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Selected poems of Yeats : close reading in the perspective of their impact on Jibanananda Das' poetic self

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Abstract

Literature embodies universal aspect of mankind. Man is the centre; Nature is the guiding force. The co-relation between Man and Nature speaks of the essence of elemental unity. W.B. Yeats and Jibanananda Das are the exponents of this essential unity. Their poetic visions appear to spring from an identical imaginative power. The result is a sense of likeness between them in terms of poetic vigour and poetic thought process. This likeness is, of course, creative. Their certain poems echo one another cutting across the geographical distance between India and Ireland. In the Irish context, W.B. Yeats, a great modern English poet, is significant in any study that seeks to examine the circuits of cultural relationships within societies having an unequal relationship as between England and Ireland. It was under the influence of John O'Leary, Lady Gregory, Douglas Hyde, Maud Gonne and some others that Yeats developed an interest in Irish nationalism and went through Irish patriotic literature. This opened up for him an Ireland rich in myths and legends. Jibanananda Das, a great modern Bengali poet, can be related in this purview of the study. Both Yeats and Das saw their respective nations as colonies of the British imperialism. So there was an apparent common situation between these two nations. The poems of both Das and Yeats tended to be somewhat moulded by myths and legends. Both extract their essential imageries for their poems from respective myths and folklores. Moreover, the knowledge of history and the cultural heritage of the respective country widen the scope of their poetic imagination and outlook which enables them to recreate past glory and contemporary landscape. However, Das, unlike Yeats, appeared to be disinterested in contemporary political movements. Nevertheless, a sense of nationalism pervaded their poems. In Yeats' case, it was the fusion of both political and cultural; in Das' case, it was mere cultural, more akin to the aspects of Nature. Being a lecturer of English, Das might have been well versed in Yeats' poetry. In the process, Yeats' poetry holds an impact upon the poetry of Das.

W.B. Yeats is one of the greatest modern English poets. His verses are well-read worldwide cutting across all barriers of dissimilar and strange weather, climate, history, culture and tradition. The wave of

the impact of his poetry spatters on even Bengali literature. Jibanananda Das, among other Bengali poets, relishes the gusto of Yeats' poetic vigour and fervour. In the process, Yeats appears to be a brightening

star in the firmament of Das' poetic art. Yeats' poems appear to exercise a considerable impact this way or the other on the growth of Jibanananda Das as a poet. A close reading of some selected poems of Yeats pinpoint the impression of this impact on Das' poetic self, albeit Das holds an individualistic credentials as a great poet himself. Das was a student and a lecturer as well, of English literature. He came closer to Yeats' poetic world very early in his life. He was awe-struck to find how masterly Yeats exhibited the rural landscape coloured by myths, legends and folklores especially in his earlier poems. Das conspicuously transmitted that poetic spirit into his own verses but in tune of Bengal's rural surroundings and tradition. Yeats discerning eyes catch:

“O hurry where by
water among the trees
The delicate-stepping
stag and his lady sigh,
When they have but
looked upon their images—
Would none had ever
loved but you and I”
[The Rugged Wood :
In The Seven Woods]

Das sketches a similar kind of picture in his poem *Camp, Dhusor pandulipi*. Autumn was favourite with both the great poets. Autumn was the season frequented in the verses of both poets. Yeats finds in autumn :

“The trees are in their autumn beauty,
The woodland paths are dry,
Under the October twilight the water
Mirrors a still sky
Upon the brimming water among the stones
Are nine-and-fifty swans.

[The Wild Swans at Coole]

Das incorporates imagination into reality in the realm of autumn in his poem *Haas, Saat-ti Tarar Timir*. Yeats again plays

with autumn, this time, with colour, leaves and mice in the poem, ‘The Falling of the Leaves’ :

“Autumn is over the long leaves that love us,
And over the mice in the barley sheaves;
Yellow the leaves of the rowan above us,
And yellow the wet wild-strawberry leaves.”

Even in Yeats' love poem like ‘The White Birds’ [The Rose] and Das' *Ami Jodi Hotam*, [Banalata Sen], both voices echo one another. Yeats' lover contemplates :

“ I would that we were, my
beloved, white birds on the foam of the sea
We tire of the flame of the
meteor, before it can fade and flee;
And the flame of the blue star
of twilight, hung low on the rim of
the sky,
Has awakened in our hearts,
my beloved, a sadness that may not
die.”

Both poems appear identical in the canvas of images; but visions are somewhat different; where Yeats' poem is love-oriented, Das' is an attempt to come out from the anguish of life. Yeats' Nature is all-embracing of colour, fragrance, grace and flavour; the same is the case with Das' Nature; but in Das' case, it possesses an added variety in the sphere of elaborate manifestation of different aspects of Nature. The affliction of life at times drives him to the fancy world and his inner voice laments :

“*Ami jodi hotam banahangsa
Banahangsi hote jodi tumi,
Kuno ek diganter jalsiri nadir dhare
Dhanksheter kache
Chhipchipe sharer bhiton—
Ek niralā nirey ;*”

Das' voice thus sounds more romantic at heart divorced from the harsh ways of the world. Love remains an irrelevant aspect in his life shrouded in some kind of mystery. He rather idealizes love in his verses. But

due to his masterly presentation coupled with artistic imagination, nowhere and never in the poem his mute on love in his personal life is felt. Both 'The White Birds' and *Ami Jodi Hotam* in the process speak of the flight into a dreamy land, of course with a woman who ensures some kind of serenity and peace of mind. In 'On Woman' [The Wild Swans At Coole], Yeats reflects on woman's bountiful nature and generosity :

"May God be praised for woman
That gives up all her mind,
A man may find in no man
A friendship of her kind
That covers all he has brought
As with her flesh and bone,
Nor quarrels with a thought
Because it is not her own."

Das in the similar tone reinforces the positive impact of woman on mankind in *Mitabhasan, Banalata Sen* :

"Tumar saundarya nari, atiter daner matan
Madhyasagarer kalo taranger theke
Dharmashuker sposto ahobbaner moto
Amader niye jai deke
Shantir sangher dike-dharme-nirbane;
Tumar mukhe snigdha pratibhar paane"

Passion

strikes both poets when the chosen woman is cast away beyond time and space ; as is in the case of Yeats' persona :

"She was more beautiful than thy first love,
But now lies under boards."

[A Dream of Death : The Rose]

Das feels in the similar vein in *Saptak, Saat ti tarar timir* :

"Aikhane Sarojini suye ache, jani na se
aikhane
Suye ache kina
Onek hoyeche suya;-- tarpor ekdin chole
geche
Kuno door meghe"

It is quite interesting to find how alike both poets feel and think under the varied surroundings. Their poetic spirits crossing the barrier of time and space seem

to sing a somewhat similar song as far their thought process is concerned. Love once departs life ; only the memory of moments is left. Yeats speaks out :

"Your eyes that once were never weary of mine
Are bowed in Sorrow under pendulous lids,
Because our love is waning."

And then she:

"Although our love is waning, let us stand
By the lone border of the lake once more,
Together in that hour of gentleness"

[Ephemera : Crossways]

Das too declares with his heart out in *Aghran Pantare, Banalata Sen* :

"Jani tumar du-chokh aaj amake khuje na aar
Prithibir pore –
Bole chup thaklam, keballi ashwathpata pore
ache ghaser bhitoro
Shukno miyano chhera;--aghran aseche aaj
prithibir bone;"

This familiar tone is also echoed in Das' poem, *Dujan, Banalata Sen* :

"Amake khujo na tumi bahudin
– kotodin amio tumake
Khuji nako; ek nakshettrer niche tobu
– eki alo prithibir paare
Amora dujone achi; ..."

Das sings of love whose mighty passion succumbs to time at the end of day as is recorded in the poem named *Prem, Dhusar Pandulipi* :

"Ekdin – ek raat korechi premer saathe khela
Ekraat – ekdin korechi mrittur abohela
Ekdin – ekraat; -- tarpor prem chole geche, --
Sobai choliya jai, -- sokolere jete hoi bole
Taharou furalo raat –
taratari pore gelo bela
Premerou je ..."

Yeats, before Das, urges somewhat identical feelings in his 'The Rose of the World' :

"Who dreamed that beauty passes like a dream
For these red lips, with all their mournful pride,
Mournful that no new wonder may betide,
Troy passed away in one high funeral gleam
And Usna's children died."

Both poets believe in the transitoriness of glory on earth under the changing phase of time. Yeats proclaims in 'Easter 1916' :

"Wherever green is worn,
Are changed, changed utterly ;
A terrible beauty is born."

Poet Das looks back to history and finds man's constant struggle often overlooked and not rewarded. In *Jotodin Prithibite, Bela Obela Kaalbela*, Das reflects :

"*Itihas der din proman koreche
Manusher nirantar proyaner mane
Hoito- ba andhakar samayer theke
Bishrinkhal samajer pane
Chole jaoa;*"

This *Bishrinkhal* or disorder also clouds Yeats' perception :

"Turning and turning in the widening gyre
The falcon cannot hear the falconer;
Things fall apart; the centre cannot hold;
Mere anarchy is loosed upon the world,"
[The Second Coming]

Yeats masterly conveys the elaborate image of disorder in 'Reconciliation' [The Green Helmet and Other Poems] :

Some may have blamed you that you took away
The verses that could move them on the day
When, the ears being deafened, the sight of the eyes
blind

With lightning, you went from me, and I could find
Nothing to make a song about but kings,
Helmets, and swords, and half-forgotten things
That were like memories of you – but now
We'll out, for the world lives as long ago;"

Das reproduces the similar idea with a passionate mood in *Janantike, Saat ti Tarar Timir*:

"*Tumake dekhar moto chokh nei – tobu
Gabhir bissaye ami ter pai – tumi
Aajo aei prithibite roye gecho
Kothao santana nei prithibite aaj;
Bahudin theke shanti nei
Nir nei
Pakhiro moton kuno hridayer tore
Pakhi nei*"

Ireland during Yeats' time underwent bloodshed at the cost of humanity

and liberty. Yeats is both a political and cultural nationalist simultaneously. The Easter Rising in 1916 left a mark in his agitated mind :

"Now days are dragon – ridden, the nightmare
Rides upon sleep : a drunken soldiery
Can leave the mother, murdered at her door
To crawl in her own blood, and scot-free;
The night can sweat with terror as before
We pieced our thoughts into philosophy,
And planned to bring the world under a rule,
Who are but weasels fighting in a hole."
[Nineteen Hundred and Nineteen : The Tower]

Das, though not a political man, was set back by the worldwide uncertainty, economic crisis, loss of values, etc. conditioned by the two world wars. His humanitarian outlook could not ask for any explanation but cries out :

"*A bikel manush na machider gunjaranmoi
Jugey jugey manusher addhyabasai
Oporer sujuger moto mone hoi
Quisling banano ki nij naam
– Hitler saat kanakori
Diye taha kine niye hoye gelo lal :
Manusheri haate tobu manush hoteche najehal;
Prithibite nei kuno bishudda chakari
A kemon paribeshe roye gechi sobe --
[Sristir Teere : Saat ti Tarar Timir]*

Poet Das possesses a sense of history. His poetic mind visits the landscape of history and comes across places like Kashi, Taxashila, Ujjayini, Agra, Delhi and so. In Yeats' poems too, myth, folklore and history are merged into one. Yeats in his 'Sailing to Byzantium' recounts :

"Monuments of its own magnificence;
And therefore I have sailed the seas and come
To the holy city of Byzantium."

Das too traverses the India of bygone ages. In *Banalata Sen*, one comes across such beautiful and immortal poetic lines :

"*Hazar bachar dhore ami path hatitechi
prithibir pothe,
Singhal samudra theke nishither andhakaare
malay sagare*

Onek ghurechi ami; Bimbisar Ashoker dhusar jagate

Sekhane chhilam ami; aro door andhakare Bidharva nagare;"

History is for both poets the guide to the evolution of mankind. It reflects the growth of civilization. In this regard, Yeats takes 'towers' and 'stairs' as symbols of the progress of civilization :

"Alexandria's was a beacon-tower, and Babylon's

An image of the moving heavens, a log-book of
The sun's journey and the moon's ...

I declare this tower is my symbol; I declare
This winding, gyring, spiring treadmill of a stair
Is my ancestral stair;"

[Blood and the Moon :

The Winding Stair and Other Poems]

Even Das takes up the image of the winding stairs in particular and stairs in general in his poem, *Manusher Mrittun Holey* :

"Ekdin nagarir ghurano sirir path beye

...
Sei siri ghure prai nilimar gaye giye laage;
Siri udhasito kore rodh;

Siri dhore oopore uthar pothe aarekrakam
Batas o aaloker asa-jaoa sthir kore ki
osadharan

Premar proyan ?"

Yeats and Das in some of their poems sound identical. Yeats' 'He Reproves the Curlew' and Das' *Hi chil* are true exponents of idiosyncrasies of Nature articulated almost in a similar fashion. Yeats' speaker, a keen observer, addresses --

"O Curlew, cry no more in the air,
Or any to the water in the west;

Because your crying brings to my mind
Passion-dimmed eyes and long heavy hair
That was shaken out over my breast:

There is enough evil in the crying of wind."

Das addresses in the similar vein :

"Hi chil, sonali danar chil, aei bhije megher dupure
Tumi aar kedo nako ure ure dhansiri naditir pashel
Tumar kannar soore betar fuler moto tar mlaan
chokh mone aase!"

But the tone in Yeats' poem is subjective, while that in Das' poem is, to a more extent,

objective. The eyes of both the *chil* and the curlew are filled with tears. The *chil* cries flying across the river named *Dhansiri* while the curlew cries flying close to the watery place of the west. Both birds create melancholic atmospheres. Das digs relatively more into the mystery of nature ending up appealing to universal strokes of pain and pessimism, thanks to his objective approach. But both poems can be placed closer to one another as both reminisce the bygone love set in a rural background. Both Yeats and Das made an extensive use of images and metaphors. Dews, moon, stars, river, sky etc. make up of images in Das' verses. Das might have got an impetus from Yeats in drawing such images. In Yeats' 'The Valley of the Black Pig' —

"The dew drops slowly and dreams
gather; unknown spears

Suddenly hurtle before my dream-awakened
eyes."

The image of dew also revisits in Yeats' another poem entitled "He tells of the Perfect Beauty" —

"And therefore my heart will bow, when dew
Is dropping sleep,"

The image of 'dew' appears in such line from "He gives his Beloved Certain Rhymes" —

"And stars climbing the dew-dropping sky"
Live but to light your passing feet."

In Das' poems dew is a recurring image. In his famous poem entitled *Banalata Sen*, we come across such line :
"*samasta diner sese sisirer sabder moton / sandha ase*". The poem '*Kuri Bachar Pore*' beautifully picks up the image of dew, "*Sonali sonali chil—sisir sikar kore niye geche tare/ Kuri basarer pore sei kuasai pai jodi hothat tumare.*" In *Howar Raat* one comes across such majestic poetic line, "*Andhokar raate...samasta nakshatrera.*" Another poem, *Shikar* presents a canvas of dawn where the image of dew pervades, "*Sokaler aaloy toltol sisirer... jilmil*

korche.” In *Maather Golpo* one can glimpse, “*Prothom fasal geche ghore--/Hemanter maathe- maathe jhore/ Sudhu sisirer jol.*” The dew-drop is marked in the poem, ‘*Abosorer Gaan*’, “*Charidike nuye pore...sisirer jol;*”

Stars play important roles in canvassing picturesque gallery in the verses of both poets. Yeats writes :

“And then I must scrub and bake and sweep
Till stars are beginning to blink and peep;”

[The Song of the Old
mother : The Wind among the Reeds]

Yeats loves to play the image of stars in the wilderness, “Until the axle break/ That keeps the stars in their round.” The poem named ‘The Dawn’ brings out both images of ‘moon’ and ‘stars’ together : “ From their pedantic Babylon/ The Careless planets in their courses,/ The stars fade out where the moon comes”. Poet Jibananda Das is outstanding when it comes to image-painting. The galaxy of stars comes alive in his poem named *Howar Raat*. The galaxy is conditioned by history, astronomy, love, nature altogether, thereby, bringing about an overwhelming creative picture, that speaks of Das’ range of creative imagination and artistic skill :

“*Swati tarar kul ghese nil howar
samudrer sada boker moto urche se
Kaal amon chomotkar raat chhilo
Samasta mrito nakshatrara kaal jege
uthechilo—akashe ek til faak chilo na;
Prithibir samsta dhusar priyo
mritoder mukho sei nakshatrer bhitor
dekhechi ami;
Andhokar raate aswather churai
premik chilpuruser sibir bheja chokher moto
Jolmol korchilo samasta nakshatrera;
Je nakshatrera akasher booke nazar
hazar bachar aage morey giyeche
Tarao kaal janalar bhitor diye
asankhya mrito akash sange kore aneche;”*

Star is a favourite image with poet Das. It is frequently revisited in his verses. In his *Nirjon Sakshar*, a precise simile comes out :

“*Bahirer akasher shitey
Nakshatrer hoiteche kshoi,
Nakshatrer matan hridoy
Poriteche jhore--”*

Through such images Das creates a romantic world. In *Koekti line, Dhusar Pandulipi*, a beautiful delicate world is visible, “*Jekhane samasta raatri nakshatrer aalo pore jhore,/ samudrer howai bhese aase,/gaan gai sindhu tar joler ullase.*” His another poem *Suranjana* exhibits : “*mone pore kobe ek tarabhora raater batase/ dharmasukher chhele Mahendrar saathe*”

Poet Das, being younger to Yeats separated by some thirty four years, might have been an ardent reader of Yeats’ poems and inspired by them and have taken some poetic lessons all by himself at the end of the day. He had unmistakingly love for Nature. He absorbed its colour, flavour, grace and its serenity. His frustration with life contributed to his intensifying adherence to nature. The uncertainty over his personal life and poetic recognition as well, coupled with severe criticism of his poetry, turned his interest towards his sense of unification with nature’s bountiful resource. He escaped into the lap of nature— the world of tranquillity and seclusion-- away from the madding crowd. His continual bonding with nature gave him an impetus to delve deep into the complexity of human life. He came back, with an added vigour and persistence, to human society once he had escaped from. He made a bid to fight all that shook him earlier by virtue of an acquired passion, feelings and sympathy derived from all-inclusive Nature. His deep love for nature, in turn, gave birth to his genuine love for mankind :

“*Ami jhore jabo, tobu jiban agaadh
Tumare rakhibe dhore seidin prithibir pore*

Amar sakol gaan tobu-o tumare laksha kore

 *kuno ek manushir mone*
Kuno ek manusher tore
Je jinis beche thake hridayer gobhir ghobbore—
Nakshatrer cheye aro nishabdo asone
Kuno ek manusher tore ek manushir mone”

[Nirjan Sakshar: Dhusar Pandulipi]

A poet is an individual with all his idiosyncrasies and mindsets different from another poet. Despite some apparent identical poetic elements between them, dissimilarities are not lesser and negligible. But when it comes to image-building in a poetic world, both poets seem to live under the same climate and weather . There are some instances in the following :

“Where mouse-grey waters are flowing.
“Ne-ul dhusar nadi apnea kaaj buje
probahita ho”
 “Your eyes
 Are bowed in sorrow under pendulous lids,”
“Pakhir nirer moto chokh tule
natorer Banalata Sen”

“O curlew, cry no more in the air,
 Or only to the water in the west;
“Hai chil, sonali danar chil, aei bhije meghe dupure
Tumi aar kedo nako ure ure dhansiri naditir paashe”

“ a bat rose from the hazels
 And circled round him with its squeaky cry,”
“Ekti badur dur soparjito jyotsnai manishai deke diye
jai
Jahader kotodur chakrabaal ache labhibar”

“ the mice in the barley sheaves”
“Idur sheeter rate reshamer moto roome
maakhiyache khud”

Amidst the apparently similar kind of imageries employed by both poets, subtle difference can not be overlooked :

“The cat went here and there
 And the moon spun round like a top,
 And the nearest kin of the moon,
 The creeping cat, looked up.”

[The Cat and the
 Moon : The Wild Swans At Coole]
“Hemanter sandhai jafran ranger suryer
sharire

Shaada thaba buliye khela korte dekhlam take”
 [Beral : Banalata Sen]

Yeats’ ‘cat’ roams close to the moon quietly and Das’ cat plays with its *thaba* or paw under the saffron light of the evening sun. Thus poet Das tends to get a clue from his great Irish predecessor and then makes it his own, keeping tune with Bengal’s landscape and tradition, thanks to his artistic creativity.

The genesis of Das being akin to Yeats’ poetic fervour may be attributed to his vast knowledge of English literature. He belongs to a period when Tagore’s romanticism does not correspond to modern poetry to which contemporary Bengali poets can adhere. So they are bound to look outside. Das himself confesses in his treatise *Kobitar kotha* that they are born in a period and in a culture as well that they have no option but to derive inspirations from European literature for language and themes corresponding to modern poetry. Yeats and Eliot appear to be torch-bearers for them. However, Yeats’ poetry appeals to Das’ imagination. Yeats depicts an Ireland imbued with great landscapes and Nature’s variety. Yeats is a nationalist. More than a political nationalist he is basically a cultural nationalist. His earlier works were written with a mission of reviving great Irish cultural heritage which was, to a larger extent, spoiled and damaged by the British imperialist strategy. Thus Irish mythological figures and landscapes came alive in his poetic pages. Besides, his infatuation with occultism and magic coloured his earlier poems. All these elements play key notes in drawing images in Yeats’ poems that may catch the psyche of Das whose poems delineate images corresponding to the rural Bengal’s landscapes :

“Charidike uchu uchu ulaban ghaser bichana
Onek samai dhore chup theke hemanter jol

*Protipanna hoye geche je samaye nilakash bole
Sudure naarir kule takhan haaser dalbal*

... ..
Naiti amal haas nadite royeche mone pore”

[Haas : Saat ti Tarar Timir]

The image reminds of Yeats’ ‘The Wild Swans at Coole’ :

“The trees are in their autumnal beauty,
The woodland paths are dry,
Under the October twilight the water
Mirrors a still sky;
Upon the brimming water among the stones
Are nine –and –fifty swans.”

Not only in thematic contents and thought-processes but also in poetic techniques they appear to be the boarders of the same boat. In order to create a strong emotional effect in their poems both make the judicious use of ‘anaphora’ -- a rhetorical term for the repetition of a word or phrase at the beginning of successive clauses or poetic lines. An instance of anaphora is seen in Das’ *Ekti Kabita* [Saat ti Tarar Timir] :

“Se aagun jole jai
Se aagun jole jai
Se aagun jole jai dohe nako kichu”

In Yeats’ case, it is :

“Remember all those renowned generations,
Remember all that have sunk in their blood,
Remember all that have died on the scaffold,
Remember all that have fled, that have stood,”

[The Marching Songs : Last Poems]

Though primarily symbolist in spirit, Yeats was much influenced by the imagist movement. On the other hand, as influenced by the surrealists, Das too underwent a great deal of impact upon his poetic tools by the imagists. The poems by both poets are rich in multitudes of concrete images. Both Yeats’ poetry and Das’ poetry show how mesmerizing and proportionate as well a poetic language can be. The diction at their hands brings about the desired effect. All

sensibilities find expression to the fullest. Das’ poetic words are essentially his own. He is the master in creating phrases which give the impression of both touch and smell. His chosen words bring forth the lively atmosphere of the rural Bengal imbued with its folktales and myths. On the other hand, W. B. Yeats is a pioneer in bringing back Irish legends and tales in the tradition of English poetry. In this regards, his observation in his essay entitled ‘The Celtic Elements in Literature’ is noteworthy : “All folk literature and all literature that keeps the folk tradition, delights in unbounded and immortal things.” His ‘The Song of Wondering Aengus’ reflects his this approach :

“When I had laid it on the floor
I went to blow the fire aflame,
But something rustled on the floor,
And some one called me by my name:”

Das’ poetry is remarkable, one of many reasons being the haunting of folk tales roaming all around :

“Jekhane shukai padma—
bahu din bishalakshi jekhane nirab
Jeikhane ekdin
Shankhamala Chandramala Manikmalar
Kakan bajito, aha,
kunodin bajibe ki aar”

[Jotodin Beche Achi : Rupasi Bangla]

Thus both Yeats’ poetry and Das’ poetry are replete with myths and legends enriching their respective poetic credos thereby making native cultural traditions intact and known to common readers. So, in many ways, these two great poets despite hailing from different cultural and socio-economic backgrounds seem to stand together on the same common platform. It is somewhat amazing to find certain common elements in their poems. The reason may be attributed to the probable fact that Yeats, a world-known English poet, being predecessor to Das, must have some kind of

impacts on Das as a poet who is an ardent follower of English literature. But again it is the greatness of Das who has at times outthought Yeats to create an extended imagery to the desired effect bringing all sensibilities to the fore, of course keeping tune with his surroundings and tradition. In the process, Das' poetic self has been built

up on its own accord, of course with Yeats being one of his models and guides. His greatest achievement is that he earns a niche for himself as a great modern Bengali poet independent of Tagore's overwhelming impact on the contemporary poets of Bengal.

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