

1

Even now,
I regret her—
gleaming in garlands of gold champac flowers,
her lotus face blossoming,
the line of down delicate at her waist,
her body trembling and eager for love
when she wakes from sleep—
magic I lost somehow in recklessness.

2

Even now,
if I see her again,
her full moon face, lush new youth,
swollen breasts, passion's glow,
body burned by fire from love's arrows—
I'll quickly cool her limbs!

3

Even now,
if I see her again,
a lotus-eyed girl
weary from bearing her own heavy breasts—
I'll crush her in my arms
and drink her mouth like a madman,
a bee insatiably drinking a lotus!

4

Even now,
I remember her in love—
her body weak with fatigue,
swarms of curling hair
falling on pale cheeks,
trying to hide
the secret of her guilt.
Her soft arms
clung
like vines on my neck.

5

Even now,
I remember her:
deep eyes' glittering pupils
dancing wildly in love's vigil,
a wild goose
in our lotus bed of passion—
her face bowed low with shame
at dawn.

6

Even now,
if I see her again,
wide-eyed,
fevered from long parting—
I'll lock her tight in my limbs,
close my eyes, and never leave her!

7

Even now,
I remember her
holding the reins
in our wild dance of love,
moon luster lighting her face,
her body trembling with passion—
delicate,
bent by lush breasts and heavy hips,
dancing mantled in a mane of flying hair.

8

Even now,
I remember her lying in bed,
spreading perfume of musk
mixed with sandalwood oils—
her seductive eyes' lashes playing
like a pair of mating birds
caressing each others' bills.

9

Even now,
I remember the wine-smeared lips
she innocently licked in love,
her frail form, her wanton long eyes,
her body rubbed golden
with saffron paste and musk,
her mouth spiced
with camphor and betel nut.

16

Even now,
I remember in secret
her kohl-lined longing eyes,
flower-heavy plaited hair,
vermilion lips
framing her teeth's pearl luster,
arms bound by golden bracelets.

17

Even now,
I remember in secret
her braid's loosened ties,
wilted garlands,
nectar-sweet smiling lips,
strands of pearls
caressing luscious swollen breasts,
and longing looks.

18

Even now,
I brood on her:
when streaks of light from jeweled lamps
broke the darkness in her white pavilion,
I seized the chance to stare at her secretly—
her eyes flashed with shame and fear.

19

Even now,
I remember her,
a fragile fawn-eyed girl,
her body burning with fires of parted love,
ready for my passion—
a beauty moving like a wild goose,
bringing me rich ornaments.

20

Even now,
I remember my love
gently laughing,
bent by heavy breasts,
dazzling in ropes of pearls—
a banner of open blossoms
flown by flower-armed Love
high on the mountain of passion.

21

Even now,
I remember a hundred flatteries
spoiling the sense of her words
when she trembled in exhaustion after love—
the sweet words came in jumbled sounds
she whispered faintly, timidly spoke.

22

Even now,
I remember her eyes
trembling, closed after love,
her slender body limp,
fine clothes and heavy hair loose—
a wild goose
in a thicket of lotuses of passion.
I'll remember her in my next life
and even at the end of time!

23

Even now,
if I see her again at the day's close,
adoring me with a fawn's liquid eyes
and offering her breasts' brimming pots of nectar—
I'll renounce kingly pleasures
and even heaven's highest bliss!

24

Even now,
I remember her,
the ideal of amorous women on earth
through the beauty of her body,
the perfect cup for tasting nectar
in the play of passion—
my girl, wounded by Love's flower arrows.

25

Even now,
I never forget her,
clinging to my limbs like wet cloth
when her body burned
with fires of love's violent passion—
pitiful now without her lover's protection,
my girl makes mockery of life.

26

Even now,
I remember her,
first among beautiful women,
an exquisitely molded vessel for passion—
the king's daughter pleading,
"People, I can't bear this fire of parting!"

27

Even now,
knowing death is quickly closing in,
my thought leaves the gods,
is drawn to her in wonder. What can I do?
I am obsessed: "She is my love!
Most beloved! She is mine!"

34

Even now,
the sound of bangles
strikes my mind sharply:
when black bees, wild in their desire
for perfume from her lotus mouth,
swarmed to kiss her cheeks,
her fingers shook them from her hair.

35

Even now,
I remember her bristling in delight
when I was so drunk
from drinking her mouth's sweet wine
that I left a nail mark on her breast—
she stared, studied, treasured the mark.

36

Even now,
I remember her angered face,
her frank impatience to leave
as she sullenly gave me her mouth—
I kissed it; she wept violently.
I fell at her feet:
"I'm your slave, my love! Love me!"

37

Even now,
my mind finds me idling with her friends,
embracing her lovely limbs,
bantering, and dancing
in elegant rooms alive with our play—
If only my time could pass there!

38

Even now,
I don't know!
Is she Shiva's mate,
or a nymph come to earth by Indra's curse,
or Krishna's consort, Lakshmi?
Did Brahmā create her to beguile the world,
or was he driven by desire
to behold the perfect jewel of maiden youth?

39

Even now,
who in the world can paint her form?
It reveals itself, like a creature of fantasy,
only for me.
An aspiring artist would have to see its equal—
and only then begin to try.

40

Even now,
I see her kohl-blackened eyes,
burning mouth,
laughter-weary ears.
I see her body weakened
by its own swelling breasts—
if it wastes away, who is to blame?

41

Even now,
gleaming white like a clear autumn moon,
her luscious face
could charm a saint's pure mind—
it enraptures mine!
If I find it, I'll kiss it
and keep drinking lest it slip from me.

42

Even now,
I would give my life
to recover love's sanctum—
fragrant with lotus pollen,
wet with the semen of passion,
downfall of the love god.

43

Even now,
in a world rich with signs of beauty
surpassing each other's perfections,
my heart believes
that her form is beyond compare.

44

Even now,
a wild goose's plump body
glides on waves she stirs
in a wooded river-cove in my mind—
she is pleading some fatigue
from a fleeting touch
of fine kadamba flower pollen.

45

Even now,
I miss her eyes languidly roving
in their youthful wanton way—
the king's daughter
seemed like a creature from heaven,
the fallen child of celestial singers,
genii, demigods, musicians,
or serpent spirits.

46

Even now,
 night and day,
 I can't forget her waking from sleep—
 her curving form made her waist an altar,
 her breasts swelled like pots
 brimming with nectar,
 her body shone with richly colored ornaments.

47

Even now,
 I remember
 her languid body rising to a golden glow,
 though shame compelled her to pretend exhaustion—
 folly broken
 as our touching limbs and kisses
 left her wanton, like wild life-giving herbs.

48

Even now,
 I remember the love-play battle
 she fought with empty hands
 in rising falling rhythms,
 wet with hot red blood
 from tooth marks on her lips
 and nail marks on her body—
 her tyranny bewitched me in the bout.

49

Even now,
 how can I endure the loss
 of my young mistress's gifts?
 Only death will cure my pain.
 Brothers, I beg you, end it quickly!

50

Even now,
 Shiva does not avoid the sea's black poison.
 The Tortoise bears the earth on his back.
 The Ocean endures insatiable submarine fires.
 The faithful keep the promises they make.