

**Indian love**

**Poems**

**By**

**C dean**

**Indian love**

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**By**

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# Preface

**No songs of these in the Veda nor  
 in Puranas no songs sang of these  
 by the Rishis these songs taketh  
 thee to heaven catapult thee to  
 moshka awaken insight cloak thee  
 o'er with sensuality with sublimity  
 with the profundity of these songs  
 into ravishing bliss of the bhakti no  
 songs of these found in the tantra  
 nor in the Kama Sutra nor  
 Ananga-Ranga nor the  
 Rasikapriya of Keshavadasa nor in  
 the Bhakti-Sutra these songs will  
 taketh thee beyond bhava beyond  
 moshka**

THE SONG OF  
SHAKUNTALA

FROM THE  
*ABHIJÑĀNAŚĀKUNTALAM*

*OF*

KĀLIDĀSA

FROM THE UJJAYINI RECENSION  
TRANSLATED BY  
MAHA-KAVI-SRINGARA-SUBHASITA

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**Gamahucher press geelong west Victoria Australia  
 2013**

## **TRANSLATORS FORWAD**

**The Ujjayini recension is a marvelous example of Kālidāsa's art though there are reminiscences of his work Rtusamharam in his Shakuntala what is remarkable about Shakuntala's song is the vivid contrasts Kālidāsa creates in this song. We have the intense emotional subjectivity of Shakuntala's outpourings contrasted with the stark objectivity of the descriptions of the environment. Also these juxtapositions contrast different styles: one lyric the other almost prose. Now while there are contrasts in the two different styles within Shakuntala's song there is nevertheless harmony and mutual supporting of each style to give a unified picture of Skauntala's emotional state. The bleak heat burnt landscape is a metaphor for Shakuntala's inner state ie heated with passions fires and devastated by her separation The heat destroyed world of pain and misery is a metaphor for Shakuntala's own inner world The whole song is one long conceit contrived and executed with outstanding mastery surpassed only by the great sringara poet Ganjadeen**

**PREFACE**

**Separation is sad sorrow**

**No today**

**No tomorrow**

**The present an empty hollow**

**Only past in which we wallow**

**The inside becomes the outside**

**Desolate within desolate the without**

**The inner world mirrored in the outer**

**The subjective becomes the objective**

**In loves longing we waste away**

**Only sadness never gay**

**The present an empty hollow**

**No tomorrow**

**No today**

**Separation is sad sorrow**



On the bank of the Malini river in blazing  
 noonday sun Lady Shakuntala with her friends  
 took refuge amongst perfumed bowers and  
 twinning vines as vultures speckled the trees  
 like myriad leaves<sup>1</sup>

Dear friends through my head runs a melodic  
 song for King Dushyanta for whom I long  
 Oh dear friends listen to my song<sup>2</sup> to tell me if  
 my words are well chosen to express my  
 feeling for whom I long

My nights and days are long for the one I  
 long oh thou heartless one

---

<sup>1</sup> The vultures as mentioned in the Bengali texts used by Kisari Mohan Ganguli translation of “The Mahabharata” were there to protect Shakuntala as a baby left by Menaka on the banks of the Malini. Adi Parva section LXXI.154 The Mahabharata” trans Kisari Mohan Ganguli, Munshiram Manoharlal Publishers, New Delhi India 1997

<sup>2</sup> This song sequence is the most important difference between the Ujjayini recension and the Bengal (East Indian) recension. In the later Shakuntala’s song is only five lines Shak : act 3. 19

haunted with love my nights and days are long

oh thou heartless one

my body yearns for thee

for thee the one I do not see

thy heart I do not know

so

my nights and days are long for the one I

long oh thou heartless one

the heated sighs from my lips wither the trees

leaves leaves me forlorn

my heart greaves

breasts heaves

my soul out breathes

the heated sighs from my lips wither the trees

leaves me forlorn

scorches the bodies of lions wild bulls

shrivels the grasses the heat the air fulls

panting in trees thirsty bulbuls  
the heated sighs from my lips wither the trees  
leaves leaves me forlorn  
lakes dry in the sizzling heat  
heat hazes shimmer o'er ground round  
buffaloes feet  
tongues hanging lips frothing animal herds  
burn in the heat  
oh heartless one raging fires burn due to the  
heated desires of my sighs  
oh heartless one come to me and save the world  
from my sighs  
come kiss my lips  
kiss my neck  
run thy lips along my breasts  
thru my hair thy fingers twine  
rap thy arms around me like the jasmine vine

crush me to thy chest  
absorb my flesh into thine  
breathe breath to breath  
breathe thy soul with each breath into I  
nibble thy teeth along my lips edge  
that I may bite thy pink tongue with delight  
oh heartless one come clasp me tight  
that I may feel the thunder of thy veins  
surge thru thy flesh more tempest than  
monsoon storm  
enveloped in passions fires  
our scorching desires  
burning us up in flames heated glows  
sweeping us up into ecstasies throws  
oh thou heartless one  
the heated sighs from my lips wither the trees  
leaves me forlorn

raging fires ignited by my sighs  
driven on by my heated sighs  
burns vines bushes as smoke to the sky flies  
flames flickering like rose petals  
blazes fanned by my sighs  
crackles and bursts into flames grasses searing  
under my sighs  
antelopes boars thirsty foaming crash thru  
glens the flames fearing  
frogs into pools leap as the water sizzles and  
evaporates in the heat  
flaming leaves smothering smoke into the air  
my sighs heaves  
languid lolling I do lay longing thee I do say  
oh heartless one my love consumes like the  
raging fires consume the trees

oh that thee will come and say from thy lips  
those sweet words to make me gay  
thinking of thee sends quivers thru my veins  
thinking of thee sends trembles thru my limbs  
thinking of thee ignites fires that boils my  
blood

come oh heartless one sweep me swooning up  
into thy arms like a mother with child  
transport me insensibly to rapturous bliss  
look into my eyes that I can see all the beauty  
of the world

look into my eyes that I can see thy  
inextinguishable love  
I shall breathe o'er thee my love like the wind  
sweeps o'er the forest fires  
oh thou heartless one

the heated sighs from my lips wither the trees

leaves leaves me forlorn

snakes thirsty in the heated air flicker tongues

for moisture in the air

slithering hissing thy seek shelter under some

rock their lair

elephants in agony from the sizzling sun

swinging trunk throw dust o'er their scorched

flesh

lions heavy breathing panting dry throat to

heated to seek shelter

insects burning on the scorched earth burrow

deep into the parched soil

animals bellow roar screech maddened by thirst

in the heat from my sighs

oh heartless one come join me on this bed of

flowers protected from my sighs

come join me that I hear no more goodbyes  
oh heartless one thy image is in my eyes  
thy name on all my sighs  
my hearts secrets from my lips flies  
sleep eludes me  
with grief I swoon with the memory of thee  
my eyes my mind are forever with thee leaving  
me alone  
once rounded my breasts droop  
my waist grows thinner like sand in an hour  
glass  
oh heartless one I waste away longing for thee  
I burn with the fever of separation from thee  
Oh heartless one come and to loves deliriums  
transport me  
oh thou heartless one



the heated sighs from my lips wither the trees

leaves me forlorn

the heat haze covers the earth like a

shimmering shroud

relentless are my sighs driving hot winds

cracks lace river beds like open wounds

burning fires ravage glens and forests

fires roam o'er the earth shimmering like gold

in the heat haze

cruel flames shrivel leaves vines flowers untold

from branch to branch hot winds blow flames

fluttering like scarlet petals

the fires glare out glares the sun above

a furnace below blazes with brilliant yellow

glow

fanned my the hot breath of my sighs

oh heartless one only thy loves elixir can cure

my heated sighs

only thy loves elixir can cure the pangs of our

goodbyes

this separation oh heartless one torments me

with distressing pain

listless with anguish lusterless now my pallid

skin

without thou oh heartless one the loneliness

burns like flames of fire

while I burn with hot passions desires

my love shall last till the universe expires

come so that at thy feet I shall kiss

look up into thy I eyes oh what bliss

give to me the curve of thy lips

that I may interminably kiss

while I bathe in the rapture of thy eyes

oh thou heartless one  
the heated sighs from my lips wither the trees  
leaves leaves me forlorn  
o'er the land whirlwinds dance  
scorching winds throw up dust  
like red blood the light a haze hanging o'er all  
tender shoots a cinder  
tree roots sizzle and spit  
in river beds fish dead lie frying  
maddened by heat the cobra strikes at gold  
glittering mirages  
as his crest-jewel glimmers as sunlight flickers  
off  
bouncing off dust flecks skimming o'er the  
ground like beams of flaming light surrounding  
he

raging winds searing heat flowing from the  
sighs of me

oh my love sings to me he has come hearing the  
sighs from me

oh slender girl loves fires burn in thee true  
but more relentless in me he utterly consumes

oh love while the day covers over the moon

nothing covers the brightness of you

oh my beloved gazes at me with lustrous eyes

shooting loves darts with eyebrow bows

they pierce my heart no more apart

enraptured I clap and dance

laugh with joy swirl and prance

my love has come

his loving smile

his loving glances

his lotus-petal eyes

hugging closely at his feet I clasp  
tears up well and drop from my eyes  
fall to the ground ending my sighs  
moisting the earth rivers do run  
dispelling the heat  
reborn shoots from withered leaves all is green  
under the sun

**ISBN 9781876347619**





**GITAVESYA<sup>3</sup>**

**OF**

**YONIDARSANIYA<sup>4</sup>**

**OF**

**VESYAGRIHA<sup>5</sup>**

**POEM**

**BY C DEAN**

**GAMAHUCHER PRESS GEELONG WEST GEELONG  
VICTORIA AUSTRALIA**

**2009**

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<sup>3</sup> Gita means song Vesya mean prostitute So title means “Song of the prostitute “

<sup>4</sup> Yoni means cunt Darsaniya means attractive So her name is “Attractive cunt”

<sup>5</sup> brothel

## PREFACE

Long curved lashes o'er languid  
eyes collyrium darkened bird –  
like eyes softly closing  
languorous wooings enthralling  
enrapturing limpid bright eyes  
scripticiously smiling seductively  
alluring gem-like eyes flickering  
fluttering rolling the strumpet  
snake-like enchants bewitches  
with deadly glances



## ACCOMPANIED BY THE DIPAK<sup>6</sup> RAGA

Oh nayaka<sup>7</sup> thy kcoras<sup>8</sup> scent attracts thy taruna<sup>9</sup> with her  
sighs

See the sarada<sup>10</sup> moon brilliant eye in the sky

Jeweled with sapphire and opal lights studding the velvet on  
high

See the river flowing like molten silvery water wet moon  
light flashing gems like Indras<sup>11</sup> net

Hear the peacock's calls wafting o'er Vesyagrihas<sup>12</sup> cities  
walls

Summoning to malati bowers lovers all

Hear the Dipak ragas languorous notes fill the night with  
voluptuous melodies

Smell the aragaja<sup>13</sup> wafting from garlanded balconies

Smell the love lust as my skin hair stands and perspiration<sup>14</sup>  
pours Oh nayaka thy taruna calls

To my eyes soft languid sighs come hither

---

<sup>6</sup> Musical raga according to ancient musicians kindled fire on its performance. Many musicians will not play it or even mention its name

<sup>7</sup> The dictionary definition of nayaka is "eminent person" Hindi poets used the word to mean ideal lover Keshavadasa in his Rasikapriya classifies the nayaka into four types; agreeable, dexterous, deceitful, brazen

<sup>8</sup> A flower whose scent is said to attract snakes

<sup>9</sup> Taruna is the period in a girls life when she has completed her fifteenth year and just before she turns sixteen

<sup>10</sup> Sarada is the night of the full moon when the moon shines with its greatest brilliance in the Aswina month (September- October)

<sup>11</sup> Indra's net has a multifaceted jewel at each vertex, and each jewel is reflected in all of the other jewels. Indra's net symbolizes a universe where infinitely repeated mutual relations exist between all members of the universe

<sup>12</sup> A brothel

<sup>13</sup> A perfume made of sandalwood saffron and camphor applied to the body of women

<sup>14</sup> The hair standing up and perspiration are seen as signs of sexual longing

In the moonlight tangled web of perfumes and jewels  
radiant glitter

I will love thee on cushions of silken cloth

I will love thee midst brocade and wings ruby froth

Loiter not while moonlight twinkles o'er terraces and  
bazaars

And mating kōzls<sup>15</sup> woo to the twinkling of stars

Drink deep of my eyes of rapture

Fill thy soul from my poppy lips of enchantment

Delight in my angaraga<sup>16</sup> scented limbs

Breathe the scent of sandal from my gem tangled serpent-  
like hair

Oh nayaka as the elephant to its mate fly to me

As the vine to its tree clasp me

As lips I long for lips kiss me

Oh nayaka the flames of love's fires scar me

The sandal paste melts on me

The moonlight burns me

The night seems a thousand years separated from thee

O nayaka cool me quench me my relief comes from thee

---

<sup>15</sup> Asian or Australia cuckoo

<sup>16</sup> A scented paste made of sandalwood musk and saffron to heighten the beauty of women's bodies

Comə nakaya to the wooing of my mellifluous singing  
 Comə nakaya to the pearl shinning in my bəmdi<sup>17</sup> swaying  
 Comə nayaka to the firs in my collorium<sup>18</sup> Khanjana <sup>19</sup>eyes  
 rolling

Oh nayaka comə comə to mə  
 The sighs of lovə float o'er Vəsyagriha  
 Peacocks frogs and koəls cry out  
 Øyəd am I with lovəs lusty passion

---

<sup>17</sup> A flower shaped ornament worn by women in the middle of their forehead suspended by a string tied to a braid and runs along the parting of the hair

<sup>18</sup> Lamp black Indian women use it to beautify their eyes to make them dark and bright

<sup>19</sup> The Indian wagtail. Hindi poets compare a woman's eyes to the eyes of this bird

My gourd-like breasts heave with emotion  
 My conch-like cunt wet like the salty ocean  
 Dive in nayaka and like the gods churn my ocean  
 Rapturous pantings passionate bosoms inflaming fires  
 Wild entrancements the koels note and ragas tone  
 Glittering jewels with my cunts soft moan  
 My eyes glimmer in the luminous night  
 Brilliant flashes from my ruby red lips  
 Love beyonds from my undulating hips  
 Come nayaka  
 Fireflies circle my hair  
 Peacock plumes flutter in the air  
 Jeweled earrings outshines the limpid moon  
 My heart calls nayaka for loves dance  
 Playing laughing seductively for thee  
 Jeweled rays from my eyes break the night  
 Sweet sighs from my poppy sweet lips float with glee

Come nakaya to the wooing of my mellifluous singing  
 Come nakaya to the pearl shinning in my bẽmdi<sup>20</sup> swaying  
 Come nayaka to the fires in my collorium<sup>21</sup> Khanjana <sup>22</sup>eyes  
 rolling  
 Come nayaka to the tarivana<sup>23</sup> flashing from my heads  
 waving  
 Come  
 Come

I am Sitas desires  
 I am Draupadis longings  
 I am Damayantis fears  
 I am Savitris hopes  
 I am Sakuntalas sorrows

---

<sup>20</sup> A flower shaped ornament worn by women in the middle of their forehead suspended by a string tied to a braid and runs along the parting of the hair

<sup>21</sup> Lamp black Indian women use it to beautify their eyes to make them dark and bright

<sup>22</sup> The Indian wagtail. Hindi poets compare a woman's eyes to the eyes of this bird

<sup>23</sup> Tarivana is a flower shaped ornament worn in a woman's earlobe

I am Radha's lustings  
 I am she Ūrvasi the gods are enthralled by me  
 I am she the Āpsaras who turn men mad  
 I am she Lakshmi who soothes I am bliss I am  
 insatiable happiness  
 I am men's dreams in the scent of my hair they  
 doth deliquesce  
 I am she the Yakshini I shape shift to thy desires  
 I am this I am that anything that doth intice  
 Come! I am delight Come! I am desire! Come I will  
 set thee on fire!  
 Come nayaka in my arms I offer paradise

Come nakaya to the wooing of my mellifluous singing  
 Come nakaya to the pearl shinning in my bṛmḍi<sup>24</sup> swaying  
 Come nayaka to the fires in my collgrium<sup>25</sup> Kḥanjana  
<sup>26</sup>eyes rolling

---

<sup>24</sup> A flower shaped ornament worn by women in the middle of their forehead suspended by a string tied to a braid and runs along the parting of the hair

<sup>25</sup> Lamp black Indian women use it to beautify their eyes to make them dark and bright

Comę nakaka to the tarivana<sup>27</sup> flashing from my heads  
waving

Comę

Comę

Oh Comę nakaya my Ćakor<sup>28</sup> more ruptured on my eyes  
than the moon sailing high

My eyes sparkle roll and sway

Gleam back and forth roll and wave

---

<sup>26</sup> The Indian wagtail. Hindi poets compare a woman's eyes to the eyes of this bird

<sup>27</sup> Tarivana is a flower-shaped ornament worn in a woman's earlobe

<sup>28</sup> The red-legged partridge found in India. In Hindu poetry it is enamored of the moon and cannot take its eyes off it

My eyes close languidly feel the quiver of my lids  
 My body is moist with aragaja with limbs shaking from the  
 pangs of lust  
 My hair a tangle of jeweled lights and sandal dust  
 Anklets gemmed ring my feet my cunt aflamed with humid  
 heat  
 Nagaka sublime tormentor come revel with me  
 Clasp me tight I give my lips to thee  
 Come nagaka and lets play seductively  
 With smoldering fevers of love  
 My heart suffers suffocations  
 Scents of sandalbalm moonlit lotus pools  
 Lets love my love thy ardor of me cools  
 I bristle with lust  
 Cry shudder gasp  
 My breath rises falls stammers  
 Fevers of passion long for thy clasp  
 My eyes in tender tears  
 Like dew flickering on lotuses with broken stems  
 Nagaka I suffer in pangs of separation  
 My swollen breasts are riper than mango fruit  
 Come suck them and relieve me of this lamentation



Comə nakaya to thə wooing of my mɛllifluous singing  
 Comə nakaya to thə pɛarl shinning in my bɛmdi<sup>29</sup> swaying  
 Comə nayaka to thə firɛs in my collgrium<sup>30</sup> Khanjana  
<sup>31</sup>ɛyɛs rolling  
 Comə nayaka to thə tarivana<sup>32</sup> flashing from my hɛads  
 waving  
 Comə  
 Comə  
 Oh Comə nakaya my Cakor<sup>33</sup> morɛ rupturɛd on my ɛyɛs  
 than thə moon sailing high  
 My ɛyɛs sparklɛ roll and sway  
 ɔlɛam back and forth roll and wavɛ  
 Soothing wooing back and forth suing  
 Sidɛ to sidɛ back and forth smoothing  
 ɔlɛaming sidɛ to sidɛ swaying

---

<sup>29</sup> A flower shaped ornament worn by women in the middle of their forehead suspended by a string tied to a braid and runs along the parting of the hair

<sup>30</sup> Lamp black Indian women use it to beautify their eyes to make them dark and bright

<sup>31</sup> The Indian wagtail. Hindi poets compare a woman's eyes to the eyes of this bird

<sup>32</sup> Tarivana is a flower shaped ornament worn in a woman's earlobe

<sup>33</sup> The red legged partridge found in India. In Hindu poetry it is enamored of the moon and cannot take its eyes of it

Smiling twææn languid sighs  
 Enfætting fæt turn and twirl  
 Two step four step my hair doth curl  
 Eyes flash scripticously  
 Fæt enthreading fingers swaying rhythmically  
 Thin fingers hænna tipped twinæ  
 Paint ræd lingering lines  
 Swollæn bræasts sway in a row  
 Jelly soft to and fro  
 Swaying swinging waving likæ blossoms  
 Thæ Bichiga<sup>34</sup> græms firæ as my fæt prancæ and dancæ  
 Eyes staræ thæ fingers lily-likæ ænwitch with mælodious  
 chant  
 Wantonly winding æntwining thæ fingers lingeringly beat  
 Undulating about thou I malati-likæ twinæ  
 Cræpær -likæ about thou I climb  
 Tremulous wavings my arms about thy form thread  
 Voluptuous clinging thæ fæt twirl finger ænfurl thy hæad  
 Gæm girthæd arms æncirelæ ængulf with eyes radiant  
 My hæad to and fro undulatæs thæ fætts beat palpitatæs  
  
 Comæ nakaya to thæ wooing of my mælifluous singing

---

<sup>34</sup> An ornament shaped like a ring worn on the toes by women

Comə nakaya to the pearl shining in my bəmdi<sup>35</sup> swaying

Comə nayaka to the firs in my collgrium<sup>36</sup> Khanjana

<sup>37</sup>eyes rolling

Comə nayaka to the tarivana<sup>38</sup> flashing from my heads

waving

Comə

Comə

Oh Comə nakaya my Cakor<sup>39</sup> more ruptured on my eyes

than the moon sailing high

My eyes sparkle roll and sway

Gleam back and forth roll and wave

Soothing wooing back and forth suing

Side to side back and forth smoothing

Gleaming side to side swaying

Eyes to eyes staring

Side to side glaring

Lunging my fangs into nayakas neck tearing

---

<sup>35</sup> A flower shaped ornament worn by women in the middle of their forehead suspended by a string tied to a braid and runs along the parting of the hair

<sup>36</sup> Lamp black Indian women use it to beautify their eyes to make them dark and bright

<sup>37</sup> The Indian wagtail. Hindi poets compare a woman's eyes to the eyes of this bird

<sup>38</sup> Tarivana is a flower shaped ornament worn in a woman's earlobe

<sup>39</sup> The red legged partridge found in India. In Hindu poetry it is enamored of the moon and cannot take its eyes off it

ISBN 1876347767



# *RISHYASRINGA*

## *THE MAHĀBHĀRATA*







*RISHYASRINGA*

*TRANSLATED*

FROM

THE *MAHĀBHĀRATA*

महाभारत

BY

YONIKUMARI

POEM

BY

C DEAN

GAMAHUCHER PRESS WEST GEELONG VICTORIA

AUSTRALIA 2010

## PREFACE

Enskonced 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 blooms 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 dear 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

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ṚṣYAŚṛNGA



20 Verses From The *Amaruśataka*  
*Of Amaru*  
*(EROTIC POETRY)*

Poesy renderings by c l dean

Vol.I

Poems by

C dean

20 Verses From The *Amaruśataka*<sup>40</sup>  
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<sup>40</sup> The text of the *Amaruśataka* used is that from C.R. *Devadhar* edition of the *Amarusataka* "Amaruśataka With Sringeradipika of Vemabhupala A centum of Ancient Love Lyrics of Amaruśaka" (Critically edited with an introduction English translation and Appendices) by Chintaman Ramachandra Devadhar, Motilal Banarsidass Deili, 1984

## INTRODUCTION

The *Amaruśataka* or *Amarukaśataka*, “the hundred stanzas of Amaru”), authored by **Amaru** (also Amaruka), is a collection of poems dated to about the 7<sup>th</sup><sup>[1]</sup> or 8<sup>th</sup> century.<sup>[2]</sup> The *Amaruśataka* ranks as one of the finest [lyrical poetry](#) in the annals of [Sanskrit literature](#), ranking with [Kalidasa](#) and [Bhartrhari](#)’s *Śrngâraśataka*. The ninth-century literary critic [Anandavardhana](#) declared in his *Dhvanyaloka* that “a single stanza of the poet Amaru ... may provide the taste of love equal to what’s found in whole volumes.” Its verses have been used by poets and critics as examples and standards to judge other poems by. [Andrew Schelling](#) describes it as “love poetry original and vivid as that produced anywhere on the planet”.<sup>[2]</sup>

Its subject is mostly [Sringara](#) (erotic love, romantic love) including aspects such as love, passion, estrangement, longing, rapprochement, joy and sorrow, etc. Greg Bailey notes that it is “as much about the social aspects of courting, betrayal, feminine indignance and masculine self-pity as it is about sensuality”.<sup>[1]</sup> Similarly, Schelling notes: “All the flavours or nuances of love are said to lie within the book, though you’ll notice that the emphasis falls more on the bitter taste of separation or betrayal than on the sweetness of consummation.”<sup>[2]</sup>

[http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Amaru\\_Shataka](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Amaru_Shataka)

## PREFACE

Oh these cameo-like pictures  
     Lyrical pieces  
 Fleeting emotions moods attitudes  
     Lyrical pieces  
 Magical charms magical beatitudes  
     Lyrical pieces  
 These moments monument captured by  
     Amaru  
     Lyrical pieces  
 Sensual rapture honeyings sensuous  
     dalliances  
     Lyrical pieces  
 Sexual beauty physical desire  
 Oh these lyrics passions expire  
     All the nuances of love  
     These lyric pieces inspire

3

The look of the face of the slender one  
 while  
 with thee below and she above<sup>41</sup> enjoying  
 the act of love  
 while  
 her disheveled locks fluttering does  
 while  
 her ear—pendants swing does  
 while  
 fine beads of sweat her fore-head blurs a  
 little does  
 while  
 at the end of love her eyes with languor  
 does-  
 may that look of the face preserve thee  
 long

---

<sup>41</sup> Ie a “reverse posture” When she takes the man’s role, your lady has the choice of three famous lovemaking techniques: “Samdamsha (the Tongs), “Bhramara” (the Bee) and “Prenkholita” (the Swing). There are also these reverse postures 1) Charunarikshita” (Lovely Lady in Control) 2) “Lilasana” (Seat of Sport). 3) Hansabandha” (the Swan). 4) “Upavitika” (the Sacred thread) 5) “Viparitaka” (Reversed). 6) “Yugmapada” (the Foot Yoke) 7) “Hansa-lila” (Swan Sport). 8) “Garuda” (Garuda). 9) “Virsha” (the Bull) 10) “Devabandha” (the Coitus of the Gods) 11) “Chakrabandha” (the Wheel). 12) “Utkalita” (the Orissan) <http://www.tantra.org/kama-sutra-positions/#Role%20Reversal>

when Visnu Siva Brahman what need of  
and all the Devas<sup>42</sup> throng

I2

When to his face when was turned the face  
of I

It I bowed down did I

And at his feet bent down the glance I

And my ears with great eagerness to hear  
him speak did close I

And my cheeks with horripilation breaking  
forth in perspiration did cover I

And my friends but what could do I

When in a hundred places were bursting  
forth the seams of the bodice of I

---

<sup>42</sup> Deva (देव in [Devanagari](#) script) is the [Sanskrit](#) word for [deity](#), its related feminine term is [devi](#). In modern [Hinduism](#), it can be loosely interpreted as any benevolent supernatural being. The devas in [Hinduism](#), also called [Suras](#), are often juxtaposed to the [Asuras](#), their [half brothers](#).<sup>[1]</sup> Devas are also the maintainers of the realms as ordained by the [Trimurti](#). They are often warring with their equally powerful counterparts, the [Asuras](#). [http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Deva\\_%28Hinduism%29](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Deva_%28Hinduism%29)

24

“Under pretext to bow down at the feet of  
 I why do thou Oh why conceal  
 the chest of thine bearing the evident marks  
 that her breasts covered thick with  
 ointment thou hast tightly pressed to the  
 chest of thou”

Oh when said was this answered I “where is  
 it”

And

in my arms hastily I enfolded she that  
 those traces might wiped out be

And

Forgot she the slender one while in this  
 bliss she

29

Thou hast suspended a string of pearls  
clinking on the breasts of thine  
Thou hast clasped a noisy girdle around the  
ample hips of thine  
Precious stone sounding carry the feet of  
thine  
Oh simple one with such beating drum  
stealthy goest thou to the lover of thine  
but  
Why tremble dost thou with violent fear  
And  
Cast on all sides glances



35

Under the close embrace was pressed the  
bosom of she

And

With happiness did bristly the skin of she

And

Where the girdle is worn did slip off the  
garment of she

As the ardour of love did rise to high  
intensity

And

Weakly whispered she

“Oh thou remover of the pride of I now do  
not any excess commit do not enough it is”

I wonder I at this

If dead she or sleeping be

Or sank into the heart of I

Or melted away she simply be

40

Not was made the garland stretching o'er the entrance  
with blue lotuses but with the eyes of she

Not was strewn the flower-offering with Kunda and  
Jasmine flowers but with the smiles of she

Not with water carried in a jar was made the respectful  
offering but with perspirations dew dripping of the  
breasts of she

With parts of the body of she

The slender one she

For the solemn reception of entrance of the lover of she  
prepared she

58

When the name of my dearest one do hear do I

Thickly bristle the hair on the body of I

Like the moon-stone oozing<sup>43</sup> when his moon-like face  
do see do I behaves the body of I

When to a passionate embrace expecting when stepping  
comes close to I to hold I

all sulkiness thoughts vanish from heart of I

---

<sup>43</sup> *Note: In Indian folklore the moonstone is said to secrete moisture when struck by a moonbeam.*

60

On the river of loves passion are swept  
away they  
And  
Held back by the dam of the house elders  
are they  
Unable their desires to satisfy are they  
Although  
In proximity close are they  
Yet all the same  
With limbs that appear like painted  
pictures they face each other they  
Drinking they loves nectar brought them  
through the lotus-stalks in the shape of the  
glances of they

61

Completely dropped away has the sandal from the high  
breasts of thine

Wiped off is the red color from the lower lip of thine

Not a trace of salve is left in the eyes of thine

And ripples does the skin of slender body of thine

Oh perjurer thou the messenger of love Oh thou

Not knowest thou the grief causest thou to this friend  
of thou

From here to the pond didst to bath go thou

But not to that vile one

62

Weak pale withered bereft of grace that face With its  
loose hanging hair tresses

Up brightened at once and became sweet did the languid  
face

When from abroad did I return

Oh the loving kisses I snatched from the beloved of  
mines mouth what can make I forget

That mouth which so proudly did look

During loves-dalliance so bewildered a look

And

so charming forsooth

63

She wearied opposes not as formally the  
loosening of the garment of she

Nor a before does she

When by the hair seized does she

The arch of the brow break

And

Bite severely the lip of she

Her limbs offers willingly does she

And

Repulses not a forcible embrace of she

Oh the fair one she now seems hast a

different mode of anger learnt to show she

65

With betel-juice dyed here

With black-sandal paste stains soiled there

With camphor powder covered here

And

With foot-prints in lac-dye marked there

With extensive wave-like crumplings

And

With fallen flowers from her hair scattered

the bed-sheets do proclaim the enjoyment in various  
modes of she

66

“ I have for thee a word” he said to me

And to a lonely spot he drew me

And

In the innocence of the heart of mine

Attentive to him close sat to him did I

Then

In my ear whispering something

And

the mouth of I smelling

caught he the braid of me

and

sipped the nectar from the lips of me

67

As

With a sudden flux of feeling  
away from the bed of pleasure stood she  
the husband with his eye-brow a gesture  
made he

And

Asked secretly for a kiss with the quivering  
lip of he

So

Covering the face of she

Whose orb'd cheeks were radiant with the  
smiles of she

With the skirt of the garment of she

While

Gently dangled the pendants clustering in  
the ear of she

She the slender one shock the head of she

77

“So delicate of limb mark Oh thou  
 Due to the heaps of sandal-dust in deep  
 embraces fallen  
 This bed is hard now”

Saying so

On the breast of he he placed me

And

Urged by passionate desire

As

My lip firmly bit he

As

Like with a pair of tongs

Away pulled he the garment of me with the  
 toes of the feet of he

Started he to do the proper thing that for  
 that rouge was to do

80



Struck by the lotus which in her hand  
 sported she  
 The loved one  
 Whose lips by another women was bitten  
 unreservedly  
 With eyes closed stood as if the pollen had  
 entered the eyes of he  
 either through fear it was really so  
 or  
 through a cunning show  
 the beautiful one the wind at him stared to  
 blow  
 out of her moon-like mouth pointed bud  
 like  
 while  
 he without intermission kissed she  
 without having to fall to conciliate she at  
 the feet of she

9

Now and again tossing about the sprout-like arms of she  
 With the girdle slipping down

On to the lamp-flame dashes the remainder of her  
 flower-garland does she  
 Smiling  
 And bewildered  
 Again and again closes the eyes of the husband of she  
 does she  
 And  
 At their loves-dalliance end the girl is repeatedly looked  
 at by the husband of she

93

“This perspiration what brings to the face of thee”  
 “Ah ‘tis the rays of the sun make it be”  
 “What makes red the eyes of thee”  
 “Anger caused by the words of he “  
 “But  
 Disheveled be the dark tresses of the hair of thee”  
 “It is the wind surely that makes that be “  
 “But  
 The saffron mark on the forehead of thee what hast  
 wiped that off thee”  
 “Rubbed away ‘it is by the upper garment of me”  
 “Well all those questions have thee answered tell me”  
 “The wound on the lower lips of thee Oh messenger  
 what hast to say thee”

97

Released of itself did the knot of the garment of she  
 instantly

when to bed did the husband come he  
 And  
 Too the garment held by the girdle loosened covered  
 slightly the hips of me  
 But alas  
 'tis is all I remember now  
 But oh once locked in the embrace of he  
 Recollect not I  
 Even faintly who was I who was he  
 Or  
 How the love-dalliance was surely

100

Whosoever  
 in love sinning is by the foot struck with lac-dye on by  
 the beloved she  
 as tender as a young sprout with an anklet on be  
 And  
 Through passion languid she  
 He by the divine God of love marks as his own he

87

The first budding of my twin breasts on the bosom  
 mine  
 By contact grew plump with the bosom thine  
 The conversation of mine

Lost to a great extent its original simplicity  
While  
It mixed with the clever turns of speech of thine

*The Paurapāñcāśikā*  
*(The Love-Thief)*  
*Of*  
*Bilhana*

*Poesy rendering by c l dean*  
*Poems by c dean*

*The Caurapāñcāśikā*  
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<sup>44</sup> These renderings have been made from the translation of Miller, Barbara Stoles.. “  
 Bhartihari and Bilhana (The Hermit and Tthe Love –Thief) “Penguin 1990. and  
 Bilhana: Caurapancasika Based on the ed. by S.N. Tadpatrikar Poona : Oriental Book Agency, 1966  
 (Poona Oriental Series, 86)  
[http://fiindolo.sub.uni-goettingen.de/gretil/1\\_sanskr/5\\_poetry/2\\_kavya/bicaupxu.htm](http://fiindolo.sub.uni-goettingen.de/gretil/1_sanskr/5_poetry/2_kavya/bicaupxu.htm)

# Introduction

Kavi Bilhana was an 11th-century Kashmiri poet. He is known for his love poem, the *Caurapâñcâś'ikâ*.

According to legend, the Brahman Bilhana fell in love with the daughter of King Madanabhrama, Princess Yaminipurnatilaka, and had a secretive love affair. They were discovered, and Bilhana was thrown into prison. While awaiting judgement, he wrote the *Caurapâñcâś'ikâ*, a fifty-stanza love poem, not knowing whether he would be sent into exile or die on the gallows. It is unknown what fate Bilhana encountered. Nevertheless, his poem was transmitted orally around India. There are several versions, including ones from South India which had a happy ending; the Kashmiri version does not specify what the outcome was. The *Caurapâñcâś'ikâ* was first translated into a European language, French, in 1848. Subsequently it was translated several other times. Notable translations are those of Sir Edwin Arnold (London 1896) and Edward Powys Mathers (Oxford 1919) titled *Black Marigolds*. This latter version was quoted extensively by John Steinbeck in *Cannery Row*.

Bilhana is also known for writing a eulogy of the Western Chalukyan king Vikramaditya VI titled *Vikramankadevacharita*.

<http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Bilhana>

In the nineteenth century The *Caurapâñcâś'ikâ* was 'discovered' by Europeans. The first French edition, published in *The*

*Journal Asiatique* of 1848, was based on one of the South Indian versions with a happy ending. *Sir Edwin Arnold* did very loose translation with Tennyson-like cadences (London 1896) A.B. Keith provided a literal translation<sup>45</sup> Gertrude Cloris Schwebell<sup>46</sup>, working from translations by S.N. Tadpatrikar<sup>47</sup>, } M. Ariel<sup>48</sup> and Gerhard Gollwitze<sup>49</sup> created a free verse rendering: The version best known to English readers is probably that by Barbara Stoles Miller:<sup>50</sup> Or the 'free interpretation' by E. Powys Mathers<sup>51</sup> entitled *Black Marigolds* <http://www.sacred-texts.com/hin/bilhana/bil01.htm> There is also a 2000 translation, possibly privately printed, by John T. Roberts<sup>52</sup> Dawn Corrigan has done an adaption of the Caurapañcāśikā “Swan Song of the Thief”<sup>53</sup> [http://www.otisnebula.com/otisnebula/ON7\\_Dawn\\_Corrigan.html](http://www.otisnebula.com/otisnebula/ON7_Dawn_Corrigan.html)

<sup>45</sup> A.B. Keith, *A History of Sanskrit Literature* (Motilal Banarsidass, 1993), 153-158

<sup>46</sup> Gertrude Cloris Schwebel, *The Secret Delights of Love by the pundit Bilhana* (from the Sanskrit). (The Peter Pauper Press, 1966).

<sup>47</sup> Caurapañcāśikā, an Indian Love Lament of Bilhana Kavi, critically edited with translation and notes by S.N. Tadpatrikar, Poona, 1946. Poona Oriental Series No. 86.

<sup>48</sup> Tchhorapantchcat, publié, traduit et commenté par M. Ariel. Les Cinquantes (Couplets) de TCHORA ou Histoire de Bilhana; *Journal Asiatique*, Quatrième Serie, Tome XI, p. 469-534; Paris, 1848.

<sup>49</sup> German Free Version of Gerhard Gollwitzer. Des Pandit Bilhana Fünfzig Strophen von Heimlicher Liebeslust, Karl Schustek Verlag, Hanau, 2 Aufl. 1964.

<sup>50</sup> Miller, Barbara Stoles. *Phantasies of Love-thief: Caurapancasika Attributed to Bilhana* (Columbia Univ. Press, 1971). And Bhartrihari and Bilhana (The Hermit and The Love –Thief) Penguin 1990.

<sup>51</sup> *Black Marigolds: A free interpretation of the Caurapañcāśikā*. E. Powys Mathers, pp. 66-77 in Mark Van Doren (Ed.) *An Anthology of World Poetry* (Albert and Charles Boni, 1928). Also reissued as *Black Marigolds and Coloured Stars*. Edward Powys Mathers (Anvil Press Poetry, 2004) online at <http://www.sacred-texts.com/hin/bilhana/bil01.htm>

<sup>52</sup> John T. Roberts, *Caurapancasika, English and Sanskrit. The Thief, His Fifty Verses: Bilhana's Caurapancasika, The Northern Recension, with word by word grammatical notes and translations.* (Papercraft Print, 2000). ISBN: 0-9679677-1-6 / 0967967716

<sup>53</sup> Dawn Corrigan “Swan Song of the Thief” An adaption/rendition of Bihanas *Caurapañcāśikā* online magazine otisnebula.com 2013 [http://www.otisnebula.com/otisnebula/ON7\\_Dawn\\_Corrigan.html](http://www.otisnebula.com/otisnebula/ON7_Dawn_Corrigan.html)



## PREFACE

vivid images of intoxication  
 rapturous pictures of ecstatic  
 illumination

luscious scenes of exhilaration  
 word pictures of visual stupefaction  
 soundscapes of exquisite reverberation  
 sonorous melodies

lilting moods of languorous harmonies  
 miniature pictures of sensuous appeal  
 sound textures  
 visual odors

rhythmic flavors to titillate the tastes  
 sounds images a cacophony of erotic  
 flavors

for the mind to feel and savor

## I

EVEN NOW - while awaiting death I -  
she

In garlands of golden champak flowers gleaming  
the lotus face of she blooming  
delicate the line of down along the waist of she  
eager for love the body trembling of she  
when from sleep awakes she-

This magic lost somehow in the recklessness of I -  
Regret I

## 2

EVEN NOW - while awaiting death I -  
she

in the new lush youth the full moon face of she  
passions glow breasts swollen  
the fire from loves arrows burning the body of she  
The limbs I will quickly cool of she  
If again I do she see

## 3

EVEN NOW - while awaiting death I -  
she

The lotus-eyed girl weary from bearing the heavy breasts of  
she

In my arms will I crush she

And

Like a madman to drink from the mouth of she -  
a bee drinking a lotus insatiably

If again I do she see

## 4

EVEN NOW - while awaiting death I -

She

weak with fatigue the body of she-

while on pale cheeks swarms of curls falling trying to hide the  
guilt of she-

around my neck clung the soft arms of she

remember I the love of she

## 5

EVEN NOW - while awaiting death I-

She

Obliquely moving in love-wakefulness the glittering long eyes  
of she

in the lotus bed of passion of we

at dawn bowed low with shame the face of she

Do I remember she

## 6

EVEN NOW - while awaiting death I-

She

Fevered wide-eyes from long parting

In my limbs tight will I lock she

Close the eyes of me and never leave she

If again I do she see

## 7

EVEN NOW - while awaiting death I-  
She

In the wild dance of the love of we  
holding the reins she  
with the moon luster lighting the face of she  
with the trembling with passion of the body of she  
delicate lush breasts bent hips heavy  
in a mane of flying hair mantled dancing she  
Do I remember she

## 8

EVEN NOW - while awaiting death I-  
She

lying in the bed of she  
The perfume of musk spreading  
with the oils of sandalwood mixing  
the playing of the seductive eyes lashes of she  
like a pair of matting birds each others bills caressing  
Do I remember she

9 EVEN NOW - while awaiting death I-  
She

While in love the wine-smear'd lip innocently licked she  
the frail form of she  
the long wanton eyes of she  
the body of she rubbed golden with musk and the paste of the  
saffron be  
with betel nut and camphor the mouth spiced of she  
Do I remember she

## 10

EVEN NOW - while awaiting death I-

At the end  
 the face of the love of I  
 in shining saffron powder colored  
 with sweat drops covered  
 with love-weary eyes tremulous  
 a moon disk  
 by the demon eclipse released  
 remember I

## II

EVEN NOW - while awaiting death I-  
 On the night dwells the mind of I  
 When the princess was awoke by the sneezing of me  
 Flustered refused to say she  
 "Jiva –long life!"  
 But silently put she  
 a golden lucky charm on the ear of she

## I2

EVEN NOW - while awaiting death I-  
 The face of the love of me  
 with earrings golden grazing the cheeks of she  
 as in the mans position to take did she strove to be  
 do I remember  
 beads of thick sweat strewn like pearls  
 from the work of the rhythmic swinging of she

## I3

EVEN NOW - while awaiting death I-  
 The bold bent glance of she  
 in pleasure the graceful stretching of the limbs of she  
 do I remember

the curve of the voluptuous breasts of she  
 bared by the slipping clothes  
 the lips of she bruised with marks by the teeth of me

## I 4

EVEN NOW - while awaiting death I-  
 Like the young leaves of the ashoka painted red the hands of  
 the love of I  
 ropes of pearls caressing the tips of the breasts of she  
 cheeks pale refreshed by smiles hiddenly  
 the wild-goose languorous gait of she  
 Do I remember she

## I 5

EVEN NOW - while awaiting death I-  
 The mark of the nail of me  
 left on the sandalwood-powdered thigh of she  
 do I remember  
 the cloth gold-streaked snatched by me  
 when rose she  
 in shame was clutched as away pulled she

## I 6

EVEN NOW - while awaiting death I-  
 She  
 with longing kohl-lined eyes  
 with plaited flower-heavy hair  
 with vermilion lips framing the pearl luster of the teeth of she

by golden bracelets the arms bounded be  
in secret do I remember she

## I 7

EVEN NOW - while awaiting death I-  
She

with the loosened ties of the braids of she  
garlands wilted be  
with smiling nectar-sweet lips  
with swollen luscious breasts caressed by strands of pearls  
and with looks longing  
in secret do I remember she

## I 8

EVEN NOW - while awaiting death I-  
She

On her brood I:  
when

from lamps jeweled streaks of light the darkness broke in the  
white pavilion of she  
seized I then the chance secretly to stare upon she  
then with fear and shame flashed the eyes of she

## I 9

EVEN NOW - while awaiting death I-  
She

a fawn-eyed fragile girl-  
with fires of love parted burning the body of she  
ready for the passion of me-  
she like a wild goose moving with ornaments rich bringing to  
me  
do I remember she

## 20

EVEN NOW - while awaiting death I-  
 She  
 the love of me  
 gently laughing be  
 bent by breasts heavy  
 in ropes of pearls dazzling be  
 a banner of open blossoms she  
 by flower-armed Love flown  
 high on the mountain of passion  
 do I remember she

## 21

EVEN NOW - while awaiting death I-  
 She  
 with a hundred flatteries destroying the sense of the words of  
 she  
 when in exhaustion after love trembled she  
 do I remember  
 in jumbled sounds came the words  
 as timidly spoke faintly whispering she

22 EVEN NOW - while awaiting death I-

She  
 remember I the eyes of she  
 after love closed trembling be  
 limp the slender body of she  
 clothes fine and loose the hair heavy  
 a goose wild in a thicket of lotuses of passion she  
 Oh in my next life I will remember she  
 And even when time ceases to be



## 23

EVEN NOW - while awaiting death I-

She

if again I see at the days close she  
with fawn-like eyes adoring me

and

those breasts brimming pots of nectar offering she  
kingly pleasures will renounce I

and

even the highest bliss from heaven on high

24 EVEN NOW - while awaiting death I-

She

the amorous women on earth the ideal be  
through the beauty of the body of she-

for tasting nectar the perfect cup in passions play be-  
wounded she by Loves flower arrows my girl be

do I remember she

## 25

EVEN NOW - while awaiting death I-

She

like wet cloth clinging to the wet clothes of me

when with the violent passion of loves fires the body burned  
of she-

pitiful now she without the protection of the lover of she  
with life makes mockery now she-

I'll never forget will I she

## 26

EVEN NOW - while awaiting death I-  
 She  
 among beautiful women the first be  
 for passion an exquisitely molded vessel be  
 do I remember  
 pleading the kings daughter she  
 "People this fire of parting cant bear me"

## 27

EVEN NOW - while awaiting death I-  
 knowing quickly death is closely by  
 leaves the gods do the thoughts of I  
 and  
 are in wonder drawn to she  
 What can do I  
 so obsessed am I  
 "She is the love of me  
 Beloved most! mine is she! "

## 28

EVEN NOW - while awaiting death I-  
 She  
 trembling like frightened birds the eyes of she  
 when the sentence of I was pronounced and was heard by she  
 voice quavering of she  
 falling tears from the eyes of she  
 bowed by heavy grief the face of she  
 in pain does remember I

## 29

EVEN NOW - while awaiting death I-

She

the face of cant find I to rival-  
blinding is its brilliance  
the beauty of loves consort and the moon eclipsing-  
though I strain the vision of I

## 30

EVEN NOW - while awaiting death I-

She

in short separations a poison be  
ablutions of nectar in reunion be  
the sustainer of the life of me  
from the burns of love the shield for me-  
is the rich mane of a beautiful girl -  
do I remember she

## 31

EVEN NOW - while awaiting death I-  
to face what she tried to do do shudder I  
and still Deaths messengers  
hard terrible hands  
from the rooms of she dragged me

## 32

EVEN NOW - while awaiting death I  
night and day suffers the heart of I  
never the love of mines full moon face shall again see I  
with sultry beauty glowing

that dulls the nectar of the Jasmine night-blooming

### 33

EVEN NOW - while awaiting death I-  
 She  
 on the haunted mind of I broods  
 a girl forbidden the hope of the life of I  
 with rich fresh youth  
 now no one enjoys  
 in another life too let she be the fate of me

### 34

EVEN NOW - while awaiting death I-  
 the sound of bangles strike sharply the mind of I-  
 when wild in the desire for the perfume of the mouth of she  
 black bees swarmed to kiss the cheeks of she-  
 as the fingers of she shook bees from the hair of she

### 35

EVEN NOW - while awaiting death I-  
 She  
 in delight bristling  
 when from the sweet wine of the mouth of she so drunk was I  
 from drinking  
 that left I a nail mark on the breast of she  
 the mark treasured studied stared she-  
 do I remember she

## 36

EVEN NOW - while awaiting death I-  
 the angered face of she  
 to leave with frank impatience she  
 as sullenly to me did she give the mouth of she-  
 Kissed it I; violently wept she  
 at the feet of she fell I  
 "thy slave art I my love! Love me!" -  
 do I remember she

## 37

EVEN NOW - while awaiting death I-  
 with the friends of she is idling the mind of I  
 the lovely limbs of she embracing dancing and bantering  
 in rooms elegant lively with the play of we-  
 if only the time there I could spend passing

## 38

EVEN NOW - while awaiting death I-  
 She  
 don't know I  
 if Shivas mate she be  
 or  
 by Indras curse a nymph coming to earth  
 or  
 Lakshmi the consort of Krishna be  
 To beguile the world did Brahma create she  
 or  
 driven by desire was he  
 the perfect jewel of maidenly youth to behold was he

## 39

EVEN NOW - while awaiting death I-  
 She  
 who can paint the form in the world of she  
 like a creature of fantasy itself it reveals to only I  
 its equal would an aspiring artist have to see-  
 and begin to try only then would he

## 40

EVEN NOW - while awaiting death I-  
 the kohl-blackened eyes of she see me  
 mouth burning ears laughter-weary  
 body weaken by its own swelling breasts see me-  
 if away it wastes to blame who a she he or me

## 41

EVEN NOW - while awaiting death I-  
 like an autumn moon clear gleaming white the luscious face of  
 she  
 could a saints pure mind charm it be-  
 enraptures it the mind of me  
 kiss it I will if it I find  
 and lest it slip from me keep drinking will I

## 42

EVEN NOW - while awaiting death I-  
 would I give the life of me  
 for loves sanctum to recover it be –

the lotus fragrant with pollen with the semen of passion wet  
the love gods downfall it be

### 43

EVEN NOW - while awaiting death I  
rich in signs of beauty the world be  
each others perfections passing be  
believes the heart of me  
beyond measure is that form of she

### 44

EVEN NOW - while awaiting death I  
glides the pump body of a wild goose on the waves of the  
water stirred by she  
in a river-cove wooded in the mind of me-  
from fatigue pleading is she  
from a touch fleeting from the fine pollen of the kadamba  
flower be

### 45

EVEN NOW - while awaiting death I  
She  
miss I the eyes roving languidly of she  
in their wanton youthful way-  
the daughter of the King a creature seemed from heaven she  
a child of celestial singers

or  
 geni  
 or  
 musicians  
 or  
 serpents  
 fallen be

## 46

EVEN NOW - while awaiting death I

She  
 waking from sleep forget cant I night and day-  
 the waist of she made an alter by the curving form of she  
 like pots swelled the breasts of she  
 with nectar brimming  
 the body of she shone with richly colored ornaments brightly

## 47

EVEN NOW - while awaiting death I

She  
 rising the languid body of she to a golden glow  
 pretending exhaustion though shame that compelled she-  
 folly broken as the limbs and kisses of we  
 like wild life-giving herbs wanton left she  
 do I remember she

## 48

EVEN NOW - while awaiting death I

the love-play battle with empty hands fought she  
 in rising rhythms falling  
 wet with hot blood red



from marks of teeth on the lips of she  
 and  
 nail marks on the body of she-  
 bewitched me in the bout did the tyranny of she

## 49

EVEN NOW - while awaiting death I  
 endure the loss how can I  
 of the gift of the young mistress of I  
 Death only will end the pain of I  
 End it quickly brothers thee do beg I

## 50

EVEN NOW - while awaiting death I  
 The seas black poison avoids not Shiva  
 On its back the earth the tortoise bears  
 Insatiable submarine fires endures the ocean  
 the promises they make the faithful keep

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*The Songs Of Radha*

*Being a rendering into poesy*

*Of portions of The*

**GITAGOVINDA**

*of*

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# The Songs Of Radha

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<sup>54</sup> Texts used Barbara Stoler Miller "Jayadeva's Gita govinda (Song of the Dark Lord} Oxford University Press Dehli 1978, and "Sanskrit text and literal of translation" gita govindam" desirajuhrao@yahoo.com dehara@ymail.com 30th July, 2008  
[http://www.sanskritdocuments.org/sites/giirvaani/giirvaani/gg/sarga5/gg\\_5\\_roman.htm#Verse1](http://www.sanskritdocuments.org/sites/giirvaani/giirvaani/gg/sarga5/gg_5_roman.htm#Verse1)

## *Introduction*

Freedom through disengagement –that is not  
My way I'll taste it rather in countless chains  
Of ecstatic delight. . .

Deluded perhaps I am but freedom throngs  
Forth from the world-consuming fire of my rapture  
Freedom for me only becomes complete  
When passion and devotions fruit meet

(-Rabindranath Tagore Gitanjali 62 in W Radice "Gitanjali "Penguin books  
2011p.85)

The Gitagovinda concentrates on Krishnas love for Radha and her  
love for Krishna in a rite of spring full of intense sexual passion. It is  
unique in Indian literature and a source for religious inspiration in  
medieval and contemporary Vaishnavism

The work delineates the love of Krishna for Radha, the milkmaid, his  
faithlessness and subsequent return to her, and is taken as symbolical of  
the human soul's straying from its true allegiance but returning at  
length to the God which created it

The **Gita Govinda** ([Bengali](#): গীতা গোবিন্দ , [Oriya](#): ଗୀତ ଗୋବିନ୍ଦ, [Devanagari](#): गीता गोविन्द) (*Song of [Govinda](#)*) is a  
work composed by the 12th-century poet, [Jayadeva](#), said to have been  
born in [Kenduli Sasan](#) near Puri in [Odisha](#). [Jaydev Kenduli](#) village in  
[Birbhum district](#) of [West bengal](#) is also believed by many to be the  
[birthplace of Jayadeva](#). It describes the relationship between [Krishna](#)

and the *gopis* (female cow herders) of [Vrindavana](#), and in particular one gopi named [Radha](#).

The Gita Govinda is organized into twelve chapters. Each chapter is further sub-divided into twenty four divisions called *Prabandhas*. The prabandhas contain couplets grouped into eights, called [Ashtapadis](#). It is mentioned that [Radha](#) is greater than [Krishna](#). The text also elaborates the eight moods of Heroine, the [Ashta Nayika](#), which has been an inspiration for many compositions and choreographic works in [Indian classical dances](#)  
[https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Gita\\_Govinda](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Gita_Govinda)

The poem has been translated into most modern Indian languages and many European languages. There is a German rendering which Goethe read by F. H. van Dalberg. Dalberg's version was based on the English translation done by William Jones published in the Transactions of the Asiatic Society, Calcutta in 1792. A verse translation by the German poet Friedrich Rukert was begun in 1829 and

revised according to the edited Sanskrit and Latin translations of C. Lassen in Bonn 1837

Notable English translations are: Edwin Arnolds *The Indian Song of Songs* 1875; George Keyt Sri *Jayadevas Gita Govinda: The loves of Krsna and Radha* Bombay, 1940; S. Lakshminarasimha Sastri *The Gita Govinda of Jayadeva* Madras, 1956; Duncan Greenlees Theosophical rendering *The Song of the Divine* Madras, 1962; Monica Varma's transcreation *The Gita Govinda of Jayadeva* published by Writers Workshop Calcutta, 1968; Barbara Soler Miller *Jayadevas Gitagovinda :Love song of the Dark Lord;* Oxford University press Delhi, 1978; Lee Siegel *Gita govinda: Love Songs of Radha and Krishna;* clay Sanskrit series; Sanskrit text and

literal translation” gita govindam”

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30th July, 2008

[http://www.sanskritdocuments.org/sites/giirvaani/giirvaani/gg/sarga5/gg\\_5\\_roman.htm#](http://www.sanskritdocuments.org/sites/giirvaani/giirvaani/gg/sarga5/gg_5_roman.htm#)

### Verse I

This rendering is different to other translations in that it seeks to capture the syntax and alliteration of the original Sanskrit thus trying to reproduce both the mellifluous melodic sound of the original. The inversion of syntax tries to convey the feel of how the poem might be read in the original Sanskrit as in Sanskrit object and subject and verbs and adjectives etc can appear in any position such as the object at the beginning of the line and the verb at the end . Also no punctuation is used in Sanskrit Thus to convey the reading experience of the original no punctuation is used in this rendering. Those translations which use punctuation falsely put an order into their translations that is not in the original Sanskrit –thus falsifying the original which would have been read by not being broken up with pauses etc. This rendering thus differs from those translations that try and give the meaning of the poem in a form that readers of English are familiar with i.e. proper English syntax. In reading this rendering you must put away your accepted English standards and enter into the experience of how the original might feel and sound to a reader of Sanskrit- at least in this rendering which for all its faults is perhaps more faithful to the original Sanskrit than other previous translations .

## Preface

The moods of love what pictures paint

they

Sensuous

Luscious

Esthetic atmospheres

Rapturous

Ecstatic

Exquisite mood atmospheres

Licentious

Erotic

The moods of love what pictures

paint they



*If remembering Hari enriches your heart  
 If his arts of seduction arouse you  
 Listen to Jayadevas speech  
 In these sweet soft lyrical songs  
 (Gitagovinda 1.4  
 Barbara Goler Miller translation)*

## *Chapter [Sarga] 2 - Careless Krishna*

### 2.1

Krishna loved Radha and all the milkmaid the same while pleasure  
 tripping in the woodlands

This caused Radhas privilege to slither down due to her sense of  
 superiority and a grudge over took her as she lost her control hence has  
 gone she elsewhere somewhere into a bower of tendrils that which is  
 noisy with the swarms of spiraling humming honeybees at its spire and  
 when she stepped into that bower in solitude she forlornly to her  
 girlfriend this said she

*\* The Fifth Song Sung in 'Raga "Gurjari"\**

2.2 While the lips of he pulsate on Mohans Vamshi the flute of he he  
 melodiously fluted ambrosial sweetness did he

While nodded the half-crowned peacock feathered head of he his  
 sidelong glances are flitting from milkmaid she to she to observe their

observation of the fluting fugues of he as the knobby ear-rings of he  
 sway on each cheeks in tune with the fugues of he  
*In ronde dance is he frolicking here making fun of me albeit of Krishna  
 alone the heart of me reminds me of he*

2.3 He enwreathed with a wreath of beautiful peacock tail plumery with  
 eye-like markings the blackish hair of he  
 he is like a thick blue-black cloud wrapped around in the attire of a  
 rainbow is he

*In ronde dance is he frolicking here mirthful making fun of me albeit of  
 Krishna alone the heart of me reminds me of he*

2.4 He who with an interestedness to make the milkmaids they with  
 beamy buttocks to kiss the face of he  
 on the lower tender-leaf like dainty lip of he  
 like the roseate Bandhuuka flower  
 a smile beaming shines forth from he  
*In ronde dance is he frolicking here mirthful making fun of me albeit of  
 Krishna alone the heart of me reminds me of he*

2.5 He with immense tender leaf-like arms encircled thousands and  
 thousands of milkmaids with frission did he  
 as did dispel the darkness with their shafts of light the sets of jewelry on  
 hands and feet and the chest of he  
*In ronde dance is he frolicking here mirthful making fun of me albeit of  
 Krishna alone the heart of me reminds me of he*

2.6 He with the sandal paste mark on the forehead of he like the moon  
 moving in crowds of clouds deploying verily  
 He from the rubbing with out mercy busty bosoms on the chest of he  
 the implacable heart of he is encased tightly in the heart door of he  
*In ronde dance is he frolicking here mirthful making fun of me albeit of  
 Krishna alone the heart of me reminds me of he*

2.7 He with crocodile-like full gem-studded knobby earrings will be  
 heart stealing when decorates with colors brilliant the cheeks of he  
 He with ochery silk clothes and in trow gods demons and men the  
 fraternity of he  
*In ronde dance is he frolicking here mirthful making fun of me albeit of  
 Krishna alone the heart of me reminds me of he*

2.8 He meeting me at the base of a serene Kadamba tree  
niggles of romance in the Kali age mollifies me he of the blemish of fear  
he

How even can he when with his tidally Love-gods with heart soulfully  
looks at me even can exhilarate me by he

*In ronde dance is he frolicking here mirthful making fun of me albeit of  
Krishna alone the heart of me reminds me of he*

2.10 Oh friend diverging is the heart of me from the control of me  
the heart of me for that Krishna alone is inciting desire in me  
though overambitiously frolicking among damsels is he leaving out  
me

yet the heart of me reckoning a lot of traits of he  
his errors discarding distantly my heart does not think of resenting he  
even by mistake my heart more so bears up gladness on thinking about he  
... what should do I

*\*The Sixth Song Sung with 'Raga "Malava"\**

2.11 Oh friend when one night to a lonely alcove went me  
as a prearranged place to meet he that bounteous pleasure-giver he in  
the darkness hiding he coming earlier than me  
startled was I when there I saw was not he  
Then with his lustful comportment appeared he  
laughing wryly at me for not finding he  
who being already there was he  
then he with hastiness filled for an intimacy me met he

*Friend bring the beguiler of Keshi he the love of my heart desirous seeking who with such thinking as me thee make him to take delight in me*

2.12 Bashful was I on the first meeting of we but he hundreds of capable good words agreeable said he

And then when smiling sweetly was speaking I the silk dress of I he made to collapse down the hips of I

*Friend bring the beguiler of Keshi he the love of my heart desirous seeking who with such thinking as me thee make him to take delight in me*

2.13 After on a tender grass lawn bed he placed in me

On the chest of me only reposed all the time he

With kisses embraces making he in besetting manner hugging swilled he the lower lip of me

*Friend bring the beguiler of Keshi he the love of my heart desirous seeking who with such thinking as me thee make him to take delight in me*

2.14 Tied was I slouching were the eyelids of me and in a series of tingles experienced the delicate cheeks of he

Wet with strain water was the whole body of me jiggling with lust was the body of the utmost love-god he

*Friend bring the beguiler of Keshi he the love of my heart desirous seeking who with such thinking as me thee make him to take delight in me*

2.15 When like a black singing bird inexplicable like that was me or like a koel or pigeon-like cooing he the mind born one the master of tantra<sup>55</sup> was pondering he

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<sup>55</sup> What this means is interesting It can mean: Deep understanding or mastery of a topic; Set of doctrines or practices for obtaining spiritual enlightenment; System of thought, or set of doctrines and practices; or sexual practices for liberation- Jayadeva was initially a Shavite who converted to Vaishnavism. Later developments in the rite emphasize the primacy of bliss and divine union, which replace the bodily connotations of earlier forms.<sup>[50]</sup> When enacted as enjoined by the Tantras, the ritual culminates in an experience of awareness for both participants. [Tantric texts](#) specify that [sex](#) has three distinct purposes: procreation, pleasure and liberation. Those seeking liberation eschew orgasm in favor of a higher form of [ecstasy](#). Several sexual rituals are recommended and practiced, involving elaborate preparatory and purification rites.

Then when faded the flowers of me and the braids tousled of me he who has to bear the weight on busty bosoms of me started to scratch them did he

*Friend bring the beguiler of Keshi he the love of my heart desirous seeking who with such thinking as me thee make him to take delight in me*

2.16 The anklets of me on the feet of me are made to jingle by the fucking of he in different postures be

While jingling fallen down is the girdle-chain of me he grasping the hair bun of me to give as a gift a kiss to me

*Friend bring the beguiler of Keshi he the love of my heart desirous seeking who with such thinking as me thee make him to take delight in me*

2.17 When with joy at the time of union by delight was relaxing eyes a little closed like lotuses fallen on the lawn creeper plant like he and me

Again arisen with passion the mind born Love—god the demon subjugator was he

*Friend bring the beguiler of Keshi he the love of my heart desirous seeking who with such thinking as me thee make him to take delight in me*

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The sexual act balances energies in the [pranic ida](#) and [pingala](#) channels in the bodies of both participants. The [sushumna nadi](#) is awakened, and [kundalini](#) rises within it. This culminates in [samadhi](#), where the individual personality and identity of each participant is dissolved in [cosmic consciousness](#).

Tantrics understand these acts on multiple levels. The male and female participants are conjoined physically, representing [Shiva](#) and [Shakti](#) (the male and female principles). A fusion of [Shiva](#) and [Shakti](#) energies takes place, resulting in a unified energy field. On the individual level, each participant experiences a fusion of their [Shiva](#) and [Shakti](#) energies <https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Tantra> Jayadeva was initially a Shavite who converted to Vaishnavism and may have carried over into his Vaishnavism Shavite practices

## Chapter [Sarga] 7- Shifty Krishna

7-1. In the meanwhile obstructing the pathways of the flocks of fancy women caused thereby he a blemish like a badge of infamy bechanced on the face of he

Having brilliance like a beautiful women the eastern sky with a moon like a sandal -spot on the face of she

7.2 She that Radha while the rabbit bearing discoid moon was emanating she

While Madhava imposed tardiness by anguished Radha was made many a heartache with utter anguish made she

*\* The Thirteenth Song Sung with "Raga "Malava"\**

7.3 Oh friend god Hari on the said time even to Brindavan did not arrive  
he

Even wasteful now this my youth and unblemished beauty

*Here in this forest whom can approach I for shelter aha ha I am by friends those girl flocks cajolery befooled*

7.4 For which to go in tow in the night in the forest and even though searched for unseen is he

Impaled by the arrows of the Love-god is this heart me

*Here in this forest whom can approach I for shelter aha ha I am by friends those girl flocks cajolery befooled*

7.5 Utterly shattered in this preset place without spirit am I for it has lost its worth by the non arrival of he

Why here am I tolerating this fire of disunion death alone is best for me

*Here in this forest whom can approach I for shelter aha ha I am by  
friends those girl flocks cajolery befooled*

7.6 This pleasant spring night verily is excruciating to me  
Someone maybe with good fortune a voluptuous girl with Krishna might  
be making merry with he

*Here in this forest whom can approach I for shelter aha ha I am by  
friends those girl flocks cajolery befooled*

7.7 These bicep-let and others gem-studded jewelry are carrying the fire  
of my anguish for Hari he

Hence reckon I them highly contemptible to be

*Here in this forest whom can approach I for shelter aha ha I am by  
friends those girl flocks cajolery befooled*

7.8 Even these garlands in their import are highly poisonous to me  
The bodiless ones arrows by sport of rend the heart of this flower  
delicate me

*Here in this forest whom can approach I for shelter aha ha I am by  
friends those girl flocks cajolery befooled*

7.9 By countless Vetasa<sup>56</sup> tree lingering am I  
the slayer of Madhu in his bosom even does not reminisce on I

*Here in this forest whom can approach I for shelter aha ha I am by  
friends those girl flocks cajolery befooled*

7.12 Then returned her girlfriend who was by sadness silent on seeing  
she

That Krishna is by someone even delighted on doubting this Radha as  
though seeing with the eyes of she all this said she

*\*The Fourteenth Song Sung with 'Raga "Vasanta"\**

7.13 The Love-god ready for lovemaking is he  
Befitting in a well done getup verily is she as the flowers by their weight  
slither of she as entangled is the braid of she

*Some girl or a damsel by the very high talent of she is romantically  
frolicking with Madhus enemy*

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<sup>56</sup> uncaring a tree that excite love

7.14 When she Hari when tightly hugging he  
Swinging pendants pearly from swirling with romantic jerks the flagon-  
like bosoms of she

*Some girl or a damsel by the very high talent of she is romantically  
frolicking with Madhus enemy*

7.15 Lilting pulsating her hair-locks on the moon-like face of she  
Lips swilling the lip of he by happiness became dozily she

*Some girl or a damsel by the very high talent of she is romantically  
frolicking with Madhus enemy*

7.16 Swaying knobbly ear-hangings are bumping the cheeks of she

Clinking waist-strings with jingle bells on the swaying swinging hips of  
she

*Some girl or a damsel by the very high talent of she is romantically  
frolicking with Madhus enemy*

7.17 By the lover of she when seen smiley coyly is she

Many ways she cooed while enjoying in the mood of fucking he

*Some girl or a damsel by the very high talent of she is romantically  
frolicking with Madhus enemy*

7.18 With broad tingles is she wide throbs like waves is she

With sighs eyes half-closed broadened is the Love-god in she

*Some girl or a damsel by the very high talent of she is romantically  
frolicking with Madhus enemy*

7.19 By the strain of fucking water drops have filled the beautiful body  
of she

Likewise the challenger in the fucking combat she has overside fallen on  
the chest of he

*Some girl or a damsel by the very high talent of she is romantically  
frolicking with Madhus enemy*



7.21 Oh friend this moon the Love-gods good friend pale faced like the resplendent lotus face of the foe of Mura he

The anguish of me in dissociation is abated even though anguish is muchly intensifying in the love heart of me

*\*The Fifteenth Song Sung in 'Raga "Gurjari"\**

7.22 Oh friend well uprisen is the passion of a girl for the kiss of he she whose comely face swerved he

Like the dear mark on the moon with thrills for she on the forehead of she is making a mark with musk is he

*Presently is Muras foe on the sand dunes and groves of the Yamuna river fucking*

7.23 Sheeny clouds gather rippling on the face of a beauty

Ratis husband like a beast in the forest in the hair scintillating like lightening with a red flower decorating she by he

*Presently is Muras foe on the sand dunes and groves of the Yamuna river fucking*

7.24 Dear musk bestrewn by he does shine on the sky side of the two breasts of she with fingernail dents by he like crescent moons on she

That sky with highly massive clouds breast-like and on she an impeccable gemmy pendant like a star cluster adjusting is he

*Presently is Muras foe on the sand dunes and groves of the Yamuna river fucking*

7.25 Murari is adjusting emerald armlets on triumphant lotus stalk-like snowy cool hands surface like lotus leaves is he

The shoulders of she lotus-like as adjusting those armlets like a swarm of honey bees is he

*Presently is Muras foe on the sand dunes and groves of the Yamuna river fucking*

7.26 Murari strews around the gem-studded waist –strings of she like arched welcome festoons on the beamy hips of she because they were rendered voluptuous by the touch of he

For the hip is the home-like house of lust the Love-gods golden throne for he

*Presently is Muras foe on the sand dunes and groves of the Yamuna river fucking*

7.27 He on placing the leaflet-like feet of she adored with jewel-like rosy nails on the supine chest of he that is the abode of Lakshmi

As outer coverings with reddish colour is decorating he

*Presently is Muras foe on the sand dunes and groves of the Yamuna river fucking*

7.28 When that plough wielders brother is hastily fucking some nameless girl hoodwinked by the mesmeric eyes of she

Why should I tarry here in the trees belly without spirit without fruit speak up Oh friend of me

*Presently is Muras foe on the sand dunes and groves of the Yamuna river fucking*

7.30 Oh friend the messenger of me if that philander without mercy had not come why thee worry as the messenger of me

Many sweethearts has he he takes delight in them of the free volition of he

Why then do thee disparage he ecstasy and anguish the heart of me is filled as if to burst by the plus points of my lover he

Being attracted with he to conjoin with me my own soul merges as thee may see

*\*The Sixteenth Song Sung with 'Rag "Desakhya"\**

7.31 Oh friend sated to the full is she by the ripply blue-lotus eyes of Krishna he

On any bed of tender-leaves never sears she

*Oh friend is sated she by one who is garlanded with sanctifying basil-leaves*

7.32 The bloomed lake born one with attractive rapturous face is sated she

She with the mind born one who with sharp arrowheads never shatters she

*Oh friend is sated she by one who is garlanded with sanctifying basil-leaves*

7.33 By the ambrosial lusciousness and dulcet fine words of he is sated she

She by sandal breeze born on Mt Malaya born it never singes she

*Oh friend is sated she by one who is garlanded with sanctifying basil-leaves*

7.34 Gleam like hibiscus blossoms the hands and feet of he

The rays of the frosty cold moon wont make writhe she

*Oh friend is sated she by one who is garlanded with sanctifying basil-leaves*

7.35 With water giver clouds their glitter has he

She in her heart never get rent by the weight of the grief of she

*Oh friend is sated she by one who is garlanded with sanctifying basil-leaves*

7.36 By he with all purifying robes that shine like golden streaks on a touchstone sated is she

She with people all around all laughing at she never sighs does she

*Oh friend is sated she by one who is garlanded with sanctifying basil-leaves*

7.37 In all the worlds and their in-dwellers best with bloom of youth is he

By the utmost grace of he bodily pain never endures she

*Oh friend is sated she by one who is garlanded with sanctifying basil-leaves*

## *Chapter [Sarga] 8 - Apologetic Krishna*

8.1 She then somehow even spent that night in separateness battered by  
the arrows of the Love-god he

She Radha in the morning before he appeared to she with apologetic  
words to the lover of she spoke with jealousy she

*\*The Seventeenth Song Sung with 'Raga "Bhairavi"\**

8.2 Caused by much waking in the night of passion is reddened and a  
little reddened with cosmetic are the eyes of thee

Now weakly wink the eyes of thee that show expertise in passion they  
clearly bear the mark of the sole interestedness in she

*Away with thee Oh lotus-like<sup>57</sup> eyed one Madhava*

*Be off Keshava<sup>58</sup> tag along alone with the one who takes away the woe of  
thee*

*tell no lies to me*

*Hari Hari<sup>59</sup>*

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<sup>57</sup> here, the pair of eyes are luring, lure-eyed one

<sup>58</sup> one with beautiful head hair, one who is interested in lovely women that adore their hairdos beautifully]

8.3 Oh yeah Krishna by kissing the eyes of she besmirched by kohl some blackness is besmeared on the reddish lips of thee

The reddish lips of thee with blackness are enriching the body color of thee

*Away with thee Oh lotus-like eyed one Madhava*

*Be off Keshava tag along alone with the one who takes away the woe of thee*

*tell no lies to me*

*Hari Hari*

8.3 In the Love-gods war is chafed with streaks of sharp fingernails the body of thee

Like golden streaks carved on emerald pieces do they resemble it be

*Away with thee Oh lotus-like eyed one Madhava*

*Be off Keshava tag along alone with the one who takes away the woe of thee*

*tell no lies to me*

*Hari Hari*

8.4 This broad chest of thee is wet with red feet-paint slid from some she

Now appears from the tree of the Love-god new tender leaves whorled with is showing on thee

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<sup>59</sup> hari hari= oh god, oh god - oh boy, oh boy this is used in distain- a catchword in those days. In Indian vocabulary it is still used in forms as an expression of disdain, disgust, or sorry.

*Away with thee Oh lotus-like eyed one Madhava*

*Be off Keshava tag along alone with the one who takes away the woe of thee*

*tell no lies to me*

*Hari Hari*

8.5 The tooth-bite abiding on the lip of thee is causing agony to me

Even now how can the heart of me say that we are allegedly unseparated bodily

*Away with thee Oh lotus-like eyed one Madhava*

*Be off Keshava tag along alone with the one who takes away the woe of thee*

*tell no lies to me*

*Hari Hari*

8.6 Even the heart of thee seems blacker than the blackened body of thee

How can thee let down the followers of thee agonized in fever caused by the arrows of the Love-god thee

*Away with thee Oh lotus-like eyed one Madhava*

*Be off Keshava tag along alone with the one who takes away the woe of thee*

*tell no lies to me*

*Hari Hari*

8.7 Why am I surprised in the forests surprising women roam thee

When childhood legends show how the fate of Putana explain the merciless killing of women by thee

*Away with thee Oh lotus-like eyed one Madhava*

*Be off Keshava tag along alone with the one who takes away the woe of thee*

*tell no lies to me*

*Hari Hari*

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