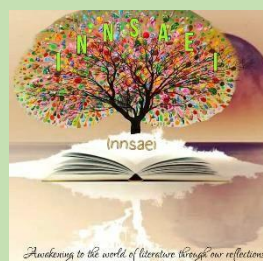


INNSÆI Journal

International Journal of Creative Literature, Art,
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(IJCLPH)

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Rest in Peace Hon. Jayanta Mahapatra sir....



INNSÆI Journal
Pays a Heartfelt Tribute
To our Advisory Board Member,
Hon. Padma Sri Jayanta Mahapatra
On his 95th Birth Anniversary
On 22nd October 2023

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VISION

An honest voice having the vision to provide a vibrant literary culture with the creative writers with the literary commune to promote peace and humanity in the society.

MISSION

1. To provide a vibrant literary culture among the creative writers.
2. To encourage the development of poets and writers in society.
3. An initiative to promote peace and humanity in society.
4. To provide an ambience among the literary communities to work together for a common cause.
5. To provide a platform for human expression for the deep inner expression of suppressed thoughts.
6. To encourage hidden voices from the grass-root contributors allowing them to express human values.

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Founder's Voice

Founder's Voice

Dear Readers and Contributors,

Greetings... !!!

With sad news of the demise of our Respected Advisory Board Member and Eminent Indian poet in English Honourable Padma Sri Jayanta Mahapatra the whole literary world has been saddened. India has lost a great poet, humanitarian and a very humble and genuine human being. His contribution to the world of Poetry is huge. His poetry is very close to the Indian soil, roots of history and it deconstructs and reconstructs different Myths. It is not wrong to say "He is the mouthpiece of Pain and Silence of the human heart."

It was and will remain as a thing of pride for INNSÆI Journal that he enthusiastically got engaged with the Journal since its inception. He provided his guidance regarding the standards of any journal. He, being associated with the journal *Chandrabhaga*, had immense experience and insights. In the very first issue of INNSÆI Journal in October, 2020, he permitted us to publish his informal interview.

I feel very much overwhelmed to remember his treatment to me as his daughter since our first meeting in 2013 at Tinkonia Bagicha, Cuttack. He had a very close conversation with him. While doing doctoral research on his poetry, I came across so many emotionally captivating poems that many times, I wept after reading them and then analyzed them. His poetry has scanned almost all the aspects of human pain and misery. No other poet has portrayed the picture of Indian specially Orissan plights. He self-criticizes as- "I am a poet barking like a dog". At certain places, he expresses his inability to write about the painful situation while the inner creative instinct has compelled him to carve a niche.

Though his physical existence in us has been disappeared, his poetry, stories, critical views and modesty will remain forever. His words will illuminate the paths of coming generation.

In this Issue, we have incorporated the tributes paid by Hon. Kallol Choudhury and Dr Lakshmisree Banerjee as our Advisory Board Members. Mr. Debdoot Mukherjee, the Executive Board Member has also paid his tribute to Hon. Jayanta Mahapatra. Afroze Saad from Bangladesh and Sudipta Mishra from India have offered their tributes to the great poet.

We will welcome and appreciate any contributor who comes to INNSÆI Journal with poetry, memoirs or anecdotes with Hon. Jayanta Mahapatra sir. The creative work will be published under the title of **Tribute to Hon. Jayanta Mahapatra Sir.**

We cherish memories with the great poet, philosopher and humanitarian through this Issue.

Dear Babuji,

We will miss your words of Love,

We will miss your sailing boat into the depths of Silence,

You've become an indelible stamp of Humanity and Compassion.

INNSÆI Journal is indebted to you for the Time to come.

Rest in Eternal Peace, Dear Babuji.....

Adieu...

Tejaswini Patil, Ph. D.

Founding Director,

INNSÆI Journal,

International Journal of Creative Literature,

Art, Translation, and Research for Peace and Humanity

(IJCLATRPB)

COVER STORY



(While receiving honour of Padma Sri at the auspicious hands of Hon. President of India Pratibhatai Patil in 2009)

The Contribution of Jayanta Mahapatra to Modern and Postmodern Indian Poetry in English

Dr Tejaswini Patil
Founding Director,
INNSÆI Journal

In his speech on receiving the Sahitya Akademi award for *Relationship* (1981), Jayanta Mahapatra (2007) expressed his self as deeply rooted in the soil of Orissa and his prominent Indian aspirations as:

“To Orissa, to this land in which my roots lie and lies my past, and in which lies my beginning and my end, where the wind keens over the great grief of the River Daya and where the waves of the Bay of Bengal fail to reach out today to the twilight soul of Konarka, I acknowledge my debt and my relationship”.

He is known as a major ‘new’ poet who began publishing through ‘Writers’ Workshop’ 1958. He began his career as a writer with short-stories. But, later on, he turned to poetry. He began his poetic career very late, at the age of 38 and published his first two

volumes at 43. His professional career as a professor in Physics did not help him in his literary pursuit. Taking a recap of the past, Mahapatra says-

“...I learnt my English in a missionary school from a British schoolmaster. I studied Mathematics and physics, and later trained to be a physicist; I was far away from the academic world of English literature. Now, when I look back at the years behind me, the thought that I would write poetry in English at one time seems unbelievable.”

As a poet, he contemplated over the process of creation of poetry and its ideal of classical poetry. He has expressed his views about his own poetry, and also of his contemporaries like Ezekiel, Parthasarathy, Daruwalla, Ramanujan and Arun Kolatkar. He has pointed out how some of these try to encompass the ordinary as the content and that the concept of classic has not been attempted by anyone. He thinks himself getting closer to it. He opines that Indian poetry lacks in the creative indirectness of approach. His genuine queries about Indian poetry are about ‘the building up of an experience and its pursuit to the very end which is found in the literature in other Indian languages’. He expresses his concern about ‘the singular intuition into the human condition’ in our poetry and also about the lack of ‘clairvoyance that works intensely, kaleidoscopically to celebrate the awe and mystery of the human condition’.

His poems in the first phase were the personal ‘exercises in a way and written to please himself’ (Rock Pebbles: XV.1. 227). His urge to write poetry made him continue reading European and Latin American poets whom he thought great slowly; he felt the need to look around where he found pain, relationship, love for his people and the masses around. History and Myths attracted him, shaped his poetry and made him realize his deep roots in them. Finding his roots entangled in the Indian soil, he couldn’t choose to stay in the glasshouse and write about the plight of the poor hungry Oriya people.

He accepts the influences of the great western poets like Emily Dickinson, Valery, Eliot, Janos Pilinszky who made him think over silences, death, impersonal and search for truth. The perusal of such themes in his poetry made him accomplish various awards in India and abroad.

Mahapatra’s poetry has been divided into three distinct phases of growth by Laxminarayana Bhat P.:

- a. **The Early Period:** From *Close the Sky, Ten by Ten* (1971) to *A Fathers Hours* (1976), a period of apprenticeship, largely derivative in nature.
- b. **The Middle Period:** From *The Rain of Rites* (1976) to *The False Start* (1980), a period of inventiveness and experimentation.
- c. **The Recent Period:** From *Relationship* (1980) to *A Whiteness of Bone* (1992), a period of profound maturity in thought and expression deepening vision, contemplative mood and brooding tone.

These phases may be included in Modern Period and further be extended to the fourth one as Postmodern Period as more of his collections and other works came out up to 2023.

- d. **The Contemporary Period:** From *Bali* (1993) to *Random Descent* (2005), the same mood continued with more contemplation on the theory of poetic creation, inability to write poetry, universal approach, religion and philosophy.

In order to study the development or growth of the poet from the first phase to the forth, the researcher has selected seven collections of Mahapatra representing the four phases of his poetic creation.

The keen scanning of the collections brings out a variety of themes in them as- Indianness with its mythology, religion, history, philosophy and culture, society, time, family relations, search for self, alienation, theory of poetic creation, politics, human cruelty, anti-heroic and absurd as well as East-West encounter. Here, I would like to concentrate on some of his collections which have dealt with the themes like alienation, Anti-Heroic and Absurd, Human Cruelty and The Transcultural Issues

Alienation:

Alienation is an inseparable part of modern life. The high materialism, the outburst of technological inventions, the increasing speed of life have disturbed the human relationships. People are distanced from each other. Pity and compassion are the virtues rarely found in modern life. Mahapatra, as a conscious and sensitive person, has sensed these aspects minutely. His alienation begins with his childhood. He finds himself cut off from the family. Then he is isolated even from his friends. And later on, he finds himself detached even from his wife and home. In social life, alienation is caused by his Christianity amongst Hindu people around.

“It is an exile
 between good and evil
 where I need the sting of death” (Rain of Rites: 92)

He, then, alienates himself from the outer world and moves back into the past identifying himself with the sun Temple of Konarka.

“Once again one must sit back and bury the face
 in this earth of the forbidding myth.
 the phallus of the enormous stone...” (Relationship:59)

Though, it is a forbidden myth, he becomes one with it and moves into the past.

Anti-Heroic and Absurd

The emotions of an anti-hero who is not capable of facing the challenges of the time are caused by the adverse circumstances and the modern socio-cultural-political situations which have gone beyond human control. As a member of this society, he feels himself having no capacities to solve the problems. The miserable childhood that reminds one of his powerless positions at home, the frustration and estrangement in love life and the violence and poverty of the Oriyan society that discourages him from continuing with life-are some of the reasons.

Mahapatra presents the absurd situations in which he doesn't know how to respond, as in-

“It is the beginning of a voyage that is over,
 a weary voice that will not speak or be heard.
 Where is that absence which pushed an icy rope
 down my throat, so close my heart could have touched it?
 It is a world gone, out of hand, one I cannot recognize,
 that draws everything to a close.”

(Rain of Rites: 24)

Human Cruelty:

Mahapatra is much sensitive about the presentation of Death and Darkness in his poems. Death is a common picture in Orissa which is affected by poverty, hunger and superstitions. He points out the massacre of thousands of Orissans in the wars fought by

the historical heroes like King Ashoka. He is not deceived by the *peace edicts* carved by him. He can see the river Daya full of dead bodies and its blood red water.

The plight of poor, sad working women hurts him deep. Sexuality is only a deviation from poverty and hunger for men. The descriptions of the deaths of Mariam, Hara, Lakshmi are powerful in the sense that they make it visual for the reader. Even the death of the boy in the hospital is so touching that one is forced to contemplate over it for a long time afterwards.

His father's death is a major event in his life when his mother's wish to be cremated at the sea-shore of Puri stuns him. The woman who followed and made others follow the Christianity had perhaps realized the truth seeing death nearing her. In the last poem in *Random Descent*, he mentions the death of his self.

“Like a shadow on my footprint, this death
shows where I am. Strange children
run in and out of my room.”

(Random Descent: 76)

Similarly, darkness in his poems is the darkness of ignorance. In his opinion, the darkness lurks over the life of Orissa people.

“colourless and dreamless, a light without leaves,
will not reveal the truth of that secret miracle
of the darkness that hangs over the screams
of the hyenas...” (Relationship: 64)

Just like the emptiness, meaninglessness, the dark outpours in his poems. His helplessness as a poet is intensely expressed in-

“..when the stifled scream of a dying girl
palpitates the silence of some moonless night,
I only want to renew myself
like this old river's quite..” (“The Land That is Not”: LOD: 132)

In darkness, the God is also found running his vain fingers over the treasures in his planet. This darkness is the loss of hope, joy and progress in the life of Orissa people. He listens to the voices which seem to be familiar to him like a long-sunken ship wanting to come up again on water. But he finds himself trapped, unable to help them. The deaths of Ann, Mariam, starvation of Laxmi and Radha overwhelm him with the grief.

The hunger-death of Jembati and the starved life of Bala Jani make him frustrate as a poet. “Words fail” to describe the contradiction of their lives in the present affluent life of the rich people in the world around. He points out the situation as follows:

“People were all around me, and we were
all alive at the same time. Our realities
were different and out *heroisms were lies*. (Random Descent: 45)

The Transcultural Issues

The inaction in poor people is due to their helplessness before nature and also the tyranny of the rich. Even the temporary invasion of weak like fireflies can make them fall again. Still, he has hope in his mind that if he can understand the village, he can understand the world.

“Somebody, if I keep recalling you,
maybe understanding will go out
into the world with me”. (Whiteness of Bone: 25)

He expands the canvas of Orissa to India by referring to other cities in India in *Shadow Space*.

“Everything is called sacred
in my land. Even poems. And children
who are sold and bought everyday
in the streets of Bombay and Calcutta” (Shadow Space: 60)

In the same poem, he extends his compassion to the people in Somalia.

“It’s the world again
that must not take one unawares,
a world where hundreds die
of hunger in Somalia and elsewhere” (Ibid: 60)

Similarly, he refers to the poverty in Ethiopia. (Shadow Space: 41) and also the

“...the cry of the Palestinian farmer
whose water reservoir was destroyed by the
Israeli Army” (Random Descent: 22)

He addresses ‘Hunger’ in ‘Light Thinking: Clutching at Straws’,

“Hunger, you still persist as the new narrative of our civilization. My history does not seem to be over and the past is what goes on”.

(Random Descent: 37)

For these problems, he has a solution perhaps, which can save India from its utter moral death that is the virtues of ‘truth’ and ‘kindness’.

“But

this house stands in the center of the city,
the house with India and a moral eye.

There’s truth deep in the safety of the house.

Terrible with the kindness we will not lose” (Whiteness of Bone:49)

While speaking of the culture of Orissa, he moves to Calcutta, Bombay, and further to Bhopal in Madhya Pradesh. He refers to its mishap of the leakage of the poisonous gas that swallowed hundreds of the people. The pain, grief make him cross boundaries of even of the nations, to reach Somalia and Ethiopia.

He contrasts the situation of poverty, hunger, sullenness and dark to the unreal light of city-life. He mentions a Rotarian boasting about American enterprise (Burden of Waves and Fruit: 9). In ‘Heroism’, he points out now his generation sought great ideals even from other countries as he-

“saw in my mother

The stare of Dostoyevsky’s *Grand Inquisitor*” (Shadow Space: 16)

His poetry displays different postmodern concerns. As discussed above, he searches for his roots in the past, history and myths. His deep concerns with Indian culture, Myths and the Land makes him stand apart from his contemporary writers and poets. His poetry expresses socio-cultural deterioration as well as contemporary social and political situation. His use of imagery and symbols is unique. His poetry makes the readers dive into the depths of meaning and variety of themes.

The sad demise of Padma Sri Jayanta Mahapatra has created a vacuum in Indian Poetry in English.

Author's Bio:**Dr Tejaswini Patil****Bio:**

Founder Director, INNSÆI, An International Journal of Creative Literature for Peace and Humanity. She works as Associate Professor, Dept. of English in Arts and Commerce College, Kasegaon, Dist.- Sangli (Maharashtra). Her Marathi, Hindi and English poems have been published in 33 national and international anthologies including from South Africa, Romania, USA and UK in more than 50 anthologies. Her collection of poems: English- **‘Talons and Nets’**, **‘Verses of Silence’** and **‘A Glass of Time’**, the same translated into Romanian language; Hindi poems, **Kaainat**; and a reference book: **‘Relations and Relationship’**. She has received many National and International Diplomas, Awards and Certificates of Appreciation.

Tribute to Hon. Padma Sri Jayanta Mahapatra



Mr. Kallol Choudhury (India)

Member, Advisory Board,

INNSÆI Journal

Kallol Choudhury (b. 1958) is a bilingual poet, short story writer and translator. He has six books to his credit. His short stories, translations appeared in The Oxford Anthology of Writings from North-east India. The joint publication of OUP and IIC published one of his folktales. His poems, translations appeared in Indian literature, IIC quarterly, Chandrabagha etc. He is a Bengali translator of Akademi Award-winning poetry book 'Relationship' by Jayanta Mahapatra.

A Tribute to Jayanta Mahapatra

I was fond of your poems
Once I translated into Bengali
One of your poems published
In the Sunday magazine of the Telegraph
And it was published in a little magazine
I was on tenterhooks what to do
As the translated version was published
Without your permission.
However, I once mustered up courage
To send the translated version to your Residential address.
I was pleasantly surprised to get your reply
Which came in a greetings card where
You were appreciative of my translation
And saying to me with words
"You have my permission to translate
Whatever you feel you should."
These words gave me a great impetus
And emboldened me to translate your
Sahitya Akademi Award winning poetry
Book " Relationship" into Bengali.
The Bengali version "Samparka" was published by Sahitya Akademi.
After I had completed translation of Relationship you wanted.
To see me as you told nobody in any Indian
Regional language including your mother-tongue
Till then could translate it.

Accordingly, I went to Guwahati
And received your blessings.

When you came to Guwahati in 1999
You told the poets of Guwahati that
You'd a great bhakta in Hailakandi of Assam
That I could know later when I met Guwahati poets who told me
such.
An insignificant person like me
Got your blessings.
The blessings from a poet
who is regarded as one of the trio of Modern Indian English
Poetry
Along with A.K.Ramanujam and Nissim Ezekiel is ever to cherish.
Your passing way distressed my heart
We know man is mortal, death is inevitable
But that I got abundance of love from you
Which is indescribable, I can't second
Your parting from us.
I thought you'd survive this time too
And live up to your age of hundred years.



Dr Lakshmisree Banarjee (India)
Member, Advisory Board,
INNSÆI Journal

Prof. Dr. Lakshmisree Banerjee is an established Sr. Poet, Writer, Educationist, Scholar, Rotarian & practicing Classical Vocalist, with many National and International Awards, Accolades & Publications to her credit. She is a Senior Fulbright Scholar (USA), Commonwealth Scholar (UK,) and a National Scholar & Gold Medalist in English of Calcutta University, India. A University Professor of English & Culture Studies, she is a recipient of the coveted UGC Post-Doctoral Research Award (Govt. of India), which she was awarded for her Path-Breaking Post-Doctoral Research Work & Global Lectures on the Comparative Studies and Transformative Vision of World Women Poets. She has also been felicitated by the Sahitya Akademi with the “Avishkar” Award/ Honour for her dual expertise as a “Scholar- Musician and a Poet- Artiste”. Prof. Banerjee has been the Founder Pro- Vice Chancellor & Ex Vice Chancellor of Kolhan University, the largest in Jharkhand India. Widely published and anthologized, she has Five published Books of Poetry, One Hundred and Twenty Research Publications with Several Academic Books to her credit. Prof. Banerjee also has the rare Honour of being The Indian President’s/ Rashtrapati’s Nominee on Boards of Central Universities

**In Fond Remembrance of our People's Poet
A Tribute to Padma Sri Jayanta Mahapatra**

Jayanta Da...

you carried the human soul tenderly
on your back like a fond father
your arms cradling
the softness of smiles
with your ever moist love---

you made nothing of nothingness
encasing sorrows in caskets
of blazing turmeric sunshine
your scorched self could hold
like the incandescence of
a thousand lamps----

your memories heave
deep within our interstices
lighthouses of our sea of being
spirals of holy incense
rising upward toward
your milky translucence
of a child- blessed sagacity---

sufferings your poetic floods
often your tranquil ripples
awaken our slumbering selves
so much of you and your great poetry
your vision and effusions
still to be understood---

hunger, the whiteness of bones
the fishermen caught in
nets of the Odisha seas
helpless puberty sold
for morsels of bread
all through the sieve of your heart--

the wild search for anchor
those dim lights you chose

to avoid meaningless glitz
the speaking silence of self-chosen
dignity of darkness----

all of it your treasure-troves
burning inside often
with your cherry red pain
leavening our shredded soul
your wincing butterflies
remain our ambrosia and manna,---

those we can hardly catch or know
though your cataracts flow
so much of you remains unknown
in the silence of eternity
in your abode of peace
Tinkonia Bagicha of Cuttack
rest dear our people's poet in
our shrine where we still find you---

**JAYANTA MAHAPATRA, OUR PEOPLE'S POET OF INDIA IS NO MORE ...
YET LONG LIVE JAYANTA DA... YOU REMAIN IMMORTAL IN OUR
HEARTS**

Dr Lakshmisree Banerjee (India)
Member, Advisory Board,
INNSÆI Journal

A whole day has passed since the news came to me, but could not utter a word, due to
my overwhelming sense of grief....

Yes Each one of us is bereft of words while expressing this deep sense of loss at the
passing away of the Doyen of Indian- English Poetry.....Jayanta Da, I believe, was our
PEOPLE'S POET...

I wish to recall just a slice of my Personal Relationship with him, not just as a benevolent
Great Poet but a Greater Human Being...

In the late Eighties...Early Nineties, soon after my First Book FLAMES AND
FLOWERS was published in 1987 by the well-known Writers Workshop
(Calcutta).....Jayanta Da, as the then Poetry Editor of the SUNDAY TELEGRAPH,
started publishing my Poems frequently on Sundays, myself then a young, unknown,
upcoming poet.....I could then feel his Greatness as a Poet who only and only believed in
Quality Good Poetry...

After that I met him many times in various Literary Meets, International Conferences,
University Felicitations etc and developed a deep personal relationship with reverence...
I also recall in one of His Felicitation Ceremonies in Delhi India International Centre, he
was No Where Visible, either on Stage or the First Row. There were at least ten people
looking out for him, as he sat in a dark corner of the IIC Auditorium, till he was ushered
on to the stage. In a letter to Prof. Sanjukta Dasgupta (as shared by her in the IACLALS
Forum) Jayanta Da wrote " I have gone through sufferings since youth.....never wanted
any awards or recognitions"....

He wrote Forewords to a couple of my Books of Poems and of course the Icing on the
Cake was his Visit to Jamshedpur (Tatanagar...our Second Home) to launch my Book at a
Tata Auditorium. He stayed with us but Significantly NEVER ALLOWED US to
arrange for his Visit from Cuttack to Jamshedpur and back. He simply refused a Car, an
Air or a Train Ticket. Finally, he just Decided against our Wishes, to board a Bus back to

Cuttack, the next day, after my Book was Launched. He shared many personal stories with us.... including the hardships that his Grand-father faced, which made him give up his Hindu-Brahminism to embrace Christianity...

His Awards, Great Poems like HUNGER, RELATIONSHIPS, RAIN OF RITES etc., etc. are shining milestones of Indian Poetry in English. His giving up of his PADMASRI AWARD in 2015 as a Protest against rising intolerance in India only reinforces his Great Human Values...

BON VOYAGE JAYANTA DA TO YOUR ABODE OF PEACE AND
LIGHT.....LONG LIVE JAYANTA DA, OUR LIGHT HOUSE AND LODESTAR....



Sudipta Mishra

Bio

Sudipta Mishra is a multi-faceted artist and dancer excelling in various fields of art and culture as well. She has co-authored more than a hundred books. Her book, 'The Essence of Life, is credited with Amazon's best seller, and 'The Songs of My Heart' is scaling newer heights of glory... Her poems are a beautiful amalgamation of imagery and metaphors. She garnered numerous accolades from international literary organizations like the famous Rabindranath Tagore Memorial, Women Leadership Award, Mahadevi Verma Sahitya Siromani Award, and so on. She regularly pens articles in newspapers as a strong female voice against gender discrimination, global warming, domestic violence against women, pandemics, and the ongoing war. She is pursuing a PhD degree in English.

A Tribute to Jayanta Mahapatra

A lonely soul left us
With scattering spirits, we mourn
It will be a never-ending grief
He who knows the value of a common man
Trailing with a lofty vision
He left a rich legacy for us
His creations witnessed a unique image of life.
Of nature and distinctive quests
A quest for identifying the self with the surroundings
Words fall short for me to weave a saga in his memory
With his departure from his temporal world,
History will rewrite his unforgettable creations in golden words.
His followers will forever pursue his footprints with heavy hearts.



In Memory of Jayanta Mohapatra

Once I saw a blazing star
So lustrous, so gracious
By spreading its luminous essence
It faded away with a lofty message
Life is too small for casting egos
Mingle with thy fellow beings with love

You will shine in our hearts forever
A rich legacy is left behind
With your powerful imagery,
You have created an indelible imprint, everywhere
Your poems are uniquely designed
Obscurity often smiles in the verses
An unusual romance dances in poems
Science becomes an amazing weapon for exploration
For deciphering the echoes of loneliness
A quest arises to merge into an infinite realm

You have chosen nature as a great master
Dawn, Dusk, Rain, and so on
You will be there in the smiling leaves of the lush green nature

With each blinking star,
Your memories will glimmer!

With the arrival of the rising sun
History will reflect thy creations
An unparalleled creator of every season,
Let this civilization celebrate your heroic spirit
May your soul rest in eternal bliss.



Afroze Saad

Bio:

Afroze Saad (real name -S Afrose), born in Bangladesh, has achieved M Pharm degree. She has been involved in the awesome writing world from August-2020, casually. She always tries to spread the inspirational words by magic of ink, for a peaceful earth, to lead a lively life. Her write-ups are published in many anthologies.

The Icon of the Writers !!!

Everything will be faded at last
The day will be gradually said,
Goodbye.

Every person has its own ride.
A successful rider or a flame of love,
Good sign.

The icon of the writers
Nobody knows the wave of time,
How and when will drown the power of mind?

Is that true?
Nothing is clear to be heard,
The sign for what?

A great person a great writer,
In the venture of the writing hut,
The icon of love.

Dear esteemed,
Sir Padma Sri Hon Jayanta Mahapatra!
He is the Glittering Star of the writers.

He is such an icon of writes-
He is such an icon of writers-
He is such a icon of thoughts' spark.

We love you dear one.
Our sincere love and respect,
Towards the hut of your new planet.

We can't forget you.
We can't forget your words.
We can't forget your contribution to the world and Humanity.

May your words always spark.
As those are the Glittering Hopes.

Those are the Glittering Stars.

Waves after waves!

Dance with the tune of life.

You are the icon of the writers!



Debdoot Mukherjee (India)
Member, Executive Board,
INNSÆI Journal

Bio

Debdoot Mukherjee teaches in the Department of English, Bhangar Mahavidyalaya, University of Calcutta. A poet and writer by choice, he ventilates whatever his soul asks him to do. The present poem is written in fond memory of his dear poet Shri Jayanta Mahapatra ji.

Dear Poet!

Lost in prolific sadness,
Your verses soothe the numb senses,
Pieces of moisture-laden glass
Turn to mirrors, reflecting myself,
Not just an affair of a life,
But a wholesome lifetime,
Leading to myriad experiences,
Flaming in poetry
In the dawn of limitless seas,
Where realities flow in seamless violence,
Knocking the deepest chambers.
Images walk around seeking attention,
Like an old man roaming about,
Skull and bones seeking peace,
Away from the belief that binds
In false cacophony, wasteland within,
Beauteous waves fall on the beach of my heart,
Only to look into the blue hidden within
Where you lie, deep in the ocean bed,
Like a pearl, dear poet!

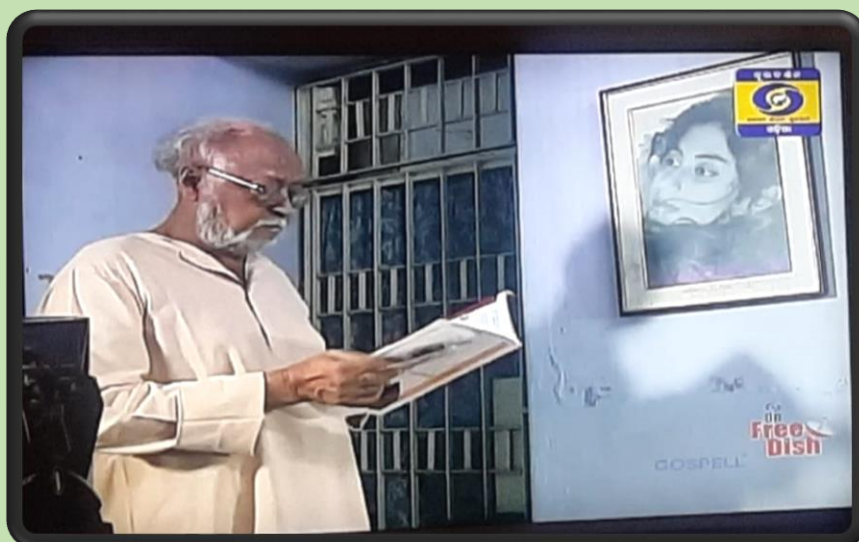
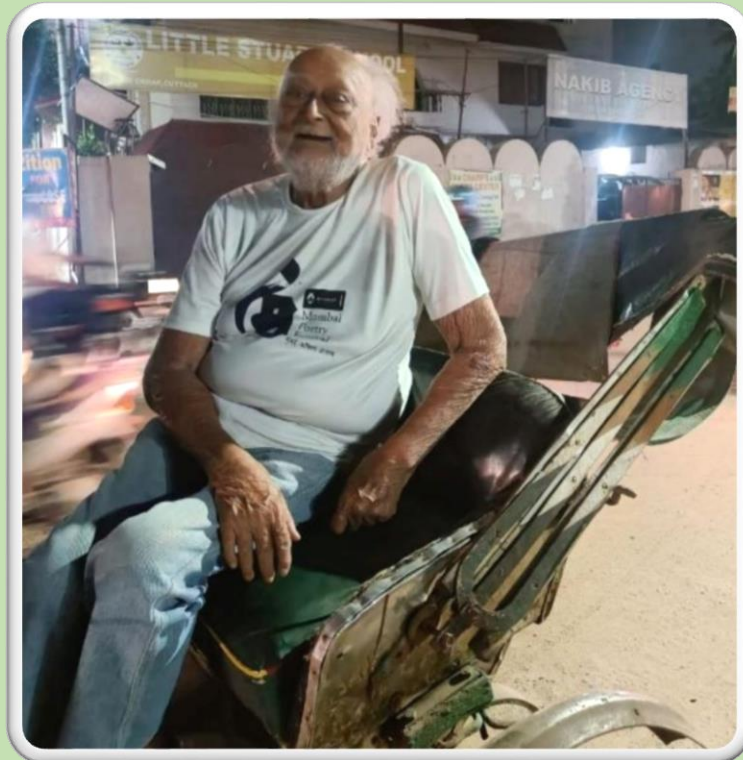


Photo Gallery
in Remembrance of

Hon. Padma Sri Jayanta Mahapatra
(Odisha, India)

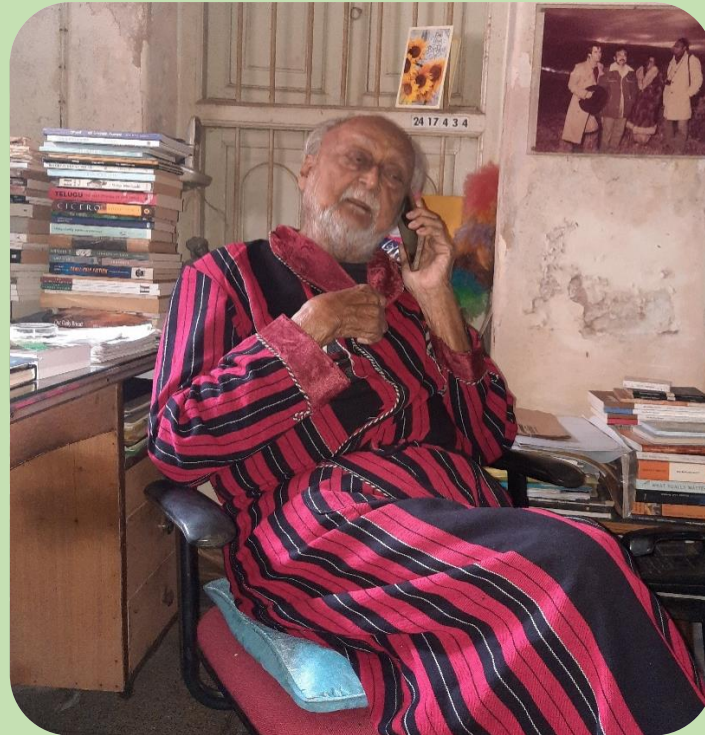
Birthday
22nd October, 1928











**Famous Poems of
Hon. Padma Sri Jayanta Mahapatra**

A Grey Haze Over the Ricefields.

*The black cow grazing with her new-born calf,
long-legged, unsteady—
or trucks going past the high road:
such things only claim
that I am looking out in search of memory,
my long-dead grandmother gave me, or
not death. Those little kisses on our cheeks
the soft dampness of my tears when
my mother did not notice me
from beyond the closed door of her youth.*

*Today the dangling thread stops halfway down,
where my hands cannot touch it.
It's not that I wait for judgment.
But at times I see a shadow
move slowly over these, a shadow freed
from the past and from the future,
that contains the footsteps of that childhood
so light I can only think of squirrels
slipping in and out of the mango trees.*

Ash

The substance that stirs in my palm
could well be a dead man; no need
to show surprise at the dizzy acts of wind.
My old father sitting uncertainly three feet away

is the slow cloud against the sky:
so my heart's beating makes of me a survivor
over here where the sun quietly sets.
The ways of freeing myself:

the glittering flowers, the immensity of rain for example,
which were limited to promises once
have had the lie to themselves. And the wind,
that had made the simple revelation in the leaves,

plays upon the ascetic-faced vision of waters;
and without thinking
something makes me keep close to the walls
as though I was afraid of that justice in the shadows.

Now the world passes into my eye:
the birds flutter toward rest around the tree,
the clock jerks each memory towards
the present to become a past, floating away
like ash, over the bank.

My own stirrings like the wind's
keep hoping for the solace that would be me

Dawn at Puri

Endless crow noises
A skull in the holy sands
tilts its empty country towards hunger.

White-clad widowed Women
past the centers of their lives
are waiting to enter the Great Temple

Their austere eyes
stare like those caught in a net
hanging by the dawn's shining strands of faith.

The fail early light catches
ruined, leprous shells leaning against one another,
a mass of crouched faces without names,

and suddenly breaks out of my hide
into the smoky blaze of a sullen solitary pyre
that fills my aging mother:

her last wish to be cremated here
twisting uncertainly like light
on the shifting sands

A Missing Person

In the darkened room
a woman
cannot find her reflection in the mirror
waiting as usual
at the edge of sleep
In her hands she holds
the oil lamp
whose drunken yellow flames
know where her lonely body hides

A Rain Of Rites

Sometimes a rain comes
slowly across the sky, that turns
upon its grey cloud, breaking away into light
before it reaches its objective.

The rain I have known and traded all this life
is thrown like kelp on the beach.
Like some shape of conscience, I cannot look at,
a malignant purpose is a nun's eye.

Who was the last man on earth,
to whom the cold cloud brought the blood to his face?
Numbly I climb to the mountain-tops of ours
where my own soul quivers on the edge of answers.

Which still, stale air sits on an angel's wings?
What holds my rain so it's hard to overcome?

Deaths in Orissa

Faces of tree-bark and grief
hang against God's hand in the world
that cannot lift itself up to help.
In the corners of women's eyes
the rainbow breaks against the sunrise.

Nothing but the paddy's twisted throat
exposed on the crippled bleak earth,
nothing but impotence in lowered eyes,
nothing but the tightening of the muscles
in Bhagyabati's neck which her outcaste mother
would herself have liked to throttle to death,
nothing but the cries of shrivelled women
cracking against the bloodied altar of Man,
nothing but the moment of fear
when they need a God who can do them some good.

Oh, I am a poet who barks like a dog.
Open the window, I say, so I can breathe.
Let not my memory be like a tiger in ambush.
But there is this dangerously alive body
and only a baton or knife can tear it apart.

Hunger

It was hard to believe the flesh was heavy on my back.
The fisherman said: Will you have her, carelessly,
trailing his nets and his nerves, as though his
words sanctified the purpose with which he faced
himself.
I saw his white bone thrash his eyes.

I followed him across the sprawling sands,
my mind thumping in the flesh's sling.
Hope lay perhaps in burning the house I lived in.
Silence gripped my sleeves;
his body clawed at the froth
his old nets had only dragged up from the seas.

In the flickering dark his lean-to opened like a wound.
The wind was I, and the days and nights before.
Palm fronds scratched my skin. Inside the shack
an oil lamp splayed the hours bunched to those walls.
Over and over the sticky soot crossed the space of my
mind.

I heard him say: My daughter, she's just turned
fifteen...

Feel her. I'll be back soon, your bus leaves at nine.

The sky fell on me, and a father's exhausted wife.

Long and lean, her years were cold as rubber.

She opened her wormy legs wide. I felt the hunger
there,

the other one, the fish slithering, turning inside

Main Temple Street

*Children, brown as earth, continue to laugh away
at cripples and mating mongrels.*

Nobody ever bothers about them.

The temple points to unending rhythm.

*On the dusty street the colour of shorn scalp
there are things moving all the time
and yet nothing seems to go away from sight.*

Injuries drowsy with the heat.

*And that sky there,
claimed by inviolable authority,
hanging on to its crutches of silence*

INNSÆI

General Submissions



Deepti Shakya (India)

Bio:

Deepti Shakya hails from Budaun, Uttar Pradesh, India. She holds a diploma and degree in Computer Science and Engineering as well as a degree in English Literature and Sociology. She has done one year apprenticeship in the computer dept. (ARIS Cell) of an esteemed organisation "IVRI, Bareilly U.P., India."

She is a Bilingual poetess. She is a Co-author of 31 International Anthologies in English language and 4 national Anthologies in Hindi language. Her poems have been published in many International magazines. She was chosen for Rabindranath Tagore Memorial Literary Honour 2022 by Motivational Strips jointly with Department of Culture, Government of Seychelles and its journal SIPAY. Instituto Cultural Colombiana Casa Poética, Magia Y Plumas has awarded her the DOCTOR HONORIS CAUSA EN LITERATURA LATINOAMERICANA on May 25, 2022. She has been awarded with ALEXANDER PUSHKIN - W. B. YEATS INTERNATIONAL LITERARY AWARD by Noel Lorenz House Of Fiction on June 15, 2022. She is also fond of painting, cooking, flowers-making, knitting and crocheting.

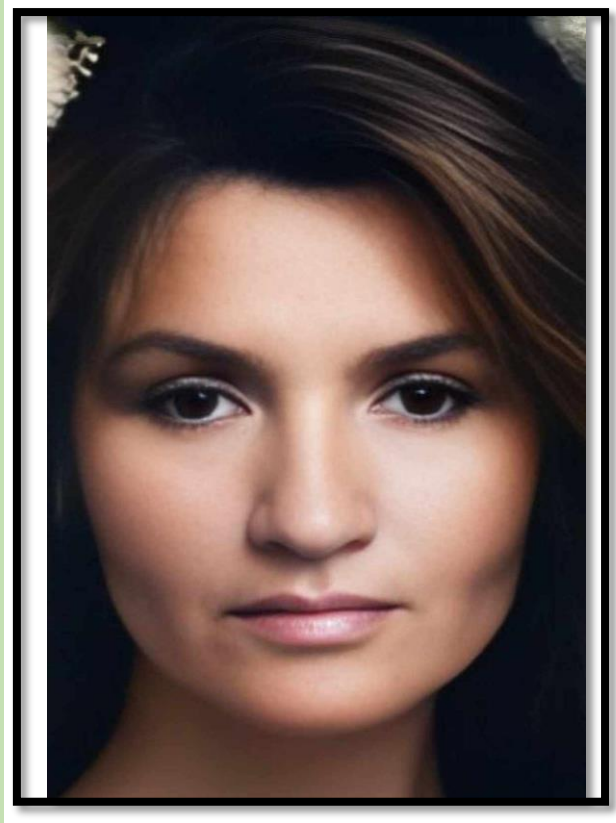
OCEAN AND THE SURGING WAVES

In a marvellous aquatic kingdom, where a miraculous world resides,
Could there be something mysterious that nature hides?
A breathtaking underwater world with vibrant and supernatural sea creatures,
In the depths of the ocean, there'll surely be precious treasures.

A world beyond imagination, where secrets are hidden that magnetize,
The glorious blue ocean and the surging waves always mesmerize.
Oh! Undoubtedly the underwater beauty is so thrilling,
But the ripples of water touching the rocks also look fascinating.

Captivated by the rhythmic dance of the ocean waves,
To play and splash with water, the heart always craves.
From the waves crashing onto the sand, a symphony is produced,
By listening to natural rhythms, the stress gets reduced.

The upheaval of the rolling waves always carries a message,
How many ups and downs come, ocean waves choose their passage.
Like waves, challenges in life are sometimes calm and sometimes fierce,
Always rise whenever you fall, even if the circumstances pierce.



Jasna Gugić (Croatia)

Bio:

Jasna Gugić was born in Vinkovci, Croatia. She is the Vice-President for public relations of the Association of Artists and Writers of the World SAPS; Global Ambassador of Literacy and Culture for the Asih Sasami Indonesia Global Writers, P.L.O.T.S USA the Creative Magazine Ambassador for Croatia; and a member of Angeena International, a non-profit organization for peace, humanity, literature, poetry, and culture. She is also co-editor of the anthology, Compassion—Save the World, one poem written by 130 world poets.

The last important award with a single nomination for Croatia was awarded by UHE – Hispanic World Writers' Union – César Vallejo 2020 World Award for Cultural Excellence. Jasna is a multiple winner of many international awards for poetry and literature, and her work has been translated into several world languages. Her first independent collection of poetry was published in 2021, a bilingual English-Croatian edition, entitled Song of Silence. She lives and works in Zagreb, Croatia. Her poems have been published in magazines from different corners of the globe.

POETS

Where are you, Poets,
You, Wizards?
Let us paint with our poem
This sorrowful world
And people with masks,
For behind the mask
Even eyes are lackluster
And we no longer breathe.
Let us raise voice
And scrape the mud from our soles.
Let us raise voice
For all of those silent in their homes
And isolated,
Immersed in the misery
Of everyday boring jobs.
Let us cloak with our imagination
This programmed world
And keep the scent of childhood
And first kisses
Alive.
Let us bring back love,
That divine joy of life.
Let us pour it over from our poems,
May it flow down the streets
Worldwide
And may it touch
Every solitary man in tears
And women wearing black.



Xanthi Chondrou-Hill (Greece)

Bio:

Xanthi Hondrou-Hill is an award-winning poetess from Greece. She is multilingual and studied Literature, Public & International Relations Management. She worked for the Greek Consulate in Stuttgart, Germany. In Greece she cooperates with the local municipality of Naoussa, the Archaeological Service of the Prefecture of Imathia and others to create cultural events and festivals. She is an ambassador for literature magazines around the world, like NAMASTE in India and Chinese Literature magazine, Humanity in Russia. She works as a journalist for www.faretra.info in Greece. Her poetry is translated into many languages around the world and featured in prestigious magazines and anthologies worldwide.

POETIC HABITAT

The poets live
in their poems.
They are born in them
they grow up there.
they are raised by the words
in the spaces they breath
they are resting on the punctuation
and even when they leave
they exist in the white of every piece of paper
at the edge of every pencil
and in the infinite possibilities of
expression in every language of the world...

The Sea Within, INNSÆI

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