



Bhaskar Hande
Poems

भस्कर

Poems / 2002

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Pimaa
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Poems
of
Bhaskar Hande

It is the understanding to stop trying
That time is running away now
The night is becoming lead
Eyes shutting down
As you want to go on
I want to the steal
Why ?
Don't ask me
It is an intuition of mine
Situation of being
Being not to do things
Which brings you in peace in depression

Are you afraid of passing through
The feeling of silver golden light ?
Not particularly as you are thinking
There are certain waves
Creating the creative paradox
of enjoying the process
In ecstasy of innovation.

You are thinking in terms of sense
or is it in a sense understanding

I try to open the senses
As I try all day to open files
In the computer box.

You mean exercising Yoga
An opening the Kundlini

To understand the sense of being
I obey my intuition of the situation
And please don't ask any more questions
I'm going to experience the pleasure of rest

Moments of solitude
Sends sparks into the mind
When one does to take care
Of his own creativity.
Silence of mind
And passing time
Does not have a single joint identity.
Whenever someone takes care
He stands in front of the image
Feeling sparks
Of passing time

Any move could be
Art for a living
Life always goes on
Passing time
does enjoy
with pleasure of work
It could have
Any dimension
If one takes something
Straight out of every day life
And place it
In a work of art
With no transformation
Than life will always be
A part of it.

Inspiration from past and present
provokes me
To create something
Brain and heart in certain interdependence
Which is hard to understand
And harder to separate
both depending fiercely on one another
Authorities of body take command
Of all respects of the inner soul.

Process of thought
Goes with meditation
Medium helps thought
to create art
Colours give weight to feelings
Shadow of mind
Reflects on the surface
transforming into object abstract
Feeling the space
Walk the fugitive's way
Is difficult to obtain a decision
Standing in mystery
It is surely of great value
And greater status

I stand still
vertical
You knocked me down
To the ground
in pinched position
Horizontal
Falling in disaster
I pose in a plus
Situation has changed
You stand in the middle
I walk around
The form is square

I turn around
Your pose akimbo
Leaf on forehead
Seems Vithoba to me

You this shadow of
Ultramarine moonlight
Purple black body
I see squares the circle.

State of waiting for
How far ?
How much time more ?
Answerless awaiting
Questioning the atmosphere around

In other way of
Waiting for someone
To meet the ultimate
whatever is the fact
Wherever there is the politician
Situation is angled to form a square.

Standing straight
My first position
Secondly incident happened
I have bowed so much
In pinched situation
Angled to the right
It happened time and time
Incidentally square formed right there
A devotee appeared on live stage.

In dancing mood
Square rotated roundabout
posed in akimbo stance
The ultimate encounter of deity

Devotion of mankind brings
Superior power in sight

When feathers grow to colour
They will fly very far
Be on the space of imagination
Many many light years ahead

Either line has a longing
She shall stay at around the stance
Even through atmosphere to space

She will bound the colours in form
In an invisible abstract net.

That is what it is

Fascinating warm vermilion
A lovely rose
And deep ultra blue
In Dancing mood
With orange standing by !

What would it be ?
If I say so
That is what it is !

Still you do not believe
From heart beats
Breathing vertical deep in red
Forming a dancing gesture
Seen through a red and rose
Transparent silhouette
Of ultra blue
And lovely magenta
Coming together
To create the violet mood
In the red shine
Of mankind

Should we still have to await ?

Sand, silk and skin
 The light, bright and shiny
 Layer, thread and dust
 burst my imaginary sight

Sand, sand and sand
 I bent my vision on
 Sand wonderful son
 Sand under water
 Sand around feet
 Made my feelings
 Bitter, brighter, better
 I am lightened in night,
 Beaten on beach
 Frightened in desert danger
 Cooled in deep-sea.

Wet wet wet
 Wait. wait. wait.

Slick slick slick
 Silk silk Silk
 Sleek sleek and sleek

White, yellow and ochre
 Reflections of
 Sand, silk and skin
 Portrait of yellow white
 The landscape of ochre cream
 Paints my sight broad and bright

Skin thin skin shine
 Skin white skin light
 Skin brown skin bright

Preferring to have a free
Skin yellow skin thin
Skin black skin born
Skin coloured skin the rainbow
Skin transformed thick to be
Skin shield build to be
Skin cover skin shelter to be

I am dressed in silk
Walking on seashore barefoot
Late in afternoon
Sun stands forty-five degrees to West
Sand shine gloomy
My feet in sand
The site becomes monochrome
Envisioned shadow
Water is trying to touch my feet,
Wind winds my body
Dark clouds are heading south-east
Shower starts midshore
And water reached me all the way

Seascape seems monochromatic
Painted in watercolour.
I am seized in sudden fall.

I am only the reference
Of my subjective path
Once drawn a new line

I am only the cause
Of my mistake
Of those difficult moments

I the only witness
Of my everyday life

While I have to live as this

Clean thought
Keeps to a narrow galli
To walk into
Inside hidden words

Feelings and experience
Walk in mystic measures
to the end of it's warmest depth

I am the medium
Hit straight on the point
In the field of error

Rag, wrath,
Violence, pain,
Smoke, cold, flame
Body of fire
Driven to words anger
Of not being informed

You have to pass
The modesty of limitation
Of your own discipline
Once you walk alone

You may fall down
In the Valley of moral defeat
Where you have been heading

It may concern your consciousness
Let him drink a bottle of alcohol
Let him smoke a packet of cigarettes
Let him enjoy a kiss of hate
Let him vomit all he has ever done

You may have considered living
Inside the deep silence of mirrors

What shall I tell you
About me
Your know better

Me, synonym of you.

The layout of the square
In a horizontal or vertical lays the same
Diagonal stands for paradox
Two rectangularly positioned bent-angles is a square
When the situation of fact becomes weak
A bend turns into an angle
Two angles lay or stand together
In opposite directions it forms a square
The fact and the situation change the position in life

Equal distances form perfect square
And equal facts make situation dual

The bend turns into a bow
Two bows form an oval
A leaf, sign of growth in life
The point positioned is the spiritual stand
Two points are companionship
Between the divine and human
Till the end of life
The cross stands for meeting places
Working relationship of spirit
Creative sense in life
And passing time in the journey
Means decision-making moments

Working truth
And reality
Are two sides of one
Heart speaks reality
Working truth is busy
With high moments
Business is facing turbulence
Under circumstances of system
One gets posterity
Develops the substance of understanding
Wet become weightful
A cloud of knowledge
Pouring within

All the world's
Bind together
To make peace
Of unseen loneliness
Tranquil solitude
In informative society
Words making the link
Of unknown notions
Sense never speaks out
It behaves on behalf of
The nature of body
That breathes me up
In a room of silence
Words keep company
On the way of development

The nature of mind
And a kind of notion
Bring sense towards
Creative mind-fields

A chair to relax in
A cup to drink tea, coffee.
A painting to heal feelings
A text to describe easily
A house to live in comfort
All have got place in lifestyle
In past there has been lot of work
In evaluation of thoughts
Concepts and ideas.
Since antiquity Apple has been a idealised
Symbolic thought
An apple is a simple example.
A concept to apply just to any subject.
Since subject changed in form of object
It has opened the door to creation.

An apple form of chair
Building in apple shape
It is symbolised era
mankind sets up to change within

In Art change comes
Time by time
Medium has been transforming
The development of art
Since man began to interpret
Language in visuals
Medium has been taking
Interest on its own
Early age cave paintings
Pottery, metal coins, stone prints
And so on
These days of architecture
Graphic, ads, design, film,
Computer, television,
Styles and ism
When the subject changes its medium
Object transforms its aesthetic
Besides commercial value
Approach of thoughts
Reaches its high age
Of applied arts

While industrial revolution
Film, television, satellite,
Virtual reality subjects
Begin in arts
Artists have developed interest
In specialising of subjects
He divides sections
Every section reached
At it's commercial place

People go to see exhibition
In museums, galleries, shopping centres,

Tradefairs, open air places.
Each one has mixed impression
Of arts and its application
Some have authenticity
Some have aesthetic
Originality of object
Count on it's function today

What does it mean when
You say, "A while
ago something"?
You are not bold enough
To hold an exhibition of fury

Of course, I am bold. Bold. Bold.
That's what I am trying to say

Do I looked like a short-fuse ?
No.
Then, why do I shout?
Noise makes me nervous
Shout breaks my silence
Now what am I doing here?
Nothing ...
So what ?

Does it seems to be an affair ?
Of what ?
I don't know
Then why are you guessing ?
It's habit
Of what?
Being involved in a situation
Which ?
Being here
Yes, I feel also.
It's an affair of presence
And a fury of nonsense

What's all about this four side
Twelve guard on the watch
Upwards downwards
Vertical horizontal
Middle cross back
What shall I talk about it
It's nothing but caleido

The landslide of mob
Under revolutionary act
Caleido has been named
Chin-a-men
Trafalgar
Washington
1813
Leningrad
And many more

Events of sadness
Happy moments
Pouring colours
Changing faces
Combining and a rotating
Walk together
Tomorrow,
Children would pass by.

Square is in the blossom
Always in a new saga.

Circumstance is wider than square
Form is bigger than me
Me thinner than empty mirror
Forming a right angle
thought as square root
Me, plus form around it

While walking around
Mood Dancing in and out
Splendid time
Sleeping body
Along frozen feelings
Under snow white fields

Beside burning wells of oil
Whose solitude moments are on fire?

Here is nothing to hide
All the fields are wide open
On canvas and in space
They go surround depth
Beyond horizon
Objects are not known any more
Mist lies between me and the object
Here is no colour
Neither darkness nor brightness
No feeling for medium nor need to express
Language is not spoken here
And words are alien
Coming to meet me
What would they say?
It is just an ex-sense

It was circus
Round around podium
Open on ground
The day was happy go lucky
Waiting for the event
One was looking deeply
Eyes wide with awe
Seized me upfront
Darkness was hidden behind blue
Inside twinkling eyes of raindrops
Lights switched on
Focus was so sharp
It could not see what was passing through
Acting cloud of desire
Running through

Passing days eat lots of eggs
And make love on easter day

You could have temper of high blown smoke
And I could have anger
Blowing fire burning fields of jungle
Together we make atmosphere dangerous
You could disturb the silence

Underneath the layer of ocean
I could sin in solitude
Under floating iceberg in the ocean
Together we create surrounding abnormal

I have heat to keep warm
You are deep enough to absorb
Together we make living a desert
Clouds will rather gather here
There we begin to gain rain

I walked back
Where we were together
I placed flowers
On the soul of tragedy
It was captivity of pity
Incident of presence
Sequences of trauma
I played part in this drama
I followed in trance
With your tales of soul
Details of sequence
Tense of intense

Would you see me as passive ?
Would you see me as a believer ?
Would you see as an act of a lover ?

You see the details in dark
Village lying in valley
Mountains under midnight moonlight
Surrounded by greenish black woodland
You would like to see skinned trees
Naked creatures
Life in moonlight shadow
Frog, fox, owl
Far away and
Near dead body of creature

Do I see a mythological film ?
Do I walk in northern Europe ?
Do I see death of eighteenth century painting ?
Do I drink beer in dark brown café ?
Is it deep sleep of late midnight ?
I do not say any of these
To express their depth
You should feel free
And go along
Deep down deep in
Over the top, up above

Do not ask me
Why I have not written before
Here are many reasons but I can not explain
Time has passed
I have learnt lots of lessons
I don't know how it happened
But the fact is that it happened
Nobody can do anything about it
Surviving in time
Does not matter how
And in which condition
Getting stable?
There are lots problems
I have to face as
There is no way back
Someone should understand the situation
Rather not underestimate
I had never thought
What might happen
To give answer for reason

Sensitive field of innocence
Dig down deeper impulse
Naive corridor opens door
Inside concealed room with balcony
From where you watch the presence
Of own inner opposition
The scenario of duo

A square root put in a vase made of glass
Everything seems to be transparent
Roots and branches
Fruits and puddles of
Water and glass of vase
Room and balcony
Considers presence of ever since
Things that have been happening within

Mind your step please
Kindly look into the matter
Wild walk would bring you to a
Sudden kiosk of confusion
Sort out differences
Which would make you fill
The divide on top of the hill
Look out for similarities
Should not be a matter of
Thick and thin.
Up and down the stairs
In the well, at foot of hill
The position on top
Would bring you and me together.

I, who stand wet on the stairs
You, who dry in the water
Reflecting a painted hill
Upside down
Make our selves clear
As we are going to step out

If I get into trouble, could you get me out
Suddenly you should not think about anything
Of course logically there are reasons behind it
Everything could explain everybody and each thing
Friendly, I will listen to your solution
Secondly, I will think over what to do with
The troubles that lie ahead

Maybe, we will see some time in future
We do not know, but both are bound by promise

So if I create a problem could you try to solve it
Certainly, you are not the person whom I am seeking
See, I want to know with whom I make a deal
Creation should not stop at problems with dealer
And I am the person whom you going to blame for the
deal
Afterall, make a wish and our form will be creative

When one does not know what tomorrow will bring,
Painting is for him like the fugitive vestige
Of a moment of solitude and silence.
When one tries to think of some vitally important
subject
Indeed, his painting is truly like some meditative
rainfall
While the background signs and forms are like predawn
mist
Painting of the period can not claim
To be anything more than meditation
On the beginnings of a new style
Feeling = sense
Heart = brain
Positive = negative
All dependable aspects can not be separated
In the section of division
Space, surface and base have new dimension
In abstract thinking
Nobody is bound to the subjects
Expression freed from the surface
Towards any kind of signs, forms
Structure and material etc.
Paintings have many aspects, faces and facts
To analyse which is not quite easy
Sensational brush stroke or sensitive line
To put on surface and stop when it is enough
That is the greatest decision of art

Approach to aim
And point of desire
At the pathfinder's destination
You could lay stone of solitude
In the human forest
Roads are extended to subway
The desert of concrete and cement is ahead
Smoke disappears in mist
Directions become dizzy
Somehow we stand in between
While walking to downtown
Traffic sounds make
Rhythm of error

THE POINT

Uncertainty of being
Makes move from one mind to second
Beyond the all certain sense
It is stepping in my mind
And starts to vibrate through stream
Me, the only alone
Shaking up my body
I start to move self
Flowing with illusion of creation
Certainly hands in rhythm of heart
Mind flows out of hand
Me becomes identical on paper
Words have been written fluently
While uncertainty made a point
At this moment of being here



Bhaskar Hande was born in 1957 in Umbraj, district Pune, India. He lives and works in The Hague, The Netherlands since 1983. He is a versatile artist. His ambitions to be busy with various disciplines of art, identifies him as the poet, painter, sculptor and graphic designer. He published three books of collection of poems in 1990, 1995 and 2001. The project "Your form is my creation" is his visual tribute to seventeenth century Bhakti poet "Tukaram" has become first in it's kind of Indian history. Hande's Indianness is not ethnicity worn on the sleeve; it is the very substance of his cultural identity in multicultural global community of artists. Hande has been living many years in Europe, his cultural signature has remained the same. Apart from his development Hande thinks day to day life, living and working in another country and culture than where he grew up. This process gives him creative impulses; every year he lives a couple of months in India, vice versa in Europe. He exhibits in India and in Europe. The change in surrounding keeps his thoughts constant in process. His works represent meditative fall of his merging colours and changing environments. The colours become brighter , forms are clear than ever and words are more mysteries.

