

## P C K PREM

### An Analytical Journey into in Dr Dalip Khetarpal's *Refraction*

#### Abstract

Poems of Dr Dalip Khetarpal are unique in perception. He explores areas of human life hitherto unattended and makes a lasting imprint. If one looks at his earlier poetry, one notices obvious continuity of the perception and management with indistinctly detectable variation in new poems. In his poems Dr Dalip attempts psycho-philosophical interpretation of life. Psychiatric therapy, he indirectly argues, helps man lead a better and consequential life, for if one is at peace with self, one attains the real objective. Heroes, saints, wise men and intellectuals live in shadowed glory, for they enjoy life in non-existence and non-entity.

In this paper, Dr Dalip Khetarpal's three poetry anthologies such as *Fathoming Infinity*, *Ripping into Consciousness*, and *Refractions* have been analyzed with a special focus on *Refractions*.

**Keywords:** Dr Dalip Khetarpal, PCK Prem, Fathoming Infinity, Ripping into Consciousness, Refractions, literary criticism.

### An Analytical Journey into in Dr Dalip Khetarpal's *Refraction*

Poems of Dr Dalip Khetarpal are unique in perception. He explores areas of human life hitherto unattended and makes a lasting imprint. If one looks at his earlier poetry, one notices obvious continuity of the perception and management with indistinctly detectable variation in new poems. In *Fathoming*

*Infinity*, Dr Dalip attempts psycho-philosophical interpretation of life. Psychiatric therapy, he indirectly argues, helps man lead a better and consequential life, for if one is at peace with self, one attains the real objective. Heroes, saints, wise men and intellectuals live in shadowed glory, for they enjoy life in non-existence and non-entity. If *Fathoming Infinity* analyzes and cuts up man's psyche, it is also distinct and fresh, and drives man to unknown areas he never cares to probe deep and so, wordless guilt and feelings apparently stay quiescent and yet daringly vigorous to give vicious pleasure even as it evaluates truth. *Ripping into Consciousness* is a journey to the unmeasured and infinite region of conscious and subconscious where awakening and barren unawareness crowd with a typical susceptibility. Inner anguish of a writer does not provide joy but it suffocates, and believes that writing is a compulsive act verging on insufferable fixation. Study of man's inner world in lyrics reveals real face of truth, lies and veiled living as impetuous outbursts open up man's true intents and interestingly continuity in intellectual inquisitiveness surprises again in *Refractions*.

Striking verses of *Refractions* provoke and irritate intellect, coerce man to think, analyze and arrive at a logical conclusion about objective, identity and existence of life. Dalip's efforts to look deep into the psychosomatic framework of man in various situations are realistic as he interprets incidents and men at the experiential and cerebral levels. Truth emerges fast, and tells man he lives nearly an illusory life and he is unreal now, when he wants to relive past glory, and therefore, incessant anxieties of visiting past's aching joys become collected traditions.

According to Dr Dalip, man is often impulsive and doubtful and often keeps shifting operational apparatus so that it appears authentic. A man visits pristine glory and adjusts life's contours promptly, hurts self and individuality, feels he is real and earthly and so, stays away from truth. Teasing dilemmas disturb, but he refuses to accept despite immense defilement. Man is susceptible

to alien influences, negotiates to survive and in the process, lost identity is the eventual providence and he claims roots unwittingly. 'Smashed in-between-ness', speaks of the hinges that keep creaking whenever foreign element intercedes and then, efforts continue to absorb indistinctly liquefying components of culture, language and heritage. Poet's anxieties concentrate on the real and truthful identity of man, and if varied influences whether visible or hidden affect, unrealistic and lost life emerges, despite hesitant averment.

Man cannot eliminate the effect of 'hybridized culture' as original heritage, Dr Dalip argues, and subsequent implanting disfigures real man and so leads to multifaceted problems proving distressful to psyche, little by little weakening nationalistic thoughts because man never lives a harmonious life in conflicting or substituted cultural regions. Ultimately, he drives to unknown territories to invent new gods while earlier cultural gods get spiky recognition and indentation. Finally, a spurious life raises head when man nurses diseased values and philosophy. Left with no religion and no Gods, a baffled man comes to settle for something that is noble and virtuous and that avoids issues which are:

... abstrusive and inconclusive,  
For the way we live, think and act,  
The character we evolve,  
Are far more important, meaningful,  
Productive, beneficial and impactful  
Than  
The sanitized religious values,  
The atrophied conventional norms  
The calcified social forms,  
The ideology and philosophy  
We nurture and conform,  
What we believe in and worship,

ISSN 2250-3366

eISSN 2394-6075

And all that we imagine, think, feel and see.

Hybridized living does not grant real identity, satisfaction and meaning. Man, if maintains distinctive character and survives onslaughts of external intrusion, can justify existence. If sentiments of love genuinely instill confidence, these also overwhelm everyone and straighten rough edges of odd attitude and it not only cleanse psyche of sickening frame but also, creates an aura of identity impeccable where thoughts of god, eternity and divine assail, and if man turns away from the material world, a difficult proposition, he can fly to heaven.

Growth is possible if one eschews vacillation, apathy, smugness, conceit and inanity, buries 'frog syndrome' and then if infuses vitality and grit, objective of life appears near. Negativity not only stifles but also kills and so, if one wishes to live life, one must face fact and truth. Dr Dalip is direct and straight when questions regarding reconciling unusual and distinct constituents of 'spirituality and sensuality' arise. In devastating analytical scrutiny, he exhibits a candid, elucidating and refined strike.

Gods and animals,  
Separately or together,  
Live in the core  
Of our psyche,  
As sex and religion do.  
Man's demeanor often show that  
If one is awake,  
The other is asleep.  
But when both are awake,  
Ambivalence or inner conflict is born,  
But, only in a morally conscientious person  
leading often,  
To confusion.

ISSN 2250-3366

eISSN 2394-6075

If one goes back to legends and myths, unique justification emerges and current obtainable life is not an exception but only if he brings a harmonious *mélange* in deviating life's ingredients. Life attains inimitable identity for which a man struggles but faces ignominious end and then, poet stuns when he tells of a lecherous priest looking at a curvaceous beauty in a temple as he counts beads. Sex, sexuality and thoughts of gods and goddesses co-exist, a man ought to understand and so, each one creates terrific war precincts within but still lives and that is life. At the experiential level, he experiments, shares and ingeniously reveals truth that everyone knows but ignores or perhaps, permits intellect to sleep for long.

In search of false glory,  
Go not astray  
The path to seek false self  
Is by a labyrinthine path,  
While the path to true self,  
Is straight and clear.

Dr Dalip's poetry stays away from sermonizing and if he does, self-application and experiences provide solidity and agility to steadfast thoughts. Amidst cataclysmic and anarchic times, he wants man to bequeath at least legacy of hope if nothing else, for then, he surely contributes to the survival of humankind.

For the survival of humanity, Dr Dalip never indulges in long-winded intellectual reflections but promotes pragmatic principles of life. He asks 'Disturb not, Nature' for man's perennial contentment, and counsels not to relegate life to the background with inanely structured bland prescriptions on assorted wings of life. He wants rational growth of man, for sinking to regimented thinking would be suicidal because, 'Human nature, as life or God is, / Can never be defined in any terms, / Being so complex and mysterious.'

ISSN 2250-3366

eISSN 2394-6075

‘Human Consciousness, a seemingly fixed Abode for Satan,’ requires healthy expansion towards self-fulfillment and if it is not, sacred purpose of life stands defeated. Synthetic creation of encrustations obstructs man’s journey to self-actualization because he sadly impedes enlargement and surprisingly, ‘The Divine Provider has not also / Unfortunately provided most men / With the ability to create / Prerequisite elements for self-actualization.’

Contemporary culture may look urbane and suave but it scarcely understands human psyche and the truth damages man irreparably and so, he is prone to unexpected traumas of calamitous flare-ups. Wayward and haphazard living and intellectuality sans genuine feelings drives man to cogitate seriously on life and death and ‘After Death, What!’ and such eternal questions defy logical answer. He thinks on life deeply, dissects each wing callously and tries to reach a conclusion where he urges man to penetrate and find out truth of life, evidently full of joy and pleasure, but even then, sufferings and agonies haunt without reprieve. The poet often hints at the restricted and regimental life man lives that refuses freedom and therefore, enjoys in bondages but still never reaches the ultimate destination causing worry.

Creative beings are creation of gods but to aspire for immortality is idiotic, yet man nurses a secret wish to live forever. Man must devise mechanism to orient self into a meaningful entity or else haywire living would perish as greed, corruption, hatred and jealousy push man to lifestyles bereft of sanity and balance and therefore, hysterical living if offers moments of joy, it also tortures. He tells, yes - treading unfamiliar intellectual regions lying dormant also offers moments of poetic joy.

ISSN 2250-3366

eISSN 2394-6075

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**P C K Prem** is a poet, novelist, short story writer and a critic in English from Himachal Pradesh, India. A former academican, civil servant and member of Himachal Public Service Commission, Shimla), Prem authored more than fifty books both in English and Hindi. A post-graduate in English literature from Punjab University, Chandigarh, he taught in various colleges before joining civil services. He has brought out nine volumes of poetry, five books on criticism, two books on ancient literature, six novels and two collections of short fiction. Creative works in Hindi include twenty novels, nine books on short fiction and a collection of poems. He is a recipient of many literary awards including HP State Guleri & Academy awards and *Bharat Hindi Rattan* award.

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