



## **Book Review**

**Kunal Roy**

Assistant Professor, Department of English Language & Communication

George Group of Colleges, Kolkata

Email: kunalroychowdhury81@gmail.com

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**Name of the book: Devdoot, The Angel.**

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Plunging deep into the subtle complexities of our timeless epochs namely Ramayana and Mahabharata, the readers have blissfully discovered how one plane of story merges with the very next plane flawlessly and with the passage of time a bridge is built between the author and the reader! A nexus thus formed evokes enough curiosity in each soul to read them over and over again. The magnificence of such epic tales has not paled an inch, instead the relevance has enhanced to spawn enough potency to show the right direction for the right choice and the right deed!

The present era is suggestive of turmoil and turbulence. The sense of tranquility has become a far-fetched factor. Serenity is lost in the surging waves of the sea. Mortal security is strange to each one of us. And surprisingly, the poet has come up with this literary Magnum Opus " Devdoot, The Angel", an Epic poem in Five CANTOS. Perhaps he has fathomed the need of the hour and responded to the summon of time. We, the poor mortals are really looking for an angelic intervention to turn our mortal globe into a state of utopia! Sounds queer!! But the desires always wish to grow wings and spread in the blue expanse. Whole heartedly believe the angel will descend from the heavenly comforts and execute the commands of the Providence to relive our earth!

The book is decked up with a number of interesting issues ranging from a genial acknowledgement to the profound study of Abyss of Supra Consciousness to the Meditation of the World to a mind - boggling Preface whose essence lies in summing up the whole content to acquaint the readers before the " real flow" sets in.

The opening poems of Canto 1:

" O sea faring birds hunting for pearl feed!

Fill up your beaks

with the eternal youth of my wings". The lines dictate a metaphorical urge to the creatures of the earth as the angel would descend to wipe out the tears. However, the excruciating pains and sufferings do not spare the angel too. This is a crude reality as the rules are observed in spirit and not in printed letters.

Anew the poet has penned to reveal how the celestial bodies confess the sun to be their real lord. There is no single tool to determine the origin of Apollo:

" The sun is my coeval

the planets assert

I don't really know

because an Overview of the source

is impossible to the flow"

Astoundingly, the nature unearths a new symphony of expressions as the reader comes across the lines:

" Leaves will fall

leaves will sprout-

that one tomorrow

this one now"

Further a sense of dismay is noted in the expression as the birds which carry bags of precious pearls threw them away. Pearls were of no importance to such puny creatures. But to a mortal being, it is indeed a source of wealth and treasure.

" The birds he saw in the lake

flew off into the sky

The handful of pearls in his bag

I had compassion in my bag



the recluse said "

The very first lines which catch hold of a reader's attention are:

" The atmosphere  
nevertheless  
treasures a transparent truth,  
A bizarre story unfolds beyond the truth".

The poet wishes to encapsulate the fact that despite every single odd, the ambience radiates a magical energy to treasure the truth. Truth is always stranger than fiction and so beyond the orb, lies another tale which is beyond the intellect and linear progression of thoughts. As the canto moves in rapid strides, the reader must have been struck with awe and grandeur, at how the darkness of the night is embellished with some wee sparkling dots, fondly known as stars:

" As dazzling stars are dislodged  
from the bosom of the galaxy  
don't you ever scramble to collect them  
in a maddening frenzy"

The poet has literally talked on the fulfilment of a single, solitary wish as the star scratches the sky and touches the chest of the earth. Yet he encourages not to encourage in a mad craze, rather fold the palms and send orisons above for something good to take place. Ipso facto diametrically opposite poles are juxtaposed with each other to render a complete cycle.

The touch of pristine purity and an unalloyed elegance never comes to a halt as the poet delineates:

" As you go ahead  
Watch out for the full moon night  
of October...  
Squads of starlit beauties  
would be bathing clouds  
In the serene streams  
of grand rivers".

Where every tiny aspect of the ever expanding cosmos is perfectly observed and stated, the poet could not refrain himself from talking on God, the ruler of the universe. He says boldly and blatantly:

" Even God cannot help



a pupil...

Whose Guru is but a dumb stone!

A teacher or a guru enlightens the path of his true disciple. But if that teacher takes a backseat, there is no other sufferer as dismal as a pupil. There is a hidden significance here which can be summed up in a single line: " Self-help is the best help". Even the famed Tagore has cited " if nobody comes to your call, move alone, move ahead of times to reach the destination, to explore the unexplored, to know the unknown, to conquer the unconquered. Moreover, lines like " May the voice of a millennium

ring with a melody of love

and the germinated seed

into soil of humanity

may open its petals "raise a question: " Does the poet hope for a change in the scenario? ". There is no tinge of doubt that the poet is optimistic and loves to envision the earthly existence amid a bed of flowers, where no thorns would prick to bleed! Such a verse reminds of the work " Waiting for Godot " by Samuel Beckett, where the playwright has raised similar questions, but all the answers were either unsatisfactory or lost in the maze of time!

Moving to the Canto 3 of this wonder, the first section begins with:

" This is but a divine offering

and not really a holy blessing

Nevertheless,

the passions are running wild all the same"

The poet aims at bringing forth that no matter if there is a divine benediction or a sacred endowment, passion runs with the same rage and severity. Human beings are not devoid of carnal desires. History has hysterically revealed how despite the God's voice, humans unabashedly with their soulful drives and nothing in the world could deter them from such detrimental elements. Anew the poet returns to nature and adroitly blends the cosmic stone with the blueness of the sky:



" The Blue Sapphire Stone

on the other hand

becomes priceless

when it is blended with the glory of a blue sky".

Incredibly, the poet affords to exhibit the bond between the Blue Sapphire which is a precious stone worn in the mid finger to exude the obstacles of Saturn and the dazzling boldness of the azure. On the contrary, if the stone loses its colour and texture, the power ceases to exist. But if mingled with the vast expanse at the horizon, it becomes invaluable. A flight of sublime fantasy. Though the poet talks at length on being captivated by the timeless elegance of a sixteen-year-old girl, he never flunks to draw the nature to cater a sense of fulfilment to his lines:

" I feel bewitched by the beauty of the young night

like a sixteen-year-old lass

the night is soaked in the moonlit glory

to its bottom most layer "

As the reader moves to the closing stanza, he or she can easily comprehend how the whole canto gets a fresh look:

" But you have seen only few countries

And I see the whole universe everyday

With my inner eyes".

The poet is so confident about himself that he never fumbles nor restrains himself to tell how powerful his inner realm is! He can behold the whole utopian cosmos, a challenge before one whose skinny eyes have roamed to see a handful of nations of one is proud of! The colossal subtleties of thought are incisively evident here. The expressions stir the somnolent veins, awake the sub conscious stratum to discover a novel recognition before all and sundry!!



In the fourth canto, the reader envisages the sacred Jesus who descended from the God's Paradise to break the shackles of anguish. The poet says: " Last time I saw

Lord Jesus was behind...

He heard my childish prattle

And smiled to himself "

The lines show the pure generosity of the God's son. The carefree Jesus who took care of others, believed in reformation and resurrection to restore peace.

The poetic thoughts are enriched with various layers as the poet utters:

" The jungle is auspicious

it doesn't surrender to fear

A riot is barbaric

It doesn't show mercy! "

The poet has utterly pulled in the contrast between an intrepid soul and a merciless approach. The examples are cited to state the difference between the two poles of humanity.

One layer upon the another and one would surely glue to the words which weave a different tale:

" But the materialism

Rejects both of them

Then why does human being

Accept its existence?"

A question which ably relates to God as a particle and as himself. The world of materialism doesn't embrace either of them. Yet the answer is unknown, behind the acceptance of the Super power of the universe.

A few lines, but of an immeasurable depth:



" Body ornament

Man - Woman

Patiently".

More surprises are on wait as the concept of global warming has been redefined and thus given a different dimension. The human lust ought to shoulder the onus of the melting of the gigantic Himalayas as occurs in the opening section of canto five.

" see the Himalaya

before us melting

with the heat of inner lust".

Moreover, it is quite natural that the reference to God, His Omnipresence, the Religion and above all the Angelic dimension appear time and again. The poet views and comments:

" O God where are you?

O God, we obstinate of the earth

are calling you ".

In the hour every little crisis, there is always a clemency which a common place man pins hope on. The poet is making a rigorous prayer to the Supreme to save from the evil clutches rampant in the world. He should immediately respond to the call!

To this very thought, the God speaks out of rage:

" I am the Lord of all the them

how many torments do you think of me”?

Pertinent indeed! We never think of giving something to our Lord. We never mull upon the kind of torture or injustice which inflicts him. Not a selfless service, but a selfish approach - puts in every acid test so long we live!

Still He is kind to us. His benevolence is showered upon us as the reader goes through the lines:



" O kind creator God

We don't want

this madness beyond imagination ".

An Epic of a great class. Lofty thoughts. Enlightens the soul to move through the rock strewn path to make the human life a worthy one. The book essays to blend spirituality, human ethics and metaphysical kingdom - an indulgence to connect the humans with the divine forces. The narrative texture is equally interesting. The writing style is never prosaic. The straight forwardness culminates into the spiritual and philosophical growth. The choice of words and expressions is apt and the whole gamut focuses more on the inner journey than any external deed! A must read for the avid readers.

#### **Author's Bio:**

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Being an ardent lover of Literature, Kunal Roy has always shown a profound interest in its various genres. He began his literary journey in his fifth standard. During his graduation, his articles and comments have been published in the the leading newspapers like The Statesman and The Times of India. Currently he is associated with the web portals like Tech Touch Talk, Sobdo Mitali as a seasonal contributor. However, his favourite domains are art, folk, mythology, religion, sociology and anthropology as well. He loves to translate too, in either languages. The awards won by him are Shibani Bose Memorial award from the Ramkrishna Mission Institute of Culture, Golpark, Kolkata, the book prize for the best dissertation from the department of Indology, Ramakrishna Institute of Culture, Golpark, Kolkata and many more including two national awards in recent times. His works have also been published abroad and here as well. He has contributed to more than forty anthologies ( both in English and Bengali). His first book "SHADES" (Kindle Version) was published by the Pen prints Publication, Kolkata. His second book "Confession : An Unfinished Story" by Nirob Aalo Prakashan, Birbhum. "Kali : The Divine Mother" is his third book by Nirob Aalo Prakashan, Birbhum. His fourth book " A Cup of Love (Kindle Version) and the latest one " A Lazy Afternoon " have been published by Nirob Aalo Prokashana, Birhum. Notably the author's "Kali : The Divine Mother " has been given a five rated status by Amazon and received the nomination for the Golden Book Award, 2024. "Morning





Dew " is the first book edited by him and published by Nirob Aalo Prokashana, Birbhum. His two more books are going to be released soon. He writes in English and Bengali as well. He is recognized as a poet and translator too. His research paper has been published in the Indo Bangla project from USA recently. In recent times he is recognised as of the SAARC poets from India. The author lives in Kolkata and is the Assistant Professor of English Language and Communication in George Group of Colleges, Kolkata.