

आदिकविश्रीमद्वाल्मीकिमहर्षिप्रणीतबृहत्योगवासिष्ठः

BRAHADYOGA VAASISHTAM

JNAANA RAAMAAYANAM
[DVITEEYA RAAMAAYANAM]

COMPOSED BY

VAALMIKI MAHARSHI

निर्वाणप्रकरणस्य उत्तरार्धम्

SECOND HALF OF NIRVAANA PRAKARANAM

SIXTH SECTION
'THE NIRVAANA STATE'

CHAPTER SEVENTY SIX
(STORY OF VIPASHCIT- 2)
[THE WORLD SEEN AS THE BEAUTIFUL BRAHMAN]

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.

INTRODUCTION

THE VISION BESTOWED BY VIDYAA

What is Vidya? Absence of Avidya!

What is Avidya? It is a synonymous word for the reality superimposed on the perceived world.

This perceived world is not just the huge buildings and whizzing cars and bikes that you see everyday from your window of Avidya dungeon.

There are forests, rivers, oceans, birds, animals, colours, joy, sadness, love and what not, shining forth as Avidya.

When Avidya sheds away her 'a' of 'Avidya' i.e. 'absence' from the 'absence of Vidya', then the realized Yogi sees the 'Vidya part' of her.

What does this Vidya shine forth as?

She is all the beauty and knowledge that shines forth as the perceived world.

She is all white because of the purity she dons as her garments.

She sings through the birds; dances as the creepers; roars as the oceans; supports as the mountains.

She is the Chit shining as the beauty of the perceived world.

Sage Vaalmiki holds our hands; lifts us up from the dreary world of black and white drudgery; and presents the beauty of Vidya as experienced by a person who has got rid of Avidya.

Each verse presented in this section is unique.

It is nice to hear; nice to understand; nice to imagine; nice to experience.

A student, who has almost understood the truth of Vaasishtam, is now given a practical lesson in experiencing Chit-state through the perceived world itself. You need not close your eyes and sit inside a dark cave to experience the Samaadhi state; you need not also spare time to travel to nature-grounds for seeking solitude. Each and every verse here in this section will give you the bliss of Chit, if you approach it with an open heart and without contempt.

What is a realized Yogi's life will be like?

He is just a 'state of absorption of consciousness' - 'a living walking talking understanding state' - which can merge into silent joy through any absorption moment.

This is the very principle of Karma Yoga explained by Krishna in the Geeta.

A liberated Jnani can withdraw into his silent state through any 'perceived'.

It may be a regular work of Karmendriyas; or a work that has to be done through Jnaanendriyas; or a work that needs only the mind and intellect; but whatever the 'perceived' is in front of him, he fully gets absorbed in it and is drowned in the silent joy.

Since he has no desires, no attachments, no anxieties, no Vaasanaas, no craving for anything, his absorption state in the perceived, is a Samaadhi state only that is bereft of the perceived.

Since he has no identity with the form or name which others see as his, the world is always in a 'cessation state' (Pralaya) for him. Whatever he perceives dissolves off like an autumn cloud and only the Chit-silence is left back.

Every moment of his perceived-life is just an 'unbroken chain of absorption states'.

This state you can also practice by the path shown by Vaalmiki Maharshi.

When you enter Vipashcit's story, enter it like sanctum sanctorum of Chit-temple; the abode of Vidya where Avidya is completely absent.

Forget the world you are living; forget the family; forget all anxieties about realization and liberation; forget everything; and without any slightest Vaasanaa, read on the verses on Nature, composed by Vaalmiki, endowed with the full absorption of the mind.

Imagine the scene as if you yourself are the Vipashcit enjoying that particular scene. Travel along with Vipashcit as Vipashcit himself and see the worlds seen by him.

‘Perceived’ and the ‘perceiver’ – both are just imagined concepts of the mind produced through Avidyaa. The poet here uses the same imagination power of the mind and willingly superimposes more beauty on the ‘perceived’ through Vidya and enjoys the unperturbed state of Chit.

Of course, the poems get composed by the ignorant also; but they are just word-structures that result in fame, name or wealth; or written to praise their deities; or to fulfil their own tainted Vaasanaas by superimposing union-acts on a Shiva or a Krishna.

Their poems may reign supreme in the world of poetry.

We have nothing to say about them; they are just part of the ‘perceived’ tainted by ignorance.

The following poems rendered by Vaalmiki are the creations of a great Sage who is guiding the student through a practical class of focussing attention on a topic. The best topic that is completely faultless is the description of nature.

Therefore study each verse, using the maximum imagination power and get absorbed in it; forget the world and also your own tiny identity.

You will learn how to be a KarmaYogin like Krishna.)

VIPASHCIT

Vipashcit is now four Vipashcits now, as if one mind is divided as four minds.

Though each Vipashcit is moving towards one direction, the common mind of all the four Vipashcits are aware of all the experiences.

Therefore you will get the description of the scenes in all the directions presented as one whole lot.

As per the story, the Vipashcits have conquered all the lands, and are on a tour to visit their own conquered lands in each direction, and are accompanied by their own attendants and ministers.

PART ONE

AFTER THE BATTLE IS OVER

अथार्णवांस्ते ददृशुराकाशस्यानुजानिव विस्तीर्णान्विमलाकारान्पूरिताखिलदिक्तान्
अमूर्तान्प्रतिबिम्बेन हृदयस्थजगत्त्रयान् चतुरो व्योमविपुलान्दिक्षु नारायणानिव।

Then they saw the Oceans which were like the younger brothers of the sky (as an expanse of blue), which were spread out vastly, were taintless, and which filled up all the direction ends, which were formless, which contained the three worlds in their hearts as reflections, which were as vast as the blue sky and appeared like the four formless forms of Naaraayana.

एलालवङ्गबकुलामलकीतमालहितालतालदलताण्डवखण्डिताग्रे

प्राप्ते पतल्लवणवारिधिदीर्घतीरं रेखा बभावलिनिभाम्बरशैलमूर्ध्नि।

After reaching the vast bank of the salt ocean where the waves dashed against the banks, there was seen on the peak of the mountain which reached up to the sky, a dark line as that of bees moving separately, which was actually the quivering leaves of trees like that of Ela, lavanga, bakula, amalakee, tamaala, hintaala, and Taala.

(In the Vipashcit story, the king who is acting as four Vipashcits is at once aware of all the events in all the four directions. He has four types of visions; yet experiences them all at once, as one single person only. After conquering the enemies, the four Vipashcits divide as four different persons, reach the four oceans, each moving in one particular direction. They see huge mountains on the bank of oceans in their front. Mountains appear like giant flowers with a black line of bees on their tops. Actually the variety of forest trees are looking like the dark borders drawn on the mountain lines.)

वसिष्ठोवाच

Vasishta spoke

अथ तेषां तदा तत्र ततस्तांस्तानदर्शयन्पार्श्वगा वनवृक्षाब्धिशैलमेघवनेचरान्।

Then, those who were accompanying the king showed him the forest, trees, ocean, hill, mountain and their dwellers.

‘ILLUSION OF BEAUTY’ PRESENTED BY THE SENSES

MOUNTAINS ON THE BANKS OF OCEANS

FRAGRANT MOUNTAINS

(Hey king! Now you are in the presence of a huge mountain.

Its peaks are covered by the clouds. The entire body of the mountain is filled by forests containing variety of trees; and the mixed fragrance of all the flowers from those trees strikes your nose as the cool winds blow across.)

देव पश्यास्य शैलस्य येयमभ्रं कषाग्रभूः समरुन्मध्यदेशादेरश्मदेशमुपेयुषः। इमा बकुलपुन्नागनालिकेरकुलाकुलाः

विपिनावलयो वान्तविविधामोदमारुताः।

Deva! From the middle of the desert-lands, we have reached the rocky terrain.

Look at this hill. It is so high that it touches the clouds (that scrape the skies).

These encircling forests filled densely with Bakula, Punnaaga, and coconut trees, are emitting various fragrances, with their ever-blowing winds.

OCEANS THAT CUT THE ROCKS WITH WAVE-AXES

(Hey king! The ocean is dashing against the mountain with its high-rising waves. The rocks at the bottom are eroded by the waves and look as if the ocean has been using the waves as axes to cut them off. The waves attack also the roots of the trees that are standing at the base of the mountain.)

लुनात्युपपत्यकां वार्धिः शैलशालिशिलावलीः वनालीर्लहरीदात्रैरापादफलपल्लवाः।

The ocean at the base of the hilly terrain, cuts with the axes of its waves, the lines of rocks surrounding the hill, and also the roots of forests which are covered by abundant fruits and leaves.

DANCING MOUNTAINS THAT SWEAT

(Actually how does the mountain-scene look like?)

The water drops sprayed by the turbulent waves of the ocean, are covering the rocky surface of the ocean. It is as if the mountain is sweating.

Why should the mountain sweat? Because the mountain is dancing!

All the trees and creepers are moving in the mountain winds; and it looks as if the mountain is dancing by moving its shoulders and feet of trees and creepers; and so is sweating all over its body, in that exertion.

The clouds are resting on the peaks of mountains like dust-collections.

As the wind blows, the clouds move a little; but do not leave the peaks.

It is as if the ocean which is a close friend of the mountain, is blowing the winds to dry the sweat and remove the dust off its peaks.

It is like a child trying to blow away the smoke that is seen on the roof of his house.)

अधित्यकासु मेघालीर्नृत्यतां स्वाम्बुभृतां धुनोति जलधिर्बालो गृहधूमावलीमिव।

The mountains are covered by the water-drops (of the ocean) that are looking like 'sweat drops' which get formed, because the mountains are dancing wildly (with the shoulders and feet of trees and plants.)

The line of clouds are resting on top of the Mountains like the smoke-line seen on top of the house. The ocean is fanning the sweating mountains with its winds and trying to remove the clouds, like a child fanning the smoke line on top of his house.

TREES BEARING FRUITS OF MOON-DISCS

(On full moon days, the tides are very high.

When the turbulent waves dash against the mountains, they carry hosts of conch shells and scatter them on the mountain-surfaces. These conches get stuck on the dense foliage of the trees; reflect the moonlight; and shine like tiny moons. The whole forest looks as if it is filled with Kalpa trees of the heaven which yield moon-fruits.)

राकाब्धिपूरसंप्रोतशङ्खशाखास्तटदुमाः चन्द्रबिम्बफलाः कल्पवृक्षा इव विभान्त्यमी।

The trees at the bank are covered by the conches (brought by the high-rising waves) which get stuck to them, when the tide is high on full moon days. These trees are shining like the Kalpa trees with their fruits as the moon-discs.

THE TREES OFFER WORSHIP TO THE KING

(Strong trees always remain embraced by the delicate creepers, and look like husbands with their wives. The creepers are filled with reddish sprouts, which are shining brightly in the moonlight, thus giving an illusion of rubies.

Beautiful flowers cover the creepers all over. It is as if the trees are welcoming the king along with their wives with the reddish leaf-hands holding the flowers in them; thus offering the Arghya to the honoured guest.)

रत्नपुष्पभरापूर्णरक्तपल्लवपाणयः भवन्तं पूजयन्तीव लतादारान्विता दुमाः।

These trees are always in the company of their wives namely the creepers. The tender leaves of these creepers are red (like the hands of the women decorated by the red paste). It is as if the trees are worshipping you (O King) along with their creeper-wives with the red leaves holding the flowers, as if with the hands filled with precious stones.

'RKSHAVAN', THE 'BEAR-MOUNTAIN' GROWLS LIKE A BEAR

(This mountain is known by the name of Rkshavaan (Bear Mountain). It itself looks like a huge bear. How? The Mountain is filled with its naturally formed caves of various sizes. The entrances to these caves are spiky and sharp as if they are the mouths with sharp teeth. The crocodiles are resting inside those dark holes, since the waves are always washing them with waters. It is as if these mouths have swallowed the crocodiles. The sound of waves echoing back is heard as if the mountain itself is growling like a bear.)

प्रोतोर्मिमकरग्रासैर्दृष्टन्तैर्गुहामुखैः ऋक्षवानृक्षवद्भुद्धते घुरघुरारवम्।

With the faces of the caves with its spiky rocks looking like teeth, consuming the crocodiles covered by waves, the mountain named Rkshavaan makes a gurgling noise like a bear (Rksa).

MAHENDRA MOUNTAIN, THE GREAT KING ADMONISHES THE UNRULY

(Mahendra Mountain like a great king is admonishing the noisy clouds with a louder rumbling which is echoing back from its hollows.)

महेन्द्रो मन्द्रगर्जाभिरभिक्षिपति गर्जतः पर्जन्यानूर्जितो जन्यः प्रतिजन्यान्यथा जडैः।

This great Mahendra Mountain, with its rumbling noise overwhelming that of the thundering noise of the clouds, is scolding them as it were, like an excellent warrior subdues the enemies with his harsh words.

‘MALAYA MOUNTAIN’, THE WRESTLER

(Malaya Mountain looks white all over, with its sandalwood trees. With its huge structure, it looks as if it is a great wrestler who has applied chalk on his body, and is ready to tackle the high tidal waves which dash against the mountain.)

चन्दनारूषितः श्रीमाञ्जेतुं जलधिबेल्लनाः समुद्यत इवोच्चोऽसौ मल्लो मलयपर्वतः।

This powerful looking wrestler (Malla), the Malaya Mountain, painted by the moonlight (like the wrestlers applying white chalk powder on their bodies), is ready to counter attack the rolling shoulder-waves of the ocean as it were.

OCEANS ARE LIKE GEM-STUDED GROUNDS

सर्वतः कचितोऽजसं रत्नवीचिभिरम्बुधिः भूरत्नवलयभ्रान्त्या प्रेक्ष्यते सूर्यमार्गगैः।

The ocean is shining with the waves filled with countless precious stones.

(The whole surface looks like a floor studded with precious stones.)

Those super-beings (Devas and Siddhas) who float in the sun-path look down at it and get fooled into thinking that it is the solid ground made of precious stones that is surrounding the earth; (and they do not recognize it as the water-filled ocean).

MOUNTAINS ARE LIKE THE SERPENTS

(Mountains can be compared to snakes. How?

When the winds blow, they brush against the trees that cover the mountains; it appears as if a dark serpent is slithering along the rocky surfaces. Like the serpents, the mountains also suck the air; they also go up and down; they also contain precious stones on their peaks.)

सरन्ति रत्नमूर्धानश्चलकानिलपायिनः वानपूराः पर्वतकाः सर्पा इव नतोन्नतैः।

The mountains that are densely covered by the forests are slithering about like snakes (by the blowing winds). Like the snakes, their tops are also filled with precious stones; they also drink the air; and move their heads up and down.

THE CROCODILES AND ELEPHANTS COLLIDE LIKE CLOUDS

(Crocodiles wet all over with the waves come out to the rocky surfaces of the mountains; and the elephants from the ‘mountain forest’s come towards the ocean to bathe in them. Sometimes they have to meet each other by chance. Then a fight ensues between them. The elephants spray water over the crocodiles with their trunks; the crocodiles chase them back to the land with their lifted heads. The scene is captivating, as if watching the dry clouds chasing the pouring clouds. However, it also happens that sometimes the elephants are incapable of coming out of the waves and they die off, there itself.)

भ्रमन्तो वीचिशृङ्गेषु मकरेभाः करोत्कटैः हरन्ति सीकराम्भोदा मेघानुद्राविता इव।

The crocodiles from the oceans and the elephants from the forests, wander about in the waves and peaks, while entering and coming out of them. They try to catch each other with the high-held faces and trunks. Such scenes steal the mind, and look like as if the speeding are clouds dashing against the dark pouring clouds.

ELEPHANTS DIE CAUGHT UNDER THE ENORMOUS WAVES

आवर्तवलिताकारः सीकरोत्करकीर्णदिक्पूर्णत्वात् शिरोऽशक्तो म्रियतेऽत्युत्करः करी।

One elephant is covered by a whirling wave; and is spraying water all over the directions (with its trunk lifted outside the surface of the waters.) Its head is submerged in waters and it is unable to come out. It is dying with its trunk held upwards.

ISLANDS ARE ALSO LIKE MINI-OCEANS

(The islands that are situated in the midst of oceans, are like tiny oceans only. The islands are always covered by the high rising waves. Various types of beings wander there as it is with the ocean. Waves go up and down on the surface of the oceans; the same ups and downs are seen as the range of mountains covering the islands also.)

विविधप्राणिसंपूर्णाः सजलाद्रिनतोन्नताः यथैवाम्भोधयः सर्वास्तथैव द्वीपभूमयः

All the island-grounds which are filled with various types of beings, and with water, are like the oceans only, going up and down by the presence of hills.

OCEANS ARE LIKE BRAHMAN

(Oceans contain countless whirlpools which are always rotating.

Brahman contains countless worlds which like whirlpools trap the beings which enter it.

Oceans and whirlpools are not different from each other; so also Brahman does not differ from the worlds; yet they both appear as if separate from each other.

Though seen as different, the whirlpools are just appearances only and not different from the waters of the ocean; so also, the worlds though perceived as real, do not differ from the Brahman.

Oceans are filled with turbulent waves; Brahman is also filled with turbulent world existences.

Whirlpools are cold; worlds are inert.

Though both the whirlpools and waves belong to the ocean, the ocean is not affected by their presence or absence. Brahman is also unaffected by the presence or absence of the worlds.)

आवर्तानात्मनोऽनन्यानप्यन्यानिव भास्वरान्गृह्यमाणानसद्रूपान्दृश्यमानानपि स्फुटान्

तरङ्गतरलानन्तर्जडानप्यम्बुधिश्चलान्धते ब्रह्मजगन्तीव सान्तानप्यन्तर्वर्जतान्।

The ocean holds the continuously moving whirlpools like the Brahman holding the worlds; which are not different from it, yet which shine as if another; though seen clearly, which are held as unreal things only; which are filled with agitated waves; which are very cold (inert) within; though within it, yet bereft of all.

WHAT CAUSES THE DAYS?

(This verse is about how the real looks like the unreal, and how the day is caused by the ocean.

Indra usually hides his heavenly gems in his own treasury unseen by others.

At the time of nectar-churning, Devas hid all the sun-gems deep inside the ocean.

Ocean also hides them within, like Indra. But their lustre could not be held back in any manner.

See how the waters glitter in the sunlight! Each water drop shines like a sun-gem.

This is because the real gems deep inside are seen on the surface because of their lustre; and are mistaken by us as ordinary reflections of the sun.

That is why the ocean shines as if covered by millions of lustrous suns.

The ocean throws also one sun-gem out of its store into the western ocean daily; and that sun-gem alone rises here in the east and sets there in the west as the sun daily; and we call it a day!)

(All our irrational arguments about the cause of this world-existence are similar to this story about the cause of the day.)

यानन्तरिन्द्रवद्भानुमणीन्धतेऽम्बुधिर्बहून् मन्थापहतसर्वस्वो देवेभ्यः परिरक्षितान्दृश्यमानान् महातेजस्तथा

पातलतोऽप्यलम्प्रतिबिम्बविभङ्गयान्तरसत्यानिव गोपितान्तेषां मध्यादेकमेकं प्रत्यहं पश्चिमार्षवे निक्षेपाय

क्षिपति यं तेन मन्ये दिनं भवेत्।

Like Indra hiding the gems inside, the ocean conceals within it many sun-gems which were all stolen at the time of Mandara churning, and hidden by the Devas inside the ocean.

They are very lustrous and are seen on the surface even when they are deep under the ocean; and these hidden gems appear like the ordinary reflections on the surface; and are not what they appear to be.

I believe that, it throws off each one of them regularly inside the western ocean daily for storing; that is why the day happens.

ALL RIVERS MEET AT THE OCEAN LIKE TRAVELERS

(When many rivers meet, there is noise. When many travelers meet, there is noise.

When many learned men with different philosophical views meet, then also there is noise!)

नानादिग्देशपयसामब्धौ साधुसमागमः यात्रायामिव लोकानां मिथः कलकलान्वितः।

Like many good noble ones from various countries joined together in a holy journey exchanging talks and making noise, the (river) waters from various countries have joined together, and are making a lot of noise in the ocean.

THE DEBATES NEVER END

(Wherever the meeting of people with contradictory views happens, it always results in various arguments and fights, and gives rise to hostile feelings. Differences never forbade good.

Only a man who has erased off all the differences through the gain of true knowledge, and is established in the true essence of all, remains happy and peaceful.)

जलेचरावरा नूनं सागरार्णवसंगमे अन्योन्यवेल्लनाद्युद्धं न कदाचन शाम्यति।

When the aquatic animals belonging to the east and west coasts join, they clash with each other; and the battle never stops indeed.

WIND WEARS THE ORNAMENTS

(Pearly water-drops and the tiny fish rotating in the waves rising by the wind!

Does the wind wear the bracelet made of pearls and the fish emblem?

The sight is so beautiful and pleasant!)

ताम्यतिमितरङ्गाग्रनर्तनावर्तविभ्रमं वलयन्वायुरायाति वान्तसीकरमौक्तिकैः।

When the wave subsides, the tiny fish called 'Timi' stays on its top edge and appears as if dancing when it is rotating with it. The spray of water also rises like the small shining pearls there.

It is as if the wind is coming there with a bracelet made of fish emblem and tiny embedded pearls.

OCEAN WEARS A PEARL GARLAND EMBEDDED WITH DIAMONDS

(The rivers move on the lands winding their paths around the rocks and hills.

The water-drops shine in the sunlight like tiny round pearls.

The rivers look like the creepers made of pearls.

As they join the 'ocean' their lord, it looks as if the ocean is wearing a pearl necklace.

The high rising waves create clouds intermittently on the surface of the ocean.

The diamonds from the ocean shine inside those clouds as if embedded in the pearl necklace. When these clouds dash against each other, there is a soft resonating ringing noise, which is pleasant to the ear. The cool wind is blowing pleasantly.

Eyes, ears, touch senses all get fully satisfied at the sight of this ocean.)

(If this is the bliss one has at the sight of a tiny view of one ocean, what would be the nature of bliss enjoyed by a Yogi, who merges into Chit itself at any such sight!

An ordinary man just 'sees' the beauty; the realized man is one with the beauty as Chit.)

सरिन्मुक्तालतामध्यमध्यस्थाब्दमणीश्वराः दीर्घाः खणखणायन्ते चञ्चलाः सर्वतोऽम्बुधेः।

The rivers look like the creepers of pearls.

Cloud-diamonds appear in the middle of the creepers intermittently.

As they move and dash against each other in the ocean, they make a soft resonating ringing noise.

WINDS

MOUNTAIN-WINDS

(The love-couples belonging to Siddha worlds and Indra's heaven have wandered all over the three worlds in the sky-path; have not found any place to their liking; have entered the deep caves of Mahendra Mountain through the ocean; and are enjoying their private unions there. The howling winds blow and give relief to their sweat-filled bodies.)

महेन्द्राद्रेर्गुहागेहपरावृत्तार्णवाध्वनां भांकारिण्यो भुवः सिद्धसाध्यानां सुसुखावहः।

The cool wind which makes a howling sound, brings relief to the Siddhas and other divine denizens, who move in the path of the oceans, who have reverted back from the earth and entered the caves of Mahendra Mountain, for enjoying the company of their beloveds.

FLOWER-CLOUDS

(Winds of enormous speed blow from the tall-standing Mahendra Mountain.

The huge forests shake in the wind as if hit by storms.

The flowers from the trees and creepers get thrown off into the sky, and join together to form clouds. These little colourful clouds of flowers float in the sky enchanting our minds.

How beautiful the sky looks, filled with multi-coloured flower-clouds!

And what a heavenly experience it is when these clouds break-up and bathe us with the flower showers!)

मन्दरः कन्दरोद्गीर्णैः प्रसरैर्मातरिश्वनः कम्पाकुलवनाभोगः पुष्पमेघान्स्तनोति खे।

This Mandara Mountain, sends the wind out of its valleys, shaking the entire forests and thus producing many floating flower clouds.

CLOUD-DEER

(When the clouds get chased by the winds, they look like the frightened deer with their flashing lightning eyes. These clouds finally get stuck in the branches of the tall dense trees of the GandhaMaadana valleys; it looks as if the cloud-deer have hidden inside those trees and have escaped the wrath of the wind-hunter!)

चूतनीपकदम्बाद्यगन्धमादनकन्दरान्विशन्ति मेघहरिणास्तडित्तरलोचनाः।

These cloud-deer with their restless eyes of lightning, enter the Gandha Maadana valleys which are enriched with mango, Neepa and Kadamba trees.

SNOW-WINDS

(When the snowy winds blow, the clouds in the sky break up into a shower; the waves in the ocean rise up to the sky; thus joining the downward and upward flow of waters.

The whole water-stretch joining the heaven and the earth looks like encircling creepers.)

(When you imagine such a huge stretch of water joining the sky and ocean, don't you feel like a huge ancient Purusha watching the beauty of the three worlds?

Does not your mind melt in the meditation of the great Savitr (Brahman-sun of Gaayatri Mantra) who lights up the three levels of Bhoo, Bhuva and Suva?)

हिमवत्कन्दरोद्रीर्णा वल्लीवलयताण्डवं तन्वानो वायवो यान्ति विभिन्नाब्दाब्धिवीचयः।

The winds coming out of the valleys of the Snow Mountain, break up the clouds and the waves of the ocean, making them dance violently like encircled creepers.

FRAGRANT-WINDS

(When you stand at the ocean beach, you can smell the fragrances of the 'valley trees' brought in by the winds from the mountain.)

तात चूतकदम्बाग्रपरामर्शसुगन्धयः वलयन्त्यब्धिकल्लोलान्गन्धमादनवायवः।

Revered one (Taata)! The winds carrying the fine fragrances of mango and Kadamba of the GandhaMaadana valleys, produce circular waves in the ocean.

SPORTING-WINDS

(The fresh fragrant cool winds from the mountains are like handsome young men who infatuate the minds of all young women they meet with.

They lightly caress the curly hairs of the cloud-women on their way; and wander freely in the forests where they are welcomed by a shower of flowers by the creeper-girls.

And as they move away from the forests, they are laden with gifts of fragrances and snowy dew drops; they movement has slowed down by the weight as it were.)

जलदान्वलयन्वायुरलकालकतां गतान् इत आयाति पुष्पाभ्रं रचयन्वनवीथिषु।

कुन्दमन्दारसंदोहमधुरामोदमन्थरान्तुषारसीकरोन्मिश्रानिवात्र कलयानिलान्।

The wind encircles the clouds which have become curly, and comes through the pathways here making flower-clouds. Feel these winds here moving very slow, since they are heavy with the sweet fragrances of jasmine, Mandaara flowers, and are mixed with the cool sprays of water also.

FRAGRANT-WINDS AND CITIES

नालिकेरलतालास्यलब्धतिक्तसुगन्धयः पतन्ति पवनाः पश्य पारसीकपुरीः पुरा।

Observe in front of you, the winds falling on the cities of Paaraseeka. carrying the pungent smell produced by the mixture of shaking coconut trees, and flower creepers.

KAILAASA-WINDS

(Why are the lotus lakes of Kailaasa infused with camphor pollen?

All is the play of the wind!)

धुन्वानाः पुष्पितेशानवनकर्पूरवारिदान्चालयन्तोऽनिला वान्ति कैलासकमलाकरान्।

The winds shake the camphor (pollen) clouds of the blossomed forests of Shiva's 'PramadaVana' (sporting forest); push them from there; and throw them on the lotus-lakes of Kailaasa.

INTOXICATED VINDHYAA-WINDS

(Vindhya Mountain-forests abound in parrots, and their rattling noise is heard at all times.

There is no dearth of elephant crowds also.

The winds from the mountains carry the rut-smell of the rough elephants and also the sounds of parrot-cries; it is as if the winds themselves are intoxicated and blabbering nonsense as they move!)

कर्ीन्द्रकुम्भनिष्क्रान्तमदमन्थरमूर्तयः इमे शुकशुकायन्ते विन्ध्यकन्दरवायवः।

These winds coming from Vindhya valleys, are moving very slowly because of carrying the smell of rut oozing from the temples of elephant chiefs, and as a result are rattling like parrots (in intoxication).

FOREST DWELLINGS OF MALAYA MOUNTAINS

(Poor Malaya Mountains!

The forest has vanished as it were, and only the dwellings of the hunters are seen!

All the leaves are now turned into body-coverings for these hunter families; and the animals have become victims of their sharp arrows!

How the beauty of the forests is destroyed by the greed of men!

Are they blind to beauty, or are they some new species worse than animals?!)

शबरीणां शरीरेषु शीर्णपर्णात्करे गिरौ नाराचैः पर्णशबरैर्वनाली नगरायते।

The forest range in the Malaya hill has turned into a city as it were, because of all the leaves getting removed and worn by the hunter-women, and because of the hunters getting covered by the leaves and their shooting arrows (and killing all wild-life).

THE ATTENDANTS PRAISE THE KING

अब्ध्यद्विसरिदम्भोदवनलेखाङ्खिका दिशः त्वत्प्रतापबलैरेता हसन्तीवार्करश्मिभिः।

This direction marked by the lines of seas, mountains, rivers, oceans and forests, are smiling as it were with the rays of the sun, because of the power of your valour.

ILLUSION OF POSSESSION

(All that was shown by the attendants now belong to the king; as he has conquered the enemies and established his rule there.)

[Alas! How foolish it is that the ignorant humans believe that they can own the perception which is made of sheer emptiness!

Perception is nothing but some picture presented by senses on a canvas of emptiness!

How can you own lands, oceans, mountains, skies and minerals and metals except as thoughts running in your brains?

Thoughts are nothing but flashes of awareness about perceptions; and are empty of anything. In the modern vocabulary, thoughts are just neural patterns in the brain!

What can anybody own but foolishness?

This is Avidyaa at its peak when a king thinks that he owns the lands and mountains and oceans!

Ah! The wise king who is wise but ignorant of the correct knowledge is in the hold of Avidyaa still!

When anyone thinks that he owns any object (including his body), actually he does not possess anything; but Avidyaa has possessed him like a ghost!

How can a Mithyaa Purusha – ‘a false entity made of ego-imagination’ – possess objects which are also made of emptiness?

This is also one of the facets of Avidyaa!]

PART TWO

INTRODUCTION

What are 'you' in the great expanse of the space and time phenomenon?
How much important are you with your imagined life-story?
What matters to the world or Brahmaa or Chit-expanse whether you exist as this identity or not?

How many worlds have appeared and gone off into the oblivion, never to be heard again!
Look up at the stars and they tell you their sad story of how they also had existed as some world-existences a long time ago in the past; but are not there any more in your so-called 'present'. Their light rays are just delayed postal letters which reach you after a millions of years!
This earth planet may not be worth a matter for any letter to any future star even!

In this 'space' which stretches unlimited without directions, in this 'time' which can go anywhere backwards or forwards without limits, what does your short existence of a few years matter to any one; except for the genes which continue your great lineage as Homo sapiens? Even these genes have a past that measures millions of years; and may go on for another million or two also in the future, if your mind does not get the urge to free itself from this gene-slavery of family, relationships, reproduction etc.

Of course the earth-bound creatures who do not have the guarantee of living even for a puny hundred years, can't also imagine the span of a 'million' unless it is scribbled on a paper!
How much space and time measures are you capable of imagining?
Can you imagine anything that is bigger than this tiny 'Earth-Mandapa canopied with a blue cloth'?

You may imagine some studied information, maybe a few planets which you still know as only a text book information; maybe a few galaxies which may be out there far far from human reach; maybe universes beyond the dark space which you can never ever know of; maybe parallel existence like that happened in Leelaa's story; maybe dream existences like that happened in Lavana or Gaadhi stories; maybe continuous change of existences like the Jeevata and his dreams!
Is that all the Avidyaa extension amounts to as the 'perceived'?
If Chit is a synonymous word for Jagat, then how limitless can Jagat be?
Can you fathom the measure of the limitless perceived?

Unless as mentioned in the previous section, you manage to leave the tiny mud-hole that you are stuck with (as your tiny house in a tiny planet); come out into the open-expanse; grow wings; fly high to measure the extent of the space that stretches infinitely; you can never imagine even what is Chit-expanse.
Just by writing or reading about Chit, you cannot experience the Chit-state.
You will fare as badly as Ashtaavakra who had mastered all scriptures verbatim, without having an iota of personal realization. (Tripuraa Rahasyam)

For an experience of the smallness of your individual existence, just go and stand in front of a huge mountain, in this very earth of yours; and see if you can view its peak from the ground. You cannot!
You are a 'nothing' in front of even a small mountain that stands majestically like a giant stone-man looming above you.

Expand your imagination power!
Expand your mind to observe the whole of creation with its past and present!
Your present life, your achievements here, the puny numbers in your bank balance, the lands that you own, the few pebbles of gold and diamonds that you possess; all will crumble into nothingness.

In the grand panorama of the perceived phenomenon which contains countless worlds like yours like a bag full of dust, what does your individual existence amount to?
Even taking into account, the view of the evolution-theorists, you as a human are just some inert gene-product spreading on the surface of the earth like some stinking chemical scum.
You cannot even have the guarantee that you will see some sixty or seventy rotations of the earth around the sun in your life-time.

That is why Vaalmiki presents here the vision of huge mountains like Himavaan, Malaya, Krauncha and others in the story of Vipashcit.

Can the gold and diamonds you possess ever look as beautiful as the mountain peaks garlanded by the stars?
Can the fragrances of the mountains ever equal the scents you pour on your body to hide the stinks?

Kill the ego which binds you smallness and short-existences.

One small mountain itself has the audacity to laugh at you for your rat-like existence.
Conquer this lowly state by rising high in the mind-expanse.
Empty the mind of all its rat-like possessions.
Expand it by meditating on the hugeness of space and time.

Go to the level of Lord Brahmaa and see all the mountains as just a single pebble rolling in some space-street.

Go to the level of Aakaashaja and see all the Brahmas as a single tiny fish rolling in the expansive Creation waters.

Go to the level of Chit; even these perceptions vanish off and only emptiness gets left back. There is nothing but pure state of awareness-existence that is left back.

What will the vision of Chit be, when endowed with the pure mind of a Knower?

Chit sees itself as the silent quiescent one, in any perception-scene that rises as another.

It is like the taintless mirror seeing itself and enjoying itself as itself.

Nature-scenes naturally reflect the state of silence; and one can easily melt off in the pristine scenes of Nature.

VIPASHCIT'S STORY CONTINUES

The king wanders around as the four Vipashcits and is shown all the grand views of the earth by the ministers and other attendants.

The mountains in all the directions are described in a random manner, mixing up all the directions in a haphazard manner.

What is the direction, but a term invented by the mind so that it can move within limitations!

As you read the beautiful verses describing the beauty of the mountains and oceans, just imagine yourself standing there as Vipashcit and enjoy the beauty of creation.

After such a grand vision, when you return to your tiny abode on a dust particle called earth, surely your ego would have died a natural death!

It is not that the scribble 'Brahman' alone is sacred; all the scribbles that are words and meanings are shining as the 'Brahman' only.

There is nothing to like or dislike, nothing to favour or disfavour, nothing to mark as sacred or non-sacred!

Every word means Brahman!

Every image is Brahman!

Every thought is Brahman!

Every moment is Brahman!

Every breath is Brahman!

Brahman is Brahman seeing Brahman! That gets wrongly understood as 'Jagat', the inauspicious!

What is there but Shivam dancing everywhere as itself!

Practice seeing Brahman as Brahman in Brahman!

That is Nirvaana!

पार्श्वगा ऊचुः
Attendants spoke

ILLUSION OF PASSION

VIDYAADHAREE WOMEN AND MEN MAKE LOVE ON THESE FLOWER-BEDS

अत्रोपशैलवनवीथिषु पुष्पशय्या विद्याधरीविरचिताः परिवर्णयन्ति
पार्श्वद्वयस्थपरिवृत्तपदात्समुद्राद्व्यावृत्तमुग्धवनितापुरुषायितानि।

Here, in these paths of hill-forests, are seen the beds of flowers made by the Vidyaadharee women. When one observes the distantly placed marks of red Alaktaka paste applied on the sides of her feet, (sticking on to the flower beds), we get a hint that the innocent woman was having the company of her lover here.

KINNARA WOMEN SING SONGS OF LOVE

अत्रोत्तमाशय लतावलयालयेषु लीलाविलोलललनाः कलयन्ति गीतं

उद्धामभावरसविस्मृतवासरेहा विश्रम्य किन्नरगणाः कलकाकलीकम्।

Hey noble minded one! 'Young girls belonging to Kinnara clan', who are interested only in having amusing sports, rest here in this hill containing the bowers with entwined creepers. They sing melodiously in soft voices and listen to each other, forgetting even the idea of days passing by, because of their raising emotions (of love).

(All the creatures from Indra to an ant are engaged in love-making, being forced by Avidyaa.

Where can you find the true love and union?

Only when the perceived gets merged in the silent state of Shiva!

Till then, what you call love on the physical level is just a dance of Avidyaa alone, which brings only pain and suffering as its companions!)

ILLUSION OF DISTANCE

[What is 'distance' that is imagined in the 'no-space emptiness of Chit-expanse'?

Continuously altering sizes of objects create the illusion of far and near.

The object that is close to you, when it seems to move away, appears smaller and smaller till it vanishes completely from sight. This change of size alone is the measure of space for the mind, in this space-less expanse!

It is just the 'talent of the mind to interpret the changing image-patterns' that is defined as 'space'; and 'time' also tags along with the space, like an inseparable companion!]

एते हिमाद्रिमलयाचलविन्ध्यसह्यक्रौञ्चा महेन्द्रमधुमन्दरदरदुराद्याः

दूरस्थिता दृशि सिताभ्रपटा वहन्ति संशुष्कपर्णलवलाञ्छितलोष्टलीलाम्।

Snow Mountain, Malaya Mountain, Vindhya, Sahya, Krauncha, Mahendra, Madhu, Mandara, Dardura Mountains; all these huge mountains that are covered by the white clouds, are situated so far that they appear for our eyes, each like a small pebble covered by a piece of dry leaf.

(From a very great distance, even a huge mountain covered by an enormous cloud looks like a small pebble covered by some tiny piece of torn dry leaf.)

ILLUSION OF DIFFERENCES

[Perception involves varieties and differences.

The smaller the mind, more the number of differences!

Every small object looks like a huge obstacle.

For a tiny ant, even a pebble is a mountain.

For a giant, mountain is just a pebble.

The more you are attached to the forms and names near you and view them as separate; the rope that binds you to them becomes thicker; and you suffer more!

Grow up; expand the mind. As you practice grander views, the mind slowly loses sense of the smallness, and learns to ignore the differences.

A frog has only the view of its dark hollow well and the rotten waters inside it.

The bird which flies with the help of wings in the open sky has a grander view of the world, where all small differences vanish off; and everything looks like a huge stretch of expansive land.

If you also fly with the wings of Vichaara and Viveka and attain the state of Chit, then the entire tri-world looks like a tiny dust mote floating in the sunlight.

Fly even more higher in the Chit-expanse; the dust motes also will vanish off; and only the lustre of the Chit will shine forth.

Let us read a few verses, where tiny differences vanish off giving way to a grander view of the world.]

अमी दूरालोकव्यवहितमहावर्त्मनिचयाः पुरःप्राकाराणां कुलशिखरिणो बिभ्रति वपुः

विशन्तीरम्भोधिं कलय लुलिता भान्ति सरितः पटस्यान्तः सक्ताः प्रतनुसितसूत्रा इव दशाः।

When looking from so far, the long roads in the mountains appear very closely knit; and thus, this Kula Mountain holds a form, which is like the boundary walls of the city.

Observe the rivers entering the ocean with their wavy moment, looking like the fine threads weaved into a cloth at its fringe.

(The mind which is habituated to see cities, walls and woven clothes superimposes the same pictures even on mountains and oceans. What to say of superimposing one's identity on an inert pile of elements!)

दशाशाः शैलानामुपरि परितः प्रावृत्तघना घनश्यामाकाराः खगकलकलालापलपिताः

लतामुक्तैः पुष्पैर्ललितवनलेखाभुजलतया हसन्त्यस्ते राजन्भवनवनिता भान्ति पुरतः।

Raajan! The ten directions are laughing as it were like the pretty maidens of the palace, standing in front of you, because, these directions are dark in colour because of the dense clouds surrounding the peaks of the mountains.

They are extending their shoulders as it were through the ranges of forests which are charming with the flowers rising out of the creepers.

They seem to be chattering sweet talks, because of the chirping of all the birds.

(The ten directions are like ten beautiful maidens welcoming the king with respect, since he has conquered the entire earth.

(For such a view, you must be a god-like giant reaching above the skies, standing in the center and looking down at the whole of the earth filled with mountains in all the ten directions.)

(Mountains are covered by dense array of dark clouds; so the direction-women are dark in colour.

The branches of the trees and the entwining creepers all over the mountains are covered by flowers; when they wave in the wind it is as if the ladies are extending their tender shoulders forward and welcoming the king. Varieties of birds nesting on the trees are chirping and cooing all at once; these sounds are the sweet chatter of these women.)

ILLUSION OF MANY AS ONE

तालीतमालबकुलाकुलतुङ्गशृङ्गमेकीकृताकृति वनं तरलं विभाति

अभ्याहतं जलनिधेस्तरलैस्तरङ्गैस्तीरान्तलग्नघनशैवलजालकल्पम्।

The 'forest filled with variety of trees like Taalee, Tamaala, Bakula', situated at the high peak of the mountain, is waving in the wind, and looks like one single tree.

It almost looks like the densely filled grass-land stuck on the bank, hit by the restless waves of the ocean.

(When viewed from far, all the multifarious trees of the mountain-forests look like one single tree standing alone on the peak of a small hill. The forests spreading out on the ocean bank look like one long stretch of grass-land washed by the waves.)

(Look from far; many mountains will get compressed in view; and a single mountain will alone be seen.

Look at a forest from far; the whole forest will look like one single tree.

Look at all the physical objects of the 'perceived' from far; it will look like one body of Viraat. Look at all Viraats from far; you will see one Aakaashaja.

Look from far; he will also vanish off; and only the emptiness of Chit will be there.)

ILLUSION OF ENORMOUS SPACE

इतः स्वपिति केशवः कुलमितस्तदीयद्विषां, इतोऽपि शरणार्थिनः शिखरिपत्रिणः शेरते,
इतोऽपि वडवानलः सह समस्तसंवर्तकैः, अहो विततमूर्जितं भरसहं च सिन्धोर्वपुः।

Here sleeps Keshava; here his enemy-clan; here sleep the birds namely mountains which have sought shelter there; here is the Vadava fire along with its destruction forces.

Aha! The body of the ocean is very extensive, firm and capable of holding all these enormous weights!
(When you look at all the seven oceans from far; you will see only a single ocean stretching to the far ends of the horizon; yet how extensive it could be?

We can understand its depth and extension by our imagination only.

Somewhere in one part of the ocean which is milky, Vishnu sleeps on his enormous serpent bed. Somewhere else the (giant) demons would be hiding. At some other place the winged mountains would be hiding to escape the Vajra weapon of Indra. Somewhere else the huge Vadava fire would be getting ready to destroy the worlds. Our minds can only wonder at the extent of space contained by the ocean and the weighty things that it hides within itself!)

ILLUSION OF MISCONCEPTION

एते जम्बुनदीतटा रविकरैराभान्ति हेमाखिलग्रामारण्यपुरस्थलीगिरितरुस्थाण्वग्रहरोच्चयाः

ज्वालावलीवलितांबरांतरलिहो मुञ्चन्ति भासोभितस्सर्वा भूमिप भूरिहैवममरासेव्यास्ति नो मानुषैः।

These banks of the golden Jambu River (along the Meru Mountain) shine here by the sun rays. (The sands are made of gold only.) All the areas of the entire sections of village, forest, cities, table-lands, hills, trees, pillars, and colonies appear golden too. The shine emanating from them all, emits golden flames that lick the sky around. Hey King! This place indeed is fit to be resided by immortals alone, and not by the humans.

(Look there O King! There is a huge fire blazing with flames which are licking the sky.

All the cities and forests around that place seem to be on fire. Yet, as we approach close to the fire, we understand that the flames were actually the golden shine of the sands on the banks of Jamboo River.)

एते कदम्बवनकम्बलमम्बुदाभमाभान्ति भास्करपथानुगता वहन्तः

अस्याचलस्य वसुधेव तटं तवास्तु मा सूर्यरोधकनभस्थघनौघशङ्का।

These lands bear the thick carpet of Kadamba trees which shine like the clouds; and are on the path of the Sun (like the clouds blocking the sunlight). (Hey king) Understand this also to be the edge of the land only (covered by Kadamba trees), and do not consider them to be the crowds of thick clouds blocking the sun in the sky.

(Look there O King! There are dark clouds blocking the sun. Yet when we approach close, we find that they are not clouds, but is a thick carpet of Kadamba trees covering the ground.)

(The 'perceived' appears solid and real only when we do not analyze it through Vichaara. Observed properly, the perceived will turn out to be just the empty expanse of Chit only. The fire blazing high that is burning the Jeeva through countless births and deaths will turn out to be the golden lustre of Chit-River, through proper Vichaara. The clouds blocking the sun of knowledge will turn out to be just the beautiful and fragrant Chit-Kadamba trees that fill the mind with bliss.)

MALAYA MOUNTAIN, THE ABODE OF SANDAL TREES

एषोऽसौ मलयो लयोग्रलवलीवल्लीलसच्चन्दनस्फीतामोदमदाद्रसेन तरवो वक्त्रे क्रियन्ते त्रिभिः।

This is the Malaya Mountain. Here, the excellent Lavalee creepers are entwined around the Sandal trees; and the intoxicating dense fragrance of those trees affect the other trees also, and they also have turned into sandal trees themselves. All the three classes of gods, humans, and Asuras apply the sandal on their foreheads as round marks.

(Knowers always shine with the bliss of Knowledge like the sandal trees. Their excellent virtues shine like the fragrant Lavalee creeper entwined around the sandal trees.

The company of the Knowers will turn the ordinary minds also into knowledge-filled minds, like the ordinary trees in the Malaya Mountain also become fragrant like the sandal trees by the contact of that fragrance.)

(The 'bliss of the Chit' like the 'coolness of the sandal paste', belongs to all the beings alike whether they are gods, humans or Asuras.)

सज्वालौदहनाक्षसंस्थितकपोलोष्मोदयोत्ताण्डवे अङ्गुष्ठाङ्गुलिभिर्यथोष्णककणास्तप्सा यथा योषिताम्।

When Shiva with the fiery eye (Dahanaaksha) is doing the violent dance with flames rising out of his third eye, then his cheeks become heated up (and sweat drops fill his face).

When the sandal paste is applied with the thumb and other fingers, those sweat drops that form on that Taandava-Shiva also cool off instantly and turn into the joyful sweat-drops which appear on the cheeks of the women after the union with their lovers.

(Though a Shiva might be performing his destruction dance and have hot sweat-drops on his cheeks, the bliss of the Self in him keeps his inner mind cool as if they are the sweat-drops appearing on the face of his spouse when he embraces her with love.)

एषोब्धिधौतकलधौततटाधिरूढभोगीन्द्रभोगपरिवेष्टितचन्दनोऽगः

विद्याधरीवदनपङ्कजदीप्तिपुञ्जहेमीकृताखिलदिशो मलयाभिधानः।

This mountain has sandal trees encircled by the hoods of the serpents which reside at the 'banks made of gold' that are always washed by the ocean; and is named as Malaya.

It has all the directions turned golden by the heap of shine emanating from the lotus faces of Vidyaadharees. *(The ocean waves keep washing the banks that are covered densely by the golden sands. The serpents living on the banks move off to the mountain and encircle the trunks of sandal trees.*

The Mountain here which is covered by sandal trees is known as Malaya.

(मा लक्ष्मीः लीयते अस्मिन् इति मलयः।

Mother Lakshmi's beauty stays absorbed in here; so it is known as Malaya. Th Vidyaadhara people live in those sanctified grounds. The Vidyaadharee girls play around in these fragrant sandal forests.)

KRAUNCHA MOUNTAIN

कूजत्कुञ्जकठोरगह्वरनदीक्वत्कारवत्कीचकस्तम्भाडम्बरमूकमौकुलिकुलः क्रौञ्चाचलोऽयं गिरिः।

This is the Krauncha Mountain, where the swarms of bees residing inside the buds, become silent by the unique sound made by the bamboo trunks; which sound is like the combined noise of the moaning bowers, and the varied sounds of a river flowing inside the deep hard rocky hollows.

(The Krauncha Mountain abounds in huge bamboo trees that are growing in clusters. When the mountain winds blow, the bamboos give out a unique noise as if hundreds of hollow tubes are playing the music at once. It is as if all the bowers are moaning at once; and the sound resembles the gurgling noise of the rivers flowing under the hollows of rocks. Hearing that sound, even the bees humming near the blossoming flowers, become silent.)

(मौकुलि - मुकुल निवासि – residing inside the buds, namely the bees)

DARK CLOUDS AND PEACOCKS

एतस्मिन्प्रबलाकिनां प्रचलतामुद्वेजिताः कूजितैरुद्वेल्लन्ति पुराणरोहणतरुस्तम्भेषु कुम्भीनसाः।

The clouds in this Krauncha Mountain are accompanied by plenty of cranes.

The peacocks cry aloud (looking at the clouds).

The serpents get excited by their cries; but, being habituated from long to climb only the dried up tree trunks with hollows, they stay concealed with their hoods rolled up (afraid of the peacocks).

(The dark clouds move along the Krauncha peaks with the white cranes flying across them. Looking at the clouds the peacocks cry aloud in excitement, like the seekers of knowledge at the sight of the learned Knowers. Serpents who lay clinging to the hollows by habit, hear the cries of peacocks. Afraid for their lives, they roll up their hoods and remain hidden inside the hollows.

The ignorant also live in constant fear and anxiety, stuck to their little hollow holes of ignorance, and are averse to knowledge.)

LOVE-SPORTS

कोमलकनकलतालयविलसितललनाविलोलवलयकृतं श्रवणरसायनपानं विततमिहाकर्णयास्य तटे।

Listen here on this slope to the 'tinkling noise', which is feeding nectar to the ears, and is coming from the bangles shaking in the hands of the beautiful maidens sporting in the bowers of soft golden creepers.
(What is the pleasant sound of tinkling coming from those bowers? It is the sound of the bangles worn by the divine damsels who are sporting inside those bowers with their lovers.)

ELEPHANTS, BEES, AND THE OCEAN

करिकरटगलितमदजलवलितध्वलवीचिचञ्चरीकचयैः चर्वित एष कदर्थित इव कणनिकरो विरौति वारिनिधौ।

The ocean here is crying aloud, because its water drops are polluted by the churning made by the swarms of bees hovering near the moving waves; because they carry on them, the rut-water oozing out of the temple-region of the elephants.

(Why is this ocean making a howling sound? It is crying as it were? But why?

Its pure waters are polluted by the bees which are churning the surface of the waters.

They had been sitting on the rut oozing from the temples of the wild mountain elephants.

They carry that dirt from the mountains and are polluting the ocean here; like the fools who relish the company of the wicked, enter the assembly of the learned and mock them.)

MOON-GOD WITH HIS STAR-WIVES AND THE MILK-OCEAN

पश्यामलेन्दुरामृतनवनीतशरीरसुन्दरीवलितः पितुरुत्सङ्गे कुरुते जललीलां क्षीरवारिनिधौ।

Look O King! The taintless Moon is surrounded by the beautiful star-maidens, whose bodies are as if made of the butter produced by the churning of nectar; and he sports (as a reflection) on his father's lap, the Milk ocean.

(The sky is adorned by the moon and the countless stars.

Moon is so bright that his taint also is not seen. He seems to be very happy since he is accompanied by all his star-wives. These star-maidens are extremely beautiful. Their bodies must be made of the nectar-butter that came out, when the milk ocean was churned in the past. And look at the beautiful reflection of the moon which is quivering on the waters of the milk ocean! It is as if he is sporting on his father's lap like a child!)

SPRING FESTIVAL IN THE FOREST

नृत्यन्ति मत्तकलकोकिलकाकलीकाः पश्यामले मलयसानुनि बालवल्लयः

लोलालिजालनयनारुणपत्रपाणिपुष्पा मधूत्सवविलासविशेषवत्यः।

In the table-lands of the Malaya Mountain, as the 'cuckoos intoxicated by drinking the honey of Chuta flowers' are singing melodiously; look, how the 'tender young creepers' dance about; and are holding the flowers in their 'hands made of red tender leaves', with the eyes moving in an enticing manner in the form of the 'circling bee swarms'; and distinguishing themselves in the 'charming spring festival'.

(The young creepers are moving gracefully in the wind like young maidens dancing in joy in tune with the melodious songs sung by the cuckoos that are intoxicated by the honey. These pretty creeper-damsels hold colourful fragrant flowers in their hands which are shining red as if with Alaktaka paste. Swarms of bees hovering around them are indeed the enticing glances of these creeper-girls. These creepers stand out as the most beautiful damsels; and are extremely charming to look at.)

THREE TYPES OF PEARLS

वंशानां हृदि पर्वतेषु जलधौ तोयार्थिनीनां तु ये शुक्तीनां हृदये विशन्ति समये वर्षाम्भसां बिन्दवः

ते मुक्ताफलतां व्रजन्ति करिणां कुम्भेषु वान्यद्भवेत् शुद्धौ मौक्तिकवत्स्युरुत्तमगुणा एतास्त्रिधा जातयः।

In the mountains, inside the nodes of some special bamboos, pearls are found.

In the oceans, when the rain drops from the monsoon clouds at Svaati-time directly enter inside the heart of the conches that are thirsty and remain open for water, they turn into pearl-fruits.

The pearls get produced also in the upper part of the forehead of elephants.

These three classes of pearls are of excellent qualities and considered as very pure.

(Pure pearls get produced in three places only.

When Svaati-star is in ascendance, the pure water from the sky enters the conches which keep their mouths open in thirst. This water-drop turns into an excellent pearl in course of time.

Pure pearls are found in the mountain bamboos and on the heads of special fragrant elephants.

The pearl differs in size and quality as per the purity of the place it falls.

The sacred words of the scriptures which enter a 'pure heart with the thirst for realization' alone turn into the 'pearl of realization', like the Swaathi-pearl. The pearls that are produced in the bamboo and the elephant prove just decorative and are worthless, like the instruction given to the impure minds.)

POWERS OF PURE GEMS

शैलेऽब्धौ पुरुषेऽवनौ जलधरे भेके शिलायां गजे नानाकारधरा भवन्ति मणयः कर्माणि तेषां विभो

ह्लादोच्चाटनमारणज्वरभयभ्रान्तिप्रकाशान्धतास्वेदोत्तापनभूनभोगतिदृशो नाशो विधानं तथा।

O Lord! Various types of gems can be obtained in the hill, in the ocean, in the men, in the ground, in the frog, in the rock, in the elephant; and their functions are like this; giving a delightful experience by getting rid of the sufferings, through destroying the enemies by killing them; by giving them fever, fear, confusion, revealing some unknown thing; giving blindness, sweating burning; and traveling in and seeing the paths under the ground and the in the sky; destruction and so on (knowing the past or future; destruction of diseases or famine etc).

(Without seeking the excellent gem of Self-Knowledge, people search for these ordinary gems to fulfill the Vaasanaas of hatred and desires.)

THE MOON LIGHTS UP THE MOUNTAINS AND CITIES ALIKE

वातायनोदरगवाक्षकवाटकक्षाद्वाराननैरिह पुराण्युदिते पठन्ति

श्वभाभ्रकन्दरदरीवनवेणुरन्ध्रवर्गेण मन्दर इवामृतसिन्धुमिन्दुम्।

When the Moon who is the 'ocean of nectar' rises, the cities enjoy him through faces of the hollows of ventilators, windows, doors, entrance of the room here, like the Mandara mountain does through its chasms, clouds, valleys, caves, forest bamboo holes etc, (which get filled with the moonlight and lose their darkness.)

THE HUGE HIMAALAYA MOUNTAIN

एतच्छृङ्गं हरति पवनः किंस्वितित्युन्मुखीभिर्दृष्टोत्साहश्चकितचकितं मुग्धसिद्धाङ्गनाभिः

प्रालेयाद्रेः प्रतितटवनं प्रोत्पतत्यभ्रमूर्ध्वं वज्रस्तम्भो गगनसुतलोत्तोलनायेव भूः।

“Did the wind take off the peak of this Mountain by any chance?” Thus do the innocent Siddha women in extreme wonder look at it with their faces turned upwards in amusement (where the peak is invisible and is hidden by the dense clouds).

Maybe the Snow mountain is the shining diamond pillar erected for balancing the nether world and the earth, and the clouds throw up every forest and slope of the Snow Mountain, and thus equalize their weights as it were.

(This is the Himavaan Mountain shining like a diamond in the sunlight.

The peak of this Snow Mountain reaches high up in the sky, where clouds move about.

Sometimes the clouds hide the peak so much so that the innocent Siddha women look up and wonder whether the fierce winds of the mountain have broken off the peak by any chance.

The clouds cover not only the peak, but also the forests and slopes; and make them vanish away.

Maybe this mountain is a huge diamond rod which holds the earth and the netherworld on its two sides. The clouds must be removing the extra weight on the earth-side by throwing away some forest or slope, thus balancing the two worlds!)

MAHENDRA MOUNTAIN

गङ्गातरङ्गहिमसीकरशीतलानि विद्याधराध्युषितचारुशिलातलानि
पुष्पाभ्रसंवलितपुष्पितकाननानि राजन्विलोक्य महेन्द्रगिरेस्तटानि।

Look O Raajan! The beautiful rock-slabs on the banks of this Mahendra Mountain where the Vidyaadharas rest, are cold by the snowy sprays of the Ganges waves. The forests are filled with blossomed flowers that are surrounded by the 'clouds of flower pollens' of various colours.

GET RID OF YOUR MISFORTUNES AND SINS IN THE PURE LAP OF NATURE

(If you cannot melt away in the presence of the vast skies and Oceans, the forest-lands, the serene lakes and tall mountains, and are addicted to only the man-made temples and worship-places, your life is indeed wasted away.)

देशान्तरेषु विततानि वनान्तराणि पुष्पस्थलान्युपवनान्यथ पत्तनानि
तीर्थेषु पूतभुवनानि जलानि दृष्ट्वा दौर्भाग्यभीतिरपयाति जवानुविद्धा।

After seeing the 'spread out forests in other countries', the 'flower-filled lands', the 'gardens and cities', the 'rivers and lands sanctified in the holy places'; the fear of misfortune is forced away instantly.

शृङ्गाणि पूरितदिगन्तरमण्डलानि श्वभ्राभ्रकन्दरनिकुञ्जकुलाकुलानि

व्योमोपमान्यपि च वारिधिकुण्डलानि दृष्ट्वा गलन्ति कुकृतानि बृहत्तराणि।

After seeing the 'peaks of the great hills'; the 'direction-spheres filled by saintly people'; the 'hollows of the sacred ponds and lakes'; 'tall mountain-valleys covered by the clouds'; 'forests filled with flower-bowers'; and the 'ocean holes extensive like the sky'; all the sinful acts even if heinous/ melt away.

DO NOT WASTE AWAY YOUR LIFE LIKE A BLIND RAT INSIDE A RAT-HOLE

रम्याश्वन्दनवीथयो हि मलये विन्ध्ये मदान्धाः गजाः कैलासे नृप पादजाति कनकं चन्द्रं महेन्द्राचले

दिव्याश्वौषधयस्तुषारशिखरे सर्वत्र रत्नानि वै सन्त्यन्धाखुवदेष जीर्णसदने व्यर्थं जनो जीर्यते।

Hey King! In the Malaya Mountain, the forest paths through the sandal trees are indeed very pleasing and beautiful. In the Vindhya Mountain abound the elephants roaming in intoxication.

In Kailaasa Mountain, is found the excellent gold. In the Mahendra Mountain, there is the reddish glittering gem. In the Snow mountain peak are found divine herbs.

Everywhere varied types of precious stones are found. A man (without interest in seeing these things) wastes away his life in his deteriorating abode, like a blind rat (hiding inside its dark hole with its stored wealth).

MONSOON TIMES

सोन्नतं जगदिवोरुतटाकं वारिणा विवलितं तिमिरेण

प्रस्फुरन्ति च युगान्त इवैता विद्युतः शफरिका इव लोलाः।

The water-carrying dark clouds fill up the high skies here making it look like the darkness of the dissolution times. The entire world looks like a single pond of waters (by the pouring rains).

The flashes of lightning appear like the Shapharika fish jumping in the pond.

(Rains in the Mountain-lands are terrifying.)

The clouds fill up the entire sky and the world is covered by darkness as if it is the Pralaya times. Sky and earth cannot be distinguished separately as everything is just water above and water below. World is just one big pond of water where lightning-fishes jump about everywhere.)

MONSOON WINDS

सावश्यायश्याननीहारधारा धारोद्धारान्वारिदान्मादयन्तः

शीतानीतोद्दामरोमाञ्चचर्चाः प्रोद्यच्छब्दं वान्त्यहो वर्षवाताः।

Aha! The monsoon winds blow with such noise, as if violent arguments are going on with the rise of horripilation by the onset of cold.

They are filled with snow; and have thinned out the streams. They are making the clouds mad by pushing them here and there; thus making them throw out abundant waters.

(Monsoon-winds are making such a rattling noise as if there is a violent argument going on amongst people who are affected by the cold and whose hairs are standing on ends because of the extremely cold wind (as if they are engaged in fights).

The grounds are covered with snow; and the streams are shallow.

The winds are pushing the clouds here and there making them mad; and the clouds show their anger by throwing out abundant volumes of water on the mountains.)

MOUNTAIN WINDS

हा वाति नीलजलदप्रसरानुसारी वातः किरन्वितपिपल्लवपुष्पगुच्छान्
धीरोत्करद्रुमवनान्तरचारचारुरासारसीकरकदम्बकसारसारः।

(A lover laments like this.)

Ha! The wind is spreading out the dark clouds.

It is scattering clusters of leaves and flowers that grow on the trees. It is pleasing with the fragrances carried as it passes wildly through the forest areas filled with the sprouts. It is carrying away the moist essence (honey) of all the flowers mixed within it, that it contains more honey than the flowers.

मारुताः सुरतक्रान्तकान्तानिःश्वसितैरिमे वहन्ति वृद्धिं गन्धं च लवं स्वर्गादिव च्युताः।

These winds join with the sighs of girls tired by the union with their lovers; and so increase slightly in volume and fragrance, like those who swerve from the heaven with little merits still hang on to them.

(Merits of course lead a person to heaven; but once the enjoyments equaling the merits are over, the Jeeva has to fall down from heavens. Yet, even if only a little merit is left back, the greedy Jeeva will want to cling on to the heavenly pleasures for a little more time.

These mountain winds lose their fragrance on the way to the ground and are merit-less as it were; but when they gently caress the faces of the girls who are sweating by the exhaustion of the union and mix with their sighs, it gains some small amount of fragrance from their breaths; and hangs on to its life with that merit.)

कुवलयकुवलयविकचनकुसुमलताविदलनोद्यता मृदवः घनपटपाटनपटवो विधुतोपवना वहन्यमी पवनाः।

These violent winds blow hard shaking the gardens.

They are very talented in tearing off the cloth of thick clouds. Yet they are very soft when making the lotuses on the ground bloom up and when trying to open the buds filling the creepers.

(A valourous man may tear up his enemy's armours and make the entire enemy army tremble in fear. Yet, when he is in the company of his beloved, he is very tender in his touch and is careful not to hurt her.)

(कुवलय - mal-formed circle; means Bhoomi, and also the lotus.)

सन्ध्याभ्रलेशानुपयन्ति वाता नभस्थले कोमलकम्पनेन नृपाङ्गणे पुष्पविचित्रलेखानुवासिते भृत्यवरा इवैते।

These winds approach the shallow clouds of the evening sky with very light touch; like the good servants treading softly in the palace courtyard which are decorated by various designs of flower-work (without stepping on them hard).

क्वचित्कुसुमगन्धयः कमलवर्गगन्धाः क्वचित्क्वचित्कुसुमवर्षिणो ललितकेसरासारिणः

क्वचिच्च हिमपाण्डवो हरितपीतलश्यामला वहन्ति शिखरानिलाः सुरतमन्दघर्मच्छिदः।

These winds blowing at the peaks of the mountains, sometimes are fragrant like a mixture of various flowers; sometimes are fragrant like only a collection of lotus-flowers; randomly sometimes they rain flowers with the soft cloud of pollens; sometimes they are white with snow, or green, yellow and bluish dark with the various coloured pollen-dusts and minerals; and they remove the heat of tiredness produced by the union-acts.

THE HOT SUN

क्वचित् हुंकारकांकारैरङ्गारनिकरान्करैः किंकरैर्विकिरत्यर्को मूर्खसंसर्गवानिव।

Sometimes the sun as if in the company of fools, (madly) scatters through his servants namely the SuryaKaanta gems (sun-stones), heaps of burning embers inside the caves, as inferred by the moans and groans of the animals inside.

THE WOMAN WHO IS TO BE AVOIDED LIKE POISON

नररसायनतृप्तिविमुक्तया प्रमदया मदयापितलज्जया उपगते वपुषा न विषह्यते विषविमूर्च्छनयेव समायता।

If a woman, who has no satisfaction in union with any man, and who has been removed of her shyness through intoxication, is embraced bodily, it is like catching on to a poisonous fever which is intolerable.

WOMEN WHO ARE SEPARATED FROM THEIR LOVERS

वलिततामरसा मृदुशीकराः शशिकरोत्करवीचिविभेदिनः सदहना इव तापमयाः पुरो विरहिणीषु वनावनिवायवः।

The winds from the forest grounds are soft and cool as they arrive after embracing the lotuses; and pass through the waves dancing in the moonlight. Yet they become very hot and burning in front of the women who are away from their lovers.

(The winds carrying the fragrance of lotuses and the cool water-drops of the waves are very cool indeed; but they burn the women who are separated from their lovers and are already burning with passion.)

HUNTER WOMEN

इह हि पूर्वपयोधितटावटे विकटपत्रपटाः कटकीतटाः नवमदासवयौवनसंश्रयाः कलय यान्ति कथं शबरस्त्रियः।

Observe, how in the shallow bank of eastern ocean, the hunter-women who wear large weird leaves as garments, and are living inside the metal-made camps, move about intoxicated by the liquor of youth!

SANDAL TREE AND THE CLINGING SERPENT

नवरसासवसारनिशागमक्षयभयातुरचित्ततयाङ्गना त्यजति कान्तमियं न मनागपि द्रुतमितो वलितेव पुरोऽहिभिः।
प्रभाततूर्यमुखरैर्दिवसैरिव तर्जिता हृद्येव स्फुटिता नारी निलीना दयितोरसि।

The sandal tree in front is encircled by serpents tightly.

(It reminds one of) the lady who does not even in the least release her lover from her embrace; since she is anxious in her mind; (because) she fears the ending of the night that has arrived with its fresh bliss of union producing the intoxication like liquor.

(She does not want the night to end. She is like a person who has not had enough of the liquor; and is anxious that the morning may arrive soon and take her lover away. So like a serpent embracing the sandal trunk, she also is tightly holding on to her lover.)

(It is also like) Threatened as it were by the arrival of the day which is announced by the blowing of Toorya instruments, this lady has her heart exploded as it were; and has become one with the chest of her lover.

(Rather, when she is still lost in the bliss of the union with her lover, she hears the sounds announcing the morning. Her heart has burst by the very thought of separation; and has stuck to the chest of her lover.)

KIMSHUKA TREES WITH RED FLAMING FLOWERS

प्रोत्फुल्लकिंशुकैषा दक्षिणजलधेस्तटेऽत्र वनराजी ज्वलितेव जलतरङ्गैः पौनःपुन्येन सिच्यतेऽम्बुधिना।

This 'line of forest' with blossomed Kimshuka trees filling the bank of the southern ocean, looks as if it is on fire and is sprinkled again and again with waters by the ocean (to extinguish the fire as it were).

(Look! The Kimshuka trees look like they have caught fire, because of the clusters of red blossoms covering them. It is as if the whole of that forest is on fire and flames have covered them. The ocean is dashing against these trees, as if trying to extinguish the fire with its high-rising waves.)

अस्या निर्यान्त्यनिलैर्धूमा इव कृष्णकेसराम्बुधराः अङ्गारा इव कुसुमान्युपशान्ताङ्गारवच्च खगभृङ्गाः।

Blown by the winds, the clouds of dark pollen rise up from those Kimshuka trees, looking like smoke. The flowers are like embers; and the birds and bees are like the embers which have been cooled.

(If fire is there, the smoke should be there, logically.

Look, the dark pollen is getting blown by the wind and it is as if smoke is rising up from the burning trees. Where are the embers? Flowers are the embers; and birds and bees sitting on the branches are not red because they are the embers that have cooled down!)

REAL FIRE IN THE MOUNTAIN

ईदृश्येव विलोक्य वनराजी सत्यवह्निना ज्वलिता गिरिशिरसि तूत्तरस्यां दिशि दूरे धूयते च खे पवनैः।

In the same manner, look at this line of forest burning by real fire, getting fanned by the winds in the sky, in the peak of the mountain at far, in the northern direction.

FORESTS AND PEACOCKS

क्रौञ्चाचलस्य भुवि मन्थरमेघचक्रगम्भीरतारवन्तितबर्हिणीयं

पश्योत्थितं तुमुलमाकुलवर्षवातव्याधूतपुष्पफलपल्लवकाननीयम्।

The peacocks dance when hearing the deep thundering sound of the slow moving array of clouds.

In the Krauncha mountain slopes, the forests filled with flowers, fruits, and leaves (looking like plumages) are looking up as it were and dancing as it were, because of the strong rainy winds hitting them.

(Forests in the mountain are covered by variety of flowers, leaves and fruits of different colours. They look like giant peacocks with colourful plumages. When the dark clouds arrive, they also look up at the clouds like the peacocks, being hit by violent winds. They also dance like the peacocks when they are shaken by the wind.)

SUN AND HIS BROKEN CHARIOT

अस्ताचले विकटकाञ्चनकूटकोटिसंघट्टनस्फुटितजर्जरचारुसन्धिः

खर्व रथः पतति स स्म रवेः सचक्रचीत्कारतारतरकूबररास एषः।

In the western Mountain, the 'sun's chariot' dashes against the uneven golden peak edge and so, its beautiful joints get broken and shattered. It drops down into the empty hollow place, and this is the sound of the pole of the carriage breaking along with the screeching wheels.

(In the western mountain, the winds produce loud screeching noise in the evening.

It must be actually the sound of the pole and wheels of the sun's chariot breaking down and falling into the hollows of the west. The chariot must have hit the spiky peaks of the mountain! What can the Sun do but fall along with the broken chariot?)

CREATOR'S FAULT

भुवनभवनप्राकारेऽद्रौ निशाकरभेरुकं परिविकसितं भीतं भासा मलालिरुपाश्रितः

तदिह जगतां वस्तु श्रेष्ठं न किञ्चन विद्यते विधिरुपहतः कुर्यान्नो यत्क्षणेन कलङ्कितम्।

In the Udaya Mountain, which is the 'roof-top' of the 'mansion called the world', the Bheruka flower resembling the moon, and also considered auspicious, is afraid of inauspiciousness; and fully blossoms spreading its shine all around (to keep away inauspiciousness).

(It is very pure and avoids inauspiciousness like a person observing purity who sits on top of some hill or a building that is away from pollution.)

But even that (moon-like auspicious flower) gets tainted by the dark bees. Therefore, in this world, there is nothing that exists as great, which the horrid Creator will not instantly get tainted.

(The wicked creator not only has made the moon with a taint; but has tainted the moon-like flower also with bees!)

BEAUTIFUL MOON-LIGHT

त्रिभुवनहराट्टहासो भुवनमहाभवन एष मङ्कोलः क्षीरसलिलावपूरो गगनाब्धेश्चान्द्र आलोकः।
This beautiful moon light rising from the ocean of the sky!
Is it the laughter of Shiva dancing his destruction dance of the three worlds?
Or is it the white plaster for the huge mansion of the world?
Or is it the overflowing flood of Milk Ocean?

MOON –RISE IN THE MANDARA MOUNTAIN

स्पृष्टप्रदोषमयमन्दरमथ्यमानचन्द्रार्णवोल्लसितदुग्धतरङ्गभङ्गैः

पश्य प्रभापटलकैः परिपूरिताङ्गीः पूरैरिवोग्रसरितः प्रसरद्भिराशाः।

Beautiful milky waves dance around by the churning of the Moon-ocean, touched by the evening time at Mandara. Look! With such waves of brightness, the directions are all filled completely, as if the Gangaa coming from Shiva's (Ugra's) head is flooding the directions.

(When the moon rises in the evening time on the Mandara Mountain, another nectar-churning event happens as it were. The moon turns into the milk ocean, magically by the touch of the Mandara at the evening time. The moon rays spread out beautifully like waves rising in the milk ocean as at the 'nectar-churning time'. Or is it the Gangaa stream flowing down from the head of Shiva? Or, is it Bhageeratha's feat again repeated by any chance?)

THE KING IS PRAISED FOR HIS VICTORY

एते पतन्त्यतुल तालकराललोलवेतालबालवलिता निशि गुह्यकौघाः

हूणेश्वरस्य नगरानि निरस्तशान्ति स्वस्तिश्रवादिविकलानि बलेन भोक्तुम्।

Hey Atula (Incomparable one)! The hosts of Guhyakas (invisible servants of Kubera) are surrounded by the Vetaala kids who are terrifying with their tall figures as that of the Taala trees; they fall (pounce) at night, on the cities of Huneshvara (your wicked enemy) which now are handicapped being without the auspicious rites of Shaanti, Svasti, Shrava etc; and they are forcefully eating off the citizens.

(The people belonging to your enemies do not perform the auspicious rites and are given to unrighteous ways. The Guhyakas are entering those inauspicious places with the Vetaala kids who are as tall as Taala trees. They are killing and eating off all those wicked citizens.)

WHICH IS MORE BEAUTIFUL – THE MOON OR THE BRIDE'S FACE?

तावद्विभाति गगने परिपूर्णचन्द्रो यावद्धूवदनमेति न सद्य बाह्यं

अभ्युद्गतेऽङ्गणनभस्यबलाननेन्दाविन्दोः सिताभ्रशकलस्य च को विशेषः।

As long as the face of the beautiful bride is not seen outside of the house, for that long will the full moon shine in the sky (as the symbol of beauty). If the 'moon of the girl's face' rises in the sky of the outer courtyard, what difference is there between the moon and the faded piece of white cloud?

MATTED LOCKS OF SHIVA

वृद्धानि चन्द्रांशुनवाम्बराणि गङ्गौघनिर्धूतशिलान्यमूनि हिमाततान्युग्रलताजटानि तुषारशैलेश्वरमस्तकानि।

These heads (white peaks) of the Lord of Snow Mountain, increase the moonlight and create new skies. These rocks are also washed by Gangaa (as do the Shiva's locks); and are covered by the white snow. so are like the creeper-like matted locks of Ugra (Shiva).

(Look at the peaks of the Snow Mountain! Moon is shining above, like a crest jewel.

The snow-covered peaks reflect the moon light and are creating a new sky around them like the shining head of Shiva. The snowy rocks are all washed by Gangaa and look like the curves of the matted locks.

It is Shiva with his matted locks for sure!)

MANDARA MOUNTAIN

स एष मन्दारवनावतम्सो दोलाप्सरोगेयविसारिवातः क्वचिन्मणिद्योतविचित्रचित्रः संदृश्यते व्योमनि मन्दराद्रिः।

This Mandara Mountain is garlanded by Mandaara flowers (blossomed trees).

The winds spread out the melodious songs sung by Apsaraas who sport in the swings there.

The mountain is seen reaching high in the sky, presenting a wondrous sight, with its varied gems shining here and there.

(Look at the Mandara Mountain.

Forests of Mandaara trees filled with blossomed flowers are covering it all over.

It is as if the mountain adorned by the 'garland of Mandaara flowers' shines like a king.

It is so tall that its peaks are adorned by the array of stars which shine like gems.

The winds bring in the melodious songs of the sporting Apsaraas as if in servitude of the King-mountain.)

MOUNTAINS WELCOME THE KING WITH RESPECT

प्रोन्निद्रनीरन्ध्रशिलीन्ध्रसान्द्रपुष्पाघ्यपात्रधमहामहीधाः सान्द्राभनिर्हार्द्दगभीरकुक्षौ सर्क्षान्तरिक्षश्रियमुद्धहन्ति।

The huge mountains hold the 'Argyapaatra' (vessel holding the offerings to the guest) filled fully with blossomed flowers which densely cover the entire valleys without a gap.

In the deep dark belly densely covered with clouds, they hold the beauty of the sky filled with thrstars.

(The mountain-valleys are fully covered by flowers of various colours.

It is as if they are holding the Argyapaatra filled with flowers to welcome the king.

The hollows in the center of the mountains are filled by clouds adorned by the flashes of lightning. It is as if the sky has settled down there with its stars.)

KAILAASA MOUNTAIN

इतः स कैलासगिरिर्गरीयसा प्रभाप्रवाहेण मितेन यस्य खं

शम्भोरिवाभाति सुतस्य कुट्टिमं चन्द्रोऽपि च क्षीरसमुद्रगो यथा।

Here is the Kailaasa Mountain; its flood of thick shine spreads all over the sky.

It looks like a small mud-hill (of pearl powder) made by Shambu's child Kumaara, and the moon also looks as if he has drowned inside the milk ocean (of brightness) as it were.

(Kailaasa Mountain is shining brightly with its snow covered peaks; and has filled the sky with its flooding lustre. The sky looks like a milk ocean. Moon is lost somewhere in that ocean; he is not seen at all.

What is Kailaasa Mountain to Shiva but a tiny mud hill made by his child Kumaara when he was playing around there?!)

HEAVY WINDS

स्थाणूनां चिह्नशाखानां मृन्मयानां च वासवः संधते पश्य दूराणां वातैर्मुक्तशिखा इव।

Look! The randomly spread out stumps of trees distant from each other, have their branches cut off and are covered by the mud. Indra is tying up all these stumps, like tying loosened hairs together, through the winds.

(Strong winds blow on the mountain slopes, joining as if all the tall stumps together like hairs; maybe by the order of Indra!?)

एते कदम्बकुलकुन्दसुगन्धिवाता लिम्पन्ति माम्सलतया मकरन्दवृष्टेः

घ्राणं घनैः परिमलैरलिजालनीला व्यालोड्य मेघपटलैः खमिवाभकायाः।

These winds carrying the fragrance of the jasmies and the Kadamba flowers, fattened with the shower of honey, paste the nose with thick scents. Like the thick clouds filling the sky, they even carry off the swarms of dark bees also along with the fragrances looking like the cloud-arrays.

GODDESS OF BEAUTY AND PROSPERITY

उन्निद्रकुञ्जलदलासु वनस्थलीषु सच्छायशाद्वलघनेषु च जङ्गलेषु
ग्रामेषु संततफलद्रुमसंकुलेषु लक्ष्मीः स्वयं निवसतीव निवासहेतोः।

In the slowly opening petals of buds, in the forest-lands, in the wild jungles spread with grass and thick shades, in the villages, in the hosts of trees always filled with fruits, Goddess Lakshmi herself resides as it were, coveting such a beautiful residence.

BEAUTIFUL MOUNTAIN VILLAGES

वातायनागतलतावृतसौधकोशकोशातकीकुसुमकेसरमाहरद्भिः

आगुल्फकीर्णमुकुलाजिर एष वातैर्ग्रामो विभाति नगरं वनदेवतानाम्।

The Koshaataki plants with flowers grow all around the grounds near the buildings.

The winds bring the pollen of these flowers inside the windows and scatter the buds in the courtyard up to the ankles; thus making the village look like the city of forest Goddesses.

उन्निद्रामलचम्पकद्रुमलतादोलविलोलाङ्गनाः कूजन्निर्झरवारयः परिसरप्रोन्निद्रतालद्रुमाः

उत्फुल्लोज्ज्वलमञ्जरीसितलतागेहोल्लसद्दृहिणः पर्यन्तोन्नतसाललम्बजलदा रम्या गिरिग्रामकाः।

Women amuse themselves in the swings made of creepers in the trees which are filled with newly blossomed taintless Champaka flowers.

The waters in the mountain torrents make a sweet gurgling noise.

All around are the Taala trees, filled with freshly blossomed flowers.

The peacocks are dancing inside the creeper bowers adorned by the clusters of bright blossoms.

The Saala trees stand extending to such great heights that clouds hang on it.

So beautiful are the mountain-villages!

वातालोलविचित्रपत्रलतिकासंपूर्णनीलस्थलाः कूजल्लावककोकुकुटघटागायत्पुलिन्दाङ्गनाः

बालाव्याकुलतर्णका दधिमधुक्षीराज्यपानोज्ज्वलाः कस्येवामृतमण्डपा विरचिता रम्या गिरिग्रामकाः।

The grass lands are fully covered by the tiny creepers with strangely shaped leaves which move pleasantly in the blowing wind.

The Pulinda women sing along with the sounds made by the Laavaka birds, geese and cocks.

Children and untroubled calves are happy and contented; they look healthy and well-nourished by consuming curds, honey, milk and ghee.

For whose sake these arches made of nectar have been constructed!?

So beautiful are the mountain-villages!

PART THREE

INTRODUCTION

Aakaasha (sky), clouds, mountain villages, love-stories, dogs, crows, cuckoos all belong to the Avidyaa-perception only.

अनुचरा ऊचुः
Attendants spoke

BATTLE STILL GOING ON

देव पश्यात्र संग्रामलग्नसीमान्तभूमृतां कचन्ति हेतिसंघाता विसरन्ति बलानि च।

Deva! Look here at the kings of the subordinate states engaged in war.
The glittering missiles are colliding and the four types of armies are on the move.

हतान्हतानभिमुखान्वीरान्वीरैः सहस्रशः आरोप्यारोप्य खं यान्ति पश्यपश्याङ्गनारथैः।

Look! Look! The soldiers are all dying one after the other in thousands. As and when they get killed, they appear in front of the Apsaraas of heaven, and take them off to heaven in their divine chariots.

DHARMA YUDDHA

विजिगीषोः पुनः प्राप्ते संकटे प्रकटे रणे धर्म्यं विराजते युद्धं यौवने सुरतं यथा।

For a man who desires victory, a righteously fought war alone adds glory to him, when he is able to fight his enemy in a battle and face the danger; like the union of a woman aloe gives joy at youth.

लोकैरनिन्दिता लक्ष्मीरारोग्यं श्रीसमन्वितं धर्म्यं युद्धं परार्थेन जीवितस्योत्तमं फलम्।

The wealth which is obtained without harming any one and through honest means is indeed conducive to one's well-being, and is endowed with glory. The war fought in the righteous manner for protecting others is the excellent fruit of one's life.

अविरोधेन धर्मस्य युद्धे संमुखमागतं योधानुरूपं यो हन्ति शूरः स्वर्ग्यः स नेतरः।

Without any hostile feeling (of violence or wanting to injure), a valorous man who fights 'the one who faces him in the righteous battle, and who is equal in all ways regarding weapons, chariot etc when fighting the opposing one,' and kills him, he alone deserves the heaven, not the other.

हस्तस्थितासिवरनीलसरोजदामश्यामो हयोत्थघनरेणुनिशागमोऽत्र

आलोकय क्रमणमेष कथं करोति प्रोन्नामहेतिभरभूषणभाजि लक्ष्म्याः।

(Like the dark-hued Vishnu who is decorated by ornaments and is adorned by the blue lotus garland, wins over the heart of Goddess Lakshmi in the dark night, the brave king also conquers the Goddess of wealth.)

Endowed with the 'ornament of missiles' held up; and appearing dark-hued accuse of the blue lotus garland which is actually 'the excellent sword in the hand', with the dust rising from the horse's hoofs producing the darkness of the night, look, how he conquers Goddess Lakshmi!

(He is like a handsome lover adorned by blue lotus garland (sword) shining bright with all ornaments (missiles) wooing the beautiful goddess at night time.)

एते कचन्ति शरशक्तिगदाभुशुण्डीशूलासिकुन्तपटुतोमरचक्रपूर्णाः

तापाः सताण्डवकचप्रचलेऽचलेऽब्धौ देहेन वल्गति भुवीव फणिन्द्रसंघाः।

These valorous men shine forth (like blazing conflagration) by wielding 'weapons' like 'arrow, spear, mace, Bhushundi, Shoola, sword, Kunta, Patu, Tomara, and discus' that shine forth like the 'fire-flames'; and they move violently on the 'mountain-terrain covered by the grass' (namely the battle-field filled with the weak enemy soldiers). The battle-field is like 'an ocean'; and the weapons slither along with their bodies (so gracefully) like the 'serpent-crowds rising out of the ground'.

AAKAASHA

*(Aakaasha is of three kinds, Chidaakaasha, Chittaakaasha and material Aakaasha.
In essence any Aakaasha is the expression of Chidaakaasha only.)*

पश्याम्बरं बलवदम्बुधराब्धिपूर्णं पश्याम्बरं तरलतारकतारहारं

पश्याम्बरं सुघनसक्तमसैकसारं पश्याम्बरं विशदचन्द्रकरावसिक्तम्।

Look at the sky which is like an ocean where the clouds move violently (like waves).

Look at the sky which is adorned by a garland made of twinkling stars.

Look at the sky which is made only of darkness which is very thick.

Look at the sky which is sprinkled with moonlight all over.

(Ambaram is a term denoting the sky in Sanskrit; it means a cloth or covering.

This Aakaasha-cloth is never the same everyday.

It has new designs decorating it at different times.

Some days it is designed with fast-moving dark clouds carrying water.

Some nights when the moon is absent, the sky looks garlanded by the twinkling stars.

Sometimes it is densely black with thick clouds.

Sometimes it is sprinkled with the waters of moonlight.)

(Chit expanse also is similar to this sky.

It is also known as Chit-Ambaram.

It is the Chit-cloth which shines forth as the perceived.

It is the mind where thoughts filled with desires keep moving like clouds.

It shines forth as so many perceived worlds which adorn it like tiny stars.

It is the dense ignorance which fills the minds.

It is also the bliss of knowledge which removes the darkness.)

FALSE THEORIES OF THE IGNORANT

यत्रानेकसुरासुरास्पदघटा तारापदेशं गता ऋक्षाणां च यदास्पदं विसरतां सर्वोन्नतानां च यत्

तस्मिञ्छून्यमिति प्रतीतिरधुनाप्यस्तं गता नाम्बरे कोऽन्यो मार्जयितुं जनोऽजरचितं लोकोपवादं क्षमः।

The hordes of vehicles of Suras and Asuras get to be believed as the stars.

That which is the support of all stars and all the lustrous objects at extreme heights, gets defined as just the void (Shoonya).

Such misinterpretations about the Aakaasha have not disappeared even now.

Which other person is capable of erasing the ill-repute built up by the ignorant?

(The ignorant have not much knowledge about anything; and base their lives on only some made up belief-systems they have. They never understand the greatness of anything. Even the expansive sky cannot do anything to prove its greatness to them when they call it empty and void, even when it holds all the stars, moon and sun at such great heights, which is quite a feat! The ordinary people think of the stars as some shining vehicles of Suras or Asuras!

Who has the power to change their misconceptions, when the sky itself cannot erase off its ill-fame?!)

(Chit-expanse is also a principle beyond the grasp of the ordinary.

When the material sky itself is a mystery unsolved, who can ever understand the principle of Chit-expanse through which the understanding-state itself becomes a possibility?

Though Chit-expanse contains all the 'perceived' within it, still people call it 'Shoonya'! How can void be the source of anything?

Reality has varied misconceived theories concocted by the scholars.

If ignorant, people are satisfied with some unseen gods traveling in their air-vehicles in the heavens. They can look up at the far off stars and pray to them for solving their day to day life-problems. They do not have the need for understanding any truth. They never make also an effort to understand the truth through rational analysis.

When the Chit-expanse itself is shining as their ignorance, who else can cure them of their misconceptions?!)

TAINTLESS NATURE OF AAKAASHA

मेघाटोपैः प्रलयदहनैरद्रिपक्षाभिघातैस्तारापूरैरमरदितिजक्षुब्धसंग्रामसंधैः व्योमाद्यापि प्रकृतिविकृतिं नाम
नायात्यसंख्यैरन्तः, साराशयगुणवतां लक्ष्यते नो महिम्नः।

Though a witness to countless events like the grand show of clouds, dissolution fires, cutting of the wings of mountains, filling up of stars, repeated battles between Gods and Asuras etc, the 'sky' (Vyoma) even today does not lose its true nature of (taintlessness).

The greatness of those with noble virtues never ends; so it is observed.

(There is no end the greatness of the noble.

They never lose their good qualities, whatever situation they face in their life.)

(So also a JeevanMukta never swerves from the state of the Self, whatever events he becomes a witness to.

Chit-expanse which exists as all the perceived of any sort in any space and time, never swerves from its state of purity and changeless nature.)

आन्दोलयस्यविरलं गगनार्कमङ्के नारायणं च शशिनं च तथेतराणि

तेजाम्बिस भासुरतडित्प्रभृतीनि साधो चित्रं तथापि न जहासि यदान्ध्यमन्तः।

Hey Gagana!

Incessantly you swing on your lap, the sun, Naaraayana and his gods, the moon and all the planets and stars, and also other luster-forms, flashes of lightning and so on.

It is a wonder O good one, that even then you do not get rid of the darkness within you.

(Hey Sky, you hold so many lustrous objects and shining beings in you, and allow them to move about inside you. Why are you not becoming lustrous like them? Why do you not get rid of the darkness within you by their company?)

(Hey mind-space! You have mastered all learning, all philosophies, all the scriptures; yet how do you still stay ignorant and are bereft of true knowledge?)

आकाश काशसि तु यत्र शशाङ्कबिम्बं त्वत्कीर्णकज्जलतमो मलिनोऽसितत्वं

सङ्गान्न यन्नयसि तत्खलु चित्रमुच्चैः को नाम वान्तरमलं मलिनीकरोति।

Hey Aakaasha!

Where the black dark stain is seen on the moon-disc, you alone seem to leak out there revealing your real blackness. It is a wonder that you do not turn the moon completely black by your company.

However, if one is pure inside, how can anyone taint him?

(Hey Aakaasha! The moon shines brightly in the dark black sky. It has got some black taint on it. It surely does not belong to the moon. You the dark one must have made a hole in that moon, and your blackness is leaking out of that hole. That the people call as moon's taint!

Actually you could have turned the moon completely black by your company!

You failed because no one can make a man of pure heart turn completely wicked!)

पूर्णस्यापि जगद्दोषैः सर्वदैवाविकारिणः खस्य मन्ये बुधस्येव सुखं सर्वार्थशून्यता।

The world is filled to the brim with faults. However, I believe that, for the sky which is always changeless, remaining empty of all objects alone is blissful, like for a Knower.

(Chit-expanse is also changeless; Chitta-expanse of the Knower is also changeless; Aakaasha is also changeless.

The outer material space is untouched by the events and objects of the world; so is the mind of a Knower; so is the Chit-state which exists as all the perceived.

This is actually the reason of the bliss experienced by a Knower; and the space also must be happy because of that only. It never swerves from its true nature similar to the Knower established in Chit-state.)

MAGNANIMOUS NATURE OF THE SKY, AND THE HOT SUN

कल्पाभद्रुमवीरुदुन्नतिदृशां कर्तासि धर्तासि च आकाशेन्दुघनार्ककिन्नरमरुत्स्कन्धामराणामपि

सर्वं रम्यमसंकुलाशय समस्वच्छस्वभावस्य ते यत्वेतद्दहनत्वमङ्ग तदहो मुख्याय खेदाय नः।

Hey Aakaasha! You are Asamkulaashaya!
(You never can get crowded; so extensive you are!
(You have space for anything and everything.)

You are equal-minded and pure in nature.

You are the one who produce the space required for heights; and support and hold the dissolution clouds, trees and creepers in great heights.

You also support the moon, clouds, sun, Kinnaras, wind-branches and the immortal gods also.

Everything about you is very wonderful!

Alas, dear one, this heat of yours gives much suffering to us indeed (for you allow the sun and fire also to burn like this)!

(The verse contains some humour. A traveller who is experiencing the hot sun, and is getting tormented by the heat, expresses his distress like this.

“Hey sky! You are indeed great; you are so wonderful; everything about you is so nice; you allow space for all things to grow. Every being in the world is held by you.

I have lot of admiration for you my dear friend; but why have you allowed the fire and sun to be there with you? Look how the sun is burning me down with hot rays!)

(Noble men support many people by offering wealth, knowledge, friendship and make them reach the highest positions in life. However, if they support the unworthy also without being discreet, these uncouth characters will take advantage of the generosity of the noble to increase their wickedness and will exist like thorns in the society.)

ESTEEMED STATUS OF THE SKY AND ITS FALL

आकाश काशमसि निर्मलमच्छमुच्चैराधार उन्नततयोत्तममुत्तमानां

त्वामेत्य तु किन्तु विरलं करकाघनोऽयं लोकं विमर्दयति तेन परोऽसि नीचैः।

Aakaasha! You are the brightness that is extremely pure and not tainted (by objects).

Because of your lofty nature, you are an excellent support to the excellent ones like Amaras and others.

However, this cloud which rains hailstones, has somehow entered you who always have space for anyone and every one; and is hurting all the people with its hailstones.

Because of such worthless ones, you have been dragged downwards from your elevated status.

(Generosity must know its limits!)

{PURITY OF (CHIT) AAKAASHA}

आकाश कर्षकष एव निकर्षणं ते मन्ये चिरं समचितं तु न किञ्चिदन्यत्

शून्योऽसि यज्जलधरक्षविमानचन्द्रसूर्यानिलान्वहसि भासि न चार्थशून्यः।

Hey Aakaasha! I think that in order to test your purity, the touchstone used for gold alone proves worthy of you at all times and not any other. You are empty of everything; yet you hold clouds, stars, air-vehicles, moon, sun, winds etc, and shine forth in glory.

You are not a person without any value. (You do have virtues and equal the gold in character).

(Hey Aakaasha! You do not possess anything and have nothing that belongs to you.

Yet, the entire world of the perceived exists only because you hold them within you and give support for their appearance. You are not tainted by their absence or presence.

You remain changeless always. You are as pure as the gold and as worthy as the gold.)

MYSTERIOUS (CHIT) AAKAASHA

अह्नि प्रकाशमसि रक्तवर्षुर्दिनान्ते यामासु कृष्णमथ चाखिलवस्तुरिक्तम्

नित्यं न किञ्चिदपि सद्ब्रह्मीति मायां न व्योम वेत्ति विदुषोऽपि विचेष्टितं ते।

Hey Vyoman (empty expanse)! In the morning, you are bright.

At the end of the day, you are of a reddish form.

At night which is measured as Yaamas, you are black.

Yet you are empty of everything. You never carry anything as real.

Even the learned never understand this Maayaa of yours, though they try hard.

(Hey Aakaasha! Who can understand the great Maayaa of yours!

You appear differently to different people.

For Taamasic people, you are like the night sky which is bound by the measurement of time and nothing gets understood by these ignorant. They exist in the lowest level of thoughtless existence, and go through life like a grass piece lost in the floods.

For Raajasic people, you are like the evening sky, red and beautiful. Little do they know of the impending doom of night which immediately follows the momentary pleasures of the evening!

For Saatvic people, you are like the brightness of the day where everything is clearly visible. These good ones strive hard to keep their minds and actions pure and righteous.

Chit-state is beyond the reach of all these three traits.

Aakaasha is not actually white, red, or black; it is colourless.

These colours do not taint it in any way and they do not belong to it as its nature.

Even learned scholars fail to understand the empty nature of Aakaasha.

Only a sincere seeker, who can go beyond these three Gunas and understand Chit as his true essence, can transcend the Maayaa of Brahman. He also does not understand anything; because there is nothing to understand when you are the one without a second!

There is only 'the understanding' and not anything else 'that gets understood'.)

PERFECT NATURE OF AAKAASHA

अकिंचनोऽपि कार्याणि साधयत्यातताशयः अन्तःशून्यमपि व्योम सर्वस्योन्नतिकारणम्।

Though you are nothing, you complete your tasks with your extensive nature.

Though empty within, hey Vyoman, you are the cause of the greatness of everyone.

(Hey Aakaasha!

You are not anything that can be perceived. You are just inferred by the existence of objects. Yet you never fail in your duties. You give place to any object that is conceived by the mind. Though you are filled with all the perceived objects, you remain always untouched by their presence or absence. You are empty always.

Without you nothing can exist. The greatness of any object is there as a possibility because you have offered it the space to exist and grow.)

PERSEVERANCE OF THE NOBLE MINDED

न तृणसलिलं नैव ग्रामो न नाम न पत्तनं न च दलभरस्निग्धच्छायस्तरुर्न च सत्प्रपा

तदपि गगनाध्वानं सूर्यः प्रयाति दिने दिने विषममपि यत्प्रारब्धं तत्त्यजन्ति न सात्त्विकाः।

There is no grass or water; no village; and no city at all.

There is not even a single tree filled with leaves, providing a pleasant shade.

There is not also a place which offers cool waters.

Even then, the sun traverses the sky-path, each and every day without fail.

Noble ones do not discard the work that they have started, even if it is very difficult.

(The noble-minded never give up the task they have started. Though encountered with problems and despairs, they strive hard with determination till their task is completed.

Look at the Sun! Day in and day out, he regularly gets up in the morning, treads the long path from east to west, and goes back to his abode at night, without any complaint.

There is not an iota of shade anywhere on his road; and no one offers even a glass of water to him with a feel of sympathy. Yet, he never stops his work. What a determination! And what a perseverance!)

{PLAY-GROUND OF THE SUN AND MOON}

यामा ध्वान्तपटेन शीतलरुचिः कर्पूरपूरैः करैरर्कालोकनवांशुकेन दिवसस्तारौघपुष्पोत्करैः

द्यौरम्भोदतुषारवारिकुसुमैः सर्वर्तवो भूषयन्त्येते कालकलात्मनोस्त्रिभुवने व्योमाङ्गणं नाथयोः।

Everyone in the Tri-world decorates by turn the sky-playground of the two lords who keep the time.

The night-Yaamas (night-measures of hours), with a cloth made of darkness; the cool night, with moon rays filled with camphor-like anointment; the day, with the fresh garment of sunlight; the heaven, with the scattered heaps of star-flowers; and all the six seasons, with the clouds, snow, water, and flowers.

(Sky above the earth is a huge playground built for the two lords of time, the Sun and the moon. They are famed in the three worlds for their greatness. Everyone take turns to decorate their playground beautifully, so as to please these lords. 'Night-hours' paint it black. 'Cool night' paints it white with the moonlight. 'Day' paints it daily with fresh bright sunlight. 'Heaven' scatters star-flowers all over. Seasons are six; and they also take turns in decorating it. 'Monsoon' will cover it up with clouds and waters. 'Winter' will cover it up with snow. 'Spring' will fill it with flowers. 'Autumn' will sweep it clean.)

UNPERTURBED AAKAASHA AMIDST PERTURBANCE

धूमाभरेणुतिमिरार्कनिशेशसंध्या ताराविमानगरुडाद्रिसुरासुराणां

क्षोभैरपि प्रकृतिमुज्झति नान्तरिक्षं चित्रोत्थिता स्थितिरहो नु महाशयस्य।

Though disturbed by smoke, cloud, dust, darkness, sun, moon, evening-time, stars, air-vehicles, Garuda, and the movements of Suras and Asuras, the sky never discards its taintless nature.

Aha! The nature of noble ones indeed is amazing!

THE WORLD-HOUSE

दिग्भित्तिबद्धमिदमूर्ध्वतलान्तरिक्षमूर्वीतलं घनपुराचलभूरिभाण्डं

विद्याधरामरमहोरगजालकारं लोकौघसंसरणसंघपिपीलिकाद्यम्।

The directions are the walls that hold the roof of the sky above. Earth is the floor.

The objects in the house are the heavy and aged mountains and the cities.

Vidyaadharas (adept in magic) are the spiders; and the immortals are the slithering serpents.

And it is filled with fourteen types of world-beings who move about like ants.

(World is just some dilapidated old house. The roof is made of the blue and black sky.

Earth is the floor with its uneven grounds.

The mountains and cities are the vessels which contain all the things needed for the house.

Vidyaadharas and the immortal gods move around like spiders and snakes.

Of course the place is fully loaded with the ants moving purposelessly with purpose; they are the beings that occupy the fourteen worlds.)

MYSTERIOUS MAAYAA

कालः क्रिया च भुवनं भवनं चिराय नामाधिष्ठत इवोपवनं विकासि

आशङ्क्यते प्रतिदिनं ननु नष्टमेव नाद्यापि नश्यति च केयमहो नु माया।

'Kaala and Kriyaa' and 'world and its happenings' (like a couple) are established for long as the 'garden and the blooming flowers'. Every day they are considered as perished only; yet never perish even today.

Aha! Who is this wondrous lady called Maayaa!

(Kaala is the 'change' that keeps swallowing every thing continuously.

Kriyaa is the 'action with result' which accompanies Kaala.

The world is made of experiences only.

Time, action, world, and events guised as experiences are always meeting us afresh every moment.

Kaala and Kriyaa are like the gardener-couple who are connected to the 'world and its events', which are like the garden and its flowers.

Each and every day Kaala and Kriyaa are considered as ending; but they never cease to be.

Every moment moves off; but the 'now' never ends.

Things go on happening; time keeps on moving as it were; world keeps on changing every moment; events after events keep following; everything is perishing; still the world continues to exist every moment as an experience of the 'now'. Is it not an unfathomable mystery of Maayaa?!

AAKAASHA DOES NOTHING: YET DOES EVERYTHING

खं मन्ये पादपादीनां रोधयत्यधिकोन्नतिं अकर्तुरेव महतो महिम्नोदेति कर्तृता।

I believe that the sky keeps a restraint on the height of the trees and other growing things.

Though it does not do any action as such, its performance gets acclaimed.

(Aakaasha gives place to the growing things to grow to their respective heights.

It actually does nothing; but its presence is enough to make the things grow.

The great Knowers of the world do not have to do any work visibly to help the world; their very presence is enough to bring goodness to the world.

A Jnaani who is absorbed in the Chit-state inside a cave in the forest need not do any action with effort; his very absorption in the Chit-state brings auspiciousness to the world.)

FIE ON THE MISCONCEIVED THEORIES OF SHOONYA AND ISHVARA

जगतां यत्र लक्षाणि न भवन्त्युद्भवन्ति च तच्छून्यमुच्यते व्योम धिक्पाण्डित्यमखण्डितम्।

That Aakaasha where all the worlds get absorbed and rise up also, gets defined as mere 'void'.

Fie on the un-refuted scholarliness (of ShoonyaVaadins)!

व्योमन्येव प्रलीयन्ते व्योमतः प्रोद्भवन्ति च गच्छतोन्मत्ततामेतामीश्वरान्यभिदा कृता।

Everything dissolves into emptiness and rises up from (Chit) emptiness only. Only those who are at the height of insanity have invented the term 'Ishvara' which is separate from the empty expanse.

(There is no separate God or Ishvara with a form, who has created this world.

The entire 'perceived' rises from the emptiness of Chit and dissolves into it. It is not ruled or created by an Ishvara, as separate from this Chit-expanse; or, maybe these insane people are calling the Chit-expanse itself as the Ishvara.)

आयान्ति यान्ति निपतन्ति तथोत्पतन्ति सर्गश्रियः कणघटा इव पावकोत्थाः

यत्रामलं तदहमेकमनादिमध्यं मन्ये खमेव न तु कारणमीश्वराख्यम्।

That from where these grand shows of creations arrive, move on, fall down and again rise up, like the tiny sparks ising from the fire, is the 'empty expanse' (Kham) that is referred to as the 'I'; it is taintless, without beginning or middle and is one (without a second). I am of the opinion that, 'that which is called by the term Ishvara' is not the cause (as held by the Naiyaayikas).

CHIDAAKAASHA

आधारमायततरं त्रिजगन्मणीनामङ्गे बिभर्त्यमितमन्तरशेषवस्तु

व्योमैव चिद्वपुरहं परमेव मन्ये यत्रोदयास्तमयमेति जगद्भ्रमोऽयम्।

I am of the opinion that - 'that which extends without limit', 'that which is the support for the gems of three worlds', 'that which holds within its body, limitless objects without leaving out anything', that Vyoma (empty expanse) alone is the supreme expanse of Chit, from where this Jagat-delusion rises and sets.

A STORY OF VIDYAADHARA LOVERS

(The travellers are seen walking downwards in the mountain path.

Some melodious song filled with extreme sorrow that is sung from far above the mountain enters their ears, making their eyes moist. Some beautiful woman who is wandering in the mountain forest near the summit is singing this song from the inside of one of the beautiful bowers.

One of the travelers remembers his wife whom he has left back at the home.

He looks up to see where the song is coming from.)

वनावनौ वनचरचारुकामिना मनोहरद्रुमगहनेषु गीयते

इतो गिरेः शिरसि विलोक्यतेऽमुना वियोगिना पथि वहता रसाकुलम्।

From this peak of the hill, some pretty girl in love, who is wandering in the forest, sings from inside the groves of beautiful trees in the forest-land. Some young man who has left his beloved back at home is looking upward in that direction, with deep emotions, as he walks away.

(The song is sung by a Vidyadhara lady actually.

She is separated from her lover; and while she is wandering alone in that mountain forest, she keeps singing such heart-rending songs, thus remembering her lover.)

गीतं शृङ्गतरूचपल्लवपुटे निःश्वस्य सोत्कण्टया कण्ठाश्लिष्टगिरा वियोगहतया विद्याधराणां स्त्रिया
यन्नामात्र तदेष नाथ पथिकः सोच्छवासमाकर्णयन्दोलान्दोलनयेव चञ्चलधिया नो याति नोन्च्यते।

The Vidyadhara lady is suffering the separation of her lover.

With a choking voice, and with extreme longing, she heaves deep sighs, and in the bower of leaves near the tallest tree on the peak, she sings a love-filled song.

As soon as it is heard, immediately, this traveler on the road, has stopped moving; his heart is oscillating as if moving to and fro on a swing; and he is not disturbed by his companions also.

(There is a very tall tree on the peak of the mountain. The Vidyadhara lady stays in the leafy bower next to the tree. Only the tree acts her companion in her lonely life; and it consoles her as if, by embracing her with the branches taking help from the winds.

The travellers on the road are hearing the sorrowful song sung by her; and feel extremely sad. One of them is so much moved in the heart that he has stopped walking; and is standing like a statue. He wants to run up the hill and see that lady; but knows that it is useless. As he stands there unable to take a decision, the others do not disturb him but move away slowly. After a few minutes, he also joins them.

They talk about the sad song and the sad singer of the song.)

गायत्यद्रिशिरस्तरौ दलपुटे निःश्वस्य विद्याधरी काकल्याऽतिलकं वियोगविधुरा बाष्पाकुलैषा पुरः

नाथोत्सङ्गगृहे गृहीतवचिबुकं स्मेरं भवच्चुम्बनं स्मृत्वासाद्य रसायनं हतसमा नीता मयैता इति।

The Vidyadhara lady stays inside the bower of leaves under the tree on the peak of the hill, and is singing with a high pitched melodious voice. She is suffering much from the separation.

(Her face shows extreme pain). She has no decorations on the forehead also.

(She wears no ornaments; no garlands; and no decorations on the face. She does not even have a 'Tilak' adorning her forehead.) Her eyes are pouring out tears profusely.

(What does she sing?)

She sings, "Naatha (Lord)! Inside the secure house of your lap, you held my chin, and with a light smile, kissed me; I remember and enjoy that nectar-like moment again and again, and pass these dreadful years somehow with great difficulty."

(She remembers the love-filled moments she spent with her lover.

On that dreadful day, she was lying down on his lap; secure in his embrace. He had smiled at her with so much love; and had kissed her. She has only the memory of those nectar-like moments and sings the same in her song again and again. Where is her lover? What happened to him?)

अस्याः प्राग्भवसत्पतिः स मुनिना शापेन वृक्षीकृतो वर्षद्वादशकं तदेव गणयन्त्येषैव सात्र स्थिता

गायत्युत्कलिता तदेव दयितं तं पादपं संश्रिता मार्गे मार्गविहारिणां वदनतो राजन्ममैतच्छ्रुतम्।

Her husband who was there with her previously, was cursed by a Muni to turn into a tree, and to remain like that for twelve years. She stays there itself near the tree, keeping count of these years.

Staying at the base of that tree, she sings about that lover only, with a longing tone.

Raajan, I have heard about this when journeying on this road, through the talks of other travellers.

(Lost in the joy of amorous sports, they both had wandered in the forest without any restraint. When a Muni came that way, the young lover was lost in love-making and did not even get up to salute the Muni with respect. Since he had behaved like an inert tree, the Sage had cursed him to turn into a tree, and be like that for twelve long years. The beautiful girl who was in her lover's embrace for one moment, found herself standing next to a tall tree, the very next moment.

She stayed in the naturally formed leafy bower next to the trunk of the tree; and remained counting the twelve years which were like twelve Yugas for her.

Alone and forlorn, she keeps singing woefully from that bower; and that song alone is heard by all the travellers who walk through the mountain paths.)

(As soon as the great king Vipashcit and his minister approached the tree, the young Vidyadhara was freed of the curse, as predicted by the Muni; and he turned into his original self.

Instantly at the sight of the king, the tree turned into a young man; the branches which were hugging the lady turned into strong shoulders; the clusters of blossoms turned into his smile.)

पश्यैष सोऽस्मदवलोकनशान्तशापो विद्याधरो विटपितामवमुच्य बालां
कण्ठे करोति विटपाकृतिविप्रलम्भैस्तैरेव बाहुभिरलं स्फुटपुष्पहासः।

Look! By our sight, the Vidyaadhara has been freed of his curse, has got rid of tree-state, and embraces the lady by her neck (with extreme love), with the same gestures as that of a tree, with those very shoulders and those very smiles of blossomed flowers.

MOUNTAINS ARE LIKE ELEPHANTS

(The mountain is very tall; and looks like a huge black elephant at night. All the flowering trees look like the hairs on its dark body. Its peak reaches up to the stars. Like an elephant's head is covered by the dew drops at spring, the peaks also have the scattered stars on their peak.)

शिखरिणां करिणां कुसुमोत्करो विटपिषु स्फुटरोमसु राजते गगनविच्युततारकलीलया शिखरमेष तुषारसमानया।
The blossomed flowers on the trees shine forth in the Mountains, like the hair covering the bodies of the elephants. As if by the scattered stars of the sky on its peak, it has the dew drops of spring on its head like the elephant.

RIVER KAAVERI

मीनावलीसरभसप्लुतिघटिताम्बुवीचीविलोलविरुवत्कुररीकराला

कावेर्यहो कुसुमशुक्लपटाऽवभाति निःशङ्करङ्कुलसंकुलकूलकच्छा।

Aha! This River Kaaveri looks formidable with the crying ospreys playing around in the water-waves where the line of fishes are violently leaping in and out of them, splashing with noise.

She shines beautiful covered by the white cloth of flowers. The moist lands near the river are filled with the herds of 'anku' animals freely playing around, without any apprehension.

GOLDEN ROCKS AND VADAVA SPARKS

भात्यत्र पश्य रविणा कटके सुवेलशैलस्य काञ्चनशिला सकलामलश्रीः

वेलावलोलवरुणालयवीचिभङ्गपर्यस्तवाडवकृशानुकणोपमाना।

The golden rocky terrain spread out with small rocks like scattered lustrous pieces, in the encircling area of the Suvela Mountain which shines beautifully by the light of sun,

It can be compared only to the sparks of Vaadava fire which gets scattered all over the water surface, by the turbulent waves of the ocean tat is restless with its tides.

VILLAGES IN THE MOUNTAINS

(See O King, the tiny hamlets of the herdsmen situated here and there in the mountain valleys. Huge clouds cover these huts like a misty screen. Unique types of flowers blossom on the trees that surround these houses. Their huts are covered by leaves. So beautiful the sight is!)

आसन्नपीनजलदावलितालयानां गेहोपशल्यपरिफुल्लवनद्रुमाणां

लक्ष्मीः पलाशपटलावलिताम्बराणां घोषौकसां समवलोक्य पर्वतेषु।

See the beauty in the mountains, where the little houses are surrounded by thick clouds; where the 'forest trees filled with the blossomed flowers' surround the outer areas of the houses; where the little huts of herdsmen are covered by the leaf-screens.

(Look at the colourful panorama presented by the mountains.

Clusters of newly blossomed white flowers smile from all over.

Mandaara trees look like huge baskets overflowing with flowers.

Hollow grounds of the mountains near the waterfalls are filled with dancing peacocks.

Countless waterfalls and mountain streams, small and huge fill the mountain terrain and their soft gurgling noises are melodious to the ears. Somewhere the villagers are singing their own folk-songs as they are engaged in their daily routines. What a beautiful world the mountain contains!)

उन्निद्रपुष्पपटुपाण्डुरपुष्पखण्डा मन्दारभाण्डविशिखण्डिकरण्डकच्छाः

ग्रामाः प्रपातजलजालविलासवाद्या वल्गद्गुहागहनगीतजना जयन्ति।

Flower-lands filled with extremely white flowers just blossomed; Mandaara trees are like the vessels holding abundance of flowers; moist hollow-lands are like the baskets containing many dancing peacocks; the orchestra of the sounds produced in the water-falls please the ears; the songs of the people echo back from deep caves; the villages in the hills are indeed wonderful!

उन्निद्रकन्दलदलान्तरलीयमानकूजन्मदान्धमधुपोन्मदपामराणां

मन्ये न सा भवति तुष्टिरिहामराणां या गोकुलेषु गिरिगह्वरिणां नराणाम्।

The honey-bees blinded by intoxication are humming, and burying themselves inside the freshly opening buds of flowers. Observing that, the vile men also get mad by drinking liquor and become blind with intoxication (and are singing, dancing, copulating, eating, laughing and so on).

I believe, such a pleasure is not there for Amaras also as what these men enjoy residing in the cow-based communities inside the deep forests.

(So happy and carefree they are!

Ignorance provides its own bliss, when you are happy just in the level of bees and insects; and believe that there is nothing more to life than intoxication brought by liquor and the satiation of base desires!)

भृङ्गावदोलितलताकुलकाननान्तर्गायत्पुलिन्ददयिताननदत्तनेत्रं

लीलाकुला गतघृणं गिरिगह्वरेषु किं घ्नन्ति शत्रुमिव मुग्धमृगं किराताः।

When the hunters observe the creepers swinging because of the bees, they see the faces of their women who are singing (in the fields); and are moved by tender feelings towards them.

When inside the deep forests of the mountain, why then do they kill the innocent deer without any mercy as if they are their enemies (who also have the beauty of the eyes of their women)?

(The lines can also mean:

When these hunters are lost in the thoughts of their women whose eyes move like bees swinging on creepers, do they get angry with the deer which have stolen the beauty of the eyes of their women and feeling enmity towards them, kill them mercilessly?)

(These mountain-dwellers love their wives, children and gather food and other necessities for their loved ones. But when they are hunting in the forests, they act very cruel; and kill all the animals and birds mercilessly!)

BEAUTY OF THE MOUNTAIN VILLAGES

नानाविकासिकुसुमोत्करसारलब्धवल्लीदलावलनशीतलिताध्वगाङ्गाः

साम्भःप्रथप्रसरेण तरन्तरङ्गा ग्रामा गिरीन्द्रगहनेषु जयन्ति चन्द्रम्।

The tired bodies of the travellers are cooled by the leaves of the creepers moved by the wind, which carries the essence of mixed fragrances of various flowers blossoms. These villages which are situated inside the deep valleys of the mountain, win over the moon also in their coolness, because of the lakes where the winds move about with the cool water drops also. (Moonlight is not moist; but winds carry water drops.)

(These villages are like the parts of ChandraLoka brought down to earth.

The mountains are filled with countless waterfalls making beautiful music.

The trees and creepers grow so tall that the forests have canopies of flowers covering the land. 'Saala trees' grow even taller and clouds are hanging from them like decorations.

How wondrous the sight is!)

कूजन्निर्जरवारयः परिसरत्प्रोन्निद्रतालद्रुमा हेलोल्लासितपुष्पपल्लववलद्वल्लीवितानाम्बराः

पर्यन्तोन्नतसाललम्बिजलदा रम्या गिरिग्रामकाश्चन्द्राश्चत्थमितावनिं शशिपुरस्योद्यानभागा इव।

The waters falling in the waterfalls make a pleasant sound. The Taala trees move lightly lolling in the wind.

The randomly grown flowers and leaves cover the creepers which create canopies in the sky.

The clouds look beautiful, as they hang about in the tall Saala trees at the outskirts.

These hill-villages have turned the place into 'Chandraashvattha' (Ashvatta which oozes out the nectar of the moon), and are like the parts of ChandraLoka garden.

(Mountains usually have moist weather only.

The clouds frequent their peaks and hang about also in the valleys, producing random showers unexpectedly.

The peacocks never stop their dancing since there is no dearth of dark clouds with flashes of lightning.

As they dance wildly, their colourful feathers get loosened and float all over the place.

From above, the valleys where the hamlets are built look as if they are covered by the flying moon-gems.

What need is there for precious stones in the lap of nature!?)

आसन्नपीतघनघर्घरमेघनादनृत्यच्छिखण्डिनवताण्डवविप्रकीर्णैः

ग्रामाः कलापिकुलकोमलबर्हखण्डैः प्रोड्डीनचन्द्रमणिप्रकरा जयन्ति।

When the 'dense clouds' thunder aloud with 'yellow flashes of lightning', the peacocks dance wildly.

The soft feathers from their plumage get loosened and float about.

The villages appear as if covered by flying moon-gems; and win over everything by their beauty.

पार्श्वस्थचारुशशिमण्डलमण्डनेषु विश्रान्तवारिगुरुवारिदवारणेषु

ग्रामेषु या गिरितटेषु विलासलक्ष्मी राज्येषु सा विभववत्सु कुतो विरिञ्चेः।

The 'Beauty goddess' resides only in the villages and mountain slopes, where one side is ornamented by the beautiful sphere of moon; and on another side are resting the huge dark water-filled cloud-elephants.

How can she (excellence in beauty) be found in the rich kingdoms (overflowing with wealth and riches) of the Creator even?

स्वामोदनन्दनवनान्तरसुन्दरेषु संतानकस्तबकहासिनिकुञ्जकेषु

उन्निद्रमन्द्रमधुपाकुलपारिभद्रसान्द्रद्रुमेष्वभिरमे गिरिगह्वरेषु।

I enjoy the deep valleys of the hills, which are beautiful like the interiors of Nandana garden (of Indra) filled with fragrance; with bowers smiling with the clusters of Kalpa (Santanaaka) flowers; with dense groves of tall pines; and the low humming sound of honey bees resting on freshly blossomed flowers.

हरिणीरावरम्येषु हरिहारीतहारिषु गिरिग्रामेषु पुष्पेषु पुरेष्विव रतिर्नृणाम्।

In the 'hill villages' filled with the pleasant cries of female deer, in the enchanting green colour of the green birds; men get attracted as if with the 'cities of Manmatha' filled with flower arrows (of love).

WATERFALLS ARE LIKE THE CRYSTAL PILLARS

स्फाटिकस्थम्भसम्भाररम्यनिर्झरवारिणि नृत्यन्त्येताः शिखण्डिन्यः पश्यास्मिन् ग्रामगह्वरे।

Look! In this village situated inside the deep valleys of the hill, the peacocks are dancing near the water falls, which are so beautiful and transparent, as if they are the materials used for making crystal pillars.

शिखण्डिन्यो विलासिन्यः पुष्पभारनता लताः अत्र नृत्यन्ति कुञ्जेषु रणनिर्झरपुष्करे।

Peacocks, playful girls, creepers weighed by flowers; all these dance here in these bowers accompanied by the delightful music produced by the waterfalls.

हारीतहारिहरितोपवनद्रुमासु वापीप्रमाणरणितामलकाकलीषु

ग्रामस्थलीषु गिरिगह्वरगोपितासु मन्ये मुदेषु रमते स्वरसेन कामः।

I believe, 'Kaama' (Manmatha) is overjoyed and enjoys his own beauty, in the trees of the gardens attractive by the green birds; in the high pitched sharp shrieks (of birds) filling the whole pond; in the village areas concealed inside the deep mountain valleys.

THE CLOUD

THE CLOUD/THE COMPASSIONATE ONE

श्रीमद्वृत्तमहाशयातपहरप्रोच्चैर्गभीराकृते भूभृन्मूर्धसु भूषणं भवसि भो भूमे रसैकास्पदं

एतत् क्षपयेन्मनांसि यदिदं मेघ त्वया वर्षता हर्षादूषरपल्लवस्थलतरुष्वम्भोविभागक्रमः।

(Hey noble ones with compassion! Learn to be discreet!)

Hey you cloud! You follow a noble path (of doing good things to others)!

You are magnanimous in nature (by maintaining the world through rains).

You have a profound form which is at heights and removes the heat of the sun.

You become an ornament on the head of the mountains.

Hey! You alone are the one who is the cause of the prosperous nature of earth.

However, your method of dividing waters hurts the minds of the good men, that when you pour down rains so happily, you offer your waters to all the saline, marshy, worthless thorny trees too.

Hey cloud! (Learn to be discreet!)

THE CLOUD/THE HYPOCRITE

नित्यं स्नासि सुतीर्थवारिविसरैरुर्चैःपदस्थोऽम्बुदः शुद्धः सन्विपिनावनौ निवससि प्रारब्धमौनव्रतः

रिक्तस्याप्यतिकान्तिरेव भवतः कायाश्रया लक्ष्यते प्रोत्थायाशनिमातनोषि किमिदं तुच्छं तवाचेष्टितम्।

Hey you cloud! Daily you bathe in the holy oceans and rivers spread out with waters (bathe in holy waters).

You stay at a high place and offer water to all (do charity).

Appearing as very pure, you reside in the wood-lands taking recourse to the practice of silence (observe vows). Though empty of waters, the white shine (on the surface) alone belongs to your body.

You rise up and throw away flashes of lightning with harsh noise.

What is this lowly act of yours (which does not behave you at all)?

(Though you lack sincerity, you appear on the outside as a person of purity.

Yet you are rude-mouthed and get irritated easily.)

BAD COMPANY

(Bad company affects even a good person. Water is white and transparent; yet, when it seeks the company of a bad cloud, it also becomes black like the dark cloud.)

वस्त्वस्थानगतं सर्वं शुभमप्यशुभं भवेत्दुर्मघं स्थानमासाद्य वारि त्वसिततां गतम्।

Even an auspicious object placed in an unsuitable place will turn inauspicious.

The (white) water reaches the bad cloud and loses its whiteness.

RICH CLOUDS AND POOR PLANTS

अहो नु मेघेन जलं विमुक्तमहो नु तोयेन विपूरिता भूः।अहो नु भूमौ परिपोषितश्च जलैर्धनादयैः प्रणयीव दीनः।

Aha! The water has been released by the cloud. Aha! The earth is covered by waters. Aha! The plants and trees have been made to rejoice by the waters, like a favoured poor man by those who possess wealth.

(Rare indeed that a rich person parts with his wealth to help the poor!)

WHO FARES WORSE, THE DOG OR HUMAN?

नैर्घृण्यमस्थैर्यमथाशुचित्वं रथ्याचरत्वं परिकुत्सितत्वं

श्रभ्यो गृहीतं किमु नाम मूर्खैर्मूर्खेभ्य एवाथ शुना न जाने।

Cruelty, unstable nature, unclean habits, wandering on streets, disgusting conduct of all sorts!

Were these qualities taken from the dogs by the fools or did the dogs borrowed them from these idiots, I do not understand! *(Do dogs imitate these human-shaped dogs, or do these fools copy the behaviour of the dogs and act like the dogs?)*

गुणैः कतिपर्यैरेव बहुदोषोऽपि कस्यचित् उपादेयो भवत्येव शौर्यसंतोषभक्तिभिः।

Though endowed with many faults, sometimes, the fools (behaving like dogs) also become accepted by a master as useful. just with a handful of good qualities (that belong to dogs) like valour, cheerfulness and devotion.

उन्मत्तमतपतनोन्मुखधावमानमानाधिकान्विषयवीथिषु मुक्तमूर्तिः

यन्मन्यते तृणलवाग्र विलोकयेच्छासत्वं जडत्वमुत वास्य विचार्यतां तत्।

Hey (worthless) edge piece of the grass (which can hold on to nothing worthwhile)!

Look at these ignorant fools who act insane by consuming some drug-containing herbs; who are intoxicated by liquors and other alcoholic drinks; who stumble and fall at every step; who run here and there as if

possessed by spirits; who conduct themselves with excessive self-conceit and ego; who freely move along the paths of pleasures without shame or self-control.

Hey edge piece of grass! Analyse whether these qualities are based only on vile desires (like dogs) or, are they just inert-states (making these fools worse than the grass pieces)?!

(A man given to consuming intoxicating herbs and drinks has no control over his mind or actions. He hurts himself and others also in the society.

Should he be considered as some dog-like creature which wanders about without any purpose or control; or should he be considered as worse than even the edge-point of that grass, which at least has growth as its purpose?!)

कोलाहलः समानेऽपि तिर्यक्त्वेऽक्षुब्धमानसैः अन्यथा सह्यते सिंहैर्मौलितैरन्यथा श्वभिः।

Though the loud thundering noise of the clouds is the same for all the animals; the 'lions with undisturbed minds' close their eyes and react to it in a different way; the dogs on the other hand, with disturbed minds also close their eyes and react to it in a completely different manner.

(Lion is not bothered by the sound at all; it ignores the thundering sound and closes its eyes; but the dog gets frightened and closes its eyes in fear.

A wise man never feels anxious about anything. The fool is afraid of his own shadow!)

नित्याशुचे प्रियजने भषणैकनिष्ठ रथ्यान्तरभ्रमणनीतसमस्तकाल

कौलेयकाशयसमानतयैव मन्ये मूर्खेण केनचिदहो बत शिक्षितोसि।

(Hey dog!) You are always dirty; are ready to bark at people who look at you kindly also; you spend all your time in just roaming in the streets without any purpose.

Hey Kauleyaka (Dog of noble birth)!

Alas! Because of finding an equal mind, I believe that some fool must have taught you all this!

(There are people who carry dirty minds inside a well-dressed body; rudely react to elders and well-wishers; waste their time in worthless entertainments.

May be the dog learnt all these bad qualities from these men only!

Yet, why blame the dog, when some humans outdo it by behaving in the worst possible manner?)

नित्यं सर्वं जगदसदृशं कुर्वतोच्चैर्विधात्रा दौहित्रेऽस्मिन्छुनि समदृशे निर्मितं सर्वमेव।

वासोऽमेध्यावकरकुहरे भोजनं गूथपूयं सर्वालोके कुरतिकुरतिः सर्वनिन्द्यं शरीरम्।

The Creator always makes everything different in higher beings (as per their action-results).

However, he has made all the qualities equally despicable, in this dog species which has descended from his daughter Saramaa (female dog belonging to DevaLoka).

The dog lives inside a hole dug by itself on the dirty ground. Its food is feces and purulent matter.

With uncontrolled mating desire, it mates in a disgusting way in front of all the people.

It has a body blamed by all (as inauspicious).

त्वत्तः कोऽधम इत्युदीरितवते श्वावाच हासान्वितं मत्तो मौर्ख्यममेध्यमान्ध्यमशुभं यः सेवते सोधिकः

शौर्यं भक्तिरकृत्रिमा धृतिरिति श्रीमान् गुणो योस्ति मे मूर्खादेष गुणः प्रयत्ननिचयैरन्विष्य नो लभ्यते।

'Who is worse than you?' When questioned like this, the dog smiled and said; 'He who imitates my qualities of foolishness; desire for impure things; blindly acting without thinking; seeking of inauspicious things;' he is worse than me. The good qualities which I have, like bravery, uncorrupted loyalty, self-command etc the fool does not get them, even if he makes heaps of efforts. (So alone, he is to be considered as worse.)

भुङ्क्तेऽमेध्यममेध्य एव रमते नित्यं महावस्करे तूष्णीमति सचेतनं कृतरतिर्निश्चेतनं कृन्तति

सर्वैरेत्य रते शुनीविवलिते लोष्टैर्जनैस्ताड्यते धात्रा खेलसमन्वितस्थितिरलं लोके कृतो नेश्वरः।

Dog eats dirty things; enjoys always staying in dirty places. It eats feces and other filthy stuff without bother. It mates consciously; but bites everything live or dead acting inert.

Mating in front of all, and stuck with the bitch, it gets hit with stones by all.

The creator has made this dog species (or the human with such qualities) in this world, as a creature passing its life in wasteful activities only, without any control.

CROW

लिङ्गस्योर्ध्वं रट्काक आत्मानं दर्शयत्ययं सर्वाधःपातकोत्तुङ्गगतं पश्यत मामिति।

Hey Kaaka! You are crowing aloud sitting above the Linga and present yourself (proudly) saying as it were, “Among all the downward leading things, I have reached the height and will get the offerings done to Shiva. Look at me who is a crow and yet better than you all.”

(Even a crow which eats the food offered to Shiva is in a higher state of merit, than the lowly humans who never act with devotion to Shiva.)

CROW AND THE SWAN/IGNORANT AND THE KNOWER

काकक कटुकल्कारव कवलितगुणकर्दमे भ्रमन्सरसि अन्तरयसि मधुपरवं यदतो मे शिरसि फलभूतः।

(An ordinary man can pretend to be a Knower and try to fool others; but he will lead his followers towards harm only, since he never experiences the ‘State of Self’; and has only book-knowledge.)

Hey Kaakaka (horrible crow with harsh sounds)!

You are crowing with harsh sounds and have false pride. You have swallowed up all the good qualities of the swans. You wallow in the slushy parts of the lake (pretending to be a swan).

You conceal the silly prattle of the drunkards in you cries, which has now yielded a fruit on my head.

(You stupid crow! What a harsh noise you make!

You have observed swans and other good birds; and are imitating their behaviour in the slushy shallow parts of the lake, since you cannot swim like them in real waters.

Your harsh cries actually are like the loud prattles made by drunkards.

All this pretence has not made you into a swan; but has brought a headache to me!

कवलयति नरकनिकरं परिहरति मृणालिकां ध्वाङ्क्षः यदतोऽस्तु मा स्मयस्ते स्वभ्यस्तं सर्वदा स्वदते।

The ‘crooked eyed crow’ eats so many horrible things; and avoids the lotus-stalk which the swans consume. Let this fact not be a cause of surprise. Because of long habit, it can relish only the dirty food.

(Those who are after sense pleasures and stay attached to families and relatives, can never know the bliss of a Knower who has developed dispassion and desirelessness.)

विविधवनकुसुमकेसरधवलवपुर्हस इव दृष्टः काकः कृमिकुलकवलं क्लिन्नमथो कवलयन् ज्ञातः।

(How do you find the difference between a crow and a swan?)

Covered by the pollen of various forest flowers and thus looking white, the crow was seen as a swan.

When it started pecking the rotted worms, it was understood as what it really was.

(A fake Knower may shine with flowery speeches and look attractive with his ever-gracious smile; but when he loses control and pounces over pleasures, he is what he is; a cheat and a scoundrel.)

तुल्यवर्णच्छदैः कृष्णः संगतैः किल कोकिलैः केन विज्ञायते काकः स्वयं यदि न भाषते।

Staying in the company of cuckoo birds because of the same black colour (and mistaken as a cuckoo) how can the crow be identified, if it does not open its mouth by itself?

(If a fool who pretends scholarliness is clever enough to remain quiet in an assembly of the real scholars, how can you identify him? Very difficult!

There is a word called ‘Vyaakarana-KhaSoochi’ in Sanskrit. When a person who does not know any grammar as such is questioned about any grammar point, he will just look up at the sky in a profound manner and stay silent as if he is lost in some great thought.

That is how the fake Knowers also behave. They are called ‘Mithyaachaaris’ in Geetaa.)

अरण्यान्या मूढः स्थाणौ स्थितः काको निरीक्षते चैत्याद्दशदिशश्चोरो निशि सुप्ते जनो यथा।

In a huge jungle, staying on a muddy stump of a tree, the crow looks all around; like a thief climbing on to a lone tree that is growing on a mound, to see in all the ten directions, when all the people are asleep.

(What does a fake Knower’s thoughts are like, when he is alone?

He calculates which one among his fan-crowd is gullible enough to be looted and what method he should use to fool that person. He is no less cunning than the above mentioned crow which tries to grab some unwary small animals; or the thief who is planning to rob a house where the house-members are asleep.)

सरभससारसविदलत्पुष्करमकरन्दसुन्दरे सरसि कथमिह विहरति काकः स्फुरदवकरनिकरधूसरस्कन्धः।
How is it, that this (dirty) crow with its shoulders covered by heaps of dust brought in by the wind, is moving about, in this beautiful lake where the Saarasa birds break open the lotus to get at the honey within?!
(What is a fool doing in the assembly of the learned?)

हा कष्टमिष्टवपुषि स्फुटपुण्डरीककोशे कषाहननयोग्यमुखः पिशाचः
पश्यैष काक उपविश्य कुपल्वलेऽस्मिन् लीलाः करोति विविधाः सह राजहम्सैः।
Ah, the horror of it all!

In this 'store house of bloomed white lotuses' (lotus lake or the assembly of the noble) which are favoured by the royal swans (that consume only lotus-stalks or wisdom-talks), look at this crow that is like a meat-consuming vampire (relishing lowly pleasures), with a face that needs whipping (for its deceitful acts), sitting in this muddy puddle (shallow waters of shallow words, and imitating the actions of royal swans (as if equal to them))!
(Hey wicked crow! You do not have one commendable quality even! How dare you pretend to be a swan amongst the crowd of swans?)

हे काक कर्कशरव क्रकचैकचिह्न तादृक्स्वशङ्कनमपि क्व नु तेऽद्य यातं
कस्मादनर्थकमिदं पिकपाकमेकपुत्राशया तदपि ते ह्युपहाससिद्ध्यै।

Hey Kaaka! Your cry is extremely harsh; and can have only the 'saw' as your emblem. (You make very harsh sound.) You (cry continuously and) call your own clan of birds so that the food does not get consumed by other birds who are not of your clan. Why have you not lost that (selfish) habit even today?(You are selfish also!) Wanting your own son to live, (believing him to be your off-spring) why do you nourish the child of a cuckoo bird wastefully? Even this becomes a topic of ridicule by others! (You are stupid also!)

(A man goes to a lotus pond to enjoy the sight of swans. There comes a crow; sits on some branch nearby and starts crying harshly without a break. The tormented man laments like this.)

आलोक्य पङ्कजवने सविलासवन्तं काकं कलङ्कसदृशं भृशमारटन्तं
हा कष्टशब्दशतनष्टविचेष्टितो यो नो रोदिति क्रकचेन विदार्यतां सः।

Seeing this happy crow in the lotus forest, who is like a taint on that place, and who is continuously giving out harsh cries in abundance, alas, if anyone does not cry in agony unable to do anything, with his mind blasted by hundreds of such harsh sounds, then, better slice him that (inert) person into many pieces, with a saw of harsh words! (If an idiot is blabbering nonsense in the assembly of the learned, and the learned do not chide him, because that fool is wealthy and rich, then it is the learned who are to be blamed for bearing with him.)

ASSEMBLY OF THE WICKED AND FOOLISH

विशारारुशारुमये बकमद्गघने च पल्वले चपलाः स्युर्यदि कौशिककाकास्तत्स्यादेषा समन्विता गोष्ठी।

In the muddy pools abided by the frail and the violent, and densely populated by the cranes and the diving birds; if the ill-mannered owls and crows (hostile birds) also join up, then the assembly is complete with suitable characters. (There will no dearth of fights and shouts, and nonsensical talks!)

CUCKOO BIRD AND THE CROW

A LEARNED PERSON (CUCKOO) IN THE ASSEMBLY OF FOOLS (CROWS)

कोकिलः काकसंघातैः समवर्णाननाकृतिः गदितैर्व्यक्ततामेति सभायामिव पण्डितः।

The cuckoo bird with the same colour and face of the crows, when in the company of the crows, shows its true nature when it speaks out, like a well-learned person in an assembly.
(It is well-said; the crow is black; cuckoo is also black; but when the spring arrives, crow is crow and the cuckoo is the cuckoo.)

A NOBLE ONE NEVER HURTS ANYONE INTENTIONALLY

मृदुकुसुमाङ्कुरदलनं सोढुमलं कोकिलस्य कुसुमलता, न तु कङ्कगृध्रमद्गुकबककुक्कुटवायसादीनाम्।

The creeper with the soft flower can bear the breaking of its tiny flower bud by the cuckoo bird; but not a mistake (wanton destruction) as done by herons, vultures, Madgu birds, cranes, cocks and crows.
(It does not matter much if a good person commits some light mistake and unintentionally hurt some one; but the wicked exist only as bundle of sins !How can they be forgiven?)

DO NOT INSTRUCT KNOWLEDGE TO THE UNWORTHY

श्रोत्रोत्सवं तव कलं कलकण्ठ कोऽत्र नादं शृणोति रतिविग्रहसंधिदूतं

काकैरुलूककलहैरिह गुल्मकेषु क्रैकारघर्घररवैः श्रुतिरागतास्तम्।

Hey Kokila! Indeed you have a very melodious voice! It is a festival to the ears!

You of course, act also as a good messenger when the lovers are in a tiff and have to be united.

But who will hear your singing voice here (and appreciate), when the ears have lost their power of hearing, due to the harsh and piercing sounds of the fighting crows and owls, inside the thick clusters of trees.

(Hey learned man! Do not waste you talent in teaching the unworthy.

When you are living amidst fools, do not sing and get stoned by them.

Here the only noise that can be heard is the harsh sound of fights and arguments.

The people around are all buried inside the dark forest of ignorance.

These people are not after truth; but are intent on presenting their wrong theories.

Do not speak any sensible thing to them. They will not appreciate you.)

STORY OF A YOUNG CUCKOO BIRD (AND ITS IDIOT COMPANION)

वाचाकोमलया सुकोकिलशिशुः कल्याणकल्पां कथां सर्वावर्जनमार्जवेन कुरुते यावत्पुरो रागिणां

तावन्मत्तनयोऽयमित्यविरतं द्रांकारभीमारवैर्ध्वाङ्क्षेणोपवने निपत्य नभसः सर्वे कृता नीरसाः।

The nice little baby cuckoo bird, with its soft and tender voice, is telling the story of a great festival with its charming simplicity, in front of the lovers and entertaining them (is singing melodiously). At that time, everyone were made to lose their happy mood by the crow suddenly jumping inside the garden from the sky, with its non-stop harsh crying and loud shrieking, proclaiming aloud, 'this is my son (brought up by me)'.

ADVICE TO A CUCKOO (LEARNED MAN) WHICH (WHO) SINGS IN THE WRONG SEASON (TALKS TO FOOLS)

किं किं कोकिल कूजसि द्रुतरवं हर्षात्समुल्लासितं, ग्रीवाकोटरतः प्रवेशय, पुनर्मा भूच्चिरं ते भ्रमः,

उद्धमैः कुसुमैर्निरन्तरतरं नेदं मधोर्जृम्भितं हेमन्तेन कृतास्तुषारनिकरैः शुष्का अमी पादपाः।

Hey Kokila, what for are you cooing like this expressing your delight through your hastily coming out cries? Turn it back from the neck to inside. Do not hold this delusion for long.

This is not the garden (world) filled densely by flowers (people eager to learn knowledge) as it happens in spring (Satyuga); but these are dry trees (idiot brains) covered by heaps of snow (drowned in ignorance) as it happens in snow-season (KaliYuga).

A YOUNG WOMAN IN LOVE ADMONISHES THE CUCKOO BIRD

कूजत्कोकिल कोमलं कलरवैर्नित्यं प्रशस्ताकृते केनेदं बत शिक्षितोसि वचनं दुःखप्रदं दुर्भगं

चैत्रे चित्रनवाङ्कुरे विरहिणी वक्ति त्वया यात्मनः कस्यायं मधुरित्यतस्तव तवेत्युक्तं त्वरोच्चैस्तरोः।

In the Chaitra month when variegated sprouts appear on the trees, the young woman separated from her lover says like this; Hey Kokila bird cooing softly!

You are commended for your cries always! (You are not worth it!)

By whom have you been taught to say such words which bring pain, and are untrue?

When questioned (by me) 'For which person this Madhu (joy/honey) is?' you reply quickly from the tree the words 'tava' 'tava' (yours yours)

(What you say is not right!

Where do I have the joy or the honey of the company of my lover?

You must sing 'mama' 'mama' (mine, mine)! You alone are happy with your companion; not me!)

A NOBLE MAN IS RECOGNIZED BY HIS NOBLE CONDUCT EVEN IF SILENT

मौनस्पन्दविहारवर्णवपुषां साम्येऽपि काकव्रजेऽकाकः कोकिल एष कान्तिरुचिरो दूरात्परिज्ञायते

मध्ये मूर्खजनस्य पण्डित इव स्वाकारभव्यक्रियः सर्वो हि प्रथिमानमेति सदृशस्वान्तश्चमत्कारतः।

In the group of crows, a Kokila bird gets recognized even from far, though it looks similar in colour, body shape and the silent movements of the wings (because of the difference in conduct).

A scholar (of noble conduct) gets recognized from among foolish people, and gets commended by his own uniqueness, though all those with him are of the same actions and looks (but are ill-mannered).

HEY SCHOLAR! HIDE AWAY FROM THE CROWD OF FOOLS!

भ्रातः कोकिल कूजितैरलमलं, नायात्यनघर्यो गुणस्तूष्णीमास्व विशीर्णपर्णपटलच्छन्ने क्वचित्कोटरे।

उद्धामद्रुमकन्दरे कटुरटत्काकावलीसंकुलः कालोऽयं शिशिरस्य संप्रति सखे नायं वसंतोत्सवः।

Brother Kokila! Enough enough of your singing!! No great achievement is going to be there for you!
Remain silent, in some hollow nest concealed by the dried up leaf-screens, inside some hollow of a tall tree.
This is a crowd of crows with harsh shrieks.

This is the cold season now. Friend, this is not the time of spring festival!

(If you are in the country of fools, do not reveal your talent, lest you be stoned by those non-appreciating minds. Hide off and never show yourself out.

Wait for the spring season, when your singing will be appreciated by one and all.)

A MAN OF LEARNING SHINES EVERYWHERE

चित्रं मातरमेष कोकिलशिशुः संत्यज्य काकीं गतः, सैषेनं तुदतीति यावदहमप्याचिन्तयामि क्षणं

तावत्सोऽपि तथाशु मातृसदृशं श्लिष्टो रसाद्वर्धितुं यामायाति दिशं स्वभावसुभगः सैवास्य माहात्म्यदा।

Strange, that this Kokila baby has left its mother and gone to the female crow.

When I think at that moment, that she is going to hurt him, then she also like a mother embraces him and is prepared to raise him up with love.

A naturally pleasing man, in whatever direction he goes, there and all his charm of nobility gets him whatever is needed.

PART FOUR

अनुचरा ऊचुः
King's followers spoke

BEAUTY OF THE LOTUS LAKE

SERVANT OF MANMATHA

पश्याद्रिसानाविव बिम्बितं खं पुरःसरो मारपुरःसरो यः
कह्वारपद्मोत्पलजालनालललद्विचित्रारवपक्षिवीतम्।

Look at this lake in front in the mountain summit, in which the sky is getting reflected on it (because of its pristine nature.) It is like the most devoted servant of Manmatha (attractive to the lovers).
It is filled out with birds making weird cries gracefully going after the stalks of white and red lotuses.

BRAHMAA'S ABODE

विकासितोद्दण्डसहस्रपत्रकोशस्थलोद्दुरराजहंसं
पीठद्विरेफद्विजलोकजुष्टं भुवीव गेहं कमलासनस्य।

The royal swans surrounded by the bees and the birds (Dvija) alike, enjoy the beauty of the fully bloomed 'thousand petal lotuses' rising from the stalks.
It looks like the 'house of Brahmaa' that has appeared on this earth; where Brahmaa is seated on the seat of thousand petal lotus surrounded by the Brahmins (Dvija).

BEAUTIFUL LAKE THAT HOLDS THE SKY

आकीर्णसीकरकरालदिगन्तराले फुल्लोत्पलाब्जपटलोदररेणुगौरं
आमोदमतमधुपद्विजगीतिगीतं यातं वितानकमिवाम्बरगं वहन्तम्।

The ends of the directions are covered by the water-sprays and are very cold.
The surrounding area looks white by the screen of pollen rising from the fully bloomed lotuses.
The place is filled with the songs of the bees and the birds intoxicated by the sweet fragrance.
It has become a roof as it were by holding the sky on it (as a reflection).

THE VARIED LOOKS OF THE LAKE

क्वचित्तरतारतरङ्गभङ्गं क्वचिद्विषद्भूरिविराविभृङ्गं
क्वचिद्भौरामलवारिसुप्तं क्वचिद्सरोजोज्ज्वलपुष्पगुप्तम्।

Sometimes the waves move lightly (by the wind).
Sometimes the bees make a lot of noise in enmity towards each other, maddened by drinking honey.
Sometimes with the waters staying unmoved, the lake looks as if it is in profound sleep.
Sometimes it is hidden completely by the bright lotus flowers.

THE SKY AND THE EARTH ARE JOINED AS ONE

कणाणुमुक्ताजलतापटालं तीरेषु सिम्हे सुलतासुटालं
तरङ्गनिर्धूतशिलोग्रकच्छं महीतलाकाशमनन्तकच्छम्।

With the spray of water drops looking like pearls, it removes the heat.
The creepers hang from the edge of the trees till the water-surface, thus blocking the lions coming to the bank. The surrounding areas with rocks are moist by getting washed by the waves. (Because of the clouds hanging about,) the earth and the sky have become single endless water-place.

THE LAKE LOOKS LIKE A DARK CLOUD WITH LIGHTING

तडित्प्रकाशोदरमस्यमेघनुन्नाब्जजातोत्थरजःप्रभाभिः
पृषद्भरध्वान्तमयैकदेशं सन्ध्याम्बराभोगमिवाप्रकाशम्।

Due to the shine of the pollen rising from the lotuses, it looks as if it has kept the lightning in its belly, after dispelling the cloud (and it has become a cloud by itself). Dense water drops fill the place and make it appear dark(like a cloud); so it is without brightness and looks like the (cloudy) evening sky.

LAKE IS LIKE THE AUTUMN NIGHT SKY

वातावकीर्णशरदम्बुदखण्डखण्डं त्योमेव केवलसमीरणमावृताङ्गं
हंसैर्लसद्विसलताकवलालसांसैः कालेन संचयकृतैरिव चन्द्रबिम्बैः।

The lake shines like a 'single piece of autumn cloud' made of many pieces of autumn clouds that are pushed to one corner by the winds.

(Where is this cloud? In the sky!)

All over its body, it has only beauty set in motion (KevalaSameeranam), like the empty sky filled with air (KevalaSameeranam).

Swans are carrying tiny bits of lotus stalks to their young ones, and are slightly tired in their shoulders and are floating very slowly) (like the white autumn clouds).

(Where is the moon?)

The lake (reflects the moon in each water drop) and so looks as if covered by all the moon-discs collected in course of time as it were.

THE SCREEN OF FLOWERS MOVING IN THE WAVES

(The lake is having a screen of flowers over its surface.

How? Because of the wind!

The wind is blowing very slowly over the lake because it is laden with the honey and fragrance of the lotuses. Heavy with the load, it falls on the wet mud on the bank, with sudden noise; the birds sitting on the creepers rise up suddenly; and all the flowers from the creepers fall into the lake, thus creating a screen of flowers over it.)

आमोदमन्दमकरन्दकरालवातव्याधूतपङ्कपुटपाटनपाटवेन

उद्यन्महापटपटा वयतीव लेखा क्षुभ्यत्खगाश्रितलतोञ्जितपुष्पवर्षम्।

'The row of waves weaves a screen as it were of flowers', when 'the wind' wet by the honey drops moves slowly by the weight of the fragrance of the lotuses. As it blows on the wet mud around the lake, it breaks the ground there with the loud noise 'PataPata', thus making the birds resting on the creepers rise up suddenly with fluttering wings, which produces a shower of flowers from the creepers (into the lake).

THE LAKE RESEMBLES A KING

वेल्लन्महाकमलपल्लवतालवृन्तसंवीजितं वलितचामरचारुफेनं
राजायमानमलिकोकिलगीतगीतं सद्वृत्तपङ्कजलताललिताङ्गनौघं
भृङ्गाग्रभाजनमनोहरहारिगीतं राजीवरेणुरणकीर्णपिशङ्गतोयं
डिण्डीरपिण्डपरिपाण्डुरपुण्डरीकखण्डोपमण्डिततटोपवनावतंसम्।

The lake gets fanned by the 'leaves of huge lotuses' as if by the Taala fans, the beautiful foams looking like chowries. It is served like a king by the songs sung by the bees and the cuckoo birds (acting as bards).

The 'lotus creepers with their circling bodies' (with good character) (Sadvrta) move about charmingly like the crowd of 'noble women attendants'.

The bees which occupy the foremost seats, sing pleasing songs (like the bards)

The waters look yellow by the scattered pollen of lotuses (like golden garment worn by the king).

It is decorated by the white lotuses which are white like the pieces of white foam bordered with the garden (with flowers) on the bank (like a white crown made of pearl-lotus designs bordered by colourful precious stones).

THE LAKE IS LIKE THE COMPANY OF THE GOOD

विविक्तहृदयाम्भोजं हृदयाह्लादनं परं रसवत्स्वादु भातीदं सरः सत्संगमोपमम्।

This lake shines like the 'company of the good' giving enjoyment of the best kind.

It has varieties of lotuses in its heart. (Good people are with many virtues.) It gives supreme bliss.

THE LAKE IS LIKE THE MIND OF THE KNOWER

बिम्बितेन मरुत्योम्ना भातीदं सौम्य निर्मलं शास्त्रार्थपरिणामेन महतामिव मानसम्।

Hey Saumya! By reflecting the desert-like sky (of cloudless autumn), (which is like the taintless Chidaakaasha), this lake shines taintless like the minds of the great Knowers which have changed into 'that' (Brahman), which is pointed out by the scriptures.

THE LAKE BECOMES A SNOW-CLOUD IN SNOW-TIME

किंचिल्लक्ष्यमपश्यामं पृषत्परुषमारुतं हिमाभ्रमिव भातीदं सरः सरससारसम्।

When the winds are harsh with cold frozen water drops, we will see the lake not very clearly.

This lake will shine like a snow-cloud with its sporting Saarasa birds.

PERCEIVED IS THE BRAHMAN

यथेदं ब्रह्मणो दृश्यमविकारादि नेतरत् यथाम्बसि तरङ्गादि राजन्पृथगिव स्थितम्।

Whatever is perceived is nothing but the changeless Brahman.

Raajan! It stays as if separate like the waves etc in the lake-waters (as not different).

TURBULENT WAVES OF SAMSAARA-LAKE

आत्मनैवोद्यमानानां चक्रावर्तविधायिनां जडाशयानां विषमा हा कल्लोलपरम्परा।

Ha! The succession of these turbulent waves (of Samsaara) is indeed terrible!

They are cold (dull intellects); create whirlpools (of suffering through endless life-dreams); and are produced by the waters themselves (Brahman risings as experiences).

(Ha! The Samsaara-waves which rise one after another as creations, are terrible indeed.

They are steeped in ignorance; produce succession of never ending life-experiences from which it is very difficult to come out; they rise from Brahman itself by itself, as its very nature.)

SAME ESSENCE OF BRAHMAN IN ALL

कूपवापीसरोब्धीनां दृश्यते यादृगन्तरं नारीपुरुषतोयानां विज्ञेयं तादृगन्तरम्।

The difference seen in the waters of the well, pond, lake, and ocean should be understood as similar to the difference seen in the women, men, and other forms.

LOTUSES AND JEEVAS

जन्तोरिवास्य मनसो जलजातिबन्धजीर्णस्य जर्जरदशालहरीभ्रमेण

आवर्तवृत्तिवलितान्यतिसंततानि को नाम संकलयितुं कमलानि शक्तः।

Who is capable of counting (JalaJaati) the water-born things (lotuses) in this lake, which rot staying in the water always; which are shattered by the oncoming waves; which get hit by whirlpools repeatedly; which produce more and more plants in succession?

(Who is capable of counting the (JalaJaati) water-born things (lotuses) in this lake, which is like the mind of the ignorant Jeeva (JadaJaati)?

It is also worn out by the getting bound to different wombs through cherishing various Vaasanaas.

It is ever unstable and deluded by the shattering waves of sense-experiences.

It is always caught by the 'rotating whirlpools of births and deaths'.

It also produces more and more seeds for future births and has many successions of lives.

Who can count the number of these ignorant (ignorant/desire-filled) (JadaJaati) Jeevas?)

A WISE MAN IN THE ASSEMBLY OF FOOLS

चित्रं विजृम्भितमहो जडसंगमस्य पद्मोपि यन्निजगुणानगुणानिवैषः

अन्तः प्रगोपयति कण्टतले निवेश्य सर्वस्य दर्शयति दुर्भगकण्टकौघम्।

Aha! It is indeed a very strange conduct of the (beautiful) lotus!

Staying in the company of fools (cold water) (Jada), it hides all its good characters (fragrance, beauty, honey etc) inside; keeps them all hidden inside its neck and stays like a bud; (closed mouth) and shows others the ugly heap of thorny stems only (ignoring their presence) (to keep them away).

IGNORE THE STALKS (FAULTS) AND SEE ONLY THE LOTUS (VIRTUE)

सच्छिद्रैरदृढैः सूक्ष्मैर्गोपितैर्जाड्यसंयुतैः अनल्पैरपि निःसारैः पद्मस्येव गुणैरलम्।

Lotuses have enough virtues that one can easily ignore the 'stalks' that abound around it, which are porous, unsteady, have no beauty, are feeble, hidden, and are thorny.

VIRTUES OF GREAT MEN OF NOBLE FAMILIES

महतां कुलपद्मानां गुणसौन्दर्यशालिनां प्रभावं नास्ति संख्यातुं वासुकेरपि शक्ता।

Even Vaasuki (King of serpents) with his thousand hooded Shesha also, is not capable of counting the

excellent virtues of great Kula-lotuses (men who are adornment to their families because of their greatness)) which are beautiful with many good qualities like fragrance etc (who shine with virtues).

GODDESS OF BEAUTY ENHANCES HER OWN BEAUTY BY THE LOTUS

हरिवक्षोगता लक्ष्मीरपि शोभार्थमेव यत्त्रिभर्ति कमलं हस्ते कान्याशंसाधिका भवेत्।

Even Goddess Lakshmi who resides in the bosom of Vishnu, (and has nothing more to aspire for), holds the lotus in her hand to increase her beauty. Who else deserves the praise here?

JEEVAS WITH LIKES AND DISLIKES

सितासिताभ्यां रूपाभ्यां कमलोत्पलखण्डयोः वैसादृश्यं भवेत्किंतु समा जडजडैतयोः।

The red and white lotuses, who have white and non-white forms (as the difference), are similar in their foolishness by the contact of the cold water (Jada) (by liking and not liking the moon and the sun) (like the religion-bound Jeevas getting addicted to deity images of their choice).

A LOTUS-FILLED LAKE IS BEAUTIFUL LIKE THAT OF A HAPPY YOUNG BRIDE

साम्यं न फुल्लविपिनेन सरःसु याति व्योम्ना न तारकयुतेन न चेन्दुबिम्बैः

नृत्यद्वधूविहसिताननशोभयैति फुल्लस्य पङ्कजवनस्य नवोदिता श्रीः।

The 'beauty of the sight of freshly bloomed lotuses in the lake' bears no comparison to the forest filled with bloomed flowers; or to the moon discs along with its star companions in the sky; but is like the beauty of the face of a dancing bride with the happy smile.

BEE/BHRNGA
JEEVANMUKTAS

येषां पुष्पलतास्वादैरनन्यमनसां गतं भृङ्गाणामायुरायामि त एव सुभगोत्तमाः।

Hey Good one! Those bees alone are the excellent ones, whose lives have extended by the enjoyment of the flowers in the creepers and who have their minds fixed on that only.
(The Jeevas who conquer death by enjoying the nectar of Chit as their essence are indeed the excellent ones. They take in the taste of all good scriptures and realize that which is pointed out by them. They have their minds fixed on the Aatman only!)

चूतचारुचमत्कारं चञ्चरीकाश्वरन्ति ये त एव सचमत्करा इतरे जातिपूरणम्।

Those bees which taste the wondrous produce of the mango trees, they alone are wondrous; others are just some numbers in the clan.

(The Jeevas who see the 'perceived' as the 'wondrous shine of Chit' are really wondrous and are to be commended as excellent ones; rest of the Jeevas in the world, are just numbers to be counted.)

मत्ता मधुमदामोदैः पुष्करेषु रणन्ति ये तुष्टानामितरस्वादैर्भ्रमराणां हसन्ति ते।

Those bees which hum with intoxication by the fragrance rising from the lotus ponds, are laughing at the other bees, who are happy by the honey of ordinary flowers.

(The Jeevas who in the state of Chit, enjoy the fragrance of Chit in all the lotus ponds of the 'perceived', they laugh at the ignorant who feel happy by the day to day pleasures of the life.)

येनोषितं विरुतमुल्लसितं प्रसुप्तं पद्मोदरेषु शशिकोटरकोमलेषु

भृङ्गः स एष शिशिरे विरसेषु भावं कष्टं करिष्यति कथं तरुपुष्पकेषु।

How can that bee, which resided, hummed, sported, and slept inside the 'excellent hollows of lotuses' stay inside the honey-less flowers of the trees, at the winter time?

(How can that JeevanMukta, who resided, hummed, sported, and slept inside the 'Hrdaya where Chit shines as the lotus, with a mind oozing with the nectar of bliss; make himself get attracted towards the bliss-less inert objects of the 'perceived' which are relished by the ignorant?)

(How can a man, who remains in the 'blissful state of the Self' though engaged in all the routine duties of the world, ever be attracted to the inert objects of the ignorant world?)

अफुल्लमल्लिकोद्दाममुकुलोपरि षट्पदः दृश्यते कालरुद्रेण शूले प्रोत इवान्धकः ।

The (six footed) bee looks like Andhaka demon nailed on the spear by KaalaRudra (Destruction deity), when it is perched on the freshly formed spiky jasmine buds which have not yet bloomed.

(The bee is so greedy for honey, that it sits on the bud itself, waiting for it to bloom.

It looks as if it is nailed to a spear at that time; as if it is the 'Jeeva blinded by ignorance' that is getting punished by the angry 'Death'.

The ignorant Jeevas endowed with the six senses, seek the inert objects with the idea of extracting happiness from them. They are unwary of the 'Death' standing behind them who has already pierced them with his spear; because they have not conquered the death by seeking the real bliss of the Aatman.)

आस्वादयन्विविधपुष्पमधूनि भृङ्ग नित्यं भ्रमत्सकलशैललतागृहेषु

नाद्यापि तुष्यसि किमङ्ग दुराशयोऽसि मन्ये न सारमुपगच्छसि वा वनेभ्यः।

Hey bee, even after enjoying the honey of various flowers at all times, even after wandering in the creeper-bowers of all the hills, are you not satisfied yet, dear fellow? I think that you must be greedy; or you do not get any true joy in these forests!

(Hey Jeeva! You are trying to possess various objects; running after various types of pleasures; yet you do not seem to have enough of them!

Are you filled with never ending desires; or is it that you do not get any pleasure out of any sense object? Where is the true bliss for you, unless you find the honey within yourself?)

कमलकुलकवलकोविद गच्छ सरो मधुप, मा रूढं बदरदरीषु विदीर्णं देहं कुरु कण्टकक्रकचैः।

Hey you bee, you are talented in extracting the honey of lotus flowers. Go to the lotus-lake only.

Do not wound your body nourished by the lotus honey, in the Badara groves filled with thorny saws.

(Hey Jeeva! You have got the ability to extract the knowledge from the truly realized Knowers. After obtaining the knowledge from them, do not again revert back to the company of the foolish scholars whose guidance will bring harm to you.)

अतसीकुसुमे कुवलयदलवलये विकसिते च तापिच्छे परभागमेहि मधुना तासु विसदृशीव पण्डितः पुरुषः।

(Hey black bee!) When not getting the honey of the lotuses, then spend that part of your life by the honey obtained in the blue 'Atasi flowers', inside the 'safety of the blue water lily petals' or in the 'bloomed Tamaala trees' (camouflaged in their dark colours), like any learned man does, when he does not have suitable company.

(Hey Jeeva! If you do not find realized Knowers, or suitable company with like minds, then take recourse to great texts which explain Knowledge like Vaasishtam, stay in solitude; do Vichaara of the same repeatedly, till you gain the state of the Self.)

SWAN/HAMSA

BRAHMAA'S WORLD

पश्यैषा नाभिनलिनीकेसरैः पालिता श्रिया हंसमालामलावल्ली सामगायनकृजिता।

Look at this 'garland of swans' moving gracefully like a 'taintless creeper,' singing the 'Saama' as it were in a deep voice, with the 'beauty' nourished by the pollen of the lotuses that grow at the centre of the lake.

(Look at this garland of swans moving gracefully like a taintless creeper, in Brahmaa's world singing the Saama in a deep voice, nourished by Goddess Lakshmi by feeding them the pollen of Vishnu's navel lotus.)

(Look at the group of Knowers singing Saama-Gaana of Brahman-knowledge in Brahmaa's world; they are cared for by Goddess Lakshmi herself by allowing them to seek instructions from Lord Naaraayana.)

INFATUATION FOR THE WOMAN

दोलाकमलनीडस्थां दृष्ट्वा खे प्रतिबिम्बितां हम्सो हम्सीमनुसरन्मण्डले नेह चेतति

माभूत्कस्यचिदेवैषा राजन्व्यसनिता भृशं पश्यैतां बिम्बितां हम्सो हम्सीमनुसरन्मृतः।

The male swan (cob) is looking for the female swan (pen) in the lake surroundings.

She is (resting) inside the swinging nest of lotuses.

Her reflection in the transparent waters gets seen by the male swan.

(He believes that she has sunk inside the waters.) He falls faint (with his heart broken.)

Raajan! Let this type of infatuation be never there.

Look here! This male swan followed the reflection of the female swan and died (without proper reasoning capacity).

(The ignorant are punished by their ignorance itself and suffer because of attachment to family and wealth.)

ROYAL SWAN AND THE ORDINARY CRANE/ THE TRUE KNOWER AND THE PRETENSE KNOWER

(A Knower is known as a ParamaHamsa, which has the capacity to suck only the milk out of the milk diluted with water. So also a Knower experiences the Chit alone in the perceived world.)

CRANE CAN NEVER BECOME A SWAN

हेलया राजहम्सेन यत्कृतं कलकूजितं न तद्वर्षशतेनापि जानात्याशिक्षितुं बकः।

This melodious cry of the RaajaHamsa rises from it casually without any effort; such a natural singing cannot be learnt by a crane, even in hundred years.

JUST BY IMITATING A KNOWER, A FAKE-KNOWER CANNOT BECOME A TRUE KNOWER

समानेष्वकाराकारजातिचेष्टाशनादिषु हम्सस्य राजहम्सस्य दूरमत्यन्तमन्तरम्।

The ordinary swan and the RaajaHamsa, though they have same abodes, same forms, belong to same species, have same actions and same way of consuming food, the difference is quite marked.

SWAN IS LIKE A MOON ON EARTH

(A white swan is swimming across the pristine waters of the lake that is reflecting the entire sky. The swan looks like a moon moving across the sky.)

शुक्लपक्षस्थितो व्योम्नि कुमुदाकरभासकः आह्लादयति चेतांसि हंसश्चन्द्र इवोत्थितः।

(The lake itself is like a sky because of reflecting the expanse of the sky.)

The swan rises up like the beautiful moon (like Brahman personified). (How?)

It is 'ShuklaPaksha' (rising phase of the moon). The swan also has white wings (ShuklaPaksha).

(A Knower is endowed with the wings of Viveka and Vairaagya)

The moon makes the abode of Kumuda flowers beautiful by making them bloom; so does the swan beautify the Kumudas (seekers of knowledge) as it moves among those white flowers.

Both the swan and the moon delight all the minds (like the Knower endowed with a pure mind reflecting the bliss of Brahman).

PARAMAHAMSA

उन्नालनलिनीनालकदलीस्तम्भसंकुले वने विहरतां लक्ष्मीं हम्सानामेति कः खगः।

Which bird can have the beauty equal to that of the swans which roam about in the grove of cool banana-trunks as if, which are actually the thick tall stems holding the lotuses?

(The lotuses are standing on very thick stalks. The swan moves gracefully along the stalks as if wandering inside the cool banana grove.)

(Which Deva who moves in the sky can have the wealth equal to that of JeevanMukti that belongs to the Yogis, the ParamaHamsas, who float in the cool lake of Self-bliss?

They are adept in passing the Praana through the subtle nerves.

The Heart is the lotus. They attain the KadaliVidyaa (Stambhana).)

LOTUS-LAKE IS A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN

तरङ्गवलया लोलसीकरोत्करहारिणी कुमुदोत्पलकहारपुष्पसंभारसुन्दरी

भृङ्गलोलालकलता रणत्सारसनूपुरा वर्तुलावर्तनाभीका चलद्वीचिविलोचना

प्रतीक्षमाणा दयितं रसपूरकरं धरम्नारीव सरसी चारुहम्सकाभ्यां विराजते।

(The lake shines in its all glory with its beautiful swans, like a 'beautiful woman'.)

The lake as a woman is adorned by the 'bangles of waves'.

She is wearing the 'garland made of water drops' spraying about gracefully.

She is beautiful by wearing various flowers like white, blue and red lotuses.

The 'swarm of bees' act as her 'pretty locks of hair'.

The 'cries of Saarasa birds' are her 'anklet sounds'. She has the 'whirlpools' as her 'pretty navel'.

'Restless waves' are her 'eyes'. Her waters (Rasa/beauty) are her 'desires'.

She waits eagerly for her lover namey the 'mountain', who fulfils her wants (fills the waters) (by reflecting inside her). Like a woman wears ornamental anklets (Hamsakas), the lake-woman has with her, the baby swans (Hamsakas) (which make melodious noises.)

HEY GOOD MEN! STAY AWAY FROM THE WICKED

हे हम्स मदुबककाकशरारुसारे मा त्वं सरस्यविरतं कुरु वासमेकः

आपद्यपीह समशीलवयोवचाभिः श्रेयःफला भवति संगतिरात्मवर्गेः।

Hey Swan! Do not ever stay alone for long in a lake where stay the injurious birds like Madgu birds, cranes (water-crows) and other type of crows. Even when in difficulties, it is better always to be with those who have equal conduct, equal age and equal words.

DIFFICULTIES FACED BY GREAT MEN

पादाक्रान्तमहेभमस्तकतटः पद्माकरैकालयः कद्धारोत्पलकुन्दचम्पकलतासंभोगसौभाग्यवान्

भृङ्गोऽप्येष विधेर्वशेन शिशिरे लोष्टं तृणं स्वादयन्शीते शुष्कबकत्यहो नु विपदा दैन्ये मनो दीयते।

This bee (is so great that he) can place his foot (like a lion) on the edge of the elephant's head!

(Bees sit on the heads of the elephants attracted by the rut.)

His abode is the lake filled with the lotuses (beautiful and highly esteemed abode).

(Bees frequent the lotus groves attracted by the honey.)

He has union with the creepers of flowers like red lotuses, water lilies, jasmines and Champaka flowers and is the most fortunate of all. (Bees visit all the fragrant honey-filled flowers.)

Yet, by the play of fate, he has to consume mud pieces and grass shoots in the winter season.

(All the plants are dried up at that time; and there are no flowers.)

So it shrieks like a dry crane (depressed and forlorn).

Alas! In difficult circumstances, even the mind of the great withers away.

(Even the noble men have to bend down in front of the difficulties and weep out aloud, for, such is the suffering that is brought about by the 'perceived world'!)

A SWAN BABY'S EXCITEMENT

(The minister speaks about his experience. He was wandering near the lake filled with dense grove of lotus stalks. The stalks were bent because of the swans moving through them.

On a hot day, one baby swan enters inside the petals of a brightly shining lotus. It is enjoying the cool water drops sprayed by the waves which create a wide canopy of shining pearls above the lotuses.

Don't you wish that you were also living the life of a swan in such a beautiful lotus lake?!

पुत्रस्येह दलोदरे द्युति तरतारं चिरं संसृतं हंसस्यांसविनुन्ननालगहने संचारिणा भो मया।

शुक्लासारमिवाब्जिनी विकिरति स्वं वारिविन्दूत्करं मध्याह्ने शिशिरं विकासि सहसा मूर्ध्नि स्फुटं दृश्यताम्।

Raajan! When I was wandering in the dense grove of stalks that bend by the wings of the swans, a swan-cub had entered the inside of the petals of the lotus which shone brightly.

These words were uttered in a shrieking voice by him to his father; and I remember it now.

"Father! Look! The lake with lotuses is throwing up its own waters as if they are fine pearls.

Even in this noon hour, it is like the cold snow that is instantly spreading out above the head."

BRAHMAA'S LEAF-CUP AND THE GANGES WATERS

व्योम्नीन्दोरिव सौम्यवारिणि चिरं निःशब्दकं सर्पतो हंसस्यांसहताब्जनालवलनानिष्कम्पटङ्कक्षतैः

गङ्गावारिवदत्र पुष्करपुटाद्ब्रह्मादिवास्योपरि भ्रष्टा ये जलबिन्दवो जलचरा हृष्टाः पिबन्त्याशु तान्।

(The water drops never stick to the lotus leaves. In the lake, the water-drops thrown about by the winds are held by these leaves within their folds like in a cup. When the swan floats in the lake, its shoulders hit the stalks and they bend. The leaves which are connected to the stalks get violently shook; and all their water drops get thrown about; and the fish swallow them happily.)

In the placid waters of the lake the swan is floating silently for long, like the moon in the sky.

From the cup like folds of the leaves, which shake by getting pushed when the lotus stalks get hit by the shoulders of the swan, the water drops on it get thrown about.

The fishes and other beings inside the lake drink it happily, as if they are Ganges water-drops sprinkled from the leaf cup held by Brahmaa.

(It is as if Brahmaa has sprinkled the sacred waters of Ganges held in his leaf-cup, over all those seated in his assembly. Like the Sages feeling happy by those sprinkled waters, the fish also are happy by the waters thrown by the lotus-leaves shook by the swans.)

CRANE/BAKA (HYPOCRITE)

निर्गुणस्य बकस्यास्य गुण एकोस्ति दृश्यतां यत्प्रावृषं स्मारयति प्रावृट् प्रावृडिति ब्रुवन्।

Observe that the crane which has no qualities. It has only one quality as such.

It goes on saying 'Praavrt Praavrt' (monsoon monsoon) and brings in the memory of the monsoon.

(A fake Yogi, sitting in a meditation posture without moving his limbs, calls himself an adorer of Nirguna Brahman. Outwardly he does not show any quality; but is reciting something similar to a crane which is waiting for the monsoon to bring in slushy waters so that it can get some fish!)

बक हम्स इवाभासि सरःस्थो मद्सौहृदं नृशम्सत्त्वं च वाणीं च त्यक्त्वा हम्सो भव स्फुटम्।

Hey Baka (crane)! When in the lake, you are like the swan, only because of your white colour. Discard your friendship with water snakes, cruel nature and harsh words; and turn yourself into a swan completely.

(Hey hypocrite! Outwardly you look like an ascetic, like the crane which looks like the swan.

Why don't you renounce all your bad qualities and try to become a real recluse?)

LESSON FROM THE GURU, THE WICKED MADGU BIRD

गम्भीरं वारिगर्भं प्रसृतजलचरं ये प्रविश्य प्रविश्य प्राञ्जत्स्यान्प्रोतचञ्चवश्चतुरतर परं जग्धवन्तो विदग्धाः।

ते केनाप्यद्य दिष्ट्या मृततिमिगमिताः कालयुक्ते महिम्ना नाक्रामन्ति क्रमस्थाः सुहरमपि पुरः पङ्गवो

मद्भवोऽमी। एवं विहन्यते लोकः स्वार्थेनेति प्रदर्शयन्मद्गुरुतां यात इत्येवं स्तौति दुर्जनः।

Hey talented King (Caturatara)! These Madgu birds are experts in that they enter again and again the deep waters of the lake filled with fish and other beings; poke the fish with their beaks; kill them and eat them.

(This is their usual routine.) (One day these cruel ones get their due back.)

They somehow are infected in the throat by swallowing some dead Timi fish by chance.

(They cannot swallow anything because of that infection.)

Today by the play of fate, even as they stay in a row on the lake bank, they are not catching the fish at all as if they have become lame, even when those fishes are moving close at hand!

A person suffers like this as a result of his selfishness!

So does this Madgu provide an example and has become my Guru (Madguru)!?"

A wicked man (has changed his ways and) praises the Madgu like this.

'SWAN-LIKE' IN THE SKY; BUT A CRANE ON THE GROUND

उत्कन्धरो विततनिर्मलचारुपक्षो हंसोऽयमत्र नभसीति जनैः प्रतीतः।

गृह्णाति पल्वलजलाच्छफरीं यदासौ ज्ञातस्तदा खलु बकोऽयमितीह लोकैः।

With the neck held high, with the beautiful taintless spread out wings, the crane gets identified by the people, as the excellent swan that is flying in the sky. However, when the crane grasps the fish from the muddy pond, then it is understood to be a crane by the people here.

(In the sky, the crane also looks like a swan; but when it enters the slushy pool to peck at a fish, the people on the ground understand that it is not a swan; but is just an ordinary crane!

A fake scholar is found out by his foolish words, and pleasure-seeking nature.)

CRANE-ASCETIC

अतिबहुकालविलोलानवलोक्य बकांस्तपोदम्भान् अत्रैवातिमिरस्थांस्तटवनिता विस्मिता धूर्तान्।

Observing the cranes standing motionless as if in penance for long time, but agitated within (with the desire for fish); the girl on the bank of the pond, was surprised that here also (in this world) such wicked are there who pretend to be good, but wait for the night to arrive (so as to rob the houses).

सहचरसहचर्यः क्रमेणोचुः

The attendants who were following spoke in turns

SOME SCENE ON THE MOUNTAIN-PATH

(One woman attendant is describing a tiff among lovers. The young man is staring at the young girls who are entering the lake waters to pluck the lotuses. His wife gets angry with him and walks away. He tries hard to pacify her inside the forest-bower through pleadings, and is begging her for forgiveness.)

अत्र जले हिमहेलाः पश्यैता अपहरन्ति सितपद्मान्, इच्छसि ता अनुगन्तुं नाहं ते वल्लभा ब्रजामीति
कुपितां तामनुनेतुं यत्नपरः पान्थ एष पथि कान्तां, अवलोक्य नरनायक कुसुमलताकुहरकेलितीरवने
इति हावभावविलसितविवलनकोपार्धदृष्टिहसितानि कुर्वाणा वरवनिता कथयति ते दृश्यतां राजन्।

“Look! These ladies are stealing the white lotuses disregarding the chillness. If you want to follow them, then I am no more your beloved; I am leaving” (says the angry lady.) This traveller is trying to pacify his angry beloved in this sportive garden filled with flower-creepers, which is on the path.

Look O king of men! Raajan! This women attendant is describing this story of the lovers with all the gestures and emotions expressing feigned anger, smile etc.

THE FOOL AND THE LEARNED CAN NEVER UNDERSTAND EACH OTHER

बकमद्गुशरारूपां नित्यमेकौकसामपि संकरोऽस्ति मिथो बुद्धेर्न मूर्खविदुषामिव।

For the cranes, Madgus, and killing beasts, though they all live in the same abode, there is no mutual joining of the minds like the fool and the learned.

HOW WILL IT BE TO GET EATEN BY THESE CRUEL BIRDS IN SOME WORST LIFE-EXISTENCE?

चञ्चवग्रे खञ्जरीटस्य कीटः किटिकिटायते दौर्भाग्यस्य पुराणस्य पताकेवोच्छ्रितोन्नते।

The tiniest insect caught at the edge of the bird’s beak, is fluttering, as if it is the flag fluttering high at the peak; symbolic of a long time misfortune (of sins of many lives).

DEATH IS BETTER THAN DISHONOUR

तारं तीरतरौ स रौति तरलो यावद्बकः प्रोल्लसंस्तावत्पल्लवगोष्पदेऽम्बुकलिले यावद्बलाद्देहकं

मज्जन्त्या प्रियवक्षसीव निपुणं त्रातं शफर्या भयाधुद्भङ्गेन महापदीह हि मृतेर्नान्यद्भवेत्सौख्यदम्।

When the crane cries in a shrieking voice, as it playfully sits on the tree on the bank, then, the fish which is in the tiny shallow waters of the puddle gets frightened, sinks her body inside the mud, as if burying herself inside her lover’s chest (and dies), and so her body was saved in a clever way.

There is nothing more joy-giving than dying by heart-break, for the one who meets with difficulties.

(When the crane comes to the slushy puddle, the fish buries herself in the mud and dies; but its body is not eaten by the crane. A chaste woman will discard her life even, to protect her body from the wicked ones.)

HOW WILL IT BE TO GET SWALLOWED BY THE BIRDS AND SNAKES IN SOME WORST LIFE-EXISTENCE?

बकाजगरमद्गनां हृदि या प्राणिनां धृतिः अचर्वितनिगीर्णानां मन्ये निद्रोपमेव सा।

I believe that the state of the fish and other insects, which are swallowed wholly without getting chewed by the crane, snake and other Madgu birds, will be like sleep only!

आसन्नमद्गबकगृध्रबिडालसर्पदृष्ट्या भयं भवति यत्सलिलाशयानां

तस्याग्रस्तृणमिवाशनिपातभङ्गो जातिस्मरेण विदुषोक्तमदः पुरा मे।

A terrible fear rises in the water-abiding beings, by seeing the Madgu, crane, vulture, cat and snake, when they are close by. “Compared to that fear, getting hit by stones also is nothing”; this was told by a learned man to me in the past in private, when he was remembering his past lives (where he had been killed by these things.)

SOME FOREST SCENES

इह सरोवरतीरतरोस्तले कुसुमशालिनि मुग्धमृगान्पुरः, समवलोकय लोकमलौ बलात्समवकीर्णनवोत्पलकेतकान्।
Here, under the tree on the bank of the lake filled with flowers, look at the deer in front of you; and the sight where the bees are completely covering the freshly bloomed lotus flowers.

बर्ही प्रोन्नतचित्तत्वातोयमिन्द्रं प्रयाचते, स पूरयति तेनास्य महात्मा निखिलां महीम्।
The peacock, because of its humble nature, begs Indra; and the noble one (Indra) fulfils its wishes; and covers the entire earth with rains.

मेघाननुसरन्त्येते मयूरास्तनपा इव, मलिनो मलिनस्यैव पुत्र इत्यनुमीयते।
These peacocks follow the clouds as if they are its children that need to be breast-fed.
Like dirt belongs to dirt, one can infer whose son it is (by the children following their mothers).

मृगानालोक्य पथिकस्त्रिचिन्तयन्दयितेक्षणे पुरस्तेषु पदार्थेषु यन्त्रपुत्रिकतां गतः।
Looking at the deer, the traveller is thinking about his wife's eyes, and has become a (blind) mechanical puppet for all the objects in front of him.
(He is lost in his wife's thoughts, and cannot see anything in his front, and is like a frozen mechanical doll.)

शिखी वार्यपि नादत्ते, भूमेर्भुङ्क्ते बलादहिं, दौरात्म्यं तन्न जाने किं सर्पस्य शिखिनोऽथवा।
The peacock does not even accept the water (given by the clouds); but violently catches the snake on the ground. (It is ignoring the rains and is pecking at the snake!) Therefore, I do not understand to whom the wickedness should be attributed- for the snake or for the peacock! (Both are cruel!)

सज्जनाशयनीकाशं त्यक्त्वा बर्ही महत्सरः पिबत्यम्ब्वभ्रनिष्ट्यूतं मन्ये तन्नतिभीतितः।
The (proud) peacock moves away from the huge lake sought by the good people (where they have to bend and drink the water) (humbly), but drinks only the water falling from the cloud (with its neck held high).
I think it is because it is afraid to bend its head (for fear of breaking it) (and is feeble!)
(Many arrogant men perish by holding on to false honour.)

लसत्कलापजलदाः पश्य नृत्यन्ति बर्हिणः धुन्वानाः पिच्छकान्तीन्दुं प्रावृषः पोतका इव।
Look at the peacocks dancing in the showers produced by the beautiful clouds (their mothers). These clouds are cleaning the radiant moon inside their plumages, as if they are the young ones of the rainy season.
(Clouds are the mothers washing their babies, namely the peacocks.)

वरवने वनवातविसारिणां चपलचन्द्रकचारुतरङ्गिणां इह पयोनिधिरेव कलापिनां विसृतमुक्ततयेव विलासनः।
In the beautiful forest, the forest winds blow. The waves hit by the wind produce beautiful flickering moon-rings on the waters. But, here, the sea itself is spreading out pearls like the dancing peacocks (without the help of the clouds).

FOREST FIRE

चर तृणानि पिबाम्बु वनावनौ कलय विश्रमणं कदलीवने
चकितचातक पावकदूषिता न हि सुखाय भवत्यतिमानिता।
Hey Chaataka bird! Why are you acting so shocked?!
Haughtiness does not in any way help you when this forest is burnt off by the fires.
Move among the moist grass; and drink the water found in the forest land. Take rest in the cool plantain groves. (You have to adjust to the surroundings, and changing times.)

नायं मयूर मकरालयवारिपूरपूर्णादरो जलधरोम्बरमारुरुक्षुः
दावाग्निदग्धवनपादपकोटराग्रधूमावलीवलय उत्थित एष शैलात्।

Hey peacock! (Do not feel so excited!)

This is not the cloud ascending towards the sky, with its belly full of ocean waters; but is the circle of smoke from the hollows of the forest trees burnt by the fire.

BE HAPPY WITH WHATEVER YOU GET

येनाब्देन शरद्विधावपि शिखी संतर्पितो वारिभिर्नो वर्षास्वपि पूरयेद्यदि सरस्तद्वाललोकोचितं

आरब्धं समवेक्ष्य सज्जनजनो हासेन दुःस्थो भवेद्वर्हीत्यात्मतृषैव नेतुमखिलं कालं समभ्युद्यतः।

The peacock gets fully satisfied by (meagre) waters from the cloud even in the autumn season (and is content by what it gets). “The lake does not get enough waters to get filled fully by that cloud (even in the monsoon)” ; such (dissatisfied) comments belong to the immature minds only (who are always discontented.) Observing the generosity of the good ones (clouds) , and in order not to make them unhappy by ridiculing them, the peacock is prepared to carry its thirst for a long time (and remains content with whatever meagre water it gets).

स्फटिकविमलं पीत्वा तोयं घनोदरनिर्गतं पिबति न पुनर्मार्गं क्षुभ्यंस्तृषापि शिखी जलम्।

स्फुरति च घनं स्मृत्वा स्मृत्वा न चापि विपद्यते गुणवति जने बद्धाशानां श्रमोऽपि सुखावहः।

The peacock drinks the crystal clear water coming out of the dense clouds; later it does not drink from the road-side puddles, even if suffering from thirst. It feels enlivened by repeatedly remembering the cloud; and does not suffer by thirst. The suffering gone through by the virtuous people who keep their desire for good things only, equals happiness only.

TRAVELLERS LOST IN GOSSIP

इहातिवाहयन्त्येते मार्गदौस्थ्यं घनागमे कथाभिः पथिकाः प्रायो विमूढा जीवितं यथा।

At rainy times, when the road is not travel-worthy, then the travellers pass the time in sheer gossip (halting on some way-side shelter). This is how the ignorant pass their life by attending to their own worthless life-stories.

SEPARATED LOVERS/CHITI AND JEEVA

(Chiti (Self-state) is like a beloved girl waiting for the union of the individual soul, her inseparable lover. The lover unfortunately is lost in the forest of desire-fulfilments, where the desire-clouds block his journey towards his beloved. He hears about this Chiti from Knowers, and develops a desire to meet his beloved, which also is a cloud in the dark space. When he realizes that the false notion of body-death alone is blocking his union with his beloved, he raises himself out of the death-pyre by singing the song of Saama like a sacred flute, and rushes towards his beloved, and is lost in her embrace. Anyhow, since he is always in union with his beloved, the very story of his struggle for realization is proved false and baseless.)

पश्यात्र नाथ सरसः कमलोत्पलकुमुदबिसमृणालानां कङ्कारपत्रपयसां भारानादाय बालिकाश्वलिताः।

किमिदं नयथेति ततः पृष्ठाभिस्ताभिरुक्तमेतस्य व्यसनज्वरतप्सायाः पथिक वयं बालसख्य इति।

अथ रागरक्तहृदयाः स्तनभरवितता विलासललिताङ्ग्यः पथिकानां स्मरणपथं भूयोऽप्यनयन्प्रियाः स्वगेहस्थाः।

Look Lord! These young girls are carrying the weight of water in the lotus leaves, and also the stalks of red, blue, white lotuses. “Why are you carrying this?” When questioned like this, they said like this.

“Hey traveller! We are the young attendants of the lady who is suffering by the fever of love, feeling the pangs of separation.” (These lotus stalks and water will be useful in cooling her body that burns in passion.) The memory-line brought back to the minds of the travellers, once again, ‘their beloveds’ left back at their homes, whose hearts were filled with love and passion (and bleeding red); who had huge breasts; and who were extremely charming and graceful.

सा नूनं मम कान्ता दृष्ट्वा सुस्निग्धघनतमःश्यामं गगनं च शून्यगहनं प्रलपति भुवि पतति विस्खलति।

“My beloved would indeed be seeing the water-filled dense dark clouds in the sky; and the forest bereft of movement. (She will understand that her lover cannot travel in these rains.)

She will weep; collapse on the ground, and stumble as she tries to get up and move.

भृङ्गावलीकुवलयवलिताब्जपात्रसंप्रेर्यमाणनलिनीमधुपानमतः

हा वाति तीरतरुपल्लवलास्यलब्धसंमुग्धशब्दगणगीतगुणो नभस्वान्।

Ha! The wind blows (torturing my mind). 'Nabhasvaan' (wind which moves in the cloudy sky) is intoxicated by drinking the 'honey of the lotuses' that was offered to him in the 'lotus-cup' which was surrounded by the 'lotuses with the swarms of bees' (in the lake.)

(The lover remembers the kiss of his beloved, where he tasted the honey from the lotus-cup of her lips, surrounded by the lotuses of her body-limbs, and the swarm of bees which were her loosened hair.)

(The wind is the lover who carries the memory of the honey (kiss) and the leaves rustle in the wind as if the rustling sound is like the love-lorn song sung by his beloved filled.)

The wind carries the fragrance and coolness; and moves slowly, bringing along with it the song filled with enchanting words that is produced from the movement of leaves in the trees on the bank of the lake.

LOVER CONCOCTS A STORY OF HIS SUFFERING

(When the lover returns home, he describes to her how much he suffered without her company. He just makes up a story to please and pacify her; and the gullible innocent girl believes it to be true.)

कथयत्येष पथिकः पश्य मन्दरगुल्मके प्रियायाश्चिरलब्धाया वृतां विरहसंकथाम्।

Inside the Mandara bower, this traveller is relating his woe of separation to his beloved whom he has met after a long time.

एकत्र शृणु किंवृत्तमाश्चर्यमिदमुत्तमं दातुं त्वन्निकटे दूतमहं चिन्तान्वितोऽवदम्।

"Hear what amazing thing happened once, when I was engaged in thoughts as to which messenger was suitable enough to send near you.

HE CHOOSES THE CLOUD AS HIS MESSENGER

अस्मिन्महाप्रलयकालसमे वियोगे यो मां तयेह मम याति गृहं स कः स्यात्।

नैवास्त्यसौ जगति यः परदुःखशान्त्यै प्रीत्या निरन्तरतरं सरलं यतेत।

In this 'separation-time', which is as terrible as the dissolution times, who is fit to go to my house with news about me, and console her? There is no one in this world who can strive for removing the sorrow of others, with love and unbroken honesty.

आ एष शिखरे मेघः स्मराश्व इव संयुतः विद्युल्लताविलासिन्या वलितो रसिकः स्थितः।

'Aa! This cloud on the peak of the mountain is ready to travel, like a horse of Manmatha.

He is a Rasika (full of emotions) (full of waters); and will understand the love-feelings proper.

He is also embraced by the beautiful girl namely lightning.

HE TALKS TO THE CLOUD

भ्रातर्मेघ महेन्द्रचापमुचितं व्यालम्ब्य कण्ठे गुणं नीचैर्गर्जं मुहूर्तकं कुरु दयां सा बाष्पपूर्णक्षणा।

बाला बालमृणालकोमलतनुस्तन्वी न सोढुं क्षमा तां गत्वा सुगते गलज्जललवैराश्वासयात्मानिलैः।

"Brother cloud! Take your Indra's bow (rainbow). Tie the string to its neck (you have a powerful throat). (Give this message to her through your thundering noise.)

Just thunder very lightly just for a few seconds. Show concern to her. (Do not frighten her by a loud noise.)

That young girl will have her eyes filled with tears. (She will be crying at all times in my memory.)

She has a body as tender as the lotus stalk and is slender in build.

She cannot bear (your loud thundering noise).

Hey cloud - 'you who are going through the beautiful path in the sky'!

Reach her; with just a slight drizzle revive her with your softly blowing winds."

चित्ततूलिकया व्योम्नि लिखित्वालिङ्गिता सती न जाने क्वाधुनैवेतः पयोद दयिता गता।

"Hey Cloud! I drew her on the sky with the brush of my mind and embraced her.

I do not know now, where she vanished! (I am also suffering here in her thoughts.)"

HE FAINTS IN THE PAIN OF SEPARATION

इत्थं चिन्तापरवशमतेस्तन्वि त्वयाऽसावन्तर्लीनप्रसरमनसः क्वापि याता स्मृतिर्मे

संपन्नोहं परवशवपुः काष्ठकुड्योपमाङ्गो भङ्गं सोढुं क इव विरहक्लेशजं नाम शक्तः।

Hey slender-bodied girl! I had become sorrowful in the mind like this.

My mind has sunk inside and my capacity to think properly through memories had gone along with you.

(“Then what happened?” the girl is wondering.) (The lover continues his story.)

"Now I have no sense of anything present or past. My body has become something akin to a wooden log.

(I was like a dead-body.) How can I bear the misfortune of the pain of separation at all?

पश्चाज्जातः कलकलरवः सन्तते पान्थसार्थं दीनालापैर्व्यसनविधुरैरालपन्ते च मेघम्।

कष्टं पान्थो मृत इति महारम्भसंपन्नहाहाशब्दः प्रोद्यत्पथिकवनिताविस्तृतोरःप्रहारः।

Immediately there arose a lot of commotion among the co-travellers.

With sorrowful words and shocked by the calamity, they are blaming the cloud.

(All this happened because of that horrible cloud!)

(This person saw the cloud; remembered his lover and is dead now!)

“Alas! The traveller is dead!” Such sounds as “Ha! Ha” were produced in a great quantity, with all the women in the crowd of travellers beating their chests; and crying out aloud.

लोकेनायं मृत इति ततो बाष्पसंपूरिताक्षं शार्वीं पूजां विरचितवता संचयीकृत्य दारु

दग्धुं नीतोऽस्म्यतिभयमहं प्रज्वलच्चित्यनन्तप्रोद्यत्स्फोटस्फुटारावरौद्रं श्मशानम्।

Those people thought me to be dead. Their eyes were filled with tears.

In order to do the necessary rites connected to the dead body, they collected some wooden sticks; and in order to cremate my body, I was taken to the terror-filled Rudra’s abode of cremation ground, where countless funeral pyres were burning fiercely with the crackling noise made by the burning corpses.

तत्राहं तैः कमलवदने बाष्पपूर्णाक्षिपक्षैर्न्यस्तः कैश्चिच्चितिशयनके बद्धलोकालिलेखे

धूमोद्गाराविरलजटिले मस्तके मत्तमृत्योश्चूडारत्नोत्तम इव कलामात्रदृश्येऽग्निहेम्नि।

O Lotus faced one! There, I was placed on the bed of the pyre by the people with their eyes wet with tears. It was surrounded by people standing in a line all around.

The pyre was like the ‘excellent crest jewel’ adorning the head of the ‘intoxicated deity of death’. It was made of gold shining like the slightly blazing fire. The smoke was like curled up matted locks of his hair.

(The lover had been placed on the pyre. He was covered by the logs, and the fire was lit on the surface. The wood was wet and so the smoke filled the air. The pyre was like the crest jewel of Death-God; blazing fire was the gold; and the smoke was his curly hair. The smoke slowly started entering the nasal holes of the lover.)

अस्मिन्काले कुवलयलताकोमला धूमलेखा नासारन्ध्रं मृदुगलबिलं मे प्रवृत्ता नियातुं

उष्णा कृष्णा नकुलकलिता सत्वरं बालसर्पी भूमे रन्ध्रं तनुमिव दरादैर्घ्यसंकोचकुब्जा।

At this time, the line of smoke started to enter my nasal holes.

It was soft like the creeper of lotus; was hot; was black. It was like a baby serpent chased by a mongoose entering the hole in the ground, with its body contracted due to fear.

(The girl who is hearing this story is in shock; but the lover continues his bluff.

The lady has already forgotten all the complaints she had against him; and is feeling sympathy for him.)

त्वत्संकल्पामृतकवचितो नापविद्धस्तयाहं कुन्तश्रेण्या दृढपतनया वज्रकायो यथाजः।

Armoured by your Samkalpa (your memories), I was not injured like Brahmaa with his diamond-hard body was not injured by the continuous line of spears falling firmly on him (from the hands of Death.)

(He knew the story of Brahmaa and death maybe!)

त्वामासन्नां मदनसरितं हृद्गृहे गाहमानो मर्मच्छेदेष्वपि विलसिता नाविदं वेदनास्ताः।

(He was mentally experiencing the union of his beloved; and was not aware of the fire and smoke.)

I was bathing inside the cave of the heart where you were there as the ‘stream of love’; and those pains never were felt even in the sensitive parts.

एतावन्तं समयमुचितं तन्वि सार्धं त्वयान्तर्लीलालोलं हृदि चिरतरं तन्मयात्रानुभूतम्।

यस्मिन्दृष्टेऽमृतहृद इवोन्मज्जनौघैर्यथासौ राज्याभोगो विशसनमिवाल्पाल्पमेवैति बुद्धिः।

Hey slender one! All that time, while I was with you enjoying your company, inside the heart, such a bliss was experienced for long in the faint state. Compared to that experience which was like a continuous immersing inside the nectar-lake, the enjoyment of all royal pleasures get regarded as extremely worthless deadly pains only.

(He praises the bliss of her union now. ‘The joy of your company which is incomparable to any other joy! Your love-play, your words, your glances accompanied by a smile, the blissful embrace after the union, you being decorated by only one single strand of necklace with a small remote jewel in the centre, those wants, those sounds, those passionate acts, those laughter-filled movements, those fast movements, all those pleasant agitations, when all these things about you get remembered, what is there that does not give the bliss of tasting nectar?’)

त्वत्संगमे सुरतसौख्यरसायनेन बाले ततोऽहमतितृप्तया श्रमार्तः

तत्र स्थितो मृदुनि तल्पतले शशाङ्कबिम्बे शरच्छशिरनिर्मलशोचिषीव।

My young wife! In your union, by enjoying the nectar of your company, I became extremely satisfied.

I felt the need for rest, and I remained there on that soft bed which was like the moon disc with the taintless cool radiance. (Because of her thoughts, the pyre was like a moon-bed for him!)

(His beloved is completely enamoured with his love.)

अत्रान्तरे झटिति चन्दनपङ्कशीताद्दीर्घादिवेन्दुशकलादशनिः सशब्दः

दृष्टो मया चितितलज्वलितो हुताशः क्षीराब्धिवाडवनिभोङ्गगतः स्वतल्पात्।

Meanwhile, all of a sudden, from that cool moist moonlight, from that long piece of the moon where I was lying down, I saw the fire blazing in that funeral pyre with a loud noise, like the Vadava fire in the milk ocean, burning my body.” (The fire slowly reaches his body; and he wakes up.)

(The lady faints in shock.)

इत्युक्त्वति कान्तेऽस्मिन् हा हतास्मीति वादिनी मुग्धा मौग्ध्याद्वरावर्तशङ्कया मूर्च्छिता स्थिता।

While the lover was speaking like this, that gullible girl cried out aloud- “Ha! I am ruined!” and being caught in the whirlpool of unconsciousness, fainted.

तामेनामेष नलिनिदलवीजेन वारिभिः आश्वासयंस्तथावस्थां कण्ठे कृत्वात्र संस्थितः।

He immediately fanned her with the lotus leaf and by sprinkling some water on her, brought her back to consciousness; and remained embracing her by the neck.

पुनः पृष्ठोऽनया वक्ति पश्य तामेव संकथां एष पार्श्वगतामेनं गृहीत्वा चिबुके प्रियाम्।

When again questioned by her, look (hey king) how he is telling her the continuation of the same story embracing her who is seated next to him; and is holding her chin inside this Mandaara bower.

हा हा हुताश इति किञ्चिदिवोपजातखेदो वदामि खलु यावदहं त्वरावान्

तावच्चितिर्झटिति तैरवलुण्ठिता सा पान्थैः क्षणात्खरखराकुलिता लसद्भिः ।

“Ha Ha Fire!” “Quickly I started shouting like this, feeling a little pain.

Then those other travellers feeling joyous, extinguished the crackling fire in a second.

पान्थास्ततस्तरलतालविलासवाद्यमालिङ्ग्य मामतनुशेखरपूरिताङ्गं

उत्थापितस्थितिमलं परिवार्य सर्वे नेदुर्जगुर्जहसुराननृतुर्ववल्गुः।

The travellers hugged me who was like a musical instrument lifted out of fire.

(He made noise inside the fire like a musical instrument; so was lifted out.)

I was covered by lots of auspicious flower clusters and leaves (like a dead body.) They all surrounded me who was lifted out of the pyre; shouted in glee; moved here and there; laughed; danced and jumped about.

THE CREMATION GROUND

(For the body-identified Jeeva, the Cremation-ground is a terrifying site, and a reminder of his own cessation of life. However, for a Knower who is not identified with the matter-heap, the world itself is a Cremation-ground where the Rudra dances his dance of destruction along with Kaali, where nothing remains left back but ‘That alone’!)

विषमविनायकसुखदं वलितं भस्माहिशवशिरःप्रकरैः शशिधवलास्थिकपालं वपुरिव रौद्रं श्मशानमथ दृष्टम्।

I saw then the cremation ground (Jagat) which was like Rudra’s body.

There was the Kapaala (skull) (the dead mind), which was white (pure) like the (taintless) moon.

Ashes, snakes, and heads of corpses were scattered about (as at the destruction of all).

It ended all enterprises (of desires) like a contradictory Vinaayaka.

THE JAGAT OF THE IGNORANT IS THE CREMATION-GROUND FOR THE KNOWER

पार्श्वच्छायां हरन्तो विचलितविदलत्किलन्नकङ्कालगन्धास्तन्वन्तो भूरिभस्मप्रविततमिहिकामाधुनानाः शवानां
केशानाकाशकोशे शशिगलितशराकारिणः शांकाराणामस्थीनां टांकृतेनारचितखरगिरस्तत्र वाता वहन्ति।

The winds blow there, carrying the terrible tinkling sound produced by bones that dash against each other; removing the green colour of the trees nearby with the covering of ashes; filled with the fragrance of the breaking and moving skeletons; spreading abundant ashes all over, thus making the place misty; and caressing the hairs of corpses.

ज्वलदनलचितिप्रवाहनिर्यत्पवनहतोष्मविशुष्कपर्णवृक्षा

ज्वलनपवनभास्करात्मजानां रमणगृहानुकृतिं बिभर्ति सा भूः।

All the trees there, had lost their leaves because of the heat brought by the winds that carry the smoke produced by the flood of blazing funeral pyres. That place was like the pleasant home of the 'son of the Sun' (Shanishvara) (the son of knowledge) and the burning wind.

दृष्टं श्मशानं तदनन्तभीमकरङ्कम्कालघनामगन्धि

माद्यच्छिवावायसकङ्कगृध्रपिशाचवेतालविरावरौद्रम्।

The cremation ground was seen terrifying with the howls and cries of the intoxicated female jackals, crows, herons, vultures, Pishaachis, and Vetaalas.

It was disgusting with the thick smell of rotten skeletons and half burnt corpses.

आनीतनानाशवबन्धुसार्थसरोदनाह्लादिदिगन्तकुञ्जं

खगावकृष्टार्द्रशिरान्त्रतन्त्रीनिबद्धदग्धद्रुमखण्डजालम्।

Various types of dead bodies were getting carried inside continuously.

The loud lamentations of the relatives were adding to the joy of the direction-bowers.

(Their cries reached the skies.) The trees were appearing dead and burnt by the sinews and body parts dug out by the birds, hanging all over them.

क्वचिच्चितिक्षोभकृतप्रकाशं क्वचिन्महाकेशकृताब्दवृन्दं

क्वचिच्च रक्ताक्तधरावितानं नक्तं स्तनत्वभ्रमिवास्तशैलम्।

Sometimes, the pyre would get disturbed by the burning sticks; and suddenly blaze up and light up the surroundings. Sometimes, the half burnt hairs would fly in the wind; and create a cloud above the pyres. Sometimes, it will look like having a canopy made of blood; sometimes like a thundering cloud at night which has fallen down from the hill.

एवंप्रायाः कथाः कुर्वत्पश्यैनन्मिथुनं महत्पानं प्रवृत्तवत्सारं पातुं पद्मनिभेक्षण।

Hey King with lotus-like eyes! Look! This wonderful couple (Brahman and Jeeva) who conversing like this are enjoying the essence of the wine as it were (and are lost in the union-bliss).

(This is the true Yoga, the union of two into one!)