

# MAN THOU CAN

a portrait  
in poetry  
of Bapu



BADRI NARAIN SINHA

It is really heart-warming to see the zeal and earnestness with which this young man, Anandvardhan Sinha, has been pursuing the task of getting printed and published the English poetical piece on Mahatma Gandhi 'MAN THOU CAN' composed by his father, the late Shri B. N. Sinha of the Indian Police Service. Such filial devotion is in the best Indian tradition, as the Ramayana illustrates. The poem itself, apart from its literary and artistic merits displays the humility of the author.

For he says;

"My songs are musical  
Not because these are excellent  
My metres have harmony  
For the very theme is vibrant"

Such modest clear sightedness is not, if I may be permitted to say so, usually prominent among members of the Police Force—at best not on the surface Shri B. N. Sinha was someone special, and his son is surely doing a service to his fellow-men by making available to them these poetice thoughts of his father.

V. B.

V. Balasubrahmanyam,  
Development Commissioner,  
20-Point Programme, Bihar

# MAN THOU CAN

A PORTRAIT IN POETRY OF BAPU

BADRI NARAIN SINHA

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### **TRIBUTE**

Uploaded along with the original Hindi version

अब बहु से सब जन हिताय

On the author's 35<sup>th</sup> death anniversary

On 8<sup>th</sup> November 2014

On the website: [bnsinhaips.org](http://bnsinhaips.org)

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# ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

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# Foreword

It would have been an unmixed pleasure had I been able to write these words during the life-time of the author; but as it is, there is a strong tinge of sadness and regret in writing of the work of a student and friend whose life was so suddenly cut short.

Badri Narain Sinha was an unusual and gifted person. Intellectual achievement is not unfamiliar among members of the All India Services but poetic talent among police officers is rare. His life-long pursuit of literature did, I think cause many raised eye brows but Badri followed his path with unflinching constancy. “*Aapradhiki*” proves, if proof were needed outside his lifetime of dedicated service, his intellectual interest in his profession.

He wrote a fine poem on the life of Mahatma Gandhi in Hindi (entitled “*Ab Bahu Se Sab Jan Hitaye*”) and followed it up with a simultaneous production of the work in English.

Anandvardhan has not only done a loving duty in publishing this poem; he has conferred an obligation upon all who read and admired the works of his father.

Gandhiji's life is a heaven-sent subject for an epic poem but it is not a theme which anybody can handle merely with literary talent. A great theme requires an answering elevation of character. Badri Narain Sinha was not only an author of creative talent, a widely read and discriminating critic but a human being of religiously austere self-discipline. The character of the man and poet mirrors the subject he chose, and gives the poem a tone of high sincerity.

The poem is throughout limpid, restrained and moving in keeping with its theme. No reader can miss the ever present tone of sincere conviction.

I am sure the poem will find a fit audience

*Damodar Thakur*  
2.10.1982  
(DAMODAR THAKUR)

Patna,

The 2nd October, '82



# Dedication

Dedicated to the brave and gallant

FREEDOM FIGHTERS

of

CHAMPARAN

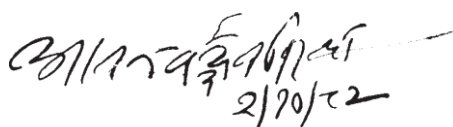
where the poet served as Superintendent of Police

for five years (1958-63)

and which became the first major

'Karmabhumi' of Mahatma Gandhi in India for

Satyagraha, Non-Violence and Freedom.



(Anandvardhan Sinha)

Patna,  
Gandhi Jayanti Day,  
2nd October,  
1982.

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In 1972 the district of Champaran was bifurcated into the two present districts of East Champaran and West Champaran. The 'Indigo' Satyagraha under the leadership of Bapu was conducted in both the erstwhile subdivisions of the old Champaran district.

## Publisher's Note

I am very happy to publish this epic “MAN THOU CAN” on the life of Mahatma Gandhi composed by Sri Badri Narain Sinha. I feel myself privileged to have been able to bring out a volume of poetry having the Father of the Nation as its hero.

Bapu, as we affectionately call him, signifies all that is good and pious in this world, His vision of Man free from evils is timeless in its span and universal in its scope. His teachings are relevant not only for India but for the entire humanity; they are contextual not only for the first half of this century but for millennia to come.

The raconteur of this saga in rhyme and meter was a celebrated writer and a thinker of repute, apart from being a very senior police officer. This book was slated for publication in the sixties itself, when its lines were etched but owing, mainly, to the preoccupation of the poet with his various pressing official assignments and literary and intellectual engagements, this work could not come out in print during his lifetime.

It is a matter of great pleasure for me that this song about the Mahatma would now be with the community of readers to whom it is addressed. I sincerely hope that its poetry would provide inspiration for lofty thoughts and noble deeds in the measure same and manner similar as Gandhiji's life was full of worthy righteousness and purified magnificence. Thereby would this poetry find its fulfilment.

**Binay Prakash Singh**

Jayshree Press,  
Buddha Colony, Patna-1  
The 2nd of October, 1982.



The poet (right) receiving  
the “Best Book of the year Award” in 1978 for his  
book on Criminology “*AAPRADHIKI*”  
from the eminent Hindi litterateur  
Sri Jaynendra Kumar

# Preface

On Mahatma's assassination, Einstein had condoled and said that a thousand years hence none would believe, such a person in flesh and blood ever walked on this earth. And only thousand weeks or even days thereafter, Einstein's foreboding appeared to materialise.

The life-story of Mahatma is of epical notations and either geniuses like Einstein or Bertrand Russell could have caught the modulations thereof or some such poet who have had in him the Shakespearean understanding and expressions, Eliot's potency of using expanded yet sustained metaphors, Ben Jonson's or John Donne's evocative terseness, the Shelleyan impetuosity as also fire and the Keatsian fervour. For all these we may have to wait for the poetic millennium.

One whose attachments to English are through books and solely academic has ventured here to render into verse what this age has dramatised and symbolised and craves indulgence with all the humility and awareness of limitations till that poetic millennium arrives.

There are seven facades in Bapu's life as if in conformity with the powerful seven colours or numbers in a week and the sequences among the Seas.

These seven facades cover the Mahatma's unique renunciation of power when it was acquired; ceaseless struggles against ignorance and discriminations of caste, creed and colour; efforts to uplift the Harijans; the purely mundane conflicts between the urges of the flesh and the strong will to transcend them over; the quintessence of Mahatma's philosophies; his martyrdom and the era after him when mankind has earnestly moved towards a global fraternity and ideals of bliss for all.

The magnet in Mahatma's personality lay not in ethereal auras or assumptions but in the immense possibilities of Man himself, for Man can himself achieve what for ages has been ascribed to the ethereal beings.

And, therefore, Mahatma's portrait herein of a man in his actions all mainly, a prime realisation in this century, the century rationalisation par excellence.

There are three distinct stages of human progress towards the Utopia of oneness of human race: the first, when one person was absolute in all realms, State, Arts, Religion; the second when this one person's autocracy gave way to plurocracy or democracy at its best, giving rise to mass participations in all human activities, cultural, literary, administrative; and the third, perhaps the final, stage is being reached now with surges towards bliss for all.



Badri Narayan Sinha

S. P.'s Residence,

BHAGALPUR

4. 4. 1966<sup>1</sup>

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<sup>1</sup>This Preface was written by the author on his own 36<sup>th</sup> birthday, indicative of the depths of his inner dialogues, the soliloquies with his soul, which went to make this verse.

# Acknowledgements

I did not know that my father had written a book-length poem on Mahatma Gandhi although I knew that he had written a volume of poetry under the caption “MAN THOU CAN”.

That “MAN THOU CAN” was a work in verse on Bapu’s life came as an extremely pleasant surprise to me one morning in August this year when I stumbled upon a bound typescript of this book, with the finely-chiselled face of the Mahatma on its cover, while I was ‘book browsing’ in my father’s library.

The twin of this book, in Hindi, titled ‘*AB BAHU SE SAB JAN HITAY*’ was penned and published in 1966. These stanzas were also written at the same time. My father had intended both the English and Hindi works to appear simultaneously in print but the plan could not somehow materialise. Now sixteen years after being manuscripted, it is in the hands of those to whom it rightfully belongs the connoisseurs of poesy.

My father had prepared the press copy of the book and it was, therefore, complete in almost all respects except for the Foreword, Dedication, a few graphics and this little piece of Acknowledgements. However, even the letters at the top of this piece are in his own



handwriting. Only, poignantly, he had left the page below it blank<sup>2</sup> which, no doubt, explains my association with this book.

Firstly I would like to express my deep gratitude to Sri V. Bala Subrahmanyam, I.A.S., Development Commissioner, Twenty-Point Programme, Bihar and a celebrated poet and scholar for his kind remarks on the work and his encouragement to me in this venture. I also offer my thanks to my senior colleague and a friend of my father Shri Mantreshwar Jha, I.A.S., Commissioner and Managing Director , Bihar State Financial Corporation who is himself a brilliant poet and writer for his deeply moving references to the poet and his work.

I am very grateful to Prof. Damodar Thakur, Director of Public Instruction (Higher Education), Bihar and a reputed scholar of English literature for his kindness in agreeing to write the Foreword to this book. Prof. Thakur's 'Foreword' has a special significance as he was my father's teacher at Patna University in the late forties and my Principal at Ranchi College in the early seventies.

I am deeply indebted to Dr. Kapil Muni Tiwari, Professor and Head of the Department of English, Patna University for his appreciative comments on the work. I feel gratified for the words of

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<sup>2</sup> Please see the page after Contents

commendation for this volume that have come from. Prof. Kalika Ranjan Chatterjee, Department of English, Bihar University, Muzaffarpur and Prof. Arun Mustafi, Head of the Department of English, Ranchi College, Ranchi, both very close friends of my father. It was so kind of the three seniors of the English literary world to have gone through the book and expressed their learned opinion on it at a very short notice.

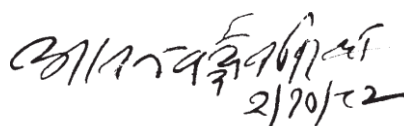
I am greatly beholden to the famous artist, Shri Vijay Kumar Varma for so elegantly designing the cover of this book and for providing the sketch of the Mahatma which has been inserted before ‘Annotations’. The paintings appearing before the first and second cantos of the volume are by the late Sri Upendra Maharathi M.L.C. and a world renowned painter and artist and also a friend of my father. The symbolical painting placed before the third canto is by his talented daughter Ms Mahashweta Maharathi who is following in her illustrious father’s footsteps. I must thank her for lending the two paintings done by her father and for allowing her own work to be reproduced in this book.

The illustrations appearing before the other cantos are the ones which my father had pasted on the press copy that he left behind. Credit

is due to the artists who made these sketches but whose identity, alas, I am not aware of.

I would profusely thank Sri Pashupati Nath Dutta and Sri Vijay Kumar Lal Das for their advice and suggestions regarding the general layout and overall get-up of this book. I would also like to express my gratitude to my mother Smt. Indu Prabha Sinha and other family members for their encouragement and support in this self-set task.

I would be only stating the obvious if I refer with pleasure and affection to the untiring efforts of Sri Binay Prakash, Publisher in getting this volume out of the press. The book has literally seen the light of the day as a result of his unbounded zeal for the completion of the project which he took up. I also record with deep appreciation the enormous amount of energy put in by Sri Birendra Kumar Srivastava of Jayshree Press, where this volume was primed in bringing out this book in its present format.



(Anandvardhan Sinha)

Sri Ganpat Sadan,  
Boring Canal Road, Patna.  
MAHATMA GANDHI'S BIRTHDAY,  
THE 2<sup>nd</sup> OCTOBER, 1982

# THE FIRST CANTO



Upendra Maharathi

# THE WILL IS IRON RED

Who lies awake in the hut  
With no cares for his life,  
Animals in den, birds in nest  
The nocturnal hours are rife.

What is that sigh, agony  
Which gives him no relief  
Only pants in the deep dark  
While all others are asleep.

How much the heart afflicted  
What bitter pangs have arisen  
How hard the relentless hour  
Unrealised are which burden.

No water glistened in his eyes  
Nor did it ever ooze out  
The World was awake, aroused  
No sooner did he rise and shout.

Hark, what the wind messages  
He is the Sun among the people  
Restless he is over this World  
Entangled in knots multiple.

There is fire in these sighs  
Will some therein himself bask  
Lo, the Sun will sing with quivering throat  
And burn himself out in this task.

Fulfilled is the Sun's dream  
Fulfilled the penance, the theme.

The flute plays intensely  
Anew lighted the universe  
There's lustre and glow in eyes  
Gone is slumber long and terse



Peoples are wild with glee;  
As leaves are dancing free.  
The whole world home like seen  
Fulfilled is the Sun's dream!!

Trumpets resound echo aghast  
Houses decked with own banners  
For the dream has come true  
Long waits, many centuries after.

The hungry and parched ones  
Are emerging with cries of joy  
Apparel'd in home-spun robes  
Defiant and no longer Coy.

The rebels adorn the throne  
The prison-gates are ajar  
The poets sing hopefully  
For their goals are not far.

Peoples of streets, even scum  
Are seated in ivory palaces  
The once-forbidden chambers  
Are accessible without hindrances.

For one's own dear flag  
The guns are all out,  
The gaiety is writ large  
Merrily the people shout.

But what a paradox  
    For he is not there down  
Midst festivities, throngs  
    Whom shall the laurels crown?

For those who brought freedom  
Have ever been crowned?  
History is replete with Sagas  
Of the victor getting crowned.

Tall in pride, dwarf in size  
Rebellious and renowned  
Napoleon the man's lord  
Had got himself crowned.

Hitler the peoples' master  
Pined for the worlds' conquest  
Ushered himself the mass man  
To harbinge universal distress.

Not in these centuries alone  
But even in the remote past  
Those who have ever led  
Metamorphosed themselves fast.

Those enshrined as heroes today  
Are relishing pomp and splendour  
Transmit messages in the peoples' name  
While they perish in want and hunger.

He was not a world conqueror  
Nor did he brim with pride  
He had given up the flesh  
Surpassing Ages far and wide.

Peace hasn't dawned as yet  
The earth is blood bathed  
Celebrations on the heels of dissection  
Mother is deeply afflicted.

Shrunk and fragile are the ankles  
With walks in fields on ridges  
His heart is broken now  
At glimpses of childish violences.

Till every hamlet is lighted  
Everyone is clothed and fed  
The lords voluntarily gift away  
Grains of violence are defaced

Till the bloody swords of brothers  
Aren't rusted and fallen into disuse  
Or the mistakes are repeated  
With religion as cover and excuse.

Will he till then crown himself  
And burn inwardly throughout?  
For how can he sustain woes within  
And be equivocal without?

A novel yet eternal power  
A queer Saga of its kind  
No retort to oppressions  
No surrender to the force blind

No parallel has any history  
To victory through entreaties  
These wars, states or  
Their falls and supremacies.

The hands carry no guns  
They carry only feeble sticks  
Yet call for 'do unto death'  
And feel no anger or prick.

Immaterial the brute force!  
The rights are never forsaken  
Bombs or dynamites may explode  
Vendetta is neither willed nor taken.

Rights are agitated for  
And the fetters broken firmly  
With multiple confidence  
The struggle forges unendingly.

Illegal the laws proclaimed  
Smilingly the prisons embraced  
The obstacles on this path  
Are with gusto and cheers faced.

Imbibe thee not the tenets  
Of seizing fair or foul the power  
Whether be Chanakya or 'Machiavelli  
Let no sword blood shower

Oh! these hundred years of war  
To decide the tenets of religion  
And the world sinking fast  
In crusades', massacres' dungeon.

Dark - and - thick clouded  
The human killers rolled on  
'Incarnadined' the rivers  
And their might on women proven

The groups of the Holy messengers  
Have play'd wittingly with blood  
And while the prophets' have wept  
The swords have ever rattled.



But the bullets or bayonet charges  
Have stopped no valiant fighter of Truth  
Even when with heavy nailed boots  
At Jaliana moved the tyrants uncouth

With a history of bare thousand years  
These mercenaries roved wide  
Indulged in killings and loots  
Of the weak with dues ever denied

The communities were dissected into  
The Hindu, the Muslim, the Christian  
Lured to demands for separate homes  
At their machinations million.

The sooths of Asoka the wise  
The pledges of Akbar the Great  
This man is reviving History  
With life, letters and fate.

Asoka threw the sword away  
Akbar understood the human urges  
But who practised what he preached?  
Let this be answered by the Sages.

Power lay clutched in bare hands  
But who else was of this aware?  
Remember even the stones melted  
At his fires here, there, everywhere.

Some say the power of the West  
Lay in matter, riches and sex  
Whereas the power of the East  
Lay in spiritual adherences.

Actions must condition speeches  
Speeches pulsating the actions  
But has the noble truth e'er been  
Realised by men of ambition?

Even the hermits gave up penances  
When damsels before them danced  
And the kings have broken vows  
When their golden days revived.

Yea, say, what man is he?  
Whose rare brilliance pervades  
For the thinner he grows  
The stronger he emerges.

O, the Saga of Rana Pratap  
The Saga of dust, of grass;  
Return to the citadel of power  
Now ye valiant upholder of the mass.

Give up the few yarded loin cloth  
Allow the crown on your head  
Ye, the real claimant to bliss  
Have singly drunk deep poison and led.

Listen to what he says  
The dream is half - realised  
Mortal chains are broken, but  
The bliss to all not visualised.

Not in forests but in homes  
The monstrous demon is enshrined  
Though even in the demon  
Survives the man sublime.

Buddha, Mohammed and Christ  
Nanak, Kabir, all Wise  
Have e'er changed the demon  
Into the man with sooths and surmise.

But everyone has n't changed  
When his self has risen supreme  
That one's bliss only when the rest have  
This has not been every Man's theme

Sure, he will wear no crown

Whether we lament or implore

For sure of his own strength

He will lead us ever more.

# THE SECOND CANTO



Upendra Maharathi



# RAMPANT IS INDIGO

The first anguish of the poet Valmiki  
Had burst forth in this land  
Mother Seeta had sojourned here  
Where the dense Champas stand.

On this very land Lava and Kusha  
Waged war as justice claimant  
And in the Triveni the arrowed Crocodile  
Had entwined the mighty elephant.

With the pure Himavant behind  
The paces of Buddha marched untired  
Here the relics of Asoka the Wise  
Are even now undecay'd and admired.

With the luscious greens were covered  
Numerous empires of the planter  
Who ravished fun in the forests  
With rights and ploughs given to plunder.

Some Rajahs only in name  
Danced to the tunes of their master  
Those who furrowed the land  
Sang only of Providence the benefactor.

Hard rigours of the taxes  
Sucked life out of the tillers  
Who sapped of their vigour  
Knew not even to petition the rulers.

For to petition was n't easy  
That way the prisons opened  
For to speak was no joke  
That way suffering thickened.

But the soil of Champa was fecund  
Holi was the river Triveni  
For not Chanakya alone  
It nursed the world and the many.

One whose sustenance was no gold  
That Rajkumar, Sudama of the lore;  
Struggled and ventured to knock  
And narrate to Mohan at his door.

The lords were divine in origin  
So were their servants  
Acquiescence to them was willing  
The subjects were held in chants.

Taxes countless were levied.  
Taxes when parents were dead.  
On canals or rivers laid  
Or even when daughters were wed.

The brides were first tasted,  
The daughters deflowered  
And those who ever protested  
Were tortured and belaboured.

Those who wiped out their tears  
Were chased and persecuted  
The protector changed into serpent  
Redemption was well-nigh prevented.

Experiences of the simple farmers  
Wantonness of the public servants  
Contained embers of revolt,  
For eyes can cause fury, no mere laments.

Where Tilak, Malaviya were seated  
A mammoth meeting had assembled  
But, alas, the sorrow of the Champas  
Had before Swarajya tumbled.

No sooner had Mohan learnt of  
The passing away of Gokhale his master,  
Then subduing his own emotions  
Heard patiently the woes of the farmer.

For one's own sorrow melts  
In the pervasive cries of the multitude  
For the Iron Man never melts  
When sorrow is the vicissitude.

He marched on with blessings  
Championed the Cause of the tiller  
Deeply touched, Rajkumar the poor  
Called him Mahatma, the Seer.

At this very moment we all  
Recognised in him our own being  
The tumult of an illiterate tiller  
Reverberates with feeling.

Blessed the land of the Champas  
For the experiment with Truth began  
The ruler unleashed prowess  
While the peoples rose to each man.

The dreaded and unfounded  
Was the vile charge  
Acclaimed the Mohan's probe  
And Mohan set at large.

Let the prime victory be  
Celebrated with great fanfare  
Crushing defeat fell to their lot  
And Truth to our share.

India lives in its villages  
So have the poets sung.  
Gazed at the bounties of Nature  
And found these bounties young.

Who else could discover  
The Shadows of dark Ignorances?  
Among the squalor and filth  
Behind the outer semblances?

Kasturba, the Keen mother  
Mani and Durga, the sisters  
Started enlightening the people  
With mere letters and numbers.

A drop in the ocean it was,  
But potent enough to sustain  
The lost and the slumbered awoke  
At beams of knowledge to gain.

Ye, explain how c'd't be possible  
To keep tidy and clean,  
When one has just a piece of cloth  
And cursed the lot of the mean.

This sordid painful fact  
Buried in hay and dust lies,  
The nerves don't react to  
Reforms, multitudinous cries.

Give up the tears now  
Inspire the peoples to actions  
Redeem the bog and  
The smoke of misery and factions.

But will the literate till?  
Will he deliver the goods?  
Will he in power and pelf  
Be possessed of benign moods?

Those unending criticisms  
Could n't render him perturbed  
While the intruders returned home,  
The masses lay inspired.



They set the hamlet on fire  
In the dark hours of night  
Yet undaunted, the peoples  
Marched with their full might.

For ever weak is the violent  
And powerful the fighter of Truth  
A question the world can't unravel  
Despite the poets, the seers and their sooth

The indigo masters with servants  
Conspired to do away with Mohan  
For Mohan was keeping the people  
Drawn to his own enunciation.

The plot was laid in dark night  
The plotters drunk with power  
Rejoicing, recounting with jests  
Their past deeds of Valour.

Then a Knock at the doors,  
Open thou these doors closed.  
For Mohan has come of his own  
To render the plot unexposed.

None will ever behold  
And the obstacle'll be gone  
The traits of the Seers  
Will cease to have any tone.

Lo, in the deep night,  
A beam has but struck,  
Remorseful the plotters,  
With evil no more of truck!

The tyrants of the ages  
Crumble, tumble, lose motion,  
And the men need n't weep hence  
For noble and supreme is devotion

Let History crave comparison  
Bespeaks itself this realisation  
Preachings and practices do  
March with magic unison.

Blessed is this our century,  
Greatly victorious is our Man;  
Science must control itself  
For this Truth is e'er triumphant.

The forecasts of Geeta  
Appear to have materialised  
And the theories of Lenin  
Have been thereby belied.

Opposition of the Kauravas extinguished  
Sword is back to the sheath  
But entreaty is no begging  
Learn the meaning lying underneath.

Sing, repeat the words

Of that Man the Seer,

The can brims with nectar

Offspring of Manu and Mary both are

Blessed and dear.

# THE THIRD CANTO



# BRUISES ARE BLUE

## **Stark is the gloom here!**

Even the dainty beams of Moon are lost

Unseen the rest, the whole lot

Dark gloom encircles this sphere

Stark is the gloom here!!

Restless in nests are birds

Untrodden paths, cries unheard

Uncanny Silence reigns everywhere

Stark is the gloom here!!!

No ray of hope has streaked here

One who is aware of gloom mere

Paints the gloom here and there

Gloom, gloom everywhere!!!!

Nature herself has painted it black,  
Covered it with dense forests,  
The whites jeer and ridicule,  
While the flaming Sun on it rests.

What status cou'd these beings have  
When men are curly, short and black?  
The continent a big colony,  
The lords have their full, no lack.

The new facades of civilisation  
Have forgotten it's hoary past  
When the rest of the world lay dark  
Its region had seen vistas vast.

Sing, ye poet, Sing only of love

The real Man has appeared on the earth,  
Will retire on attaining equity of birth,  
Shower on him petals of welcome  
Sing, ye poet, sing only of love.



Let the trumpets, conches blow  
Let this consciousness e'er glow  
Hearken to harmony tumult, no reprove  
Sing, ye poet, sing only of love.

Poets, Philosophers, Sages are saviours  
Given to blisses, bounties' showers  
Sing, ye poet, sing now for the globe  
Sing, ye poet, sing only of love.

Let the learned expound at the top  
That they're the relics of the primitive  
Or the discoveries of Darwin  
That the animals in them even now live.

Mohan had embarked on earning errand  
But was captioned an unwanted guest  
And for retaining the head-dress  
Was persecuted at the Court's behest.

Upheavals are caused when tortures are unleash'd  
The man is all flame even if robbed of wings and head  
For the embers from heart mingle with those others  
And the fire consumes the tyrant, no tear is shed.

A line of light shone forth  
Among the black peoples and toilers  
Everybody was aflame  
So spirited were the settlers.

The Sagas of Pretoria and Natal  
Changed Mohan into a rebel,  
From the bread-seeker to  
The fighter for truth and of avail.

Virulent's the distinction of caste and creed  
In many forms lurking disguised  
With germs' not yet sterilised  
This venom stings ever indeed  
Virulent the distinction of caste and creed.

Civilised, uncivilised, the touchable, the untouchable  
The Aryas, the Dravids, the apparitions detestable  
The cult of Manu is yet to succeed  
Virulent's the distinction of caste and creed.

A twenty-four year youth with all fires  
But with inner self awake, profound  
Had his power of vision developed  
With awareness of all that goes round.

Controlled was the filial emotion  
Subdued was the vile desire,  
Noble even in tortures and exiles  
With no anger, rancour dire.

Neither in caves nor in forests  
But in the very bustle and din  
Mohan had attained the light  
Among us, his kith and kin.

An intense devotion sustained  
Pitted against these tortures  
For his heart and soul were thrown  
Into the task with no discomfiture.

The reason lies for the wise to know  
In the lives of all such men  
Whose pledges glow fiercely  
In history, philosophy, poetry even.

God is the tune we play on  
Whether we read the Vedas, the Purana, or the Koran  
We killers deserve pruning of our life span  
For we distort the Almighty's form  
God is the tune we play on.

We follow no meaning of the scriptures  
We interpret as they suit our features  
We've divided the Holy land and home  
God is the tune we play on.

God is in each element, atom

Nature, fire, water is his norm

Futile are the mental jargon

God is the tune we play on

Salvation, attachment, renunciation

Enmeshed are our expression

While we pine for the Lord's vision

God is the tune we play on.

With body, mind and words

There be no sorrow to others

For man w'd have no craving for return

God is the tune we play on.

Mohan had his realisation

In self trials and discourses

Beware ye men of the Earth

In your mundane scourges.

For ye have got reason  
And powers of clear expression  
Feel the thirsts of woes of others  
Ye are the world's supreme creation.

With strong body and noble speech  
Be the scientists and the seers  
Rid the world of distrust, fears  
Be yourselves the earth's saviours.

Ye've controlled tempests and awe  
Transformed the world for living  
Given many the urge to march ahead  
Besides power, pelf and reasoning.

Unbounded are your powers  
Can change in no time the world  
Only if from this ignorance  
Evil remain for e'er unextolled.

A year over, Mohan planned to  
Unite with his family.  
But lo defranchisation was afoot,  
He stopp'd readily.

His exhortations inspired the masses to  
Collect freely;  
For the fire was ablaze, that  
Lay smoulderingly.

A Conference in Natal led to  
Many units verily,  
Making the Hindus, the Muslims, the Christians to  
Unite merrily.

And when on Mohan the pebbles  
Rained terribly  
Firmer he grew and soon the stones were  
Flowers gently.

Truth is such an enormous evergreen tree  
That when nursed it yields many a blossom  
And its hymn so transcendent altogether  
The peoples acquire the store of wisdom

Religion, state are all ether, vapour  
When people suffer in war, or on gallows  
Through deeds and words alone  
Man attains his goal handsome.

They were the coolies, their skins unkempt  
Gaseous and filthy their abodes;  
They too were the children of God  
But they are not alone on our roads

The pestilence broke forth everywhere  
Mohan soon turned into a mere nurse  
With him a selfless band did emerge  
Among the ill and the poor to serve.



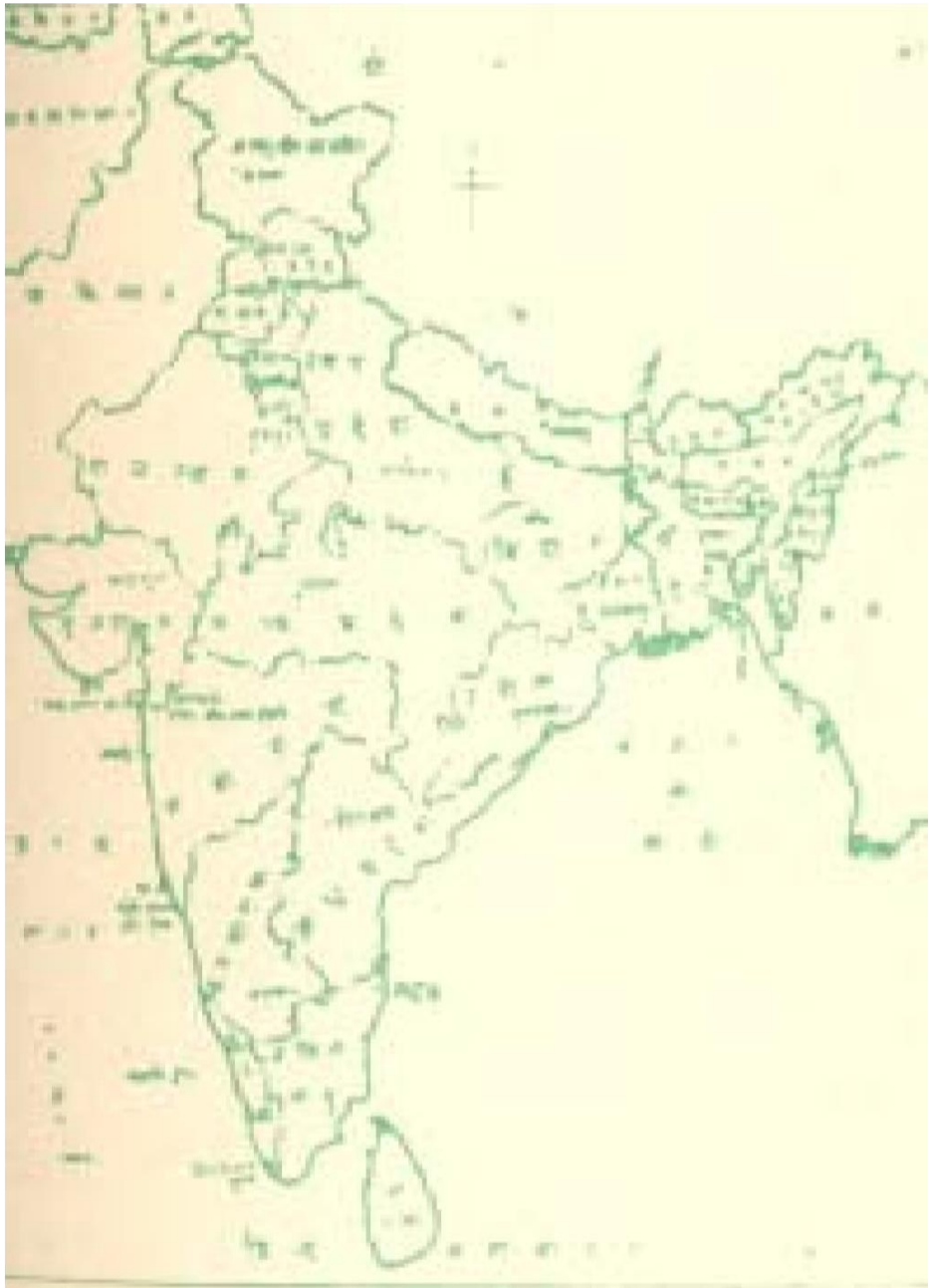
The masters discovered to their dismay  
This unique Vision of Mohan  
Soon the discriminations were undone  
And Tolstoy Farm home for everyone.

That all books contain knowledge  
Man has n't understood so far  
For the book that Ruskin wrote  
Is with our Sarvodaya at par.

Animals're unbridled in passions  
But men have the hook in conscience,  
Let the evil thirsts be quenched  
For the bow of reason strikes to bring sense.

Welcome to the bliss of the world  
The continent is now awake  
Death-knell to conflicts and strifes  
Affections and love do overtake.

# THE FOURTH CANTO



# THIS LAND IS EVERGREEN

O ever new, ever transcendent land  
There is still enough of nectar in thine can  
O, the land of the Vedas, Upanishad, Puran  
Fatigue and Sorrow shouldn't make you wan!

O, the land of Ahimsa, the supreme cult  
O, where Geeta, the voice of bliss, is unocult  
Rise ye all, the hordes, the Buddha's band  
O ever new, ever transcend ant Land!!

Lo, even the thorns are now petals  
The nectar flows incessantly;  
For Mohan has drunk deep the poison himself  
And deed to Ahimsa is wedded eternally.

Burn thyself in fire-laden tempests  
With the fibres of a conscious Soul  
Brook no evil, do no evil, taste no evil  
Behold into petals are changed the thorns.

Cruel was your violent deed  
So cruel that Mohan had to atone  
For he had given us his lead  
Cruel was your violent deed.

The wrath at Chauri Chaura was turbulent  
Portents to destruction omniscient  
You paid no heed!  
Cruel was your deed!!

Everyone has arisen  
And is on the March  
The face of Bharat has beamed  
To undo the usurper's arch.

Dandi beckons everyone  
To a grim struggle for Nature's salt  
Careless of home, fearless of death  
They knew not how to halt.

The sceptre of State is broken  
The philosophers have given the cries,  
When bundled to the prisons  
No tear dropped from the eyes.

No bangles did ever jingle  
For the women have taken the pledge  
The young and the tots have thrown themselves  
On the sharpest struggle's edge.

Ahimsa asketh for discipline alone  
Overcoming of evil desires,  
Jealousy, retort,  
Vibration of peoples' hearts with sweet tone.

Ahimsa is the solemn pledge of the brave  
Not the cowards' moan,  
Of subtle import.  
Ahimsa asketh for discipline alone.

The magnet in the penances of the Sages  
The voice of bliss in the poets' throats;  
Impartial verdicts on the Judges' lips,  
And honour on the valiants' sword.

Ahimsa asketh for discipline alone  
Free from fears be the Man's tone.  
A stern pledge of the brave  
But not the Cowards' moan.

Unravelling mystery is this woman!  
The prime companion of the prime man!  
The spouse, the ornament, the adorned  
The poets' fancy, spick and span.

Clipped the Sages' poise as Menka  
And in the guises of Eve and Helen  
Has played multiple frolics and fun  
This unravelled mystery, the Woman.

Woman is all sublime, all power  
The never-failing shadow of the man  
Sharing together the woes and the mirths  
Solace in woe, in strength Tower.

Inspiration, resources to brilliant men  
Whether forlorn or reclaimed,  
The strong artery of the men  
Unfailing even when they've failed.

Sex urge is the strongest  
Whether be the teacher or the taught;  
A live Tantalus all the while  
Though singly the rest is sought.



This hunger for food and flesh  
Sets all occupations at naught  
For when Sex overwhelms one  
With dire results it is fraught.

Not the Sages, Poets, Kings  
But all others have fought  
Freud the Seer saw the vision  
That Sex all other actions begot.

Sex urge is the strongest  
Whether be the teacher or the taught,  
A live Tantallus all the while  
Though Singly the rest is Sought.

It's a Saga of victory Supreme  
The sex urge reposing in the ebb;  
The conquest few ancestors ever knew  
The poise to the tempo he gave.

It's a Saga of rise of evil thirst  
But of its quench withal;  
And having proven it so  
He spoke of the urges' fall.

It's a Saga of that house  
Where songs and body 're sold  
While others had had their Say  
He realised the anguish manifold.

The woman with paints on her person  
Is an image, nay, Sister, aye, Muse  
The man who gather round her  
Remember, She is Holy, not to Seduce.

The spouse treated as mother  
A new meaning he gave;  
The burning evil fires  
Sweet drops fragrant laden wind sway.

With 'mountain in his breast'  
Confessed to the dream with the woman in;  
To the mystery of the woman  
Permeating our arteries within.

The wise collect the strength;  
The Saga of the Truth triumphant,  
It's the call of the Soul  
The achievement of the valiant.

It's the Song of victory supreme  
The Song of the Truth triumphant  
No scope for any misgiving hence  
The realisation of the valiant.

Lo and behold these multiple editions  
Struggles and death extend invitations  
The hamlets, palaces abound in countless mohans  
Lo and behold these multiple editions.

Slumber gone but equipoise one and the same  
Death being embraced with smile  
Death from bullets and bayonet charges  
Faced without even a wince.

Wine, pelf, riches sacrificed  
Wealth now has no glamour  
Fires are kindled in all  
The valiant seek no favour.

Many are there to die  
The man and the woman inspired,  
Life has its fullness here  
The image of non-violence transpired.

Call clarion and clear, one attire  
Faces many but motivation the same;  
Sacrifices spontaneous, all fire  
Faith one and ne'er tame.

Lo and behold these multiple editions  
Struggles and death extend invitations  
The man and the women inspired  
The image of Ahimsa transpired.

What? Is this our real culture  
Nay, it's the distorted texture!

The Lord, the knowledge are gained  
Neither by sheer birth nor un-norms  
The sooths of scriptures are lost  
In these sordid cares and forms.

Myriad castes are misadventure  
What? Is this our real culture!

With tears in eyes and beads of sweet  
These trodden yet' divine;  
Undertake services throughout  
Deserve in return devotions fine

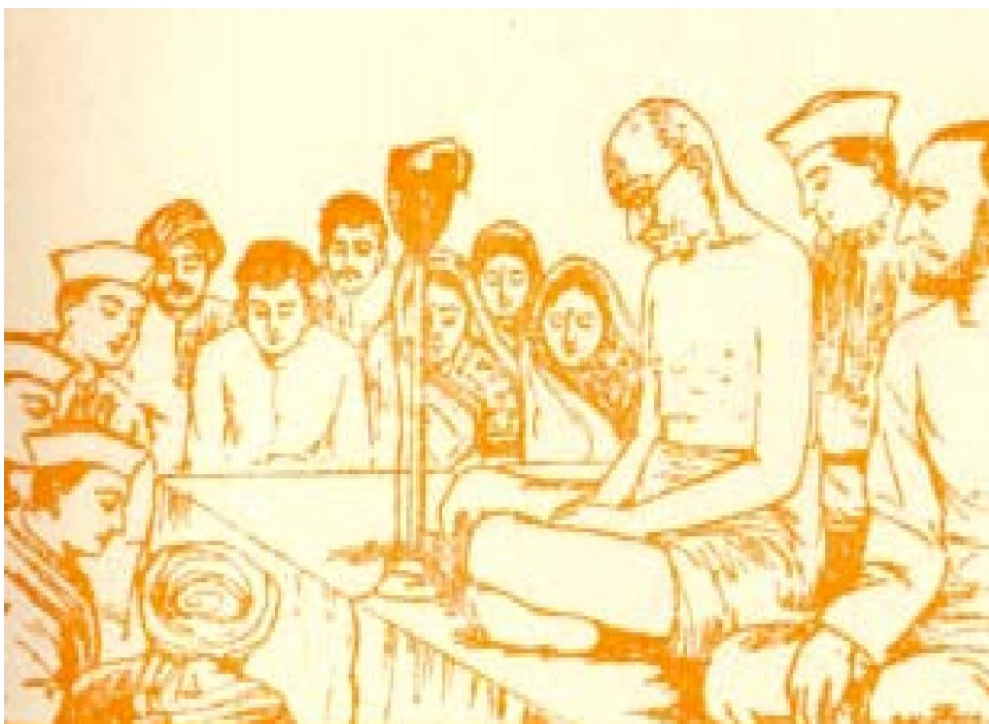
Like Mohan undertake this venture  
What? Is this our real culture!

No mere speeches are require  
Nor the usual Government;  
With solemn pledge, in hearts  
Live among them with out adornment.

This would be the real culture  
Lovely, blissful and divine!  
Truth, Ahimsa, Meditation  
Are the Lords' images that ever shine.

Build up traditions with the body  
Exile the vile desires from heart,  
Be sweet in words and deeds  
Never from this path depart.

Ye Human Beings  
The world rests on you  
Ye the e'er new  
Ye the beautiful  
Believe this  
Believe this  
Ye Human Beings  
Harbinger of bliss.





# THE FIFTH CANTO

# THE SPIRIT IS SAFFRON

The Lord is unfathomable,  
The masses to their selfs<sup>3</sup> glued  
The lord is though bounteous  
The masses loud and lewd.

Though as parts inseparable,  
Like leaves in a tree,  
Yet surprisingly apart  
Are masses from powers-that-be.

The masses greatly self-seeking,  
With queer attachments of their own  
Many events of the bygone  
Have no equity yet sown.

---

<sup>3</sup> *So prophetically written in the second half of twentieth century; and so rampantly true now in this age of 'selfie' in the second decade of twenty-first century*

Karl Marx and Lenin

Did draw up the line;  
By which equity in society  
Got established afine.

One led to the two, the two  
Led to the many;  
The many to the Society  
The Society to the State.

Sacrifice is its axis,  
The prime of each organ  
But the wise and the world  
Strike no bargain.

Crime can occur only  
When there's usurpation;  
Self enhances, others perish  
And the masses die in privation.

This usurpation must breed  
Conflict, struggle and war  
Tensions writ in the world  
Envies untold peace mar.

This usurpation the relic  
Of the elements of the beast,  
This usurpation a thorn,  
But food to barbaric feast.

It remains unvanquished,  
Nay, it continues worshipping'd  
Singly but unbroken  
Keeping the cup of sorrow brimmed.

Masses ask only for servants,  
And sacrifices of all kinds,  
Deep attachment to them,  
Denial to one's body and mind.

When e'er the Kings followed  
Spontaneous the subjects' love;  
When e'er they overlooked;  
Rebellion stark has come.

Authority gets wiped out,  
the world in war drown'd  
When e'er the poet or the  
Swordsman rose up and frowned.

In the voice of Rousseau,  
In the wake of the Cruel Emperor,  
In villages and towns  
Rebellion occur'd with full terror.

Pen moves briskly,  
So also does the Sword.  
Power is ephemeral  
Ye Kings, rest assur'd.

The multiple theories of Lenin  
Are really old in import,  
And history replete with  
Events the wise can't answer.

Masses demand Sacrifice  
Then alone love provoke  
The fire which lies smouldering  
Takes no time to evoke.

O, Bharat, blessed are ye  
No such usurpation wide  
Once the Kaurvas danced in folly  
But destruction rose in tide.

Humble the monarch but masses supreme  
Flowered in this very Land;  
Events which culminated here  
Are clear prints on the Sands of Time.

A monarch Rama-like

The masses bloomed and rejoic'd

Rama's State was their State

The masses frolicked and smiled.

Pride from status exiled,

Status fountain of bliss to all

State vow the most profound

Though in taste bitter and gall.

Stubborn and real lies

The Lanka in pride of pelf

The masses like Seeta suffer,

In tyranny of this self.

Fear and utter jeers,

Impede all human progress,

The trust reposed sustains

When each woe has redress.

The gains in knowledge  
Accrued to this very land,  
Detachment in chants  
Sacrifices of the noblest minds.

Filiality is the Scar,  
Unwanted is equity,  
For the ruler and the ruled  
Are of one fraternity.

Universal brotherhood is  
The undying cult and glory  
Distinctions of casts and creed  
Render us forlorn and sorry.

It's the love, the ethics  
The love and the country not distinct  
May it resound in the universe  
And never get extinct.



State, religion, economics, Love

Ask for conduct alone.

For on one plane they

Converge, coalesce in tone.

Distinctions crude and wild

Between the life within and without,

Of the deeds in ones' privacies

And the visions of without.

But easy to sermonise

Terse to render in actions,

When man is Iron-will'd

Then alone succeeds transaction.

Beware everyone, whoever

The Sage, the Poet or the Leader,

Benign is the power only

By emotions when not torn asunder.

This century is most blessed  
    Blooms forth knowledge eternal,  
Diverted to human blisses,  
    Discoveries material and temporal.

This century is the luckiest  
    Expressed are tenets of life  
Equity shorn of filiality  
    Examples itself with no strife.

It examples in Mohan  
    In none else other than he;  
The nectar flows incessant  
    Ye, and we.

Firmness of Socrates the Wise,  
    Cheers 'of Christ the Crucified,  
Dispassion'd role of Buddha the Lord,  
    Penance of the Sages unhorified.

Harvests of experiences, penances  
Dissertations on the deep  
Truth leader's potency to edit, multiply  
Got illustrated with Mohan's birth.

No screen separates  
You from me or them,  
Ethics of the masses  
Are one and the same.

The world be caressed  
With devotion alone  
May this pursuit e'er  
Find its echo and tone.

With one's own body and heart  
Tribulations don't behove,  
Body is to harness labour  
Heart to pray and love.

This Buddha saw under the Tree,  
And this underlay the Geeta,  
O, think over this, you all,  
Countrymen of Rama and Seeta.

True, gigantic was not  
Mohan's vision of State  
Such as has of late,  
Here, there, arisen.

But intact are the entities of  
Each hearth, each home,  
Peoples' personal vocations  
Safe in each for man and his home.

Let not the State alone,  
Propagate and transact,  
For the masses then get inert,  
And State doesn't interact.

Democracy or the State

Are means to human welfare

State be no end in itself

Here, there, everywhere.

The masses be bubbling.

The State no mere burden,

Masses no abegging

With State just a token.

Many wild variations

Have the democracy corroded,

The original features in these

Forms have surely faded.

Masses be enjoined on

To till and sow garden with sweat

State be mere care taker

And medium of all feat.

Neither apart nor separable  
Are the State and the masses,  
Flowers bloom, Leaves sprout  
Of a single Tree with foliage.

Whether history turns over its pages,  
Or civilisation uncovers its folds,  
Or the wise, the Sages  
Count the deeds manifold.

The man, the full, the real Man  
Is discernible only today,  
The eyes are pleased most  
And heart is happy and gay.

## THE SIXTH CANTO



He Ram !

Mahatma Gandhi's Samadhi  
Rajghat  
New Delhi



# THE HOURS ARE VIOLET

Cries multiple on the Yamuna banks

For 'the light has gone out'.

Scars sad on human hearts

The gem of mankind is lost.

In the deep layers of Earth

Pain and sorrows are embedded

In the throats' cries and pangs

For ones' dear separated.

Those who should have merried

Are tossed between Sighs of anguish

And in the cinders, smoke of

Sighs like embers they now perish.

Memories ignite the fire,  
The fire of deep Lamentations,  
Nectar even changes into poison  
In the pangs of Separations.

None hath the bliss of Ignorance  
Life is ephemeral, death certain  
How can the man collect courage  
Hours are forlorn and vain.

Tears well out with reasons  
And not as mere water,  
The marks on the cheeks  
Glisten like liquid drops.

Deep afflictions of the heart  
Rise in waves after waves,  
When life is laden with pain,  
In agony man rants and raves.

This affliction is intense, deep  
The heart burns in flames,  
The bloods in the arteries  
Change into icy flakes.

Throat is choked, voice  
Broken, blurs and fades  
Sighs swell like tides  
on eye's banks, all our sighs.

The sand and dust of places  
When he walked the Earth  
Shine in their lustre  
While tears from my eyes drop.

In these ashes, in this Earth  
lies asleep his image,  
Karuna has put on his form  
For his form has become a mirage.

Why does the current of tearfalls  
Break the ground like blades  
The world appears a deserted hovel  
With loss of emeralds and jades.

The lover, companion of Man  
Is lost from life;  
And so the world is coloured  
With anguish, sorrow and strife.

The hours of the evening depress  
The petals of flowers wilted  
In the growing hours of gloom  
The notes of life are muffled.

Earth in deep anguish  
Has cried out in sobs,  
Fear, lament, tremors  
The silences of birds symbolise.

The whole of the world  
Is getting lost on the sands of Time  
No light, yea, darkness  
Envelopes every chime.

The green has lost its greenness  
The wind its velocity  
The flowers their honey,  
The birds their melody.

Bitter the hours of the evening,  
The blood deep in the Sun's light,  
The earth emits flames intermittently,  
While the dew drops lose their traces.

The lids of the eyes are overflown  
The waves beat on the eye's banks,  
The dread, the darkness is  
Swelling from all flanks.

Countless are people behind  
And many books, many scriptures  
And in the hills, caves and forests  
Sages with sagas of long ventures.

Let them bring back this man to life  
With their powers hoary  
Lest the human meditations  
Get shorn of their glory.

O, ye sons of Adam,  
Sages, Manu the law-maker,  
Ye are deceived constantly  
By the serpent, the evil-doer.

The death of Socrates with poison  
Christ on the Crucifix  
The arrow in Krishna's feet  
All lead up to this.

Cries, cries and cries

Not simply at Mohan's passing away,  
The sorrow is old, eternal  
For Ignorance once again has its sway.

Cries, cries and cries

Not at annihilation by the Demon  
But that this Demon is no other  
Than a brother of our own.

Cries, cries and cries

Not simply at Mohan's departure  
But that a holy Image  
Has been crucified and tortured.

Till now had descended on our earth

Gods and deities from the skies.  
Or equipped with divine glories  
Prophets of no ordinary size.

And we have looked with dismay  
At what they displayed here;  
The earth changed into worthy places  
With their magic touch everywhere.

The man, the full man,  
Man the most supreme  
Blessed the earth, and blessed  
All men fulfilled.

The real man of this universe  
Is now beyond man's purview,  
The poets sing, the rest weep  
With tears in lieu.

But tears are unbehoved  
For he did not weep,  
The seer had crossed with no pause  
The vast stretches of death's deep.



The light of knowledge is not out  
Man's jewels are n't lost,  
For the promise will be undying  
The gift of the world after all loss.

This trait is so nascent  
that it multiplies.  
And in it the progress  
of the world itself lies.

The sun never sets  
Only half the globe is dark  
With new radiance and lustre  
The sun ever comes back.

This Sun of the people  
Ever radiant in our recesses  
Will transmit light all the while  
In our conflicts and abysses.

Man has ever crossed  
Hurdles of tempests and deserts  
And forged ahead  
Despite sores in feet and fetters.

When the whole vacuum did assume form.  
Many lives were born.  
Primitive, Stone, Iron, Machine Ages  
Are harvests of progress, yea, corn.

And when appeared the human form.  
Cast away was the animals' norm  
Man will never stop  
On this path, millions be the thorn.

Reduced the ashes in the Sunbeams  
Will retort, anger and scorn  
Sects will merge in the whole  
As comforting as the morn.

Earth's fears and tremors will  
Cease to strike us as the dilemmas' horn  
Man will march in strides  
Of fear, fatigue and foe shorn.

Not one or even the many  
But all will here flower,  
Like rain, air, soil, water  
Sarvodaya does grant power.

Man will ascend the summit  
Breaking through narrow confines  
With devotion to our Man  
He will break all demarcating lines.

Lo, the poet plays upon the flute  
And rouses the soul from slumber  
Prayers resound for ever, far, long  
The afflicted birds' notes in number.

# THE SEVENTH CANTO

# BLISS IS MORN-ORANGE

My songs are musical

Not because these are superior

My metres are vocal

For these are the voices clear

Of one whose truth is immortal

And who had walked on this earth

The earth parched and dry

Giving himself to fire and no mirth.

I the humble, he the nobly high

I not a poet crafty,

Lo, he of universal import

Of issues and virtues lofty.

I the small, he the great  
This poetry is indelible,  
For it gives vent to  
Thoughts and probe unassailable.

Truth has n't dawned fully yet  
On the learned men and women.  
All companions have yet to be  
Freed from fear and pain.

Many images awesome and big  
On pedestals are vain  
The rulers are yet submerged  
In lust and powers disdain.

Not yet on one bank  
Do all creatures share life's water  
And myriad persons lead  
Lives of burden and sordid matter.

My songs are musical

Not because these are excellent

My metres have harmony

For the very theme is vibrant.

There need be no doubt

Whether God or Man be our Idol

Simple, single be the desire

To sacrifice oneself at others' call.

With care and with labour

We must the ugly and dross fight.

And follow 'the lead' given

So 'kindly' by Mohan's 'light'.

And ceaselessly discover

The Lord, the God among the masses

Without rancour or ill-will

And with no vile malice.

So the poet finds the Lord in the people  
Hopes have arisen and caused wide ripple  
The world has reform'd itself  
So has the poetry evolv'd itself.

Russell now echoes in voice multiple  
The poet finds the Lord in the people  
This Spirit moves the world organisation  
Sure about peace, sure on foundations.

Tensions lessen'd, relighted the temple  
The poet finds the Lord in the people  
Neither in nuclear bursts  
Nor in savage thirsts

Nor ever in war is bliss possible  
The Poet finds the Lord in the people.  
All life is given and sustained  
And so is the knowledge gained

When Sunlike our Man releases beams innumerable  
The poet finds the Lord in the people.



That terse pledge is now our sweet vow  
Conduct this campaign afar, afar  
Remember even in mind and squalor  
Springs up soft-petalled flower.

And roses bloom among the thorns,  
Flowers of numerous kinds and colour  
That terse pledge is now our sweet vow  
Conduct this campaign afar, afar.

Remember this much alone  
The heavy steps don't grass blades devour  
Over the sick and the afflicted alike  
Honey of words, melody of verse, nectar shower.

For only through forbearance and love  
We can visualise God the Sire,  
That terse pledge is now our sweet vow  
Conduct this campaign with heart's desire

Unique is this philosophy of equity  
Distributing possessions among fraternity  
Blood-oriented changes are of no utility  
Unique is this philosophy of equity.

This vision of Mohan is new  
For ours, for everyone's, view;  
This gift is born of realisation,  
And sacrifice, nothing in lieu.

Unique is this philosophy of equity  
Distributing possessions among fraternity  
This vision of Mohan is new  
For ours, for everyones' view.

Unique is this philosophy of equity  
Distributing possessions among fraternity  
This vision of Mohan is new  
For ours, for everyone's view.

Imposter is he who  
    Trades on Mohan's name,  
But have patience, for  
    Gets exposed sooner or later this game.

He who thinks of his self,  
    Of seizing power and pelf  
He need not trade on his name  
    And shine in reflected fame.

With nerves and feet strong  
    The pledge when gets fulfilled  
And the evil is faced  
    The real Man is revealed.

And he alone can take this name  
Let others be confined to their game  
Others who have conflicting minds  
Impulsive, convulsive all the times.

Those who renounce with no whimper  
Love the masses without clamour  
They the blessed persons, even in power  
Are entitled to the names' glamour.

On this names' string  
    They alone should harp,  
Who are n't stuffed with  
    Either evil or anger sharp  
For its' a solemn pledge  
    Firmer and surer on the times' edge.

Sprung up from our own structure  
Is this fountain of sweet nectar

It's of this age,  
Topical,  
But of all ages,  
Temporal;  
It asketh for  
nothing

But entreaty sweet  
and eternal.

Potent to make us soar higher  
Is this function of sweet nectar.

It is  
the crown  
Of real  
renown.

May this voice  
be never  
drown'd

No more of pining for being of the world other  
Is this fountain of sweet nectar.

Sing, ye poet, sing only of love

Adam has come and gone from earth,

Only after proving equity of birth,

Sages, only this trance'll behove.

Sing, ye poet, sing only of love

We rose at his call,

And will brook no fall

Fly, here, celestial songsters as dove.

Sing, ye poet, sing only of love.

Ever noble and true

This man faced death in lieu

Consume thyself for all and globe

Sing, ye poet, sing only of love.



Vijay Kumar Varma

# Annotations

## *MAN THOU CAN*

The central figure, Mohandas Karamchand Gandhi, symbolizes the immense possibilities of Man who can all by himself do what has been hitherto mostly assigned to ethereal beings. Miracles of Science offer no contradictions to it, nay, illustrate it.

For spiritualism and materialism are apart only in pursuit of objectives : efforts to perceive and shape the sublime or even transcribe its thrill are spiritual, but those which tend to aggrandise the self, the ugly and the sordid, definitions of which are all clear become materialistic. So any efforts at human amelioration, emancipation, redemption are not materialistic, in the sense or associations commonly entertained.

And rituals are also not religion. Righteous conduct, bliss for all is religion.

So is the case with spiritualism. There is God in Man, thereby God is Omnipresent, Omniscient, Omnipresent, in each atom, in each element, in each sphere. Man the earth's Supreme creation, has simply to discover Him, feel Him here, there, everywhere.



So did the Upanishads speak as also the Bible, the Koran, the Geeta, the Granth Saheb. So have the poets sung in all sublime poetry and so have the songsters harped upon one familiar chord.

For God is the most vocal symbol Man has ever conceived, the Symbol of the bliss, the Truth, ever noble, ever high, ever beautiful, knowing no distinction. True, this symbol has acquired the local tones of expression, inevitable with human speech and arts, but there has been a unification of vision even behind camouflages of imagery.

The urge in Man to attain Godhood is his inborn urge and when more than one this urge is realised by peoples, there are born states or organs of human welfare. When this urge is in throes of fulfilment, there are trials, tribulations, upheavals. And when this urge is overwhelmed with a choice for the vile, the immediate gratifications of self, there is chaos, massacre, organised war.

But through all these Stages it is Man who gets and sees through, none else, man the single, man the many, men in unison.

# Explanations

- Incarnadined Multitudinous: The Shakespearean words from the post-murder speech of Macbeth.
- The indigo masters with servants: For full five years while working as a public servant in Champaran, the poet was privileged to come across many persons who had worked with Mahatma; had heard stories, not accounted for elsewhere, stories of Mahatma's zeal iron-will and tenacity. Of many such stories is one rendered into verse here.
- Truth an enormous evergreen tree: Based on Mahatma's own imagery in "My Experiments With Truth".
- The book that Ruskin wrote: Ruskin influenced Mahatma most.
- The light has gone out: The words of Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru, relayed on air when Mahatma was no more.
- Russell echoes in throats multiple: The great philosopher and writer, Bertrand Russell has campaigned against nuclear explosions and dangers and only in October, 1965 on getting disillusioned, tore into pieces his card of the Labour Party and what a coincidence! He did all this in Mahatma Gandhi Hall, London.
- Spirited is this organization: On the debris of the League of Nations has sprouted a benign tree, the United Nations, which has surely maintained and upheld the cause of peace in this strife-torn, fear-struck world.
- Unique is this philosophy of equity: The campaigns, marches and exhortations of Vinoba, Jay Prakash Narayan are extensions of the Mahatma's vision of equality among all.

## Introduction to Names in the Verse

Manu	The Prime Man, law-maker
Adam	The Prime Man, centrally portrayed in Milton's Paradise Lost
Eve	Adam's spouse
Rama	Synonym for God in Hindu mythology
Janki or Seeta	Rama's spouse
Lava, Kusha	Twin sons of Rama and Seeta
Ravana	The ruler of Lanka, ten-headed, who was slain by Rama
Valmiki	The poet who wrote in Sanskrit 'Ramayana'
Menka	The damsel from the Indra's court who enticed Vishvamisra the Sage
Krishna	Lord Krishna of the Mahabharata epic, whose enunciations are contained in <b>Bhagwat Geeta</b> , a part of the same epic
Kauravas	The hundred brothers, agnates to the Pandavas, but who waged war with the latter and usurped their rights
Socrates	The Greek Philosopher and wisest man who was administered poison
Helen	The great beauty of Troy, cause of the Trojan War
Mahavir	The lord of the Jains
Buddha	Lord Buddha, whose tenets are profound in the name of Buddhism
Mary	Virgin mother of Jesus the Christ
Christ	Jesus the Christ
Chanakya	Known as Kautilya, wrote "Arthashastra", the great diplomat-statesman
Asoka	Asoka the Emperor, who embraced Buddhism in remorse after the conquest of Kalinga
Muhammad	The Prophet
Kabir	Saint, Poet
Nanak	The founder of Sikhism, a saint, poet

Akbar	Akbar the Emperor, who was the first to inculcate Hindu-Muslim oneness, the founder of a cult, Dln-e-lllahi.
Rana Pratap	The Maharana of Chittor, who did not accept Akbar's suzerainty, took the vow to sleep on straw-bed and eat on leaf-dish till he regained his sovereignty.
Rousseau	The great French writer, whose analysis is said to have sparked off the French Revolution.
Napoleon	The great warrior of France who ultimately crowned himself as the Emperor.
Marx	Karl Marx, propagator of Marxism, gave altogether a new direction to political thinking and State activities.
Ibsen	The great dramatist, forerunner of realism in literature.
Ruskin	The thinker, the writer, his book "Unto this Last" cast profound influence on Mahatma.
Darwin	The revolutionary writer, whose theories dealt severe shocks to old ideas of evolution of life on the earth.
Freud	The master psychoanalyst, whose theory of libido was another shock to age-old human conceptions.
Lenin	The father of Soviet Russia.
Raj Kumar	A simple farmer of Champaran, Raj Kumar Shukla whose entreaty at Mahatma came to Champaran.
Tilak	The leader of the Congress
Gokhale	The political mentor of Mahatma.
Malviya	A political leader of eminence, established Varanasi University.
Kasturba	Mahatma's wife and ardent follower.
Mani, Durga	Two prominent women disciples of Mahatma.
Hitler	The Feuhrer, the, persecutor of the Jews and one who precipitated the World War in 1939.
Mohan	Mohandas Karamchand Gandhi.

# Excerpts

## Society Today and Tomorrow

(Readings in Social Science)

Edited by Elgin F. Hunt and Jules Karlin

“Future man, whom the scientists tell us they will produce in no more than a hundred years, seems to be possessed by a rebellion against human experience as it has been given, a free gift from nowhere (secularly speaking), which he wishes to exchange, as it were, for something he has made himself. There is no reason to doubt our abilities to accomplish such an exchange, just as there is no reason to doubt our potentiality to destroy all organic life on earth. The question is only whether we wish to use our new scientific and technical knowledge in this direction.

“The modern age is not the same as the modern world. Scientifically, the modern age which began in the seventeenth century, came to an end at the beginning of the twentieth century; politically, the modern world, in which we live to-day was born with the first atomic explosion”.

HANNAH ARENDT

(Prologue to “The Shape of the Future Man”)

“We can draw now the bony skeleton of any industrial society in the year, 2000. It may be a world society or a City State; it may live in a settled place or still under the threat of war; it may be democratic or totalitarian. Whatever it is, I believe that life in it will have certain large features. We cannot escape the large bony features; atomic energy, biological control, automation. But the body of Society is not all bone; a good many different bodies clothe that skeleton”.

J. BRONOWSKI

”Planning for the Year 2000”

“Nor, given the prevalence of Physical poverty in the backward nations and of psychological poverty in all nations, is the pre-eminence of materialistic drives and goals to be wondered at. In sum, to-day as in the past, the half-educated, half-emancipated state of human society assures that there will be a long confirmation of the violence, the instability, the blatant injustice, which are the most grievous aspects of the human tragedy. This is the true heritage of the human condition, and its bitter tragedy.

“To raise these dark thoughts is not to sermonize that man is wicked or to avoid the conclusion that some men are much more guilty than others. Neither is it to maintain that there is no hope for a betterment of the human condition. On the contrary, there is to-day a greater long-term prospect for such betterment than humanity has ever known before.”

ROBERT L. HEIBRONER

(The Heritage of “The Human Condition”)

# THE NEW DIMENSIONS OF PEACE

Chester Bowles

“In 1947 when the British decided to quit India, it was hard not to conclude that this little man, weighing scarcely 110 pounds, armed if at all with a walking stick and the weapon of Satyagraha was in large measure responsible. Nor was there any doubt that the friendship between India and Britain, on which a reconstituted Commonwealth was based, owed much of its foundation to the weapons with which Gandhi had carried on the struggle.

“Yet, despite this extra-ordinary success, Gandhi was far away from the scene of celebration on Independence Day, August, 15, 1947, spending his time instead in fasting, spinning and in prayer. For him the partition of India and the terrible fractional riots which succeeded it had meant failure. “Vivisect me, but not India”, he had cried.

“On January 30, 1948 ten days after he had broken the fast, he was shot three times and killed while walking unguarded to his regular prayer meeting. Despite threats from fanatic Hindus, and a bomb thrown at him a few days before, he had refused police protection. When Gandhi’s ashes were emptied seaward into the Ganges, more than four million people were gathered there on the river bank. Some say more human beings assembled on that day than on any other



occasion in history. The King's representative in the United Nations in mourning the death of "the friend of the poorest and the loveliest and the lost", predicted that "Gandhi's greatest achievements are still to come". General Mac Arthur, then the Supreme Allied Military Commander in Japan said "In the evolution of civilisation, if it is to survive, all men cannot fail eventually to adopt Gandhi's belief that the process of mass application of force to resolve contentious issues is fundamentally not only wrong but contains within itself the germ, of self-destruction". It may be argued that Gandhi exercised power more successfully with more lasting effects, than any of his revolutionary contemporaries. Did he not bring about the best and most complete revolution the 20th Century had seen? Was it too much to hope that in the age of the hydrogen bomb, Gandhi's revolution might become the model for the remaining revolutions of the Century?"

## Opinion

The poem, 'Man Thou Can' by Badri Narain Sinha, of the Indian Police Service is remarkable for its clarity, sincerity and natural grace. It is not just a poetical biography of Gandhiji whose life was his message and who was himself a true poem.

It also portrays a significant period of modern Indian history and breathes life into it. The sufferings of the Indigo cultivators of Champaran district have been vividly described in a few stanzas but with telling effect. There is a fusion of Romantic spontaneity and classical high seriousness in this poem. The moralising emotion of the poem reminds one of Gray's Elegy. :

Truth is such an enormous evergreen tree  
That when nursed it yields many a bloom  
And its hymn so transcendental altogether  
The peoples require the store of wisdom.

The poem is a triumph of idealism and sensibility. Our only regret is that the poet passed away ere his prime and did not live to see it in print-

Cut is the branch that might have grown full straight  
And burned is Apollo's Laurel bough.

Arun Mustafi  
Head of the Dept. of English,  
Ranchi College, Ranchi

I welcome this poetical biography of Mahatma Gandhi as a significant contribution to Gandhian literature.

The author was both a man of action and a man of feeling.

This epic in miniature is an inspiring invocation of the spirit of Gandhi as an apostle of truth and non-violence. The title at once arrests attention for it suggests how Gandhi the man could attain divinity by his capacity to transcend human limitations in his supreme urge to maintain the dignity of man.

Shri Anandvardhan Sinha deserves all praise for bringing to light this valuable composition of his illustrious father Shri Badri Narain Sinha.

The work reflects rare literary gifts in one who had distinguished himself as a custodian of law and order.

Prof. Kalika Ranjan Chatterjee  
Dept. of English,  
Bihar University,  
Muzaffarpur

# The Poet



- \* **Born** 4th April, 1930 at Darbhanga.
- \* Earlier Lecturer in English at C M. College, Darbhanga and later at Ranchi College Ranchi
- \* **Appointed to the Indian Police Service in 1952.**
- \* Served as Superintendent of Police, Champaran (1958-63) and Bhagalpur (1965-68)
- \* Was Superintendent of Railway Police, Muzaffarpur (1968-70) and Senior Superintendent of Police, Ranchi (1970-71)
- \* Was appointed Deputy Inspector-General of Police and Member Secretary, Bihar Police Manual Revision Committee in June, 1971.

- \* Was Deputy Inspector-General of Police, Central Range, Patna (1974-77) and later D.I.G. of Police, Criminal Investigation Department till his death in harness on the 7th November, 1979.
- \* Was awarded the **Indian Police Medal in 1971** for his meritorious and distinguished services and was decorated with the **President's Police Medal in August, 1979**.
- \* Was an acclaimed literary critic and reputed writer in the field of Hindi Literature
- \* Started his literary pursuits as a teenager
- \* Authored "PRATHMIKI", a landmark work in Hindi criticism In 1965 and followed it up with "AJ TAK KEE", its companion volume.
- \* Published "TATKA ADAM", a book of modern Hindi Poetry and this book's twin in Hindi 'AB BAHU SE SAB JAN HITAY" with the life of Mahatma Gandhi as its subject.
- \* Wrote "STUDENTS' REVOLT", a concise book on students' unrest.
- \* Was Founder-Editor of "BIHAR POLICE PATRIKA", the official organ of the Bihar Police, a mantle which he carried till his premature end.

- \* Was awarded **Special Prize by the Uttar Pradesh Government** for his magnum-opus on criminology “AAPRADHIKI” in 1976. This Pioneering work, the first of its kind written originally In Hindi, won the “**Best Book of the Year Award” from the Bihar Rashtra Bhasha Parishad in 1978.**
- \* Lectured at Sardar Vallabh Bhai Patel National Police Academy, Mount Abu and later Hyderabad, Administrative Training Institute, Ranchi, Police Training College, Hazaribagh, Internal Security Academy, Mount Abu and Anthropological Survey of India, Calcutta.
- \* Contributor to the Journal of Lal Bahadur Shastri National Academy of Administration, Mussoorie.
- \* **A spiritualist and a humanist.**

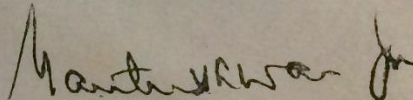
## ERRATA

Page	Line Number	For	Please Read
Acknowledgements	21	Explains for	Explains
Publisher's Note	12	reconteur	raconteur
Publisher's Note	13	celabr eted	celebrated
Publisher's Note	25	worthly	worthy
2	I	Giistened	Glistened
3	4	II	!!
17	4	dence	dense
21	6	prevasive	pervasive
27	10	meterialised	materialised
27	12	ben	been
32	1	Pained	Painted
34	15	Sterlised	Sterilised
37	4	t une	tune
37	11	manw'd	man w'd
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49	7	mirths mirths	mirths
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52	2	women	woman
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53	6	Whelth	wealth
53	17	editions	editions
54	2	Il's	It's
54	4	nor norma	nor un-norms
54	11	throught	throughout
54	15	Arae	Are
54	15	require	required
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93	3	m nd	mind
102	20	ideias	ideas
102	20	evdation	evolution
102	32	Man	Many
105	20	Secaward	Seaward.

'Man Thou Can' is a lyrical Portrait of Bapu, the Mahatma, who himself composed, sang, danced and lived the Song of Love for all mankind. He was not only a page in the time-span of History but made and unmade History.

Cut away in his prime by the cruel yoke of death Badri Babu, the man, the poet and the scholar has portrayed with vibrant harmony the Man who strode on to this soil like a colossus, who breathed its polluted environ to emit the glow and sparkle the lengthening shadows of darkness into an Eternal Light.

Badri Babu is no more but a worthy son of an illustrious father, Shri Anandvardhan, our young friend has discovered for publication this Poetry of Life and Love, 'Man Thou Can', which will spread the message of Love to one and all for ever.



(Mantreshwar Jha)

Managing Director,  
Bihar State Financial Corporation.



The book in your hand is a portrait of Bapu in poetry. The portrait has been completed in seven cantos; the Seven cantos correspond to seven colours. Thus, it is obvious that the portrait has been conceived poetically, vividly in colours.

The poetry of the portrait is natural and spontaneous without self-conscious artifice or art. Its strength lies in its personal and intense feelings; its art is appropriate to the kind and quality of feelings rendered. It is an interesting experiment in the expression and communication of native feelings through a foreign language.

In my opinion it is an important contribution to the growing body of Indo-Anglian poetry. I recommend it to the attention of our enlightened reading public. There is a good deal of pleasure in its reading, and moral instruction as well.

*Prof. K. M. Tiwary*

Department of English,  
Patna University, Patna