

आदिकविश्रीमद्वाल्मीकिमहर्षिप्रणीतबृहत्सगवासिष्ठः

BRAHADYOGAVASISHTA

JNAANA RAAMAAYANAM

[DVITEEYA RAAMAAYANAM]

COMPOSED BY

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निर्वाणप्रकरणस्य उत्तरार्धम्

SECOND HALF OF NIRVAANA PRAKARANAM

SIXTH SECTION
'THE NIRVAANA STATE'

PART FIVE
[BHUSHUNDA'S INSTRUCTION TO A VIDYAADHARA KING (1)]

Sanskrit text, Translation and Explanation

by

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ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Narayanalakshmi

Narayanalakshmi (Shubhalakshmi), an ascetic 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

श्री वसिष्ठ उवाच
Vasishta spoke

स्वभावं स्वं विजित्यादाविन्द्रियाणां सचेतसां प्रवर्तते विवेके यः सर्वं तस्याशु सिद्ध्यति।

स्वभावमात्रं येनान्तर्न जिता दग्धबुद्धिना तस्योत्तमपदप्राप्तिः सिकतातैलदुर्लभा।

शुद्धेऽल्पोऽप्युपदेशो हि निर्मले तैलबिन्दुवत्लगत्युत्तानचितेषु नादर्श इव मौक्तिकम्।

The instruction of the teacher and the scriptures get fructified for only such a person, who controls the natural tendency of all his senses along with the mind, in the beginning itself; and also practices the discrimination ability, dispassion, etc.

(Unless one practices the required discipline, and habituates himself to the analysis of what is read or heard at each and every minute possible, the liberation equals a hare's horn for him.)

Oil cannot be extracted from sand; so also, the attainment of the excellent state of the Supreme knowledge is not at all possible for the idiot with the burnt intellect who has not at all conquered the natural tendency of the mind and the senses (and who keeps the text-knowledge outside of his practice.)

In mind which is purified through the six-fold practice of Shama (mind-control), Dama (control in the physical level) etc, even the least of the instruction gets absorbed fully, and increases through Vichaara, like a drop of oil spilt on the white cloth. In the restless mind which blocks the words through arrogance, conceit, neglect etc, the instruction does not enter at all, like a pearl fallen on the hard mirror-surface.

(If the love for the world is still there, why will anyone want to know of its non-existence, and spoil the joy of illusion? Their brains will naturally keep away the knowledge, even if they make a pretense of study and self-control.)

अत्रैवोदाहरन्तीममितिहासं पुरातनं मम पूर्वं भुशूण्डेन कथितं मेरुमूर्धनि।पुरा भुशुण्डः कस्मिंश्चित्पृष्ठ आसीत्
कथान्तरे मया कदचिदेकान्ते मेरोः शिखरकोटरे मुग्धबुद्धिं अनात्मज्ञं कं त्वं सुचिरजीवितं स्मरसीति मया
पृष्टेनोक्तं तेनेदमङ्ग मे।

Here I will relate to you a long past conversation that took place between me and Bhushunda on the peak of Meru Mountain. Dear Rama! Long time in the past, when we both were sitting alone in a cave at the peak of Meru, Bhushunda was questioned by me in the course of a discussion, 'In your eternal life you must have met many others with long life. Amongst them all, which one with a long life do you remember as foolish and ignorant of the Self (and surely not a master of his senses)?'

Questioned by me like this, he recounted this event of his life.

(What if a person has access to all the pleasures at all times, is virtuous in character, has the freedom to go anywhere in the Creation, has no problem in his life at all, never encounters tragedies ever, and has a very long life say as long as the Creation-span itself, then will he long for liberation? Is liberation really necessary for anyone, even if the life has no problem at all ever, and runs smoothly for long, in the Ocean of Bhava?)

'I have no problems in life; and I have my beloved god looking over me; I am healthy and learned; I am virtuous, good and kind; I am happy with my people and their guileless affection. I have no need to renounce them all and walk away'; there are such virtuous good fortunate people, who discard the Upanishad knowledge as something not fit for them. Is liberation a wasted effort for them?

This is explained through the story of a Vidyaadhara, who somehow develops dispassion and discrimination, even when he had nothing to complain in his life.

Vidyaadharas are a superior class of Devas, who live near the outskirts of Kailaasa Mountain, and are devoted to Shiva. As the very name suggests, they are the masters of all learning. They are endowed with many Siddhis; and live a quiet contented life under the care of Shiva, and have nothing to aspire for actually. Even if they have access to Shiva himself as a personal god caring for them, is it enough? Is knowledge not prescribed for such fortunate ones?

Are they really happy with all the joys that life showers on them non-stop?)

भुशुण्ड उवाच

Bhushunda spoke to Vasishtha

आसीद्विद्याधरः पूर्वमनात्मजः सुखेदितः लोकालोकान्तरशृङ्गे शुष्क आर्यो विचारवान्। तपसा बहुरूपेण यमेन नियमेन च अक्षीणायुरतिष्ठत्स पुरा कल्पचतुष्टयम्। ततश्चतुर्थे कल्पान्ते विवेकस्तस्य चोदभूत् विदूरस्येव वैदूर्यमौचित्याज्जलदोदयात्।

There was a noble Vidyaadhara who was ignorant of the Aatman; was tormented by the senses that were beyond control; and was in a restless state. Therefore, to analyze all this, he went to the peak of LokaaLoka mountain and lived there, by following many hard disciplines, and strict control of senses. His life-span never ended; and he lived like this for four Kalpas.

(Even Viveka, the idea that one is trapped in the world is not easy to come up with. It is very rare to develop the longing for self-realization, and those who have it in the earth-level itself which is beset with survival problems and day-to-day struggles, are indeed blessed and are indeed under the care of Shiva himself, the form of dispassion.)

At the end of the fourth Kalpa, 'Viveka' appeared in him after a long time when his intellect was at last purified, like the Vaidurya gem (cat's eye gem), at the rise of the cloud after a long time.

(This Vaidurya gem is very rare and is found only in the place called Vidoora (distant place), which is not easily accessible. It is a dry place and the clouds never appear there. If by chance the cloud appears, then the gem gets formed. The realization bliss is also like a gem that is rarely produced in some remote minds only. Unless the cloud of Viveka rises, the longing for realization is an unmanifest gem that never gets produced at all. For the Vidyaadhara king, it took four creation-spans to get this Viveka; for he had too much of pleasure-sense in him, and it took a long time for him to come out of the trap set by his senses. 'Earth people' are lucky indeed, for they are beset with difficulties alone, and they can easily develop dispassion and discrimination, if they make even a slight effort in Vichaara.)

पुनर्मृतिः पुनर्जन्म जरा मा इति विभावयन्लज्जेऽहं तत्किमेकं स्यात्स्थिरमित्यवमृश्य सः मामाजगाम सम्प्रष्टुमष्टादशमर्यो पुरीं स्वामुपोह्य विरक्तात्मा संसारारसतां गतः। स मत्समीपमागत्य कृतोदारनमस्कृतिः मत्पूजितोऽवसरत उवाचेदमनिन्दितम्।

'Let me not go through the processes of death and birth again and again'; so concluding after a long time of analyzing the wasteful ways of life, and feeling dejected with everything; wondering what would be the most stable state of all; exhausted after dragging the city of eighteen colonies (five Praanas, ten sense organs, mind, intellect and the physical form); feeling no essence in the worldly existence, he approached to question me about all this. He came near me, saluted me with devotion, was welcomed by me with affection, and when permitted to ask some questions, spoke these blameless words.

विद्याधर उवाच

Vidyaadhara spoke

THE WICKED SENSES THAT RUN AFTER THE IMAGINED PLEASURES

(The world is just a picture painted by the senses. Whatever you do, you cannot get rid of the touch, smell, image, sound and taste. A Jeeva is stuck inside a web of sense-perceptions. Even in a dream, he cannot rid of them. In the sleep at least, he remains unconscious and hides from these sense-pictures. Where can any one run away from the sense perceptions? Even the Himalayan caves are just sense-perceptions only. Perception is a must for the Reality; there is no escape. Even Shiva is bound by the Kailaasa-perception; but he chose it as his shine, by his own will. He exists as the emptiness covered by the perception.

Perception is harmless; and senses just present what the Vaasanaa drives them to.

When trapped by ignorance, the perception terrorizes you like a snake; when in knowledge, it adorns you as a garland. If there is a Vaasanaa-less perception like that of a Shiva, then the 'perception-snake' is just a garland worn on the neck, and adorns you. But if what you experience is forced by the Vaasanaas, then the snake keeps on biting you, again and again.

In this section the wickedness of the senses is explained.

Senses are not wicked or good; they are just inert tools. Only a mind that is tainted by the desires gets blamed here, where it uses the senses to chase the sense objects in search of some imagined pleasure.

Sense-objects are not just the sweets and music that you run after; but the very world you experience around you, is a sensed object of the mind. The entire world is its pleasure ground.

The love for the world itself is a trap set by the senses.

Believing the moving flashes of sense perceptions as some solid world itself, is the deep hollow one has fallen into. Family members, property that one owns, friends, objects, places, temples, deities, religious practices, everything is a sensed object only.

If one is attached to them and feels joy in their presence, then the senses are said to be wicked.

If one is not attached to them and feels nothing in their presence but the silence of the Self, then they become the self-shine.

You cannot stop the senses from painting a world-picture on the canvas of your self-awareness.

Either, you as the ego-entity, get born with each and every desire and die along with their fulfillment; or be eternal with no desires at all, and remain as the identity of identitylessness.

Contemplate on how you are trapped by these senses driven by a mind filled with attachment, as you read the agonized lamentation of the Vidyaadhara.)

मृदूनि परितापीनि दृषद्दृढबलानि च छेदे भेदे च दक्षाणि स्वशस्त्राणीन्द्रियाणि च।पर्याकुलानि मलिनानि विपत्प्रदानि दुःखोर्मिमन्ति गुणकाननपावकत्वात्हादार्दान्धकारगहनानि तमोमयानि जित्वेन्द्रियाणि सुखमेति च किं ममार्थः।यदुदारमनायासं क्षयातिशयवर्जितं पदं पावनमाद्यन्तरहितं तद्वदाशु मे।एतावन्तमहं कालं सुप्त आसं जडात्मकः इदानीं संप्रबुद्धोऽस्मि प्रसादादात्मनो मुने।

(Vidyaadhara says: I have been living a life filled with pleasures alone. I lack nothing in life. I can enjoy anything at will. Since I am a noble man of virtues, I do not have to fear any suffering of the after-life also. I can visit Lord Shiva himself at his mountain-abode and offer my worship to him directly.

But still I did not understand that I was always acting as a slave to my senses.

I will explain to you, how they have tormented me all along, till the dawn of Viveka in my intellect.)

(Senses are the sharp unfailling weapons.)

The weapons and the senses (attraction for sense objects) both are equal; for they both enter one's body, easily pierce inside; burn a lot; are hard like the stone that they cannot be removed easily; and they are powerful enough to wound and injure.

(Senses are the wild forests.)

Senses are dreary jungles well rooted in the heart; are dense and dark; the wild monkeys of desires keep jumping around all through the forest; are dusty and slushy always because of the increasing Vaasanaa waters; dangerous to tread in; wave of smoke rise in the form of miseries because of the forest-fire burning away the virtues; are completely dark because of ignorance.

A person gets true happiness only by conquering the senses. What need do I have, for these sense objects?

(I am burning in the heat of Samsaara. I cannot wait any more. Pour the water of knowledge and extinguish the fire quickly.)

Tell me quickly about that magnificent state, which is easily attained, which never diminishes, which is sacred and which is without beginning and end. *(Why did I not aspire for this state till now?)*

All these days I was inert (stupid) and asleep (filled with Tamas). Now I have woken up, because of being graced by my mind which has developed dispassion towards the world.

मनो महामयोत्तसं क्षुब्धमज्ञानवृत्तिषु मामुद्धर दुरन्तेहं मोहादहमिति स्थितात्।

This mind is scorched by the fire of passion. It has become wretched by pursuing the ignorant ways, and is driven by the Vaasanaas. I am attached to this false-self, and exist as an ego-entity because of my ignorant state. The actions which are done expecting some fruit never give true satisfaction; and I see no end of these actions.

श्रीमत्यपि पतन्त्याशु शातनाः कातरादयः गुणवत्युग्रपत्रेऽपि तुहिनानीव पङ्कजे।

जायन्ते च म्रियन्ते च केवलं जीर्णजन्तवः न धर्माय न मोक्षाय मशका इव पङ्कजे।

Though I as a Vidyaadhara, am endowed with many divine powers, I also am a victim of these killers namely desires and anxieties, because of lack of sense-control, like a lotus which withers by the snow even when having strong healthy petals.

(In my case, seasons are not the cause of my destruction as in the case of the lotus; I myself am the foolish lotus going after the snow. It is too unfair yet, that I compare myself to the beautiful lotus! I am just a mosquito in the mire seeking the dirt of the mire; but never going after the 'honey of liberation' found in the lotus-feet of the Knowers.)

Like the mosquitoes hovering in the lotus-mire, the ignorant ones, the wretched creatures surviving on the dirt of sense pleasures, get born and die for no purpose at all. Their life is wasted away in routine works and the routine joys; they never seek to fulfill their life-purpose of seeking the true welfare; and never ever strive for Moksha, the freedom from the drudgery of life.

भावैस्तैरेव तैरेव तुच्छालम्भविडम्बनैः चिरेण परिखिन्नाः स्मो विप्रलम्भाः पुनःपुनः।

I am from a long time, feeling completely shattered and broken, thinking about the life I have led so far. I have now understood that I have been cheated again and again, by these sense objects.

I approach them as if some new unique joy is going to be experienced; but any joy from them is just a momentary flash, and I am left with nothing but frustration, disappointment, and the desire to enjoy more of them again and again.

Day in and day out, the very same lowly sense-objects get enjoyed again and again, in various manners.

नान्तोऽस्त्यस्य न च स्थैर्यावस्थाऽविश्रान्तमानसं भ्रमतो भोगभङ्गेषु मरुभूमिष्विवाध्वनः।

Even lowly creatures like worms and animals enjoy the objects of their own choice.

What difference is there between me and them?

What permanent happiness is gained by these sense objects?

Where is the end for all this? Nothing seems to be stable!

Mind is restless always, even after these sense objects are enjoyed again and again tirelessly.

Like a traveler in the hot burning desert who wanders aimlessly searching for shade and water in vain, I too am indulging in these pleasures without getting any stable joy as such.

Like the traveler trapped in the mirage, I too am trapped in the mirage of life-activities!

आपातमधुरारम्भा भङ्गुरा भवहेतवः अचिरेण विकारिण्यो भीषणा भोगभूमयः।

When anything is enjoyed, be it an inert object or a person who is related, it makes one happy indeed; true!

But it does not last long; and very soon the joyful feeling turns into a painful state.

Objects perish; people get separated; emotions change; liked ones become the disliked ones; and one stands with nothing but misery nibbling at the heart.

Any desire when satisfied, leaves back hundred more desires in its place.

I feel trapped in the wordy existence because of these sense-objects. The sense-objects are indeed terrifying; they attract by wearing the mask of joy, but bestow pain alone at the end.

मानावमानपरया दुरहंकारकान्तया न रमे वामया तात हतविद्याधरश्रिया।

Revered Sire! What do I lack in riches or powers, as the excellent Vidyaadhara?

I am married to the 'Goddess of Wealth (Shree) of Vidyaadharas' herself! However, I have now found out how wicked and evil she is. I do not enjoy her company any more.

She is always averse to those who have 'Viveka'. *(Limitless wealth and riches have made me lose my Viveka; and I have turned an idiot because of her company.)*

She has made me her slave; and I have turned in to the most wretched person because of her.
I am now conceited about my wealth, power, and beauty, because of her only.
She loves those with the height of self-conceit. She makes one feel gloated about oneself, and forces him to ridicule and offend others. I do not want her company anymore.

दृष्टाश्चैत्रथोद्यानभुवः कुसुमकोमलाः कल्पवृक्षलतादत्तसमस्तविभवश्रियः।
विहृतं मेरुकुञ्जेषु विद्याधरपुरेषु च विमानवरमालासु वातस्कन्धस्थलीषु च।
विश्रान्तं सुरसेनासु कान्ताभुजलतासु च हारिहारविलासासु लोकपालपुरीषु च।
(What pleasures have been left out by me as not-enjoyed?!)
The wonderful garden-land of ChitraRatha, the king of Gandharvas has been visited, and the flowers of excellent fragrance and softness have been experienced.
Any object of wealth that was wished for was produced by the creeper of Kalpa-tree, and has been enjoyed.
I have wandered happily in the bowers of Meru Mountain, in the cities of Vidyaadharas, in many varieties of air-vehicles moving through all the levels of air-currents. I have rested well in the battle-fields of Devas, and equally in the creeper like shoulders of pretty girls, and also inside the pleasure grounds adorned by garlands of gems and pearls, in the cities of 'LokaPaalaas'.

न किञ्चिदुचितं साधु सर्वमाधिविषोष्मणा दग्धं भस्मायते तात विज्ञातमधुना मया।
(Any physical pleasure becomes tasteless, if the mind is in a troubled state!)
There is no appropriate treatment for the mental anguish; anything and everything gets burnt by heat of the mental anguish and turns into ashes, hey elderly one! This I understood now only, after the rise of Viveka.

FIVE WICKED SENSES

रूपालोकनलोलेन वनिताननगृधुना सावभासेन दोषाय दुःखं नीतोऽस्मि चक्षुषा।
इदं गुणावहं नेदमिति मुक्त्वा विकल्पनं रूपमात्रानुसारित्वादवस्तुन्यपि धावति।
The sight-sense is always hankering after images that the mind imagines as beautiful!
It is greedy for catching a glimpse of a pretty woman's face.
It reveals the outside, and disturbs the inside.
I am led towards pain only, by following the object that is sought by the sight-sense!
The sight-sense just falls for the image (like a pretty woman), and without analyzing whether the image is really attractive or not (by ignoring the stinking flesh-mass filled with liquids and bones), it runs after the unworthy objects.

तावदायाति विरतिं न वशं यावदापदां नानाबन्धपरं चेतः परानर्थहितोन्मुखम्।
The mind is always turned towards extreme painful outcomes only, because of its senseless desires and attachments; and only when it gets trapped by many varieties of sorrows (like diseases, tragedies, losses, deaths and ungrateful behavior of the loved ones and so on), it feels some sort of vague disgust with the worldly existence (impure-dispassion that is not born out of proper reasoning method.)

घ्राणमेतदनर्थाय धावच्चैवाभितः स्फुटं न निवारयितुं तात शक्नोमीह हयं यथा।
गन्धोदकप्रणालेन मुखश्वासानुपातिना वैरिणेवातिदोषेण घ्राणेनास्मि नियोजितः।
I am unable to control this nasal sense, which runs all around searching for the fragrance of the liked objects and gets into dangers like a horse which runs madly all around endangering itself. Like slaving under a wicked enemy. I have become the drainage canal for the stinky flow of the phlegm, bad breath etc, by this nasal sense.

चिरं रसनया चाहमनया नयहीनया गजगोमायुगुप्तेषु दुःखाद्रिष्वलमाहतः।
By this taste-sense (nose and tongue combined), which goes after any type of food without control, I am lost in the wild mountains (of ailments), where abide the huge elephants of gluttony, and the wicked jackals of deceit and selfishness.

निरोद्धुं न च शक्नोमि स्पर्शलम्पटतां त्वचः ग्रीष्मकालसमिद्धस्य तापमंशुमतो यथा।
I am unable to control the greediness of the skin!

The sun cannot resist setting fire to the fire-sticks in the hot summer, and instantly sets fire to the whole of the forest itself; similarly, this touch-sense acting through the skin, greedily goes after all the objects that are soft and hard, to bring about only the untold suffering at the end.

शुभशब्दरसार्थिन्यो मुने श्रवणशक्तयः मां योजयन्ति विषमे तृणेच्छा हरिणं यथा।

प्रणताः प्रियकारिण्यः प्रह्वभृत्यसमीरिताः वाद्यगेयरवोन्मिश्राः शुभशब्दश्रियः श्रुताः।

Hey Muni! Like the deer is forced by the desire for the green grass to fall from the dangerous cliffs, the sound-sense acting through the ears, desires the pleasant sounds, and pushes me towards untold harms. I have listened to enough of good sounds, like the words spoken by the humble ones offering salutation to me, pleasing words from the family members and well-wishers, the polite words from the obedient attendants, the amazing music from the varieties of instruments, and melodious songs par excellence.

श्रियः स्त्रियो दिशश्चैव तटाश्चाम्भोधिभूभृतां दृष्टा विभवहारिण्यः प्रकणन्मणिभूषणाः।

चिरमास्वादिताः स्वादु चमत्कारमनोरमाः प्रह्वकान्ताजनानीताः षड्रसा गुणशालिनः।

कौशेयकामिनीहारकुसुमास्तरणानिलाः निर्विघ्नमभितः स्पृष्टा भृशमाभोगभूमिषु।

वधूमुखौषधीपुष्पसमालम्भनभूमयः अनुभूता मुने गन्धा मन्दानिलसमीरिताः।

श्रुतं स्पृष्टं तथा दृष्टं भुक्तं घातं पुनः पुनः सम्शुष्कविरसं भूयः किं भजामि वदाशु मे।

Have owned all the riches that I desired; have enjoyed the company of all the pretty women I desired; have wandered in all the directions of the world and seen all the amazing things; visited all the Ocean banks, climbed all the mountains; seen every beautiful thing in the world with my body adorned by tinkling ornaments.

Have relished for long the amazing pleasant wonderful fragrances of six types well-prepared and mixed by the beloved women-folk who would try to please me by their devoted acts.

Have enjoyed enough the objects of the touch-sense in the form of varieties of soft silk garments, pretty women, garlands of fragrant flowers, and soft winds of the mountain-rivers, in all the pleasure-lands, in all forms, without any obstacle for long.

Have experienced hey Muni, the fragrances brought by the soft winds rising from the faces of the pretty women, where abide the mixed sweet flavors of many herbal pastes and fragrant flowers worn on their hair. Have heard all; touched all; seen all; consumed all; smelt all, again and again.

What more is there for me to seek in these essenceless pursuits, tell me?

ENOUGH OF IT ALL!

भुक्त्वा वर्षसहस्राणि दुर्भोगपटलीमिमां आब्रह्मस्तम्बपर्यन्तं न तृप्तिरुपजायते।

I have been chewing this essenceless stalk (sugar cane) for thousands of years and have not found any satisfaction at all, from the level of a lowly worm to the highest level of Brahmaa, the Creator.

सामाज्यं सुचिरं कृत्वा तथा भुक्त्वा वधूगणं भंक्त्वा परबलान्युच्चैः किमपूर्वमवाप्यते।

I have ruled the kingdom for long; I have enjoyed the company of my beloved wives for long; have conquered all the enemies exhibiting greatest valour! So what? What great unique thing has been accomplished by engaging in all these things?

येषां विनाशनं नासीद्यैर्भुक्तं भुवनत्रयं तेऽपि तेऽप्यचिरेणैव समं भस्मपदं गताः।

Those who never get destroyed (like Brahmaa) also, those who have enjoyed the tri-worlds (Devas and Asuras) also, even those, (I repeat again in wonder), even those, have turned into ashes (dissolved off after the creation-span is over with) very soon (within a moment of Brahmaa's creation-span).

WHERE CAN I GET PERMANENT REST?

प्राप्तेन येन नो भूयः प्राप्तमवशिष्यते तत्प्राप्तौ यत्नमातिष्ठेत्कष्टयापि हि चेष्टया।

There must be some state, attaining which, there is nothing left back as not-achieved.

One should strive hard to attain that state only, even if one has to try hard (by developing dispassion and courage).

HOW MUCH CAN YOU ENJOY, AND HOW LONG? WHERE AND ALL?

(Desires are endless; and the world also stretches limitless.

Even a Kalpa tree cannot fulfill all the desires; nor can one keep on visiting more and more pleasure grounds. Where is the end? Where is the complete satisfaction achieved by anything anywhere?)

येन कान्ताश्विरं भुक्ता भोगास्तस्येह जन्तुभिः दृष्टो न कस्यचिद्गृह्णितं तरुर्व्योमप्लवश्च वा।

Even if one has enjoyed many beautiful women for long, even if one has enjoyed all the pleasures (like me), no one has seen a person resting always under a Kalpa-tree above his head (getting everything he wants), or a vehicle that is attached to his bottom by which he can travel anywhere and everywhere.

THE BULLYING SENSES

चिरमासु दुरन्तासु विषयारण्यराजिषु इन्द्रियैर्विप्रलब्धोऽस्मि धूर्तबालैरिवाभकः।अद्य त्वेते परिज्ञाता मया स्वविषयारयः।कष्टा इन्द्रियनामानो वञ्चयित्वा तु मां पुनः संसारजङ्गले शून्ये दग्धं नरमृगं शठाः

आश्वास्याश्वास्य निघ्नन्ति विषयेन्द्रियलुब्धकाः।विषमाशीविषैरेभिर्विषयेन्द्रियपन्नगैः येन दग्धा न दृष्टास्ते द्वित्रा एव जगत्पि।

Like a gullible child deceived by the bullying rogue boys (by showing something that appears sweet, but turns out to be mud when tasted), I have been deceived by these senses and have been roaming aimlessly in the dangerous wild jungles of sense-pleasures for long.

I have at last understood the vile character of the sense-enemies now.

These things called senses are difficult to resist. They push me into this jungle of Samsara cheating me again and again; and like a fool I keep trusting them again and again. Lost in the desolate wild forest of sense-pleasures, I have been actually burnt by the forest-fires repeatedly.

A hunter lures a deer to the trap by showing it some delicious grass in the hand; and the deer walks behind him unaware of its fate. I am also a 'human shaped deer' that gets lured by these senses again and again, and I follow them blindly in anticipation of some unique joy, and get killed mercilessly at the end.

(A man who is lost in pleasures is already brain-dead; and is equal to a moving tree the rest of his life!

Poison kills only once; but the senses that are after the pleasures kill many a times, for ever and ever through many births.)

There are just two or three persons in the entire world, who have not been bitten and burnt by the terrifying poisonous serpents of senses that are after pleasures alone.

THE ARMY OF SENSES

भोगभीमेभवलितां तृष्णातरलवागुरां लोभोग्रकरवालाद्यां कोपकुन्तकुलाङ्कितां द्वन्द्वजालरथव्यासां

अहंकारानुपालितां चेष्टातुरङ्गमाकीर्णां कामकोलाहलाकुलां शरीरसीमान्तगतां दुरिन्द्रियपताकिर्णां

ये जेतुमुत्थितास्तात त एवेह हि सद्गताः।

(The ordinary armies of any Daityas can be easily conquered; but not the army of the senses.)

Hey revered one! They alone are truly valorous soldiers who are well-equipped to conquer the enemy-army namely the senses that are attracted to the imagined sense pleasures.

This army of senses contains – huge rogue elephants of enjoyments; traps of 'Trshnaa' (the longing for pleasures) with hollows (harms) covered by soft ground (surface joys); the wielding of many sharp swords of greed (addiction to pleasures); marked by the sharp spears namely anger and annoyance; spread out with the chariots of 'delusion of duality'; led by the commander of the army namely 'Ahamkaara'; filled by the speeding horses of actions (for chasing the fulfillment of desires); the chaotic sound of the army that is terrifying one and all as the agitation of passion; the flag flying high with the symbol of senses; and it is always waiting at the outskirts of the body-city (ready to attack any time).

CONQUERING THE SENSES

सुसाध्यः करटोद्भेदो मत्तैवारणदन्तिनः नोत्पथप्रतिपन्नानां स्वेन्द्रियाणां विनिग्रहः।

पौरुषस्य महत्त्वस्य सत्त्वस्य महतः श्रियः इन्द्रियाक्रमणं साधो सीमान्तो महतामपि।

तावदुत्तमतामेति पुमानपि दिवौकसां कृपणैरिन्द्रियैर्यावत्तृणवन्नापकृष्यते।

It is easy to break the head of the intoxicated Aieravata elephant (of Indra); but not the controlling of one's own senses going astray in search of pleasures.

Hey good one! The conquering of senses is the height of manly effort, is the symbol of nobility, is the greatest wealth that can be acquired, for even great men. Even a man of the heaven is deemed excellent, if and only he is not dragged by the evil senses, like a worn out grass piece.

जितेन्द्रिया महासत्त्वा ये त एव नरा भुवि शेषानहमिमान्मन्ये मांसयन्त्रगणान्धलान्।

Those who have controlled their senses alone, are fit to be called as humans; the others I consider as just a collection of flesh-filled mobile machines.

मनः सेनापतेः सेनामिमामिन्द्रियपञ्चकं जेतुं चेदस्ति मे यत्नो जयामि तदलं मुने।

Hey Muni! If there is some way to conquer this army of five senses led by the commander namely the mind, then I will surely defeat it. (*I will follow any instruction given by you, with utmost sincerity.*)

इन्द्रियोत्तमरोगाणां भोगाशावर्जनादृते नौषधानि न तीर्थानि न च मन्त्राश्च शान्तये।

Medicinal herbs, visiting the sacred places, chanting of hymns, cannot cure the severe ailments caused by these senses; there is only way to treat them; that is to get rid of the desire for sense pleasures.

नीतोऽस्मि परमं खेदमभिधावद्भिरिन्द्रियैः एक एव महारण्ये तस्करैः पथिको यथा।

Like a lone traveler chased by the thieves in a huge forest, I have been pushed to a miserable state by these senses which are forcing me to run after the objects of desire (and attachment).

SENSES ARE TO BE COMPARED WITH THE WORST THINGS POSSIBLE

(Senses create the picture of the world in the emptiness around; the mind imagines joy in them, and the entire life of a Jeeva is spent in chasing these imaginary joys in an imagined world.

Actually how disgusting is the world that is produced by the senses, if one lacks Viveka? The king compares the sense-created world of the non-discriminating Jeevas, to the worst possible things of the world.)

पङ्कवन्त्यप्रसन्नानि महादौर्भाग्यवन्ति च गन्धिशैवलतुच्छानि पल्वलानीन्द्रियाणि च।

The senses are the muddy pools that are full of slush (dirty desires), and are disgusting. They are filled with stinking slimy moss, and cause one to fall and drown inside them.

(Once the desire rises, there is no escape later.)

दुरतिक्रमणीयानि नीहारगहनानि च जनितातङ्कजालानि जङ्गलानीन्द्रियाणि च।

The senses are the wild forests (we get lost inside them); difficult to cross over (not controllable); are covered by mist (makes the intellect dull); rise fear at every step (any result is possible, either good or bad).

रूक्षाणि रत्नलुब्धानि कल्लोलवलितानि च दुर्ग्रह्याहघोराणि क्षाराम्बूनीन्द्रियाणि च।

The senses are like the salty waters of the Ocean (unpalatable); are always with rough waves (because of desires); hide a lot of gems inside (allow greed to rise); are always turbulent (wanting this and that); filled with terrifying water-beings (vices) which cannot be subdued.

बान्धवोद्वेगदायीनि देहान्तरकराणि च करुणाक्रन्दकारीणि मरणानीन्द्रियाणि च।

The senses are the 'death-scene'; make the relatives unhappy (because of the selfishness one holds on to); will make the body die (body will be out of control); are filled with pathetic cries (of ailments of the mind and the body as an aftermath of pleasure-seeking).

अविवेकिष्वमित्राणि मित्राणि च विवेकिषु गहनानन्तशून्यानि काननानीन्द्रियाणि च ।

The senses are like the forests; are dense, desolate and endless.

(Where is the end to the desires of an ignorant mind?)

They are friendly to those endowed with Viveka (for these people walk with the light of discrimination always); and unfriendly to those without Viveka (for these people are like the blind men who stumble and fall at every step, and get injured again and again, as they move about in the wild forest-land).

घनास्पोटान्यसाराणि मलिनानि जडानि च विद्युत्प्रकाशान्येतानि भीमाभ्राणीन्द्रियाणि च।

The senses are the huge dark clouds; make thundering noises (of 'I want'); are essenceless (what pleasure is there in any picture painted by the senses in the emptiness); dirty (tainted); cold (make the intellect dull); and are with flashes of lightning (flashes of imagined joys).

क्षुद्रप्राणिगृहीतानि वर्जितानि कृतात्मभिः रजस्तमोभिभूतानि स्वेन्द्रियाण्यवटानि च।

The senses are the uneven holes on the ground; they cause any lowly animal walking across to fall, are avoided by those with fulfilled minds (who tread carefully with Viveka); are filled with dust and darkness (action and dullness).

पातनैकदक्षाणि दोषाशीविषवन्ति च रूक्षकण्टकलक्षाणि श्वभ्राग्राणीन्द्रियाणि च।

The senses are the old deep hollows; are capable of making any one fall into them; have the crawling serpents of faults inside them, are filled with bushes of prickly thorny plant.

आत्मंभरीण्यनार्याणि साहसैकरतानि च अन्धकारविहारीणि रक्षांसि स्वेन्द्रियाणि च।

The senses are the Raakshasas; selfish and intent on one's own happiness; ignoble, experts in deceit and cunning acts; move about in the darkness (of ignorance) only.

अन्तःशून्यानि असाराणि वक्राणि ग्रन्थिमन्ति च दहनैकार्थयोग्यानि दुर्दारूणीन्द्रियाणि च।

The senses are the wasted bamboo pieces; hollow inside (made of emptiness), have no essence (have no quality of joy actually), bent and curved (make one wicked and deceitful), filled with knots (of many thick Vaasanaas) and are fit only for burning (after death as the inert bodies that are made of just elements).

घनमोहप्रबन्धीनि दुष्कूपगहनानि च महावकरतुच्छानि कुपुराणीन्द्रियाणि च।

The senses are the ruined cities, where the wicked and bad people take shelter in (wicked qualities); are with dark and desolate roads leading nowhere (misleading paths created by delusion): spread out with deep wells with no waters (no joys experienced actually); stinking with all the broken and wasted things (diseased mind and body).

अनन्तेषु पदार्थेषु कारणानि घटादिषु संभ्रमाणि सपङ्कानि चक्रकाणीन्द्रियाणि च।

The senses are the potter's wheel; cause many objects like the pots (bodies of many varieties) to get produced, move with speed (run after pleasures); are always covered by mud (of Ahamkaara).

PLEASE HELP ME, HEY NOBLE ONE!

आपन्निमग्नमिममेवमकिंचनं त्वं मामुद्धरोद्धरणशील दयोदयेन।

ये नाम केचन जगत्सु जयन्ति सन्तस्तत्संगमं परमशोकहरं वदन्ति।

I am nothing; of no value at all. I am drowned in the worst possible danger.

Please be compassionate and rise me up. You always offer a helping hand to the ignorant and lift them up.

The company of all those realized persons in the world, who are like you, is said to remove any grief that torments a man.