Hundred and fifty years ago, writing in English by Indians, and poetry in English in particular was a strange phenomenon, unacceptable, incredible and questionable. After Independence such unfounded sceptical attitude has been back grounded in the backdrop of numerous writers emerging on the scene, and it no longer holds any credence. More than two hundred poets since the appearance of the first anthology, *A Bengal Book of English Verse* in 1918, edited by TOD. Dunn have drawn the full attention of the literary world as well as the academic world, not to speak of another equal number of poets who have either drifted into oblivion or remained unacknowledged. Rather, an exhilarating aspect of it is that this community is ever increasing. Decade after decade new voices, some of them include the best minds produced by this country are gaining recognition and fame. In addition a number of poetry websites are publishing poetry written by Indian poets. This indeed is a good augury.

This large chunk of writing produced by Indians invariably representing the national consciousness has evaded a systematic classification. Rather, the literary historians have often evaded the responsibility of periodizing Indian poetry in English since that would constitute my talk for this plenary session. What I wish to say is that we don’t have a clear progression nor clearly definable movements in Indian poetry in English, as we have an identification of movements in our vernacular languages. The obvious reason for this lacuna is that English is not our vernacular language, but a legacy of colonialism. In Indian literature in English in general, and Indian poetry in English in particular we have neither clearly demarcated phases nor have our academicians ever bothered about such classification nor have we ever arrived at a consensus as to how to characterize them.

Nevertheless, since my focus is on Indian women poets writing in English, I would like to go with Makarand Paranjape’s periodisation “which uses a combination of prevailing political and poetic ideologies to make the various phases of Indian Poetry in English” (Paranjepe, 8) and apply the same to my study of women poets in Indian English Poetry. I call the first phase “Colonialism”, extending from 1825 to 1900, the second phase, “Nationalism”, from 1900 to
1947 or 1950 and the third phase “Modernism” from 1950 to 1980. The fourth phase in which we are, what one might tentatively call “Post-Modernism”. This classification suits me well, nevertheless a word of caution that this classification is not final but approximate and provisional, a desire of convenience rather than water-tight compartments.

The first two phases, “Colonialism” (1825-1900) and “Nationalism” (1900-1950) have not produced major women voices in terms of number, except Toru and Aru sisters representing the former and Sarojini Devi the latter. This is not to say that there were no women voices. In between two anthologies, namely, A Bengal Book of English Verse, edited by TOD. Dunn and Gevendoline Goodwin’s The Anthology of Modern Indian Poetry in 1927, Margaret Macnicol edited and published Poems by Indian Women in 1923. Several women poets included in this anthology and subsequent anthologies before Independence had either one publication to their credit or occasionally written poems or lost in oblivion due to lack of patronage. Hence, these two phases could not be much of our concern.

Neither would it drive me to focus my attention on the third phase, “Modernism”, between 1950 and 1980, though this phase has produced five significant women voices, Kamala Das, Mamta Kalia, Eunice de Souza, Silgardo and Gowri Deshpande, whose poetry I rate as of high quality for the simple reason, a lot of academic criticism has been produced on them. They are much explored poets. Nevertheless I would say that the real potential voice in woman had begun in this phase drawing the serious attention of male critics who had until then viewed poetry writing as an exclusive domain of male poets. In other words I would say these five women poets have deconstructed the myth of “male-centric” poetry. Among these Kamala Das was so domineering that her poetic stature had significantly dwarfed not only her contemporary women poets but also poets of another generation. This was rather a significant development, a mind gobbling phenomenon. What has forced the “male world” lend its ear to women’s voice was the frankness with which the women poets of this phase had expressed their inner affected mind. Mamata Kalia, Kamala Das and Gowri Deshpande have one quality in common; that is they have expressed themselves very freely, frankly and directly with swift moving, ironic and spiky wit tone. Obviously their poetry has acquired the “confessional tone”. With this characteristic feature, women poetry in English in India has taken a new direction, a new shape a new movement and a new light, though their poetry has not gone “much further than that” as Peeradina notes (Peeradina, 84) being confessional.

Consider the following lines of Mamta Kalia which speak of her subjective eccentricities:

Love made a housewife out of me
I came with a degree in textile designing
I skill in debates, dramatics and games
You don’t realize
You don’t sympathize  (Poems-78, 20)

But nothing ever happened to me
except two children
and two miscarriages…

(Tribute to Papa and Other Poems, “Sheer Good Luck” 11)
I feel all disjointed inside,
But the moment I hear your footsteps
I put all of me together
And give you my best smile (Tribute to Papa and Other Poems, 30)

I can’t bear to read Robert Frost
why should he talk of apple picking
when most of us can’t afford to eat one?
I haven’t even seen an apple for many months….
whatever we save we keep for beer
and contraceptives  (TTOP, “Against Robert Frost”, 2)

She depicts, through her poetry, a sensitive and intellectual woman’s predicament in relation to her parents, family, domestic and professional life and the large outer social life. She also articulates the psychic frustrations and compulsions of love and marriage. Reshmi Bajaj says, “Her poems deal with frustrations of a woman’s life in and outside the house, boredom of married life and chaos of values in society “(Bajaj, 19). Bruce King observes: The present contemporary manner appears to have been initiated by Mamta Kalia which explored the themes, attitudes, voices and registers of speech which have been taken further by de Souza and Silgado” (King, 155). This element of originality and freshness is true to Kamala Das’ writing as well which is characterised by power and utter frankness. She writes about her love, or rather, the failure of love or the absence of love, her frustration in human relations and sexual gratification.

You called me wife,
I was taught to break saccharine into your tea and
To offer at the right movement the vitamins. Cowering
Beneath your monstrous ego I ate the magic loaf and
Became a dwarf  (“The Old Play house”)
Sometimes, she sounds theatrical and self-indulgent.

When I die
Do not throw the meat and bones away
But pile them up
And
Let them tell
By their smell
What life was worth
On the earth
What love was worth
In the end

(“A Request”)

Gowri Deshpande too, often writes about love and relationships in her three books, *Between Births* (1968), *Poem on a Lost Love* (1970) and *Beyond Slaughter Home* (1972). She writes in an uninhibited way like Kamala, but Eunice de Souza has observed that there is in her poetry “a great deal about blood and sweat and clenched teeth, and about ‘lashing’ and ‘throbbing’, the final effect for the reader is not one of intensity but embarrassment” (Ramamurti,192). This she conveys in a certain kind of feminine feeling:

Sometimes you want to talk
About love and despair
And the ungratefulness of children.
A man is no use whatever then.

(“The Female of the Species”)

These women poets of the third phase have inaugurated the “confessional” in poetry, invigorated with “newness” as contrast to romantic spirit that characterised the first two phases. Bruce King has rightly remarked that “the directness of expression and natural, idiomatic colloquial vigour is more often found in the verse of Das, Kalia, de Souza and Silgardo than in the male Indian English Poets” (King, 161). Women poets of the “Post-Modernism” (after 1980) owe a lot to these poets, especially Kamala Das who mapped out the terrain for post-colonial women in social and linguistic terms.

Let me examine the last phase in which we are now placed, which is of course my concern and focus. I call this phase as “Post-Modernism” not strictly in philosophical and literary sense. But, certainly, the qualities of Post Modernism are visible in their poetry. Post
Modernism is a recent phenomenon, it breaks all the rules and seeks alternative principles of compulsion, conforming to their content of existentialist thought. It seeks to capture human condition in its most concentrated form and tends to empty a form which can fully assimilate human existence, which is capable of accommodating the meaninglessness, purposelessness and absurdity of human existence. In doing so, it tries to employ various devices such as contradiction, permutation, discontinuity, randomness, excess, short circuit, etc. which manifest chaotic condition of the world in equally chaotic technique forms.

The poetry written by women of this phase has close resemblances to the characteristic qualities of “Post Modernism”. It ranges from personal emotions to complex linguistic experiments, dry intellectual tone and pungent satire. It has a new note and new urgency of utterance. It has deconstructed and reconstructed all myths of patriarchal society. In style too the women poets are erratic, chaotic, eccentric, and disjointed to suit their appropriate broken feelings and emotions, though there has been no change in theme. The predicament of a single woman, her relationship with male partner and society and her frustration and despair in the male dominated society continue to dominate and haunt many women poets. Let me examine a few poets of this phase

Tara Patel shows in her debut collection *Single Woman* (1991) that in the harsh reality of the world, the quest for companionship without strings is difficult one. Her voice is a voice of protest against women exploitation, drawing a distinct line of demarcation between the women of the past and the present. “I cannot live like you, mother/maintain the status quo… I dare say your discovery of sex/was not wonderful… Love is an illusion/I’ve lived/with for so long, mother/although you never inspired it” (Patel, 23).

Menka Shivdasani, a founder member of ‘Poetry Circle’ in Mumbai which began in 1986, author of two books, *Nirvana At Ten Rupees* (1990) and *Stet* (2001), says that she writes poems because of her inward inescapable compulsion, and she is least worried about the reaction of the audience. Bruce King describes her first book as “one of the best first books of poetry to appear during the 1990s” (King, 313). She seeks space for women in the male patriarchal society, and her intense longing for freedom is one of the major themes of her poetry. In “The Atheist’s Confession” she shows the evolution as to how she became disillusioned with every image that she herself up or rather was forced upon her family, tradition and society just because an event hadn’t turned in her favour. In despair she searches for true God, not in stone made image, or wooden image. “I am looking for a god/ Not the stone kind”, she says “wooden ones caught fire/and paper ones/too easily” (“Are You There,” 17). Everything proved too much for her. Only in her twenty two she confesses “I no longer worship/myself, or him” (“The Atheist’s Confession”, 2). She herself was not sure of ‘faith’ at that age, yet she utters stoically, “I look
at the sculptures/in the puja room/and wonder: are the Gods faintly/beginning to smile again?” (The Atheist’s Confession, 2). Freedom is her subject and she writes in the “Schoolgirl No More”: “I learnt the mechanics/of bird flying in Biology/but did not possess the wings” (“Schoolgirl No More”, 9). Menka has anticipated several new characteristic features in writing poetry by dealing with socially disagreeable aspects of contemporary life.

Laksmi Kannan deals with divergent themes, mostly related to woman. In her first and second collections Impression (1974) and The Glow and the Grey (1976) she deals with a woman’s search for true identity, nature’s place in human life, and the ambivalence of one’s cultural inheritance. She doesn’t want “to share dismembered parts.” Her perspective encompasses the need for wholeness (integrity) best orchestrated in the poem “Fruits”, “Fruits I like, either/whole, or none at all” (Kannan, 9). In “Ganapathi”, she aims at “integrating/the subtle and the coarse/the fine and the rough” (Kannan, 9). It is in her second collection The Glow and the Grey she reveals her feminist leanings by clinically examining the distorted images of women in Indian society. Her poem “An Embarrassment” is sordidly wretched, capturing the woman’s plight. She says, “An hour of crying in pain/was more comfortable/ than the remembered sensuality/ of his mother’s breast” (Kannan, 25). The Exiled Gods (1985), her third collection of 38 poems, is more pronounced in her feminist tendencies. Her vociferous voice against injustice, ill treatment, humiliation, subordination and subjugation of woman is clearly seen in several poems included in this volume. In the Poem, “She” the woman is presented as longing desperately for her freedom; and in that she identifies with the eagle in vain:

She looked at the eagle
soaring above in circles
shril notes tearing through the cool blue.
She cried silently with the kite
as it glanced down, eyes
frankly red and angry (16-7)

Her finest collection is Unquiet Waters published by Sahitya Adademi with an introduction by K.N.Daruwalla, in which she used water as a metaphor that holds out the hope of reunion as the rivers merge in the sea and lose their identity, in the Absolute. Kannan tries to liberate the individual woman from her universal condition, and her first person narration lends an intimacy, intensity, anger and frustration to the whole exercise. C.T.Indira writes of her poetry as marked with “feminist leanings which clinically examine the distorted images of Indian women in Indian society” (Indira, 753).
Arundhati Subramaniam (1967 -), another distinguished woman poet of this phase deals with the anxieties of life as experienced by the working women in their daily life in mega cities like Mumbai in her two collections, *On Cleaning* (2001) and *Where I live* (2005). She effectively portrays the mental agony

In the women’s compartment of a Bombay local we seek no personal epiphanies Like metal licked by relentless acetylene we are welded – dreams, disasters germs, destinies flesh and organza, odours and ovaries A thousand limbed Million-tongued, multi spoused Kali on wheels

*(On Cleaning Book shelves, “5.46,Andheri local”)*

Though the employment has empowered woman, Arundhati believes it only has aggravated her plight. The weariness that she faces in her job and at home at physical and mental levels is unbearable. Even at times she has to postpone her love with her husband.

When I descend I could choose to diced carrots or a lover I postpone the latter (“5.46. Andheri Local”)

The problems of anguish of body as it struggles to fulfil its own needs and on the other to tries to transcend the lust also constitutes as one of her themes. The wild passions keep emerging as even time they are controlled. Arundhati captures this in a beautiful way in her two poems, “Demand” and “Home”:

reminding you that this this uncensored wilderness
of greed
is simply
or not so/ simply
body      (“Demand”)

“Home” presents her struggle to control the sensual pleasure. She employs the image of home to refer to her body

At home that I can wear lightly
where the rooms aren’t clogged
with yesterday’s conversations
where the self doesn’t bloat
to fill in the crevices.    (“Home”)

K.Srilata, Chennai-based poet, fiction writer and translator and one of the younger emerging voices in Indian Poetry in English, has to her credit two collections, *Seablue Child* (2000) and *Arriving Shortly* (2011) and addressed various themes like childhood, motherhood and womanhood in general. Subjugation of the female in girl children of twelve years and the loss of freedom in “Growing up” is a matter of deep concern for the poet.

The child woman runs home to learn the wisdom
Of not playing
Of wearing dark cloured clothes (on some days)
Of being ‘watchful’ always
Even when you are only twelve (*Arriving Shortly*, “Growing up”, 43)

As contrast to this loss of freedom viewed in girlhood, Menka Shivdasani writes in a much despicable tone: “I learnt the mechanics/of bird-flying in Biology/but did not possess the wings” (“School girl No More”, 9). The absolute is unrealizable. She realizes “everything was relative/including my hatred of Einstein/and myself” (“Schoolgirl No More”, 9).

Then comes the critical phase in the life of a girl, the marriage. Sri Lata captures the cruel fate that befalls her as seen in “The House”

She comes from a rich home
but married the wrong man
a dried up stick who cannot understand
the poem lingering on her face
Like Arundhati Subramaniam, Sri Lata depicts the difficulties faced by a working woman whose sacrifice is demanding. When her work in the house is not recognized, then perhaps the act of writing itself becomes antidote to the poet.

At home
the children cling to my skirts
and the cooking is never done.
Home is
having to do the Friday puja
my husband asking for too much
and me carefully bursting the lumps in the baby’s food
before which of course he is wet again (Seablue Child,” Uma”, 66)

On the contrary, for Ezeikel, “Home is where we have to earn our grace” (Parthasarathy, 30). By ‘home’ he could also have meant his city, Bombay, where life has to be lived with all its kindred clamour. She finds hard to clinch time from her many roles to be a poet.

The baby has been asleep
There last three minutes
Uncertain time
For the poem to write itself in (Seablue Child, “And Suddenly”, 68)

Her sense of awareness of the essential sensibility has been succinctly captured in her poem “Kamalamma” that fetched her Gowri Majumdar Poetry Prize in 2001. It presents the sense of anguish that woman particularly undergoes in various phases of her life. The protagonist Kamalamma bears eight children with her husband’s “muscular powers”, works as a cook in the union office sticking postage stamps and posting a thousand letters a day. Ten years later when the union is wound up what is left is the drumstick tree “proving useful in a corner of the garden” (Seablue Child, 37). But life goes on for Kamalamma. Though Sri Lata portrays different phases of woman’s life which gains universality, her chief concern is freedom and a quest for creative sustainability.

Anita Nair is yet another most promising poet of this phase. Her voice seethes and crackles at many issues that confront women in the society. Malabar Mind (2002), a unique collection, set in Kerala, captures a colourful life canvas of the urban pastoral, personal and social. She writes the real and corporeal, landscapes and mindscapes with a rare fluid ease.
Nair depicts the inner longing and dilemma of the women. She advocates the people to look upon a woman not as a mere commodity but as a real human being. In “Why Women Dream” she says, “no one hears” (17) the voice of a woman and she “suffers in silence” (18). Her beloved partner has pricked pins/on” her “ballooning hopes “(42-3). The longing of a woman for freedom is conveyed as her

Wish to live in poppy fields  
lie in a red field of sleep  
love all the strays  
and cliff hangers  
breath in beauty  
and senses that bloom  (52-3)

Life is not happy and sincerity of the partners is questionable. She likes to live like the “squirrels that scamper up trees live as they should” (67-8). Nair is candid in portraying the longing of any ordinary woman’s yearning for love. In “Free Fall” she pictures the emptiness in the life and the narrator searching for a love and the lover in her life. She earnestly desires “to be loved/touched, stroked, and desired/ I am a woman who lives to fulfil/her nerve end longings” (1-4). She poignantly points out the “Faceless Feet” that “roams restlessly above and below” (10) her embryo home. Yet there are exceptions to this obsessive narration with woman self. Poems like “Malabar Mind”, “Twenty Fellow” depict the mundane realities of her own land. The scene of “The cows stand still/hoof deep in browsing grass/Feel the sun brand their backs” (8-10) evoke tender feelings. She describes the mountains which are “blue ridged against the blue sky” (18). The poems show greater understanding and compassion of the poet. She is with Maya Angelou when she speaks of her rights. In “Grass Lands” she ironically speaks in favour of the cow. She rakes through the everyday, seizing an unusual movement and then turns them into metaphors that cast a glow, suffusing ordinary things with extraordinary dimensions capturing the strength and resilience of life.

Let me take one more recent voice that is Rita Nath Kesari who lives in Pondicherry. Unlike many women poets she unravels many facets of life such as the impact of globalization, upward mobility, a constant denigration of traditional values, the trauma of failure, the tyranny of media and the myth of equality. She is not self-assertive and self-denigrating, but touches upon varied aspects of life. She voices, reflects, protests, delineates and deals with all aspects of the world around her. In “Black Granite” she captures the colour consciousness through a narrative device. As each coloured granite is chosen for the portico, the Gods, the kitchen the poet is ironically seized with “A slab of unclaimed black granite/standing in solitary pride” (“Anguish and After”, 9). A dark and skinny girl is put to torture by her mother and sons because of her complexion and obstinate behaviour (“A Dark and Skinny Girl,” 25-8). “A Cruel
Beloved” reveals the strained relationships: “your shadow receded a while ago but/your perfume clings to me so tight” (21). “Draupadi and I” is a poem about the impact of globalization. It deals with a successful professional who confronts a myth of purchasing power of his credit card. When his confidence crumbles, the only option is “escape from myself” (46). In crumbling confidence he speaks, “I pace inside my globalized cabin/while Draupadi turns me into a myth” (46). A few poems in her maiden collection deal with her deep sensitivity to the beauty of nature. The beauty of creativity is succinctly captured in children who “beckoned/ by walls, create their master pieces/ with mummy’s lipstick, papa’s shoe polish” (17). “When seized by a frenzy” the poet says with conviction and force, “nobody is safe; /neither Michelangelo, nor the brats/nor locked up lunatics/nor lachrymose lovers” (18).

Anna Sujatha Mathai in Attic of Night (1991) writes of the trauma of separation and the travels of a separated woman. Poetry for her seems to be an act of transcendence of agony, in the name of survival. The image of woman she projects is strong and determined, and she argues for a sense of community, justice and companionship. In her fifth collection, Mother’s Veena and Other Poems Anna is consistent in ascending to heights. She is at her best when she eschews adornment, as in the simply beautiful poem “Salt”: “My son has not learnt/flattery./I asked him if he loved me/ he said No but your/hands are warm/That was better than Cordelia’s answer” (Anna, 20). The significant aspect of her poetry is her proclivity for simplicity both in form and structure. She writes in one of her poems, “Poetry”: “There is no poetry/which cannot include/a family of three/existing on the earnings/of a ten year old boy” (Anna, 68)

Among other recent voices, poets such as Prabha Mehta, Purabi Patnaik, Vijaya Goel, Mani Rao, Anuradha Nalapet, Venu Arora, Kamal Gurtaji Singh, Renu Singh, Chandini Kapur, Rita Melhotra, Monica Chaudury, Jyotirmayee Mohapatra, Madhavi Lata Agarwal, Shilpa Viswanath, Jelena Narayanan, and Sunanda Mukherjee seem to be outspoken, open and honest. These poets, too, like their predecessors, have dealt with betrayal and infidelity in marital life and denial of freedom. Their poetry depicts their fight against discrimination and stigma, hypocrisy, oral duplicity, and false ethical and cultural values and questions others’ stereotypes and prejudices. They have challenged the community’s norms and attitudes about sex and sexpersion. In addition, they are highly intuitive, interpretative and evaluative of the contemporary social, political and economic realities. On the other, poets like Indra Devi Dhanarajgir, Ira De, Leela Dhanraj, Gauri Pant, Lalitha Venkeswari, Shree Devo Singh, Lila Ray, Mary Ann Das Gupta, Bhanumati Srinivasan, and Malathi Rao fail to achieve recognition because of certain inherent limitations.
Let me examine some of their poems. Tejinder Kaur in her collection *Reflections* (2001) and *Images* (2002) presents a matured and confident voice with serious thoughts and reflections rooted in self-experience, observation, understanding and idealism. Sunanda Mukherjee reflects her personal disappointment and disillusion with love, marriage and life. Indrayanee Mukherjee strikes a different note in her maiden collection *Images that watch the Eye* (2004). Another poet who strikes feminine presence is Telena Naryanan (Chennai). Her collection *The Gold Comb and Other Poems* (2003) is intensely personal and lyrical. Shilpa Viswanath’s debut collection *Pause* (2001) evinces her keen interest in social issues. Mani Rao, the author of eight collections, presents her quirky view and a bizarre concept or an unusual juxtaposition of ideas. According to Allan Sealey she writes with wit and knife and punch and paper scissors and cuts and pastes, leaves gaping holes. Mamang Dai, a distinct voice from Assam, writes her poetry with a careful choice of her words and word combinations. Kavita Jindal living in UK writes in a voice that rings true; she often writes about the struggle between the individual and society, the cry for freedom, and the burden of a role one has to play. Smita Rajan living in Delhi writes about technology and computers in surreal manner. Monika Varma, “a nature poet” in her all seven volumes confirms her all-pervading sympathy for the objects, scenes and activities of nature. The metaphysical approach to life is conveyed by defining her faith in the joy of life through the medium of ‘gold’ when she bursts out ecstatically:

O give me gold:
The gold of sunlight.
The gold of pollen-drenched flowers,
The gold encrusted by a thousand gems
That glitters a crown (‘Gold’ Green Leaves and Gold, P.34)

These poets have effectively responded to chaos and degeneration in all walks of life, lopsided values, hypocrisy, inner tension, isolation, socio-economic hardship, feeling of void and/or sense of lack of meaning and purpose in life today. In carrying forms and rhythm, most women poets introspect and self-question sharing their mind and memory, which is qualitatively superior to most male poets writing in English today. They tend to introvert and explore themselves with awareness of women’s degradation, exploitation, subordination and/or brutality and injustice to them simply for being women. They seek freedom from the straggling confinement of the male structured society and use poetry to experience peace of mind: “My conceptions are dulled/And my spirit struggles to escape/The caged bird in me” says Shwetasree Majumder (“Confinement”). They exude faith in themselves vis-à-vis their identity, sex relationship and concern for women’s dignity. They sound more honest, more sincere, “freer, wider, larger/and infinitely lonelier” to quote from Shwetasree Majumder’s poem “Epilogue”. 
They use powerful, striking imagery drawn from the surreal world with a strong sense of appeal. Their diction is decisive and incisive, and flows uninhibitedly like water in a stream.

Nevertheless their poetry is not free from certain limitations. One serious charge levelled against their poetry is that it is highly “self-centred”, “self-expressive” and “self-inflicting”. There is abundance of confession in their poetry, an accomplished self-revelatory design. Their thematic interests are narrow, too subjective and too sentimental. Though they moved from “colonial nationalistic themes” and from “general ethical statements to writing about personal experience” (King, 147), they are not worried about various social problems that confront human society. They occasionally wrote impressive descriptive and narrative poetry. It seems there is no issue which is dearer to Indian women poets than their own agonizing predicament. Right from Toru Dutt, these poets have been anxious about women and their fate. On this ground, their poetry cannot be dismissed as trivial, unaccounting and irresponsible. Neither can it be stopped. Perhaps we may see more such poetry flowing from their hands with redoubled vigour, vengeance and vehemence. After all poetry is “subjective” to put it straight and cryptically; and one must speak and write one’s own experiences unashamedly. There is neither legal issue nor moral issue involved in it. Nothing is at stake for being confessional. At least their inner affected world is made open, and for this being excessively confessional Indian women’s poetry need not be penalized.

Works Cited

Kalia, Mamata, Tribute to Papa and Other Poems, Calcutta: Writers Workshop, 1970 (Abbreviated as TTPOP), Print.
Kalia Mamata, Poems’ 78, Calcutta: Writers Workshop, 1979. Print
Peerdina, Saleem.(ed.) Contemporary Indian Poetry in English, New Delhi: Macmillan, 1972. Print

***
English lesson on STEREOTYPES. Use for debates, discussions, speaking, conversations, independent learning and more. What are the stereotypes of men and women? STUDENT B's QUESTIONS (Do not show these to Student A.) (1). Do you think there are any stereotypes that are good? (2). Do movies show different nationalities as stereotypes? (3). From what age can people become a stereotype?