

**anuraga**

**by Pandit Ganja Deen**

**translated into Chinese by**

**poon tang**

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**ono-no Kai**

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**mono-no Tsubi**

**poems by c**

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## **Translators forward**

**This is a poem by the Sanskrit poet  
Pandit Ganja Deen now lost but  
translated into Chinese now lost by  
poon tang**

**translated into Japanese by  
ono-no Kai**

**translated into English by**

**mono-no Tsubi It is a poem about the  
love of Pandit Ganja Deen for his wife.**

**This type of poem is unique in Sanskrit  
for like both Japanese and Chinese male  
poets Sanskrit poets did not express their  
love for the wife but only for girlfriends  
concubines or lovers etc The themes of this  
poet can seem cliched but the repetition of  
images metaphors observation of the  
seasons are common in Sanskrit poetry and  
are often repeated word for word. The  
mark of genius is to use them in new and  
novel ways and Pandit Ganja Deen sure  
is a poet of genius as he uses them in ways  
that have never before or since been used**

**All these poems are In the form of *svabhavoki* or miniatures of outstanding imagery like miniature Persian paintings or like gold etchings upon the face of a pearl Pandit Ganja Deen breaks with the Sanskrit poetic convention of impersonality and is in line with Western notions of individuality by making his love an individual by mood and suggestion In classic Sanskrit poet the heroine is impersonal she has no individuality by is only a type Pandit Ganja Deen is the first Sanskrit poet in his genius to break from this He thus creates exquisite miniatures of suggestion and mood centered on his wife's individuality and personhood this cult of impersonality which came into Indian literature between the composition of the Mahabharata and Ramayana was never to leave Sanskrit poetry except with Pandit Ganja Deen and never again Also where Pandit Ganja Deen is original and unique and the first in Sanskrit poetry is his**

emphasis upon love in longing- more like the Muslim Sufi in his/her longing for god- this breaks with Indian convention which only portrayed the flavor of love sringarasa sambhoga-sringara ie love in union and vipralambha-sringara love in separation Another convention broke by Pandit Ganja Deen is his mentioning the name of the female sexual organ ie cunt which is never done Through out the **anuraga** the rasa or mood of the miniatures is expressed in the conventions of Sanskrit poetry rain clouds sandalwood bees clouds massing etc for sexual satisfaction Thus though centuries old Pandit Ganja Deen work speaks to the modern reader with freshness even disquiet for even now his work will evoke hostility This work of Pandit Ganja Deen is more like the work of the great Australian erotic poet colin leslie dean-so enjoy your journey thru a landscape of emotions and imagery

## **preface**

**oh how long we for that girly sexy  
that one night stand of delight that  
beauteous female we catch in our  
sight**

**but**

**to long for our wife to long for she  
to desire she to find ones life in she  
that all the beauties of the world it  
be only she that sets we on fire with  
fervent flaming fires only she that  
rises the cock fully turgid with  
burning sap after years of  
domesticity it be she still only she  
that brings back the youthful  
hornyness of we**

**oh**

**then satisfied only we in the totality  
of she**

ah wife we sit opposite each of we and  
into each of eachs eyes look we the  
perfume of thee waft to the nose of |  
mixing with the sweet savory dishes  
set by thee oh how thee doth stir | oh  
how thee doth into desires throw the  
very tingling flesh of | oh how thee  
sets alight the quivering nerves of |  
into those eyes of thee that  
coquettishly stir the soul of | oh how  
thy smile thy glance thy lilted voice of  
seductivity enflames | still after long  
long ages of domesticity into thy eye  
look | and the heart of | sings to thee  
these poems fromst the soul of |

**Thy pubic hair red each curl a flame  
tree on a bed of gold foil flesh**

**Oh**

**How long ♪ to be burnt like the  
moth in the flaming flame by thy  
curls of fire**

**The cuckoo cries caressed by the  
rippling scent of thy cunt**

**Oh**

**How long ♪ to bath in those  
perfumed airs that feel like the touch  
upon the quivering flesh of ♪ like the  
kiss of thy fleshy cunts lips**



**Oh long ♪ for thy cunt blossoming  
with pink lotus blooms shooting  
fires of light like burning gems**

**Oh  
to be wrapped up in the mango scent  
of thy cunt listening to the lilting  
cries of the cuckoo resounding along  
thy cunts lips trembling edge**

**Oh that ♪ long to be by the breeze  
be the bee supping on thy cunts lips  
twin curved slices of peach laced  
with lurid chains of jasmine white  
like winter frost delighting ♪ to the  
fifth note of the cuckoo that charms  
the heart of ♪**

**Oh the cuckoo warbling charms my  
 soul ♪ long for thee ♪ long for thee  
 that ♪ couldst eat thy cunt like a  
 ripe mango fruit and with the eyes of  
 ♪ watch the sparks run along thy  
 cunts lips edge brighter than Sivas  
 eye with the burning love of ♪**

**Long ♪ for thee ♪ long for thy cunt  
 powdered with the yellow pollen of  
 the bakula like a cloud floating upon  
 thy golden flesh red ashoka flames  
 like fire along thy twin moth  
 eyebrow lips curves flashing more  
 refulgent than molten gold more  
 lovelier than sunsets liquid ruby  
 glow**

Oh long ♪ for to see the sweat  
 dewed along thy cunts lips flesh  
 sparkling ast frozen light **red** ast the  
 ashoka petals blazing shafts of fire  
 stars of ruby glow like the sun  
 painted in **gold** upon a **topaz** bright

Oh

to see that cunt of thee that bees  
 mistake for mango blooms like the  
 malachite **parrots** iridescent  
 shimmering

Oh how long ♪ for those days  
 whenst didst ♪ compete with the  
 bees for the cunts flower of thee  
 darting tongue of pink **fire** in thy  
 cunts hole rippling fromst the soft  
 call of the cuckoo on the perfumed  
 breeze the bees dressing thy cunts  
 lips in a cloak of luculent **yellow**

**Do long ♪ for the sweet song of  
the cuckoo blown upon the breeze to  
me and thee ast thy cunts **lips** like  
fires light out shone the peonies in  
brilliancy**

**Oh**

**The yearning of the soul of ♪ to  
merge the lips of ♪ into the lips of  
thee and see thee melt and out pour  
fromst thy cunts hole liquid crystal  
the soul of thee**

**Oh the nights grow shorter and do  
♪ long for thy cunts **lips** painted  
with turmeric the bud of thy **clit**  
pink like the mangos shoot thy lips  
garlanded with cunny dew sparkling  
like stars**

**Oh those **lips** curved blood-red  
flames long ♪ to see again**

**Thy clit glows like a crystal mango  
 bud thy inner lips sweet like candied  
 cherry blossom thy outer lips the  
 pulpy feel of clouds**

**Oh**

**How long ♪ for thee that thee to me  
 bringeth the ecstasy of thee**

**Oh how long ♪ for the mons **V****

**shaped like Jambudvipa of she  
 with cunny **dew** dangling ast upon  
 the **petals** of plums alight with red  
 fires light brighter than flames trees  
 in sunset glow**

Oh that red **bush** covered with fiery flames of red casting indigo shadows along the curved edge of thy mountain **folds** of flesh like rippling waves upon a lotus **pool** deep hued red fromst sunset glow

Oh That long ♪ for to see a dew drop dangling on thy cunts lip like dew upon on lotus petal within which be contained all the world

To see thy **slit** crimson Ganges stream iridescent shimmering long do ♪ to watch the light flicker off thy cunts flame tree **curls** of red

Oh  
To be entangled in those fiery **curls** of peony red that the luster of molten **gold** or the campa blooms fade before the brilliant splendor of the cunt hair of thee

**Oh that cunt hole a moon bright  
like the O in om streaked in  
moonlight like filaments of liquid  
silver burning like white fire in the  
dewy sweat like pearls strung along  
thy lips gleaming globes hanging  
upon the red fire flames of thy pubic  
hair**

**Oh  
To see all these things ast cuckoos  
sing lilting tunes in the fifth note  
perched in willows o'er hanging lotus  
pools of shimmering copper in the  
sunsets glow**

To see the moonlight glitter off the  
 plum-shaped **pin** gleaming o'er thy clit  
 oh for that doth long ♪

Oh

The slivery light filters thru thy red  
**curls** of fire lurid ast light thru crimson  
**panty** silken moist with cunny dew that  
 be what ♪ doth for to too long

O'er thy cunts bloom flaming fire of  
 light long do ♪ long to see  
 the dew like staring ornaments decking  
 the face of the moon gleam with  
 flashing shafts of lurid light

Oh

♪ long to see that luster paint kohl-  
 like around the pink rim of thy cunts  
**hole** a gleaming gazelles eye like lights  
 brilliancy upon pink tinted **silk**



**C**louds of pink cloak thy cunts **lips**  
**i**ndigo **s**hadows lay along thy **s**lit  
 like threads of red silk cast by the  
 sinking sunset sun

**O**h

**L**ong **♪** for thy golden **f**lower ripe  
 for the plucking with my tongue that  
 clit a trembling iris of jade-like light  
 the hue of cuckoos

**T**he fluttering of thy cunts lips cast  
 red spots of light like peony **f**lowers  
 floating o'er thy cunts hole

**O**h

**R**ippling waves upon the holes  
 limpid liquidity glinting gold like the  
**f**ins of fish scattering to the cries of  
 cuckoos these sights long for **♪** to  
 see

**The color of thy cunts **flesh** be the  
color of autumn mist**

**Thy clit prongs like the filaments of  
water lilies**

**Oh**

**To see the flames of thy cunts lips  
burst out with lurid brilliancy like  
slivers of golden **glass****

**Thy clit a stalk of a lotus folded  
twixt thy fleshy cunts lips while  
along thy cunts folds dew spreads  
like chains of pearls lacing thy flesh**

**Oh**

**Thy cunts hole seeping jasmine scent  
opens for love oh how long ♪ for to  
be enfolded embraced by thee**

To see the moon float in thy cunts  
 hole oh for that long ♪ to see the  
 wild grease in flight mirrored in thy  
 holes perfumed liquidity

Oh

To see the flower of thy cunt golden  
 bright reflected 'neath the waters of  
 thy cunts hole spraying splinters of  
 light brocading the earth in iridescent  
 patterns bright

The world is perfumed by the  
 waterlilies within thy cunts hole

Oh

That ♪ might dive in and be  
 dissolved in that loveliness be for  
 what long ♪

**Thy cunt pours out perfume in  
steady streams that coats the  
waterlillies in scented dew**

**Oh**

**How long ♪ to stretch the tongue of  
♪ within that pulpy mound of flesh  
and taste**

**The setting sun sinks within thy  
cunts perfumed rimmed **hole** a  
liquid copper sea**

**Oh**

**That the tongue of ♪ couldst splash  
around in that liquidity frothing up  
bubbles that burst and coat the sky  
in diamond stars that be for what  
doth long ♪**

Oh see ॐ thy **cunts** flesh tinted  
 with liquid gold hues see ॐ thy  
 cunts **lips** glowing with powder of  
 saffron yellow bright

Oh

To see that **cunts** flesh a golden  
 mouth that cunts hole a wagtails  
 eye bright glittering these be for  
 the things long ॐ

That cunt of thee lips fleshy ast  
 the rajahamsas wings **lips** ast  
 red ast the head of the sarasa and  
 balaka

Oh

Long do ॐ to see moonlight  
 spread along thy lips white ast the  
 royal geoses plumage fluttering

**Thy lips** flushed red with love as  
if fresh dyed fromst peony

**Oh**

**How long** ♪ to see that crimson  
hue reflected to the eyes of ♪  
fromst that cunts **pool** a copper  
mirror of light

**The golden** hue of thy **cunts**  
pulpy flesh spreads out o'er the  
world dyeing waterlilies

**Oh**

**How long** ♪ to see that gold of  
thy flesh reflected in the lotus  
**pools** shimmering 'neath autumn  
moon with frost white light

The red-headed **cranes** cry rippling  
 the dew upon thy cunts lips that  
 flies upward coating the sky in  
 filaments of lacework

Oh

How long ♪ for those **flowers** of  
 dew glinting gold with splinters of  
 silvery moonlight

Thy cunts lips sweeter than ripening  
 sugar cane coated in the indigo  
**shadows** of flying wild geese

Oh

Those inner cunt lips curved little  
 sickles of cherry blossom petals of  
 perfumed fragrance refulgent in the  
 sunsets golden **glow** oh how long ♪  
 for

*Along thy cunts **lips** flesh indigo  
 shadows and light bright congeal  
 dancing pirouettes o'er the pulpy  
 curtains of thy lips*

*Oh*

*Long ♪ for that sight of thee  
 splaying thy net of plum **petals**  
 dancing in the perfumed breeze  
 wafting fromst thy cunts hole*

*Thy cunts lips hang like curtains of  
 jasmine petals in the clouding mist  
 oozing fromst thy cunts hole*

*Oh*

*To suck upon those cloud billowing  
 folds of flesh long for doth ♪ to  
 lick that cunny dew like falling pink  
 beads of **glass***



**Along thy cunts sickle moon curved  
gold-gilded lips sweat crystallized  
light glinting khanjana eyes**

**Oh**

**Thy cunts hole coquettish eye  
crimson-streaked with ashoka pollen  
lures ♪ to the open waterlily petals  
of thy cunts lips these be for what  
long ♪**

**Thy cunt hole full moon of silvery  
light paints the lips of ♪ in brocades  
of indigo shadows**

**Oh**

**Those spider webs of dewy light  
lacing thy golden flesh like soft lotus  
filaments hanging gossamer-like  
these be the sights long ♪ for to see**

The slopes of thy cunts **lips** golden  
 curtains that shimmer close round  
 pink rimmed fruit thy cunt **hole** blue  
 plum in a **bowl** of gold

Oh

Like a wagtails eyes coquettish at  
 ♪ long ♪ for that peeps thru flaming  
**fold**s of gold

To thy lips the tongue of ♪ flutters  
 a bee in love the cunts hole bubbles  
 as if by schools of pink **fish** then  
 the ripples leave no trace

Oh

How long ♪ to write poetry along  
 thy cunts **lips** gilded edge shaking  
 the peony flower dew into poems that  
 burn with the scent of sandalwood

The sun set thy cunts lips **dew**  
 sparkles like diamonds on gold silk  
 thy **lips** with the hue of bright orange

Oh

O'er the cunts **hole** iridescent plum  
 blue cheery blossom scent swirls  
 twixt waves of light rippling the  
 sliver face of the moon

Thy cunts golden **flesh** melts into  
 the sunsets golden glow flaming **red**  
 it bursts into bloom **golden-red** thru  
 the twilights **gauze** of many hues

Oh

Those curved lips of flames the  
 twilights hues soak into thy flesh  
 wheeling whirling fragrance washes  
 the air these be for what long ♪

**Thy cunt bursts our rays of red  
flames hotter than the scorching sun  
to burn the earth in its hot perfumed  
heated fumes**

**Oh**

**That I couldst lie cooling in the  
indigo shadows of thy cunts folds  
and smell the jasmine scent wafting  
fromst thy cunts boiling hole**

**Thy cunts heated airs fry the earth  
dry up the lotus pools and winding  
rives drive buffalo and elephants  
made**

**Oh**

**That I couldst wrap necklaces of  
trumpet flowers o'er thy cunts  
burning folds and tip thy lips tips  
with acacia blossoms that scent  
rises that be for what long I to do**

**Thy cunts lips be flames of golden  
fire hotter than forest fires out  
burning the scorching egg yolk  
yellow sun**

**Oh**

**The smell of the sandalwood  
perfume of thy cunts hole that  
spreads hot spears of scent o'er the  
earth burning all in its searing heat  
that be for the thing long ♪ to see**

**Thy cunts fierce rays hotter than the  
burning sun drive mad gazelles birds  
drop to earth fromst its heat**

**Oh**

**Long ♪ to burn the flesh of ♪ in  
thy desire for ♪ within the furnace  
of thy folds to in desire expire**

The tips of thy cunts **lips** glow  
 redder than the searing sun pouring  
 out **rays** of red-orange light melting  
 sunstones

Oh

To lick along those petals unfurled  
 that flowery **throat** of burning topaz  
 light out shining the sun in the  
 sapphire **sky** that burning gem of  
 heated light for this do for long ♪

Burning light drips fromst thy  
 cunts liquid ruby **lips** silhouetting  
 trumpet flowers and cheery blossom  
 petals 'gainst thy cunts flesh

Oh Long ♪ that ♪ couldst float  
 upon the fluffy clouds of scent  
 wafting in brilliant light white of  
 jasmine fromst thy cunts hole

**Thy cunts** glowing hot red spreads  
 light o'er the earth painting all in a  
 gem-like haze 'gainst the turquoise  
 sky

**Oh**

**Those lips of fire rain down drips  
 of light that sets my heart on fire**

**The heat fromst thy cunt of fire  
 forms pools of light boiling hot  
 upon the face of the earth dyeing  
 all in a haze of many hues**

**Oh**

**Long ♪ that couldst ♪ wash the  
 burning flesh of ♪ in those drops  
 of diamantine fragrance dripping  
 fromst that furnace of fire Long  
 ♪ that couldst melt into those lips  
 redder than virgins passion**

**Thy cunts **lips** rays of burning fire  
of gold a second sun in the purple  
**sky** a whirling disk of light more  
brilliant than molten gold**

**Oh**

**Long ♪ to be that moth lured to thy  
gleaming flesh blinded by the  
perfume of thy luminescent hole**

**Out shoots fromst thy **cunt** spears  
of gold burning light like flames of  
saffron forest fires that curl round  
trumpet flowers with scorching  
kisses**

**Oh**

**That long ♪ to look upon those lips  
rouged with fire bright in their cloak  
of incandescent scent a second sun  
of light**



**O'er the land of scorching heat  
 under a cupola of amethyst **sky** like  
 molten crystal thy cunts **lips** pour or  
 their golden flames flickering with  
 the scent of cinnamon**

**Oh  
 How thru the sheet of **flames** with  
 the luster of gold long **♪** to feel  
 those splinters of golden light caress  
 the flesh of **♪****

**The air is full of colors poured out  
 by the cunts flickering flames **spirals**  
 of gold layers of light like molten  
**indigo-purple** quartz gold spots the  
**plums** cheery **blossoms** burst with  
 pink**

**Oh  
 Trembling long **♪** to see thy **lips**  
 flash like golden butterfly wings**

**Thy cunt bursts open like a ripe plum scattering golden light like fruit seeds that drip to the ground to surround all in a haze of shimmering light of blossoming flowery blooms**

**Oh**

**How long ♪ to stir colored stars of pinks and blues into thy cunts hole to squeeze the rays of the sun that the golden fires shimmer within thy cunts hole liquidity**

**Thy cunts hole be a fountain of boiling colored liquidity gurgling and bubbling splashing o'er the earth a flood of light**

**Oh**

**Long ♪ to swim around within those frothing waters fish-like lost in the indigo shadows coated in gold**

Thy cunts **lips** of fire redden the  
 dawn crystal **sky** a golden mirror  
 outshining the sun a coral-tree  
 flower blazing

Oh

Those lips of thee outdoing the  
**sun** in layers of mixed hues of reds  
 pinks blues like watercolor washes  
 o'er sky as colorful as painted  
 Rajasthan saris

Thy cunts **lips** send fiery shafts  
 golden streamers of light that  
 bounce off red **beaks** of thirsting  
 parrots to cover the earth in a cloak  
 of incandescent light

Oh Long ♪ to be enfolded in that  
 robe of light lon ...

No more no more of these poems  
that stir the heart of |  
that turn my flesh to heated coals  
of

longing for thee

Oh grab | thee by thy hair and pull  
thy face to the face of | and press  
the lips of | to thy lips that the very  
flesh of each melts into each and  
carry thee to the bed of we that we  
can fuck with frenzy limbs entwined  
to limbs flesh to flesh oh that each  
shall scream cries of rapture oh  
that we each will fuck each into  
ecstasy

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