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Title of the Book: *Deluges: A Collection of Poems*

Author: Varsha Singh

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India is not only the land of tigers and snakes; it is also the land of great minds and fertile brains that moisten their beloved soil in every field from the antiquity. From the romantic poetess Toru Dutt (1856-1877) to the post-colonial eclectic writer Arundhati Roy, India is representing the English Literature with an overflowed basket of themes in every genre. The Indian English literature is sprouting rapidly on the landscape of world English literature. The tsunami of young Indian English writers is quite furious that it has not left any theme or genre unshaken. Thus, when one reads Varsha Singh's *Deluges: A Collections of Poems*, one is confronted with multiplicity of themes that the book harbours within itself.

Varsha Singh, born and brought up in Dhanbad, Jharkhand, is a young Poet, Translator, Reviewer, Scholar, Editor and Blogger. She is hovering over the literary planet with her angelic wings of Hindi and English. Dr Ratan Bhattacharjee, the Indian English poet and Chief Editor of Authorspress, says, "Varsha Singh is a scholarly Editor with wise head on young shoulders, in her poetry, set out to explore her mindscape, her roots and experience above all as a woman and then as a human being, in an attempt to gather into unity the various lives she has lived with her negative capability in the no less huge span of her poetic landscape. The *Deluges: A Collection of Poems* is her debut collection.

The collection begins with a provoking poem "Something Between" where a reader feels that every word is unveiling his/her day-to-day encounters, "Moonless nights/ Days sunless/ dreamless sleeps/ waking truthless/ Freedom freeless/ bondage useless". The narrator of the poem swims in the modern world's sea of meaninglessness, where everything is drowning meaninglessly. Unlike Rabindranath Tagore's famous poem "My Heaven" in which he tries to establish an imaginary heaven, "Where the mind is without fear and the head is held high/ Where knowledge is free/ Where the world has not been broken up into fragments/ By narrow domestic walls, the poet does not run away from the harsh realities of the unkind world. She unpacks a new theme on the every page of this collection. Sometimes the reader sings with the narrator on the bitter tunes of life, sometimes dances in the glen of nostalgia. The reader enjoys a new theme in its very second poem, "Childhood Poeticized". The theme is crystal clear from the title of the poem but its beauty is deeply hidden in its diction which she has used flawlessly. In the poem "Warmth of Yours Unfolded Letters", narrator feels warmth in a chilling winter night with the letters of his loved one. The narrator feels that the words float intensely, "before my eyes/ within my heart/ lightened as a beam/ardent and keen!" The art of imagination is at its peak in the whole

collection. The intensity of imagination is so high that one is bound to fly where the poet wants him to.

The collection flails to its new marvelous themes. Being a girl from India's coal capital Dhanbad, she comes with an exact depiction of her birthplace. The poem "The City of Coal" is a real picture of the city which is in the good books of Indian government only for its resources. The satirical beginning of the poem demands much more from the throned gentlemen of the city and the country. With the theme of alienation as it beats as, "The city of coal/ has numerous/ diamonds/ hidden/ inverted/ crumpled/ noticed/ unnoticed", the poem is a kind of U-turn from the romantic themes. The reader does not remain indifferent to the bemoaning tone of the poem. In fact, the poem is short and hardly runs on the whole page but is sharp and long-ranged.

The poetess is fully conscious of what she is attempting to convey to her readers. *The Deluges: A Collection of Poems* is a breath of fresh air in the Indian English poetry. What one creative mind experiences in his/her life, gives it an undying shape on a dead blank paper as it has been shouldered by the poetess herself in the opening page of acknowledgements, "This collection is a mélange of my poetic inspiration drawn from various spheres of life, emotions and thought process". The intrinsic value of the book is that a reader gets all frying themes in a single pan. The poet has not excused even the voluptuous and erotic imagery. When a reader goes through it he/she can smell of Kamla Das. The poem "Tranquil Attire" is a kind of high-voltage conductor. She does not resort to oblique or indirect references to love-making. She unveils the saying that, "poetry is the spontaneous overflow of powerful feelings" and let loose a series of emotions like this, in the poem, "Amorous warmth/ canoodling brinks/ leaving the marks/ of intimate doting!" The poem is short but its effect distracts a reader from within because her imagery has a strong sensuous quality. The directness of her voice led to comparisons with the most controversial Indian English poetess and short story writer, Kamla Das. But poet's love for the lover is merely soul-based rather than physical, which she decodes in her next poem, "Synonym-less", "I tried exploring/ synonyms for you.../ but you prevailed the one/ inevitable.../ single soul/dwelling in this heart..." Some poems of this collection are laden with pleasant euphony, which a reader wants to swig all at once. The poem, "My Mighty Gulmohar" cannot bid adieu to its reader without taking him to the heights of that pleasure which one gets from the Wordsworth's poem "Daffodils". The narrator of the poem rejoices its colourful company, "I spend my days watching you/ from windows, doors and balcony/The green leaves you drop on me/ and romance with your red flowers". Its imagery and the diction are too mesmerizing that a reader is led to heavenly sensations. There are poems with some serious themes like, "Nature's Return"—a very successful serious attempt where the poet onslaughts on the misdoings of a greedy human against nature. The poet solemnly comes against the human being for all the ecological disturbance and imbalance which the whole world is facing. The gust of dust/ The filthy smoke/ The wound of woods/ In nature's food...!, these are the opening lines of the poem which carries the message that what man does against the nature, nature reposts the same. The whole collection comes with a new message and pleasure on every turn.

The thirst is unquenched because the paucity of time and space does not allow me to delve deep into the deluge of emotions. It would be a great suggestion for the readers to get drenched in the sanguine emotions of RAIN which is being stored in the *Deluges*, the appropriately titled book.