

Moral element in KV Raghupathi's *Dispersed Symphonies*

PV Laxmiprasad

Department of English, Satavahana University, Karimnagar, Telangana, India

Abstract

Moral values hold the key to success in life. In fact, life becomes wayward when people lose moral values. Values are important for survival. World has lost its value-based order. All chaos and disturbances are the result of immoral practices. One should lead a life of morality. When the society has crossed its limitations, it is because of lost values. Enmity, grudge, jealousy and cruelty are the disorders of modern life. The poetry of K.V. Raghupathi is rooted in pervasive moralism. *Dispersed Symphonies* is one collection by the poet that depicted moral element.

Keywords: moral practices, values, disgruntled life, evils, philosophy

Introduction

K.V. Rathupathi, an established Indo-English poet and a renowned critic, hails from Tirupati, a temple town in Andhra Pradesh. He began writing seriously in 1985 and since then has to his credit published ten collections Moral values are concerned with how we ought to live in our lives. *Dispersed Symphonies* by KV Raghupathi is replete with moral values, responsibilities and obligations. The 104 symphonies deal exclusively with ethical interpretations of life from different vicissitudes. They contain wisdom of centuries in which Raghupathi uniquely philosophizes certain observations in the mundane world. Man is at the center of all action and activity. In contrast with the flora and fauna, human-beings live and die in clouded thoughts. On the other hand, the trees symbolic of reproductive capacity live and die and live unnoticed by the world. Still, man fails to realize the essence of life from the world around him. All the trees, plants, birds, and tiny creatures take delight in the sunlight and have learned to live and grow and die in freedom with no limitation. In fact, man enjoys no freedom though he feels like getting it inside. The poet hears only one melancholic song that comes from a fairly distant place. The song is so melancholic, so tragic, so deep that he does not know why. He is saddened in his world because he hears the voice of the bird as the voice of a lost human being crying for eternity. The poet finds a spectacle and a feast to the bird-watchers on a Sunday evening. Friends of farmers and philosophers to on-lookers the milky cormorants are mapping the wild green fields with their unruffled whiteness. They move to another patch to create another set of wild patterns. Yet not a trace of their drawings with their gentle plodding can be made. Raghupathi philosophizes the symphonies.

Such is human life to be made in living. Human paintings cannot be a match even as they lift their wings. I lose my 'self' in such scenes to gain the other world. I keep and pass with true love in my heart. (P.47)

Man, as the poet observes, can learn lessons even from tiny creatures. No man can ever match his living with their living here. Nature is the best source of philosophy for all poets. Raghupathi exemplifies a universal quote in that man remains incomparable with the world of tiny creatures.

These tiny creatures know where to fly where to hide, where to sit and make calls. More domesticated, it is their home land. I cannot match my living with their living here. Not even a man in the far mundane world. (P.49)

According to Dinakar, "Raghupathi is a committed poet with poetic magnificence, uniqueness of thought and intellectual exaltation." (Dinakar, 63). The poet moves on to discover much to the relief of his craving heart, the chanting leaves and meditative birds. These speechless images on the pillars speak more than all the words codified in books about the human past and its glory.

I peep through the holes to capture the silence of the spirit which tells me that my deliverances in my sheddings and not in worship and burning sticks. The rising tower that stands at the front is my desire shooting into the infinite sky; the flag post is my heart that flutters in the empty space over the joy of creation; the hanging bells are my inner callings beating and singing to the rhythmical blow of the western wind; the walls are my conscience on which the meanings of my inner incantations are inscribed; the pillars are my supporting limbs and hands that seem to hold the whole creation from crumbling; the hallowed precincts are the space in my mind that hold nothing except the indescribable bliss; the frescoes are my dreams and visions of how life should be on this planet without getting too much tainted in its purity; the stones are my cells that throb with fresh life to touch the fringe of eternity; the whole edifice is my body perfectly chiseled by the unknown hand. What more do I need to contemplate upon than the joys of human creation in perfect longing for the rhythm of life? (P.79)

The human world remains asleep to the realities of world outside. The poet is beholden by the immensity of her spirit without contradiction wherein he finds infinite love, profound silence and immense tranquility. He takes refuge into that world where every bit of life in perfect order.

I take refuge in you - draw me into your heart, O benign tree! Teach me; initiate me into your infinite love, profound silence and immense tranquility. Somewhere the wind is crooning and the earth moaning over the loss of temporary powers. (P.85)

The poet observes that the lotus blooms, spreading its benign presence around, but unnoticed by passers who are

enslaved by their own dreams and ambitions. Its beauty is so overpowering that it has shattered all his desires. Man dies every day in his ignorance. The birds and the flowers are open to welcome the new born beauty. To quote Naresh, "Raghupathi philosophically questions and a kind of pervasive moralism exists in the collection" (101). It is moral element that dominates the collection. Sometimes, the poet takes the readers beyond their physical world and compares them with those of natural things and objects.

What a multiplicity of beauty! I am a solitary reaper of this beauty in this deserted garden. Oh my lotus, my only friend at this hour, my best beloved, my heart is open fill it with your alien grace and do not let me down in misery. (P.95)

The poet acknowledges the soulful gifts of Nature and prays for the milk of love when he is overburdened with his feverish responsibilities. He wants love, freedom and harmony to cleanse his heart and share them with his community where it is afflicted with sorrow, distress and agony.

Before I bid adieu, give me fistful of your placidity to bear my sorrows, give me a fistful of your depth to plunge myself whenever I am in distress, give me a fistful of your freedom so as to make myself light whenever I am bound by mighty absurdities give me a fistful of your harmony so as to make myself balanced and steady whenever I am in destructive discordance, and give me a fistful of your love so as to cleanse my heart and share it with my community the little I can before I quit quietly. (P.103)

Human deceptions add to the despair of wounded hearts. The poet longs for delicious caressing in the deserted world of love and concern. He seeks all that is good from nature.

Let your grace send showers on me, fertile my heart with fresh sprouts of love and nurture it with your tender light and wind. Even as the storm strikes the light with all power and uproots my dreams and aspirations I long for you, your delicious caressing. When I am swaddled with pleasures come upon me and wake me up with a shower of love. When I am lost in my own clouded logic, come upon with me a shower of mercy and wake me up to sing your beauty of creation. When I am led by my own falsified fame and recognition, come upon me with a shower of compassion and wake me up to compose music in praise of your power. When I am caught in my own spurious knowledge, come upon me with a shower of light and wake me up to string tears of my joy and garland you. (P.107)

The poet watches out the emerald mountains singing under the golden sky and the tiny multi-hued flowers on the crawling plants dancing to the rhythmic beatings of morning calls in the freezing wind. Raghupathi finds everything deathless in these symphonies.

This is the will of the Most Sought After. I am its breath and force and life that can be neither caged in the fist nor caught in the basket, but can be held in the interior regions of the heart. (P. 115)

Shujaat Hussain, an established critic on Indo-English Poetry, observes that the poetry of Raghupathi is, " full of sublime thoughts and dispels darkness and ignorance to mend ways to move ahead in firm determination" (109).The poet finds that the truth of experience exists in small baskets of mangoes but not in big sacks of rotten jack fruit. He wants to mount the bus in mystic joy.

Offer the truth of your experience in small baskets of ripened mangoes and not in big sacks of rotten jack fruit. Tell them that they are the little children in the Cosmos

though they are grown in wealth, status and power. (P. 119) All wealth, power, prestige, status and honor have left man with misery at the end. The poet moralizes the concept of true love in the lines. Modern man is saddled with pleasures. He is lost in his own clouded logic, caught in spurious knowledge and led by falsified fame and recognition. Sunitha writes about losing moral values from the society as "Being inundated in his pursuit of materialistic wants he scarcely bothers to spare time on non-commercial things." (246). Man has lost morals and with him, all social values.

Hitherto you have sought wealth, power, prestige, status and honor which have left you with misery at the end because you seem to have been less satisfied with them. Now, seek that which encompasses your heart like the wind, the globe that dwells deep in your heart, imperishable and indescribable that is love. (P. 125)

The poet exhorts the world to seek the song sweeter than all human songs and greater than the birds' songs, more captivating than all the songs sung by the poets of the past and the present, the song rages the seas and the oceans on all full moon days, the song that makes the bird learn new ragas, the song that travels far beyond the seas, oceans, the sky, the song that contains meaning of all meanings.

the song that has no form and shape, the shape, the song that contains meaning of all meanings, the song that philosophers can never theorize and document, the song that creates its own symphony without the aid of percussion, the song that is priceless and inestimable the song that carries the essence of all human religions, cults and sects, that is the "song of Love". (P. 129)

Raghupathi finds everything hypothetic and hypnotic with thick perfume full of sweetness. Life yet is structured like a house in a world of doubt and uncertainty. One cannot draw one's life in a plastic coffin let loose in a stream. Everything is unstable as clouds, rain and light.

I must not close my doors to the eternal beauty of life. Let it bloom on its own like a bird's song. I write pages of it in sheer adoration and admiration like the medieval poet. No cruelty is left. In my relation to it I redefine myself every moment like the flowers and leaves in the east and west and operate this boat untethered so that life gets sweetened in the widening heart's infinity and renewed in the song of the birds, the wind and the rain. (P.197)

Man thinks he is at the junction of crossroads. The poet writes that this junction is purely man-made. Men and women travel to pick up their dreams, unrealized aspirations scattered in the wide spectrum of life. When mind is wayward, his way of thinking goes wayward. Man feels that he is in a land of safety and security and no one detects the ways of unsafe and insecure world is purely a mere illusion. His short term impediments are by themselves a platform for long term realizations.

I am in a land where no one detects the way I am to be safe and secure and no poem springs from my heart as the sparse blue sky gives its essence. In a way this untrodden path is the essence of life and not plight. (P.163)

In Raghupathi's writings nature is the center around which his reflections and meditative thoughts move. It is difficult to gauge the amount of moral and spiritual values the poet has bestowed in his deep reflections. The description runs through similes and metaphors. The poet is at his best in creating similes and metaphors in an extraordinary innovative way. The figurative language enhances the quality of his writings to the sublime level. The reader may

have to work hard to decipher the meaning hidden in these similes and metaphors. Like Romantics and Transcendental thinkers he uses nature not as an end in itself but as means to serve his reflective moods. He traverses through nature, enjoys her blissful state and presents the wisdom that emanates from her. It is the nature that moves and sustains the poet's philosophical thinking and attitude. For Raghupathi all morals codified, documented and followed in human world have no by themselves extricated man from his sordid and corrupt state. The poet seeks and provides ultimate salvation only in nature. For him nature is all, and it is in her lap even moral values are transcended and divinity is established.

For Raghupathi poetry is not mere description. He feels differently and enables us to feel differently, to see differently. He imaginatively transfigures as a common reality. He makes the ordinary extraordinary. Yet, in his case, the extraordinary is only extraordinary if it refers back to the ordinary. He has enlarged life through his reflections and contemplations. He has made the imperfect perfect. The difficulty is that world is not perfect. The imperfect is our only paradise. The difficult is finding paradise in that imperfection. Nature is dead, therefore we are not what we are, and therefore we are dead. Such is Raghupathi's proposition. He works diligently with it without any volition.

References

1. Raghupathi KV. *Dispersed Symphonies*. New Delhi: A.P.H. Publishing Corporation. Print, 2010.
2. Dinakar P. "Self –Transcendence and Mystical Journey through K.V. Raghupathi's Poetry". Ed. P.V. Laxmiprasad. *An Anthology of Criticism on Six Indian English Poets*. New Delhi: Sarup Book Publishers Pvt Ltd. 63. Print, 2015.
3. Naresh K. "An Existential Stance in KV raghupathi's Poetry" Ed. P.V. Laxmiprasad. *An Anthology of Criticism on Six Indian English Poets*". New Delhi: Sarup Book Publishers Pvt Ltd. 101. Print, 2015.
4. Hussain Shujjat. "Wisdom of the Peepal Tree: An Influential and Ignited Force". Ed. P.V. Laxmiprasad. *Introspective Voyager*. New Delhi: Authors Press. 108. Print, 2014.
5. Sunitha V. "Dispersed Symphonies: A Treatise on Nature ". Ed. P.V. Laxmiprasad. *Introspective Voyager*. New Delhi: Authors Press. 246. Print, 2014.