

आदिकविश्रीमद्वाल्मीकिमहर्षिप्रणीतबृहत्योगवासिष्ठः

BRAHADYOGAVAASISHTA

JNAANA RAAMAAYANAM

[DVITEEYA RAAMAAYANAM]

COMPOSED BY

VAALMIKI MAHARSHI

उपशमप्रकरणं पञ्चमम्

UPASHAMA PRAKARANAM

FIFTH SECTION

'QUIESCENCE'

PART SIX

(KING PRAHLAADA -1)

(DEVOTION LEADS TO DISPASSION)

Sanskrit text, Translation and Explanation

by

Narayanalakshmi

DEDICATED

TO

ALL THE SEEKERS OF TRUTH

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Narayanalakshmi (Maa Tejaswini)

Narayanalakshmi, also known as Tejaswini in her ascetic life spent most of her life in the Himalayan terrain, engaged in the penance of knowledge. She is well-versed in all philosophies and is a scholar in Sanskrit language. Her mission life is to retrieve the lost knowledge of the ancient Rishis and offer it unblemished to all the seekers of the Truth. She is from Bangalore, Karnataka, India.

वसिष्ठोवाच
Vasishtha spoke

अथेमां परमं राम विज्ञानाभिगमे क्रमं शृणु दैत्येश्वरः सिद्धः प्रह्लादः स्वात्मना यथा।

Rama, now listen as to what excellent practice the Daitya king Prahlaada followed for the attainment of the abstract knowledge of Aatman through his own analyzing thoughts.

आसीत्पातालकुहरे विद्रावितसुरासुरः हिरण्यकशिपुर्नाम नारायणपराक्रमः। आक्रान्तभुवनाभोगः स जहार हरेर्जगत् षट्पदस्य बृहत्पत्रं राजहंस इवाम्बुजम्। चकार जगतां राज्यं समाक्रान्तसुरासुरः दन्ती निरस्तहम्सौघो नलिन्यामलिनामिव। अथासावसुरासुराधीशः कुर्वन्त्रिभुवनेशतां कालेन सुषुवे पुत्रानङ्कुरानिव माधवः। तेऽवर्धन्त अचिरेणैव तेजस्यूर्जितबालकाः दशार्काशुशतानीव व्योमाक्रान्तिविलासिनः। प्रह्लादनामा बलवान्प्रधानात्मा बभूव ह तेषां मध्ये महार्हाणां मणीनामिव कौस्तुभः। तेनाराजत पुत्रेण हिरण्यकशिपुर्भृशं सर्वसौन्दर्ययुक्तेन वसन्तेनेव वत्सरः। अथ पुत्रसहायोऽसौ बलकोशसमन्वितः आजगाम मदं दैत्यस्त्रिगण्डगलितेभवत्। तत्तापाक्रान्तितापेन त्रिजगन्ति विकासिना कल्पान्तसूर्यगणवन्नवयैव करश्रिया अखिद्यन्तास्य तेनाथ सूर्यन्दुप्रमुखाः सुराः दुर्विलासविलोलस्य बालस्येव सबन्धवः, प्रार्थयांचक्रिरेऽथाजं दैत्येन्द्रेभपतेर्वधे, न क्षमन्ते महान्तोऽपि पौनपुन्येन दुष्क्रियाम्।

In the hollow hole of Paataala, there lived a demon named HiranyakaShipu, whom all the Suras and Asuras feared. He was of mighty valour. He had conquered all the three worlds and took away Indra's heaven also, like the royal swan taking away the lotus with its huge petals, and which had served as a home for the bee at night. He kept under his control all the Suras and Asuras, like the (wicked) elephant which frightens away the hosts of swans and plays around destroying the lotuses that belong to the bees.

Later in course of time, this great ruler who ruled the three worlds and who had under his control all the Suras and Asuras, begot sons like the sprouts by the lord of the spring season. These sons grew fast to turn into powerful strong youths, and like the ten suns with hundreds of hot rays they played around in the heavens and other worlds creating havoc everywhere. Most prominent among them was a son named Prahlaada who shone like the Koustubha gem among all the other precious gems. HiranyakaShipu shone forth as a great controller of all because of this son of his, like the year shines by the spring season. Supported by Prahlaada's valor, HiranyakaShipu was able to conquer any world he pleased; and he grew highly arrogant like a mad elephant with the ichor oozing in three lines. By the heat of his violent attacks rising all over the three worlds like the new hot rays of the group of suns at the time of dissolution, the Devas suffered immensely. Then the group of Devas headed by Surya and Indu bore all the atrocities of the Daitya like the relatives by the actions of a wayward boy; and they prayed to Lord Brahmaa for the killing of the Daitya king who was acting like the unrestrained chief of elephants.

Even great people cannot bear with repeated offenses!

ततः प्रलयपर्यस्तजगद्द्वर्धरजृम्भितं दिग्दन्तिदशनप्रख्यनखवज्रादिजृम्भितं स्थिरविद्युल्लताजालभासुरद्विजमण्डलं दशदिक्कोटरोद्भ्रान्तज्वलज्ज्वलनकुण्डलं समस्तकुलशैलेन्द्रपिण्डपीठोद्भटोदरंदोर्दुमाधूतनिधूतस्फुरत्ब्रह्माण्डखर्परं वदनोदरनिष्क्रान्तवतोत्सारितपर्वतं त्रिजगद्दहनोद्युक्तकोपकल्पाग्निगर्वितं सटाविकटपीनांसस्पन्दप्रेरितभास्करं रोमकूपलसद्वह्निपुञ्जापिञ्जरपर्वतं कुलाचलमहाकुड्यघटनोद्भटदिकतटं सर्वावयनिष्क्रान्तपट्टिशप्रासतोमरं नारसिंहं वपुः कृत्वा माधवोऽहन्महासुरं लसत्कटकटारावं तुरङ्गममिव द्विपः।

Lord Naaraayana, Maadhava, the abode of all prosperities in the form of Goddess Lakshmi then took the form of the man-lion (NaraSimha). His terrifying form made the earth shake all over as if at dissolution times. His nails shone like the sharp diamonds as if the ten directions were bearing their teeth in anger. His teeth shone like the array of steady lightning streaks.

His ear-ornaments blazed as if setting the ten directions ablaze.

His belly looked as if made of all the crushed paste of the Kula Mountains.

Even the slightest movement of his huge shoulders caused the hollow of the Brahmaanda itself to split asunder. Mountains got uprooted by the winds that came out of his mouth-cavern.

He stood haughty with anger like the dissolution fire ready to engulf all the three worlds.

He looked dreadful with the mane of the lion face spread out on his shoulder; and when he shook his shoulders in anger, the sun was pushed away from his path.

He was like a blazing yellow mountain made of fire with his hairs of the mane flying about in all directions. It was as if all the directions were eager to witness the uprooting of all the Kula Mountains at any instant. All his many arms carried weapons of various types like Pattisha, Praasa and Tomara.

He killed the great Asura HiranyakaShipu, like the elephant tears off the horse screaming in pain.

पौरमासुरमुद्धान्तैर्दाहेक्षणाहिनिभिः स सर्वभूतकल्पान्ते जगज्जालमिवानलः।नृसिंहमारुते तस्मिन्भृशं क्षोभमुपागते विस्फूर्जितघनास्फोटैरेकार्णव इवाकुले दुद्रुवुर्दानवौघास्ते दिग्ज्वलन्मशका इव उपाययुरदृश्यत्वं दीपा इव गतस्त्विषः।अथ विद्रुतदैत्येन्द्रं दग्धान्तःपुरमण्डलं बभूव पातालतलं कल्पक्षुण्णजगत्समम्।

अकालकल्पान्तविधौ हत्वा दैत्यं शनैर्विभौ क्वापि याते समाश्वस्तसुरसंरम्भपूजिते मृतशिष्टा दनुसुताः प्रह्लादपरिपालिताः दग्धं तं देशमनुजग्मुः सरः शुष्कमिवाण्डजाः।तत्र कालोचितां कृत्वा स्वनाशपरिदेवनां और्ध्वदेहिकसत्कारं चक्रुः प्रेतेषु बन्धुषु।हतबन्धुजनं प्लुष्टबन्धुबान्धवमण्डलं शनैराशवासयामासुर्मृतशिष्टं स्वकं जनम्।चित्रार्पितोपमदुराकृतयो निरीहा दीनाशया हि महताम्बुरुहोपमानाः शोकोपतप्तमनसोऽसुरनायकास्ते दग्धद्रुमा इव निरस्तविकारमासन्।

He burnt the entire Asura city along with all the objects and people, with the fire emanating from his eyes, like the fire destroys the entire Jagat at the time of dissolution where all the living things perish completely. When the city was shattered by the stormy wind called Nrsimha, and was like one limitless ocean of turbulence by the very thundering sounds of his shoulders, all the left over Daanavas escaped and ran from there like the mosquitoes whose place is set on fire, and disappeared from sight like the lamps with their flames extinguished. With the Daitya king dead, and the harem of the emperor in ashes, the whole of the nether world was immersed in grief, like the world destroyed by dissolution. After killing the Daitya like the fall of an untimely dissolution in a suitable way, after getting worshipped by the relieved Suras, the Lord vanished off into his unknown realm; and the Danu's sons who were still alive were taken care of by Prahlaada, and went back to their burnt country like the birds going towards a dried up lake. There they tried to set right their cities with suitable works, lamented for long, and performed the funeral rites for their dead relatives. They consoled the people whose relatives were burnt alive and were killed.

Like the huge faded lotuses painted on a canvas, the Asura chiefs who were sorrowful and grief stricken were without any movement; they had lost all their hope; their minds were in a shattered condition. With their minds scorched by grief, they stood motionless like the fully burnt trees.

अथ दुःखपरीतात्मा हरिणा हतदानवे प्रह्लादश्चिन्तयामास मौनी पातालकोटरे।

को न्वस्माकमुपायःस्याद्य एवेहासुराङ्कुरः तीक्ष्णागो जायते तं तं भुङ्क्ते शाखामृगो हरिः।न कदाचन पाताले दैत्या दोर्दण्डशालिनः स्थिरा बभूवुरुद्भिन्नाः पद्मा इव हिमाचले।उत्पत्योत्पत्य नश्यन्ति भासुराकारघर्घराः क्षीणप्रस्फुरितारम्भास्तरङ्गा इव वारिधेः।सबाह्याभ्यन्तरं कष्टं समग्रालोकहारिणः रिपवः प्रौढिमायाता अपूर्वतिमिरभ्रमाः।तमःप्रपूर्णहृदयाः संकुचत्पत्रसंपदः सुहृदः खेदमायान्ति निशीथकमलाकराः।तातस्य मलिनैर्नूनं पादपीठोपमर्दकैः सुरैर्विषय आक्रान्तो मृगैरिव महावनम्।निरुद्यमा गतश्रीका दीनाः प्रकटिताशयाः बान्धवा न विराजन्ते पद्माः प्लुष्टदला इव।स्फुरन्त्यसुरवीराणां गृहेष्वविरतानिलैः धूसरा भस्मनीहारा धूपधूमभरा इव। हतद्वारकपाटासु दैत्यान्तरःपुरभित्तिषु प्रभा मरकतस्येव जाता नवयवाङ्कुराः।त्रिलोकनाभिनलिनीमत्तेभा दानवा अपि देववदैन्यमायाताः किमसाध्यमहो विधेः।मनाक्चलति पर्णोऽपि दृष्टारिभीतयः वध्वस्त्रस्यन्ति विध्वस्ता मृग्यो ग्रामगता इव।आसुरीकर्णपूरार्थं फुल्ला रत्नगुलुच्छकाः नरसिंहकरालूनाः स्थाणुतामागता द्रुमाः।दिव्याम्बरलतापत्रा रत्नस्तबकदन्तुराः पुनरारोपितास्तत्र नन्दने कल्पपादपाः।पुरा त्वमरबन्दीनामसुरैः संस्तुतं मुखं अद्य त्वसुरबन्दीनां सुरैरालोकितं मुखम्।मन्ये दानवमहानद्यः सुरैर्भक्तभित्तिषु प्रवृतास्ता भविष्यन्ति शैलसानुष्विवापगाः। अस्माकमिभगण्डेषु दानदाहविभूतयः लसन्ति मरुखण्डेषु संशुष्केष्विव धूलयः।विकासितमन्दारमकरन्दारुणानिलाः ते मेरुशिखरैस्तुल्या दैत्या दुर्लभतां गताः।सुरगन्धर्वसुन्दर्या दानवान्तःपुरोचिताः अद्य मेरौ स्थितिं याता मज्ज्य इव पादपे।कष्टं तात पुरन्धीणां शुष्काम्बुरुहनीरसाः विलासाः सुरनारीभिर्भर्त्स्यन्ते लास्यलीलया।पूर्व यैरेव मत्तातश्चामरैरुपवीजितः सहस्रनयनः स्वर्गं कष्टं तैरेव वीज्यते।

Prahlaada was stuck by excessive grief since his father was killed by Lord Vishnu; and sitting inside his private chambers in the Paataala, he started to think like this.

(What is the condition of our kingdom now?)

‘What is to be done now? Whichever Asura-sprout is born with its sharp edge of valour, the Vishnu monkey immediately appears and eats him off. The Daityas with their mighty shoulders are not able to stay stabilized for long, like the lotuses that sprout in the Snow Mountain. Though rising again and again with huge thundering forms, they perish like the waves of the ocean which rise high to fall off only.

Alas! The enemies have become quite strong like the increased state of darkness that brings about blindness and at the same time removes the light in the form of inner joys and outer riches.

Like the lotus lake at night, the friends here are surrounded all over by darkness and have their petals namely the riches contracted, and are sorrowful.

These Suras who sheltered hatred all along even when getting crushed as a foot stool by my father, have taken over this country like the deer taking over the forest resided by the lions.

Having no idea of what is to be done, and with all the wealth gone, with sorrow expressing itself in all their faces and conduct, these relatives of mine do not shine well like the lotuses with their petals faded by the summer heat. Inside the houses of the Asura soldiers, the smoky mist as if from the smoke that fills the place with the burnt out incense sticks, is made dustier by the ashes blown by the winds.

In the broken door-ways in the walls of the harem of Daitya ladies, new grass sprouts are growing now shining like the emerald.

Even the Daanavas, who like the mad intoxicated elephants easily uprooted the lotus-stalk of Meru that supports the three worlds, are now wretched like the Devas! What is impossible for fate!

Like the frightened deer stuck in a village, the distraught womenfolk gasp with fear even if the sound of a moving leaf is heard. The clusters of flowers of precious stones bloomed up in the past to decorate the ears of the Asura ladies only; now the trees stand like bare pillars (without leaves or flowers) after getting crushed by the hands of Nrsimha. The Kalpa trees covered by shining creepers and leaves, with flowers in the form of precious stones with sharp edges have been again planted back in the Nandana garden of Indra. Previously the Asuras praised the beautiful faces of Deva ladies who were captured, now the Devas analyze the faces of Asura ladies who are captured.

I should rather say that the flow of ichor in the flat cheek of the elephants namely Suras is actually a huge river of (defeated) Daanavas and now will start flowing as new rivers in the mountain slopes.

In our dead elephants, the ichor flow has turned into ashes and burns the cheeks, and rises like the hot dust in the dried up desert lands.

The winds that carry the redness of the honey of the bloomed up Mandaara flowers (of heavenly trees) have now become unreachable to the Daityas like the peaks of Meru Mountain (now occupied by Devas).

The beautiful ladies of Suras and Gandharvas who actually deserve to be kept in the Asura kingdom are now safe in the Meru mountain lands, like clusters well-settled in a tree.

Ah the cruel fate! The depressed state of the Asura ladies which resemble the dried up lotuses are shown as dance gestures by the Sura ladies, thus ridiculing them. Alas! Those very ladies, who served my father by fanning him with the chowries, are doing the same service to the thousand eyed Indra now.

इयमस्माकमप्यापदमागता दैन्यदायिनी तस्यैकस्य प्रसादेन दुष्पौरुषगतेर्हरेः। तद्दोर्वनघनच्छायालब्धविश्रान्तयः

सुराः न कदाचन तप्यन्ते हिमाद्रेरिव सानवः। शौरिशौर्याग्रशिखरसंश्रयेणाश्रितश्रियः अस्मान्समुपरुन्धन्ति शुनः
शाखामृगा इव। तेनासुरपुरन्धीणां नित्यं मण्डनमण्डने मुखपद्मे स्थितं बाष्पमब्जिनीनां हिमं यथा।

(Vishnu alone is the cause of our wretched condition.)

Such powerful beings like us are now in the wretched condition by the grace of that Hari who has unconquerable strength. The Suras who are sheltered in the shade of the forest namely his powerful arms never suffer like the peaks of the Snow Mountain, which never get heated up.

Like the monkeys that are sheltered happily with their loot on the topmost edge of the tree namely the valour of Vishnu and which leer at the dogs at the bottom, these Suras supported by that Vishnu have kept us here in the Paataala. Because of him only, the tear drops still stay on the face-lotuses of the Asura ladies, like the snow drops on the lotuses (making them fade away).

शीर्णभिन्नलुठद्वित्तिर्जगज्जरठमण्डपः अयं नीलमणिस्थम्भैस्तद्भुजैरेव धार्यते। स धर्ता सुरसैन्यस्य मज्जतो

विपदर्णवे क्षीरोदोदरमग्नस्य मन्दरस्येव कच्छपः। एते तातादयः सर्वे तेनैवासुरसत्तमाः पातिताः

क्षुब्धकल्पान्तवातेनेव कुलाचलाः। स एक एव संहारकर्मक्षमभुजानलः सुरसार्थगुरुः श्रीमान्विषमो मधुसूदनः।

दैत्यदोर्दण्डपरशोस्तस्य वीर्येण वीर्यवान्दानवान्बाधते शक्रो बालकानिव मर्कटः।

This ancient building of Jagat that can get shattered by its walls falling into pieces by the attack of Asuras is supported by the pillars of this dark-hued pillar only (named Vishnu). He alone supports the army of the Suras that is drowning in the ocean of dangers, like the tortoise supporting the Mandara Mountain inside the belly of the Milk Ocean.

My father and forefathers have been killed by him only, like the Kula Mountains by the horrid storm of the dissolution. He, the killer of Madhu alone is the blazing fire capable of destroying such powerful Daityas with his shoulder-flames, and is the leader who guides the Suras, is very powerful and very difficult to conquer. He is the axe that is powerful enough to slice off the shoulders of the Daityas; and only by his support the weak monkey named Indra harasses the Daanavas (supported by the strong elder monkey).

दुर्जयः पुण्डरीकाक्षः प्रविमुक्तायुधोऽपि सन् नासौ शस्त्रास्त्रविच्छेदैर्वज्रसारो विदीर्यते। अभ्यस्ता बहवस्तेन मिथः प्रेरितपर्वताः भीमाः समरसंरम्भाः सममस्मत्पितामहैः। तासु तास्वतिघोरासु विततास्वरिराजिषु यो न भीत इदानीं स भयमेष्यति का कथा। उपायमेकमेवेमं हरेराक्रमणे स्फुटं मन्ये तद्व्यतिरेकेण विद्यते न प्रतिक्रिया। सर्वात्मना सर्वधिया सर्वसंरम्भरंहसा स एव शरणं देवो गतिरस्तीह नान्यथा।

(How to conquer that Vishnu?)

This Vishnu with eyes like the white lotus flower is hard like the diamond, and cannot be pierced by any weapon or magical missile, even if he is caught weaponless. He has well practiced the art of hurling mountains at the enemies in the great battles fought with my forefathers. He was never frightened ever in those fierce battles fought for long with the many powerful Daityas. Will he get frightened now (if I fight him back)? There is only one way I can think of, for conquering Hari; and there is no other option. I should surrender to that Lord with all my heart, with all my thoughts, followed quickly by suitable actions; there is no other way out of this.

(Prahlaada's mind is too worldly to think in any abstract way like Shuka or Rama. He imagines himself to be of Vishnu's form, with the misconception that he will become powerful like Vishnu by such a method of contemplation on the form of Vishnu. It is the common practice of the ignorant to imitate the outside looks and conduct of the people whom they consider as adorable. Such a practice actually is as idiotic as the crow decorating itself with peacock feathers to turn itself into a peacock.)

न तस्मादधिकः कश्चिदस्ति लोकत्रयान्तरे प्रलयस्थितिसर्गाणां हरिः कारणतां गतः। अस्मान्निमेषादारभ्य नारायणमजं सदा संप्रपन्नोऽस्मि सर्वत्र नारायणमयो ह्यहम्। नमो नारायणायेति मन्त्रः सर्वार्थसाधकः नापैति मम हृत्कोशादाकाशादिव मारुतः। हरिराशा हरिव्योम हरिरुर्वी हरिर्जगत् अहं हरिरमेयात्मा जातो

विष्णुमयोह्यहम्। अविष्णुः पूजयन्विष्णुं न पूजाफलभागभवेत्विष्णुर्भूत्वा यजेद्विष्णुमयं विष्णुरहं स्थितः।

(If I myself become that Vishnu, I can conquer him easily.)

There is no power greater than him in all the three worlds, since he alone becomes the cause of the dissolution, maintenance and creation. From this moment onwards I will stay in the meditation of Naaraayana, the unborn. Naaraayana alone is there everywhere for me.

The sacred Mantra 'Namo Naaraayana' will fulfill all the wishes; it will not ever disappear from my heart-hollow like the wind from the sky. Hari is the directions all around me, Hari is the empty sky that is around me, Hari is the ground I walk on, and Hari alone is the entire Jagat.

I am the immeasurable form of Hari. Now, I am only filled with Vishnu all over.

A person who is not Vishnu cannot attain the fruits of worshipping Vishnu; I will worship Vishnu as Vishnu myself. I stay as Vishnu here now.

हरिः प्रह्लादनामा यो मत्तो नान्यो हरिः पृथक् इति निश्चयवानन्तर्व्यापकोऽहं च सर्वतः। अनन्तमिदमाकाशं आपूर्य विनतासुतः कनकाङ्गो ममाङ्गानामयमासनतां गतः। करशाखैकविश्रान्तसर्वहेतिविहङ्गमाः

नखांशुमञ्जरीकीर्णा महामरकतद्रुमाः इमे मे मृदुमन्दारदामदिग्धांसमण्डलाः मन्दराघृष्टकेयूरचत्वारो मम बाहवः।

(I will meditate on myself as Vishnu.) Hari alone is the arrogant Prahlaada also (since he alone is in all the beings). With the ascertained feeling that there is no separate being as Hari, I alone am pervading everything everywhere. Garuda, the son of Vinataa fills the entire sky which stretches endlessly; this golden bird is now the vehicle for my body. My 'hands are the branches' that spread out from the emerald tree of my body, on which rest the birds called weapons (Chakra and Gadaa), where the nails (edges) shine like clusters of flowers; and these are my four arms with the shoulders smeared by the garland of Mandara flowers, and decorated by the armlets which were rubbed by the Mandara Mountain (at the time of churning the Milk Ocean).

चलच्छशिकलापूरचारुचामरधारिणी इयं मे पार्श्वगा लक्ष्मीः क्षीरोदकुहरोत्थिता।हेलाविलुब्धभुवना
त्रैलोक्यतरुमञ्जरी इयं मे पार्श्वगा कीर्तिरचलामलभासिनी।अनारतजगज्जालनवनिर्माणकारिणी इयं मे पार्श्वगा
माया स्वेन्द्रजालविलासिनी।इयं सा हेलयाक्रान्तत्रैलोक्यतरुखण्डिका जया स्फुरति मे पार्श्वे लता कल्पतरोरिव।
(These are the Goddesses seated next to me, serving me, the great Vishnu.)

Here on my side is seated Goddess Lakshmi (the symbol of prosperity) who rose from the hollows of the
Milk Ocean, holding the moving chowrie filled with the digits of the cool moon.
On my side is also seated Goddess Keerti, (my fame as Vishnu) shining with unswerving taintlessness, who
is the flower cluster blossoming in the tri-world tree, and has reached all the hearts without much effort.
Here on my side is Goddess Maayaa (my power of delusion) who produces new worlds endlessly through
her excellent talent of sorcery. Here shines on my side Goddess Jayaa (victory) who has enveloped the
branches of the Tri-world without any effort, like the creeper enveloping the Kalpa tree.

इमौ मे नित्यशीतोष्णौ देवौ शीतांशुभास्करौ प्रकटीकृतसंसारौ मुखमध्ये विलोचने।ममेयमुत्पलश्यामा
पीनाम्भोधरसुन्दरी श्यामीकृतककुचक्रा देहदीप्तिविसर्पिणी।अयं मम करे शङ्खः पाञ्चजन्यः स्फुरद्ध्वनिः
मूर्तं खमिव शब्दात्मा क्षीरोद इव संस्थितः।अयं मे कर्णिकाकोशनिनीनब्रह्मषट्पदः पद्मः करतले
श्रीमान्स्वनाडीकुहरोद्भवः।इयं मे रत्नचित्राङ्गी सुमेरुशिखरोपमा हेमाङ्गदा गदा गुर्वी दैत्यदानवमर्दिनी।अयं मे
भास्वराकार उद्यदंशुः सुदर्शनः ज्वालाजटिलपर्यन्तपरिपाटलदिकतटः।अयं मे केतुमद्वह्निःसुन्दरो ज्वलितोभितः
कुठारो दैत्यवृक्षाणां नन्दयन्नन्दकः स्थितः।इयं मे शरधाराणां पुष्करावर्तकोपमं शाङ्गं धनुरहीन्द्राभं
इन्द्रकार्मुकसुन्दरम्।

These two deities who are always cool and hot by nature, the Moon and the Sun who reveal the sights of
the world are the two eyes centered on my face. This is the dark shine of my body spreading out on all
sides, darkening the wheel of directions, beautiful like the dark swollen up water-cloud and blue like the
sapphire stone. In this hand of mine is the Conch 'PaanchaJanya' which blows with great noise,
manifesting like the sound principle in the expanse of space and shines white like the Milk Ocean. In my
other hand is the lotus that rose from my navel where inside the hollow pericarp lies the Brahmaa-bee. Here
in my other hand is the heavy mace made of gold that is decorated with various divine gems, shining like
the Peak of Meru Mountain and capable of killing the Daityas and Daanavas. On my other hand is the
rotating disc named Sudarshana brilliant in shine and emanating light rays of red flames that make all the
directions splattered with red colour. This is my sword named Nandaka which brings joy to all the Devas,
beautiful like the fire with its line of smoke, with blazing flames all around and acts as the axe for the
Daitya trees. This is my bow named 'Shaarnga' which is like a whirlpool of cloud pouring out showers of
arrows, shining like the serpent king (with curve), and beautiful like the rainbow.

इमान्यहमनन्तानि जगन्ति जठरे चिरं बिभर्मि जातनष्टानिवर्तमानान्यनेकशः।इमौ मही मे चरणाविदं मे
गगनं शिरः इदं वपुर्मे त्रिजगदिमे मे कुक्षयो दिशः।साक्षादयमहं विष्णुर्नीलमेघोदरद्युतिः सुपर्णपर्वतारूढः
शङ्खचक्रगदाधरः।एते मत्तः पलायन्ते समग्रा दुष्टचेतसः तार्णास्तरलसंचाराः पवनादिव राशयः। अयं
नीलोत्पलश्यामः पीतवासा गदाधरः लक्ष्मीवान्गरूढारूढः स्वयमेवाहमच्युतः। को मामेति विरुद्धात्मा
त्रैलोक्यदहनक्षमं स्वनाशाय ततः क्षुब्धं कालाग्निं शलभो यथा। इमे मे तैजसीं सृष्टिं ममाग्रस्थाः सुरासुराः न
शक्नुवन्ति संरोद्धुं चक्षुर्मन्दाः प्रभा इव।इमं मामीश्वरं विष्णुं ब्रह्मेन्द्राग्निहरादयः स्तुवन्त्यनन्तया वाचा
बहुवक्त्रसमुत्थया।

These countless worlds I hold are always inside my belly, where many worlds have already perished and
many still exist now. The ground that holds the worlds is my feet; the expanse of the sky is my head; the
three worlds are my body; the shoulders are the directions that are held stable. I am now the Vishnu himself
with the body shining like the dark blue cloud, settled firmly on the Garuda with its mountain like structure,
and am holding the weapons Shankha, Chakra, and Gadaa. All the wicked souls are running away from me
with fear, like the heap of dried up light grass pieces from the stormy wind.

Now I myself am the great god Achyuta, seated on Garuda with my spouse Lakshmi; my body is dark blue
like the sapphire; I am wearing the yellow garment; I hold the mace and other weapons.

Which enemy is there who can dare attack me who am capable of burning away all the three worlds, and
still act like the foolish moth rushing towards the blazing fires of dissolution?

The Suras and Asuras alike are not capable of bearing my blaze of valour, like the weak eyes cannot bear to see the brightness of the sun. All these Brahmaa, Indra, Agni and Hara are praising me with hymns that glorify me; (but since my glories are endless) these hymns have no end even though they all rise from several mouths.

अयं विजृम्भितैश्वर्यो जातोऽहमजिताकृतिः सर्वद्वन्द्वपदातीतो महिम्ना परमेण हि। त्रिभुवनभवनैकमूर्ति
प्रसभविभिन्नसमस्तदुष्टसत्त्वं घनगिरितृणकाननान्तरस्थं सकलभयापहरं वपुः प्रणोमि।

With such enormous power I have now become a form that can never be defeated. I transcend all the dual states by my excellence. I salute myself who is the body of Vishnu which removes all the fears, which contains within it all the objects of the world like the clouds, hills, grass lands and forests, which destroys violently all the wicked beings, and which is made of the three worlds alone as its form.'

प्रह्लाद इति संचिन्त्य कृत्वा नारायणीं तनुं पुनः संचिन्त्यामास पूजार्थमसुरद्विषः। वपुषो वैष्णवादस्मान्मा
भून्मूर्तिः परावरा अयं प्राणप्रवाहेण बहिर्विष्णुः स्थितोऽपरः।

(Prahlaada was not able to get over his idea of duality, even though he thought of himself as Vishnu. He needed some one to salute, and so he saluted himself only. The inner Prahlaada was still alive. The Prahlaada-identity was not so easy to get rid of.)

Prahlaada, the splendor of Asuras meditated like this, and feeling himself as Naaraayana's body, again started to feel worshipful towards his deity. Experiencing oneself as the body of Vishnu through conception, and not imagining Vishnu as staying outside in any separate universal or individual form, and with the breath only as the offering of flowers, he stayed as another Vishnu.

(His body as Vishnu, but the mind as Prahlaada, he worshipped his own body in his mind.)

वैनतेयसमारूढः स्फुरच्छक्तिचतुष्टयः शङ्खचक्रगदापाणिः श्यामलाङ्गश्चतुर्भुजः चन्द्रार्कनयनः श्रीमान्
कान्तनन्दकनन्दनः पद्मपाणिर्विशालाक्षः शाङ्गधन्वा महाद्युतिः तदेनं पूजयाम्याशु परिवारसमन्वितम्।

सपर्यया मनोमय्या सर्वसंभारम्यया तत एनं महादेवं पूजयिष्याम्यहं पुनः पूजया बाहयसंभोगमहत्या
बहुरत्नया। प्रह्लादैति संचिन्त्य संभारभरभारिणा मनसा पूजयामास माधवं कमलाधवम्।

(Prahlaada engaged in the worship of Vishnu, in his mind only; and offered the best of things to himself as Vishnu.) 'Along with my people I will worship him who is seated on Vinataa's son Garuda, who has the fourfold powers of Kriyaa, Jnaana, Icchaa, and Anugraha (the nature of blessing the devotee with an appropriate event, knowledge, wish fulfillment and grace), who holds the conch, discus and mace in his hands, whose body is dark in hue, who has four shoulders, who has the sun and the moon as his eyes, who is the Lord of Shree, who gives joy to his devotees by the wielding of his sword Nandaka, who holds the lotus in his hand, who holds the Shaarnga bow, and who is of a lustrous form.

I will again worship this great lord with all the sacred things necessary for worship conceived in my mind and all the precious stones that are in the outside world'.

So thinking, Prahlaada worshipped Maadhava the lord of Lakshmi in his mind itself.

रत्नौघपात्रपटलैश्चन्दनादिविलेपनैः धूपैर्दीपैर्विचित्रैश्च नानाविभवभूषणैः मन्दारमालावलनैर्होमाब्जपटलोत्करैः

कल्पवृक्षलतागुच्छैः रत्नस्तम्बकमण्डलैः पल्लवैर्दिव्यवृक्षाणां नानाकुसुमदामभिः किंकिरातैर्बकैः

कुन्दैश्चम्पकैरसितोत्पलैः कहवारैः कुमुदैः काशैः खर्जूरैः चूतकिशुकैः अशोकैर्मदनैर्बिम्बैः कर्णिकारैः किरातकैः

कदम्बैर्बकुलैर्निम्बैः सिन्दुवारैः सयूथकैः पारिभद्रैर्गुग्गुलीभिर्बिन्दुकैः पुष्पकोत्करैः प्रियङ्गुपटलैः पाटैः

पाटलैर्धातुपाटलैः आम्रैराम्रातकैर्गव्यैर्हरीतकविभीतकैः शालतालतमालानां लताकुसुमपल्लवैः कोमलैः

कलिकाजालैः सहकारैः सकुङ्कुमैः केतकैः शतपत्रैश्च तथैलामञ्जरीगणैः सर्वसौन्दर्यसंमानैः स्वयमात्मार्पणैरपि

हरिं परमया भक्त्या जगद्विभवभव्यया मनसा पूजयामास प्रह्लादोऽन्तःपुरे पतिम्। अथ देवगृहे

तस्मिन्बाह्यार्थैः परिपूर्णया पूजया पूजयामास दानवेशो जनार्दनम्। बहिर्द्वयैरनेनैव क्रमेण परमेश्वरं पुनःपुनः

पूजयित्वा तुष्टिमान्दानवोऽभवत्। ततस्ततः प्रभृत्येव प्रह्लादः परमेश्वरं तथैव प्रत्यहं भक्त्या पूजयामास पूर्णया।

अथ तस्मिन्पुरे दैत्यास्ततः प्रभृति वैष्णवाः सर्व एवाभवन्भव्यया राजा हयाचारकारणम्।

(What you cannot do with a mind? Prahlaada imagined all the things of the world and offered all of them to himself as his own imagined form of Vishnu. His mind was now Saatvic in character; but was still sunk in ignorance only. His mind still held on to the duality state, in the guise of the worshipper and the worshipped.)

Prahlaada inside his private palace, worshipped his Lord in his mind with the most excellent offerings available in the world like vessels embedded with precious stones, with anointments like sandal paste etc, incense and lamps of various types, many types of ornaments, garlands of Mandaara flowers, heaps of golden lotuses, the clusters of flowers from the creepers enveloping the Kalpa tree, balls made of clusters of precious stone-flowers, sprouts of divine trees, many varieties of flower garlands, rare flowers, jasmynes and Champaka flowers, dark lotuses, red lotuses, white lotuses, Kaasha flowers, dates, mango buds, Ashoka flowers, Madana and Bilva leaves, flowers of Karnikaara, Kiraata, Kadamba, Bakula, Nimbu, Sinduvaara, Paaribhadra, Gugguli, Binduka, and varieties of flower buds, saffron and saffron mixed red dishes, mangoes and dishes of mangoes, milk dishes, green and yellow leaves, the tender leaves of creepers of Shaala, Taala and Tamaala plants, tender buds of mango plants covered with Kumkum, Ketaka, Shatapatra and the flowers of the Ela plant, and all the excellent and beautiful things of the world, and also by surrendering completely with his self.

In this manner, without leaving out any excellent object of the world, Prahlaada the Daanava king worshipped Lord Janaardana through such sincere worships. He again and again worshipped the Lord with external things and felt very satisfied. After this, all the Daityas in that city from then onwards turned into Vishnu followers. Indeed the people always follow the conduct of their loved king!

जगाम वार्ता गगनं देवलोकमथारिहन्विष्णोर्दर्वेषं परित्यज्य भक्ता दैत्याः स्थिता इति। देवा विस्मयमाजग्मुः शक्राद्याः समरुत्गणाः गृहीता वैष्णवी भक्तिर्दैत्यैः किमिति राघव।

The news reached the heavens that the Daityas have got rid of the enmity towards their killer Vishnu and have developed devotion for him. Raaghava! Indra and the groups of Marut gods were extremely surprised that the demons had become devotees of Vishnu, and wondered what could be the cause of it all.

क्षीरोदे भोगिभोगस्थं विबुधा विस्मयाकुलाः जग्मुर्म्बरमुत्सृज्य हरिमाहवशालिनम्। तत्रैतं दैत्यवृत्तान्तं कथयामासुरस्य ते पप्रच्छुश्चैनमासीनमपूर्वाश्चर्यविस्मयम्।

The surprised Devas left their heavenly abode of Amaraavati and approached Vishnu, who exhibited excellent valour in the battles and who was now lolling on the bed of serpent. They reported the alarming news of the demons turning into the devotees of the Lord, and asked him about the consequences of such a strange event.

विबुधा ऊचुः
Devas spoke

किमेतद्भगवन्दैत्या विरुद्धा ये सदैव ते ते हि तन्मयतां याता मायेयमिति भाव्यते । क्व किलात्यन्तदुर्वृत्ता दानवा दलिताद्रयः क्व पाश्चात्यमहाजन्मलभ्या भक्तिर्जनार्दने। प्राकृतो गुणवान्जात इत्येषा भगवन्कथा अकाल पुष्पमालेव सुखायोद्वेजनाय चानोपपन्नं हि यद्यत्र तत्र तत्र न विराजते मध्ये काचकलापस्य महामूल्यो मणिर्यथा । यो यो यादृग्गुणो जन्तुः स तामैवेति संस्थितिं सदृशेष्वप्यजेषु श्वा न मध्ये रमते क्वचित् । न तथा दुःखयन्त्यङ्गे मज्जन्त्यो वज्रसूचयः वैसादृश्येन संबद्धा यथैता वस्तुदृष्टयः। यद्यत्र क्रमसम्प्राप्तमुपपन्नं अनिन्दितं तदेव राजते तत्र जलेऽम्भोजं न तु स्थले। क्वाधमः प्राकृतारंभो हीनकर्मरतिः सदा वराको दानवो हीनजातिर्भक्तिः क्व वैष्णवी। कमलिनी परुषोषरभूगता सुखयतीह यथा न दुराश्रया दितिसुतोऽपि हि माधव भक्तिमानिति कथा न तथेश सुखाय नः।

What is this hey Bhagavan? The Daityas who have fought you all this time now are acting like your devotees. We feel that it could be an act of deceit on their part. Where the devotion to the Lord that is possible only after performing meritorious deeds in many births, and where the mountain-breaking powerful Daityas, who are extremely wicked by nature? The story that a wretched mean person has turned into a noble soul is like the sudden appearance of a flower garland at an improper season, which though giving joy, still makes one feel apprehension. Any object that is placed in an unsuitable place will not shine ever, like a valuable gem dumped along with the glass pieces. (So is the devotion that rises in the heart of the wicked beings.) A man joins those people who have those very qualities, which he also is endowed with; a dog cannot feel comfortable in the midst of goats, though they both belong to the same animal species. Even getting pierced by the diamond needles does not produce as much pain as seeing the wrong combination of things! That which is properly obtained, is suitable, and blameless, that alone shines in that

person; the lotus is beautiful blooming in the waters, not on the ground. Where that worthless Daitya of a low (Taamasic) origin, who is the worst species ever born, who is produced in unrefined ordinary family, who chases after worst crimes; and where the devotion of Vishnu?! *(There is no match at all!)*
Hey Maadhava! One cannot be pleased to hear that a lotus grows in a dried up unfertile land and blossoms beautifully. The news that Diti's sons have turned into Vishnu's devotees does not please us much.

वसिष्ठोवाच
Vasishtha spoke

गर्जन्तमतिसंरब्धं सुरलोकमथारिहा उवाच माधवो वाक्यं शिखिवृन्दमिवाम्बुदः।
Maadhava smiled at the complaining Gods and uttered these words like the cloud addressing the peacocks.

श्री भगवानुवाच
Bhagavaan spoke

विबुधा मा विषण्णाः स्थ प्रह्लादो भक्तिमानिति पाश्चात्यं जन्म तस्येदं मोक्षार्होऽसावरिन्दमः।अथ उत्तरमेतेन गर्भता दनुजन्मना न कर्तव्या प्रदग्धेन बीजेनेवाङ्कुरक्रिया। गुणवान्निर्गुणो जात इत्यनर्थक्रमं विदुः निर्गुणो गुणवान्जात इत्याहुः सिद्धिदं क्रमम्।आत्मीयानि विचित्राणि भुवनान्यमरोत्तमाः प्रयात नासुखायैषा प्राह्लादी गुणितेह वः।

Hey Devas! Do not worry about the fact that Prahlaada has become a devotee.
This is the final birth of Prahlaada who battles with Devas as his enemies.
He deserves the state of liberation. He is like a burnt seed and no more will enter a womb and be born.
If a man of virtues loses his character, it leads to problems; but if a man without character develops virtues, then it leads to good results only.
Hey Excellent Amaras, worlds belonging to me have many such wonders. You all can go now.
The report of Prahlaada developing devotion does not bother me in the least!"

वसिष्ठोवाच
Vasishtha spoke

इत्युक्त्वा विबुधान्स्तत्र क्षीरोदारणववीचिषु अन्तर्धानं ययौ देवस्तटतापिच्छगुच्छवत्।सोऽपि संपूजितहरिः सुरौघो ब्रजदम्बरं पुनर्मन्दरनिर्धूतात्कणजालमिवार्णवात्।प्रह्लादं प्रति गीर्वाणास्ततः स्निग्धत्वमाययुः।महान्तो यत्र नोद्विग्नस्तत्र विश्वासवन्मनः ।

Having said this, Lord Vishnu immediately vanished off inside the waves of the Milk Ocean, like the blue feather that rises from the river bank vanishes off into the sky. The crowd of Devas also offered praises to Hari and returned to their abode in the Heaven like the water drops splattering from the churning of the Mandara Mountain dissipating into the sky. The Devas now felt friendly towards Prahlaada, losing their apprehension about his sudden change in conduct.

When the noble ones show no apprehension, the minds of their followers develop trust in their words.
प्रत्यहं पूजयामास देवदेवं जनार्दनं मनसा कर्मणा वाचा प्रह्लादो भक्तिमानिति।अतः पूजापरस्यास्य समवर्धन्त कालतः विवेकानन्दवैराग्यविभवप्रमुखा गुणाः।नाभ्यनन्ददसौ भोगपूगं शुष्कमिव द्रुमं न चारमत कान्तासु मृगो लोकमहीष्विव।न रेमे लोकचर्यासु शास्त्रार्थकथनादृते न जायते रतिस्तत्र दृश्ये स्थल इवाब्जिनी।न विशश्राम चेतोऽस्य भोगरोगानुरञ्जने मुक्ताफलमसंश्लिष्टं मुक्ताफल इवामले।

(The fruit of devotion is the development of dispassion towards the world; and the rise of disinterest in the sense pleasures. Otherwise if the devotee still maintains desires for wealth (fame, position etc) and feels attraction towards the pleasures, then he is a hypocrite only.

Prahlaada was sincere in his worship; and soon changed for the better.)

Prahlaada who had turned a devotee now, started to worship Lord Vishnu every day with all his mind, actions and words. Even as he engaged in worship, slowly in course of time the noble qualities of discrimination, peace, dispassion developed in him. He did not feel any joy in the sense enjoyments like in a dried up tree, and did not feel happy in the company of women like a deer in the crowded villages. He did not enjoy the worldly actions as much as the discourses of the Scriptures. He did not feel attraction towards festivals and celebrations like the lotus flowers that do not like to grow on the land. His mind did not rest in the joy of the illness namely enjoyments, like a pure pearl does not fit with the broken pieces of pearls.

त्यक्तभोगादिकलनं विश्रान्तिमनुपागतं चेतः केवलमस्यासीद्दोलायामिव योजितम्।प्राह्लादीं तां स्थितिं
विष्णुर्देवः क्षीरोदरमन्दिरात्विदेद सर्वगतया धिया परमकान्तया।अथ पातालमार्गेण विष्णुराह्लादितागतः
पूजादेवगृहं तस्य प्रह्लादस्य समाययौ। विजायाभ्यागतं देवं पूजया दिवगुणेद्धया दैत्येन्द्रः पुण्डरीकाक्षमादरात्
पर्यपूजयत्।पूजागृहगतं देवं प्रत्यक्षावस्थितं हरिं प्रह्लादः परमप्रीतो गिरा तुष्टाव पुष्टया।

Though his mind did not relish enjoyments of any sort, it was still not in the restful state of knowledge and was not stabilized as if attached to a swing. Lord Vishnu knew of the oscillating state of Prahlaada's mind from his abode at the Milk Ocean itself, through his Supreme state of Knowledge which was everywhere as all the minds. Through the path of the Netherworld, Vishnu who pleased all the devotees reached the worship room of Prahlaada and appeared in his front. The king of Daityas understood that the Lord was standing in front of him and devotedly worshipped him with doubled effort. Prahlaada was very happy by seeing the Lord actually standing in front of him, and sang hymns with joy overflowing in his mind.

प्रह्लाद उवाच Prahlaada spoke

त्रिभुवनभवनाभिरामकोशं सकलकलङ्कहरं प्रकाशं अशरणशरणं शरण्यमीशं हरिमज्जमच्युतमीश्वरं प्रपद्ये।

I take shelter in Hari (one who removes all the faults of a devotee), Achyuta (one who does not swerve from his state of Supremacy), and Ishvara (the supreme ruler of all), the Lord.

He is the hollow which holds the tri-world mansion intact; removes all the taints of the heart; is the luster that shines as all other lights; is the only resort for those who have no other shelter.

कुवलयदलनीलसंनिकाशं शरदमलाम्बरकोटरोपमानं भ्रमरतिमिरकज्जलाञ्जनाभं सरसिजचक्रगदाधरं प्रपद्ये।

I take shelter in Lord Vishnu who holds the lotus, discus and the mace in his hands, whose hue is like that of the bee, darkness, lampblack and collirium; who is extremely pure like the taintless autumn sky; who shines like the blue lotus petal and the sapphire stone.

विमलमलिकलापकोमलाङ्गं सितदलपङ्कजकुड्मलाभशङ्खं श्रुतिरणितविरञ्चिचञ्चरीकं स्वहृदयपद्मदलाश्रयं प्रपद्ये।

I take shelter in Lord Vishnu who is seated in the petals of my heart-lotus, who is with the bee of Brahmaa humming the Vedas, who holds the conch which shines like the tender bud of the white lotus, whose body is faultless and is soft like the hum of the bees.

सितनखगणतारकावकीर्णं स्मितधवलाननपीवरेन्दुबिम्बं हृदयमणिमरीचिजालगङ्गं हरिशरदम्बरमाततं प्रपद्ये।

I take shelter in Hari who spreads out like the taintless autumn sky; where the Ganges flows as the very rays of the Koustubha gem decorating the chest, whose face brightened by the smile is like the full moon disc, whose shine from the nails scatter out like the stars.

अविरलकृतसृष्टिसर्वलीनं सततमजातमवर्धनं विशालं गुणशतजरठाभिजातदेहं तरुदलशायिनमर्भकं प्रपद्ये।

I take shelter in the infant lying on the banyan leaf (at the dissolution time), and whose body shines extremely beautiful being carved for long with excellent virtues and noble qualities; who is spread out vastly, who never is born nor grows, who contains within him all the creations that are beyond count.

नवविकसितपद्मरेणुगौरं स्फुटकमलवपुषा विभूषिताङ्गं दिनशमसमयारुणाङ्गरागं कनकनिभाम्बरसुन्दरं प्रपद्ये।

I take shelter in Lord Vishnu who is beautiful like the golden sky, whose body shines red like the evening time, whose body is decorated by the blossomed red lotus in the form of Lakshmi, who is white like the pollen of the newly bloomed lotus at the navel.

दितिसुतनलिनीतुषारपातं सुरनलिनीसततोदितार्कबिम्बं कमलजनलिनीजलावपूरं हृदि नलिनीनिलयं विभुं प्रपद्ये।

I take shelter in the Supreme Lord who abides in the lotus of the heart, who is surrounded by the waters of the lake where the Brahmaa stays in a lotus, who is the ever-risen sun-disk for the lotuses namely Suras; and who is the snow-fall for the lotuses namely Diti's sons.

त्रिभुवननलिनीसितारविन्दं तिमिरसमानविमोहदीपमग्र्यं स्फुटरमजडं चिदात्मतत्त्वं जगदाखिलार्तिहरं प्रपद्ये।

I take shelter in Lord Vishnu who removes all the ailments of the world by his very presence; who is the principle of Chit shining as the self which is not inert but evident always; who is the most excellent lamp light that destroys the darkness of delusion, whose hand holds the white lotus namely the sun which blooms up the lotus of the tri-world.

वसिष्ठोवाच

Vasishta spoke

इति गुणबहुलाभिर्वाग्भिरभ्यर्चितोऽसौ हरिरसुरविनाशः श्रीनिषण्णांसदेशः जलद इव मयूरं प्रीतिमान्प्रीयमाणं

कुवलयदलनीलः प्रत्युवाचासुरेन्द्रम्।

Thus praised with excellent hymns and worshipped by Prahlaada, Hari, the destruction of Asuras, whose bosom was ornamented by 'Shree', who was pleased by the pleasing conduct of his devotee, who was dark like the blue lotus, spoke to the king of Asuras like a cloud at the peacock.

श्री भगवानुवाच वरं गुणनिधे दैत्यकुलचूडामणे गृहाणाभिमतं भूयो जन्मदुःखोपशान्तये ।

Bhagavaan spoke: Hey crest jewel of the demon clan! Hey treasure chest of virtues!

Ask for anything that will free you from the pain of repeated births, and you will have it for sure.

प्रह्लाद उवाच सर्वसंकल्पफलद सर्वलोकान्तरस्थित यदुदारतमं वेत्सि तदेवादिश प्रभो ।

Prahlaada spoke: Lord! You can fulfill any wish that a devotee wants! You remain as the essence of all!

Whatever is beneficial to me, explain that alone hey Prabhu!

श्री भगवानुवाच सर्वसंभ्रमशान्त्यै परमाय फलाय च ब्रह्मविश्रान्तिपर्यन्तो विचारोऽस्तु तवानघ।

Lord spoke: Hey Taintless one! To attain the supreme fruit and to subdue all these pompous affairs, remain engaged in the practice of Vichaara till you rest in the knowledge state of Brahman!

इत्युक्त्वा दितिपुत्रेन्द्रं विष्णुरन्तरधीयत कृतघर्घरनिहर्लादस्तरङ्गस्तोयधेरिव।

Having spoken thus, Lord Vishnu vanished from sight, like a wave disappears fast into the ocean after making a gurgling noise.