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Book Review: Jaydeep Sarangi's *Silent Days*

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“I love your silences, they are like mine. You are the only being before whom I am not distressed by my own silences. You have a vehement silence, one feels it is charged with essences, it is a strangely alive silence, like a trap open over a well, from which one can hear the secret murmur of the earth itself.”

— Anaïs Nin

This is something exact to quote about *Silent Days*, a collection of poems by Jaydeep Sarangi. This collection is like the garland made up of varieties of flowers from the experiences of life. Poetry, after all, is to be found in the thick of life's activities and experiences; Sarangi is a keen observer of the same. His poems give the sense of familiarity to the readers which are most of the times ignored in the haziness of life. His simplicity is the weapon of his writing spirit, which touches the soul of the readers. Recipient of Sahitya Akademi Award, Sarangi gives a fresh signification to everything. *Silent Days* is a collection of 50 poems expressing the ideas and emotions of the lived moments of the poet. Hailing from the city of Joy, Sarangi writes about his childhood days on his native land, collages of rural life, personal emotions, social pangs, modern lifestyle and much more.

His love for the native land, where he was born, is very significant in his writings. The poems like 'The Red Soil Allure' 'I'm On Your Side', 'Refugee', 'Small Rivers of the Mind', 'My Family Tree' etc. portray the deepest connection with his homeland artistically.

My Family Tree

The sap of History of the land is a long pedigree./My forefathers settled near the temple of *Kanakdurga*/Near the bank of a rivulet/Flowing gently in a soothing pace./Where I sit and whisper in history forgotten/Like long barren trees in late autumn/Calm as history books/Where dry hard facts are written in black ink.

Sarangi's concern for his city and modern busy life comes out as beautiful verses through his pen when he describes 'Morning' and 'Missed Calls'

Morning

The day in Kolkata opens, delayed by/A dim sun, to the haze of/Last night's fervour. The note of Church bells and twittering seep into every derails./Yogic chants follow a/Rhythm of bridge between a noisy head and a calm mind./The day poisons night's lullabies,/As my little daughter paints/Shiva's poison-green neck.

Missed Calls

"In Tollygunj auto line", "In a crowded bus"/"Will you call back a little later?" "In the metro"/"...calling later" "call back little later".../The cell phone can erase boundaries/Between

meeting up or not./Some calls can be received/Others are missed calls/In the buzz of the auto or the metro tunnel/It's not always possible to call back./Promises hide their faces/Amidst crowds of everyday duties./With the aroma of *chanachur* and puffed rice/I remember.../The pleadings of the boy back home -/"Bring me colour pencils today".

Being an observer of life and society, Sarangi pens the tensions and pressures prevailing in society with a personal touch.

A Rose is a Rose

She has returned to the dark womb/Of silence and eternity/With leaves green/And blossom red and white./Blue wings of my imagination./Run wild among my ruined terrace/Of sad history of women in our country/Sarangi has given a splendid tribute to his friend Nirranjan Mohanty through his poem- '**Friendship**'.

There is a door in the deep heart of my private chamber/It opens at times, sometime in midnight when the clock marks/'twelve'./With a descent key/When it does, it takes all of me in./Your Tiger poems haunt me like/Rhododendron for flies in the upper Himalaya./My imagination shines with colours/Red and blue/On the banks of Beas./I register my random thoughts/In my urn of tears.

At last, it would be better to say, that, this book is a collage of emotions and sentiments uprooted in the poet's silent days; which he lays bare for the readers to witness their own-selves through the book, *Silent Days*.

About Jaydeep Sarangi:

Jaydeep Sarangi is a bilingual writer, academic, editor and translator with several seminal books as well. He has delivered keynote addresses in several national and international seminars and conferences and read his poems in different continents. He has been anthologized widely in several shores. One of the reviewers has made an honest observation by calling him Bard on the Banks of Dulong. Sarangi is the Vice President, GIEWEC (head office at Kerala) and one of the founder members and the Vice President of SPELL (Society for Poetry, Education, Literature and Language), Kolkata. Anchored in Kolkata, his poetry defies boundaries and resonates with global experiences.