

JEN WALLS

A Critical Analysis on Prof Pashupati Jha's *Taking on Tough Times*

Abstract

Within a sincere depth of symbiotic alacrity; moving toward growth into straight-forward humanism, Professor Pashupati Jha bursts us through within holy sunlight sparkling all inside his captivating soul-seedling collection – nurturing us so well too – in life's garden and boosting from the stymied growth found wanting inside these dark times. Jha lights his unflickering flame within; flashing the divine spark upon his poetic renderings – flowing devout realism that uplifts as grace within this recent collection, *Taking on Tough Times*. He offers such a broad and far-reaching pen that flows evermore clear; utilizing strength through compassionate care, charisma and sheer grit of tenacity to inspire all in such a noble effort too.

Keywords: Professor Pashupati Jha, Jen Walls, Taking on Tough Times, Indian English literature.

A Critical Analysis on Prof Pashupati Jha's *Taking on Tough Times* by Jen Walls

Within a sincere depth of symbiotic alacrity; moving toward growth into straight-forward humanism, Professor Pashupati Jha bursts us through within holy sunlight sparkling all inside his captivating soul-seedling collection – nurturing us so well too – in life's garden and boosting from the stymied growth found wanting inside these dark times. Jha lights his unflickering flame within; flashing the divine spark upon his poetic renderings – flowing devout realism that uplifts as grace within this recent

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collection, *Taking on Tough Times*. He offers such a broad and far-reaching pen that flows evermore clear; utilizing strength through compassionate care, charisma and sheer grit of tenacity to inspire all in such a noble effort too.

The collection often enlightens an awakening for readers within its genuine warmth of spirit-touches for the important self-examination of our human values. Jha openly sounds an appropriate alarm upon perception that garners more truth; becoming ever pertinent and timely for the re-birthing onto visionary leadership—upliftment that is required for the sustenance of the life-enterprise through unshakable hope and endurance. He carries us across such rough and tumble times within this collection's raw and graceful words of candor. Giving more within a spirit of courageous care; enhancing heart and mind to heighten impulses toward developing inner feelings—Jha uplifts the importance of the common welfare of humanity for really living strength and resilience within these “Tough Times”. “from womb of the mother...a priceless product...looks more beautiful than even the brightest gem on earth...the most beautiful and matchless thing on this planet...Let innocent beauty remain intact amid a world full of cunning foxes.” (Birth of a Baby (24) and Cheapened All (19))

Jha's spirit of care breathes for the sanctity of life and duty flows most naturally within his parental-pithy-soul; intuitively knowing this world is full of joys and painful pitfalls and within these intrinsic rounds rise real consciousness of hope amidst humanity's suffering. Within life-breath he shows the celebration and anguish to which our living must be lived through within fullest insight of equipoise. Where myriad linkages flow beyond the physical earthly surface there can only be inherent metaphysical advancement undertaken through conscious understanding and heightened nurturing. The poet, Jha assists through his poesy words; opening to find way ahead within life's all.

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The very life-root still struggles on even just to live out its truth in a cyclic nature that strives ever forward within freedom; growing up stronger, all the while moving care so symbiotically through such a living dream; holding ever lovingly onto love and truth all the while. Jha gives much throughout this collection that often parallels strongly within his Gandhi-like conceptions; holding life up within truth — moving as consciousness — ever higher as it often sags and nearly breaks within. “In this age of rising prices, the poor me can’t offer you colorful clothes, sweet boxes, or fruits; even flowers are beyond my pocket...wouldn’t only my words of prayer...spoken from my guts be enough, my Lord? You are my last resort; don’t allow me to lose that last hope...Otherwise, the canopy that you have erected so carefully, would be wailing with million cries...amid the victorious cacophony of marauders.”

Jha’s painstaking poem, ‘Prayer’ (65) assuages spirit so deeply to encourage faith as the most powerful weapon yielded within hope; finding way through life’s difficulties and challenges. Really touching through such soul, we must become metaphysical-spiritual-sunlight—as the divine God Force never abandons through the impossible! Jha emits words like sparkling stars inside this collection and one feels inclined to hopelessly caress his hope as a canopy of stars and erect more strength within a prevalent need to find a parallel universe of truths found within contemporary views and even previously immortalized and invoked for humanity’s soul inspiration from Mahatma Gandhi, nearly 100 years ago prior to this current caress within time and timelessness.

“...For I can see, that in the midst of death life persists, in the midst of untruth truth persists, in the midst of darkness light persists. Hence I gather that God is Life, Truth, Light. He is Love. He is the Supreme Good. I confess... that I have no argument to convince...through reason. Faith transcends reason. All I can advise... is not to attempt the impossible.

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– Mahatma Gandhi, Young India, 11-10-1928.

Jha further gives subtle husbandry inside his valiant moodiness to alight upon life's dark tones – often soulfully taking the reader inside and outside a most mysterious world (30)—“From dawn to dusk, I labor in darkness of my room... Even when there is total darkness, after black-outs, they keep my company...keep me mentally alive and agile...I too look up from the debris of my devastations...The world today is out of synch...this futile exercise... I have to repeatedly bang at His door; but what would happen, if He too shows a face mysteriously mute?”

In his poem ‘Needling’ (53) he pricks and mends into life-struggles with such soulful compassion that gives faith more fluidity and finds divine perseverance through such indomitable faith; healing value strained from the deadly “danger and disaster all around.” The poet, Jha ever smoothly animates inside his words full of devout similes; evoking reminiscent influences from renowned poet and author Sylvia Plath. Jha takes on his lively animations and aims to garner well inside light of his devotion of dreamy heavenly bliss. Plath's *The Other Two* gives imitable demonstration of life's strained relationship likened to furniture in the shadowy chambers—enlivening between the physical world inside the dreamed of heavenly metaphysical poet's world.

“All summer we moved in a villa brimful of echoes,
Cool as the pearled interior of a conch.
Bells, hooves, of the high-stepping black goats woke us.
Around our bed the baronial furniture
Foundered through levels of light seagreen and strange.
Not one leaf wrinkled in the clearing air.
We dreamed how we were perfect, and we were.
Against bare, whitewashed walls, the furniture
Anchored itself, griffin-legged and darkly grained.

Two of us in a place meant for ten more—
 Our footsteps multiplied in the shadowy chambers,
 Our voices fathomed a profounder sound:
 The walnut banquet table, the twelve chairs
 Mirrored the intricate gestures of two others.
 Heavy as statuary, shapes not ours
 Performed a dumbshow in the polished wood,
 That cabinet without windows or doors:
 He lifts an arm to bring her close, but she
 Shies from his touch: his is an iron mood.
 Seeing her freeze, he turns his face away.
 They poise and grieve as in some old tragedy.
 Moon-blached and implacable, he and she
 Would not be eased, released. Our each example
 Of tenderness dove through their purgatory
 Like a planet, a stone, swallowed in a great darkness,
 Leaving no sparky track, setting up no ripple.
 Nightly we left them in their desert place.
 Lights out, they dogged us, sleepless and envious:
 We dreamed their arguments, their stricken voices.
 We might embrace, but those two never did,
 Come, so unlike us, to a stiff impasse,
 Burdened in such a way we seemed the lighter—
 Ourselves the haunters, and they, flesh and blood;
 As if, above love's ruinage, we were
 The heaven those two dreamed of, in despair.”

—*The Other Two* Sylvia Plath

Jha makes a profound loving grasp and hugs us ever closely throughout into a real embrace with his affectionate heart-truths; soothing to comfort and inspire. Though shaking us to the very core, we are never to be fully destroyed or abandoned. "Feeling -

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merely a word found in old dictionary alone. Human touch - a much talked about topic with hardly any taker. Poet - a prisoner of his world and words...And through it all I have to live and die."

What a profound depth the poet, Jha dives deeply within to only emerge and then readily traverse life's ignorant oceanic pathway—lending the shore of solace inside. We caringly cross the delicate and divine bridge he builds within for our life-blossoming into full bloom. Though we are nearly laying out dead inside the dark and barren breathless fields - on the crackling dry ground - we find new breath of inner courage inside soul - that is ever willing to expand into vastness—flowering full into mystical enigmas. The poet challenges his readers throughout *Taking on Tough Times* by requiring to make a greater bond within courage; sprouting care of truth within life's soul-searching for a celestial vision.

Jha brings each word near within. This embodied-spirit fires us through the well-tuned simplistic nature that boldly enlists inner-leadership to rise up from vulnerability to maintain and grow our humanistic worth. Such divine worth is often more than likely becoming cheapened by humanity's lack of spiritual nourishment in these times of modernity's choking within a burning consumption of blind materialism. "Value - an obsolete item languishing in one corner of the antique shop, waiting eternally for a buyer. Facts - all falsified to suit your needs..." Here Jha readily takes on the soul-care of life's precious seedlings; growing truth through soul-infinity and challenging us to make a personal unmasking for understanding how the world's lack of truth runs rampant inside an insatiable need to continually suckle upon the materialist tit of corruption. 'Cheapened All' (19).

'Wait of the Mother and Son' (14) "She never asked for anything... fed choicest food, oiled my unmanaged hair, her fingers on my neck...forehead...to relax...remove my

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tedium...lulled to sleep by sweet song...during sickness...she did everything, without demur... but never asked anything in return...Now, it is my turn to wait for her...my wait would continue tirelessly...till she allows me again to burst from her warm womb...kicking for new life."

Where Jha excels as a well-grounded witness into life's ups and downs, he invincibly shows how life's frailties and strengths have to become riveted and tending to find realized Self; provoking ever so lovingly through each glance, his bold cynicism invokes more light to flow freely and courageously too onto worldly darkness. His sparkling words become pure sunlight; glittering to grow life-seeds strong against the odd wind of the tumultuous times displayed prolifically throughout this anthology.

The poet presents a divinely raw-continuity of realism throughout these poems; offering deepened reflection—moving toward embracement of caring within spirit inside of soul. Challenging all to really traverse life's sunlit path to go much further beyond time and timelessness within our lifetime's cyclic journeys...ever waiting... patiently—"I fed her only once—the burning flame in her mouth...

—Now it is my turn to wait... for the time she allows me again... to burst out... through her warm womb...kicking for new life." 'Wait of Mother and Son' (15).

Professor Pashupat Jha emblazons care where it is really needed—maintaining soul-sustenance within; aiding life as the struggling roots of humanity - growing toward truth; valuing the life's health and sanctity, while boldly meeting inside such a meaningful living—given through faithfully as pure sunlight's care for all.

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Jen Walls is an award-winning author, literary reviewer, and critic. She brings soulful love inside joyful heart's radiance; pulsating us deeply inside a personality of rare positivity. Her first poetry collection, *The Tender Petals* was released November 2014, through Inner Child Press, USA. Her second book of co-authored poems *OM Santih Santih Santih* combined to offer divine nature was released November 2015, through The Poetry Society of India.

Her peace-filled poems come alive inside renowned print and electronic world peace anthologies from the USA, UK, Africa, and India. She recently received a 2016 Distinguished Poet Award, from Writers International Network (WIN, Canada) in Burnaby, British Columbia (May 27, 2016).

Jen currently resides in Saint Paul, Minnesota, U.S.A. with her loving family.

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