

Classic Poetry Series

Satyapal Anand
- poems -

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Satyapal Anand(24 April 1931)

Satyapal Anand (Hindi: सत्यपाल आनंद , Urdu: سٹیپال آنند) born on April 24, 1931, is a poet, critic and writer from India. He has written several fictional and poetry books in four languages: English, Urdu, Hindi and Punjabi. He has also received awards for his literary work.

 Biography

Anand was born April 24, 1931 in Kot Sarang, Chakwal district, now in Pakistan. He finished his primary education there and attended secondary school in Rawalpindi in 1947. After the partition of India, his family moved to Ludhiana in East Punjab, where he received his college education, earning a Masters in English from the Punjab University in Chandigarh with academic distinction. Later, he earned his first doctoral degree in English Literature with a thesis titled "Changing concept of the nature of reality and literary techniques of expression." He earned his second doctoral degree in Philosophy from the Trinity University, Texas.

Anand married Promila Anand in November 1957 and the couple had two sons (Pramod and Sachin) and a daughter (Daisy).

 Academic Career

Anand has spent most of his life in teaching graduate and post-graduate students in universities around the globe. Starting with the Punjab University in Chandigarh in 1961, he has held teaching positions at other universities, including the University of District of Columbia (UDC) in Washington, DC. He has also been a visiting professor at South Eastern University in Washington, D.C., University of British Columbia, Vancouver, Canada, and Open University in England. From 1992-95 he was on special assignment as a Professor of Education in the Department of Technical Education, Saudi Arabia. He has availed many invitations in his professorship life, having nickname "Air Port Professor" by his pupils and friends. He visited several countries including U.K, Germany, Turkey, Denmark, Norway and North America.

 Literary Life

Anand's writing career started in the early 50s when in a span of just two years he published a poetry collection, a collection of stories, and novels, all in Urdu. He had his brush with authorities when the Government of Punjab, India banned

his Hindi novel "Chowk Ghanta Ghar" in 1957 and ordered his arrest. His first book of short stories was published in 1953, when he was a 22 year young student. He has been highly praised by the Urdu writers and poets for his best literary work in Urdu, Punjabi, Hindi and English. He mostly writes poems rather than ghazals. His poems are based on history, mythology or mixed culture of the West and the East.

Anand's English poem "Thus Spake The Fish" has qualified for the award in an international competition by UN sponsored committee for "Earth Preservation Day Celebration."

** Awards **

1. Nehru Fellowship Award for his book Promises to Keep; Ahmad Adaya
2. Urdu Markaz Award, Los Angeles
3. Shiromani Sahityakar Award by the Government of Punjab, India

The Return

The narrow, stony street was startled, and it spoke:
'Perhaps it is him.'

The sunlight gently moving up, step by step,
Paused for a moment,
As if it were tired and wanted to get its breath back.
'Is it really he who is come?'
It asked.

The wind, its strength failing like an old woman's
Spoke in its crone's voice:
'I can smell his nice familiar smell;
He was always the playful one, it must be him who's
come back.'

The old doors had gone to sleep, their eyes shut tight
'We see little, but maybe it is him,' they said.

His old marble that he played with as a child,
Under tons of earth for sixty years it has lain,
Just around the corner where the street turned.
But today it suddenly came to life.
'O come to my aid, please,
Release me from my grave, O please,'
It said.

'Yes, it is him,' the sunshine said
'But it is not the child I knew,
Who's lost somewhere in the recesses of time.'

The old doors opened their eyes,
'We know him; it is the boy
Only he is grown tall like his father,'
They said.

The narrow, stony street spoke now,
'For all those years that are past,
I have preserved the imprint of your tiny feet on my breast.'
His old marble that lay under tons of earth,
Now screamed,

'O let me get out!
Please get me out.'

Which was when the old woman wind
That had stopped in its tracks,
Burst out laughing;
'So, let's see who we've here,' she said.
'Your cheeks, your eyes, your hair, your face
Nothing, but nothing has changed.
But where have you been all these years?
Promise you will keep coming back.
Always.'

Satyapal Anand

Thus Spake The Fish

Thus spake the fish to the dwellers of the deep
Take heed, O brothers
How this, our ocean was once clean
How dirty has it become - a muddy pond!
Wasn't it but a recent event
That gods of heaven and demons of earth
Joined hands to churn it up
In an unholy `manthuna`?
Used air blowers to awaken the fire demons asleep in the deep
Fired up a hearth of cascading earthquakes!
Where was the elixir of life -
Indeed where was it?
What they found was poison -
Poison that broke the surface
And now boils and broils all life forms.
Where are the nymphs - my sisters of yore
That played with the waves?

Thus spake the half-dead fish
To the half-dead dwellers of the deep.
Take heed, my friends
We're but dead already.
The demons and gods have used a ruse-
To churn up the ocean
And to turn it into a mud heap.

Satyapal Anand

Wapsi

Tang pathreeli gali ne chaunk kar awaz di

-Shayid wuhi hai!

Dhoop, jo aahistgi se seeRhian chaRtey huey

Bey-dam si shayid thak gai thi, aik lehza ruk gai

-Kiya waqayi whoh aa raha hai?

Zouf ki maari huyi booRhi hawa ne popley munh se kaha Main uski khushbu
soongh sakti hun

Wuhi nat-khat hai, wapis aa raha hai!

BooRhey darwazon ki aankhen band theen

-Kuchh bhi nazar aata nahin, shayid wuhi ho!

Uskey bachpan ka khilanDra dost, ik kancha

Jo pichhlet saaTh barson sey

Gali key aik koney main manoN maTTi key neechey so raha tha Kulbali kar
cheeKh uTha,

Al-madad! Koyi mujhey bahir nikalo!

Haan, wuhi hai, dhoop boli,

Par who bachcha jisko main pehchanti thi

Aaney waley mard dil main kahiN gum ho gaya hai.

BooRhey darwazon ne aankheN khol deeN

-Pehchantey hain ham isey, laRka wuhi hai

Baap ki maaNind lamba ho gaya hai!

Tang pathreeli gali boli,

-Main kitni peeRhion se

Nanhey qadmoN ke baRey hotey huay sab naqsh

Apney jism par sambhaal kar rakhti rahi huN.

CheeKhta kancha manoN maTTI ke neechey ro diya

-Main kaisey nikluN?

Aur phhir booRhi hawa jo dam-bakhud si ruk gayi

thi Khilkhila kar haNs paRi

-Aao, zara deikheN,

Tumhare gall, aaNken, baal, chehra to wuhi hai

Itni muddat tak kahaN gum ho gaye thay?

Ab kaho aaya karo gay?

[A poem expressing feelings of the poet following a visit to his birthplace after 52 years. Professor Satyapal Anand visited his native village Kot Sarang, Tehsil Talagang, District Chakwal, Punjab, Pakistan for the first time after his migration to India.]

Satyapal Anand