

THE FIRST PART

Joyful Krishna

"Clouds thicken the sky.
Tamāla trees darken the forest.
The night frightens him.
Rādhā, you take him home!"
They leave at Nanda's order,
Passing trees in thickets on the way,
Until secret passions of Rādhā and Mādhava
Triumph on the Jumna riverbank.

*power of nature
over man*

1

Jayadeva, wandering king of bards
Who sing at Padmāvatī's lotus feet,
Was obsessed in his heart
By rhythms of the goddess of speech,
And he made this lyrical poem
From tales of the passionate play
When Krishna loved Śrī.

*poem results from
divine obsession*

2

Umāpatidhara is prodigal with speech,
Śaraṇa is renowned for his subtle flowing sounds,
But only Jayadeva divines the pure design of words.
Dhoyī is famed as king of poets for his musical ear,
But no one rivals master Govardhana
For poems of erotic mood and sacred truth.

3

If remembering Hari enriches your heart,
If his arts of seduction arouse you,
Listen to Jayadeva's speech
In these sweet soft lyrical songs.

4

The First Song, sung with Rāga "Mālava"

Begins w/
violence
imagery -
sets the
stage for
violence in
love - All
of the invocations
are significant
in this way,
but it's
imp that it
starts w/
violence.

In seas that rage as the aeon of chaos collapses,
You keep the holy Veda like a ship straight on course.
You take form as the Fish, Krishna.
Triumph, Hari, Lord of the World!

Matsya

Where the world rests on your vast back,
Thick scars show the weight of bearing earth.
You take form as the Tortoise, Krishna.
Triumph, Hari, Lord of the World!

Kurma

— singing
praise
of Vishnu

The earth clings to the tip of your tusk
Like a speck of dust caught on the crescent moon.
You take form as the Boar, Krishna.
Triumph, Hari, Lord of the World!

Varaha

Nails on your soft lotus hand are wondrous claws
Tearing the gold-robed body of black bee Hiranyakaśipu.
You take form as the Man-lion, Krishna.
Triumph, Hari, Lord of the World!

K's power
over nature

Narasimha

Wondrous dwarf, when you cheat demon Bali with wide steps,
Water falls from your lotus toenails to purify creatures.
You take form as the Dwarf, Krishna.
Triumph, Hari, Lord of the World!

Vamana

You wash evil from the world in a flood of warriors' blood,
And the pain of existence is eased.
You take form as the axman Priest, Krishna.
Triumph, Hari, Lord of the World!

Parashurama

Incited by gods who guard the directions in battle,
You hurl Rāvaṇa's ten demon heads to the skies.
You take form as the prince Rāma, Krishna.
Triumph, Hari, Lord of the World!

Rama

The robe on your bright body is colored with rain clouds,
And Jumna waters roiling in fear of your plow's attack.
You take form as the plowman Balarāma, Krishna.
Triumph, Hari, Lord of the World!

Balarama

12

Moved by deep compassion, you condemn the Vedic way
That ordains animal slaughter in rites of sacrifice.
You take form as the enlightened Buddha, Krishna.
Triumph, Hari, Lord of the World!

proclaims
social
& religious law
Buddha

13

You raise your sword like a fiery meteor
Slashing barbarian hordes to death.
You take form as the avenger Kalki, Krishna.
Triumph, Hari, Lord of the World!

Also ends w/
violence.
The 10 invocations
represent the 10
stages of love.

what?

Listen to the perfect invocation of poet Jayadeva,
Joyously evoking the essence of existence!
You take the tenfold cosmic form, Krishna.
Triumph, Hari, Lord of the World!

15

For upholding the Vedas,
For supporting the earth,
For raising the world,
For tearing the demon asunder,
For cheating Bali,
For destroying the warrior class,
For conquering Rāvaṇa,
For wielding the plow,
For spreading compassion,
For routing the barbarians,
Homage to you, Krishna,
In your ten incarnate forms!

5 of the 10
involve violence -
meaning of the
other 5?

↓
this person
is stupid.

16

— The Second Song, sung with Rāga "Gurjari" —

You rest on the circle of Śrī's breast,
Wearing your earrings,
Fondling wanton forest garlands.
Triumph, God of Triumph, Hari!

The sun's jewel light encircles you
As you break through the bond of existence — *divine connection*
A wild Himalayan goose on lakes in minds of holy men.
Triumph, God of Triumph, Hari!

You defeat the venomous serpent Kāliya,
Exciting your Yadu kinsmen
Like sunlight inciting lotuses to bloom.
Triumph, God of Triumph, Hari!

You ride your fierce eagle Garuḍa
To battle demons Madhu and Mura and Naraka,
Leaving the other gods free to play.
Triumph, God of Triumph, Hari!

association of violence and freedom —
Watching with long omniscient lotus-petal eyes,
You free us from bonds of existence,
Preserving life in the world's three realms.
Triumph, God of Triumph, Hari!

Janaka's daughter Sītā adorns you.
You conquer demon Dūṣaṇa.
You kill ten-headed Rāvaṇa in battle.
Triumph, God of Triumph, Hari!

Your beauty is fresh as rain clouds.
You hold the mountain to churn elixir from the sea.
Your eyes are night birds drinking from Śrī's moon face.
Triumph, God of Triumph, Hari!

Poet Jayadeva joyously sings
This song of invocation
In an auspicious prayer.
Triumph, God of Triumph, Hari!

As he rests in Śrī's embrace,
On the soft slope of her breast,
The saffroned chest of Madhu's killer — *violence in love*
Is stained with red marks of passion
And sweat from fatigue of tumultuous loving.
May his broad chest bring you pleasure too!

Kana
When spring came, tender-limbed Rādhā wandered
Like a flowering creeper in the forest wilderness,
Seeking Krishna in his many haunts.
The god of love increased her ordeal,
Tormenting her with fevered thoughts,
And her friend sang to heighten the mood.

— The Third Song, sung with Rāga "Vasanta" —

nature personified
Soft sandal mountain winds caress quivering vines of clove. *power of nature*
Forest huts hum with droning bees and crying cuckoos.
When spring's mood is rich, Hari roams here
To dance with young women, friend—
A cruel time for deserted lovers. — *Radha*

Lonely wives of travelers whine in love's mad fantasies.
Bees swarm over flowers clustered to fill mimosa branches.
When spring's mood is rich, Hari roams here
To dance with young women, friend—
A cruel time for deserted lovers.

Tamāla trees' fresh leaves absorb strong scents of deer musk.
Flame-tree petals, shining nails of Love, tear at young hearts.
When spring's mood is rich, Hari roams here
To dance with young women, friend—
A cruel time for deserted lovers.

Gleaming saffron flower pistils are golden scepters of Love.
Trumpet flowers like wanton bees are arrows in Love's quiver.
When spring's mood is rich, Hari roams here
To dance with young women, friend—
A cruel time for deserted lovers.

Tender buds bloom into laughter as creatures abandon modesty.
Cactus spikes pierce the sky to wound deserted lovers.
When spring's mood is rich, Hari roams here
To dance with young women, friend—
A cruel time for deserted lovers.

Scents of twining creepers mingle with perfumes of fresh garlands.
Intimate bonds with young things bewilder even hermit hearts.
When spring's mood is rich, Hari roams here
To dance with young women, friend—
A cruel time for deserted lovers.

Budding mango trees tremble from the embrace of rising vines.
Brindaban forest is washed by meandering Jumna river waters.
When spring's mood is rich, Hari roams here
To dance with young women, friend—
A cruel time for deserted lovers.

Jayadeva's song evokes the potent memory of Hari's feet,
Coloring the forest in springtime mood heightened by Love's presence.
When spring's mood is rich, Hari roams here
To dance with young women, friend—
A cruel time for deserted lovers.

Wind perfumes the forests with fine pollen
Shaken loose from newly blossomed jasmine
As it blows Love's cactus-fragrant breath
To torture every heart it touches here.

Crying sounds of cuckoos, mating on mango shoots
Shaken as bees seek honey scents of opening buds,
Raise fever in the ears of lonely travelers—
Somehow they survive these days
By tasting the mood of lovers' union
In climaxing moments of meditation.

Pointing to Mura's defeater nearby
Delighting in his seductive game
Of reveling in many women's embraces,
Her friend sang to make Rādhā look back.

beauty of scene
→ The Fourth Song, sung with Rāga "Rāmakarī" →

before introing deep tranquility
Yellow silk and wildflower garlands lie on dark sandaloiled skin.
Jewel earrings dangling in play ornament his smiling cheeks.
Hari revels here as the crowd of charming girls
Revels in seducing him to play.

One cowherdess with heavy breasts embraces Hari lovingly
And celebrates him in a melody of love.
Hari revels here as the crowd of charming girls
Revels in seducing him to play.

audience sit in on a shaggy scene
Another simple girl, lured by his wanton quivering look,
Meditates intently on the lotus face of Madhu's killer.
Hari revels here as the crowd of charming girls
Revels in seducing him to play.

penetrating
A girl with curving hips, bending to whisper in his ear,
Cherishes her kiss on her lover's tingling cheek.
Hari revels here as the crowd of charming girls
Revels in seducing him to play.

Eager for the art of his love on the Jumna riverbank, a girl
Pulls his silk cloth toward a thicket of reeds with her hand.
Hari revels here as the crowd of charming girls
Revels in seducing him to play.

Maenads!
Hari praises a girl drunk from dancing in the rite of love,
With beating palms and ringing bangles echoing his flute's low tone.
Hari revels here as the crowd of charming girls
Revels in seducing him to play.

He hugs one, he kisses another, he caresses another dark beauty.
He stares at one's suggestive smiles, he mimics a willful girl.
Hari revels here as the crowd of charming girls
Revels in seducing him to play.

The wondrous mystery of Krishna's sexual play in Brindaban forest
Is Jayadeva's song. Let its celebration spread Krishna's favors!
Hari revels here as the crowd of charming girls
Revels in seducing him to play.

When he quickens all things
To create bliss in the world,
His soft black sinuous lotus limbs
Begin the festival of love
And beautiful cowherd girls wildly
Wind him in their bodies.
Friend, in spring young Hari plays
Like erotic mood incarnate.

Winds from sandalwood mountains
Blow now toward Himalayan peaks,
Longing to plunge in the snows
After weeks of writhing
In the hot bellies of ground snakes.
Melodious voices of cuckoos
Raise their joyful sound
When they spy the buds
On tips of smooth mango branches.

"Joyful Krishna" is the first part in *Gītagovinda*

sexual depiction of nature
obscene violence

THE SECOND PART

Careless Krishna

While Hari roamed in the forest
 Making love to all the women,
 Rādhā's hold on him loosened,
 And envy drove her away.
 But anywhere she tried to retreat
 In her thicket of wild vines,
 Sounds of bees buzzing circles overhead
 Depressed her—
 She told her friend the secret.

— The Fifth Song, sung with Rāga "Gurjari" —

Sweet notes from his alluring flute echo nectar from his lips.
 His restless eyes glance, his head sways, earrings play at his cheeks.
 My heart recalls Hari here in his love dance,
 Playing seductively, laughing, mocking me. — Radha

A circle of peacock plumes caressed by moonlight crowns his hair.
 A rainbow colors the fine cloth on his cloud-dark body.
 My heart recalls Hari here in his love dance,
 Playing seductively, laughing, mocking me.

Kissing mouths of round-hipped cowherd girls whets his lust.
 Brilliant smiles flash from the ruby-red buds of his sweet lips.
 My heart recalls Hari here in his love dance,
 Playing seductively, laughing, mocking me.

Vines of his great throbbing arms circle a thousand cowherdesses.
 Jewel rays from his hands and feet and chest break the dark night.
 My heart recalls Hari here in his love dance,
 Playing seductively, laughing, mocking me.

His sandalpaste browmark outshines the moon in a mass of clouds.
 His cruel heart is a hard door bruising circles of swelling breasts.
 My heart recalls Hari here in his love dance,
 Playing seductively, laughing, mocking me.

Jeweled earrings in sea-serpent ^{Sesha} form adorn his sublime cheeks.
 His trailing yellow cloth is a retinue of sages, gods, and spirits.
 My heart recalls Hari here in his love dance,
 Playing seductively, laughing, mocking me.

Meeting me under a flowering tree, he calms my fear of dark time,
 Delighting me deeply by quickly glancing looks at my heart.
 My heart recalls Hari here in his love dance,
 Playing seductively, laughing, mocking me.

Jayadeva's song evokes an image of Madhu's beautiful foe
 Fit for worthy men who keep the memory of Hari's feet.
 My heart recalls Hari here in his love dance,
 Playing seductively, laughing, mocking me.

Personal account
 as it's love - concrete
 is abstract, a confession

My heart values his vulgar ways,
Refuses to admit my rage,
Feels strangely elated,
And keeps denying his guilt.
When he steals away without me
To indulge his craving
For more young women,
My perverse heart
Only wants Krishna back.
What can I do?

— The Sixth Song, sung with Rāga "Mālava" —

K always referred to as victor over something
I reach the lonely forest hut where he secretly lies at night.
My trembling eyes search for him as he laughs in a mood of passion.
Friend, bring Keśi's sublime tormentor to revel with me!
I've gone mad waiting for his fickle love to change.

I shy from him when we meet; he coaxes me with flattering words.
I smile at him tenderly as he loosens the silken cloth on my hips.
Friend, bring Keśi's sublime tormentor to revel with me!
I've gone mad waiting for his fickle love to change.

Poi dog pordering!
I fall on the bed of tender ferns; he lies on my breasts forever.
I embrace him, kiss him; he clings to me drinking my lips.
Friend, bring Keśi's sublime tormentor to revel with me!
I've gone mad waiting for his fickle love to change.

My eyes close languidly as I feel the flesh quiver on his cheek.
My body is moist with sweat; he is shaking from the wine of lust. Bacchus!
Friend, bring Keśi's sublime tormentor to revel with me!
I've gone mad waiting for his fickle love to change.

I murmur like a cuckoo; he masters love's secret rite.
My hair is a tangle of wilted flowers; my breasts bear his nailmarks. Kama Sutra
Friend, bring Keśi's sublime tormentor to revel with me!
I've gone mad waiting for his fickle love to change.

Jewel anklets ring at my feet as he reaches the height of passion.
My belt falls noisily; he draws back my hair to kiss me.
Friend, bring Keśi's sublime tormentor to revel with me!
I've gone mad waiting for his fickle love to change.

I savor passion's joyful time; his lotus eyes are barely open. nature met a pure series
My body falls like a limp vine; Madhu's foe delights in my love. beauty of sun
Friend, bring Keśi's sublime tormentor to revel with me!
I've gone mad waiting for his fickle love to change.

Jayadeva sings about Rādhā's fantasy of making love with Madhu's killer.
Let the story of a lonely cowherdess spread joy in his graceful play.
Friend, bring Keśi's sublime tormentor to revel with me!
I've gone mad waiting for his fickle love to change.

The enchanting flute in his hand
Lies fallen under coy glances;
Sweat of love wets his cheeks;
His bewildered face is smiling— bewildered?
When Krishna sees me watching him
Playing in the forest
In a crowd of village beauties,
I feel the joy of desire.

Wind from a lakeside garden
Coaxing buds on new aśoka branches
Into clusters of scarlet flowers
Is only fanning the flames to burn me.
This mountain
Of new mango blossoms
Humming with roving bumblebees
Is no comfort to me now, friend.

"Careless Krishna" is the second part in *Gita Govinda*

THE THIRD PART

Bewildered Krishna

Krishna, demon Kamsa's foe,
Feeling Rādhā bind his heart with chains
Of memories buried in other wordly lives,
Abandoned the beautiful cowherd girls.

As he searched for Rādhikā in vain,
Arrows of love pierced his weary mind
And Mādhava repented as he suffered
In a thicket on the Jumna riverbank.

Arrows
again!

— The Seventh Song, sung with Rāga "Gurjari" —

She saw me surrounded in the crowd of women,
And went away.
I was too ashamed,
Too afraid to stop her.
Damn me! My wanton ways
Made her leave in anger.

"I" = Krish. as
person -
familiarity
x has faults

violence culminates
in desertion - diff
from D.

What will she do, what will she say to me
For deserting her this long?
I have little use for wealth or people
Or my life or my home.
Damn me! My wanton ways
Made her leave in anger.

I brood on her brow curving
Over her anger-shadowed face,
Like a red lotus
Shadowed by a bee hovering above.
Damn me! My wanton ways
Made her leave in anger.

5

In my heart's sleepless state
I wildly enjoy her loving me.
Why do I follow her now in the woods?
Why do I cry in vain?
Damn me! My wanton ways
Made her leave in anger.

6

Frail Rādhā, I know jealousy
Wastes your heart.
But I can't beg your forgiveness
When I don't know where you are.
Damn me! My wanton ways
Made her leave in anger.

7

You haunt me,
Appearing, disappearing again.
Why do you deny me
Winding embraces you once gave me?
Damn me! My wanton ways
Made her leave in anger.

8

Forgive me now!
I won't do this to you again!
Give me a vision, beautiful Rādhā!
I burn with passion of love.
Damn me! My wanton ways
Made her leave in anger.

9

Hari's state is painted
With deep emotion by Jayadeva—
The poet from Kindubilva village,
The moon rising out of the sea.
Damn me! My wanton ways
Made her leave in anger.

marks
of Siva

Lotus stalks garland my heart,
Not a necklace of snakes!
Blue lily petals circle my neck,
Not a streak of poison!
Sandalwood powder, not ash,
Is smeared on my lovelorn body!
Love-god, don't attack, mistaking me for Siva!
Why do you rush at me in rage?

Don't lift your mango-blossom arrow!
Don't aim your bow!
Our games prove your triumph, Love.
Striking weak victims is empty valor.
Rādhā's doe eyes broke my heart
With a volley of glances
Impelled by love—
Nothing can arouse me now!

Glancing arrows your brow's bow conceals
May cause pain in my soft mortal core.
Your heavy black sinuous braid
May perversely whip me to death.
Your luscious red berry lips, frail Rādhā,
May spread a strange delirium.
But how do breasts in perfect circles
Play havoc with my life?

Euripides
expresses his
delirium in
the *Bacchae*?

Her joyful responses to my touch,
Trembling liquid movements of her eyes,
Fragrance from her lotus mouth,
A sweet ambiguous stream of words,
Nectar from her red berry lips—
Even when the sensuous objects are gone,
My mind holds on to her in a trance.
How does the wound of her desertion deepen?

Her arched brow is his bow,
Her darting glances are arrows,
Her earlobe is the bowstring—
Why are the weapons guarded
In Love's living goddess of triumph?
The world is already vanquished.

"Bewildered Krishna" is the third part in *Gitagovinda*

THE FOURTH PART

Tender Krishna

In a clump of reeds on the Jumna riverbank
Where Mādhava waited helplessly,
Reeling under the burden of ardent love,
Rādhikā's friend spoke to him.

—* The Eighth Song, sung with Rāga "Karnāṭa" *

She slanders sandalbalm and moonbeams—weariness ^{Agave} confuses her.
She feels venom from nests of deadly snakes in sandal mountain winds.
Lying dejected by your desertion, fearing Love's arrows,
She clings to you in fantasy, Mādhava.

Trying to protect you from the endless fall of Love's arrows,
She shields her heart's soft mortal core with moist lotus petals.
Lying dejected by your desertion, fearing Love's arrows,
She clings to you in fantasy, Mādhava.

She covets a couch of Love's arrows to practice her seductive art.
She makes her flower bed a penance to win joy in your embrace.
Lying dejected by your desertion, fearing Love's arrows,
She clings to you in fantasy, Mādhava.

She raises her sublime lotus face, clouded and streaked with tears,
Like the moon dripping with nectar from cuts of the eclipse's teeth.
Lying dejected by your desertion, fearing Love's arrows,
She clings to you in fantasy, Mādhava.

She secretly draws you with deer musk to resemble the god of love,
Riding a sea monster, aiming mango-blossom arrows—she worships you.
Lying dejected by your desertion, fearing Love's arrows,
She clings to you in fantasy, Mādhava.

She cries out the words, "Mādhava, I fall at your feet!
When your face turns away, even moonlight scorches my body."
Lying dejected by your desertion, fearing Love's arrows,
She clings to you in fantasy, Mādhava.

She evokes you in deep meditation to reach your distant form.
She laments, laughs, collapses, cries, trembles, utters her pain.
Lying dejected by your desertion, fearing Love's arrows,
She clings to you in fantasy, Mādhava.

If your heart hopes to dance to the haunting song of Jayadeva,
Study what her friend said about Rādhā suffering Hari's desertion.
Lying dejected by your desertion, fearing Love's arrows,
She clings to you in fantasy, Mādhava.

3rd o. narration
of all knowing person
deity?
power of speaker's voice
or also familiarity

!!!
The Bacchae

changes forms

Her house becomes a wild jungle,
Her band of loving friends a snare.
Sighs fan her burning pain
To flames that rage like forest fire.
Suffering your desertion,
She takes form as a whining doe
And turns Love into Death
Disguised as a tiger hunting prey.

← The Ninth Song, sung in Rāga "Deśākhya" →

An exquisite garland lying on her breasts
Is a burden to the frail wasted girl.
Krishna, Rādhikā suffers in your desertion.

Moist sandalbalm smoothed on her body
Feels like dread poison to her.
Krishna, Rādhikā suffers in your desertion.

The strong wind of her own sighing
Feels like the burning fire of love.
Krishna, Rādhikā suffers in your desertion.

nature comparison
Her eyes shed tears everywhere
Like dew from lotuses with broken stems.
Krishna, Rādhikā suffers in your desertion.

power of insanity
Her eyes see a couch of tender shoots,
But she imagines a ritual bed of flames.
Krishna, Rādhikā suffers in your desertion.

She presses her palm against her cheek,
Wan as a crescent moon in the evening.
Krishna, Rādhikā suffers in your desertion.

"Hari! Hari!" she chants passionately,
As if destined to die through harsh neglect.
Krishna, Rādhikā suffers in your desertion.

May singing Jayadeva's song
Give pleasure to the worshipper at Krishna's feet!
Krishna, Rādhikā suffers in your desertion.

She bristles with pain, sucks in breath,
Cries, shudders, gasps,
Broods deep, reels, stammers,
Falls, raises herself, then faints.
When fevers of passion rage so high,
A frail girl may live by your charm.
If you feel sympathy, Krishna,
Play godly healer! Or Death may take her.

ultimate pair of Krishna & Diangos.

Divine physician of her heart,
The love-sick girl can only be healed
With elixir from your body.
Free Rādhā from her torment, Krishna—
Or you are crueler
Than Indra's dread thunderbolt.

While her body lies sick
From smoldering fever of love,
Her heart suffers strange slow suffocation
In mirages of sandalbalm, moonlight, lotus pools.
When exhaustion forces her to meditate on you,
On the cool body of her solitary lover,
She feels secretly revived—
For a moment the feeble girl breathes life.

recitator feel like they speak w/ K

K is the only one she can love, but she is not the only one he can love.

She found your neglect in love unbearable before,
Despairing if you closed your eyes even for a moment.
How will she live through this long desertion,
Watching flowers on tips of mango branches?

"Tender Krishna" is the fourth part in Gitagovinda

THE FIFTH PART

Lotus-eyed Krishna Longing for Love

I'll stay here, you go to Rādhā!
Appease her with my words and bring her to me!"
Commanded by Madhu's foe, her friend
Went to repeat his words to Rādhā.

— The Tenth Song, sung with Rāga "Deśavarāḍī" —

Sandalwood mountain winds blow,
Spreading passion.
Flowers bloom in profusion,
Tearing deserted lovers' hearts.
Wildflower-garlanded Krishna
Suffers in your desertion, friend.

Cool moon rays scorch him,
Threatening death.
Love's arrow falls
And he laments his weakness.
Wildflower-garlanded Krishna
Suffers in your desertion, friend.

Bees swarm, buzzing sounds of love,
Making him cover his ears.
Your neglect affects his heart,
Inflicting pain night after night.
Wildflower-garlanded Krishna
Suffers in your desertion, friend.

He dwells in dense forest wilds,
Rejecting his luxurious house.
He tosses on his bed of earth,
Frantically calling your name.
Wildflower-garlanded Krishna
Suffers in your desertion, friend.

Poet Jayadeva sings
To describe Krishna's desolation.
When your heart feels his strong desire,
Hari will rise to favor you.
Wildflower-garlanded Krishna
Suffers in your desertion, friend.

→ Note Dionysos also
closely associated
w/ nature

Mādhava still waits for you
 In Love's most sacred thicket,
 Where you perfected love together.
 He meditates on you without sleeping,
 Muttering a series of magical prayers.
 He craves the rich elixir that flows
 From embracing your full breasts.

— The Eleventh Song, sung with Rāga "Gurjari" —

He ventures in secret to savor your passion, dressed for love's delight.
 Rādhā, don't let full hips idle! Follow the lord of your heart!
 In woods on the wind-swept Jumna bank,
 Krishna waits in wildflower garlands.

He plays your name to call you on his sweet reed flute.
 He cherishes breeze-blown pollen that touched your fragile body.
 In woods on the wind-swept Jumna bank,
 Krishna waits in wildflower garlands.

When a bird feather falls or a leaf stirs, he imagines your coming.
 He makes the bed of love; he eyes your pathway anxiously.
 In woods on the wind-swept Jumna bank,
 Krishna waits in wildflower garlands.

Leave your noisy anklets! They clang like traitors in love play.
 Go to the darkened thicket, friend! Hide in a cloak of night!
 In woods on the wind-swept Jumna bank,
 Krishna waits in wildflower garlands.

Your garlands fall on Krishna's chest like white cranes on a dark cloud.
 Shining lightning over him, Rādhā, you rule in the climax of love.
 In woods on the wind-swept Jumna bank,
 Krishna waits in wildflower garlands.

Loosen your clothes, untie your belt, open your loins!
 Rādhā, your gift of delight is like treasure in a bed of vines.
 In woods on the wind-swept Jumna bank,
 Krishna waits in wildflower garlands.

Hari is proud. This night is about to end now.
 Speed my promise to him! Fulfill the desire of Madhu's foe!
 In woods on the wind-swept Jumna bank,
 Krishna waits in wildflower garlands.

While Jayadeva sings his enticing song to worship Hari,
 Bow to Hari! He loves your favor—his heart is joyful and gentle.
 In woods on the wind-swept Jumna bank,
 Krishna waits in wildflower garlands.

Sighing incessantly, he pours out his grief.
 He endlessly searches the empty directions.
 Each time he enters the forest thicket,
 Humming to himself, he gasps for breath.
 He makes your bed of love again and again,
 Staring at it in empty confusion.
 Lovely Rādhā, your lover suffers
 Passion's mental pain.

Your spitefulness ebbed
 As the hot-rayed sun set.
 Krishna's mad desire
 Deepened with the darkness.
 The pitiful cry of lonely cuckoos
 Keeps echoing my plea,
 "Delay is useless, you fool—
 It is time for lovers to meet!"

13

14

15

16

17

an interesting contrast!

Two lovers meeting in darkness
Embrace and kiss
And claw as desire rises
To dizzying heights of love.
When familiar voices reveal
That they ventured into the dark
To betray each other,
The mood is mixed with shame.

As you cast your frightened glance
On the dark path,
As you stop at every tree,
Measuring your steps slowly,
As you secretly move
With love surging through your limbs,
Krishna is watching you, Rādhā!
Let him celebrate your coming!

"Lotus-eyed Krishna Longing for Love" is the fifth part in *Gītagovinda*

THE SIXTH PART

Indolent Krishna

Seeing Rādhā in her retreat of vines,
Powerless to leave, impassioned too long,
Her friend described her state
While Krishna lay helpless with love.

— The Twelfth Song, sung with Rāga "Nata" —

In her loneliness she sees you everywhere
Drinking springflower honey from other lips.

Lord Hari,
Rādhā suffers in her retreat.

power of K's
love 2

Rushing in her haste to meet you,
She stumbles after a few steps and falls.

Lord Hari,
Rādhā suffers in her retreat.

3

Weaving bracelets from supple lotus shoots
As symbols of your skillful love, she keeps alive.

Lord Hari,
Rādhā suffers in her retreat.

nature
imagery 4

Staring at her ornaments' natural grace,
She fancies, "I am Krishna, Madhu's foe."

Lord Hari,
Rādhā suffers in her retreat.

5

"Why won't Hari come quickly to meet me?"
She incessantly asks her friend.
Lord Hari,
Rādhā suffers in her retreat.

She embraces, she kisses cloud-like forms
Of the vast dark night. "Hari has come," she says.
Lord Hari,
Rādhā suffers in her retreat.

While you idle here, modesty abandons her,
She laments, sobs as she waits to love you.
Lord Hari,
Rādhā suffers in her retreat.

May poet Jayadeva's song
Bring joy to sensitive men!
Lord Hari,
Rādhā suffers in her retreat.

Her body bristling with longing,
Her breath sucking in words of confusion,
Her voice cracking in deep cold fear—
Obsessed by intense thoughts of passion,
Rādhā sinks in a sea of erotic mood,
Clinging to you in her meditation, cheat!

She ornaments her limbs
When a leaf quivers or a feather falls.
Suspecting your coming,
She spreads out the bed
And waits long in meditation.)
Making her bed of ornaments and fantasies,
She evokes a hundred details of you
In her own graceful play.)
But the frail girl will not survive
Tonight without you.

"Indolent Krishna" is the sixth part in *Gita Govinda*

THE SEVENTH PART

Cunning Krishna

As night came
The mood displayed cratered stains,
Seeming to flaunt its guilt
In betraying secret paths
Of adulterous women,
Lighting depths of Brindaban forest
With moonbeam nets—
A spot of sandalwood powder
On the face of a virgin sky.

While the moon rose
And Mādhava idled,
Lonely Rādhā
Cried her pain aloud
In pitiful sobbing.

—The Thirteenth Song, sung with Rāga "Mālava"—

Just when we promised to meet, Hari avoided the woods.
The flawless beauty of my youth is barren now.
Whom can I seek for refuge here?
My friend's advice deceives me.

I followed him at night to depths of the forest.
He pierced my heart with arrows of love.
Whom can I seek for refuge here?
My friend's advice deceives me.

Death is better than living in my barren body.
 Why do I blankly endure love's desolating fire?
 Whom can I seek for refuge here?
 My friend's advice deceives me.

The sweet spring night torments my loneliness—
 Some other girl now enjoys Hari's favor.
 Whom can I seek for refuge here?
 My friend's advice deceives me.

Every bangle and jewel I wear pains me,
 Carrying the fire of Hari's desertion.
 Whom can I seek for refuge here?
 My friend's advice deceives me.

Even a garland strikes at the heart of my fragile body
 With hard irony, like Love's graceful arrow.
 Whom can I seek for refuge here?
 My friend's advice deceives me.

I wait among countless forest reeds;
 Madhu's killer does not recall me, even in his heart.
 Whom can I seek for refuge here?
 My friend's advice deceives me.

Jayadeva's speech takes refuge at Hari's feet.
 Keep it in your heart like a tender girl skillful in love.
 Whom can I seek for refuge here?
 My friend's advice deceives me.

Has he waylaid some loving girl?
 Do his friends hold him by clever tricks?
 Is he roaming blindly near the dark forest?
 Or does my lover's anguished mind so tangle the path
 That he cannot come into this thicket of vines
 And sweet swamp reeds where we promised to meet?

When Rādhā saw her friend come back
 Without Mādhava,
 Downcast and tongue-tied,
 Suspicion raised a vision of some girl
 Delighting Krishna,
 And she told her friend.

The Fourteenth Song, sung with Rāga "Vasanta" ✽

She is richly arrayed in ornaments for the battle of love;
 Tangles of flowers lie wilted in her loosened hair.
 Some young voluptuous beauty
 Revels with the enemy of Madhu.

She is visibly excited by embracing Hari;
 Her necklaces tremble on full, hard breasts.
 Some young voluptuous beauty
 Revels with the enemy of Madhu.

Curling locks caress her moon face;
 She is weary from ardently drinking his lips.
 Some young voluptuous beauty
 Revels with the enemy of Madhu.

Quivering earrings graze her cheeks;
 Her belt sounds with her hips' rolling motion.
 Some young voluptuous beauty
 Revels with the enemy of Madhu.

She laughs bashfully when her lover looks at her;
 The taste of passion echoes from her murmuring.
 Some young voluptuous beauty
 Revels with the enemy of Madhu.

Her body writhes with tingling flesh and trembling.
The ghost of Love expands inside with her sighing.
Some young voluptuous beauty
Revels with the enemy of Madhu.

Drops of sweat wet the graceful body
Fallen limp on his chest in passionate battle.
Some young voluptuous beauty
Revels with the enemy of Madhu.

May Hari's delight in Jayadeva's song
Bring an end to this dark time.
Some young voluptuous beauty
Revels with the enemy of Madhu.

The lonely moon,
Like the lotus face of Mura's foe,
Wan in love's desolation,
Is calming the surface of my mind.
But the moon is Love's friend—
It still inflicts his torments
On my heart.

The Fifteenth Song, sung with Rāga "Gurjari"

Her rapt face shows the passion her lips feel kissing him;
With deer musk he draws the form of a stag on the moon.
In woods behind a sandbank on the Jumna river,
Mura's foe makes love in triumph now.

He lays an amaranth blossom in clouds of hair massed on her soft face—
A shimmer of lightning shines in the forest where Love goes hunting.
In woods behind a sandbank on the Jumna river,
Mura's foe makes love in triumph now.

He smears the domes of her swelling breasts with shining deer musk,
He makes star clusters with pearls and a moonmark with his nail.
In woods behind a sandbank on the Jumna river,
Mura's foe makes love in triumph now.

The dark sapphire bangle he slips over each lotus-petal hand—
Encircles her arm's cool pale supple stalk like a swarm of bees.
In woods behind a sandbank on the Jumna river,
Mura's foe makes love in triumph now.

Her broad hips are a temple of passion holding Love's golden throne;
He lays a girdle of gemstones there to mark the gate of triumph.
In woods behind a sandbank on the Jumna river,
Mura's foe makes love in triumph now.

What was the poem about the female goddess w/ her husband?
He applies a shining coat of lac to feet lying on his heart
Like tender shoots tipped with pearls to honor Lakṣmī's place inside.
In woods behind a sandbank on the Jumna river,
Mura's foe makes love in triumph now.

27
While Balarāma's fickle brother is delighting some pretty girl,
Why does barren disgust haunt my bower of branches, tell me friend?
In woods behind a sandbank on the Jumna river,
Mura's foe makes love in triumph now.

28
Jayadeva, king of poets, echoes Hari's merit in the mood of his song.
Let evil dark-age rhythms cease at the feet of Madhu's foe!
In woods behind a sandbank on the Jumna river,
Mura's foe makes love in triumph now.

Friend, if the pitiless rogue won't come,
Why should it pain my messenger?
He wantonly delights in loving many women.
Why is this your fault?
See! His tenderness in love
Draws my heart to meet him.
It is trying to break away
From the pain of longing for him.

30
The Sixteenth Song, sung with Rāga "Deśākhya" ♪
His eyes flirt like blue night lilies in the wind. — nature
The bed of tender shoots won't burn her.
Wildflower-garlanded Krishna
Caresses her, friend.

31
His soft mouth moves like an open lotus.
Arrows of love won't wound her.
Wildflower-garlanded Krishna
Caresses her, friend.

32
His mellow speech is elixir of honey. — nature
Sandal mountain winds won't scorch her.
Wildflower-garlanded Krishna
Caresses her, friend.

33
His hands and feet gleam like hibiscus blossoms.
Cold moon rays won't make her writhe.
Wildflower-garlanded Krishna
Caresses her, friend.

34
His color deepens like rain-heavy thunderheads.
Long desertion won't tear at her heart.
Wildflower-garlanded Krishna
Caresses her, friend.

His bright cloth shines gold on black touchstone.
Her servants' teasing won't make her sigh.

Wildflower-garlanded Krishna
Caresses her, friend.

36

His tender youth touches all creatures.
She won't feel the pain of terrible pity.

Wildflower-garlanded Krishna
Caresses her, friend.

37

Through words that Jayadeva sings
May Hari possess your heart!

Wildflower-garlanded Krishna
Caresses her, friend.

38

Sandalwood mountain wind,
As you blow southern breezes
To spread the bliss of love,
Soothe me! End the paradox!
Lifebreath of the world,
If you bring me Mādhava
For a moment,
You may take my life!

39

Friends are hostile,
Cool wind is like fire,
Moon nectar is poison,
Krishna torments me in my heart.
But even when he is cruel
I am forced to take him back.

Women with night-lily eyes feel love
In a paradox of passion-bound infinity.

40

Command my torment, sandal mountain wind!
Take my lifebreath with arrows, Love!
I will not go home for refuge again!
Jumna river, sister of Death,
Why should you be kind?
Drown my limbs with waves!
Let my body's burning be quenched!

41

"Cunning Krishna" is the seventh part in *Gitagovinda*

THE EIGHTH PART

Abashed Krishna

After struggling through the night,
She seemed wasted by the arrows of love.
She denounced her lover bitterly
As he bowed before her, pleading forgiveness.

— The Seventeenth Song, sung with Rāga "Bhairavī" —

Bloodshot from a sleepless night of passion, listless now,
Your eyes express the mood of awakened love.
Damn you, Mādhava! Go! Keśava, leave me!
Don't plead your lies with me!
Go after her, Krishna!
She will ease your despair.

Dark from kissing her kohl-blackened eyes,
At dawn your lips match your body's color, Krishna.
Damn you, Mādhava! Go! Keśava, leave me!
Don't plead your lies with me!
Go after her, Krishna!
She will ease your despair.

Etched with scratches of sharp nails in the battle of love,
Your body tells the triumph of passion in gold writing on sapphire.
Damn you, Mādhava! Go! Keśava, leave me!
Don't plead your lies with me!
Go after her, Krishna!
She will ease your despair.

Drops of red lac from her lotus feet wet your sublime breast.
They force buds from the tree of love to bloom on your skin.
Damn you, Mādhava! Go! Keśava, leave me!
Don't plead your lies with me!
Go after her, Krishna!
She will ease your despair.

The teethmark she left on your lip creates anguish in my heart.
Why does it evoke the union of your body with mine now?
Damn you, Mādhava! Go! Keśava, leave me!
Don't plead your lies with me!
Go after her, Krishna!
She will ease your despair.

Dark Krishna, your heart must be baser black than your skin.
How can you deceive a faithful creature tortured by fevers of Love?
Damn you, Mādhava! Go! Keśava, leave me!
Don't plead your lies with me!
Go after her, Krishna!
She will ease your despair.

Why am I shocked that you roam in the woods to consume weak girls?
The fate of Pūtānā shows your cruel childhood bent for killing women.
Damn you, Mādhava! Go! Keśava, leave me!
Don't plead your lies with me!
Go after her, Krishna!
She will ease your despair.

Jayadeva sings the lament of a jealous girl deceived by passion.
Listen, sages! Heaven rarely yields such sweet elixir.
Damn you, Mādhava! Go! Keśava, leave me!
Don't plead your lies with me!
Go after her, Krishna!
She will ease your despair.

The red stains her lac-painted feet
 Lovingly left on your heart
 Look to me like fiery passion
 Exposing itself on your skin.
 Cheat, the image I have of you now
 Flaunting our love's break
 Causes me more shame
 Than sorrow.

"Abashed Krishna" is the eighth part in *Gītagovinda*

10

THE NINTH PART

Languishing Krishna

Then, when she felt wasted by love,
 Broken by her passion's intensity,
 Despondent, haunted by Hari's
 Response to her quarreling,
 Her friend spoke to her.

1

— The Eighteenth Song, sung with Rāga "Gurjari" —

Hari comes when spring winds, bearing honey, blow.
 What greater pleasure exists in the world, friend?
 Don't turn wounded pride on Mādhava!
 He is proud too, sullen Rādhā.

2

Your swollen breasts are riper than palm fruits.
 Why do you waste their rich flavor?
 Don't turn wounded pride on Mādhava!
 He is proud too, sullen Rādhā.

3

How often must I repeat the refrain?
 Don't recoil when Hari longs to charm you!
 Don't turn wounded pride on Mādhava!
 He is proud too, sullen Rādhā.

4

Why do you cry in hollow despair?
 Your girlfriends are laughing at you.
 Don't turn wounded pride on Mādhava!
 He is proud too, sullen Rādhā.

5

See Hari on his cool couch of moist lotuses!
Reward your eyes with this fruit!
Don't turn wounded pride on Mādhava!
He is proud too, sullen Rādhā.

Why conjure heavy despair in your heart?
Listen to me tell how he regrets betraying you.
Don't turn wounded pride on Mādhava!
He is proud too, sullen Rādhā.

Let Hari come! Let him speak sweet words!
Why condemn your heart to loneliness?
Don't turn wounded pride on Mādhava!
He is proud too, sullen Rādhā.

May Jayadeva's lilting song
Please sensitive men who hear Hari's story!
Don't turn wounded pride on Mādhava!
He is proud too, sullen Rādhā.

When he is tender you are harsh,
When he is pliant you are rigid,
When he is passionate you are hateful,
When he looks expectant you turn away,
You leave when he is loving.
Your perverseness justly
Turns your sandalbalm to poison,
Cool moon rays to heat, ice to fire,
Joys of loveplay to torments of hell.

"Languishing Krishna" is the ninth part in *Gītāgovinda*

THE TENTH PART

Four Quickening Arms

As night came, he approached Rādhā,
Finding the force of her anger softened,
Her face weak from endless sighing.
At dusk she stared in shame at her friend's face
As Hari stammered his blissful words.

The Nineteenth Song, sung with Rāga "Deśavarāḍī"

If you speak, moonlight gleaming on your teeth
Dispels the dread darkness of fear.
Let your moon face lure my nightbird eyes
To taste nectar from your quivering lips!
Rādhā, cherished love,
Abandon your baseless pride!
Love's fire burns my heart—
Bring wine in your lotus mouth!

If you feel enraged at me, Rādhā,
Inflict arrow-wounds with your sharp nails!
Bind me in your arms! Bite me with your teeth!
Or do whatever excites your pleasure!
Rādhā, cherished love,
Abandon your baseless pride!
Love's fire burns my heart—
Bring wine in your lotus mouth!

You are my ornament, my life,
My jewel in the sea of existence.
Be yielding to me forever,
My heart fervently pleads!

Rādhā, cherished love,
Abandon your baseless pride!
Love's fire burns my heart—
Bring wine in your lotus mouth!

Frail Rādhā, even with dark lotus pupils,
Your angry eyes are like scarlet lilies.
As your arrows of love arouse emotion,
My black form responds with red passion.

Rādhā, cherished love,
Abandon your baseless pride!
Love's fire burns my heart—
Bring wine in your lotus mouth!

Let pearls quivering on full breasts
Move the depths of your heart!
Let a girdle ringing on round hips
Proclaim the command of Love!

Rādhā, cherished love,
Abandon your baseless pride!
Love's fire burns my heart—
Bring wine in your lotus mouth!

Your hibiscus-blossom foot colors my heart
As your beauty fills the stage of love.
Speak, soft voiced Rādhā! Let me dye your feet
With the rich liquid of gleaming red lac!

Rādhā, cherished love,
Abandon your baseless pride!
Love's fire burns my heart—
Bring wine in your lotus mouth!

Place your foot on my head—
A sublime flower destroying poison of love!
Let your foot quell the harsh sun
Burning its fiery form in me to torment Love.
Rādhā, cherished love,
Abandon your baseless pride!
Love's fire burns my heart—
Bring wine in your lotus mouth!

This graceful loving coaxing
Mura's foe spoke to Rādhikā
Triumphs in the joy Jayadeva sings
To delight his muse Padmāvatī.
Rādhā, cherished love,
Abandon your baseless pride!
Love's fire burns my heart—
Bring wine in your lotus mouth!

Fretful Rādhā, don't suspect me!
A rival has no place
When your voluptuous breasts and hips
Always occupy my heart.
Only the ghost of Love is potent enough
To penetrate my subtle core.
When I start to press your heavy breasts,
Fulfill our destined rite!

Punish me, lovely fool!
Bite me with your cruel teeth!
Chain me with your creeper arms!
Crush me with your hard breasts!
Angry goddess, don't weaken with joy!
Let Love's despised arrows
Pierce me to sap my life's power!

Now K
wants to be
penetrated!

Your useless silence tortures me, frail Rādhā.
Sing sweet lyrics in the mode of love!
Tender girl, destroy my pain with your eyes!
Beautiful Rādhā, don't be indifferent!
Don't clude me! I am deeply devoted to you.
Lovely fool, I am here as your lover.

Your moist lips glow
Like crimson autumn blossoms;
The skin of your cheek
Is a honey-colored flower.
Fierce Rādhā, your eyes glower
Like gleaming dark lotuses;
Your nose is a sesame flower;
Your teeth are white jasmine.
Love's flower arms conquer worlds
By worshipping your face.

Your eyes are lazy with wine, like Madālasā.
Your face glows like the moonlight nymph Indumatī.
Your gait pleases every creature, like Manoramā.
Your thighs are plantains in motion, like Rambhā.
Your passion is the mystic rite of Kalāvatī.
Your brows form the sensual line of Citralekhā.
Frail Rādhā, as you walk on earth,
You bear the young beauty of heavenly nymphs.

"Four Quickening Arms" is the tenth part in *Gītagovinda*

THE ELEVENTH PART

Blissful Krishna

Soothing Rādhā with his pleas,
Keśava dressed elaborately
And went to lie on his thicket bed.
As night fell to blind prying eyes,
Rādhā dressed in gleaming ornaments
And one woman urged her to move quickly.

— The Twentieth Song, sung with Rāga "Vasanta" —

He made himself soothe you with flattery.
He made himself fall limp at your feet.
Now he waits for sensual play in his bed
On a bank of sweet swamp reeds.

Madhu's tormentor
Is faithful to you, fool.
Follow him, Rādhikā!

Your full hips and breasts are heavy to bear.
Approach with anklets ringing!
Their sound inspires lingering feet.
Run with the gait of a wild goose!

Madhu's tormentor
Is faithful to you, fool.
Follow him, Rādhikā!

Synthesis
of god and
worshipper—
we can't
tell which
is which!

Nahur
Listen to enticing sounds of honey bees
Buzzing to bewilder tender women!
Sympathize when a flock of cuckoos
Sing Love's commands like bards.

Madhu's tormentor
Is faithful to you, fool.
Follow him, Rādhikā!

4
A mass of vines with thickly clustered shoots
Quivering in the wind like a hand
Seems to be gesturing to your tapering thighs
To quicken your pace. Stop loitering here!

Madhu's tormentor
Is faithful to you, fool.
Follow him, Rādhikā!

5
Strong waves of love throbbing in you
Suggest that you feel Hari's embrace.
Ask your rounded breasts if they wear
Seductive pearls or drops of pure water!

Madhu's tormentor
Is faithful to you, fool.
Follow him, Rādhikā!

6
Your friends know your armed body is ready
For passionate battle, fierce Rādhā,
By the war-drum beat of your clanging girdle.
Meet his rich mood without shame!

Madhu's tormentor
Is faithful to you, fool.
Follow him, Rādhikā!

7
As you cling to your friend in graceful play,
Nails on your hand are arrows of love—
Let your ringing bangles go to him!
Wake Hari! Claim his intimacy!

Madhu's tormentor
Is faithful to you, fool.
Follow him, Rādhikā!

Jayadeva's singing devalues necklaces;
It solves the paradox of beauty.
May it always adorn the throats
Of men who devote their hearts to Hari!
Madhu's tormentor
Is faithful to you, fool.
Follow him, Rādhikā!

"She will look at me, tell me a tale of love,
Feel pleasure in every limb from my embraces,
Delight in meeting me, friend," he says anxiously.
Your lover looks for you, trembles, bristles,
Rejoices, sweats, advances, falls faint
In the thicket buried in darkness.

Night is putting black kohl on their eyes,
Tamāla-flower clusters on their ears,
Dark lotus wreaths on their heads,
Leaf designs of musk on their breasts.
In every thicket, friend,
The night's dark cherished cloak
Embraces limbs of beautiful adultresses
Whose hearts rush to meet their lovers.

night =
patron
→ adultery is
condoned

As saffron-bright bodies
Of women rushing to meet lovers
Streak the night
With clusters of light,
Night spreads darkness as dense
As tamāla leaves,
Making a touchstone
To test the gold of love.

Seeing Hari light the deep thicket
With brilliant jewel necklaces, a pendant,
A golden rope belt, armlets, and wrist bands,
Rādhā modestly stopped at the entrance,
But her friend urged her on.

13

—The Twenty-first Song, sung with Rāga "Varāḍī"—

Revel in wild luxury on the sweet thicket floor!
Your laughing face begs ardently for his love.
Rādhā, enter Mādhava's intimate world!

14

Revel in a thick bed of red petals plucked as offerings!
Strings of pearls are quivering on your rounded breasts.
Rādhā, enter Mādhava's intimate world!

15

Revel in a bright retreat heaped with flowers!
Your tender body is flowering.
Rādhā, enter Mādhava's intimate world!

16

Revel in the fragrant chill of gusting sandal-forest winds!
Your sensual singing captures the mood.
Rādhā, enter Mādhava's intimate world!

17

Revel where swarming bees drunk on honey buzz soft tones!
Your emotion is rich in the mood of love.
Rādhā, enter Mādhava's intimate world!

18

Revel where cries of flocking cuckoos sweetly sound!
Your teeth glow like seeds of ripe pomegranate.
Rādhā, enter Mādhava's intimate world!

19

Revel in tangles of new shoots growing on creeping vines!
Your voluptuous hips have languished too long.
Rādhā, enter Mādhava's intimate world!

20

Consecrate your joyful union with Padmāvatī!
Enemy of Mura, grant a hundred holy blessings
While poet-king Jayadeva is singing!
Rādhā, enter Mādhava's intimate world!

21

Bearing you in his mind so long
Has wearied him, inflamed him with love.
He longs to drink your sweet berry lips' nectar.
Ornament his body with yours now!
He worships your lotus feet—a slave bought
With Śrī's flashing glance. Why are you afraid?

seems to be
a prominent
image

22

Her restless eyes were on Govinda
With mixed alarm and bliss
As she entered his place
To the sweet sound of ringing anklets.

23

— The Twenty-second Song, sung with Rāga "Varāḍi" —

All his deep-locked emotions broke when he saw Rādhā's face,
Like sea waves cresting when the full moon appears.
She saw her passion reach the soul of Hari's mood—
The weight of joy strained his face; Love's ghost haunted him.

24

He toyed with ropes of clear pearls lying on his chest,
Like the dark Jumna current churning shining swells of foam.
She saw her passion reach the soul of Hari's mood—
The weight of joy strained his face; Love's ghost haunted him.

25

The soft black curve of his body was wrapped in fine silk cloth,
Like a dark lotus root wrapped in veils of yellow pollen.
She saw her passion reach the soul of Hari's mood—
The weight of joy strained his face; Love's ghost haunted him.

26

Her passion rose when glances played on his seductive face,
Like an autumn pond when wagtails mate in lotus blossom hollows.
She saw her passion reach the soul of Hari's mood—
The weight of joy strained his face; Love's ghost haunted him.

27

Earrings caressing his lotus face caught the brilliant sunlight. 15
Flushed lips flashing a smile aroused the lust of passion. 15
She saw her passion reach the soul of Hari's mood—
The weight of joy strained his face; Love's ghost haunted him.

28

Flowers tangled his hair like moonbeams caught in cloudbreaks. 13
His sandal browmark was the moon's circle rising in darkness. 15
She saw her passion reach the soul of Hari's mood—
The weight of joy strained his face; Love's ghost haunted him.

29

His body hair bristled to the art of her sensual play.
Gleaming jewels ornamented his graceful form.
She saw her passion reach the soul of Hari's mood—
The weight of joy strained his face; Love's ghost haunted him.

30

Jayadeva's singing doubles the power of Krishna's adornments.
Worship Hari in your heart and consummate his favor!
She saw her passion reach the soul of Hari's mood—
The weight of joy strained his face; Love's ghost haunted him.

31

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Her eyes transgressed their bounds—
Straining to reach beyond her ears,
They fell on him with trembling pupils.
When Rādhā's eyes met her lover,
Heavy tears of joy
Fell like streaming sweat.

32

She neared the edge of his bed,
Masking her smile by pretending to scratch
As her friends swarmed outside—
When she saw her lover's face
Graced by arrows of Love,
Even Rādhā's modesty left in shame.

33

"Blissful Krishna" is the eleventh part in *Gītagovinda*

THE TWELFTH PART

Ecstatic Krishna

When her friends had gone,
Smiles spread on Rādhā's lips
While love's deep fantasies
Struggled with her modesty.
Seeing the mood in Rādhā's heart,
Hari spoke to his love;
Her eyes were fixed
On his bed of buds and tender shoots.

— The Twenty-third Song, sung with Rāga "Vibhāsa" —

Leave lotus footprints on my bed of tender shoots, loving Rādhā!
Let my place be ravaged by your tender feet!
Nārāyaṇa is faithful now. Love me, Rādhikā!

I stroke your foot with my lotus hand—You have come far.
Set your golden anklet on my bed like the sun.
Nārāyaṇa is faithful now. Love me, Rādhikā!

Consent to my love; let elixir pour from your face!
To end our separation I bare my chest of the silk that bars your breast.
Nārāyaṇa is faithful now. Love me, Rādhikā!

Throbbing breasts aching for loving embrace are hard to touch.
Rest these vessels on my chest! Quench love's burning fire!
Nārāyaṇa is faithful now. Love me, Rādhikā!

Offer your lips' nectar to revive a dying slave, Rādhā!
His obsessed mind and listless body burn in love's desolation.
Nārāyaṇa is faithful now. Love me, Rādhikā!

Rādhā, make your jeweled girdle cords echo the tone of your voice!
Soothe the long torture my ears have suffered from cuckoo's shrill cries!
Nārāyaṇa is faithful now. Love me, Rādhikā!

Your eyes are ashamed now to see me tortured by baseless anger;
Glance at me and end my passion's despair!
Nārāyaṇa is faithful now. Love me, Rādhikā!

Each verse of Jayadeva's song echoes the delight of Madhu's foe.
Let emotion rise to a joyful mood of love in sensitive men!
Nārāyaṇa is faithful now. Love me, Rādhikā!

Displaying her passion
In loveplay as the battle began,
She launched a bold offensive
Above him
And triumphed over her lover.
Her hips were still,
Her vine-like arm was slack,
Her chest was heaving,
Her eyes were closed.
Why does a mood of manly force
Succeed for women in love?

Then, as he idled after passionate love,
Rādhā, wanting him to ornament her,
Freely told her lover,
Secure in her power over him.

11

—* The Twenty-fourth Song, sung with Rāga "Rāmakarī" *

12
Yādava hero, your hand is cooler than sandalbalm on my breast;
Paint a leaf design with deer musk here on Love's ritual vessel!
She told the joyful Yadu hero, playing to delight her heart.

13
Lover, draw kohl glossier than a swarm of black bees on my eyes!
Your lips kissed away the lampblack bow that shoots arrows of Love.
She told the joyful Yadu hero, playing to delight her heart.

14
My ears reflect the restless gleam of doe eyes, graceful Lord.
Hang earrings on their magic circles to form snares for love.
She told the joyful Yadu hero, playing to delight her heart.

15
Pin back the teasing lock of hair on my smooth lotus face!
It fell before me to mime a gleaming line of black bees.
She told the joyful Yadu hero, playing to delight her heart.

16
Make a mark with liquid deer musk on my moonlit brow!
Make a moon shadow, Krishna! The sweat drops are dried.
She told the joyful Yadu hero, playing to delight her heart.

17
Fix flowers in shining hair loosened by loveplay, Krishna!
Make a flywhisk outshining peacock plumage to be the banner of Love.
She told the joyful Yadu hero, playing to delight her heart.

18
My beautiful loins are a deep cavern to take the thrusts of love—
Cover them with jeweled girdles, cloths, and ornaments, Krishna!
She told the joyful Yadu hero, playing to delight her heart.

19
Make your heart sympathetic to Jayadeva's splendid speech!
Recalling Hari's feet is elixir against fevers of this dark time.
She told the joyful Yadu hero, playing to delight her heart.

20
"Paint a leaf on my breasts!
Put color on my cheeks!
Lay a girdle on my hips!
Twine my heavy braid with flowers!
Fix rows of bangles on my hands
And jeweled anklets on my feet!"
Her yellow-robed lover
Did what Rādhā said.

21
His musical skill, his meditation on Vishnu,
His vision of reality in the erotic mood,
His graceful play in these poems,
All show that master-poet Jayadeva's soul
Is in perfect tune with Krishna—
Let blissful men of wisdom purify the world
By singing his *Gītagovinda*.

22
Bhojadeva's heir, Rāmadevī's son, Jayadeva,
Expresses the power of poetry
In the *Gītagovinda*.
Let his poem be in the voice
Of devotees like sage Parāśara.

"Ecstatic Krishna" is the twelfth part in *Gītagovinda*