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## Swami Nem Pal's India Malcontent

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### Abstract:

*The long poem "India Malcontent" was written by Swami Nem Pal Singh, a powerful and insightful poet from Dist Bulandshahahr. It is a compilation of fragmented stanzas that offers a glimpse inside the poet's mind. The written lines are the words of a soul that is aware of both the inner and outward worlds. The author's creation is the outcome of wandering political musings. He may have aspirations to build a godly kingdom in our nation. This little volume's "Dedication" to the courageous and greatest of this nation shows Swami's unshakable devotion to India. The constant erosion of moral values in the society fixates the poet and he lashes at the moral turpitude rampant all over the breath and length of India. His poetry appears to spring from the depth of his heart, hence he tickles the heart of the readers. 'India Malcontent' betrayed poetic insights and high flight of imagination. 'India Malcontent' is Swami Nem Pal's tribute to the brave and best of this country. He has perhaps a dream of establishing a divine kingdom in our country. The paper is a modest attempt to analyse the various major feature of the maiden collection of the poet.*

**Keywords:** Patriotism, social consciousness, Moral erosion, Indianness, Indian tradition.

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### Introduction:

‘India Malcontent’ is a long poem from the mighty and analytical pen of Swami Nem Pal Singh. It is a collection of stanzas written in piece meal-giving a peep into the poet's psyche. The lines here are short and crisp. The lines composed are utterances of the soul awake to the inner world and inner circle of the outer world. There is a catalog of intellectual fiesta. One hundred and thirty-one pages are replete with heart stirring reflections presenting the unraveled enigmas of life and society as are exiting from high top of Himalayas to Kanyakumari and from bay of Bengal to Punjab. The poems reveal the sensitivity and thoughtfulness of the poet. He is perhaps a poet with a superb ear, who listens to the pin drop of grave melody infecting the corpus of our motherland. If we endeavour to trace the mighty stream of poetry we come across several definitions. R. K. Singh says, “A poem is madness and no doubt poetry is the use of enjambment.”

Wordsworth calls poetry, “The breath and finer spirit of all knowledge, which claims our veneration.” It is rightly said:

No one sings these days

Songs do not come easily

Life has lost music

No cheerful murmurs fluctuate in the air. It is said God himself is a poet. The Veda proclaims- ..... “hence his devotee should be a poet; the worship is incomplete without poetry. Expressing our powerful emotions through the medium of words and culling fresh flowers from bower of language – is a way to reach divinity. The poet’s creation is the result of his stray ramblings in the field of politics, which has given him an occasion to peep into the deep recesses of thought and analysis. He has perhaps a dream of establishing a divine kingdom in our country. He has a message, which should echo and re-echo not only in India but across distant seas and lands. He appears to be in line with Sri Aurobindo, who says, “I felt I was called upon to preach to my country, to make them realize that India had a mission to perform in comity of nations.” India is passing through travails of suffering, penury and injustice and at such a crucial time, the volume ‘India Malcontent’ perhaps aims at spreading a message of human love, true religion & fraternity-all actuated by patriotic fervour. The very ‘Dedication’ of this slender volume to brave and best of this country reveals Swami’s unwavering love for India. In part I of this interesting collection, in the very preface, he insinuates what he is all about-

But in my thought

I simply hold

The truth forgot

It must unfold

Quite in line with Indian tradition, he shows esteem to his guru and mentions his unrequiting gratitude to his revered teacher Bharadwaj R.P., whom he calls-

As a man sincere

Honest scholar, esteemable

This poem is potent saga of patriotism and love for one's country. He tells his countrymen-

'Tis, for you whom was Gandhi born

'Tis, for you whom he fought lifelong

When he sees India's present sad predicament he writes:-

It is no India of Gandhi's dream

It is no society which he fed

Where his teachings discarded seem

Where his ideals lie shot dead

The lot of the down-trodden and the penury of the countrymen, ache his mild heart. He sings-  
.

Rich climbs higher up with blithe face

Poor still grovels lower down

He does not stop there. He points out every gorge made deep into the body of our society-

Look at poor men's miserable life

Look at severe engulfing pain

Look at his struggle and strife

And look at his ultimate gain

Swami points out sad plight of our country where corruption is rife in all walks of life. He says-

The rife evils, stain our map

Socials perils, they keep in lap

Swami is a leader, who is conversant with the gamut of deceptive politics. He knows the hollowness of the present-day leaders who care a pin for martyrs. About India's faithful son he says-

Look in .....

He has by his leader been drowned

Who even toss not, carelessly sleep

And over India, woe hangs around

India has overcome thralldom, but the political leaders are abominable dupes. Swami writes-

In revelries, our leaders time

Passes they saturate their greed

Again, he adds-

They relish and voraciously suck

The country's blood, leave Skelton

For their hounds to chew

He gives a bold clarion call to his countrymen to come out of their slumber-

Wake o poor countrymen wake

Die for your cause

The part II of the book is a thunder of optimism at this dark hour. He writes-

Love animal

And beast of den

But with a fatal hate

We treat man

We are all selfish persons like a dog in the manger. He says-

With self gain link

Matters we deal

About people in politics, he writes-

In quantity they fall or rise

But in quality they all similarise

It is firm faith of Swami, as we also feel-

No government can be ideal

Without decent objectives real

About the sad plight of an ideal person, he says-

An idealist in India sees

Political mist

His feelings freeze

To overcome the suffering, he asks his countrymen-

Let us all fight

Gainst injustice

We have no right

Greater than this

About his countries dignified role, he says-

To the stray man

In a gloomy night

Only we can give

Guiding light

He adds-

Let us all give it esteem high

Let us all live for it and die

The foregoing lines spell out his patriotic zeal like RL Stevenson, who says-

Breathes there a man with soul so dead

Who never to himself hath said

This is my own my native land

A Hindi poet writes-

Judged from this point of view, Swami's poem parade perception, maturity of thought and unlangishing enthusiasm. His poetry possesses human touch, spontaneity and transparent honesty. The constant erosion of moral values obsesses the poet and he lashes moral turpitude rampant all over the breath and length of India. His poetry appears to spring from the depth of his heart, hence he tickles the heart of the readers 'Malcontent India' is a glorious achievement. Swami is a poet without pretense but full of over-whelming passion. 'India Malcontent' produces the impression of fertile, lively, informed, honest and penetrating mind. He paints ideas with the delicate brush of choicest words. The reader gets Swami Nem Pal in kaleidoscopic moods looking at the enigma otherwise called life. 'India Malcontent' betrayed poetic insights and high flight of imagination. This collection vibrates with intense feelings. Given a wide publicity 'India Malcontent' has the content which may skyrocket his reputation. The poet lingers in the memory of the readers like the benumbing aroma of some distant sandal wood invading the air.

It shall be no exaggeration to call Swami Nem Pal a poet of a contemporary situation with verse and poetic splendor. None can efface his charm, his fame, and his enduring freshness.

He is a friend of the unfriended poor. A new India is in prospect if we rise and follow what the poet expects from us. Jesus says, "He that loveth his life shall lose it, he that will lose his

life, shall save it.” Swami wants that this idea should work in our minds and soul. His jottings are nothings but profound broodings which should inspire our hearts. The magic of his poetry can transform our life and usher in Eldorado if we put ideals into practice. He says-

Let us strive

Die for this land

We can survive

If we contend.

References:

Nem Pal, Swami. *India Malcontent*. Bulandshahar: Chandan Publishers. 2001. (All the poetic references are taken from this book)