



Confessional Poetry Is A Way of Expressing the Reality of Society

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Indian is a society of religious norms and social customs where it is very bad to talk illegitimate but in the name of religion and social domination there are many illegitimate acts against women. The lack of education and the feeling of shame prevent women from expressing any illegitimate act against them and they always become victims and are held guilty for all illegitimate actions. Women are always forced to keep themselves within limits, either at the individual or social level. Despite his innocence, many sacrifices are expected from his side. In Indian society where women are worshiped as goddesses, on the other hand there are many incidents which completely destroyed their dignity. They are treated as objects and treated with cruelty. It exists from ancient times till today, be it Meera or Sita, Urmila or Draupadi they had to face oppression within their protective limits.

As feminists raise the question, why does only Sita need to prove her chastity and not Ram his virility? Would Urmila also get a chance to go with her sister without her husband's permission? Draupadi was Arjuna's wife, how could comment by Kunti be shared by all the brothers on her, though she didn't know who was out there? And how could Yudhishtira keep him gambling the second time? Why did Meera need to drink poison only on the basis of others' suspicions, while she was performing her duty as queen very effectively? If modesty is the jewel of the Women, then decorum is the crown of the Men. Honesty and Trust are the basis of all relations. Mutual understanding and consideration keep relationships at ease. But for this, it is necessary that men understand their responsibility and women should consider their self-respect as a priority along with emotional attachment. Sexuality is a very misinterpreted term. It does not belong to any gender or class; it is a biological need that every creature feels after a certain age. It has not any direct link with the physical appearance; it is the result of hormones. Sexuality is treated very badly in Indian culture but despite all these obstacles many women writers have taken their courage and have written confessional

poetry related to sexuality, love or lust and marriage. Like Kamala Das, Meena Kandasamy, Anita Nair, Shobha Da, Sreemoyee Piu Kunda, Ira Trevadi, Abha Dawesar, etc.

Kamla Das-

Kamala Das, Malayalam pen name Madhavikutty, Muslim name Kamala Surayya, (born March 31, 1934, Thrissur, Malabar Coast [now in Kerala], British India—died 31 May 2009, Pune, India), Indian writer who openly written and candid about female sexual desire and the experience of being an Indian woman. Das was part of a generation of Indian writers whose work focused on personal rather than colonial experiences, and her short stories, poems, memoirs and essays earned her respect and notoriety identical. Das wrote in the Malayalam language of South India, both in English (mostly poetry) and under the pen name of Madhavikutty.

Kamala Das presents herself as a powerful feminine voice in Indo-English poetry and her generally Indian identity has always been validated by her choice of location, characters, themes, and emotions. Her poem has a clear, confessional vein and unique feminine qualities. Kamala Das is the destroyer, idolater, gadfly, enfant terrible of Indian English poetry. It is true that she shattered many cages, and these were the cages in which he and countless other women and even men of Indian society have been imprisoned for years. She tried to break the exoskeleton into which we all should fit, suffocating in our own lies and inability to see things as they are. Because the exoskeleton, while it provides protection for a while, also inhibits growth. When one is ready and finds a bigger, more roomy space, one has to leave. Till one goes ahead and finds his extended space up to a limit.

She forged her own path and continues to pique, shock, embarrass, shock and intimidate readers and critics alike. But she had a sense of identity and empathy for the vulnerable, the oppressed, the outcasts, as she portrays in *The Dance of the Eunuchs*:

“It was hot, so hot, before the eunuchs came

To dance, wide skirts going round and round, cymbals

Richly clashing, and anklets jingling, jingling

Jingling... Some beat their drums; others beat their sorry breasts

And wailed, and writhed in vacant ecstasy....

All were watching these poor creatures' convulsions

The sky crackled then, thunder came, and lightning

And rain, a meagre rain that smelt of dust in

Attics and the urine of lizards and mice....”

Her poetry has appared unfathomable yearning, physical and imperative, but clandestinely something more fundamental, something she was willing to accept and expressive in herself. Some quiet sense of betrayal and despair as to why things are not as they should have been and always should have been. She keeps this twinge in her *Relationship*:

This love older than I by myriad

Saddened centuries was once a prayer

In his bones ... Betray me?

Yes, he can, but never physically

Only with words that curl their limbs at

Touch of air and die with metallic sighs....

And even death nowhere else but here in

My betrayer's arms...

In *The Sunshine Cat*, Kamala Das complains about the pain and suffering she suffered, first because of her husband, and then by several other men with whom she had sexual experiences. She accuses her husband of being a selfish and cowardly person who neither loves nor uses her properly, but who keeps a ruthless watch on her sexual activities with other men. She had tried her best to gratify her sexual partner by clinging to their hairy chest, but all of them told her that they could only convince her sexual craving but could not make love to her. The result was that she lay on the bed, but she could not love him.

They did this to her, the men who know her, the man

She loved, who loved her not enough, being selfish

And a coward, the husband who neither loved nor

Used her, but was a ruthless watcher, and the band

Of cynics she turned to, clinging to their chests where

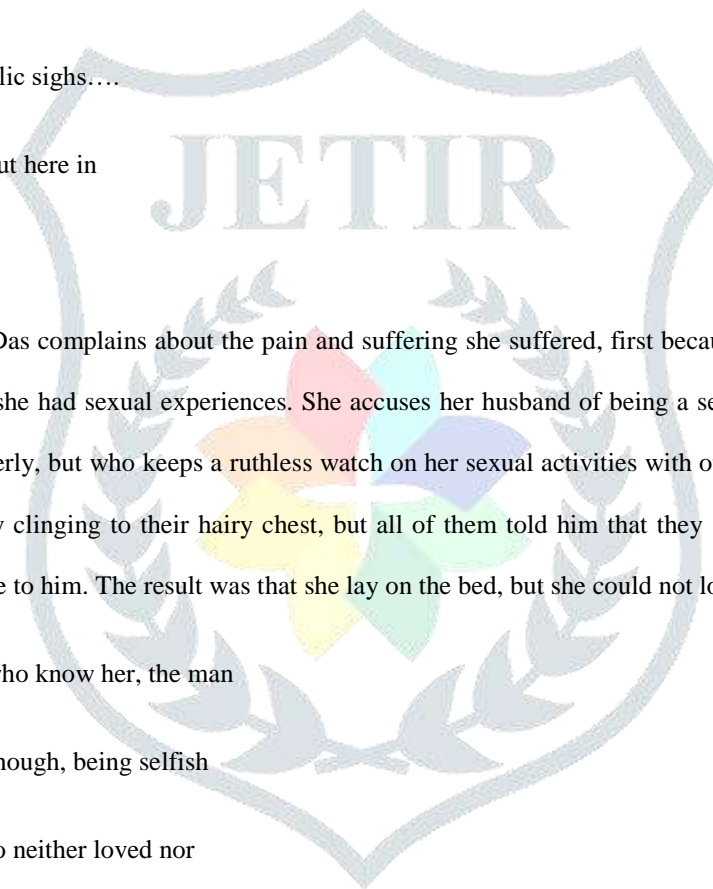
New hair sprouted like great-winged moths, burrowing her

Face into their smells and their young lusts to forget

To forget, oh, to forget, and, they said, each of

Them, I do not love, I cannot love, it is not

In my nature to love, but I can be kind to you.



The Looking-Glass' is even more evident in Kamala Das's use, urging women to feel shy or timid when they are about to demonstrate the nude and brawny body of their lover in front of a mirror and look at their manifestation. Does not she insist on them to advise their lovers what they (women) anticipate from them (their lovers) when they lie in bed mutually. She also urges women to give men all that makes them women; So that they can smell the musk of sweat between their breasts to their long hair, let them feel the hot throbbing of their menstrual blood, and make them aware of their endless female hunger. If a woman does all this she will have no difficulty in winning her lover, however, when the lover is gone and has no intention of coming back, the woman will feel desolate and find the work provided by that man. Kamala Das's actions on the theme of sex are astounding and her annotations in regard to sex are indubitably based on her own sexual experiences with men.

Gift him what makes you woman, the scent of

Long hair, the musk of sweat between the breasts,

The warm shock of menstrual blood, and all your

Endless female hungers Oh yes, getting

A man to love is easy but living

Without him afterward may have to be

Faced. A living without life when you move

Around, meeting strangers, with your eyes that.....

Kamala Das has rendered some valuable service to the female sex as a confessional poet, making her aware of her passive sexual desires and her suppressed dissatisfaction with her husband from a sexual point of view. Thus they have given a kind of encouragement to women to assert themselves or at least not to suppress themselves. In these confessional poets, Kamala Das appears as a feminist, who indirectly advocates the emancipation of women from traditional social bonds and taboos.

My love is an empty gift, a gilded

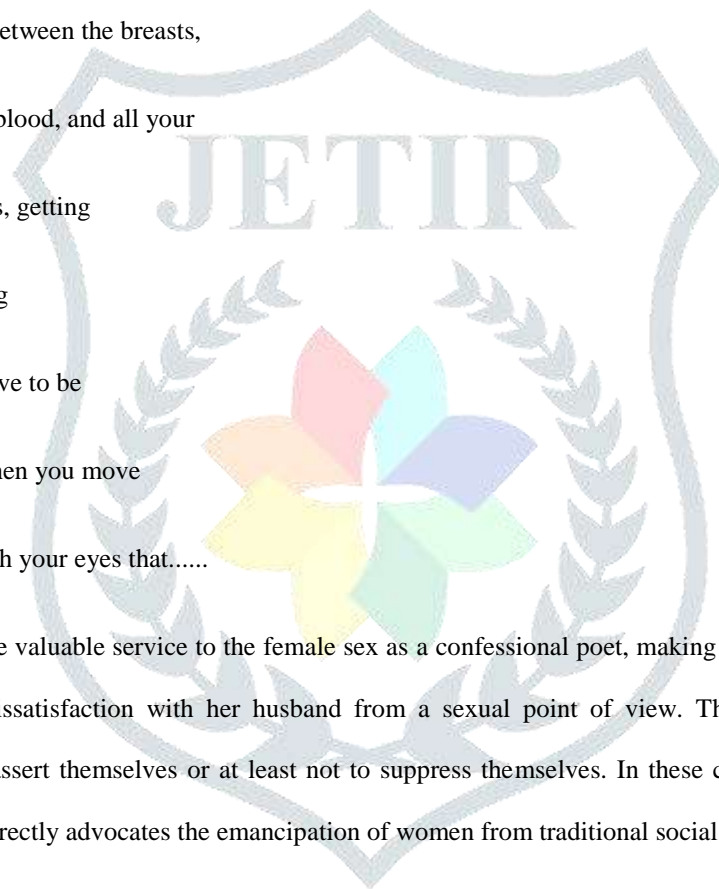
empty container, good for show, nothing

else...

...what have

We had, after all, between us but the

womb's blinded hunger...



Kamala Das is hailed as a poetess who writes in a confessional manner. The confessional mode of poetry enables a poet to express his personal feelings and emotions in a bold and candid manner. As far as the poetry of Kamala Das is concerned, without any doubt, it discusses and deals with the self-analysis of the poet as well as the atonement of sincerity. Kamala Das always deals with personal humiliations and sufferings which are stock themes in Confessional poetry. Kamala Das deals with the most intimate experiences without getting emotional or with any signs of pathos. His candid acknowledgment and bold approach to private life are completely in line with the nature and themes of the Confessional Poetry.

I have a name, had it for thirty

Years, chosen by someone else

Convenience, but when you say

Don't spoil your name, I feel I

Must laugh, for I know I have a life

To be lived, and each nameless

Corpuscle in me, has its life to

Be lived...

Where I go to meet a man

Who gives me nothing but himself, who

Calls me in his private hours

By no names...

The Old Playhouse is notable for its confessional quality. The poem describes Kamala Das's feeling of suffocation in her husband's house due to her selfishness and arrogance. Kamala Das's narrow life with her husband and her emotional way of engaging in sexual acts had put her into despair and made her feel that her mind was like an old playhouse that was no longer in use.

.....You were pleased

With my body's response, its weather, its usual shallow Convulsions.

You dribbled spittle into my mouth, you poured

Yourself into every nook and cranny, you embalmed



My poor lust with your bitter-sweet juices.

As a confession poet, Kamala Das has done women a great service by making them aware of their passive sexual desires. His confession poetry has a therapeutic effect on the readers as well as the writer. Confessional poetry is written by a poet to express his sorrow under internal pressure. The poet is able to find some consolation by accepting what he has experienced. Kamala Das has been a notorious responsibility. She is known for her enquiring minutiae as well as straightforwardness. Inside the poems, Kamala Das going on to talk about her sexuality as well as her quest for accomplishment. In an introduction, the poetess considers the community traditionally silent, indicating that the individual's view of a woman's agony, as well as death, is elements of a communal understanding of adulthood.

I am today a creature turned inside

Out. To spread myself across wide highways

Of your thought, stranger, like a loud poster

Was always my desire, but all I

Do is lurk in shadows of cul de sac...

...I've

Spent long years trying to locate my mind...

...I have stretched my two dimensional

Nudity on sheets of weeklies, monthlies,

Quarterlies, a sad sacrifice. I've put

My private voice away, adopted the

Typewriter's click as my only speech..

She admits that the desire to wear man's clothes stems from the despair and despair she has faced throughout her life being a woman. Thus, Kamala Das through her defiant self-statements raises our awareness of how the dead weight of old values can block a person's emotional and cerebral enlargement. It is in such a rebellious mood against conservative society that she asks if he is happy as a wife and woman:

Woman, is this happiness, this lying buried,

Beneath a man?

It is time again to come alive,



The world intends a lot beyond his six foot frame

(The Descendants 21)

She tries to inculcate the feelings of equality and identity of women through her works. She vehemently opposes the fixed rules of man-made society and tries to in still courage in women and inspires them not to surrender their body and soul to anyone who considers them a toy and their disregard. Her poems seek to make women aware of their independence and individuality. She wants to free and free them from the bondage of society.

I am today a creature turned inside

Out. To spread myself across wide highways

Of your thought, stranger, like a loud poster

Was always my desire, but all I

Do is lurk in shadows of cul de sac...

...I've

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Tanseem Anjiem remarks: The life – story of Kamala Das has been an eternal quest for identity. Her autobiography and poetry clearly show her urge for liberty and freedom, and stress the need for discovery and asserting her true self ... Her life begins as a quest for self-discovery. It is her writing which brings her face-to-face with her “self” and she comes to know it better and lays it bare, in the poem “Composition”....The feeling that she is getting lost in the traditional feminine roles makes Kamala Das feel restless. The new woman of Kamala Das’ dream is determined to win her independence as a human being and seems to be questioning the sexual rights of man which he so much takes for granted. She cannot accept the limits set for her by man, cannot develop a sense of invisibility, cannot be bound by the fetters of femininity. She rather wishes to bring about a sexual revolution... It is difficult for Kamala Das to accept man as “subject”, the “Absolute”, and woman as the “object”, the “Other”. (Prasad & Mallik 2006:73 – 84).

Kamala Das's confession poem is a sensitive response to this author's discrimination, restriction, and turmoil that she has experienced in her life. This response often goes beyond the normal limits of tradition, tradition, and established belief systems of family, society, religion, and culture. In the case of female writers, such responses can be cast in a feminist frame and sound like a vocal protest and resistance against the patriarchal code. The works of physicians of this school, including Das, indicate the author's "chaotic mental state". This mindset engages the writer in constant close and even "clinical observation" of the self [49]. Therefore, this poem can be seen as a means of redefining the true, self-conscious 'I' to the wounded self, or the disgraced 'I', in addition to its social challenges. This quality extends such poetry from the personal level to the social and political level. This is reflected in Das's "Someone Else's Song" in which Das appears as a spokesman for his sex, or as every woman:

I am a million, million people

Talking all at once...

I am a million, million silence

Strung like crystal beads

Onto someone else's

Song.

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