

Part Five

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THE DESCENT OF RADHA-KRISHNA TO GOLAK DHAM BRINDABAN

[First, a personal note in my recent absentia, Before I continue with the series, I would like to thank a few friends who enquired about my health. I say it is good to be back to the land of living after 6-week hospitalization, when in the initial three weeks, I wanted death because of the gargantuan physical suffering during the nights with a 5-star illness at a private 5-star private hospital.

I was totally compos mantis. With that sound mind and knowing the chances of death, as a retired doctor, I wondered whether I should chant Shree Krishna's name. I decided against it. I want to record a radical nursing care. I was so unwell that I could not keep my eyes open more than a couple of minutes at a time, let alone stand up.

I had an array of indwelling (long term) peripheral cannulas in the veins of both arms, for all sorts of simultaneous intra-venous medication drips for three weeks. But I had to be stripped down by two female nurses in the attached bathroom and scrubbed down from top to bottom with soap and water in the mornings though not every day. They would dry me up and put my pyjamas back on and before they laid me down.

It was on the order of the Consultant physician, who explained to me that that it was to prevent colonisation of secondary antibiotic-resistant hospital bacteria at the canula sites, which is problematic to treat. The incidence is 0.5% per 1,000 peripheral-line days. Infected patients have a 12% to 25% chance of dying from this infection alone.

The Descent of Radha-Krishna to Golak Dham Brindaban.

When ShreeDam saw Radha in that agitatedly emotional wallop, he grinned to the tips of his ears, which raised the hackles on Radha's neck. Radha did not need logic to trump her emotions. Her lotus-like eyes turned red like copper. To the outside observer, the violent storm that was rising in her mind was invisible.

Radha alighted from the chariot in a huff. She marched straight up to where ShreeDam was standing. She spoke with thinly veiled exasperation while berating ShreeDam, "I have something to say to you scoundrel, but I will cut to the chase to grease the skids. How dare you, a rascal and dupe, stop me?"

Radha ordered him in an authoritative phraseology, "Open the door, while I am asking you in a civil tone. I want to see how powerful Birja is. I also want to confront fraudster Shyam [another name of Krishna, meaning black]."

I cannot wait to give him and Birja the comeuppance they deserve. They are all hypocrites. Radha bunched her fist and moved forward menacingly while challenging ShreeDam, that if he did not want to be insulted, it was better if he opened the door immediately.

But ShreeDam stood fast and did not open the gate. Instead, he thrashed his hooped eyebrows but replied with due deference, "My lady, please wait for a moment. We are all devotees of Lord Krishna. It is our duty to obey him."

Hearing this, Radha became more incensed and commanded her mates to tie ShreeDam up and drag him into the pavilion. To comply with her order, Radha's companions physically hauled ShreeDam into the pavilion through the door.

While the loud wranglings were going on outside, Krishna, who overheard the commotion that was thunderous enough to raise a dead person, realised it was Radha. His body began to twitch with fear and then he escaped. He vanished into thin air from view, whilst immensely petrified Birja was frozen as her blood ran cold. Birja broke out in cold sweat. She was in limbo, in terror, unable to move.

A burst of rain fell from clean heaven. Then Birja breathed her last where she stood. Her mortal body turned into a river that flowed around Golak Brindaban as a moat. It was as wide as ten *yuthak* and incredibly lengthy.

Meanwhile, Shyam, alone and somewhere, was thinking about Birja who turned into a river. He was sobbing. He shook his head in disbelief, as his love for Birja tugged heavily on his heartstrings.

He cried out, calling her name and moaning, "Where are you Birja? I love you with all my heart. You seem to be deeply offended because I disappeared without telling you. It is all my fault. Can you hear me my love?" Krishna urged in a tone of someone exhorting himself to repentance.

Krishna wailed more, blending a lamentation with a kind of apology: "I am begging your forgiveness, oh, my cherished one. I know your heart is bleeding, but won't you please renounce your indignation and wrathfulness this one time? You are virtuous, oh sati. You are inestimable in this wide world. How can I consign you to oblivion? Please grace me with your presence once more, and I will enshrine you in my heart forever."

"Hê sati, please stop feeling so resentful towards me. Come and show your lissome face once more. Are you listening my sweetheart? I will bestow my blessing to you that you will be the lead of all the rivers. And while flowing as a *river*, you may appear in your original form as

a beautiful woman. Please come back to me with your alluring grin on your face and uplift my heart. [The river mentioned above is *Jamuna*, and the woman is *Chandrabali*].

"While I am your strength, you need not fear anybody. Come along sati. Cast away any apprehension and mistrust to the wind. Let your gentle and sympathetic eyes, filled with warmth and twinkle like the fresh falling rain, douse my smoldering heart. Your lovelorn Krishna is burning day and night with the fire of your separation. I want to be a hundred times more thankful than I am. I want to feel more of what a blessed thing it is to be your lover."



A painting of Chandrabali
(Courtesy: blogspoy.com)

Narda had already heard these exotic leela of Hari. Such stories abound in Brahma Vaivata purana [Major purana of Hindu Vaishnavas].

Those who often listen to such stories with adoration while chanting Hari's name with piety, will get all their sins absolved and will be able to reach him.

Fourth Chapter

RADHA & SHREEDAM UNLOADING A STREAM OF OUTRAGE & PROFANITY

After hearing the uxorious lament of Krishna that went far beyond his words, Birja Devi was reborn as Chandrabali. She came grinning from ear to ear. She was dressed glamorously in her best golden and glittery costume, looking gorgeous and ravishing. She had soft and inviting lips. She sauntered with supreme grace, slowly but steadily like a goose, while presenting herself as alert as a wagtail bird [Khanjan pakhi in Sanskrit; Khambrangchak in Manipuri].

When Birja came face to face with Krishna, she gave him an oblique upward glance with her big brown coquettish eyes and fluttering her fringe of dark eyelashes. She had a bright vermilion patch on her forehead and a swinging braid of jet-black tresses on her back that reached down to her hips and swinging with her hand in front playfully at times.

A string of shiny pearls adorned her neck. She had an elegant nose ring and exquisite diamond chandelier earrings, swinging from the lobes of her ears, which made her look more vivacious. The sonorous musical notes of *runu jjunu* produced by her ankle bracelets while she adroitly meandered, mingled with the rustling sound of *kini kini* from the ornamental chain around her slender waist, were like the twittering of sparrows in summer time.

Whilst Krishna, who was waiting ever so apprehensively, saw his beloved Birja, whose eyes plumped in with red hearts, he became very cherubic and went into reciting a long rhapsody

about his plans for her. He was so blissful like the bumble bee that had just been inside many blooming flowers to imbibe their nectar.

Krishna draped his arms over Birja's shoulders in the festive jolies of the reunion. As the scent of lemon wafted in the cool breeze, the enchanted forest filled with beautiful and fragrant flowers that symbolised friendship and purity, welcomed them. They roamed boisterously in the forest, with many sleepovers at various sojourns, where they played their passionate pastime in full and careless abandon.

Funny how time flies when one is having fun. Before they realised Birja became pregnant because of Shree Krishna, who was kind and affectionate to her. And after one hundred God-years of fecundity, she gave birth to splendid seven children.

Then one day, while Birja was having an intense dalliance with Krishna, her youngest son, having had a row with his elder brothers, came rushing in to see his mother. He was crying. To comfort him, she had to wet-nurse him holding him in her lap. During this hiatus, Shree Govinda pussyfooted off to Radha's residence.

After Birja finished consoling her son, she looked for Krishna. But he was not to be found anywhere, despite her earnest calls for him. She then became frenzied with unbearable grief as the crimson sun was low in the west above the forests and insipid mist-ray swollen in the air began to overwhelm her.