

Asta Kaliya Lila Meditation Poem

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“Among the devotees, Krsnadasa Kaviraja is extremely expert at relishing the transcendental nectar of the mellows of love of God. When the stones hear his Caitanya Caritamrta and Govinda Lilamrta, they begin to melt in ecstasy....” Narottama Dasa, Prarthana.

Part One: Pastimes at the End of Night (03:24-6:00 am)

Hurt me in Your tight embrace
Or shamed and fallen in disgrace
Just let me see your sweet soft face!
Lotus limbed Mukunda!

I will delight to take Your feet
Into my heart, a throne so sweet!
With campaka blossoms near Your seat
Lotus limbed Mukunda!

With forest flowers at Your door
A kunja at the kunda's shore,
Your soft sweet faces we adore
O Lotus limbed Mukunda!

With Radha there upon your arm
Softly sighing, churning charm
Your murmurs break the forest's calm
O lotus limbed Mukunda!

Seeing Radha's feet at rest
I beg my mistress to be blessed
To touch and hold them to my chest
My lovely Queen of Vraja!

Gazing at Radha, exhausted, in bliss,
Her face, so sweet, You repeatedly kiss,
While, in feigned anger, She resists
Lovely limbed Mukunda!

Seeing Your sweetheart, with rolling eyes
And hearing now the peacock's cries
We curse, the sun, so determined to rise
And halting Cupid's enterprise.

With the coming of the breaking dawn
The sakhis smile to see You yawn
A net of light-beams break the morn
O lotus limbed Mukunda!

Your hair is soft and curly, wet
With drops of the sweetest scented sweat,
Fanning a sight I can't forget
I love You, sweet Mukunda!

When parrots talk and cuckoos sing
 From your kunjā we will bring
 Your chewed up nuts, Your clothes, Your ring
 Lotus limbed Mukunda!

Seeing me, You'll ask "Who is this?"
 I cower shyly and smile in bliss
 As winks and giggles, my ears, kiss
 O Lotus limbed Mukunda!

"Tungavidya's?" I say "Yes!
 She owns my life. She's my mistress!"
 Your lovely smiles, my eyes, caress
 O lovely limbed Mukunda!

You'll place Your lovely lotus hand
 Upon my head, so fallen and
 With soft red feet You caress the land
 Of Vraja, sweet Mukunda!

When will I ever feel Your touch?
 I am so fallen, I can't ask much
 But desperately on to hope I clutch
 O lovely limbed Mukunda

Seeing Your two sweet lotus faces
 Streaked with tears and make-up traces
 Swamini's order, my heart embraces
 O Radha, O Mukunda!

I'll bring Her water, with care and haste
 I'll covet Your remnants, to treasure and taste
 With mind love-maddened, all lust erased,
 Lovely limbed Mukunda!

Kakkhati brings upon Your ears
 Jatila's words, exploding fears
 Of separation, gushing tears
 O Radha! O Mukunda!

With breaking hearts, You go Your ways,
 Stumbling, trembling, in a daze
 Glancing backwards, with longing gaze
 Sweet Radha, sweet Mukunda!

My mind in anguish, the dawn now breaking
 Clutching Your remnants, my hands now shaking,
 I leave for home, with heart full of aching
 Sweet and soft Swamini!

Each moment seems like Brahma's night
I depart from You, accepting my plight
Yearning to hold You again in my sight
Sweet and soft Swamini!

Thinking of You, in greatest measure
Your service, Your command, my treasure
I'll bathe and dress, just for His pleasure
Sweet and soft Swamini!

I dress in haste, in estimation
That friends have risen- great elation
To meet Them soon, anticipation
To see You, sweet Swamini!

I'll make my way to where You are
Gathering flowers from near and far
Of incomparable softness, and sweet 'roma
Soft and sweet Swamini!

You see me and smile, I embrace Your feet
Of fragrance, camphor and sandalwood sweet!
Arising, You take me- Radha to meet
Ever-kind Swamini!

As You loving bathe Her with greatest delight
And massage Her limbs, so golden and bright
Many a pot I will fill and set right
At Your Lotus feet, Swamini!

Squeezing Her hair out, combing its curls
Braiding in flowers and strings of pearls
Drawing in musk, lovely makhara whirls
These girls will charm Mukunda!

As You and these sakhis, with great expertise
Adorn that sweet lover, Her lover, to tease
May my garlands, so gorgeous, Him also please-
Sweet and soft Swamini?

Seeing Radha, adorned and stunning
And knowing of Jatila's cunning
A leaf is placed on a tear that's running,
Sweet and soft Swamini!

Mukhara comes to tell us “Come quickly!
 Yasoda needs help, or Her boy will get sickly!”
 And though You show much protestation
 Inside You are overjoyed with elation.

You sing, Swamini, with great Krsna prem
 Your voice, even choked, puts Gandharvas to shame
 On Govinda's heart, Your song stakes its claim,
 Sweet and soft Swamini!

Your movements mock the peacock's grace
 Hearing the flute, we see Your face
 Glistening with tears that collide and chase
 The dew of dawn, Swamini!

Nearing Nandagram, hearts exploding
 Corsets loosening, morals eroding
 Bowing to Yashoda, then unloading
 Our gifts for sweet Mukunda!

We smile in joy, as You order us “Bring
 Milk, sugar, rice- and everything!”
 We stir Your pot, while sweetly we sing
 Our love for You, Swamini!

We fan You as You cook near the fire
 Our own hearts melting from our desire
 To please our lover, a need that is dire
 Sweet and soft Swamini!

For Him, delicious food we will cook
 And give to Yashoda, with a shy sweet look
 And gaze at Him, from a secret nook,
 Sweet and soft Swamini!

Yashoda laments at Her skinny boy
 Though we gaze at Your form, with yearning and joy,
 She tempts You to eat, with many a ploy
 Lotus limbed Mukunda!

As Raktaka takes Your plates away
 A tryst 'tween him and Dhanistha may
 Bring us Your ambrosial remnants tray
 Lotus limbed Mukunda!

You wash Your mouth, You start Your day
 With a bathing, full of jokes and play
 And glancing at Radha, the other way
 Lotus limbed Mukunda!

Exchanging glances of ardent yearning
Location of the meeting-place, learning
You leave each other, with hearts that are burning
O Radha, O Mukunda!

Like a swan in a cage or fish in a net
Bound by glance and luster, fret
Your minds and hearts, yet hope will set
O Radha, O Mukunda!

Seeing You leave for the pasturing ground
All of Vraja follows, love-bound
Not bearing the thought of not hearing the sound
Of Your sweet voice, Mukunda!

Nanda follows in tearful mood
Yashoda promises to bring You food
Caressing Your body, with hands love-imbued
They bless Your path, Mukunda!

When You leave, they'll fall hard, fainting
Or stand still, stunned, as if in a painting
Their servants wake them, and in pain, sing
Your sweet names, Mukunda!

You'll drink His sweet face through the tubes of Your eyes
That wash down a lotus that never dries
And trickle past mountains, heaving with sighs
Sweet and soft Swamini!

You accompany Radha to her husband's place
While Govinda is free to frolic and race
You hold His garland near Her lovely face
So saddened, sweet Swamini!

For the so-called sun-god, we'll carefully make
Karpura and laddhus and soft rounded cakes
Sweet pies with cream, all to lovingly take
Just for His sake- Mukunda!

On pretext of pious worship of Sun
We escape Jatila, with prattle and pun
And follow our longings, to battle with One
So crooked in love, dear Radha!

We'll hold Your items for worship, with care
 We'll comb and adorn Her soft silken hair
 For meeting Mukunda, She will, we all swear
 Sweet and soft, Swamini!

A fluttered heart, at fluttered wings,
 A parrot's part of uttered things
 Which to Your heart, He pulls His strings
 My lovely Queen of Vraja!

“Radha-Kunda, the trysting place
 With lovely vines of wistful grace
 Entwined in flowers, blissful bowers
 And Radha, your Mukunda!”

Released from chains of parent's glances
 Sri Krsna runs and sports and dances
 Till sight of a golden creeper lances
 His care-free heart, dear Radha!

From boyish pranks and tumble-turning
 Thoughts of You will send Him yearning
 With eyes of longing and heart of burning
 My lovely Queen of Vraja!

The cloud like Krsna will cry His tears
 Till kindly Dhanishta, to Him, nears
 And whispers something in His burning ears
 News of You, dear Radha!

You gaze down the path and ponder the bees
 So blackish, and the blueish trees
 While stringing extraordinary garlands to please
 Your lover, O sweet Radha!

With mind full of loving intoxication
You enter the forest, filled with elation
To see You tremble in anticipation
For lovely limbed Mukunda

As Vrinda arranges Spring-time's flowers
For Your succor in the sylvan bowers
We pick at ease, the blossoms ours
O lovely Queen of Vraja!

In that lovely, lonely place
Your eyes will dance, with the cakora's grace
In anger, feigned, at the intruder's face
My lovely Queen of Vraja!

“O lovely lady with charming eyes!
Trespassing My forest to vandalize
And Your bulging blouse, I surmise
Hides proof of theft, O sweet one!”

“How dare you accuse Me, without a cause?
Claiming that the forest's Yours?
Leave us chaste wives to our chores
And attend Your cows, Govinda!

We're leaving now, to go to our houses!”
“What's that you're hiding in your lovely blouses?
Open them all!”- Our anger arouses
“Attend Your cows, Govinda!”

“Don't touch us! We are law-abiding-
Our queen's laws are over-riding!”
Impudent, despite our chiding
You grasp Her hand, Mukunda!

“O Rahu rascal, You should cover
Chandravali Your other lover
When star-surrounded, You love another?”
Thus chides shrewd Lalita!

Obliged thus, You pass Your sweet touch
Upon our faces, shining much
Your dark eclipse of sapphires, such
Enchants the worlds, Govinda!

Seeing You distracted thus
 Swamini smiles and winks at us
 And slyly steals Your flute in the fuss
 To please our Queen of Vraja!

'If You're so clever, how come Your flute
 Left You for another brute?"
 So say you, with words astute
 You mock Him thus, Swamini!

You search our dresses, tops and tresses
 We laugh and joke at the frantic caresses
 "Your queen now has it!" then Tulsi stresses
 -in a whispered voice, Mukunda!

"Where is she?" "Hiding in that bower,
 Framed with leaf, and graced with flower!"
 You enter and enjoy for many an hour
 Lovely limbed Mukunda!

We'll sing sweet songs, to bring you pleasure,
 To Swamini's vina, Your loving leisure
 And every delight of Yours, we'll treasure
 Sweet Radha, Sweet Mukunda!

As the sun ascends its heavenly trek
 The manjaris on the sweet couple check
 And find love's marks on cheek and neck
 Sweet Radha, Sweet Mukunda!

Emerging, to our great delight
 Your scattered locks the sweetest sight
 I beg my mistress to set them right
 My lovely Queen of Vraja!

I will do so, with the greatest care
 To comb Your soft and silken hair
 And arrange a festive floral affair
 O lovely Queen of Vraja!

Seeing Your glistening perspiring dew
 I'll fan you with fragrant blossoms of blue
 So like Him, their alluring hue...
 O lovely Queen of Vraja!

The day turns to autumn, with passionate gold
 Leaves falling 'round us, ahead we behold
 A bower of creepers, for sweet hearts sold
 Out to sweet love, Swamini!

The autumn trees, laden with rangana and jati
 Dripping with honey for sweetness of rati
 Have fruits for picnicking, ripe as soft putty
 And juicy for You and Mukunda!

Let me serve You this succulent fruit feast delight
 While You listen to sukas and sarikas fight
 'Bout who is so useless, and who is so bright
 Their Master or Their Mistress?

Wandering on, through leaves that are gold
 Through hearts that are sold, the day becomes cold
 Our breasts will warm You, accept them and hold
 Us near to You, lovely Mukunda!

Stay with us close in this winter retreat
 We make in our hearts, for You a soft seat
 With blossoms of java and badari sweet
 O lovely limbed Mukunda!

As honey-bees kiss the Bhandujiv flowers
 Caressing our ears with nectarean showers
 Sweet Radha sweet Krsna joke sweetly the hours
 Embarrassed by hidden praises.

Uniting in love, they feel separation
 In loving delusion, devastation
 They see not each other, and lose sensation
 Maddened by love, each lover!

Glaring in Chandravali's direction
 But saved by Lailta's careful inspection
 That the rival is but Your own reflection
 And Krsna is here, sweet Radha!

As the sky assumes an indigo tinge
 You play and laugh with dye and syringe
 Of fragrantly floral scents, on fringe
 Of forest and glade, Mukunda!

You see the sakhis, all colors and dressed
 Like brilliant blossoms, round Your chest
 We form a bouquet, tightly pressed
 For Your delight Mukunda!

As peacocks dance, their feathers shaking
 And sakhi's sing, their voices breaking
 There upon the path we're taking
 A lotus swing, Mukunda!

Seeing You next to smiling Hari
 I'll swing you 'neath that shadiest tree
 You embrace Him, frightened, when suddenly
 I push too high, sweet lover!

We slow down the pace, and near Your sweet faces
 With the other sakhis assuming their places
 In goblets of gold, in Your hands, she places
 Nectarean drink, our Swamini.

Citra and Camapaka-lata behold
 While fanning You, with whisks made of gold,
 Visakha, Lalita, with betel nuts rolled,
 With boundless love, Your pastimes unfold...

While Ranga and Sudevi place fragrant paste
 And softest powder on Your faces, graced
 With smiling glances, they then are faced
 With your sweet form, Mukunda

While they shiver and cry in helpless bliss
 The lightning and the thunderclouds kiss
 And the raindrops on treetops, tremble to see this
 And falling, they wonder "Did you see that? What is this?"

Wondering is it a leaf or a flower?
 A bumblebee humming or a monsoon shower?
 No its a lotus swing in a bower!
 Full of fragrant gopis!

The gopis then leave it, for Radhe and Shyam
 And with tinkling laughter in the gladed charm
 They will push so hard, that She in alarm
 Will embrace You, sweet Mukunda!

A shady place for You both to dine
 On intoxicating, honeyed wine
 A sapphire in gold, of lustrous shine,
 Your minds become love-maddened!

We will bring you snacks,
You take in tax
Of priceless beauty
Our drinks relax
Their refusals crumble
Into You they stumble
And submit before
Love's King, so humble!

You plunder our wealth
Yet our hearts rejoice
We sing with great love
In a choked up voice.
Is it a dream, or are we awake?
Either way we play
Just for Love's sake!

You become a plaything
In Radhika's hand
You dress and adorn her
Upon Her command
And helplessly follow
Her every demand
To conquer Your heart, Mukunda!

Vrinda turns up the Sun's melting rays
Softened, he ascends to light up Your day
And tempt You both into water-splash play
Sweet Radha! Sweet Mukunda!

Furious thrashing in glistening water
Adorned by lotus-Yamuna's altar
Laughing and crying in voices that falter
Defeated in love, Govinda!

Trembling, I dry with greatest of care
With softest of towels- Your silken hair
As you sing with prem, so rich and rare
O sweet and soft Swamini!

The rangana, bakula and golden yuthi
Touching you, will increase in beauty
I thus take up my most cherished duty
To adorn your hair, Swamini!

I'll serve you guava, mango, and fruits
Sweet and juicy, with lotus roots
Stems and seeds and other shoots
Of unrivaled taste, to please you!

Madhumangala makes funny
 Faces to please You
 The sakhis make jokes
 So teasing, to tease You
 Putting Your wit to their scornful test...
 In a lotus temple
 They then take their rest...

The sakhas lie down
 In the temple wing's South
 While Krsna places
 In Her camphor-like mouth
 His chewed up remnants...
 While the sakhis sing...
 And take their rest
 In the eastern wing...

Woken up by parrots praise
 As the sunlight dapples
 Its afternoon rays
 Flapping their wings
 With love and bliss
 They compare the Couple
 With that... and with this...

Surrounded by parrots, peacocks and birds
 They wager in dice, with challenging words
 Their beloved pet deer and Krsna won
 And Madhumangala arrested Her deer in great fun.

They wager embraces- as a stake
 The defeated to give, the winner to take
 Radha scored ten, and thus possessed
 All the limbs of Her lover, all over Her pressed.

Suddenly, the trance is now broken
 By words from a parrot, distraughtedly spoken
 That Jatila is coming, everyone flees
 With Krsna hiding behind some trees

He takes a new form, as a disguise
 A brahman boy before her eyes...
 With sweetest blessing, and sweetest ease
 He worships Surya, His lover to please.

Jatila gives Radha's rings as reward
 And takes Her back home, away from Her Lord,
 Looking back, She drinks with great yearning
 His glance from a heart that is broken and burning.

Krsna returns to His friends, heartbroken
Remembering all that was done, felt and spoken
His friends surround and embrace him with joy
To see again Gopal, their cowherd boy.

They gaze at Him with unblinking eyes
He calls all His cows, while each cow tries
To lick His sweet body, with their loving tongue
So fresh and delightful, charming and young!

While the cowherd boys run and play in elation
From You we are sunk in separation,
Fanning Swamini, are we fanning a pyre?
The scent from Mukunda's garland, like fire.

Oh sweet Queen of Vraja, Your stunned stricken state!
To cook for sweet Krsna, your grief will abate!
The cooking fire cool, compared to your heart
We help you and tremble to behold your art!

Bringing you milk, fruits, sugar and spice
Making such things that enthrall and entice
We fan Your soft body so fragrant and nice
For Govinda's touch, Swamini!

We'll bathe You with water, sweet, cool from the river
We'll rub Your soft limbs that perspire, shake and shiver
Comb Your hair and make You a braid
A lotus path fragrant with flowers waylaid...

Accompanying You, we ascend the moon-tower
Cakora eyes yearning for the monsoon shower
You look at the cow path, o'er and 'oer,
Sweet and soft Swamini!

From far away, He plays His flute
The trees shake and tremble, the birds become mute,
And the grass sends up skyward, many a soft shoot
For your soft feet, Mukunda!

Burning in a forest fire of separation
You finally glimpse Hari in great elation
And to Your heart, with anticipation.
Sweet and soft Swamini!

We embrace You deep within our hearts
 While celebration in Vraja starts
 In ecstasy they lose composure
 Of all loving eyes, the only cynosure!

Thirsty for the honey of Your eyes, we are longing
 Not knowing where we are or to whom we're belonging
 Our senses, around You, forever are thronging
 Sweet lotus limbed Mukunda!

As bees to the lotus obsessively race
 You capture our eyes with Your sweet lotus face,
 As raindrops to earth will assuredly fall,
 We are drawn to You, our life and our all!

While Your parents feel the topmost blisses
 Covering Your head with caresses and kisses
 We again become lifeless, not seeing Your face
 As You disappear into Nanda's place.

Part 6- Evening pastimes: (6 pm- 8:24 pm)

Banishing heartache, painful, pernicious
 Dhanishta arrives to fulfill all our wishes
 To bring to You, all our nectarean dishes
 Like karpuri kelis, soft and delicious!

When You don't eat, Yasoda's heart sinks
 So You taste with relish our sweets and drinks
 And laugh and joke with your cowherd friends
 While the messenger Malati, Vrinda sends.

To give us news of the meeting place,
 You finish Your meal, You wash Your sweet face,
 Our bodies erupt with goosebumps and shivers
 Upon tasting Your remnants, which Dhanishta delivers.

You pass the time, playing with friends
 In the river of nectar that never ends,
 Playing with happiness, humour and laughter
 Informed by Dhanishta, Radha goes after.

To touch the water, touched by You
 As hearing His cows frantically moo
 Mukunda had returned to milk their full udders
 Seeing the scene, Radha cries, shakes and shudders.

Your hair is softy and curly, wet
 With drops of the sweetest scented sweat,
 While bending over so tenderly
 To milk Your cows, we yearn to see.

Gleefully, You return once again
 To take Your meal with the cowherd men
 Of yoghurt, savories and sikharini
 Served with love by Yasoda -Rohini!

Like a moon rising into the darkest night
 Relieving the Eastern direction's plight
 You rest on the balcony, within our sight
 And revive us, sweet Mukunda!

When Tulsi brings Your remnant delight
 About who will serve who, out breaks a fight
 Though least qualified, by Your sweet glance
 To serve You, Swamini, I get a chance!

Then taking Your remnants as my greatest treasure,
 And Radha's chewed betel, my only pleasure,
 You rest so I can serve Your feet
 With water and oil, scented and sweet.

Part 7- Pastimes at Nightfall: (8:24 pm- 10.48 pm)

Krsna rests- a little while
 Then slakes their thirst to see His smile
 Of cowherd elders, in Nanda's hall
 While entertainers delight them all.

Yasoda sends Raktak to serve You sweets
 For You and Your friends, Her condensed milk treats,
 Caresses Your head and puts You to bed
 Her breastmilk soaking Her every thread.

I'll dress You, Swamini, in garments of white
 To disappear into the full moon-light
 Or garments of splendid, sapphiric blue
 On the dark moon night, simply to hide You!

With garlands so fragrant, Govinda to capture...
 To charm and enchant, with loving rapture!
 I tell your elders that You are asleep
 So that out of the house, You can carefully creep.

Slipping away, without a trace
 Blissfully to the trysting place
 Full of trees embraced by vine
 Of flowers, scented, sweet and fine.

Of fruits succulent, sweet and delicious
 Desire trees granting all Your wishes!
 Lotuses that bloom both night and day
 Perfect for Your nocturnal play!

Trees of gold with sapphire seats
 Growing on the sapphire sands
 Tree-made baskets, full of treats
 For taking by Your lotus hands.

Platforms of diamonds, beneath the trees
 Of shimmering Lapis lazuli leaves
 Ruby buds and crystalline flowers
 Fragrant finesse in the sylvan bowers.

Embraced on all sides, desire trees, surrounding
 A temple, their platforms, with jewels, abounding
 And centered within, a lotus lion throne
 Of sunstone and jewels of splendor, unknown.

Four jeweled paths lead away from this place
 Down to Yamuna's waters where, graced
 On her charming banks, Krsna sara deer
 Gaze at the sweet Rasa-mandala, near.

Its garden, with regal flowers, is full
 Seeing it's charm, Radha is blissful.
 Wandering thither in anticipation
 Where Krsna is, Her utmost vexation!

Where is He, when is He coming here?
 This place is vacant without Him so dear!
 Thinking He's come, with the rustle of breeze
 Mistaking Him for the Tamala trees.

But when Krsna comes before Her vision
 Alas He is treated with much derision!
 By laughing sakhis who delight
 To turn Love's antics into a fight!

Protecting their mistress from His wanton hand
 He breaks through their ranks to touch Her, and
 Faces the challenge of Her contrary mood
 Increasing the sweetness of all that ensued.

Vrinda escorts You with love to the bower
Seating You down upon many a flower
I offer my garlands and ear-ornaments
Which serve You with charming colours and scents.

As Swamini plays Her vina and pays
Homage to Cupid, this maidservant prays
Your lotus feet, to bathe and massage
With oil so fragrant, to assure Love's passage.

As the trees tremble slightly in the soft moonlight
As Krsna's flute plays in the forest twilight
Th sakhis sing in loving verse
To bring You great bliss on the paths we traverse.

“This moonlight lustre makes my heart flow
With longing for you!””Oh Let it be so!”
The silver of the moonlight's reflections
Blends with gold from the gopi's complexions

The trees then dance, with the wind as their guru
The cuckoos sing charming songs when they see You
Melting with love, Vrindavan is blessed
By the touch of Your feet, she feels Your caress.

Her trees drop petals, upon your play bed
And fruits for Your taste, soft, ripe and red
Her breezes are fragrant and cool for Your touch
By pleasing Your senses, she loves You so much!

Like a golden creeper on a tamala tree
Your sweet embracing, when they see
The lotuses, ashamed, can no longer be proud
Or lightning, embraced by the monsoon cloud.

Hari picks clusters of blossoms to please
And decorate all of His sweet gopis
Touching them all to increase their desire
Dressing them all in soft floral attire.

We sing sweet songs, comparing Your features
To the trees, the moon, or the forest creatures,
Embraced by Spring, the malati vine,
Reciprocates Her love with clusters divine.

O see how the lotus, the bees gently kiss
 And everyone is pleased by this!
 The moon, all darkness will destroy
 And to all others, bring them joy!

A dais beneath the vamsi vata tree
 With Radha and Krsna, my sweet Swamini!
 I serve You with love and a fragrant fan
 New garlands and Sri Krsna's remnant pan!

Yamuna offers You her lotus flowers
 Upon her waves, with fragrant showers
 Of cooling mist, that Malay sandal kissed,
 Making perfect, Your loving tryst.

Then Madhava with loving thanks
 Begins to dance upon your banks
 With lovely Radha, Your sakhis surround You
 Arm in arm, they then dance around You

Sometimes fast and sometimes slow
 Like a potters wheel, but all aglow
 Then Krsna appears before each lover
 To embrace them, unseen, by any other!

Then wheeling around like a firebrand bright
 So fast that You're constantly in their sight
 With arms on Your shoulders, their loving glances
 And delicate beauty, Your heart entrances.

They then join hands, a circle creating
 With You in the middle, dancing, rotating
 Swooping down low, just to amaze them
 They do the same, while their maidservants praise them. .

Dancing on soft sand, scented with lily
 Your fragrant feet, my sweet Swamini
 As fish are helplessly, in a net, wrapped
 By Your sweetness of form, Sri Mukunda is trapped.

His flute song , along with Your heavenly voice
 And anklebells tinkling, makes the whole world rejoice,
 Singing to the rhythm of dancing feet
 Intoxication from an elixir so sweet.

A medley of melody from heavenly rapture
 With vina and dampha, Swamini will capture
 In scales not heard by mortal tries
 Every glance from Mukunda's eyes

With instruments of wind, percussion and string
 With voices of honey, the sweet sakhis sing
 In countless tunes and tones and features
 While making hand-shadows of different creatures.

Krsna moves His beautiful feet
 And hands, to the ever-changing beat
 Radha repeatedly joyfully trills
 While Lalita, like lightning, shows off her skills

Visakha dances, with vina and jingling
 Bangles that clink and anklebells tinkling
 The sakhi's skills -amaze and stun
 Krsna who says "Well done, well done!"

Krsna makes Radha dance with His flute
 While the other sakhis follow suit,
 Radha makes Krsna dance with Her song
 To which the sakhis sing along.

Bending backwards, to the ground
 Still rotating round and round
 Or dancing even upside down
 In oceans of bliss, their maidservants drown.

Unable to reward them a suitable prize
 With hearts embrace, Krsna anyhow tries
 Kissing, glancing, holding, dancing
 Their prema for Him, ever advancing.

Sometimes thereupon their breasts
 Hari's hand, trembling, rests
 As sakhis cry, perspire and shiver
 The lotuses tremble on prema's river.

As Shyama's hands, their bodies, tend
 Their hairs begin to stand on end
 While crystalline tears fill their eyes
 Gently their sweat, He tenderly dries.

Cooler than millions and trillions of moons
 His soft lotus touch relieves their swoons
 Unable to stop Your garlands falling
 Quickly I help, hearing Your calling.

Helplessly sunk in the depths of emotion.
 Ecstasy moves in waves on the ocean
 Of Krsna's touch, where broken things fall
 Necklaces, garlands, garments and all...

Then Vrinda, knowing well Krsna's desire
 To taste their prema, even higher
 On the river-bank facing east
 Serves them a fruit and honey wine feast

While moonlight touches the waves of the river
 Breaking its moonrays, sliver by sliver,
 Krsna takes Radha, inebriated
 For kunja pastimes of bliss, much elated.

The sakhis are taken by Vrinda to rest
 While at sweet Radhika's fond behest
 Krsna expands into many forms sweetly
 To enjoy with them all, freely, completely.

Dressing themselves, they emerge thus, shyly
 Frowning and glancing at Mukunda slyly
 Accusing Radha of sending a snake
 To break the vows they faithfully make.

Seeing them fatigued, from loving play
 And dancing in many a skillful way
 Krsna pulls them, one by one,
 In Yamuna's water, just for fun.

The water fight begins with innocent sprinkling
 Lotus hands pulling, with ornaments tinkling
 Increasing to a challenging splashing
 Increasing again to furious thrashing!

Quarreling, no one accepts defeat
 But music will make the scene complete
 Played with hands, upon the waves
 Their lovely beauty He lovingly craves.

Taking them lovingly by their hands
 Sri Krsna pulls them to Yamuna's sands
 Seeing Your sweet disheveled braid
 You accept an offer from this hand-maid

Opening Your braid, with trembling care
 Gently combing Your soft curly hair
 Firmly out, the water squeezing
 Patting it dry with a soft towel, teasing
 Crushed flowers out of clusters broken
 While You smile at my jokes, cleverly spoken.

Vrinda then brings wonderful things
Garments and unguents, my heart sings
To serve you with these, simply to tease Him
Charmed by You who unlimitedly please Him!

Rupa Manjari brings sweets made of milk
And we serve You upon the sands, soft as silk
The Yamuna's breeze blows open the gates
Of a temple of gold, Your flower bed waits

Softly covering the stemless flowers
A silken cover, You'll pass the hours
In blissful loving tight embrace
Hand to hand, face to face.

O king of Vrndavana O queen of Vrndavana bowing down before You with a choked voice this foolish person appeals to You

Although I am not worthy to receive Your mercy please be merciful to me for You are the crowns of all who are merciful.

O king and queen worshiped by the masters of all the worlds they who are very merciful are filled with mercy even for the unworthy and even for the offenders. Although I have not the dimmest shadow of pure devotion which is the only way to attain You still because You are the masters of playful transcendental pastimes please be merciful to me

O my king and queen in this world many powerful controllers and many playful persons are seen to be merciful to the impious and indifferent. Although I am the lowest and You the highest although I am fool and You the greatest philosopher although I am wicked and You the most saintly and although I commit offenses when I think of You still

O king and queen the shadow of whose holy name delivers one from a host of sins please be kind to this person who sometimes chants Your holy name. The most unpardonable sin is made nonexistent by a small particle of devotion to You This makes me hopeful For this reason I now appeal to You.

Although this living entity is cowardly eunuch intense pain has now made him bold O king and queen again and again he appeals to You Please be kind to him Loudly crying and taking a straw between his teeth this sinful soul begs O king and queen please be kind!" Calling out Alas Alas! this unfortunate person begs Please hear my appeal; O king and queen please hear my appeal!" Filled with anguish and again and again calling out Alas Alas! I beg O oceans of mercy please be kind to this unworthy person!"

Placing his face in his hands this person cries in anguish O king and queen please please give a small drop of Your mercy!" Crying I who am a great fool beg in a piteous voice O merciful king and queen please splash me with Your waves of mercy!"

To they whose hearts are filled with sweet ecstatic devotion You mercifully give sweet pure love. O King and queen I wish only to serve You I do not wish anything else Please become kind to me. O king and queen who are kind to the shelterless please be kind to this person and grant the direct service he begs. Folded palms placed on his head this poor person begs May my desire now be fulfilled. When coming through the forest will Your splendid fragrance overwhelm my nose with immeasurable happiness?

O queen of Vrndavana bowing down and rolling about on the Yamuna's shore this person with an agitated heart and a choked voice appeals to You. Even though he has committed offenses even though he is unqualified and even though his intelligence is crooked please give this person a small particle of Your devotional service.

Because the fresh butter of Your heart is always melting in the splendor of Your transcendental mercy it is not proper for You to neglect this anguished person

Please reveal the lotus faces of You both as with the enthusiasm of two maddened elephants You enjoy pastimes in the pleasure-groves of Vrndavana O queen please be kind to me Please be kind.

Falling down like a stick on the ground distressed and stammering with words choked with emotion I beg You O Queen Gandharvika please be kind to this foolish person and count him one of Your associates.