

Part Six

DESCENT OF RADHA KRISHNA TO GOLAK DHAM BRINDABAN

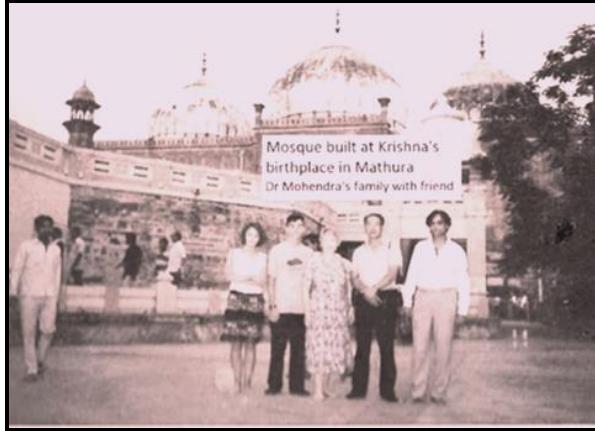


Krishna Temple (R) next to an old mosque (L) in Mathura (1980).
Mathura is 15 km away from Brindaban. 25 mts by road.

As Krishna tip-toed, a dustbowl of grief was opening up before Birja. Hackneyed as it seemed to others, it was devastating for Birja. She could hardly breathe. Consumed with uncontrollable fury and in an explosion of temper, she cursed her youngest son, “ It is because of you, a highly reprehensible boy. Since you barged in at an ill-chosen time, I lost Shree Krishna.”

“I curse you that, starting from today, you will turn into a sea, full of salt in Jambhudip (Greater part of India). What is more, all your brothers, like

you, will turn into seven oceans that will stay separately in different parts of the Earth”.



Author with family and a medical class fellow (Dr Maheswari from Mathura) in the 1980s. Standing in front of the Eidgah mosque that Moghul emperor Aurangzeb built in 1670 after destroying the Krishna temple that has artefacts dating back to the 6th century BCE. Mathura is 15 Km from Brindaban.

The extremely frightened little boy ran to his brothers with the bad news. All the brothers rushed up to their mother and with tears in their eyes, knelt at the feet of their mother and asked her to retract her curse. But their efforts ran aground. since the command was ordered by a Sati, it could not be rescinded.

So, they all came down to Earth as seven oceans named as Lavan, Ikshu, Sura, Sarpi, Dadhi, Dugha and Jaal [Arctic, Atlantic, Indian, Pacific, Mediterranean, Caribbean and Gulf of Mexico, that surround the seven landmasses.

Birja, having seen her loving children turn into oceans, she became unbearably sad. She did not know what to do with those feelings. The air in the room became stifling. She was fidgety. At certain times, she would throw her arms out wide. At others, she would thump her chest with her

fist. In the desperation of anguish, she would wail and whimper day and night.

Shree Krishna knew that when the mind experiences something distasteful, it craves to be rid of that irritation. Knowing Birja's awkward predicament in which she found herself and which she could not solve alone, he came over to see her right away. His face morphed into a smile that appeared much more than sharing her grief.

At the sight of her Lord, Birja's heart skipped one or two beats. She bowed gently and touched his feet. Shree Krishna gave her a tight hug and looking at her face with soft eyes, his face morphed into a smile that appeared more than sharing her grief. He showered her with many tender kisses.

Birja blushed with red eyes and dilated pupils from weeping in her dark room. Krishna, now realising how faithful and how loving Birja was, spoke to her with commiserative and comforting words. Birja was listening intently, showing interest through her eyes. Krishna said, "Let me tell you something today, my sweet darling. *You will remain in my heart forever more, just like Radhika,*" whereupon all the pain and pathos faded away from her heart.

Shri Krishna and Birja now, went deep into their amorous pastimes. Krishna showered her with honeyed words like, "I crave to play with you just like a fish in water for all the eternity. For your children, I will make sure they remain safe and sound.

Scrape off the dark scroll from your heart about me that I am distant and standoffish. You are mine and I am yours. We will never part. I will be with you eternally for eons to come"

While the two were smooching and coddling each other, Radha's friends were looking for Krishna everywhere. They eventually found him in the

forest in compromising positions with Birja. They hid behind trees and listened to their intimate conversations. They overheard everything. They were unhappy. They came back and told Radha all about the loving escapades of the two paramours.

The shocking news hit Radha like a ton of bricks. Her nerves started to jingle. A queer sensation was running up her spine. She was stunned and horrified. Her stomach twisted. She closed her eyes for a moment or two, wishing away the sight formed in her head. She stood rooted where she was, throwing her hands that flew to her chest. She tried to push away the conjured-up image of Krishna making love to Birja, negatively out of her mind and as best she could.

When Radha came out of the initial stupefaction, she began to weep with painful burst of emotions, for false prestige of imagining herself as the only the great love of Krishna. Livid with anger, Radha ambled into her bedroom and threw herself on the bed. She began to sob quietly. Weird thoughts have been making their rounds in her mind, such as she would never ever look at Krishna's face again.

While Radha was in that deep pensive mood, Govind arrived at her residence along with ShreeDam. When Radha saw Krishna, she looked at his face, but her eyes did not register on his face. She threw him an angry glance, when emotions came and went away, but resentment did not go away.

While still glowering at him, she shouted: "Why have you, a sadist, come over here? You always said you are not short of girlfriends in Golak. You are deceitful, manipulative, and big flirt. A smooth talker with treachery at heart.

Please be free to wander away from here, wherever you want to go. What is the purpose of your coming here? I despise the very sight of you. Please leave immediately and now. I have decided never ever to

glimpse at your face from today.

Shameless Birja, being terrified of me, and conscience-stricken, has turned into a river. Even then, unable to forget you, she has been surreptitiously begging alms of love from you. Please go and build a temple on the bank of Birja [river] and stay there happily and weeping at the temple for her lost soul.

Please take it to heart, hê Krishna. You are foxy and artful. You are good at planning something so that you get what you want. Why don't you turn into a male river [such as Brahmaputra] and live with Birja together happily ever.

Then you will be able to philander with beautiful women, such as Ratnamala, Manorama, Padmabati, Banmala. I do not want you here even for a moment. You are the godhead, Ishwar, but you carry yourself like a mortal being. And so be haste and be born as a man.”

Radha then shouted to her friends, looking sideways, “Where are you my gorgeous girls - Shashikala, Susila? Where have you all gone? Come-hither and save my life. Take away your lord Krishna, who is as demure and deceitful as a bumblebee. I do not want to set my eyes on him again.”

Seeing the umbrage Radha has taken against Krishna, all her mates assembled and supplicated to Krishna. “Oh lord, our lady is in an intense emotional drift today. Can we ask you to go away for a while. It won't be long before she calms down. Please come back then.”

Someone else also whispered to Krishna. “Please don't take offence. Our lady Radha is now very irked because of unrequited love from you. You are her only true love. She is just incensed as your double-dealing and chicanery have become uncontrollable.”

While Krishna was sitting still, fancifully ignored by Radha, inside her

residence, some other Gopis approached him and began to prattle on, saying, “Oh, Krishna, all is lost now for you. Your words do not redound particularly to your credit. It is because you are like a flighty bee that ensnares every flower, so that it can enjoy their nectar. Once the nectar is exhausted it flies away. You deserve to be thrown out by our lady.”

Some other sympathetic Gopis told him to apologise to her for his mistake, as sitting there, looking vulnerable with his downcast eyes, would get him nowhere. Whilst some others shouted at him to get out with dignity. Or else, they will be obliged to manhandle him out.

Unable to bear the verbal persecution hurled over to him anymore, Krishna, more in more in amazement than exasperation, moved away into another room as the atmosphere strongly indicated that his presence there was glossed over. An embarrassing mistake.

Sensing the hopelessness and discomfiture of his master, ShreeDam, Krishna’s best friend, suddenly made his mind up to be angry. He felt the onus was on him to rebuke Radha. He decided not to mince words, rather than nourishing vocabulary.

He faced-off the gopis and gave them a glib talk first, “My lord is the Absolute. He is eternal. You ladies, what have you got, what are you? You cannot treat him with such indignance and talk to him as impulsively as you like. You are labouring under a great delusion. Do you really think he will do this way? Did you bring your brain? Keep your nose to the round.

Thirty-three million supreme divinities including Brahma, worship him eternally. All the great Munis and Rishis meditate, even without any sustenance, just for the favour of allowing them to serve him.

Please defy conventional wisdom and shake off all the prejudices against our Lord. All said, all told, ShreeDam stood there defiantly, with a twisted face, half nerve, half aggression.

