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**... And the Silence Whispered**

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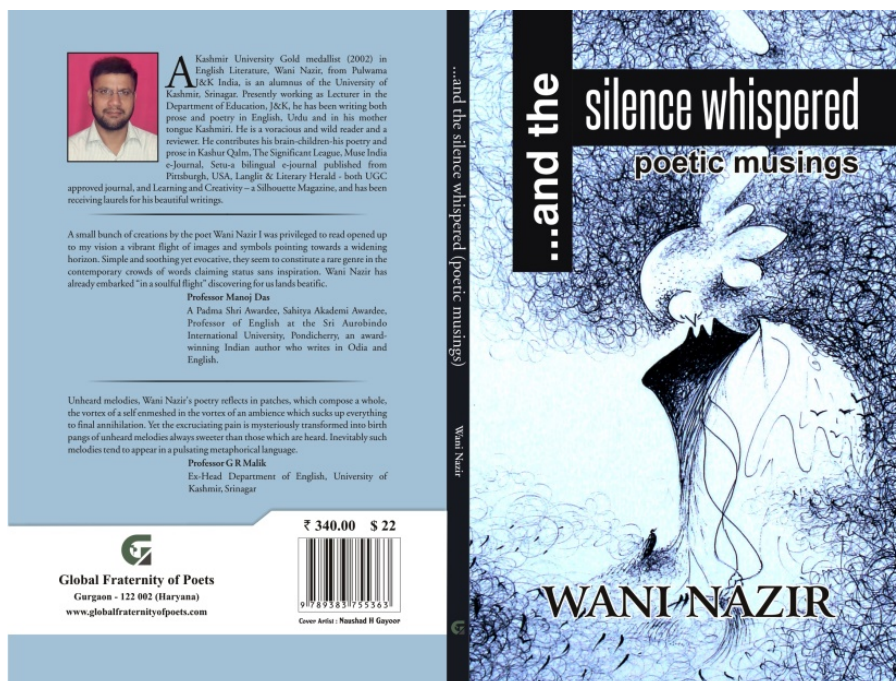
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Life lives only because the poets breathe. A poet is a prophet, a seer, who unfolds the full majesty of life and all its hues. A poet heals our wounds, wails and cries our pangs. It is only the fertile poetry that can have profound implications upon the general readers. Poet has the psychological and moral ability to adapt the changes in life. ‘A poet is a philosopher, creator and protector of the moral and civil laws’, aptly says Shelly. Among these creators, Wani Nazir has recently shown on the firmament of poesy with the first magical collection of his poems\_\_\_\_\_ “AND THE SILENCE WHISPERED”, the work of genius that will secure his place high in the pantheon of English poetry. To comprehend the multi-layered wisdom of his poems was for me something monumental, an amazing achievement because his poetry mingles goodness of ideas, fire of imagination, power of sensitivity and the natural beauty of language that ultimately ensues into something visceral, something real and delightful. As Shelley in his essay, ‘Defence of Poetry’ states:

*“Every man in the infancy of art observes an order which approximates more or less closely to that from which highest delight results”*

To grow as a poet is, on the one hand, a bothering onus weighing heavy on a poet’s being and on the other, a divine commandment that a poet has to obey, and so says Iqbal, *“Naqsh hai sab nataam khood-e-jigar ke bagair.”* The poet has that propensity of to be read, to derive pleasure and to be unconditionally loved by the readers. The poet dwelling in a cocooned shell wants to be unseen and creep inside clandestinely. As he says in his poem, ‘My Microcosm’:

*I contemplate and muse upon  
The vastness of my microcosm  
And demurely hold my invisible pen  
Weaving stories in invisible ink.*

In poem, ‘My Muse’, poet is optimistic like Shelly. But once he is reminded that *‘mere anarchy is loosed upon the world’*, he holds his pen in hand to *‘write a chain of doleful tales’*. The poet has yielded philosophical relationship to his subject and sanctity to his imagination. Some lines although leap over prosaically with light interpretations and some eloquent and beautiful lines mellow with spiritual and emotional maturation. The poet knows all the ropes that the philosophy of poetry resides in the doctrine of symbolism and is in continuous effort to alter styles. The poet has found perhaps more enterprise like Yeats *‘in walking naked’*. Sometimes like Eliot, the poet presents a horrible scene of bitter realities as in ‘The Time-Bound’:

*You live not, but you die  
With every tick of the clock  
And count up is but a countdown  
Tick, tick, tick, 1, 2, 3, ...  
Hasten your breath towards its end.*

The lines with sheer suggestive words provoke the thought of *“the restless course that time doth run with calm and silent foot, shortening days and thread of vital life”* in one’s mind. The poet firmly succeeds in presenting the dream of writing poetry, that is to bulwark all humanity and the poet himself:

*Will not the monster of the ugly thoughts  
Haunt my bosom  
And gulp me down?  
If I don’t exorcise it.*

It assimilates what Dr Mohammad Maroof Shah says about the sacred task of poetry that it is *“the mankind’s chief arsenal against life’s weal and woe and a tool for developing consciousness of resistance against injustice.”*

‘Buffets of Time’, yet another poem, closely vindicates that *‘since brass nor stone, nor earth, nor boundless sea but sad mortality over sways their power’* and thus elusive time proves to be onerous and oppressive. Similarly when the poet is asked to write a poem on Mother’s Day, the poet’s feeling seems to be snatched from Shahid’s heart as in Lenox Hill. The poet in his poem, ‘Mother’ beautifully versifies:

*I put myself  
in front of a mirror,  
Looked at my own reflection,  
A man, with all the organs intact,  
A man, with all the senses alive,  
A man, with a throbbing heart.  
I was that beautiful poem  
I strained hard to write.  
Yes, I am the poem,  
with all the hemstitches balanced  
in symphonic rhythm and rhyme,  
composed by my mother  
all these thirty eight years  
and nine months  
without any rest!*

The whole collection is a medley of scintillating chain of similes and metaphors. As in 'Frailty Eternal' some powerful images are at full play:

*A convoluted cobweb woven furtively  
By the flimsy threads of hoary past  
Has been tucked  
In one of the corners of my room;...  
...I visioned the unfulfilled desires  
Of all my ancestors down Adam  
Hanging down from all the hazy threads  
Of the cobweb;*

Or in 'The Impasse', he writes how the powerful whispers break the pin drop silence of poet's conscience and thus expressing the muddle of his mind in candid but metaphorical diction. The music of the poem intermingles with an irresistible intensity of feelings to make the passionate utterances:

*A wedge of whispers seeped deep  
And tore the canvas of my silence;  
Some pent-up sighs and sobs  
Scribbled on it, here and there  
Broke away too in pieces small;*

Wani Nazir aptly chooses the hypnotic images from all the sources as Nature, mythologies and many things around him to consolidate his point of view. His landscape painting of

imaginative ideas and fiery feelings is indeed turnesque. Through the balmy images of Nature, he makes compensations for the misfortunes which human beings have to suffer. In the closing poem, 'Driving Away the Demons', he aptly plays with the abstract things organically. Many poems handover to us flood of superb imagery, stitched with similes and metaphors and allusions, whose abundance and originality in turn enhances the beauty of poetic art.

The verse technique and structure of poems is majestically orchestrated. In some verses, there are loosely co-ordinated sentences which bestow flight and fluency to the overflowing thoughts. In a roseate sonnet, 'El Dorado Eternal', Wani makes use of alliteration magically which soothes the senses of a reader:

*Meandering 'midst mazy microcosm*

*Riot run rigorous rapturous rhapsodies;*

*Why will waltz wavy weird whiffs*

*Of one's odious obscure orbs?*

To opt for such styles is nothing but zeal and zest of an artist to dive deep into his art of making and to surpass all perfections of beauty. The manipulation of style, subject, structure and tone of poems appropriately is worth-praising as in Tanka or Saqi or Memories series.

Majorly the poet with zeal and fervour but in poignant and pathetic manner unveils the anguishes, miseries, trials and tribulations of the world to us through '*unheard melodies*' as Professor G R Malik writes in the blurb. Like Yeats he forcibly tugs us away from immaturity through his life-long hazardous experiences. Like Yeats he commands us to the world fuller of weeping. Nevertheless one splashy calibre subsists in his poetry that ventures his writing into an absolute pinnacle in this post-modern era, it is to beget smile on the forlorn faces. He succeeds to be an optimistic prophet in 'Poet\_\_The Redeemer' like Shelly in 'Ode to the West Wind'. As Wani Nazir puts it in his lofty words: *It is the poet,*

*Ay! It is the poet*

*Who can harbour rays of hope*

*In the parched hearts of the forlorn*

*And can illuminate a golden dawn...*

All the poems of this collection chisel reform and instil love and hope in the reader's Cimmerian heart. The whole collection of poems is in itself a mesmerizing ascension to the multi-coloured heavens of creativity.