

Passionate Encounters

77

Discrimination's lucid light
continues to shine for learned men
only while it is not eclipsed
by the tremulous lashes of women's eyes.

78

When men behold the beauty of women
with exotic flashing eyes,
youthful pride in voluptuous breasts,
creepers of beauty-creases
twining above their slender bellies,
those few are fortunate whose minds
are still unperturbed.

79

With smiles, affection, modesty, and art;
hostile looks and ardent glances;
eloquence, jealous quarrels, and play—
with all her emotions woman enchains us.

80

With the striking of their slipping bangles,
the jeweled sounds of their girdles,
and their ringing anklets,
they shame the call of the royal goose.
With the trembling eyes of frightened does,
whose mind will girls not destroy?

81

I do indeed speak without bias;
this is acknowledged as truth among men.
Nothing enralls us like an ample-hipped woman;
nothing else causes such pain.

82

Women's gestures are naturally charming,
seductive only in a fool's infatuated heart.
The lotus's passionate red is natural too,
and still bees hover there bewitched.

83

The pleasures of sense may be trivial
and bitter in the end;
they may be spurned and marked
as an abode of evil,
and yet, even the majesty of men
whose thoughts are fixed on truth
wavers in their power.
What force throbs in our hearts?

84

Cut off all envy, examine the matter,
tell us decisively, you noble men,
which we ought to attend upon:
the sloping sides of wilderness mountains
or the buttocks of women abounding in passion?

85

Why all these words and empty prattle?
Only two worlds are worth a man's devotion:
the youth of beautiful women wearied by heavy breasts
and full of fresh wine's excitement,
or the forest.

86

King, who in this world has crossed
to the end of the ocean of craving?
And what is the use of great wealth
when the body's youthful passion is spent?
We frequent a house only as long
as the beauty of its lotuses blooms—
we go often so age will not suddenly
waste our mistresses' shapely form.

87

↓ The sky is dark in a cloak of clouds,
across the hills peacocks dance,
the ground is white with fallen blossoms.
Where does a traveler dare to rest his eye?

88

In this vapid, mundane world,
wise men take two courses:
they spend some time with minds
submerged in the fluid elixir of wisdom,
the rest with tender women
whose breasts and hips enjoy the pleasure
of hiding men's eager hands
in their laps of ample flesh.

89

Lured here by curving beautiful brows,
there by gestures of modesty,
by quivering looks of alarm,
by the graces of amorous play,
by lovely faces and darting eyes—
I am lured by signs of awakening maids
and every direction seems strewn
with lotuses blooming for dalliance.

90

A face to rival the moon, J
eyes that make mockery of lotuses,
complexion eclipsing gold's luster,
thick tresses that shame the black bee,
breasts like elephant's swelling temples,
heavy hips,
a voice enchanting and soft—
the adornment in maidens is natural.

91

There is no ambrosia or poison J
except in the love of an ample-hipped woman;
enamored, she is an ambrosial vine,
indifferent, a poisonous creeper.

92

Glances cast with dancing brows and downcast eyes,
tender words and modest smiles,
dallying languor in posture and gait—
all are woman's ornament and her weapon.

93

Her smiling mouth,
the power of her artless tremulous glance!
The stream of words
sweet with talk of new diversions!
Her invention of movements
displaying a sapling's lithe grace!
What charm eludes a fawn-eyed maiden
entering into the fullness of youth?

94

Who raised this maze of doubts, house of scandal,
bawdy town of audacity?
Who carved this mine of faults, region of deceits,
sowed this field of sham?
Who built this bar at heaven's gate, aperture to hell's abyss,
wove this hoard of sorcery?
Who contrived the woman-snare, potion of ambrosial poison,
fetter for the world of men?

95

A man may tread the righteous path, ✓
be master of his senses,
retire in timidity
or cling to modest ways—only until
the arrow-glances of amorous women
fall on his heart,
glances drawn to her ear,
shot from the bow of her brow,
and winged by long black lashes.

96

Bearing the luster of a full moon
at its loftiest phase,
the lotus-face of a slender girl
locks honey in her lips.
What is tart now like unripe fruit
on vines of gourd,
when time has run its course
will be an acrid poison.

97

How could men of wisdom
let their minds' vigor be sapped,
be distracted by the ignominies of courting
at the gates of an evil king's palace,
were it not for girls' flashing lotus eyes,
splendid as the newly risen moon,
girls with belts of bells playing
on fine waists bent by heavy breasts.

98

Women bathed in sandalwood scents,
flashing antelope-eyes,
arbors of fountains, flowers,
and moonlight,
a terrace swept with breezes
of flowering jasmine—
in summer they stimulate
love and the love-god himself.

99

Winds laden with perfumes,
branches tipped with tender shoots;
mates of cuckoos whose drunken cries
express their longing;
moonlike faces of women
with drops of moisture from sports of love—
how do nature's riches spread
to make such opulence in summer?

100

Even the scholar of scripture,
though his discipline be thorough and his wisdom profound,
rarely partakes of high estate in the world.
The culprit unlocking the door to the city of hell
is fair-eyed woman's key, her graceful creeper-brow.

101

Like waves three furrows of beauty encircle her waist,
a pair of wild geese in flight are her lusty breasts,
a radiant blooming lotus is her face.
Unless you long for the river which bears woman's form
and shelters the monster of her moods, escape
and shun the worldly waters' deadly ablution.

102

A melodious song,
a graceful form,
a sweet draught,
a heady fragrance,
then the touch of her breasts.
I whirl in sensations
which veil what is real.
I fall deceived by senses
cunning in seduction's art.

103

O worldly existence, the path
that leads beyond your bounds
would be less treacherous
were it not for intoxicating glances
waylaying us at every turn.

104

Don't let your wandering mind
stray in the forest of woman's body.
There in the mountains of her breasts
lurks the robber god of love.

✓105

A cloud drenching the tree of passion,
a torrent of desire seeking love's diversion,
a valued ally of the love-god;
an ocean concealing pearls of cunning,
a waxing moon drunk by woman's thirsting gaze,
a mine of tempting treasure—
youth spares only a favored few
from the crises of its turbulence.

106

It is passion's abode,
the source of a hundred hells of pain,
delusion's seed,
the cloud eclipsing the moon of knowledge,
the love-god's loyal friend,
in league with sundry flagrant sins—
this world boasts no forest
with so many flowers of evil as youth.

107

What is supreme among visions?
The face of a fawn-eyed maid delighted by love.
Among fragrances? the breath of her mouth.
Among sounds? her speech.
Among tastes? the nectar of her budlike lips.
Among textures? her soft body.
What should fill lovers' thoughts
when they are young? her amorous gestures.

108

Surely the moon does not rise in her face,
or a pair of lotuses rest in her eyes,
or gold compose her body's flesh.
Yet, duped by poets' hyperbole, even a sage,
a pondering man, worships the body of woman—
a mere concoction of skin and flesh and bones.

109

To the blind, the ugly, the barren and decrepit man,
to the churl, the man of low birth, and the leper,
they yield their seductive bodies in hope of a trifling sum.
Who can be enamored of courtesans,
knives which slash discernment's wish-granting vine?

110

A courtesan is the fire of passion,
flaming with the fuel of beauty;
a fire where youth and wealth
are sacrificed by lustful men.

111

Through sweet medley of cuckoos' cries
and winds of the sandalwood mountains Spring
destroys creatures estranged from their lovers.
In affliction even nectar turns to poison.

112

We bow to the god whose sign is a sea serpent,
to Love, who makes the gods Shiva, Brahmā, and Vishnu
slaves in dark chambers of doe-eyed women;
to Kāma, whose marvelous artifice eludes all words.

113

Woman is Love's victorious seal,
imprinting his triumph on all things.
Deluded men who forsake her
are fools pursuing illusory fruits,
fools condemned by Love without mercy
to become naked mendicants, wearing shorn,
tufted, or shaggy hair
and bearing begging bowls of skull bone.

114

Guileful Love casts his woman-lure
abroad, into this worldly sea.
Fools greedy for her ruddy lips
are quickly caught like fish
and broiled on passion's flame.

115

When women burn
from zeal of frenzied passion,
even great Brahmā
fears to bar their way.

116

White jasmine in her hair,
the drowsy look of her face,
saffron mixed with sandal paste
on her lovely body—
a mistress with the languor
of seduction in her breasts
is heaven
in its highest sphere.

117

When saffron paste stains her body,
necklaces dangle on her pale yellow breasts,
anklets sound like wild geese on her lotus feet,
what man escapes the enchantress's sway?

118

Surely poets are mistaken
who call amorous women "weak."
When their tremulous wanton glances
captivate heroic gods like Indra,
how can they be weak?

119

Full unruly breast, flashing eyes, enticing brows,
and budlike lips full of passion disquiet me.
Well they may, but why does a supple line of hair
drawn on her waist by Love's flower weapon
become an indelible mark of beauty
to torment me so excessively?

120



A deceiver of himself and his peers
is the pompous pandit who reviles young women.
The fruit of his austerity is heaven,
and even heaven is full of nymphs.

121

A certain slender woman was wandering,
seeking solace in shadows of forest trees,
warding off the moon's scorching rays
with the silken shawl held by her hand.

122

When she is out of sight we long to see her,
beholding her we yearn for sweet embrace,
and when we hold the long-eyed beauty
our bodies crave for union.

123

When she lies on your chest
amid the disarray of her own scented hair,
with eyes like slightly opened buds
and cheeks flushed pink from love's fatigue,
the lips of a woman are honey
which favored men drink.

124

At first she rebuffs me,
then in a mood born of dalliance, passion is roused;
slowly her body falls languid, and composure is shed,
leaving her bold enough to indulge in games of love
played by her limbs' abandoned gestures—
a gentlewoman's pleasure is my delight.

125



A woman is ambrosial
in range of my eyes,
but escaped from my sight,
she surpasses poison.

126

Spells cannot cure it, nor drugs confound it,
nor ritual magic deal it destruction—
passion, like an epileptic fit, attacks man's limbs
to inflict the torment of frenzied derangement.

127

The love-god must be the vassal
of fair-browed woman;
he moves to conquer any man marked
by the course of her glance.

128

It is strange and perverse that men
indulge erotic passion in old age,
and that round-hipped women do not stop
living or loving when their breasts sag.

129 ✓

I prefer being bitten by a terrible serpent,
long, wanton, tortuous, gleaming like a black lotus,
to being smitten by her eye.
Healers are everywhere to cure one of a serpent bite,
but there is no spell or remedy for me;
I was struck by the glance of a beautiful woman!

130 ✓

Beside a lamp or flaming hearth,
in light of stars or sun or moon—
without her fawnlike eyes
my world remains in darkness.

131 ✓

With the moonstone beauty of her face,
her sapphire-black tresses,
her hands the ruby of red lotuses,
she glowed with the magic of gems.

132 ✓

With breasts as heavy as Jupiter,
her face radiant as the moon,
her languid legs' saturnine gait,
she glowed with the planets' magic.

133

My girl, you perform a singular feat
with the archer's bow.
You pierce hearts without arrows,
with only the bow-string of beauty.

134

A whitewashed dwelling,
the moon with crystal beams,
the lotus look of a beloved face,
redolent sandal paste,
and garlands of sweet fragrance—
in a man of passion
all this creates unrest,
but not in one who scorns the luxury
of pleasure.

135 ✓

Rest yourself on a shore of the Ganges
whose waters ward off sin,
or between the breasts of a maid
whose necklace snares the mind.

136

If her breasts are full,
her hips voluptuous,
her face exquisite,
why, my heart, do you waste in despair?
Earn merit if you covet them!
The luxuries elude a man without merit.

137

Flashing streaks of lightning,
drifting fragrance of tropical pines,
thunder sounding from gathering clouds,
peacocks crying in amorous tones—
how will long-lashed girls pass
these seductive days without their lovers?

138

Beside him his mistress embodying love,
languid from games of abandon.
The cooing of amorous cuckoos in his ears.
A bower of newly blooming creepers.
Conversation with eloquent bards
beneath stray beams of the moon.
The heart of any man here is enchanted
by Spring's varied garlands of color.

139

Your bound-up hair is restrained;
your long eyes stretch
beyond the mundane pale;
the teeth of your mouth
are twice born like noble men and pure;
your breasts which swell like elephants' temples
are a splendid resting place for pearls
released from the oyster's hold.
Lady, though your beauty speaks of peace,
it only incites my passion for you.

140

When clouds shade the sky
and plantain lilies mask the earth,
when winds bear lingering scents
of fresh verbena and kadamba,
and forest retreats rejoice
to the cries of peacocks,
then ardent longing overpowers
loved and wretched men alike.

141

Dressed like a girl in fiery passion,
diffusing the fragrance of blossoming nutmeg,
and bearing heavy swollen clouds,
autumnal rains arouse any man's lust.

142

Heavy rains keep lovers
trapped in their mansions—
in the shivering cold a lord
is embraced by his long-eyed mistress,
and winds bearing cool mists
sooth their fatigue after loveplay.
Even a dreary day is fair
for men who lie in love's arms.

143

Half the night was spent
in the hard embraces of passionate play.
Now, on an isolated porch, his insatiable thirst indulges
in intoxicating draughts,
poured from a water jug by the languid creeper-arm
of his love-wearied mistress.
He is a cursed man who never drinks this autumnal water,
a crystal flow shattered by moonlight.

144

Dining on foods rich in curd, milk, and ghee,
wearing robes of scarlet madder,
warm on their saffron-smeared bodies,
they lie weary from pleasure's diversions,
wrapped in the embrace of voluptuous mistresses
whose mouths are moistened with betel leaf—
favored men lie in winter's ease.

✓ 145

Unloosing their hair,
pressing closed their eyes,
pulling at their garments,
exciting chills on their flesh,
destroying their composure,
biting their lips
until great sighs confess their love;
the wind in winter is a lusty lover
of beautiful women.

146

When his mind and his person, through practice of yoga,
hold control over evil passion
and endless benevolence throbs in his heart,
what use has the master ascetic for these:
the prattle of fond women,
honey lips and honey faces,
the sweetness of sighs,
or wanton embrace of heavy breasts?

✓ 147

Renunciation of worldly attachment
is only the talk of scholars,
whose mouths are wordy with wisdom.
Who can really forsake the hips
of beautiful women bound
with girdles of ruby jewels?