు చాలా నచ్చిన కవిత. అసలు ఈ కవితే నన్ను అనువదించుటకు ప్రేరేపించింది.

- డా. వెల్లాల కొండలరావు

## కవితా సందేశం

ఏమిటి నీ కవితల సందేశమని అడిగారు వారు నన్ను?  
సందేశమా?  
సందేశాలే కావాలంటే ప్రవక్తల నడగండి మీరు,  
నా కవితలు మాత్రం నా గుండె చప్పుళ్ళున్నాను నేను.

ఏమిటి నీ కవితల వివేక వికాసాలన్నారూ వారు నన్ను?  
వివేక వికాసాలా?  
వివేకవికాసాలే కావాలంటే విద్వాంసుల నడగండి, ఋషులను మీరు,  
నేను మాత్రం నా మేధా మెరుపులనందిస్తాను మీకన్నాను నేను.

ఏమిటి నీ కవితల్లోని యతి ప్రాసలన్నారూ వారు నన్ను?  
యతి ప్రాసలా?  
యతిప్రాసలే కావాలంటే ‘బాల గేయాలలో’ వెదకండి మీరు,  
నేను మాత్రం నా కవితలు నా హృదయ స్పందనలతో అందిస్తానన్నాను నేను.

ఏమిటి నీ కవితల్లో భాషా భావ సౌందర్యాలన్నారూ? వారు నన్ను.  
భాషా భావ సౌందర్యాలా?  
భాషా భావ సౌందర్యాలే కావాలంటే ‘నోబెల్ లారీయట్ల’ నడగండి మీరు,  
నేను మాత్రం నావి నా బాధా వ్యధల ప్రతిధ్వనులతో అల్లుతానన్నాను నేను.

ఏమిటి నీ కవితాలంకారాలు, ఉపమానాలు, భావ చిత్రాలు, శిల్పవైభవాలు,  
ప్రతికలు వగైరాలన్నారూ? వారు నన్ను.  
కవితాలంకారాలు, ఉపమానాలు, భావ చిత్రాలు, శిల్ప వైభవాలు, ప్రతికలు వైగెరాలా?  
సృజనాత్మక రచయితలనడగండి వాటికి మీరు  
నేను మాత్రం నా వాటిని నా అరచేతుల ‘జీవిత వృక్షరేఖల జాడల’ నుండి  
రాబట్టుకుంటానన్నాను నేను.

**End of Preview.**

**Rest of the book can be read @**  
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