

## Preface

In the eighties, when I was Principal of the Sanskrit College at Tripunithura, my friends in the Mahatma Library invited me for a function of releasing a bunch of poems. I was surprised to see the authoress – a dreamy teenage girl. The book was also interesting- ‘A dreaming bud’. What attracted me most in the ‘bud’ was the innocence of a seventh standard student. She dreamt of her country becoming paradise with all men transforming to angels. She wished if she had wings she could fly in the air. She adored the lady with a lamp moving among the ailing to relieve them of their pain. She shed drops of sincere tears for those who died in tragedies; she cried for loves lost. One could very well have dismissed them as cheerful lullabies had there not genuine sparks of genius hidden in many lines.

‘The Sunflower wept and wept bitterly  
Looking at the Sun sinking in the Sea.’

Another description of sunset also had a romantic touch:

She kissed him once,  
And he kissed her but once,  
And then they merged as one,  
Leaving a red horizon,  
As the gift of their love.

Quite expectedly she came with another collection in her college days – ‘Faint Pictures’. The cover of this which she herself designed, imprinted many foot-steps ending on a giant horse jumping towards the horizon; really a leap forward. The bud had blossomed! The timid teenager has grown confident.

The content, centered more on social themes – discriminations, injustice and hypocrisy, marked a change to the better. She felt as though she were in a whirlpool surrounded by black Ravans and hundred Judases. Narration became longer in size and meaningful metaphors replaced simple words.

Man strides over the spirit of silence,  
He views the valley of true divine love,  
Slow, to the depths of divinity he plunges,  
These pictures became so faint in the air.

I did not hear any thing about Nisha during next two decades. Unexpectedly, one day, a familiar voice sought an appointment over phone. To my surprise Nisha came with a bunch of white papers scribbled through out in black ink. She has grown up, became wife, mother and now is a senior teacher in a Higher Secondary School. She passed on the papers to me – ‘A Prism of Love’. It was a pleasant thought – the bud had not fallen down nor the pictures faded; instead, the long silence provided strong wings to her imagination.

The poems here have only one theme – Love. Love is like a white ray; it passes through different layers of life, some golden others rotten, and manifests in myriad colors – agony, anger, jealousy, craze, passion, fascination etc.. Some times it is fleshy, sometimes spiritual. In all these states both the lover and loved enjoyed the ecstasy of blissful harmony.

The traditional concept of human mind – ‘chid’ - is that it is ‘sat’ in its pure original form. Passions surround it. This we enjoy in everyday life. When lifted up they merge with the self; this state is illuminating, blissful – ‘sat chid anandam’. The yogins alone are able to attain this .We, poor mortals, can realize a state akin, but below, to it.

The myriad forms of love reflected through the prism are really the transitory moods- Sanchari. They arise stimulated from the basic one – ‘Sthayi’. Nisha may not be aware of these complex combinations. But the image of prism transports it from the empirical level to a transcendental state of behavior. It suggests a spectrum of different colors reflected when the white ray of ‘rati’ passes through the prism of experience.

Love manifests in different forms – attractive and deceptive. At times one will melt like an ice-cube; on some occasion it will swallow you in a sweet silence; it can also be a thirsty romantic quest. You see colorful dreams; get transformed into a prince in fairy tales. Love can be mad, blind or passionate. It will be possessive at all times.

Love is the noblest passion; it is also the most selfish emotion. Intimate love tolerates nothing else.

Love is when I know you deep  
It is when I feel you calm.

All the poems in the collection naturally have a feminine charm. Love is seen experienced and enjoyed from her side. Nisha swears that she is not Draupati, Sita or Savathri. She is just a woman who has love, who has warmth and who expects the heat in turn. This simple down-to-earth attitude adds charm to the whole experience.

New images, metaphors and melody show the mature imagination of the poetess:

You were like the snake  
And I was the tree; No!  
I was the forbidden apple  
In the golden valley of peace.

Modern imageries like speaking out the ‘chemistry of love’ and deleting the lover from the ‘mental computer’ etc.. add refreshing pleasure for reading .

I had the good fortune to be associated with her previous productions, I feel elated to present this before the readers since Nisha has fulfilled her promise. We can expect more from her, off course, without so long an interval.

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