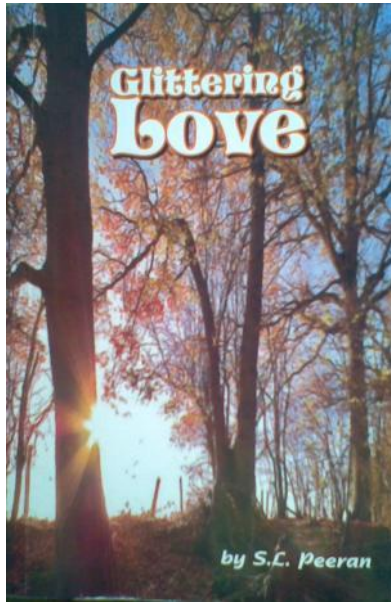


Glittering Love

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Poet= S.L Peeran

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There are a very few poets of Indian origin who write in English language as English is not Mother Tongue of these souls and there are still rarer among these poets who write on concrete facts instead of using their imagination and metaphors for showering praises on beautiful women, luxurious comforts and natural scenery. But S.L Peeran, though from no literary background has emerged on the scene of Indian English poetry who mirrors and reflects on diverse, factual and real facets of cultural, social, political, moral, religious, materialistic, immoral and ungodly tendencies of the present times.

Prof. Masood Ul Hasan rightly points out while introducing this collection of Peeran that “Peeran makes no secret of his partiality to the past, yet he does not romanticize his memories. He is a humanist to the core and he reacts equally sharply to inequities at home and unjust wars

aboard, especially the outrageous tragedy enacted by Anglo-American allies in Iraq and Afghanistan. His range of concerns may be rather limited, but his sincerity and universal love largely compensate for the default". This can well be understood by these verses

In countries with huge grasslands,

Food is aplenty to dump it in sea;

Than distribute it to poor countries

Markets rule the roost, these times.

(Toil For Food P-19)

When Will this Madness stop?

For, brutal killings, rape and plunder

Of olden times of conquerors, ruthless

Savages, have again now reborn.

(Unheard Voices P-41)

The cry to save the humanity, a concern for the downtrodden and empathy for the deprived can be sensed in the whole collection

I howl but my voice is stifled

I lie on the mud and weep

Oh! This sunken humanity is merciless

None to give me a blanket for warmth

(A Voice In Oblivion P-2)

Peeran is critical of the senseless modernization, immorality, antipathy, cultural degradation, westoxication, fascist nationalism and patriotism and use of religion as an opium instead of a liberating and revolutionizing force.

Not to go on dancing with other women

Scantily dressed in bikinis, skirts.

Modern nations should show restraint

Not go on invading other nations

Now Marriages on rocks

Unwedded mothers, single mothers.

Broken homes, juvenile delinquents

Destitution, prostitution, humiliation

(Whither Modern Man? P-31)

Nothing impressive in Christian schools either.

We were butt of jokes- 'Allah's Company'

Friends from low castes were better off

With special privileges, spoon fed.

Same rigmarole followed in every walk of life.

'Karma Theory' a good excuse for low status

(Low Status P-47)

Taking on the egoist, brutal, brutish, deceptive and selfish nature of man, Peeran brings these facets to fore in these verses

You left me with triple words of 'Talak'

Before I could gather my wits, you were gone.

O Love! Why did you betray me?

Left me to parch in the desert of life.

(Broken Pieces P-50)

My beloved's roving eyes enslaved other

Sprouting beauties and figures of excellence

I was thrown away as garbage

As a dirty linen, as a rotten egg

(Blessed Love P-69)

Despite bringing out the dark and pessimistic side of human nature Peeran is not a fatalist, sadist or pessimist either as he believes that Love for Allah, his creation, pluralism and tolerance will prevail and is ever hopeful for the same as can be witnessed from these verses

He has kept his doors open

All the time, everywhere.

In many forms and shapes.

Big vacant halls, cathedrals,

Temples with deities, idols.

But my mind is free

No more of these closed

Door ideas and fashions.

I am free from all taboos

(Free From All P-21)

When religious bickerings was forgotten.

When Hindu, Muslims marched hand in hand.

When 'Sare jahan Se Acha' and 'Jai Hind' was played

When 'Ishware Allah' was on everyone's lip

(Sare Jahan Se Acha P-76)

My every cell in my body

Feels the heat, feels for him

The Merciful and Bountiful

Plays his tunes in my veins

(Glittering Love P-87)

But at times to achieve these noble goals Peeran seems like a rebel and outlaw who wishes to break the man made shackles of false piety, norms and customs.

Adding to the never ending ones in a row

Do we need a Ghaznavi, Ghoris and Chenzies,

To teach us, to break the shackles of slavery?

To make us realize our sins, our taboos, our fetishes

(Shackles Of Slavery P-39)

This collection besides containing scores of poems in addition to a Haiku. This collection is a welcome addition to serious writing in poetry and a worth read for all those whose conscience is alive.

Mushtaq ul Haq Ahmad Sikander.