

feet are intact.

And, therefore:

A continuous civil war among the windows,  
suffers the grace. Stupidities of house.

The war is owing to a tug between the latent paradoxes – albino children play on a gloomy piece of land that is the sky. The windows are the ‘casements opening on the foam of perilous seas in fairy lands of human existence. And grace, in Satishian terms is yet another name for a sudden realisation – a jalwa – i – toor – of fusions which comes or rather befalls like an unexpected guest just arrived at the fag end of one’s life when –

We are aging like wall paper and talking to doors.

Grace is a spiritual stupidity, a divine duping, a life – long urge which is fulfilled when ‘no urge’ remains, ‘no need’ persists and which is granted so unconcernedly by God whose grace blesses him that takes and Him that gives. Grace unifies the donor and the receiver. It is a bond that ones the two, nay, the all – the living and the non – living, matter and non-matter as well. The penultimate experience is similar to watching Mr. Bean dropping a self – written letter to himself from the slit!

Similarly in another poem called ‘My Roots’, the poet once again swings between a paradoxical duality of existence, between ‘the will to arrive and the goal’, between ‘unlearning and contempt’. And what he finds in between is a ‘tale’. But which tale? And does he really find it? Or rather invents it? Perhaps the swinging process itself is esemplastic and itself invents the tale. And as the poem immediately reveals, the tale is one of ‘terror. Petrifying fear ..’. in the midst of which he – the narrator – has been endeavouring hard to ‘defend the door’. Again, which door? Perhaps, the one which the very tale has invented. The invented is also the inventor: the door invents an inside and an outside, too.

To be inventive is to be creative. To be creative is to be next to Godhood. To this end, the prerequisite is the search for roots and a watering of those roots. Watering, in Satish-dom, is synonymous with suffering. Hence,

Some sorrow, some tears  
will drench my roots.

Suffering brings about Grace. (Keats it was who once