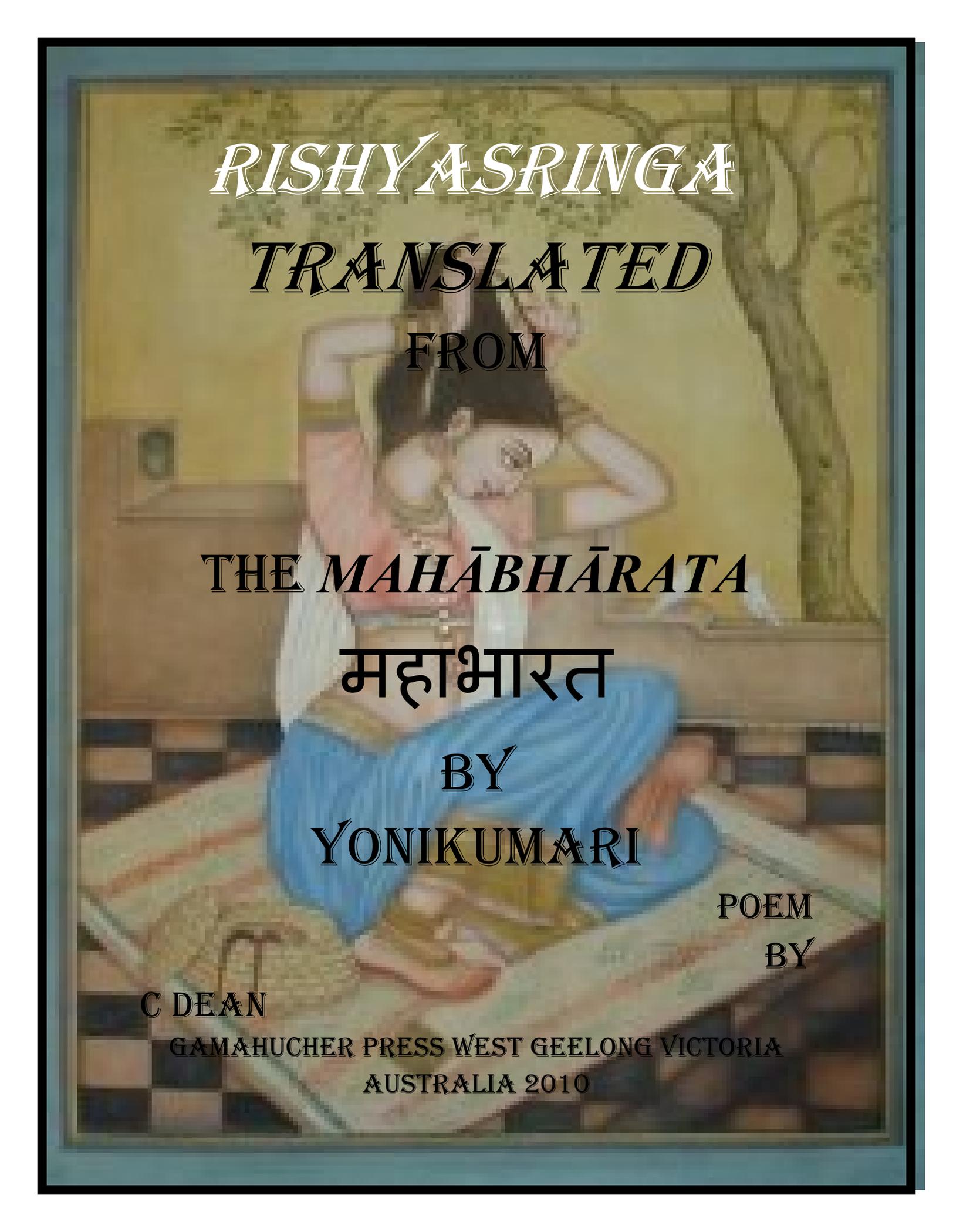


RISHYASRINGA

TRANSLATED
from
THE *MAHĀBHĀRATA*

BY
YONIKUMARI

Poem
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GAMAHUCHER PRESS WEST GEELONG VICTORIA

AUSTRALIA 2010

PREFACE

Ensconced in forest no woman to see

Man unto himself happy and free

Woman man sees then the forest he

flees

Caught in her webs with lusts passions he

grieves

Desires heart yearning flesh a burning

Torments at her nearing

Woman poor man taketh from peace and

to a soul a tearing

At the twelve-year sacrificial session of the family chieftain Saunaka in the forest of Naimisa the bard Ugrasravas son of Lomaharsana singer of ancient law recited The Mahabharata as told by Vaisampayana at the snake sacrifice of Janamejaya son of Pariksit as recited by Krsna Dvaipayana Vyasa divider of the Veda

Lomasa did say his mighty lay

Oh bull of the Bharatas

On this holy river Kausiti

Along side the hermitage of Punya of the mighty souled

Kasyapa-

Father of the one horned Rishyasringa strong of penance
and passions control-

Shines forth the resplendent hermitage of holy Visvamitra

Oh Lomasa Yudhisthira did say

How was the one horned Rishyasringa born of a doe

From such reprehensible miscegenation I wish to know

Lomasa did say his mighty lay

Oh bull of the Bharatas

On the banks of this emerald river

Engaged in austerities the great souled-Kasyapa was

Aroused into passion by Urvasi the heavenly Apsara

Into the water in which he mouthed washed great-souled
 Kasyapa spurted his semen virile Kasyapa spurted forth his
 milky seed

A doe thirsty of the water did drink sup up the gooey seed
 Gulp down the fluid and became pregnant and to breed
 Rishyasringa saintly strict of penances the one horned
 From the doe was born

The saintly Rishyasringa the mighty one horned
 Austere in the forest to penance and no women saw
 Austere in the forest to penance midst the forest with out
 awe

Pools strewn with lotus

Wild geese frolic in streams

Sephalika blossoms fragrant in the suns beams

Leaves splendidly jeweled coloured in the light riotous

Lotus-eyed gazelles black bodied bees

Through out the groves Rishyasringa sees

Peacocks mating dance and prance

Syama creepers lace knarled old trees

Bandhuka pollen the earth dusts

Alight with Kasa blossoms

Lakes emerald sheen on which love-sick swans glide
 serene

Jasmines twine and caress Asoka blooms
Love-drunk geese float tween lotus bright and lily white
Wisterias purple Bandhukas brilliant orange bright
The flames of passion in the perfumed scented light
Limbs to vines to limbs entwined
Tickling pistil to pistil flowers climbed
Encasing circling twining around
Flowlets hugged perfumed breathes as petals caressed
Green vines round tulips serpent like twinned
Twisting tendrils to the flowlets wedded
Woven petals tying in close union as jasmines daisies
clutched together bedded
A net work lacing in the humid scented air
Leaves green-blue hung about the blooms like emerald hair
From these loving blooms fragrant nectar dripped
O'er down and into glistening pools slipped
Scents from blooms of jasmine rose twinned round

Austere in the forest to penance Rishyasringa the one
horned

Neither moved nor noticed natures magic awe
Lomasa did say his mighty lay
Oh bull of the Bharatas

Lomapada Dasarathas friend at that time the Brahmins did
abuse

Indra the thousand-eyed god stopped the rain from the
clouds to issue

Oh bull of the Bharatas the cry went up “how will Parjanya
rain forth”

Oh bull of the Bhartatas a hermit wise did say

Seek atonement hence forth

Bring Rishyasringa ignorant of women full of penance this
day

Oh bull of the Bharatas Angas king the courtesans
summoned to lure Rishyasringa from his penanceing

Impossible they all did cry

But one old bawd do sayeth she will try

A hermitage floating she designed

Created by magic it looked divine

Flowers fruits of sweet taste mangos orange and rich date

Trees artificial with various blooms

Laced the bowers and grottos about the place

Delightful and pleasing perfumed by Ketakis pollen-dust

Rich copper coral-red Asoka buds o'er the ground spread

As tender shoots up to the sun light thrust

Lilies unfolding deep-blue

Kasa blooms milky white
Lotus full-blown pale-pink
Shimmering colours neath the suns crystal light
While Kadambas into bloom burst
Neath trees swaying with wind swept branches
Clasped by Malati buds twinned in Asoka blooms
Priyangu's dark green stems clutched the yielding Asoka's
drooping bloom
Flowers yellow scarlet blooms lay like multi-coloured
butterflies with brilliant plume
Atimukta's pale purple tubes kissed Banduka's orange
coloured bloom but did not bruise
Sirtsa's tubular floret powder puffs quivered neath the lilies
languid touch
Petals to petals lips to lips in one lolling languid kiss
Fragrant juicy poppy blooms and full scented breathing rose
The hermitage flower perfumed
Luring the senses to seduce Rishyasringa from his
penances
Oh bull of the Bharatas
Mooring the paradise near Rishyasringa
Near the hermitage of Kasyapa
The bawd with plan in mind

Sent her virgin daughter to Rishyasringa to find

The virgin did say her languid lay

Oh saintly Rishyasringa the horny one

Doth all go well for the penances devotees

Are all thy roots and fruits ample I hope neath this

brilliant sun

Doth thou taketh delight in thy hermitage surrounded by

fragrant trees Oh saintly Rishyasringa the horny one

To thee I come verily to visit thee

Hopeing thy father is pleased with thee

And he hast not slackened his austerities

Oh saintly Rishyasringa the horny one

Verily I come to visit thee

Rishyasringa the horny one did say his lay

Oh thou shines like light an opulent luster a mass so bright

To thee I deem worthy the obeisance of me

To thee I will give water to wash thy feet

Fruits and nuts upon which to feast

All this I give as my religion doth proscribe from me

Oh thou opulent mass of light

Seat thee on the sacred mat of kusa grass

O'er which spreads the black deer skin

Oh thou opulent mass of light

Thou resemble a god in thy looks

Pray tell what is the religious vow

That thou seems to be observing now

The virgin did say her languid lay

Oh saintly Rishyasringa the horny one

Son of Kasyapa born under the sun

Three Yojanas hence lies my hermitage a delightful place

Full of heavenly grace

Oh saintly Rishyasringa the horny one

Neither there do I obeisance receive or feet wash

But to thee in my arms clasped is the obeisance from me

In my arms clasped thee is the obeisance due thee

Rishyasringa the horny one did say

Let me give fruits ripe Indian figs Karushas

Tasty gallnuts succulent myrobalans

From sandy tracts fresh Ingudas

Let me give fruits to resplendent thee

Take delight in them may thee they please

Lomasa did say his mighty lay

Aside she threw Rishyasringa edible fruits

And to him presented unsuitable things from other shoots

Beautiful to see exceedingly nice they were all acceptable
to he

Saffron rice lemon perfumed

Cinnamon sprinkled with powdered nuts to see

Raisins crushed sublimated in water of rose

Almond cakes whose sugary syrup teased the nose

Wrinkled figs of ripeness

Grape-fruit limes bananas of yellow brightness

Pastry of cheese honey made

Melons limes dates from hot summer glades

Rice dishes of ambergris aloewood musk and nard

Fragrant dishes spread before him yard upon yard

Dishes oil-soaked quivering masses sweet with perfume

Consistent and soft like thick goats cream

Like the purist amber the scent from shining delicacies

From the table of the gods they did seem

To Rishyasringa garlands she gave

Bright flowerets rich in colours and fragrant scent

Shimmering garments silken robes gold thread laced

Brocades of velvet saffron coloured soft as lotus buds

Cloths rich of hue lapis lazuli blue

Cloaks whose colour is fine with brilliant reds

Silk shawls interlaced with silver raw rich silk with vermilion
edges

Capes alight with gem glittering light

Sparkling like rings of coats of mail made of gold filigree

Sapphire coloured shoes o'er which mating peacocks traced

To Rishyasringa drinks she gave

Well scented drinks to titillate the taste

Sherbets sugary sweet

Rose scented syrups to make the heart to race

Drinks perfumed with Orange scent

Cinnamon spiced beverages filled with raisin juice

Drinks of violet tint and golden bowls filled with verjuice

After all these gifts the virgin played

With bouncing ball she played

While all around her gifts were arrayed

With bouncing ball she played

And looked like a creeping plants divided into two

Frolicking around him loose and swirling

Touching his limbs seductively

Frolicking around him loose and twirling

In her arms clasping Rishyasringa teasingly

From the Sala Asoka and Tilaka trees she did twigs bend
and break

With bashful looks from the twigs she was intoxicate

Rishyasringa she saw his heart was moved

Swirling twirling gyrating curling

Rishyasringa limbs she did touch beguiling

Swirling twirling gyrating curling

In her arms Rishyasringa she clasped delighting

On pretext going away to light the sacred fire

She left Rishyasringa on fire

O'er powered with love his senses lost

Rishyasringa sighed in distress

Mind vacant one pointed on her his mind did rest

Then came Vibhandaka who saw Rishyasringa unrest

Whose eyes to heaven in plaintive sighs

With mind disturbed and longing eyes

Vibhandaka with anguished heart did cry “who has been
here today “ to upset thy penance ways

Rishyasringa the horny one did say his plaintive lay

Oh father dear

A student today came with a mass of hair neither short nor
tall and of good cheer

A body opulent shineing as the sun

Skin the colour of gold braid hair blue-black like the black
bumble bee

Cascading down twirling around his limbs like the serpents
here

Translucent and fragrant curling down

Fastened up with gold bright thread shineing like a pearly
tear

His lips fig-like red

His waist the compass of a golden thread
His form a shapely stem well bred
Oh father dear he had wide eyes big round **O**s like the lotus
plant
Coloured black and white as the gay cakoras
His teeth shone like marble rows of **n**s
Ornaments like cups shone like lightening from round his
neck
Neath his throat two large globes like the letter **B**
On his chest did sit with out no hair and oh so beguiling to
see
Like wavey water they did ripple and bounce
Wobble jiggle as he did trounce about
Firm and tender full and round
Bold orbs on which I gazed
Trapped within them paradise I had found
O'er round about on them my I eyes played
Like two mangos on his chest for a seat
His waist was pinched and oh so neat
Hips so large and full so full of meat

Arse round and smooth large like the letter **m** with a middle
groove

Round which a girdle sat like mine but ever more fine

Jingle sounds came from his feet

His hands had on them tied some things like prayer beads

Which like jingling did chime

When moving he these jingling things did tinkle like love mad
geese upon the limpid pools

Oh father dear and his clothes of exquisite cloth did put mine
to shame

Like the song of the male cuckoo his voice did lilt

To gladden the heart and bother my soul to the very hilt

What wonderful face his was to behold to enliven limbs and
burn up the cold

As in the spring time the forest scents do caress the nose his
delightful body scent sent my horn aglow

In equal parts his fragrant blue-black hair fall down his limbs
on either side

Rippling fleece ecstatic sight in each turquoise curl

Coiled and garlanded glittering net a shineing snare

My eyes upon trapped in rapturous stare

Upon that perfumed hair

Dense as the darkness of starless night

Entrapped my eyes in its bounteous sight
On each neat ear was circles full of colour and finely shaped
Oh father dear what delights his form did show as around
me he did glide

In his hand a brilliant fruit did glow
To which he did bounce and bounce from ground to his
hand did go

Twirling swirling he beat it

Whirling curling like the trees in a breeze

Turning around around he did beat it

Oh father dear like a god he did seem

Unbounded my pleasure my joy extreme

He clasped me griped me bending down did go both we

Mouth to mouth clasping my limbs

Mingling tongues within our mouths they swim

Sucking breaths we uttered sounds deliciously

Sucking breaths oh exquisite rapturously

Neither my fruit nor feet did he wash this day

To this he did say

That this was the practice of his religious way

To me he gave fruits without rind or seed

Delicious drinks that pleased me exceedingly

Made my head feel dizzy and the ground to move

Oh father these are the garlands he gave to me

Look how pleasant they are to see

Twinned with gold and silver threads

Trimmed with filigrees vermilion red

Oh father dear this god like man did leave me here sad and
alone'

To his hermitage he did go

Saddening my heart and burning in my flesh

Oh that I can go with him I desire him

To have him each day to walk about with him

Oh father dear what are these religious ways of him

I long to do as he as practiced by him

Oh my heart is yearning my horn doth burn

My limbs do throb

Ache quiver my fluids churn

Oh father dear what is this I feel

Why am I perturbed

I long for him

I desire for him

That opulent form that ball of light

Those ravishing eyes

That cause me to throb and sigh

Oh my soul is in torment if I see him not

He I want and **Moksha** not

Bring me him and give me liberation nigh

Oh this heat that in my horn doth beat

ISBN 1876347813

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