

misconception and this is the armed mistake. The middle class people are also in the grip of this mistake. Muktibodh used images of arithmetical expressions such as 'cipher', 'square root', 'plus', 'minus' etc., and loaded them with the meaning of the class reality of our society.

He knows that the present capitalist system is breeding all the ills prevailing in our society. Only a new social system under the leadership of the proletariat can liberate the whole society from this system based on exploitation of man by man. But the role of the middle class in our country is crucial to this change. It is historically the part of the exploited masses, but ideologically it stands in the camp of the exploiting classes. The proletariat is so very far from the middle class that the unity of the total mass of exploited people remains merely a dream. The poem, 'So Very Far' conveys this meaning of our social reality. The speaker of the poem is the proletariat:

So Very Far

I am so very far from you people
My fires are so very different from yours
What's poison for you is food for me.

Multitudes walk with me in my isolation;
In my loneliness, friendly hands
Of those you despise, but caught
By my troubled soul and held precious there.
And that's why you rain your blows on me
In public and in private.
(Leaves of our blood-stained epics fly
in our fight)

I covered myself with failure's trash,
Finding heaps on the spiral staircase
Of corruption and cash,
And though I've gone straight

I'm still bitter in what I do, hate
The poison.
For whatever one has one wants something better,
To sweep the whole world clean you need a scavenger
And I'm not him.
And though someone inside me roars each day
That no work is unclean if the man be true,

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The work's still grim.

Beyond the world and end-products:
Refrigerators, vitamins, radiograms
There's my famished daughter,
In her intestines a gnawing nothing
In her lungs the shame of those who have nothing

Only suffering imprisoned by the nothings is true
All else is unreal, untrue, a delusion, deceit
The only truth is
A sequence of grief.
I am the split-eared, the underground wretch
Correcting disorders
Under your Chevrolets and Dodges I stretch,
Oil-covered, black,
Bowed by your orders.

The disparity between the status of the proletariat and the bourgeoisie in our society leads to the antagonistic contradictions that reflect themselves in every sphere of social life. The ideological and philosophical spheres are also divided on the basis of class antagonism and that is why, proletarian ideology is food for the exploited people while it is 'poison' for the capitalist class: 'That what's poison for you is food for me.' Although as a mechanic at the of automobiles workshop the speaker may be lonely, but as a class, 'multitudes walk with' him and they are his friends. The comrades of the speaker are despised by the bourgeoisie, but they are very dear to the speaker. It is the proletarian class that is historically bound 'to sweep the whole world clean.' The speaker alone cannot fulfil this great task of changing the world dominated by the bourgeoisie. The speaker alone cannot fulfil this great task of changing the world dominated by the bourgeoisie. The speaker, while narrating his own economic condition expresses the class nature or reality truth. The reality can be understood only with a scientific worldview based on the concrete experience of the proletariat that clearly sees as to what 'is unreal, delusion, deceit.' The mechanic lying under imported cars and 'correcting disorders' plays the same role that was played by the Commoners in the opening scene of Shakespeare's *Julius Caesar*. The cobbler in that scene is 'a mender of bad soles.' The speaker of Muktibodh's poem is 'correcting disorders.'

The meaning of Muktibodh's poetry can be comprehended by

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