

## DILIPNAIK'S *BY INFERENCE*: A MODERN ALLEGORY OF LOVE

Dr. Bhima Charan Nayak,  
Reader in English,  
SCS Autonomous College, Puri, Odisha;  
*bhimacharan10@gmail.com*

### Abstract

*The paper is but a critical review of *By Inference*, the revised collection of English poems by the Indian English poet, DilipNaik. The collection, on the whole, tends to be a modern allegory of love and the showcased poems, considered in isolation, constitute to be touching fragments of a shattered allegory. Quintessentially love poems, they depict the central unifying motif, love, not in its consummated constancy or satiety but in its fatal loss and deprivation "as the infinity of a divine desolation." In their plot, pattern and structural principles, the poems appear to stand in perfect congruity with the primordial Biblical story of Adam and Eve, the first ever fore-parents of human race. In the poet's own words, "later version" of the archetypal paradisiac story, the speaker cum protagonist of Naik's versified narrative and his ladylove have apparently been conceived after the image and in the shadow of their originary forefathers. Barring a marginal few, most of the poems of the collection have anchored on "the singularity of a proto-memory" – the proto-memory of the paradisiac moment of love in its ecstatic exuberance. The volume bears in its pages ample signatures of a mythopoeic imagination and fatalistic vision. To a fair extent, it has emerged to be a creative rewriting of the old and original Biblical story with modern felicity and fervour.*

Key Words: allegory, archetype, mythopoeia, narrative, love, paradise, proto-memory

---

*In the history of the poet's toil  
memory is always a gift of loss.*

--DilipNaik

*By Inference* is a collection of ninety-nine poems in English by DilipNaik, the bilingual poet of Indian nationality. Naik writes in his native tongue, Odia as well. Published in the current year i.e. 2019 by the publishing house, Global Fraternity of Poets, Gurugram, Haryana, the collection as a whole, tends to be a modern allegory of love, if by an allegory it means, as defined by J.A. Cuddon, "a story in verse or prose with a double meaning: a primary or surface meaning; and a secondary or under-the-surface meaning" (1991, 22). Adjudicated by this defining yardstick, DilipNaik's collection, *By Inference*, appears without failing a perfect allegory for the poems of this volume do narrativise a story with "a double meaning." At surface level, the poems tell the story of modern men, and at under-the-surface level, they re-

enact the archetypal story of Adam and Eve, the first humans residing in the heavenly garden, Eden, as depicted in the Biblical myth. In other words, the poems of the volume, are constitutive of a point of confluence of the old primordial story of originary men as well as its lateral modern versions. They have juxtaposed two stories of different time and world. The following lines from a poem of the volume, tell, for instance, about such moments of intertwining of different stories. The lines are from the poem titled “The First Garden” and they say, or rather, the speaker of the poem says,

Now, it’s our story, though the plot  
belongs to the order which rules  
everything that begins in its beginning  
and in its ending ends (2019, 96-97).

In spite of the fact that it (the poem) tells “our story” – the story of modern men and time, its title is denotational of another story – the archetypal Biblical story of the First Garden, Eden. The title apart, the corpus of the poem adroitly juxtaposes two parallel stories of different time and world. On the surface plane, it delineates a setting of exquisite beauty and splendour in which the persona and his beloved keep roaming all through brimming with innocent feelings of love and fatal attraction. But its idiom and the idea underneath do powerfully point at the Biblical story. The lines reminisce the Edenic garden and its first human inmates. The freedom and ease with which the modern lovers meander through the garden, it brings to mind the free and uninhibited life of Adam and Eve in the Edenic garden before they lost it in consequence of their committing the Original Sin. The lines deserve quotation here in order to show the juxtaposed texture of Naik’s poetic space. The following opening lines depict the commonality between the gardens of mythical past and living present. They say

Petals winging down the boughs in a balancing fall,  
a cool tingling of light,  
winter flowers, dew-washed awakened bright,  
the air in glances smiles.

About lovers’ providential entry into this setting of luxuriant natural beauty and splendour, the poet has written in the first half of the last stanza,

We come as the dice turned,  
thrown into each other by astonishment,  
for no effort could have brought us here –  
a unique repetition of the dissimilar same.

The love-story of the modern men here is “a unique repetition of the dissimilar same.” The plot of this story resembles that of the primordial one. About re-enactment of the same old story by lovers of present time, he has further written in the second stanza

When time opens the first garden  
to the innocence of desire, again, anew,  
the theme aching to renarrate

breaks into another beginning  
between me and you.

The same original story centred on Adam and Eve “breaks into another beginning” at this end of time between the narrator and his ladylove. Referring to their blissful honeymooning in the jovial lap of nature, the poem says in the intermediary two stanzas

The mesh of the entwined fingers  
gathers the leaves of touch,  
a nest of nerves singing,  
butterflies fluttering  
in the tendrils of the pubes.

Ambling together  
in the oneness of a chance given,  
excitedly at peace,  
as the petals keep falling,  
now and then twirling,  
around the first garden of recognition.

The lines here have kept constantly interweaving two strands: past and present. The end product, the text, thereby has emerged to be an inter-text, and its space, an intertextual space. Like warp and woof of a loom, the lines here in Naik have moved back and forth and resulted in a juxtaposed space tucked in which have been past and present. It is the commonality between the two dissimilar same what has lent the later one with the guise of anallegory.

“The First Garden” is not the only poem which is allegorical in nature. A vast majority of the poems of this anthology do narrativise such parallel stories. The allegorical traits are too obvert in two other poems, “Paradise Lost” and “Original Loss.” These two are very much in line with the one discussed above. The titles have explicit allusions to the story at the origin. The first one of the duo, “Paradise Lost,” has in fact turned to be a miniature version of the mythological one with paradise at its centre. The sequence of the events or the plot is almost the same as that of the mythical proto-story. From entry into the paradise to its eventual loss in consequence of performing the prohibited act by its first human occupants, the poem here has dramatized the same Edenic story in different idiom. But in spite of the common symmetry and conspicuous allusions to the primal one, Naik’s “Paradise Lost” delineates on the surface, the autobiographical account of the persona’s mournful story. The first stanza of the poem, for instance, describes the story of the narrator. But the idiom in which it does so and the very undertone do allude to the original mythical one. It says

It was a garden no one went to  
except us. Sometimes the wind  
paused there on its way to sleep  
on the shore of another distance.

Sometimes a hiss stirred the grass.  
Sometimes a wing of a shadow passed.  
Far from the housing estates (59).

The garden described here is a secluded one; it's so to say, far from the madding crowd. It is attended by or in careful custody of a sweet and animating nature. With its splendid natural setting, sweet ambience and virgin state, without doubt, it strikingly resembles the Edenic one. The debut entry into the garden stated boldly in the very introductory sentence has unfailing association with the entry of Adam and Eve into the first garden. In the next segment, the poet writes "What we did with each other/drew the evening in." The narrator and his ladylove have obviously repeated the same sinful act here. The result of the breach of the prohibition has drawn the evening in. The following third segment of the poem depicts only in outline the irresistible tempting mood as well as moment that led to performance of the Original Sin.

The sense of coming, trespassing  
on to tingling beginnings.  
The sensation of crossing over.  
Your body sculpted with my eyes,  
my body discovered by you.

A comparatively elaborated account of the tragic fallout of the sinful act is given in evocative manner and melancholic note in the following last four lines of the poem.

In the blind alley of a housing estate  
hobbles a shadow  
coughing and spitting blood, gasping.

Remembering.

With the loss of love, the paradise has been lost. The life of the love forlorn narrator has been reduced to the depraved state of a diseased shadow "coughing and spitting blood, gasping." The lonely and sick protagonist has been made to live on the memory of the lost paradise.

The other poem, "Original Loss," does not present the sequence of events as much in the same order and exactness as "Paradise Lost" does. But its story has remained more or less the same. The second stanza offers in lucid manner the state of the lovers' ecstatic roaming in the Edenic garden. It reads

In a haze of orange-gold  
meandering, now and then  
they lift up the hanging branches  
aching with the promise of fruit,  
and for a moment stop  
to hold each other  
in the balance of their looks (64).

The setting and the actors depicted here draw parallels to the original paradisiac one. It is no wonder, the congruity in the plot has impelled the poet to tread on the proto-memory lane. In such a moment indicating confluence of memories both past and present, the speaker wonders “Was it a paraphrase of paradise?” We see him asserting the conformity in the next lines, of course, in conjectural terms.

A much later version perhaps.  
The Edenic green of perpetual beginnings  
awash with possibilities.

Taking cue from these lines, the last portion of the poem reiterates the cause and conditions of recurrence of allegorical premise in each later version. The seminal last portion reads

Remembering as reimagining happiness –  
a primal scene,  
always as an original loss  
returning to show what’s never seen,  
always the same words  
reinventing the syntax of a different repetition.

These lines in other words, account for the matrix of modern allegory. As this excerpt suggests, an allegory takes shape in the manufacturing unit of imagination with merger of memory and desire. The desire is in the actor for “what’s never seen” but the memory of which has been given to him along lineage to his original mythological ancestors. He comes to perform the original act over and over again in course of living the slot allotted to him. Eventually each succeeding story emerges to be a reinvention of the same original one. It has an inherent bearing on the earliest one. Its syntax resurfaces to be “the syntax of a different repetition.” Here it is worth mentioning that Naik’s poetic conviction on the matter has a striking correspondence with what is called ‘archetypal criticism’ or ‘myth criticism.’ in literary theoretical studies. In the opinion of Northrop Frye, one chief exponent of this theoretical stance, “Literature is a reconstructed mythology, with its structural principles derived from those of myth.” Naik’s subscription to this assumption is too conspicuous and visible to need any further explanation thereto. In a way, Naik’s conviction also aligns with Harold Bloom’s theoretical postulate known as ‘the theory of misreading’ or ‘misprision.’ According to Bloom, as James Stevens has pointed out,

every reading of a poem is necessarily a misreading, and that acts of misreading are crucial psychic defences against the general condition of “belatedness” that every poet or reader encounters when attempting to write a “new” poem or formulate a “new” reading of a poem (which for Bloom, is equivalent to writing a poem). “Misprision” sets the stage for an Oedipal conflict between poets (2001, 38).

Bloom is of the view that each new poet undergoes “the anxiety of influence” mainly because of his belated entry into the realm. Naik’s idea of every human story as a “reinvention” is necessitated by virtue of each one’s filiation with the original ancestors. He believes,

individual human memory is a fragment of the original proto-memory. According to him, an inheritance of the original proto-memory especially of the “original loss” is but imperative on the part of every individual. Expressing this idea, Naik has written in the poem “In The Beginning Was Memory”

In the beginning was memory.

Even before nothing had happened  
I felt something of it.

Not a thing of thought  
but a sense of loss given with the body (2013, 28).

This poem has figured in Naik’s debut collection, *You I Could Hold*. Inheritance of a sense of loss in the form of memory according to Naik is almost an ontogenetic condition of humans. A man cannot but have a shred of his originary ancestors. Coming to the act of writing poetry, he has observed with an eye on the tradition of poetry,

In the history of the poet’s toil  
memory is always a gift of loss,  
the on-more evermore exists in the mind,  
in passing abides the world (2019, 87).

Memory thus, has remained the most vital stuff of poetry with poets in general. In so far as Dilip Naik is concerned, it has constituted the very matrix of his poetic manoeuvre. About the job of the poet, he has written in the poem “The Name of a Fate” emphasizing the importance of loss or the absence of a thing,

The only thing you do  
is in words, tones, lines,  
stanzas to an unfound shrine (2019, 20).

It needs no explanation that the phrase “an unfound shrine” is expressive of loss or absence. When the loss turns unbearable, the need of words is felt to the optimum degree. True, words cannot deliver the things lost. They cannot present what is absent. But they certainly do deliver or present things in absentia. What Naik has stated about photograph is also true in case of words. As to the service of photograph, he has written in the poem “Happiness: A Photograph”

At last, a photograph  
of some other time, some other place,  
underwrites the affidavit of an unavailable happiness (2019, 53).

Much in the manner of photographs, words also do underwrite “the affidavit of an unavailable happiness.” “Unfortunately, words are not things,” deplores Geoffrey Hartman. For that reason, they cannot make things “happen.” It is beyond their capability. But they are, Naik would like to make the point, vehicles of memory. As to what service words can

render specifically in the situation where the ladylove is absent or present at an unnegotiable distance, the poet has categorically stated in the poem “Was It Too Much To Ask For” “words that can’t make you happen but make me see/ your abstracted beauty” (2013, 79). Besides, it is an unexaggerated fact that words constitute the archives of past. To Emerson, “Language,” the compendium of words, “is fossil poetry” (1940, 329). As vehicles of memory, they transport us to the world of remembrance. The roadmap of human memory goes back to, in the words of Naik, “the singular proto-memory.” This singular proto-memory is hinged upon, to quote Naik again, “a fixated loss.” Notwithstanding the fact that Naik has used these two expressions with reference to his persona’s love-story, they simultaneously transport us to the mythological love-story of Adam and Eve. As a matter of fact, the two stories of the pre-historic era and the historical present constitute two sides of the same coin. As Naik has reiterated the point time and again in various of his songs, the later story is a modified version of the earlier one, “the dissimilar same.” He has aptly stated that “we are still there /as creatures of memory to remember /that a feeling without history /can’t be renewed” (2019, 36). And the mythopoeic posture of his imagination tells him that the epicentre or the gravitational centre of all human memory lies in that original mythical moment of the species’ genesis. No matter how unique and dissimilar our individual pattern of living be, at its core, the plot is the same original one. The protagonist in Naik’s allegory has avowedly got “stuck at the threshold/of a singular protomemory.” The effect of that initial singular protomemory has been so massive and mighty that it has invincibly taken over the entire premise of his being. The poem, “The Nextless” from which the last quotation here is, recalls this fatal imperial moment and its effects in the following of its last lines,

Years ago,  
 when on the line between yes and no  
 a face rained,  
 there rose the moment of fate,  
 the clouds of which chained  
 all my days to the tyranny of the first,  
 the nextless (2019, 29-30).

Though the protagonist recollects here a moment of his personal history, in its under the surface connotation, it is metonymic of the Biblical mythical moment. The seed of the plant portrayed here lies in that original legendary moment.

It is not the fact that *By Inference* is allegorical just by the way of an incidence. The poems showcased in it testify to a stubborn and well churned poetic doctrine underlying its making, mechanism and motive. The plenitude of evidences is testimonial to this fact. The poet’s affiliation to allegorical tradition along mythological line is not limited the few poems discussed above. The volume abounds in evidences discernible even outside the ambits of the poems already referred to so far in this presentation. To cite a few more examples, the poem titled “Time Smells of You” is just case in hand. The very opening segment of the poem does

display an intersection of two different frontiers of time: the recent past and the remotest one.

The segment says

The moon in bloom among the casuarinas,  
shadows of flimsy lines of leaves hissing of a sea  
by which we played yesterday,  
and years ago and before that  
in a legend of another world,  
in a time unknown to chronology (94).

“[Y]esterday” and “years ago” are indices of recent past whereas “a time unknown to chronology” is the slot allocated to our legendary ancestors at the origin. Love, the common ruling motif of the songs of the volume, refigures here again powerfully in the following fifth stanza of the poem.

We met  
drawn by what carves the stones  
and curves the shells of the sea,  
in the bridal fragrance of kathchampa  
and the savoury smoke of burning ghee,  
when the evening gong resounded.  
In your eyes swam the light of a withheld consent  
about to be given,  
your lips, the seashore just before sunset,  
the luscious darkness of your hidden hair  
smelled of the drunk grass after the wine of rain.

What might have happened next to this fatal amorous attraction and release “of a withheld consent” in the beloved’s eyes is presumptive enough. It goes without saying that a love scene of consummated nature must have taken place on the consented shore. Performance of this symbolic prohibited act has resulted in the inevitable estrangement between the lovers. The following melancholic lines are proof of this fatal consequences. The lines run hinting at the consequential loss of love and the lonely lover’s unceasing quest for the lost historical moment cutting across the annals of historic as well as pre-historic time.

Since then  
I have come back again and again  
to find you  
here in the landscape of brooding stones  
where the casuarinas hiss of the sea,  
now rises a large moon,  
a pre-historic memory,  
as I wonder where you are  
and close my eyes – time smells of you (95).



The protagonist has come to this “pre-historic memory” not quite infrequently. In the fatal physical absence of the beloved, he has come to her spectral presence in quick recurrence by riding on the wings of imagination and all along taking a memorial route. He has re-enacted and thereby re-lived as well that vital moment of individual history as well as mythical pre-history though not in real life but in the realm of fantasy. The poem “Possession,” to cite another example, puts up a superb display of such fantastic presence – a presence in which memory and desire have wedded in an unalienable unison. As regards his sticky adherence to the beloved, the protagonist himself says in the last part of the poem, “Look , how I possess you/as the inmost configuration” (32). A detailed description of the nature and mood of his precious possession is seen in the opening lines of the poem. The lines say,

Not as a thing of property,  
nor as a body at my disposal –  
no, not claimed in that way,  
for it doesn’t belong to me  
as something from the outside.

She is no more something in the language of things, nor is she any longer in any tangible substantive form. Yet, she is proclaimed to be his invaluable property. In the second stanza the speaker is heard assertively saying

But it’s mine and mine alone  
in the most inalienable sense,  
where a story breaks into discrete images  
in a play that pursues itself.

The edifice of Naik’s poetry, and for that matter even all literary edifices, turns to be a fine pageantry of such “discrete images” drawn one time away from reality or to put another way, in the shadow of reality. It is their ontological constraint that they work only on the semiotic terrain as signifiers. Like a play of postmodernist nature comprising the signifiers only performing at an unbridgeable distance from the signified, these discrete images are caught “in a play that pursues itself.” However unreal this play might have been, it is not realised to be meaningless at all. To the player as well as the spectators, it is a fecund one resulting in enormous pleasure and sustenance. The following excerpt from the same poem “Possession” best explicates such immensely seminal moment.

In the night fever that shows  
your body as a secret that never ends  
streaming in my delirium,  
I draw the layers that have covered you,  
in silk, in sand, and under the moisty leaves  
of many an autumn rain.  
I stroke the tension of your skin,

and wonder what you're of,  
 under the awning of my lashes your eyes dilate  
 to show your consent  
 to our original sin.

The temptation to original sin is a fatal human tendency transmitted to each individual progeny by the original progenitor. Consent to original sin is alike an inheritance from our first ever progenitor. Both the tendency and its manifestation in the form of performance are thus allegorical in essence. The story which has adopted this tendency and act as it theme cannot but be an allegory.

The poet in DilipNaik has evidentially discerned such legacies in modern men trickling down to present time since their inception in the archetypal ancestors. Poetic lines confirming demonstrations of such recurrent patterns in human behaviour, action and attitudes are not few and far in Naik's metrical compositions. As the above discussion has to some extent made it clear, Naik's preoccupation with an issue of poetic significance is least casual or incidental. It is on the contrary, intense, cyclical, reinforcing and repetitive. Such close up and contemplative ways of viewing things is not confined to his *By Inference* alone and in isolation. Such approaches are typical and manifest in his other volumes too. The poem entitled "Our Waltz" which has found a berth not in the collection under reference but in his earliest one, *You I Could Hold* (2013), exemplifies this fact. The poem can be called a prelude or prolegomena to *By Inference*, especially to its allegorical piecemeal. Its opening lines in particular are of immense and exclusive importance to the present context. They read

Our waltz in the ball of a possible world  
 rocking softly to the Waves of the Danube  
 holding each other *repeating anew*  
*the primal dance of the timeless two* (italics added; 99).

"[T]he primal dance of the timeless two" obviously refers to the first human dance performed in the garden of Eden by Adam and Eve.

To give another example, the poem titled "Growing Old too Soon" of *By Inference* does substantiate the thesis under investigation here. It reiterates the premise that the same original timeless story of the first humans is being re-enacted time and again here on this earth. In its last lag, the poem rounds up the point somewhat in a broader perspective. It says

*This withering into a single fate,*  
*an old story, of course, told many times,*  
*but each time differently,*  
 for ageing, like loving, like dying,  
 is a special case  
 for each one of us (italic added, 144).

The old story which has been told many times, is without doubt, the primordial story of the first human couple placed in the Eden garden. The process of “withering into a single fate” began as a result of violating the prohibition order. As described in the Christian Holy Scripture, the flood gates of human suffering opened with the commission of the original sin. The painful processes of ageing, of dying or mortality and the loss of love in addition to the supreme loss of paradise, turned to be eternal part of human lot. The original loss has brought upon entire humankind an irredeemable damnation from which no respite has ever been achieved. Each one of us has come under its sway and suffered the same fate. The story of the narrator is a modern version of the same old story at the genesis. Despite some variations in the plot, the core issues of ageing, dying, loving and loss have remained the same. Whether assets or liabilities, boon or bane, definitely more liabilities than assets and more bane than boon, these allegorical actions with grave consequences have remained ancestral gifts to future generations. The protagonist of Naik’s versified narrative as a descendent from the same lineage, has remained a common victim of this racial withering process. No other singular issue has pervaded the poetic space of Naik to the extent suffering has. Therefore, this versified narrative has earned qualifications of a modern elegiac allegory. It is an elegy which mourns a singular destiny of dismay and damnation. The elegy mourns such a destiny as much of the accursed persona as of his race or species at large. The destiny of the persona is invariably the destiny of the entire race. It is the common destiny of hereditary origin, nature as well as effect. It is a microcosmic replica of the macrocosmic racial fate irreversibly clamped on the species at its very beginning. Each member of the community keeps undergoing the same singular destiny ever since its perpetration on the first forefather. Recounting his individual fatal moment of committing the prohibited act, the protagonist deplores in the poem “Remembering, Waiting”

The closest touch that defined me for all time  
an untouchably alone,  
embodied a singular destiny (2019, 37).

And since left “an untouchably alone,” he has waited in vain for the much needed sacrament which does not come his way. Referring to this predicament of his damnation, he continues

The desperate question of the body  
waiting to ask  
another body (or death)  
to unclot its own meaning.

The second stanza of the poem describes the accursed state of the speaker in more mournful manner. It goes

Among the ruins  
dwells the waste of my breath,  
an afterlife.  
The remains –

my wage, my share, my fatal food  
to survive a whole lifetime.

Obviously the paradise has been lost and lost once and for all immediately after that momentary tryst which epitomized in the crucial accomplishment of the prohibited act in its symbolic form of “The closest touch.” After the beloved is withdrawn and in the beloved, also love, the abandoned lover is looking desperately for the lost love wandering, in the poet’s words, “in an evacuated paradise.” The following lines from a poem of the first volume depict the plight of the abandoned lover in the most touching as well as evocative manner.

Every night  
I roam like the abandoned dog of a refugee  
in the deserted streets of a fallen city  
sniffing at the rubble to scratch a hint  
that all isn’t lost after all (2013, 110).

Here, the state of “the abandoned dog” of the narrator and “the deserted streets of a fallen city” where he roams do have their symbolic correspondences with the state of Adam and Eve in the aftermath of the loss of paradise. It is the same paradisiac story retold here with certain differences. Despite marked differences in the nature of actions between the two stories, the core motif of committing the sinful act and suffering the consequent loss has remained the common motif with both of them. Seen in isolation in the singular specificity, as stated earlier, the cases of ageing, loving, and dying look exceptional in their own ways. But such exceptional dimension of individual cases hardly matters to the given motif of the management of the world. The underlying motif remains always the same with the divine dispensation of the world. The following lines from the poem “To Be Left Behind,” from Naik’s first volume, also reiterate this fact.

Some are sent to a monochrome life  
to figure out the consistency of the pattern,  
however brilliant the exceptional may be  
it isn’t a motif in the given design (2013, 94).

It is indeed, this persisting “consistency of the pattern” what renders each lateral story allegorical and ensures its affiliation with the archetypal one. In so far as the embedded love-story of the protagonist of *By Inference* is concerned, it stands no exception to the cosmic order of things. Its ruling mechanism and structural principles are in agreement with those of the eternal macrocosmic scheme forged at the time of genesis of the world. The plot here with Naik’s narrative in verse is a re-texted one of the same primordial paradisiac tale. It is an extended version of the old archetypal one put forth in different syntax only. It is more appropriately an extended metaphor of the Biblical story of Adam and Eve. Here, it is of seminal contextual significance to take note of what the *Oxford Concise Companion to English Literature* (1990) says about allegorical works. According to this classic referential

book, “Allegorical works can be understood as systematically extended metaphors” (12). This is precisely what DilipNaik’s magnum opus, *By Inference*, has emerged to beat the end of the day. Its love songs, each one of them, have turned to be “systematically extended metaphors” of the proto Biblical Edenic story. Held in isolation, barring a marginal few, most of these love songs have turned to be fragments of a shattered allegory, conspicuously conceived and delivered as well, in the shadow and image of the Christian mythology. Their structural principles have been derived obviously from the mythological ones. Lastly, in spite of its structural affinity with the mythological proto precursor text, this unique and timeless collection of DilipNaik least appears a blind imitation of, or, an uninventive reproduction of the discernible source text. The elegiac spectrum it entails of the fate-stricken man is as maverick, magnanimous and pulsating as heart touching. Moreover, the constitutive allegorical fragments of this unique collection with their manifest historical intonation and aura do ratify indeed quite strongly Lionel Trilling’s astute observation, “the literary work is ineluctably a historical fact . . . its historicity is a fact in our aesthetic experience” (1985, 259).

#### Works Cited:

- Birch, Dinah and Hooper, Katy. Eds. *Oxford Concise Companion to English Literature*. Oxford: OUP, 1990. Print.
- Cuddon, J.A. *Dictionary of Literary Terms and Literary Theory*. New York: Penguin, 1991. Print.
- Emerson, R.W. *The Selected Writings of Ralph Waldo Emerson*. Atkinson, Brooks. Ed. New York: The Modern Library, 1940. Print.
- Frye, Northrop. “Myth, Fiction, and Displacement” in *Literary Criticism: A Reading*. Eds. Das, B.B. and Mohanty, J.M. Calcutta: OUP, 1985. Print.
- Naik, Dilip. *You I Could Hold*. New Delhi: The Authors Press, 2013. Print.
- . *By Inference*. Gurugram: Global Fraternity of Poets, 2019. Print.
- Taylor, Victor E. and Winquist, Charles E. Eds. *Encyclopedia of Postmodernism*. London: Routledge, 2001. Print.
- Trilling, Lionel. “The Sense of the Past” in *Literary Criticism: A Reading*. Eds. Das, B.B. and Mohanty, J.M. Calcutta: OUP, 1985. Print.