

Part Twelve

DESCENT OF RADHA KRISHNA TO GOLAK DHAM BRINDABAN

NARD WAS DELIGHTED TO HAVE A SIGHT OF RADHA

Thirteenth Chapter



Radha Temple at Barsana.

Radha's birthplace where she grew up, Barsana, a small town near Gokul

Radha's smooth and spotless face had now been covered with flat brown freckles, like the shadows on the face of the autumnal full moon that was cast by the passing cloud. It was lack-luster like the goldleaf covered with a very thin fabric.

Radha waited with anticipation along with her pals, who were delighted at her animation with a revival of newly found energy. They often stole a sidelong glance at her. They had their intuition as to why she was waiting so anxiously, scanning the horizon to the far end of the road. She did not have long to wait.

In a short while, Nard muni arrived at the gate of Radhika with highly spirited Brinda Devi a little ahead of him. Nard was overjoyed at the auspicious sight of Radhika, the Lady of Golak.

What astounded everyone was when Nard most unexpectedly, flung up his great arms in surrender. Then he stretched them in front of him and prostrated at the feet of Radha.

At this body language with a gesture of humility to a superior person, Radha gently chided Nard. “Why Nard, what are you trying to do? Are you pretending to be what you are not, by prostrating at my feet? I am only a gopi maiden, and you are the king of all the rishis. What would people say about you when they see you doing this to me.? This will carry a bad name for you and for me as well. Do not repeat this again.

Hearing Radha admonishing him, Nard had a jittery feeling of unease. With folded hands he implored her to kindly refrain from saying the untruth about him. “Please have mercy on me. I know you my lady very well.”

“You are the personification of Primal power and are decorated with three great forces. You are the lady of Brahmanand, the Lakshmi of Vaikuntha, Durga of Kailash, Subhani [pleasant sound] of Brahmlok, Saraswati of Keshab (Long hair, an epithet of Vishnu)and the consort of Ayan.

You were born in the gopi clan with Krishna, to thrill the devotees. You have various other sobriquets that are so vast that the five faces of Shiv and ten mouths of Ananta, are not sufficient to recite them.”

Having chanted quite a few of Radha’s monickers with flowery words that were filled with adoringly awed respect, Nard now recited Radha’s *three verses* of *Dhyan* (Meditation) and *eight verses* of *Swati* (Beneficence).

Fourteenth Chapter

NARD PAYING HOMAGE TO RADHA THREE VERSES OF RADHIKA’S *DHYAN* [MEDITATION]

“Hê Radhe, you are so gracefully attired in green silk fabric, on a body of golden complexion and a skin as soft as petals of rose flowers. You are very intense and full of purpose in life, like fire. You have such an angelic face with wide doe-eyes, which is intelligent and caring.

You are the epitome of innocence. You are as sprightly as the *Khambrangchak* [Manipuri for wagtail bird] and full of passion that captures Shyam’s heart. You can get deeply enraptured just by looking at the rhapsodical face of Shyam like the *Nongyin* bird (Manipuri for Pheasant) that looks at the effulgence of heart-melting harvest moon.

Your whole body imbibes delight through every pore by sucking Krishna’s *adharamrit* [Foundation of Amrit]. You are like a like a bumblebee; you

are as splendid as Sumeru [Sacred Hindu Mountain]; garlanded with a string of small conch shells that drops to the navel while the silver chain around your delicate and slender waist,

producing a regular *kini, Kini* sound as you walk, while your anklet of nupur makes sonorous *runu jhunu chik chik* vibrations, which is the favourite music to Shyam's ears. - (2) You are known as the most stunning and attractive lady of Brindaban; the harness of all that is sweet and savoury; the anchor of any fresh novelty; you are the mother of the universe; the queen among the milkmaids; and the left side decoration for Shyam. - (3) You Devi, known as Radhika, I pay obeisance to you as ever. I prostrate at your feet. Oh, my merciful lady, I crave your indulgence.

Fifteenth Chapter

EIGHT VERSES OF RADHA'S *SWATI* [BENEFICIENCE]

Your glamorous countenance, indicative of encouragement or moral support with perky cheek, tremulous lips, and silky dark hair that contains your oval face is more enchanting than the full moon of Autumn, your complexion is more alluring than the beaten goldleaf; I bow to thee, daughter of Brishbhanu. - (1)

Your aesthetic calves, more seductive than upturned *lembra* (?); your lotus-root-like arms more appealing than the elephant's tusks; your lovely eyes, more captivating than blue lilies; I bow to thee, daughter of Brishbhanu. - (2) Your lips more tantalizing than *teiyal* [Manipuri: red fruit of teiyal plant that grows in bamboo groves]; Your pointy nose more excellent than he blooms of sesame; your eyebrows more captivating than the bow of passion. I bow to thee, daughter of Brishbhanu. - (3)

The front frills of your hair are like a gathering of black bumble bees; your sideways ogling eyes are like the arrows of lascivious flirtation; your coy smile bewitches Shyam's heart. I bow to thee, daughter of Brishbhanu. - (4)

Your soft and supple feet with well-manicured toenails and smooth, unblemished skin are alluring. The red vermilion patch on the crown of your head is as resplendent as the rising sun above a mountain; your lustrous silver anklets shine more than the moon and dazzle with every stride you make. I bow to thee, daughter of Brishbhanu. - (5)

You walk with the elegance of an elephant; you are normally shy and hesitant, and the lingering fragrance, the first layer of your body, spreading through the air is like the perfume of a lotus sprinkled with Kumkum (Saffron). I bow to thee, daughter of Brishbhanu. - (6)

Embellished with nine varieties of fidelity; an archetype of love; easily offended and huffed; never forgetting Govind while asleep or awake; I bow to thee, daughter of Brishbhanu. - (7)

You are the queen of Ras [Divine love], talented in every art; all the Munis and Rishis craving for submission at your feet; impossible to reach Krishna except through your compassion; I bow to thee, daughter of Brishbhanu. - (8)

Sixteenth Chapter

Having cleverly indulged himself in eulogizing and lionizing Radhika, Nard now, sobbing and wearing a scarf around his neck [Hindu culture in deference], prostrated at the feet of Radha again.

Radha was very touched with the selfless devotion of Nard. She blessed him and instructed him to stop all that singing of her praise. She then said gracefully: “You are already virtuous. What good it will do for you, to further sacrifice yourself with meditation and introspection?”

I am only an unfortunate and humble gopi. What kind of blessing shall I now confer on you? Persevere your devotion to Hari, and may you have whatever you wish. I do not have anything else to offer to you. What else do you aspire to?

Nard was famished. He felt it would be wonderful if he could avail himself of some of the prasada [sanctified food] from Radha!

Radha knew what was on his mind. She said, “ Oh Nard, you have come so far. You must be tired and hungry. You should have some rest. Please feel free to be our guest of honour. We will provide you with what little we have for you to eat. But we need to hurry. Jatila and Kutila will be here soon, and they would like to perform a puja for you. Radha then guided Nard to the Temple.