



The Ultimate Hero; Zero Times Zero

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Abstract:

This is a Written Word Art presentation which, among others of its kind, created over the years, has been an endeavor to explore various experiential subjects using the art of what I call as Graphic Verse. The work presented here is intended to show-case this particular manner of expression. While not being aware of anything of this kind that has been brought out earlier, I presume Ultimate Hero, Zero Times Zero is the first of its kind that is being presented under the aegis of JOSHA. My predilection for the Written Word Art, since my early years, drew my attention to the fact that my interest in poetry would often make me the odd man out among my circle of friends and acquaintances. Poetry did not appear to catch their fancy; probably because most of them would not get absorbed by or attracted to its substance by merely hearing or reading it. This happened more so when the thought-images woven into the fabric of this artform took to abstract verbal or visual postures. That's when it occurred to me that, considering my concurrent inclination for drawing and painting, it would be worthwhile to explore the possibility of giving visual expression to the abstract thought-images by projecting them in their corresponding and exact graphic reflections, as if they were laid out pictorially, without any other enunciations or interpolation. The idea is not to create derivative art out of the words and ideas employed, but to strictly project their corresponding thought-images in

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Abstract

This is a *Written Word Art* presentation which, among others of its kind, created over the years, has been an endeavor to explore various experiential subjects using the art of what I call as *Graphic Verse*. The work presented here is intended to show-case this particular manner of expression. While not being aware of anything of this kind that has been brought out earlier, I presume *Ultimate Hero, Zero Times Zero* is the first of its kind that is being presented under the aegis of *JOSHA*.

My predilection for the *Written Word Art*, since my early years, drew my attention to the fact that my interest in poetry would often make me *the odd man out* among my circle of friends and acquaintances. Poetry did not appear to catch their fancy; probably because most of them would not get absorbed by or attracted to its substance by merely hearing or reading it. This happened more so when the *thought-images* woven into the fabric of this artform took to abstract verbal or visual postures. That's when it occurred to me that, considering my concurrent inclination for drawing and painting, it would be worthwhile to explore the possibility of giving visual expression to the abstract *thought-images* by projecting them in their corresponding and exact graphic reflections, as if they were laid out pictorially, without any other enunciations or interpolation. The idea is not to create derivative art out of the words and ideas employed, but to strictly project their corresponding *thought-images* in parallel with their abstract references in the written word on *as is where is* basis. Further, in order to embellish the auditory aspect of the *Written Word Art*, when spoken or heard, it occurred to me that some *non-formal meter* (rhythm) could be built into the language



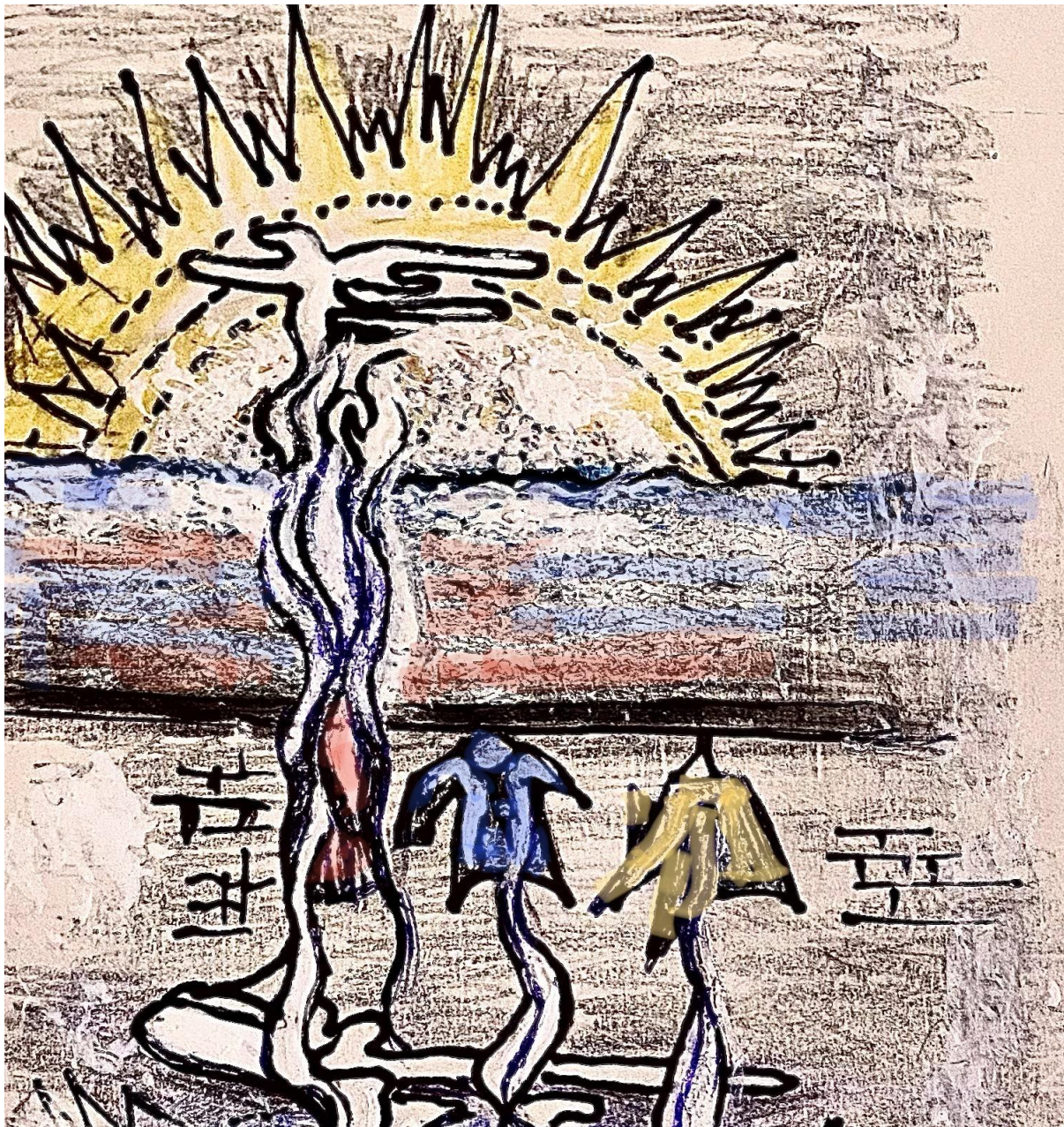
employed. Hence, some latent musicality was sought to be coupled with the images so created. Owing to this, I have attempted to make them resonate with simple, spontaneous, unobtrusive rhythm and rhymes, wherever possible. Hence, when the *Written Word Art* is presented with parallel *thought-images* in a graphical form and embroidered with the threads of latent meter and rhyme, it could become transformative, effective and absorbing. This gives rise to a new artform; I call it *Graphic-Verse*.



THE ULTIMATE HERO; ZERO TIMES ZERO



In the blaze that spreads
across the horizon,
thoughts
like vapors



worn on words
pointing to things
sensed and seen,
cling to clothes
hanging on walls
of shifting stalls,



ascend to motion

in the heat of the ocean
as wisps of clouds
leaping out of waters
from anthropoid quarters.



Thoughts,
like sands,
as transient as the dunes,
rise and fall like tunes.





Thoughts

like brushes,
dropping pigments
soaked in colors and names,
spreading over canvases
mounted on frames,
held on the easel
of the *knower* and his norms,
bring out forms
in the space
of the *known* and the *knowing*;
over waves
in the sea of the
shown and the *showing*...



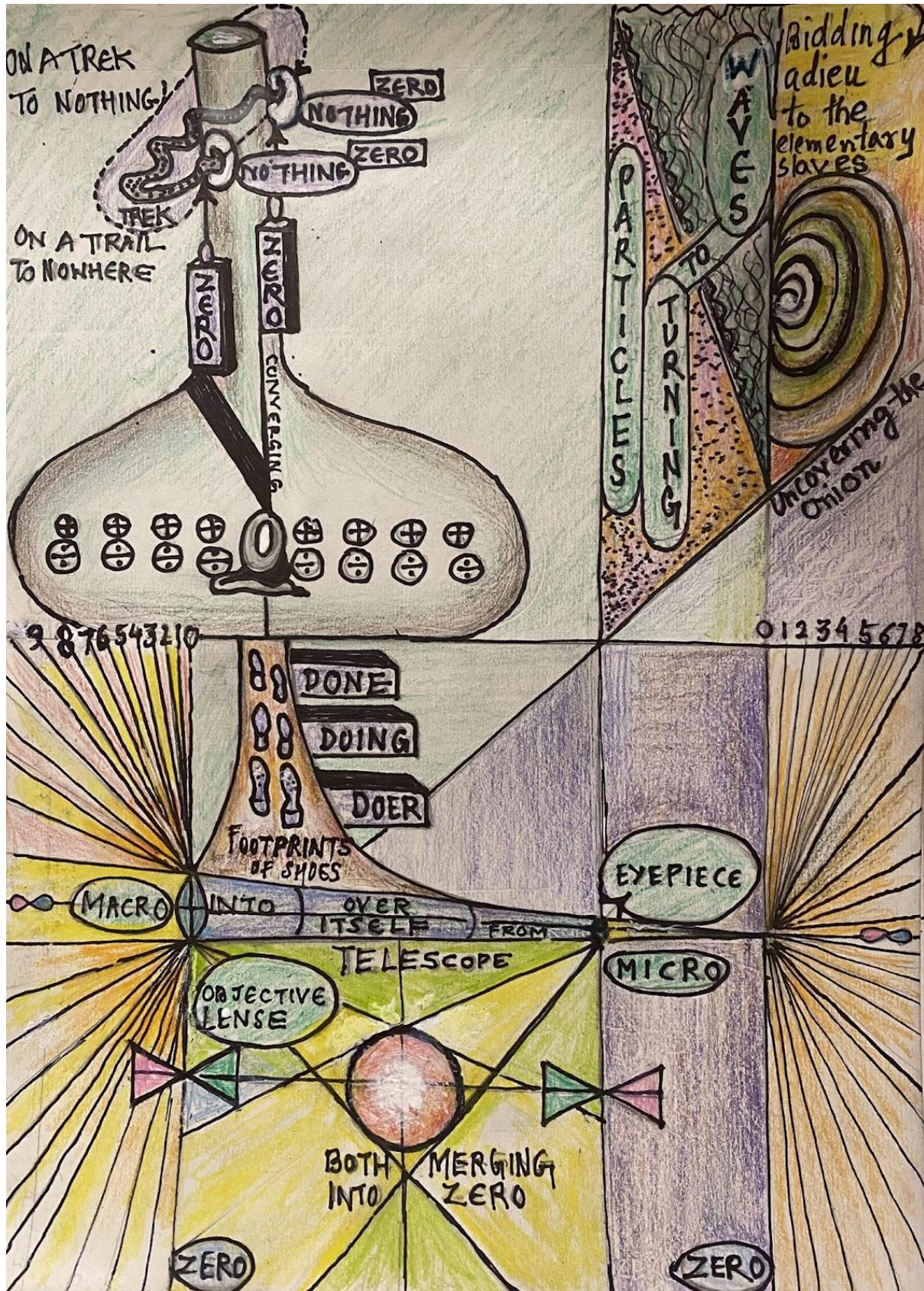
painting



the villain's act
and the hero's song
in the black and white
of right and wrong
in the *known* and the *knowing*
of the Ultimate Hero
in this quest
for *zero times zero*

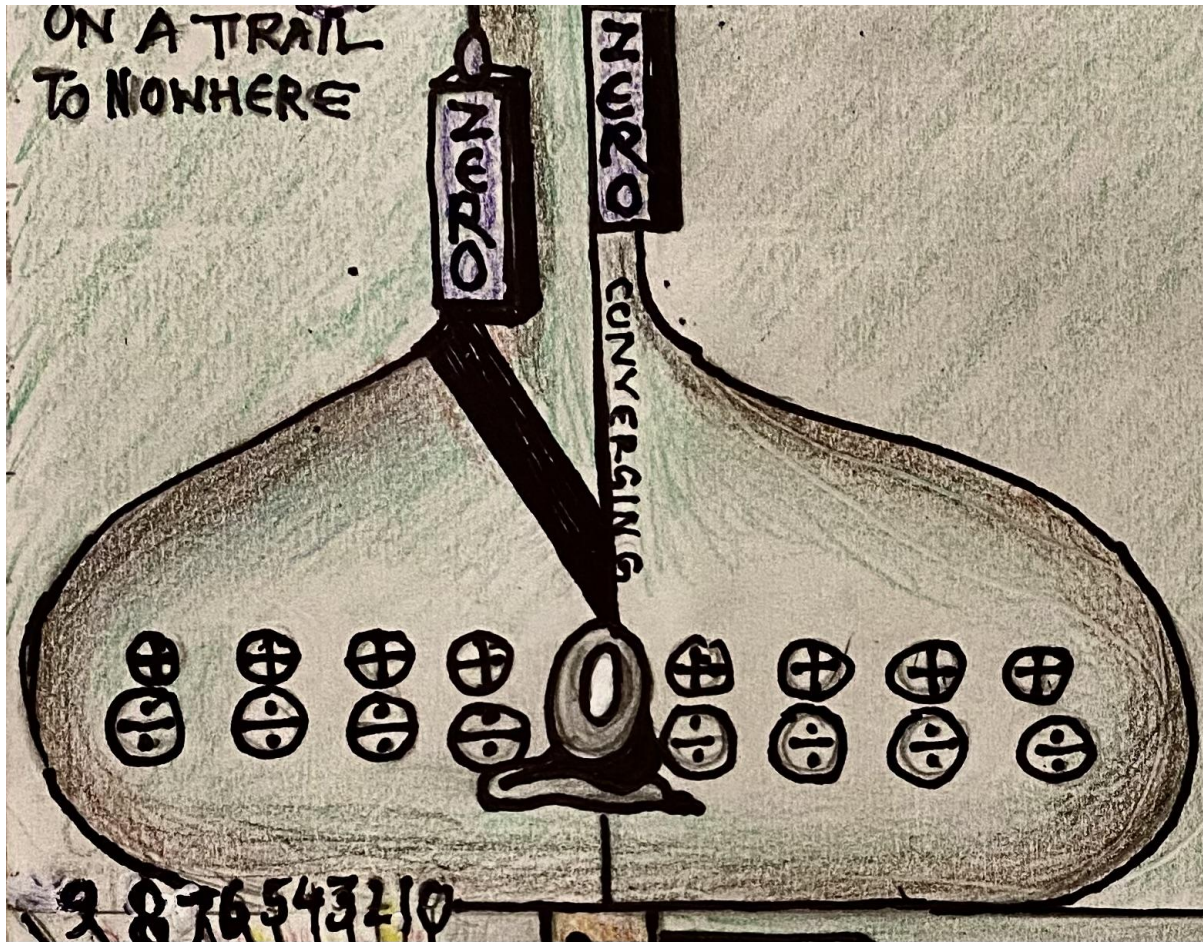


as we aim
to discern oceans
with landlocked notions.

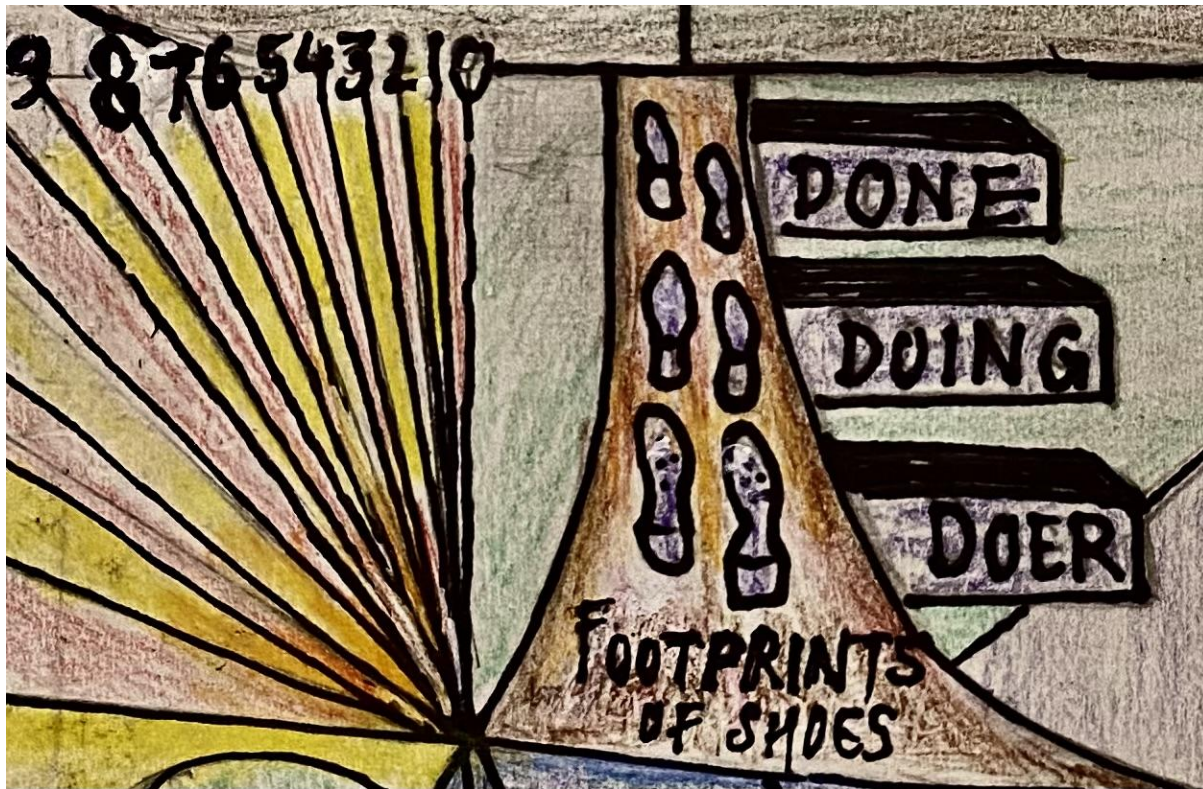




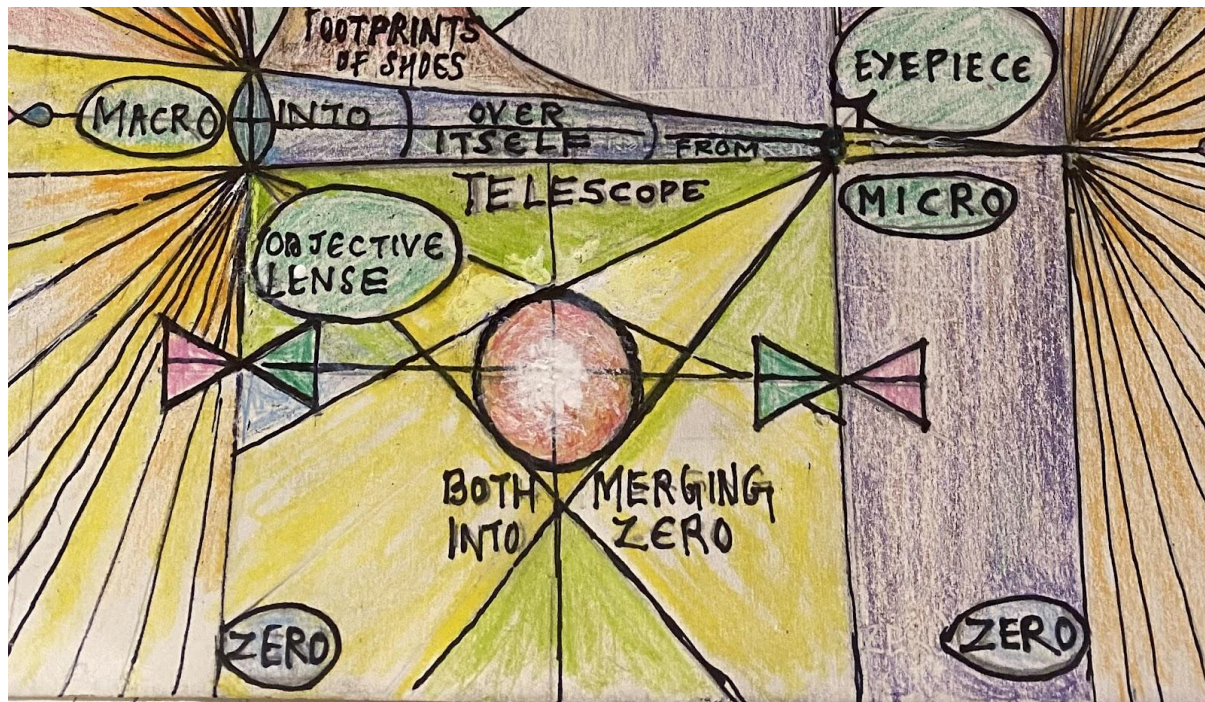
Divested of all things,
the trek to *Nothing*,
though something,
on a trail to *Nowhere*,
though somewhere,
starts and ends
with a zero;



both ways converging,
squatting at a point;
the beginning and the end
of the eternal joint
of all summations;
of all divisions,



showing up the clues
in the footprints of shoes
of the *doer*,
the *doing* and the *done*,
all-in-one,



sought to be viewed

in the *scene* and the *seeing*

through birth and being

from a telescope,

stretching

from the micro to the macro,

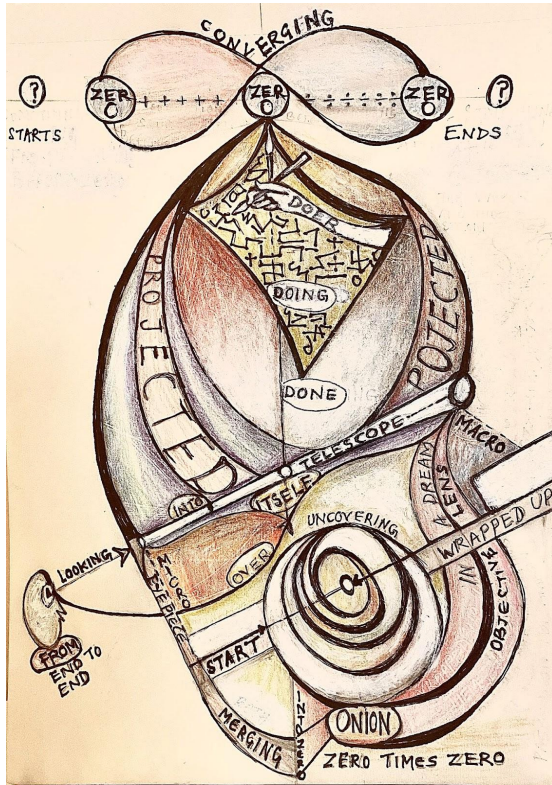
looking into,

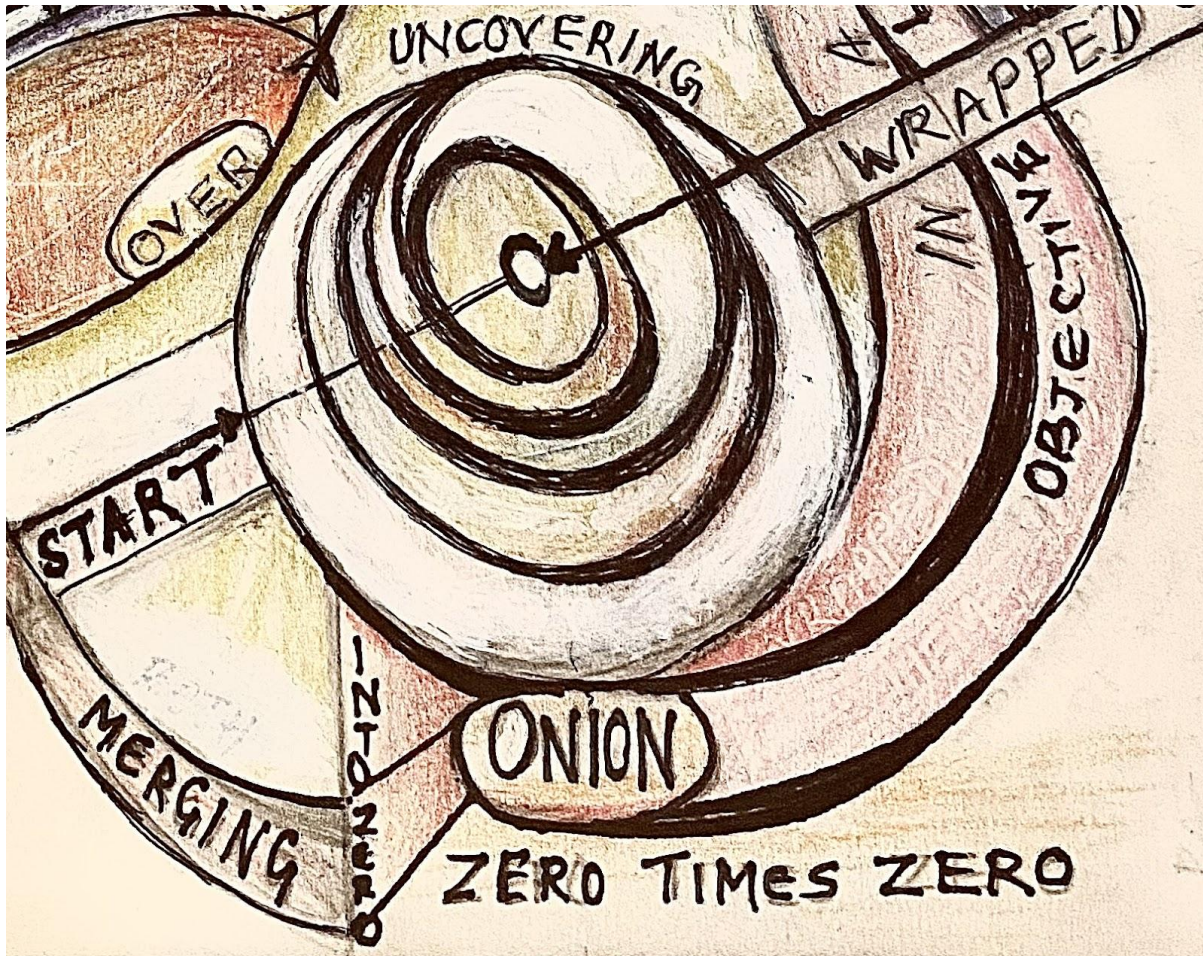
from and over itself



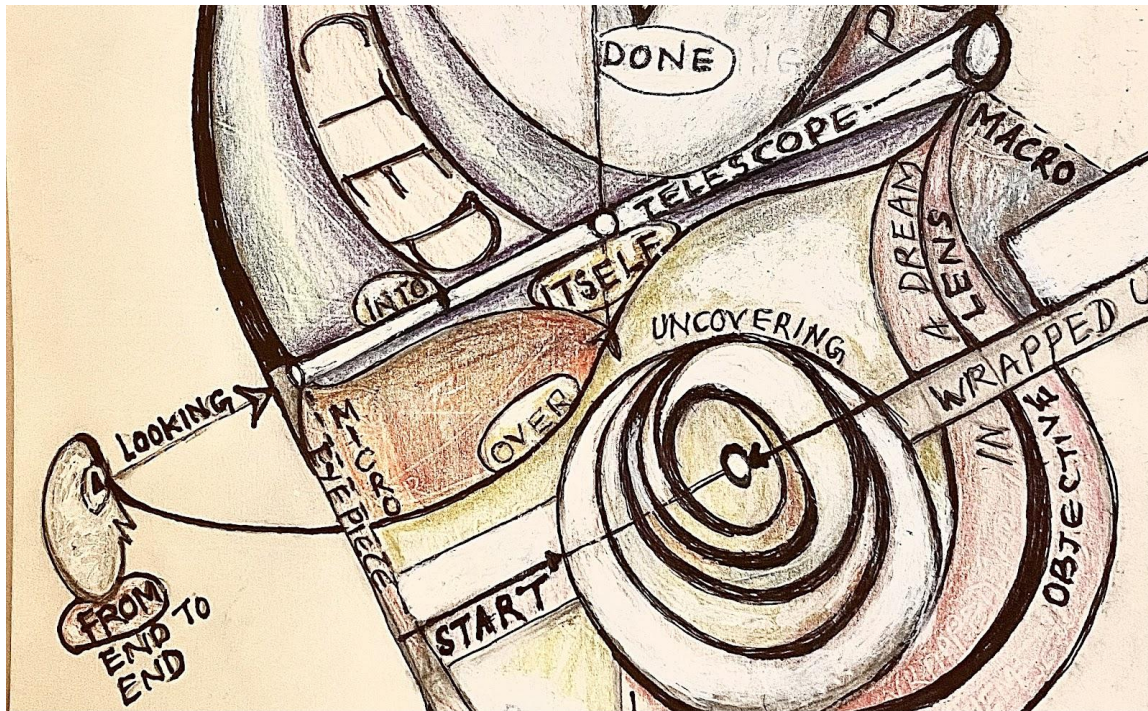


as particles turn to waves,
bidding adieu
to elementary slaves.

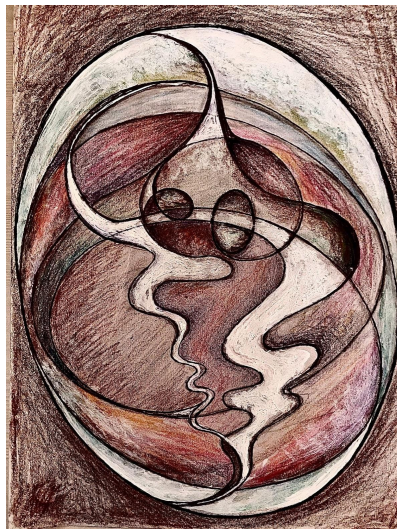




Uncovering
the onion of the atom,
starting at zero
and ending with zero,



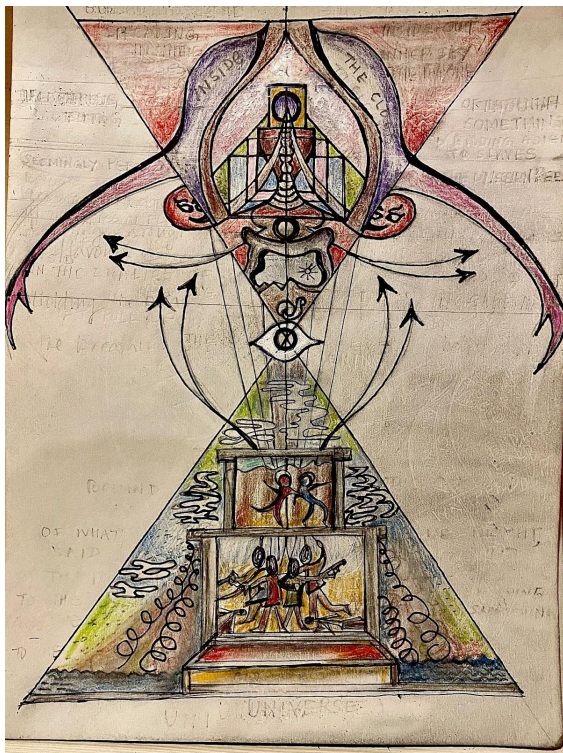
from the eyepiece
to the objective lens,
the find of the mind
showing up *Nothing*,
en-route to *Nothing*,
though something,
from end to end
merging with zero,
zero times zero,

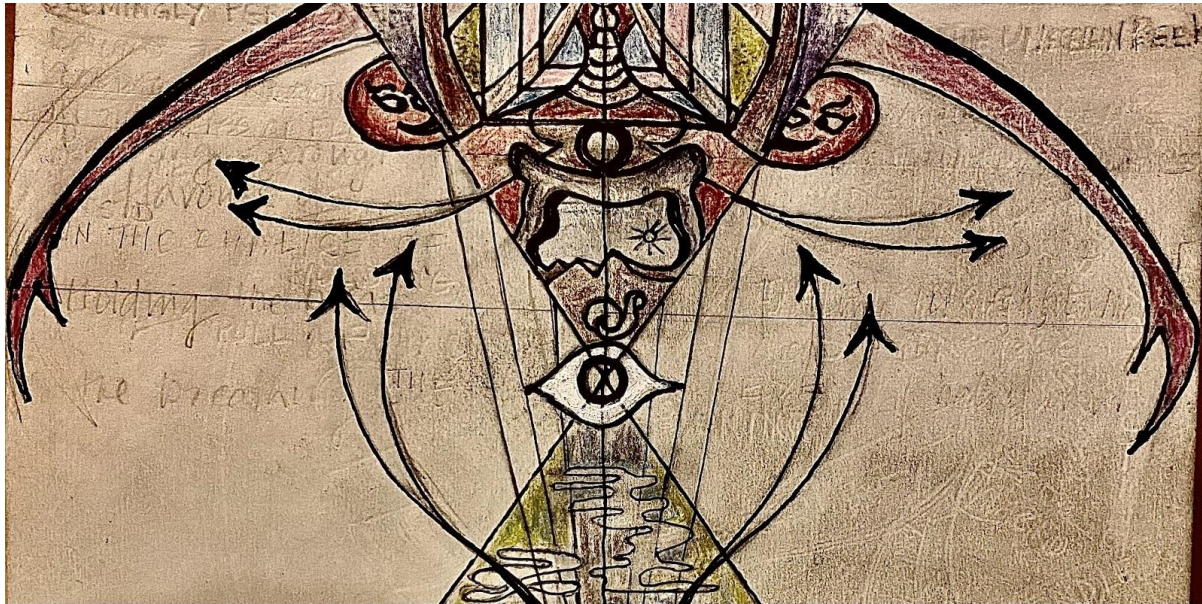


projecting
the vapor and the steam
of the specter and the theme
wrapped up in a dream
passed on
to me and he,
them and they
in the queer play

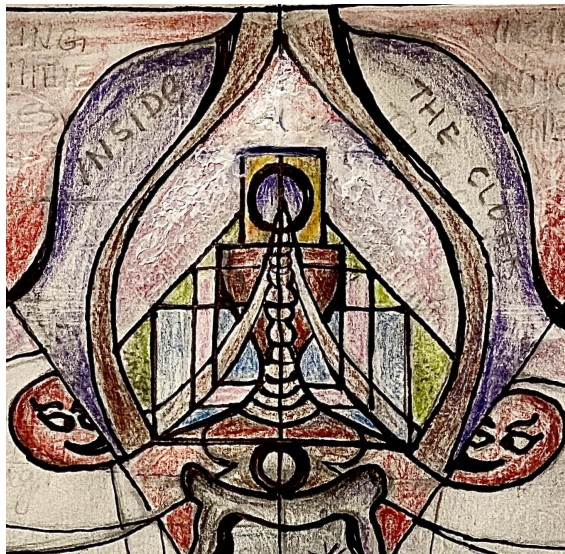


where people,
gliding over the terrain
of good and sin,
appear to lose or win
in the game
of the Ultimate Hero,
zero times zero.

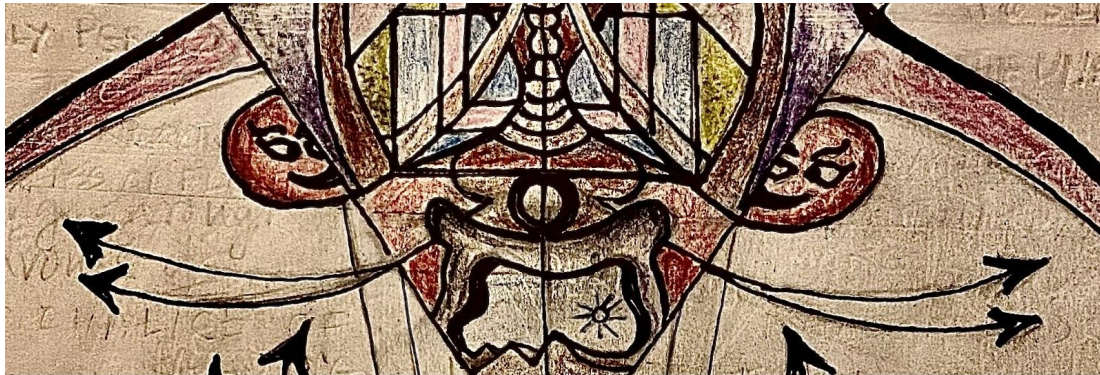




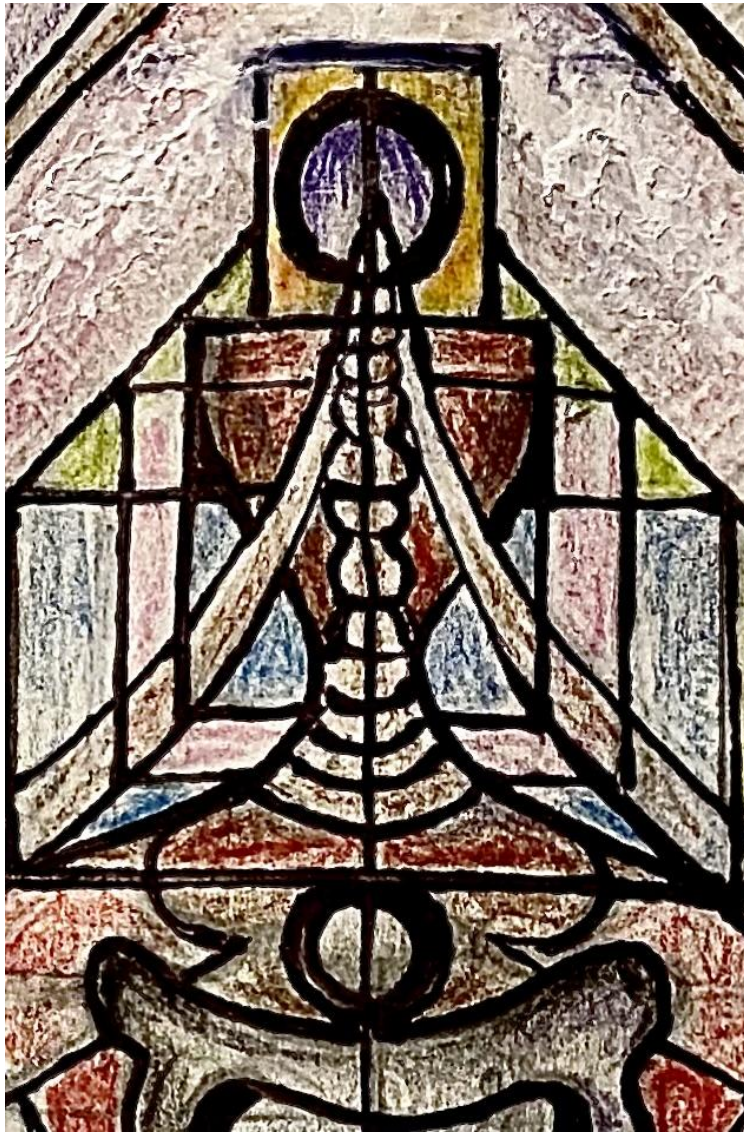
The universe,
sensed
from the inverse of the eye,
spreading inside-out
in the inner sky,



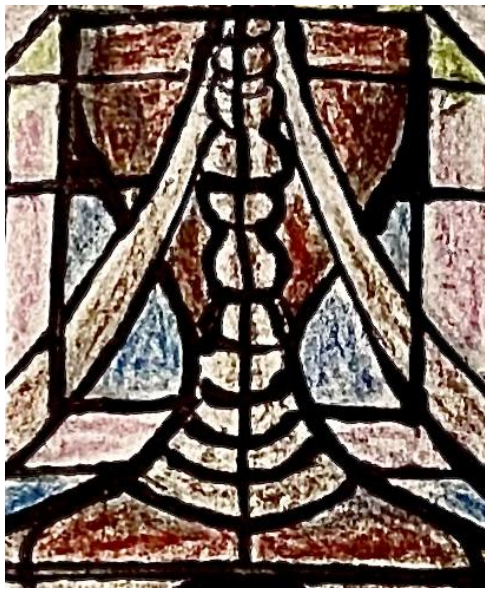
reveals
the throne of the *Nothing*,
though *something*,
seemingly perched
on the unseen peak,



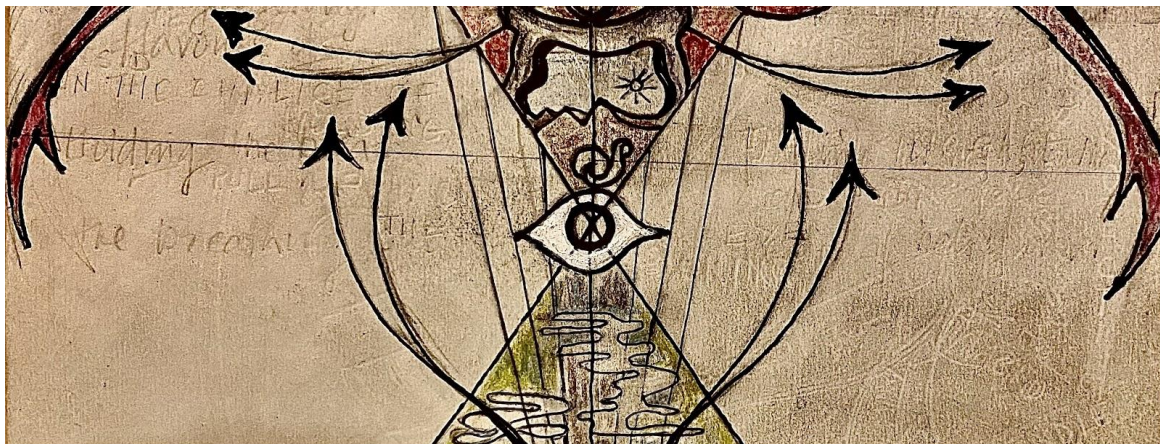
looking
at **the game**
of hide and seek,



inhaling
through our spines
the flavors of sparkling wines
poured into the chalice
of love and malice,



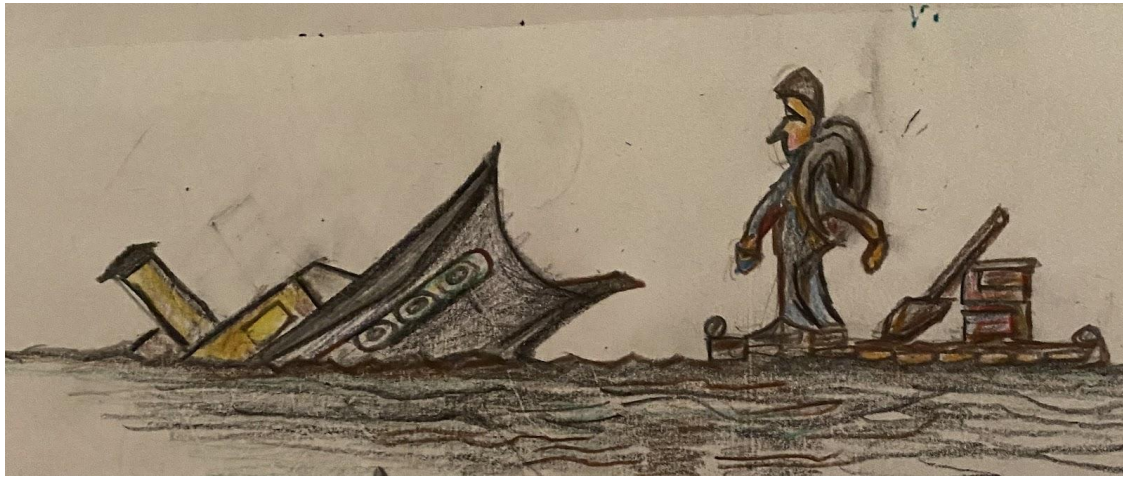
drinking to the health
of the vanishing wealth



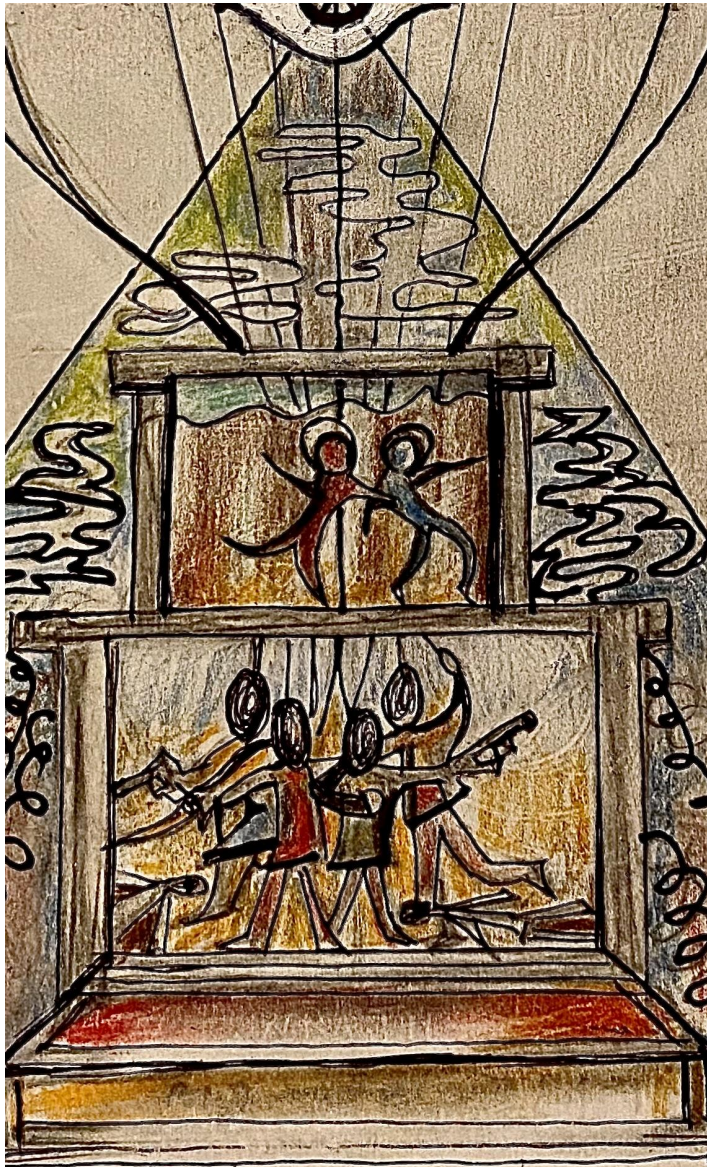
in the air of
reason and doubt
in this voyage
of *in-and-out*,



exhaling
into the trumpet
of our belief and hope,



sailing over the sea
with raft and rope,
beholding
the ships that sink
as years pass in a wink.

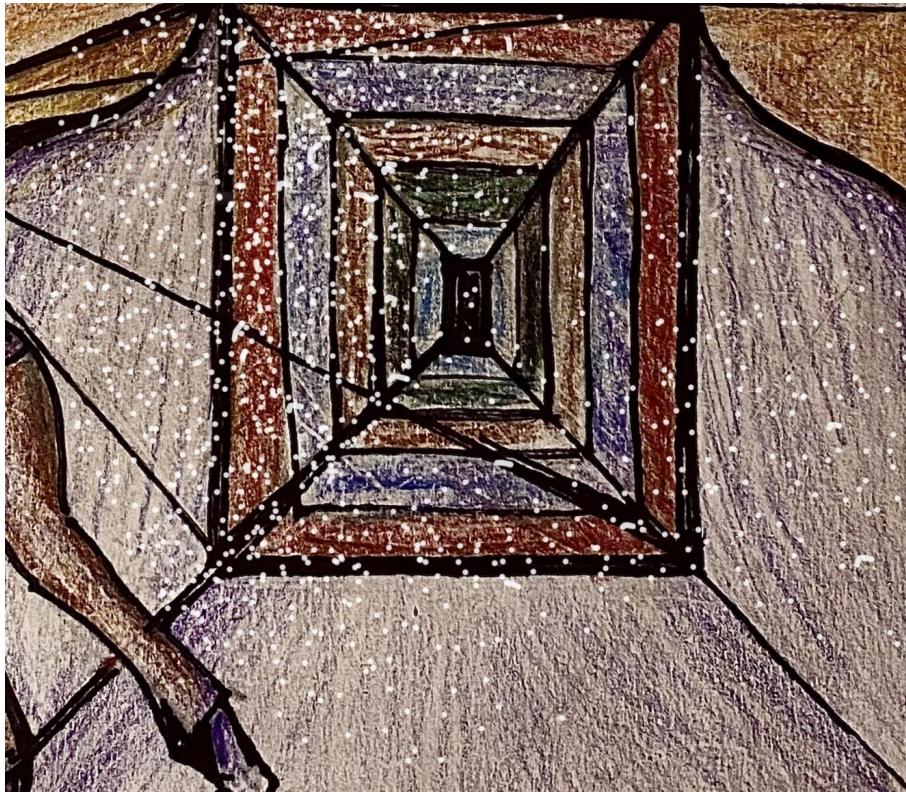


Figures

entering from the wings,
moved by strings
above the curtain
of the uncertain,
get pull-up or dropped
on a floor that gets
littered and mopped



as they tow
frames within frames



**through the mist and smoke
in the vista within the cloak,
opening doors within doors
behind
the garden and the gate
of the uncertain fate.**



As the seeds get sowed,
fruits get eaten
and owed
in the melee
of **what was said**
and **what was done**
in fields that thrive
under the Sun



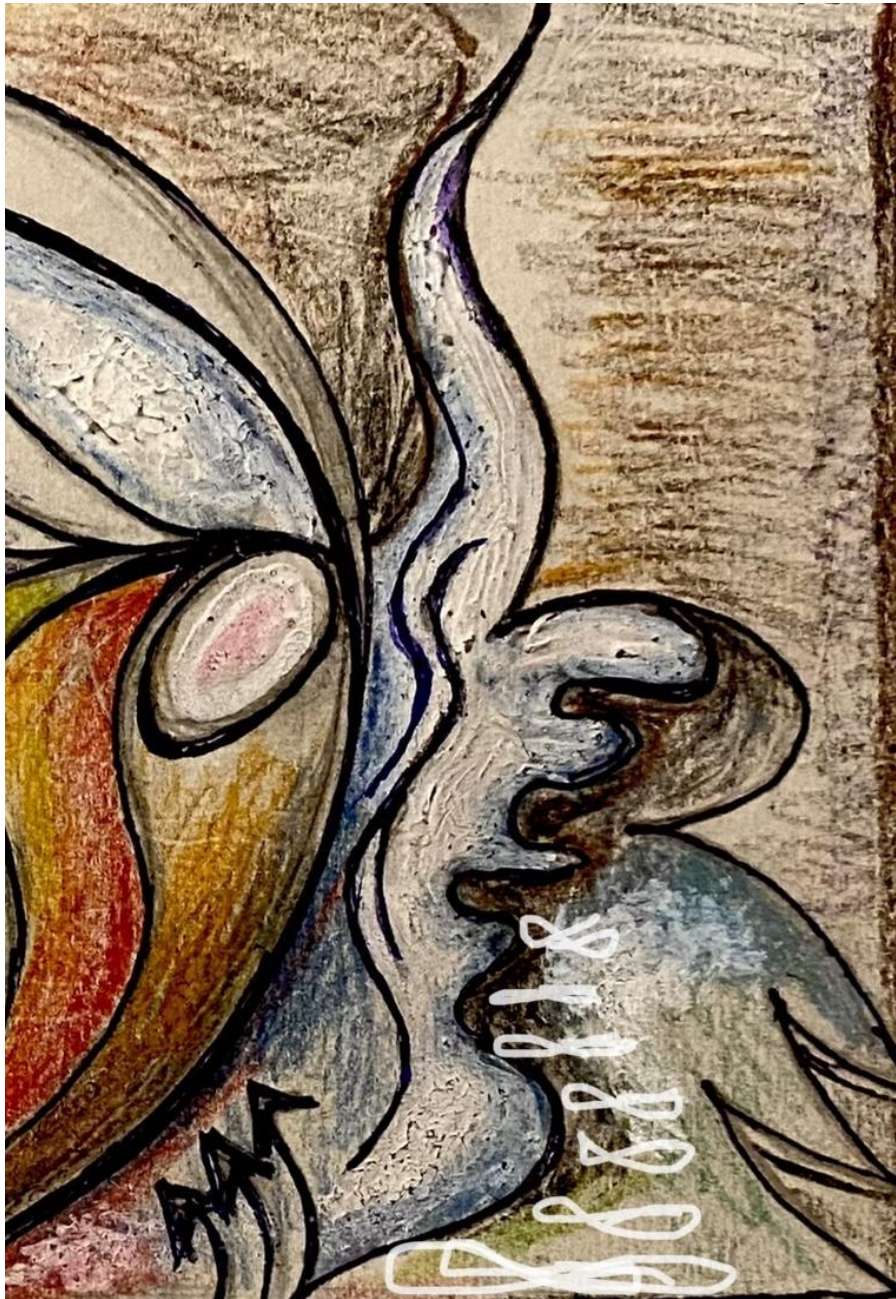
in the catching
and the snatching
of things with wings;



as the lamps at dusk
with flickering flames
inside the dome
of gusty winds



look for
the sight of the one
behind the Sun
made of the stuff
beyond winds and vapors
of drills, dances and capers



*of passing clouds
hovering over
the trail of shrouds;*



strings
pull-up and drop
in the wrath
and the blood-bath
over the force
of the discourse
across the shifting stage
of the changing page;
over the word that arose
and flew and froze
after the long-march
that put to torch
the things of the past
that fell at last.

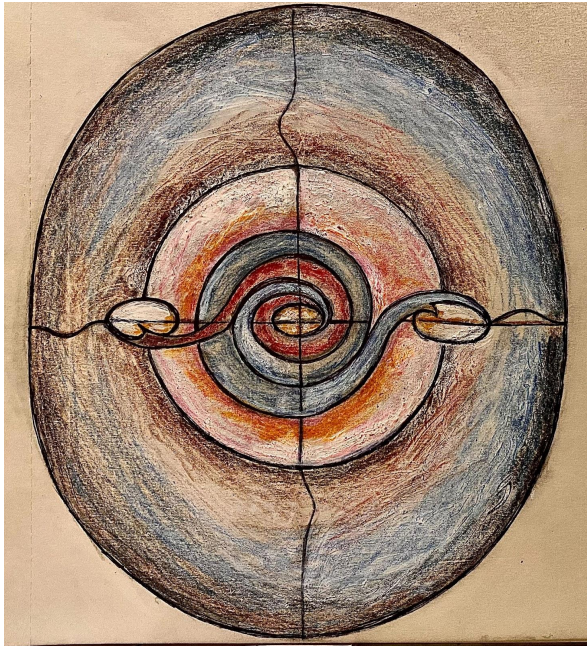




Nothing,
but
perhaps something,
emerges
from the black of the night,
like a descending lark
from the deepest dark;



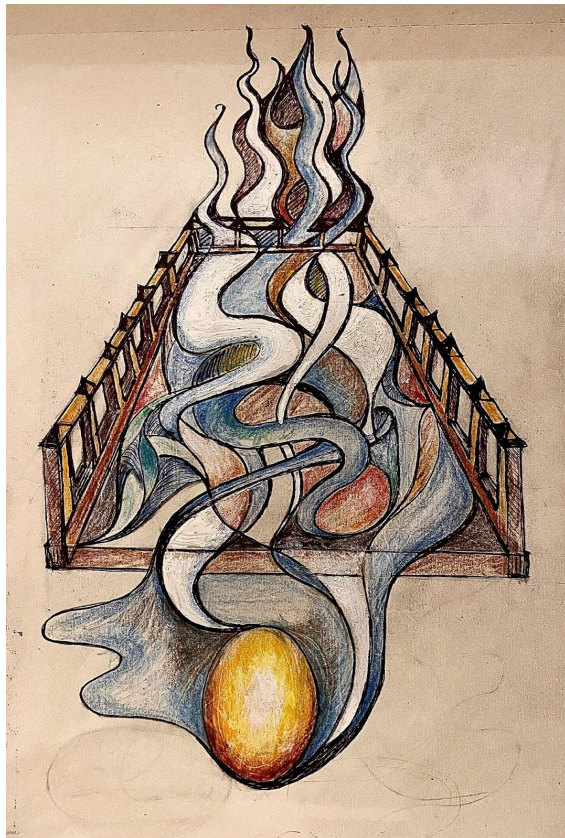
from the **heat of the ocean**
at the seat of its motion,
like **wisps of clouds**
that leap and rise
behind the windows
of our drowsy eyes,



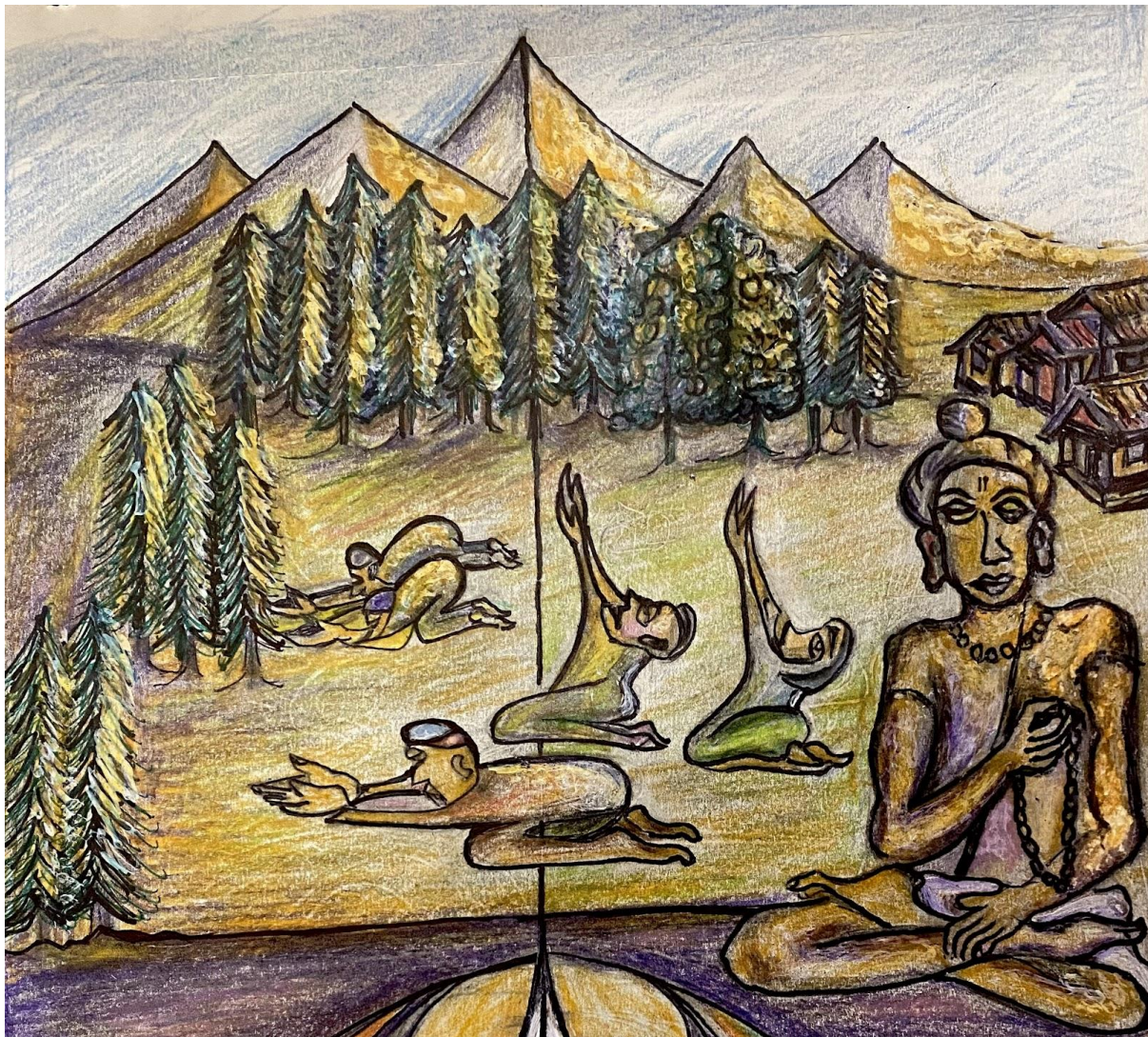
revealing
the great stretch of the zero;
it's one arm
coiling at the end
of the receding start;
it's other arm
following the trail
of the retreating cart,
till we see the bend
at every end
in the shift and sway
of night and day



playing the story
of the villain and the hero
in this game of
zero times zero.

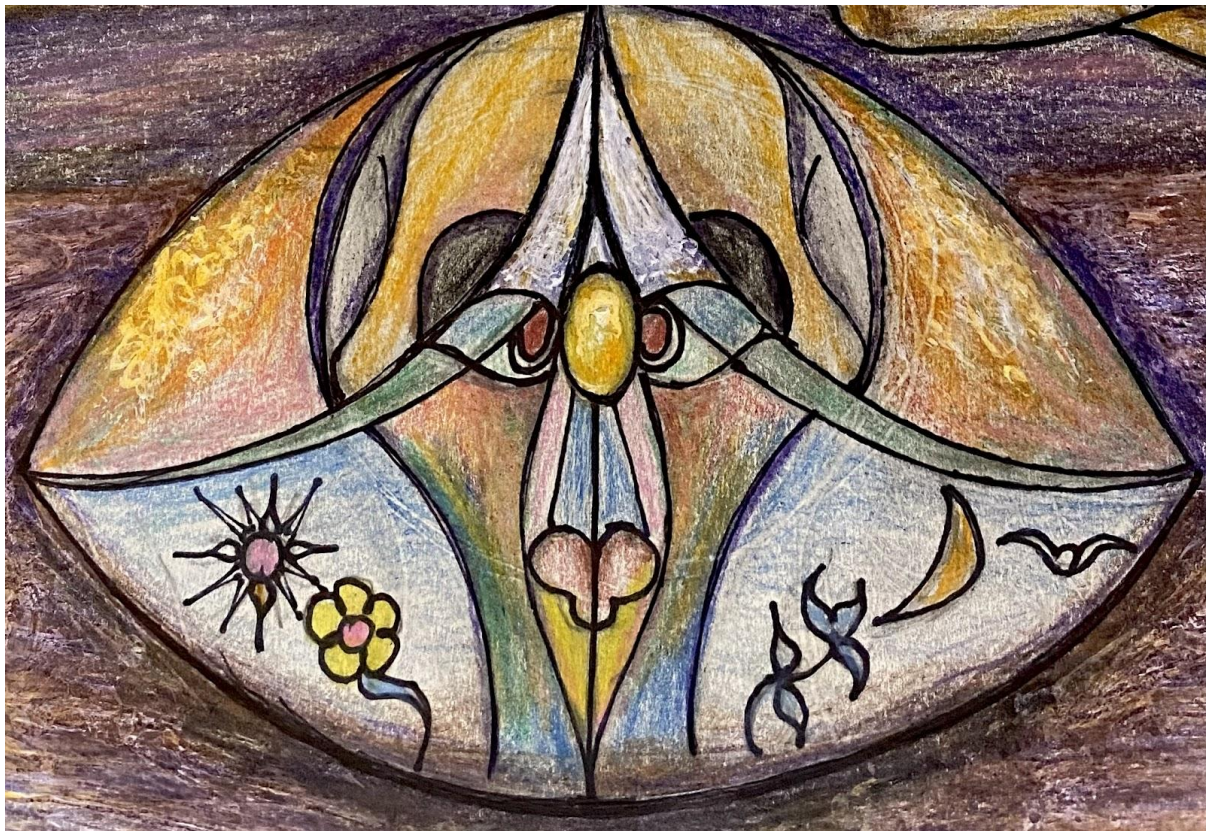


Cut out
**the scene and sense
within the fence;**
just feel the ice
behind the mist,
melting and dripping
inside the fist
in the turn and the twist
of the tail of the zero,
*the Ultimate Hero,
zero-times-zero.*



Look at **the camp**
in the forest

where people plead and pray,
night and day,
hoping to peep
into the secret of the deep



till they find
or do not find
Nothing,
though something,
leaps and lies
between the eyes;
in the hollow of our bones
because the world exists,
while we live and see,
and it does not,
when we cease to be.





All the way,
and either way,
from end to end,
what comes across
from behind the clouds
is the dance
of the great hero,
the big zero,



frozen in the glacier
of **the flashing spark,**
lurking in the space
of the deepest dark,



melting and pouring
from behind the mist
in its dance
and turn and twist,
seen in the scheme
of this beguiling dream,
flowing from the subtle,





**from mountain to sea,
head to knee,
standing atop
the hills of the hips
from torso to legs,
erect and across
on the pedestal of the gross
in the shifting sand
along water and land,**

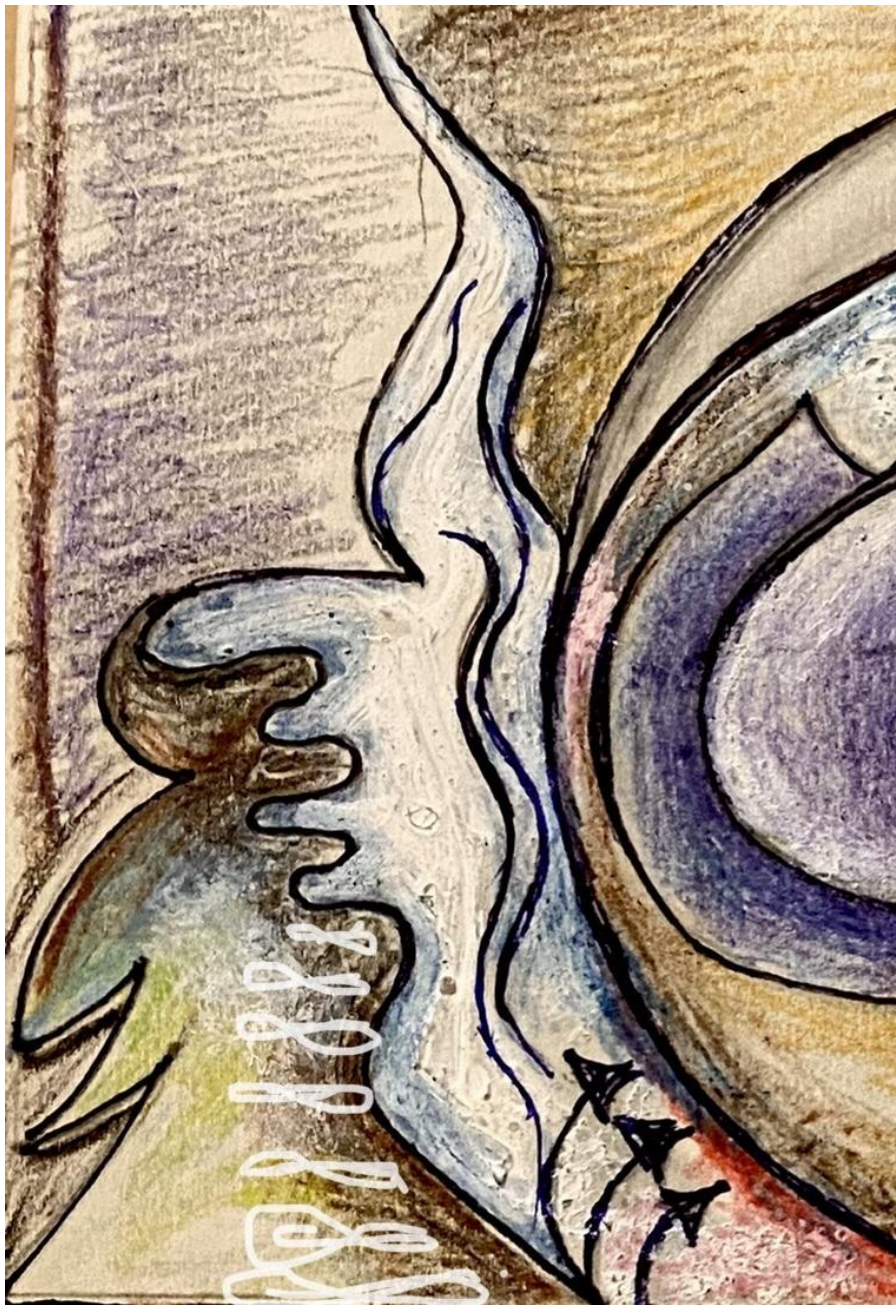




gazing over
from shin to shoe
with the eyes
of the eternal blue



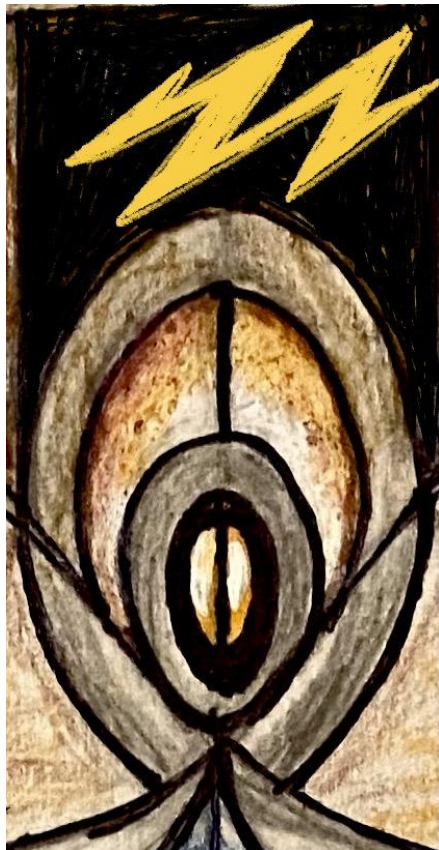
across the waters and vapors
climbing again
on the back of the thoughts



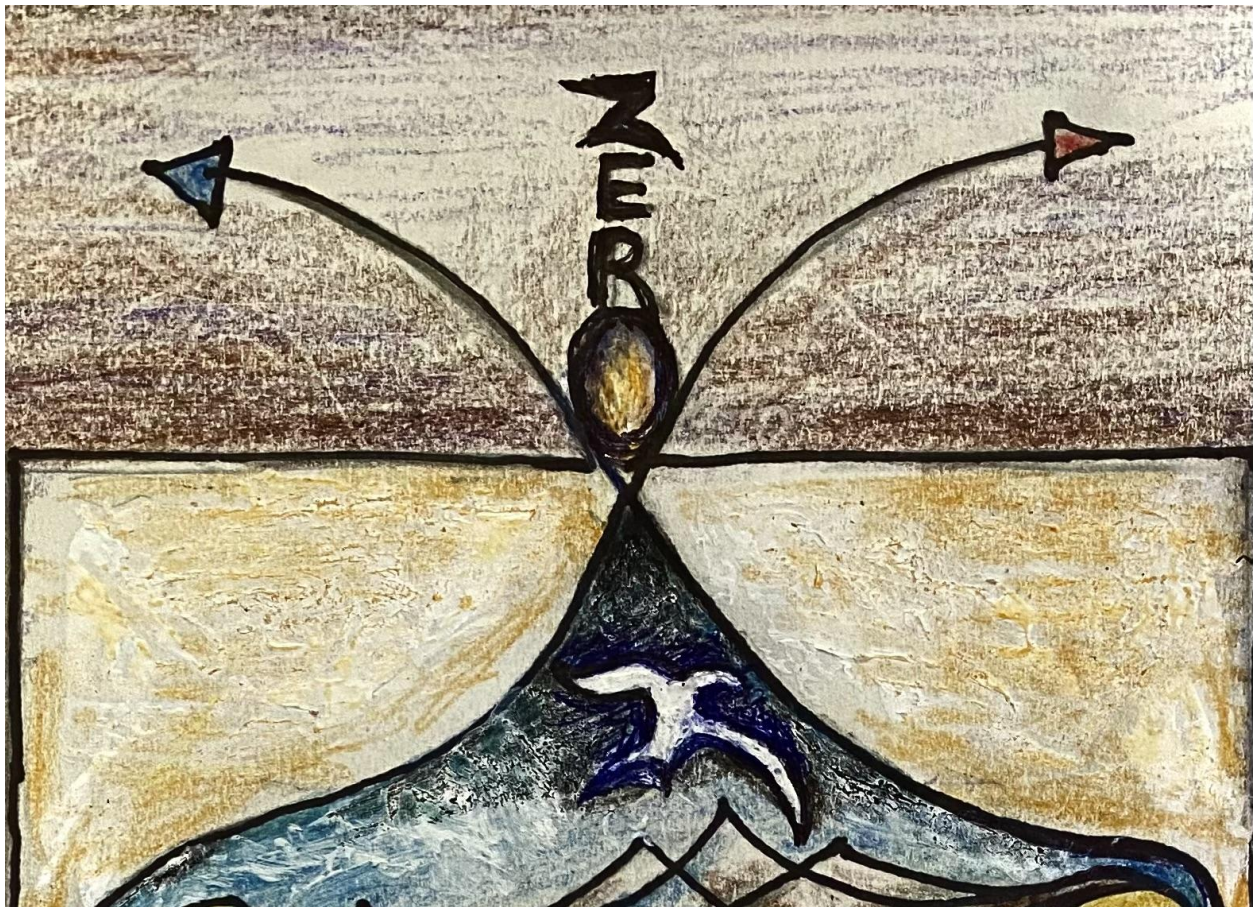
*of passing clouds
hovering over
the trail of shrouds,*



ascending
as ever,
and turning dark,
like **the eluding shadow**
of **the eternal lark**



flashing like a spark
in the deepest dark
in **the unseen sky**
of **the golden eye**



revealing
the ultimate hero
in this game of
zero times zero.

Ra'Naru
(Ranjan Nehru)
[Jan, 2021]



About the Author

By profession, Ranjan Nehru is a Corporate Lawyer, heading a corporate law-firm in Pune, Maharashtra State, India. He has been in corporate legal practice for about 30 years. Apart from his professional avocation, he always has had a passion for painting, poetry and writing, which he has been pursuing as a hobbyist since his early years. During that time, he received many awards at the inter-school level painting competitions. While being generally self-taught, Mr. Umesh Kaul, an accomplished artist (water-colourist) of Kashmir, was his mentor in drawing and painting during his formative years. While starting with charcoal and watercolours, he, over the years, has been using oils, acrylic and porcelain colours in his areas of interest. He has been included in the “Who’s Who of Jammu & Kashmir Writers & Artists” published by the Jammu & Kashmir Academy of Art, Culture & Languages in the year 2018. In the earlier part of his life, while he lived in Srinagar, Kashmir, his interest in promoting art, prompted him to hold an exhibition of paintings of Susan Trice (an artist from UK) and Bashir Shora (water-colourist from Kashmir). He has been an avid visitor and observer of many art galleries around the world; in the United States, Europe, Russia, Australia, Singapore and Japan. He has also been keen on designing interior spaces. His anthology of poems in English, “Yemberzal, a yearning in spring” was published by Domus Mariae Publications in 1982 of which a review was published in the Sunday Edition of Hindustan Times on 28th August, 1983. In the year 2006 he was invited to do a small role in Amol Palekar’s bilingual film “Quest”. In 2010 he embarked on a project of editing the manuscripts of his late father’s work on the ancient history of Kashmir under the title “Satisar to Kashmir”. He has also been conducting poetry reading sessions. Among the notable ones, he conducted a session with Jhilmil Breckenridge (from UK) in Pune in October 2018 as well as with local poets/writers in Srinagar, Kashmir in 2017.

In addition to his professional, artistic, and literary interests and engagements, he has also been involved in a particular spiritual practice, involving the giving of precedence to the spirit-aspect of all material phenomena. He is a student-member of the well-known Iyengar Institute of Yoga in Pune since the last more than twelve years. Besides occasionally playing golf, he has been a keen trekker, with special interest in



mountainous terrains. He has also been an ardent world-culture-tourism traveller. Since the last more than three years, he, with intent of using his predilections in drawing and painting, coupled with his penchant for creative writing, embarked on a project of executing his experiential and explorative works in *Written Word Art*, using a medium which he likes to call as “Graphic Verse”.