

## **Litinfinitive Journal**

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Page No: i-ii

Section: Editorial



## **Editorial**

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Curating poems, selecting from a host of comprehensible yet often metaphysical, and too often dismal peregrinations of human individuals, is an interesting as well as laborious task. Editing a volume on World poetry comprising research articles, translated and English poems takes both the rational and the sublime. When this issue of Litinfinitive Journal was still at the stage of inception, we tried to focus on the role of indigeneity, translation and articulation of emotions, sentiments, society, mores, norms, folks and fables from different regions of the world. We have contributors who have worked on a comparative analysis of how the transformation from an epic poem occurs in films, and what innovative techniques to surpass the earlier. How the changing social scenario rings an alarm in the mind of the sentient reader is yet a secondary question. Ranging from the verse quality and novelistic grandeur in the works of Alexander Pushkin, to a Marxist reading of Ruth Elynia Mabanglo's poem *PaghabolngDyip*, and then plummeting deeper into the realms of Indian English poems of Sanjukta Dasgupta, to understanding eating disorders by re-reading Marianne Moore's poetry- the contributors have delved deeper into the various nuanced patterns of understanding not just the vibration, rhythm and rhyme of good poetry but also circumspccting through the ideas of critical thinking, and giving birth to non-textual paradigms beyond the known segment.

Familiarity breeds contempt, and hence, unfamiliarity beyond the jurisdiction of the known levels of poetic sublimation-that is where the search begins. Between how to 'be' and how not to 'be', there is a serious aggrandizement of the frantic fiesta of how we coagulate our senses into both refined and coarse poetry. It is the fine cadence or texture of sweet voice or else, it is a translated variety of memory in a nutshell, and we give priority to all the different orchestrations of both monotony and the unfamiliar at the same time. An overstatement about the processes and the paradigms of poetry gives one of the best ideas of how to create even the most exclusively simple non-synchronizing patterns into a cohesive whole. We have covered works by Bulgarian poets in original and in translation, Bengali poets of the Modern period, Hindi poetry woven into the fine textures of social media, society, life, pangs of death that have been superimposed as a part of a decadent culture and the myths of being alive. This issue of the journal also covers poems and articles from

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Bangladesh, Pakistan and Sri Lanka, giving an all-new and more diversified range of experimentation that is done with poetry. It is time we think about transcending the borders and embark upon what we consider part of the SAARC poems. Understanding the national flavours and knitting the paradoxes of socio-political, religious and economic crisis across nations thus no longer remains a child's play.

Finally, we present two interviews as part of this issue. Words spoken, broken, stranded with uncertainty, amalgamating achievements, desires, moments of passion, self-reflection, joys of learning, self-enrichment and poetry-it starts with poetry, it continues in the same vein until and unless we imbibe the best moments that are lived and others are given some inkling about good poetry in their lives. Our dear poets Prof. Ashwani Kumar and Santosh Alex have given us the elixir of how travelling, reading, interacting and life itself have taught them the great value of poetry.

We welcome the readers to enjoy this platter of poetry across nations, maybe under the prolific patters of a poignant rainy afternoon!

“Like the days that have marched backward,

In the moonlit night, roving around with skirmishes that leave no sore...

We are yet again tied,

Tussled

Truncated under the tirades of poetry...

The world is blithe again,

The barbed wires swash and thud across the ground

The eyes of the unpinned soul peer through

A looking glass, lost and again found.” (Sreetanwi)

Even if we are in the pangs of the pandemic, we still learn to fight. Let us collaborate, find love and resuscitate ourselves through POETRY.