

not very far from the one like watching Mr. Bean fooling and amusing himself on the small screen. The exposure is there. Exposition, too, is there but unlike its literal connotation, the exposition exposes not a 'was' but a 'will-be'. Sheer play of irony makes it all possible. A master of paradoxes and poetic fusions, Verma's creative mode transcends all concretisation, all abstractisation and seems to perform a plasmic dance of matter and non-matter where all is past-ed, future-ed, too, where the potent and the impotent encroach upon each other and where time is pendulum-ed between a zero and a cypher and where it resists to be zeroed out and fights against being cyphered away. It is all plasmic; it is across the prominences and seems to exist in the region of convection currents nearing the core of primordial energy as in the sun. What we can but realise and perceive is the fact of fusions and a poetic of paradoxes.

And the greatest paradox is that all paradoxes transcend the parabolic path and tend to end in a hyperbola. Fusion is the END and the end game is the poetic process of Satish Verma. As a poet, he is for fusions. On philosophical grounds, fusion to him is the thing worth-realising. It is this quest for fusions that makes him pass through the paradoxes. However, the paradox of all paradoxes is that Verma finds this fusion energy in the midst of opposites. The poetic ken of Verma looks around, up and down, in and out and finds the all-pervading paradoxical paradigms of existence. In a poem like 'The Guest', the sky is a piece of land – a park whereat stars like albino children play. A fascination keeps the poet gazing at the Leela of Nature.

It was a fascinating night
like albino children playing in park.
I was gazing at sky.

Suddenly the night throws him into the dark recesses of his own past being – not a park this time but a jungle of memories with all its wild fruits discarded for ever and for good. For he is meant to go on and on:

The years have gone one by one.
I am still walking on dead leaves
refusing the fruits.
This was me, no urge, no need
the leather worn out but