

Classic Poetry Series

# Harekrishna Meher

## - poems -

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# Harekrishna Meher(5 May 1956 -)

Dr. Harekrishna Meher is a Sanskrit scholar, researcher, creative writer, critic, poet, lyricist, composer of songs, orator and translator. He writes in Sanskrit, English, Hindi, Oriya and Koshali languages. His research articles, scholarly essays and poems published in the leading journals and magazines of national and international levels.

Harekrishna Meher was born at Sinapali, Nuapara District of Orissa in a renowned poetic family. His father was Poet [\[Link\]](#)

Joining Orissa Education Service (OES) in 1981 as Lecturer in Sanskrit, he served in ayat College Bargarh and Fakir Mohan College Balasore. Recently he was Sr. Reader and Head of the Department of Sanskrit in Govt. Autonomous College, Bhawanipatna. Presently teaches at Post-Graduate Department of Sanskrit, Gangadhar Meher Autonomous College, Sambalpur, Orissa.

Dr. Meher writes articles and poems in the field of literature, music and language. He is a well-known creative lyricist of Modern Sanskrit Literature. His endeavours for simplification and modernization of Sanskrit language are appreciable. His tri-lingual (Hindi, English and Sanskrit) translations of [\[Link\]](#)

## **Literary Awards**

[\[Link\]](#)

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Jayakrishna Mishra Kavya Samman (2003)

Vidyaratna Pratibha Samman (2005)

Award of Appreciation (Jayadeva Utsav-2008, Odissi Akademi, New Delhi)

[\[Link\]](#)

Acharya Prafulla Chandra Roy Smarak Samman (2010) : By Academy of Bengali Poetry, Kolkata-700054.

Haripriya Mund Memorial [\[Link\]](#)

Dr. Nilamadhab Panigrahi Samman (2010) : By Sambalpur University, Jyoti Vihar, Orissa.

Vacaspati Ganeswar Ratha Vedantalankar Samman (2013) :

[

Viswa Sanskrit Divas Samman (2013) :

[

# Accumulated Love: Meghaduta

Some opine that anyhow  
during the gap of separation,  
affections slowly deteriorate.  
But the real thing is that  
due to lack of enjoyment,  
relish of affections becomes enhanced,  
and the affections turn into accumulated love  
immensely enjoyable at the time of union.

(Translated by rishna Meher  
from Poet Kalidasa's Meghaduta)

Harekrishna Meher

# Alakshya; City In Meghaduta

'You are the soothing shelter  
for those who are afflicted by heat  
and distressed internally.  
Therefore, O Dear Cloud !  
please convey my message  
to my beloved wife,  
as I've been separated from her  
by anger of King Kubera.  
You have to go to Alakshya; city,  
the dwelling of the lord of yakshas,  
where great citadels look fair and bright  
with the charming moon-rays  
spreading from the crest of God Hara  
who resides there in the outer garden.

\*

On the lap of Kailash Mountain  
appears the city Alakshya; -pur ,  
just like a beloved maiden  
on the lap of her lover.  
Her beautiful saree  
in the form of Ganga's stream  
has slipped down alluringly.  
Her fair lovely face  
is the seven-storeyed mansion.  
As a maiden possesses braids of hairs  
designed with pearl-strings.  
Alakshya; , on her head, bears  
the clusters of clouds  
that shower drops of water  
in thy rainy season.  
Seeing all such features,  
O Ye wandering freely !  
it's not that you'll not recognize the city.'

\* \*

(Purva-Megha, Verses 7 and 66)

\*

(Translated from Kalidasa's Sanskrit Kavya "Meghadutam")

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Harekrishna Meher

# All-Pervading Supreme Being

In all, scintillates Thy divinity.  
In all, Thou art, Thou art, Thou art.  
O Lord! In all, Thou art, Thou art, Thou art.

In the sweet mellifluous tone of cuckoo,  
in the efflorescent fragrant lotus,  
in the lucid-watered lake,  
in the mountain where flows  
the fountain with indistinct tunes,  
scintillates Thy novelty,  
the novelty, the divinity.

In the vast limitless blue firmament,  
in the unfathomable unsurpassable ocean,  
in the cloud shining with lightning  
and in the handsome tree with creeper,  
scintillates Thy excellence,  
the excellence, the divinity.

In all the movable and immovable beings  
enlightened with sunbeams,  
in the affectionate splendid moonlight,  
in the sweet fair smiling of a baby  
and in the great womb of beatitude,  
scintillates service to Thee,  
service to Thee, the divinity.

In the wedding assembly  
of Prakriti (Primordial Matter) and Purusha (Self) ,  
in the body overwhelmed with attractive emotions,  
in the juicy lovely lips of the beloved spouse  
and in the flow of the eyes  
dripping with affections,  
scintillates Thy fusion,  
the fusion, the divinity.

In the auspicious letter having emblem of 'OM',  
in the opulence of virtues,  
in the company of the saintly holy persons,

in all high and low things,  
also in thy own self, the Supreme God,  
Great among the great,  
scintillates Thy epical splendour,  
the epical splendour, the divinity.  
O Lord! Verily in all,  
Thou art, Thou art, Thou art.

Harekrishna Meher

# An Observation On Beauty

Truth, Auspiciousness and Beauty –  
all these three in unity  
well-known verily reign unfurled  
in the terrestrial world.  
Always a real perceiver  
does understand the phenomenon.  
A thing of Beauty doesn't appear  
palatable to an ignorant one.

Beauty is the uniquely prime source  
of creation of the world.  
The main factor rested thereon  
is indeed Attraction.  
Where someone has hearty liking or love,  
therein beauty is perceived by that person.

With subtle internal vision, everywhere  
the wise should deliberate on Beauty.  
Own form Beauty verily manifests there,  
where definitely exists the essence of Propriety.

What looks beautiful in my eyes,  
may not look in your eyes so fine.  
What other's eyes see beautiful  
may not appear so  
in the very eyes  
of yours and mine.

But in the world exists certain thing  
so marvellously created by the Creator  
that the eyes of every being  
of the mundane regions  
see the very thing  
beautiful for ever.

Harekrishna Meher

# Auspicious Dawn

Auspiciously came  
Usha, the blooming lotus-eyed dame,  
in her heart cherishing keenly  
thirst for a vision  
of the virtuous Ja naki  
Bearing dew-pearls as presentation  
in her hands of leafage,  
standing forward  
in the outer courtyard  
of Si ta 's cottage,  
in cuckoo's tone spake she:  
"O Chaste Lady!  
Deign to give your sight;  
Dawned the night."

The saffron costume  
of auroral shine,  
flowers' smiling bloom  
and tranquil mien  
make a room  
in the mind to presume:  
Some goddess of Yoga reaching the place,  
by sweet words giving solace  
calls to render relief  
from pangs of grief.  
From heaven on earth as if  
has descended to bestow a new life.

Musical tune Zephyr sang swinging,  
Black Bee played on lute charming.  
By Usha 's bidding, in dance  
rapt remained Fragrance.  
Kumbha tua bird as a royal bard  
began to eulogize forward.  
As the panegyrist premier  
Kalinga bird appeared there  
and spake in voice gracefully sweet:  
"Wake please,  
O Queen of the empire of chaste ladies!

Dawned the night.”

\* \*

(Tapasvini, Canto-IV / 1-3)

\*

(Translated from Gangadhara Meher’s Oriya epic-poem ‘Tapasvini’)

Harekrishna Meher

# Baby, The Divine Form

Behold the effulgent form of divinity  
in the soft figure of a child,  
which is endowed with pure,  
white and beautiful teeth.

Verily in the mortal world,  
the child forms heavenly bliss,  
the fruit of conjugal figures.  
In the lucid river of child's body,  
overflows the cheerfulness  
of lovely love-creeper.

Sweet smile of the child is splendid  
having indistinct utterance of syllables  
and so an object of ever-remembrance.  
In the lovely lips shine delicacy and lucidity.

Sarasvati, the Goddess of Speech,  
spreads her nectareous jingling,  
graceful, faultless and rich.  
Auspicious divinity and purity  
lightly and delightfully  
dance in the utterance of the child.

Music, unread and unknowingly attained,  
flows in the cries and gaieties of the child.  
In the child, who bears  
a miniature form of Cupid,  
the god of love and beauty,  
there abide guilelessness and swiftness limpid.

In every limb of the child,  
reigns the guileless comeliness  
sprung from the creation  
of the omnipresent Supreme Self.  
In the ambrosial abode of child's figure  
scintillate innocence as well as sagacity.  
Effulgent appearance of divinity  
one can obviously observe

in the delicate form of the child.

Harekrishna Meher

# Best Wishes Of New Year

May the New Year be auspicious.  
May the New Year confer on us  
supreme glee, happiness  
along with diseaselessness.

May the light of love be brilliantly kindled  
in the temples of all the hearts.  
May the lucid lotus of mind  
bear excellent comeliness.  
May noble thoughts perpetually eradicate  
all dejections and depressions.

In the New Year, may the noble calibre  
emerging from noble poets and thinkers expand.  
Even under the firmament,  
this calibre forms divine effulgence  
enlighted with the wealth of learning.  
May the calibre bestow prosperity,  
fearless boon and all kinds of  
achievements, brilliant and grand.

In all the directions  
may the pleasant cooings of birds  
herald sweet tidings of the riches  
of flowers, fruits, trees and creepers.  
May the lucid and clean water  
quench thirst of the mundane creatures.

May the fragrant zephyr gladden  
all the worldly beings.  
Devoid of all pollutions,  
may it blow from all sides  
and discard all evils with envies  
in the enlightened universe.

May the Earth rejoice and be blessed  
with fortune by bearing timely rainfall;  
also be opulent with excellent profuse corns  
and be full of jewels along with sylvan riches.

May the robust infallible unity among the people  
be fruitful with well-being.

May the dexterous technique of knowledge  
removing all sufferings  
and beautifully conferring peace,  
be prolific in the world  
by rendering welfare to the people.  
May the great vow eradicate  
all conflicts and collisions.

In the path of right policy,  
with propitiated fortune  
and virtuous with the vibrant incantation  
of national integration,  
may the Mother Earth,  
shine fragrant, resplendent  
beautiful and ever-glorious.  
May the New Year be auspicious.

Harekrishna Meher

# Conjugal Love Of Sita And Rama

Spontaneous is the flow of River  
to mingle with Sea, her own lover.  
She firmly crosses pass and rock  
that appear on the way to block.

With Sea, when she enjoys union,  
her all previous pains plunge into oblivion.  
Between the lives of the two thence  
really remains not a jot of difference.

Perchance piercing up in the mid,  
any huge mound of sands there  
if raises high  
and severs the hearts of the loving pair,  
River cannot die.  
Burthen of her life she bears indeed  
by expanding own heart to take  
the shape of a large lake.

\*\*

One thing more I like to tell,  
Be united with mind and hasten to dwell  
in the lake of heart where bliss sublime,  
you all will sportively enjoy for endless time.

There abides my life-mate  
new Lotus-maiden in full efflorescence.  
Ever-scintillating and never-set  
remains the Sun of reminiscence.

(Tapasvini, Canto-II, III)

[Translated from Gangadhara Meher's Oriya epic-poem 'Tapasvini']

Harekrishna Meher

## Divine Doctor: Gita-Govinda

Ye noble self like the divine doctor!  
All the illness of Cupid-stricken R&#257; dh&#257;  
can be cured very well  
only by the ambrosia  
of your loving embrace.  
If you do not make her  
free from this grief so far,  
O Dear Upendra!  
Really very cruel  
more than the thunderbolt you are..

Harekrishna Meher

# Duty Of A King

On the bank of Bha gi rathi while  
Lakshman a deserted Si ta to exile,  
Sunshine had spread that moment  
all over the regions  
of the world along with oceans  
neath the fair firmament.

As if it was a white screen  
draped over by Sun  
after deliberation  
that a shame it would be, if the affliction  
of Ra ma's Queen was seen  
to the deities' dominion.

Knowing that secret discreetly,  
to disclose the flaw of Sun's race,  
Dusk lifted swiftly  
the screen from earth's surface.

Called by the birds nearby,  
Stars in the courtyard of sky  
coming one after another  
hugely assembled together.

They viewed:  
Ra machandra, the scion of Sun's ancestry,  
has sat alone in the yard, vast solitary.  
With tears appeared  
his eyes were bedewed;  
with dejection visage withered.

He was thinking:  
"The right of a king  
is in fact a guise  
of great slavery.  
In this high seat,  
the only job is  
to render service sincerely,  
at the people's feet.

While hundreds of mouth  
together a lie tell,  
it is oft accepted as truth  
obeying them very well,  
though to be sure,  
it's known falsehood pure.

In the peace-sacrifice of public, again  
king's happiness is oblation indeed.  
Fastened with the strong duty-chain  
in his work he can't proceed.

What is done coronation  
is really a mere reformation.  
What shall we call fanning the chowries?  
It's nothing but whisking flies.

There might, of course,  
be no remorse  
in happiness even in the heart of a deity.  
The king, therefore,  
is a great god and furthermore  
relishes the ambrosia of celebrity.

People's blood forms water-drops.  
Acquiring the throne of high props  
the king becomes cloud mere,  
for the public welfare.

In the water of earth, no thunder resides;  
but in cloud, it naturally abides.  
Mace in the hands of public  
is not a matter of power,  
but it's terrific  
in the hands of the emperor.

By the fire of lightning,  
burnt may be own heart however,  
compelled is cloud to give water.  
Forsaking all the happiness, when the king  
keeps his people gratified,

he, as an object  
of supreme respect  
becomes identified.

Forming the highly elevated  
head of ladder to heaven, if kingship  
in the world-circle, is deviated  
from own destination,  
the king suffers destruction  
falling into the doom's abysm deep.

With equal vision and equal feeling,  
holding a sceptre,  
and rejoicing on kingship's string,  
he, magician-like,  
turning very meek  
doesn't think of own life-chapter.

If the acrobat doesn't proceed  
after placing feet on the string,  
some spectators shall indeed  
jeer at him by clapping.  
There the drum-holder  
shall scold him further.

With life slackened verily  
by severe separation  
from my beloved Maithili,  
if I don't perform any action,  
the human society  
shall taunt me more in reality.

From people's lips remark will slip:  
'In Raghu's royal race  
Ra ma was born a disgrace.  
And niggard in being scrupulous  
he abandoned the kingship,  
turning uxorious.'

Best is the Va naprastha state;  
but for me, it's not the time appropriate.  
To discharge the duties of mine indeed

how shall Bharata be agreed?

Day by day, affection  
for a thing on lap deteriorates;  
since it's observed very often.  
When empty becomes the lap,  
pining for the same thing after gap,  
the hearty affection proliferates  
many multiplied times to measure  
like a zero-suffixed mathematical number.

Never immortal is the gross body.  
Ever immortal is mind only.  
When link is not severed from mind,  
happiness is happiness in true sense to find.

Has anybody kept his life for ever,  
by earning material treasure  
in the world of mortals  
and adorning the gold crown  
on his head own?  
As his rivals,  
glory and slander, being uncontrolled  
by time, stand very bold.

People of the world very well  
determine the way to heaven and hell.  
Setting aside all rumours of others,  
the mean mind endeavours  
to hanker after the enjoyment,  
material and transient. "

(Tapasvini, Canto-III)

[Translated from Gangadhara Meher's Oriya epic-poem 'Tapasvini']

Harekrishna Meher

# Exuberance Of Nymphs: Gita-Govinda

Languid are thy eyes with intoxication (Madalasa) .  
Effulgent is thy face with charming moonbeam (Indumati) .  
Thy gait gladdens mind of all the beings (Manorama) .  
Thy thighs form the tremulous plantain tree (Rambha) .  
Embellished with art is thy erotic play (Kalavati) .  
Thy brows have lovely lines of painting (Chitrlekha) .  
O Slim-limbed beloved lady!  
Ah, present on earth,  
You bear the juvenile exuberance of nymphs  
who adorn the dominion of gods.

[Extracted from 'Gita-Govinda of Jayadeva']

Harekrishna Meher

## Fierce Tiger: Gita-Govinda

O Krishna! Owing to pangs of separation,  
for Ra dha, her home seems to be a forest.  
The group of her dear maiden-friends  
appears as a trapping net.  
With heavy sighs, the heat of separation  
turns to be a vast forest-conflagration.  
It is a matter of severe woe  
that because of thy separation,  
Oh, how she appears as a doe,  
and Love-god Cupid for her,  
has become Yama, the Lord of Death,  
displaying the activities of a fierce tiger.

[Extracts from English Version of 'Gita-Govinda of Jayadeva'  
Translated by Dr. Harekrishna Meher]

Harekrishna Meher

## Fine Face With Five Flowers: Gita-Govinda

These lips of thine really bear similarity  
with the beauty of flower Bandhu ka.  
O Self-esteemed Lady!  
Thy comely cheeks compile the lustres of Madhu ka.  
Manifesting the beauty  
of blue lotuses, thy eyes are very lovely.  
The stature of Tila flower, thy nose bears.  
Thy teeth, O My Dear!  
spread the radiance of Kunda flower.  
Serving thy fine face with these five flowers,  
the Flower-shafted Love-god Cupid  
conquers the entire universe indeed.

Harekrishna Meher

# Fragrance Of Mother Earth

The Sun has risen in the east.  
Fragrance of Mother Earth  
will spread all over the world.  
The fragrance of Mother Earth,  
The perseverance of Mother Earth,  
The consciousness of Mother Earth  
and the thoughts of the land of arts,  
all these will spread all over the world.

Food maintains the figure.  
Oil causes smoothness.  
In the lap of Mother,  
abundant are the gems and precious jewels.  
Dame Nature has bestowed air and water for all.  
With the efforts of the human being  
various kinds of crops are yielded.  
Excellently charming are the rivers,  
sylvan sites and brooks.  
Fragrance of Mother Earth  
will spread all over the world.

Summer, Rain and Winter  
are the empirical experiences of this life.  
We, the companions in joys and sorrows,  
shall sing together the lilt of delight.  
Dhol, Nis a n and Ghumura –  
These enchanting musical instruments  
encouragingly discard all dizziness.  
The black-bee in the form of mind  
rejoices humming over the flower  
of colourful sentiments.  
So marvellous and beautiful  
is the creation of the Creator.  
Fragrance of Mother Earth  
will spread all over the world.

O Brothers and Sisters!  
Wake up. With concentrative mind,  
We'll make our life blessed

by performing good deeds for the society.  
Great strength is in the body of the youth.  
We'll keep the glory established  
by accomplishing activities  
in the path of righteousness  
for the well-being of the country.  
Salutations at the feet of our Mother India.  
Our humble prayer at the feet  
of the Mother Goddess Ma n ikes wari.  
Fragrance of Mother Earth will spread all over the world.  
Our humble prayer at the feet of our Mother.  
The thoughts of the land of arts will spread unfurled.  
Fragrance of Mother Earth will spread all over the world.

Harekrishna Meher

# Free Birds We Are

Free birds of fair firmament we are.  
High waves of ocean we are.  
Lofty peak of white Himalayas we are.  
High waves of ocean we are. (0)

Uplift of humanity and nation  
lies in our hands;  
The noble path of human birth  
verily runs with us.  
To render dedicated service  
for the well-being of the people,  
we are warrior heroes with strong figures.  
Free birds of fair firmament we are.  
High waves of ocean we are. (1)

May the rosy mien of Sunrise  
spread sweet smile with delight.  
Dispelled may be the blots  
of dense darkness from all the minds.  
Let us adorn gleefully  
the lutes of our lives  
with nice colourful and fine songs.  
Free birds of fair firmament we are,  
High waves of ocean we are. (2)

May the fragrance of Indianness  
fill the hearts of all.  
May the inner sense of all  
be exhilarated by this aromatic affluence.  
We are one family,  
the offspring of the Mother India,  
having intimate fraternal affinity.  
Free birds of fair firmament we are,  
High waves of ocean we are. (3)

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Harekrishna Meher

## Gita-Govinda: First Verse

'The sky is encompassed by clouds.  
With the hue of Tama la trees  
darksome appear the sites of woods.  
This dear Ka hna  
feels very timid at night.  
O Ra dha! You therefore please  
accompany him to reach home aright.'  
Thus by the words of King Nanda,  
stepped ahead both Ra dha and Ma dhava  
towards the tree of bowers on the way.  
Glory to their plays of love, secret and gay,  
on the bank of river Yamuna.

[Translated from Jayadeva's Sanskrit Kavya "Gita-Govindam"]

Harekrishna Meher

# Illusion Of Modernity

Is the modern world of armament  
like a flower of firmament  
or like a hare's horn  
or like a mirage or like an unborn?

The core of the heart all the time  
is haunted by the catastrophe of humanity.  
Everywhere reigns the epicureanism sublime  
in practical reality.

Is it peace in the age of atom?  
Is it the truth of life,  
while man is swayed away at random  
by the onslaughts of mundane strife?

Nonplussed as if by the state of collision  
between truth and illusion,  
man like Trishanku in the middle  
encounters today's countless riddle.

In the world ephemeral,  
none can fasten the soul immortal.  
The abstract panacea of today  
forms the philanthropic introspection  
that can pave the way  
for concrete and eternal perfection.

Harekrishna Meher

# Immortal Sanskrit

O Sanskrit !

The universal divine language  
on the Indian soil, well-writ,  
the symbol of our cultural heritage,  
manifesting Truth, Auspiciousness and Beauty  
for all time to come in reality.

Adored through the ages  
in the speculations of the sages,  
eternal are thy contributions  
to the world transcending dissolutions.  
Thy peerless purifying power  
gladdens the mankind with honeyed shower.

The wise call thee the language sacred.  
Thou art the mother of languages,  
for sooth the fountain-head,  
the most scientific,  
authoritative and systematic,  
when someone verily envisages.  
All over the world thy form has spread  
surmounting all the hindrances of dread.

With thy grace from every side  
let noble thoughts come to us.  
Long live our humanistic pride,  
the Indian culture glorious.  
Thy all-encompassing view  
verily scintillates always new.

Of national and global integration  
Thou art the media,  
the indelible index of India,  
the receptacle of civilization.  
O Sanskrit !  
the literature of immortal merit,  
as modern as ever  
an ambrosial river  
beneficial to the entire world,

bearing the precious values of life unfurled.

Harekrishna Meher

# Incantations Of Speech

I'm the supreme empress  
and the bestower of prosperity to the devotees.  
I'm the omniscient goddess  
and the first among the adorable deities.  
Gods have borne me in many forms,  
me who has entered  
in many creatures  
and has existed in many places.

A person who sees, who takes breath  
and who hears the word spoken,  
verily eats food through me.  
They who do not know this,  
also remain by my side.  
Listen, O Listener!  
For you, I'm speaking some thing  
filled with sincere faith.

I myself in sooth speak this  
which is endearingly accepted  
by gods and human beings.  
Whomsoever I wish,  
I make him powerful;  
I make him a creator;  
I make him a seer of incantation,  
also make him excellently wise.

To slay the person  
who expresses inimical attitude  
towards the hymnal prayer,  
I expand the bow for Rudra  
by placing his arrow there.  
For the worshipper,  
I wage battle against the foes.  
I've indeed encompassed  
all the heavenly region  
as well as the mundane world.

I've created the father, heaven,

over the head of this earth.  
My abode of creation  
is in the deep waters of ocean.  
From there gradually  
I've permeated all the worlds  
and have touched the very heaven  
with my forehead.

Like Wind, I verily blow  
holding all the worlds.  
Pervading beyond the heaven,  
beyond this earth also,  
so mighty I do stand  
with my own valour grand.

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(Translated From Original Sanskrit 'Va k-Su ktam', RigVeda by the poet himself]

Harekrishna Meher

# Incantations Of Unity

May you all together go.  
May all of you together speak also.  
May your minds further  
be the same unanimously,  
as the ancient deities unitedly  
accept their own sacrificial share.

Let their hymnal praise be the same.  
The same let their assembly be.  
Let their mind be the same.  
Let their thoughts be the same unitedly.  
I'm uttering your same incantation.  
I'm also performing  
the sacrificial offering  
with your same oblation.

Let your perseverance of all be the same.  
Let all your hearts be the same.  
The same let your mind be,  
so that a nice company yours would be.

(From Original Sanskrit 'Samjña na-Su ktam', RigVeda.10 / 191,  
Translated By: Dr. Harekrishna Meher)

Harekrishna Meher

# Life Beautiful

Life is beautiful.

Beautiful is the penance-grove of physical body.

Verily love is eternal, effulgent,  
supernal and sacred.

In the changing mortal region,  
do bear all pleasure and pain like shade and heat.

Having human life, do step in the right path.

Go ahead; don't be puffed up with pride.

Ramble in righteousness while performing deeds.

In the golden opportune moment,

do have some new new innovations.

Offer fragrance of flower befittingly.

Bestow cheers and gaieties

graceful with winsome smiling.

Be Sun-like and dispel darkness.

Scatter brilliance and radiance of stars.

Form the soft honeyed coolness of moonbeams.

Of cuckoos and brooks,

compose simple lovely lilt

overflowing with beatitude.

In own conch Panchajanya endowed with nobility,  
spread sonorous sound discarding all dizziness.

Practise attentively the attribute

of the black-throated God Siva

and yourself victorious, do threaten

the pangs of distress caused by poison.

Give up slumber in the mundane stage;

Actively awake in the household complexities.

Very intricate is the time of unstable youth.

Further lucidity in the firmament of mind.

Break up carelessness while in pleasure.

With your own vigour,

worship the Mother Earth,

the receptacle of all riches.

Take resort to the auspicious affinity

of the noble persons.  
Don't take rest against injustice.  
Create profusely the inner strength of your mind.  
Don't run after useless matters.

Behold the universe and the Almighty God nectareous;  
also behold love and peace in the hearts of all.  
Render the best well-being to others.  
Acquire glory resplendent with a fair form.  
Count the greatness of humanism.  
Deliberate over the eternal phenomenon  
that forms noble feelings in all the selves.  
Life is beautiful.

Harekrishna Meher

# Love Knows No Distance

“Even far, I’m thy very near.  
This always keep in the heart, My Dear!  
Moon and Lily both are  
from each other, away very far.  
Still flows all the while  
their love ever-juvenile.  
For a loving couple, see,  
the distance may whatever be,  
hers is he  
and his is she.”

[ From Poet Upendra Bhanja’s Oriya Ka vya ‘Prema-Sudha nidhi’ (Chapter-XIV)  
, Translated by: Dr. Harekrishna Meher ]

Harekrishna Meher

# Mahanadi And Sita: Tapasvini

Then came a lady newly adorned,  
comely-limbed with lustres bright and neat.  
Sha has courageously churned  
the affliction wrought by severe heat.

Of sylvan damsels,  
she is a life-long comrade.  
Garnished her neck has been  
with garlands of Girimallika fine.  
Madhuka flowers as crest-jewels  
have beautified her forehead.

Her ear-ornaments are the blue  
gems of fruits of Jambu.  
Her girdle is made of oysters.  
Minds of sages, the forest-dwellers,  
she has nicely attracted.  
Further she has decorated  
very beautifully  
the black braid comely and curly.

Before Sita, she appeared  
with enraptured mien  
and expressed word  
soft, gentle, nectarine.

&quot;O Noble-natured Queen!  
Deign to accept my gratitude.  
The debt of affections benign,  
I owe you for good.  
How shall I repay these?  
I'm incapable. O Virtuous One!  
Oblige me please  
accepting my hearty devotion.

Aren't here many  
in this world, like me?  
But who has been  
blessed with your such grace divine?

With your auspicious glance,  
my sands turned into dusts of gold and  
you made my heart the diamond-land,  
as it gave, in sportive observance,  
ecstasies of delight  
to your supernal sight.

From Vishnu's feet, beautifully appearing,  
Though there is ever-flowing  
Holy Ganga, the daughter  
of Himalaya, the mountain-lord,  
still with the epithet conferred  
on me by your good lady,  
I'm Mahanadi,  
the Great River.&quot;

(Extracts from 'Tapasvini of Gangadhara Meher'  
By Dr. Harekrishna Meher)

= = =

Harekrishna Meher

# Mango-Blossoms With Sharp Tips: Gita-Govinda

O My Friend! Here

florescence of new A&#347; oka creeper

bearing few bunches of flowers

is not at all pleasurable to my eyes

and causes distress immense.

Breeze of pleasure-grove beside pond

gives me pains further.

This budding of mango-blossoms with sharp tips,

though charming with the humming of black-bees

roving over them, does not give me a gleeful sense..

Harekrishna Meher

# Maxims From Tapasvini Kavya

Spontaneous is the flow of River  
to mingle with Sea, her own lover.  
She firmly crosses pass and rock  
that appear on the way to block.  
With Sea when she enjoys union,  
her all previous pains plunge into oblivion.  
Between the lives of the two thence  
really remains not a jot of difference.

Perchance piercing up amid,  
any huge mound of sands there  
if raises high  
and severs the hearts of the loving pair,  
verily River cannot die.  
Burthen of her life she bears indeed  
by expanding own heart to take  
the shape of a large lake. (Canto-II)

\*

While hundreds of mouth  
together a lie tell,  
it is oft accepted as truth  
obeying them very well,  
though to be sure,  
it's known falsehood pure. (Canto-III)

\*

Day by day, affection  
for a thing on lap deteriorates;  
since it's observed very often.  
When empty becomes the lap,  
pining for the same thing after gap,  
the hearty affection proliferates  
many multiplied times to measure  
like a zero-suffixed mathematical number. (Canto-III)

\*

Never immortal is the gross body.  
Ever immortal is mind only.  
When link is not severed from mind,  
happiness is happiness in true sense to find. (Canto-III)

\*

Without understanding  
the noble qualities of others, if a person  
with interest deliberate,  
becomes an expert in fault-finding,  
there is probability of ridicule sheer,  
destined by fate,  
in the high position  
of the very fault-seer. (Canto-III)

\*

Mother verily knows  
her daughter's sorrows.  
A burnt-faced daughter  
looks moon-faced in the eyes of mother. (Canto-IV)

\*

In the company of the noble  
remains noble feeling ever-unsplit stable,  
just as blue colour in the sky.  
Nigh the noble companion  
never in vain goes aspiration. (Canto-IV)

\*

About one thing, thinks mind free;  
but otherwise becomes consequence.  
My Friend! In this world, hence  
unintelligible is Destiny's decree. (Canto-VI)

\*

Water of the ocean raising high  
turns cloud in the sky,  
and rendering weal of the world, enters  
into the same waters. (Canto-VI)

\*

With bewilderment, naturally laden  
is a lover's life, bereft of the beloved maiden.  
For a perplexed life, entire earth  
seems to be of no worth.  
When an animate being keeps afloat  
in the world's main,  
hope lies in the beloved bride-boat  
to cross it amain. (Canto-VI)

\*

Like a mountain  
may be the heaped cotton of sin.  
A spark of virtue does contain

the power for burning it to ruin. (Canto-VII)

\*

In the worldly region,  
no sin is more than evil company.  
Relation with the evil companion  
verily gives vigorous agony. (Canto-VII)

\*

If water from cloud comes below,  
can the cloud keep it again in prop?  
Like the fire-flame aglow,  
if burnt in fire, the water  
becomes united thereafter  
with the cloud up. (Canto-VII)

\*

In one's own life  
if remains grief,  
in the whole world, no sign  
of happiness is seen.  
In one's own life  
happiness appears if,  
all the world looks aright  
replete with happiness to the sight. (Canto-VII)

\*

Conjured by the cynics' eyes  
what can the blemish do,  
when one's own noble qualities  
form a divine ornament true? (Canto-IX)

\*

Lovable is the Moonlight  
solely because of darkness. (Canto-IX)

\*

Despite own virtues profuse,  
someone with heart free,  
adept in appreciating other's virtues  
verily fructifies own virtue-tree.  
Moved forward is the arrow  
by the string of bow.  
Wafting the fragrance of flowers,  
zephyr confers on the world more cheers. (Canto-X)

\*

In the mouth of future,  
life-lustre of every creature

is flowing apace  
forming a stream of river.  
Crores of men and women thither  
are performing ablution in the very stream,  
knowing it a great place,  
sacred, noble and supreme.  
By and by, the stream  
with its physical expanse  
advances towards the ocean of time  
in great distance. (Canto-XI)

[Extracted from the Book "Tapasvini of Gangadhara Meher " Translated By Dr.  
Harekrishna Meher]

Harekrishna Meher

# Meghaduta: Charm Of Love

'The charm of your limbs I see  
in Priyangu creepers.  
In the eyes of the frightened Does  
I observe your glances.  
In the Moon, I find the glamour  
of your attractive face.  
In the peacock- plumes, beauty  
of your hairs I look.  
In the thin waves of rivers  
I mark the gestures  
of your eye-brows.  
But alas! O My Warm-spirited Darling!  
Similarity of yours in one place  
is nowhere seen together.

\*

The curse befallen on me will end,  
when Lord Vishnu, the wielder of S arn ga bow,  
will wake up from the bed of serpent.  
The remaining four months you please spend  
closing your eyes anyhow.  
The desires that we have fostered  
in hearts during the period  
of our long separation,  
all we'll fulfil and enjoy soon  
in the coming autumn season  
at the nights enchanting and effulgent  
with the sweet rays of Moon.'

(Uttara-Megha, Verses 110 and 116)

[Translated from Kalidasa's Sanskrit Kavya "Meghadutam"]

Harekrishna Meher

# Music, Devotion, Eros And Literature: Gita-Govinda

Whatever musical excellence in G&#257; ndharva arts,  
Whatever devotional concentration of the Vaishnavites,  
Whatever relish of erotic sentiment for the connoisseurs,  
Whatever playfully delineated in the literary compositions,  
All those things the wise may delightfully purify  
learning from the beautiful k&#257; vya Gita-Govinda  
written by the Pandit-Poet Jayadeva,  
whose mind is ever-engrossed in Krishna alone.

Harekrishna Meher

# Rama's Coronation In The Vision Of Sita

In the flow of the river  
of devotion-to-husband there,  
Si ta 's life was floating,  
and in eddies, was restlessly rotating.  
Unable to bring and keep  
her life in own lap, Dame Sleep  
approached Yogama ya,  
and apprised: "O Goddess! Life of Si ta  
has today gone beyond  
the human heart's bond.

For twelve years  
Virtuous Maithili,  
permeating her bed with tears,  
managed to come slowly  
in my lap once even.  
But today despite my frequent call  
in my very sweet tone,  
she not at all  
paying heed to it, alone  
proceeds to the state of heaven.

Idols of eyes, her twin sons,  
from her eyes shall now disappear.  
All the ten directions  
shall seem darkened for her.  
In this life of hers  
no sun-rise of happiness appears.

So much devoted to her husband,  
what fruit did she acquire at the end?  
Kindly make her future bright.  
Let the poor lady behold it.

Pouring water from eyes  
in her life's basin,  
the sobre lady obtained the grand  
garden of devotion-to-husband.  
Neither any flower bloomed therein,

nor did any fruit appear.  
Ah! Tell me please,  
would the life  
of the virtuous wife  
so desperately suffer? ”

Yogama ya directed: “Come, My Friend!  
Cool night is at its end.  
Approaching the devoted Si ta now earlier,  
we both will reveal the secret of her future.”

With Sleep, entered Yogama ya hastily  
in the cottage of Maithili.  
By celestial lustre, the sylvan site  
continued to shine.  
Surface of earth turned replete  
with the fragrance divine.

By the aromatic affluence  
horripilated, Si ta ’s life aroused.  
Under the splendour’s influence  
her eyes became closed.  
There appeared the scene.  
Lustrous Si ta has been.  
World is being illumed further  
by her effusive lustre.

Resplendent with blooming mien,  
King Ra ma with herself as Queen  
has ascended the bejewelled throne there.  
Kus a has sat in the lap of Ra ghava,  
and in Si ta ’s lap, Lava.  
Holding the lifted umbrella,  
Lakshman a, the husband of Urmila,  
has stood anear.  
Moving the charming chowery moonbeam-fair,  
Bharata performs his own duty.  
Holding by hand, S atrughna moves there  
the fan prepared with peacock-plumes pretty.

In the mouth of future,  
life-lustre of every creature

is flowing apace  
forming a stream of river.  
Crores of men and women thither  
are performing ablutions in the very stream,  
knowing it a great place,  
sacred, noble and supreme.

By and by, the stream  
with its physical expanse  
advances towards the ocean of time  
in great distance.

Gods and demi-god Vidya dharas with love  
are offering from above  
soothing showers  
of beautiful flowers.  
Gods, with demons all,  
serpents, human beings  
and nymphs celestial,  
are permeating there  
the entire mundane sphere  
with 'Victory-to-Si ta -Ra ma' chantings.

In every house, in every life, in every city,  
in the river-boat, in the bark of the sea,  
in every cavern,  
at day and night,  
in the even and the morn,  
in dolour and delight,  
in the hearts of the affluent  
as well as of the indigent,  
reigns ever-reverberant  
the 'Victory-to-Si ta -Ra ma' chant.  
Observing all these,  
stood entranced at the scene  
Crest-crown of the chaste ladies,  
the Great Queen.

(Tapasvini, Canto-XI)

[Translated from Gangadhara Meher's Oriya epic-poem 'Tapasvini', by Dr.  
Harekrishna Meher]

Harekrishna Meher

# Rhyme Of Modern Life

Complex and confused has been  
the ultra-modernized life's function.  
Acute accident is seen  
everywhere in junction.  
Man has been devoid of human sense  
that forms the life's essence.  
Life has been a bust of bribe  
where the terrestrial ones deeply imbibe.

When pervades the heinous crime,  
what should be the life's rhyme?  
Man loses his goal prime,  
expels his humanity supreme,  
stigmatizes the scriptures of mankind  
merely for mundane pelf unkind,  
forgets the glory of his forefather  
and violates the dignity of mother.

No sanctity, no security, no sanity,  
always sweeping away in vanity.  
Turmoil, torture and terror,  
strike, indiscipline and horror,  
even for a layman or  
for a powerful emperor.

In every trice  
prevails the device of vice.  
Of human limb, every piece  
is measured with a price,  
though priceless eternal.  
Rare is the thing paternal or maternal.

Lust has been the goal life-long.  
Lost has been the hymnal human song.  
For the sustenance of human race,  
Virtue verily survives by His grace.

Harekrishna Meher

# River Tamasa: Philosophy Of Life

Wandering over several woods wide,  
never wavering astray  
by illusion of any gorge,  
surmounting many an impediment  
in my life limpid,  
never deeming darkness  
as a distress,  
never thinking light  
to be a delight,  
for a remote way  
ahead I've continued to forge  
with my head humbly bent.  
Gratifying every bank-dweller  
with offering of water,  
fruitfulness of my birth  
I'm realizing worth.

\* \*

(Tapasvini,4/11)

\*

[Translated from Gangadhara Meher's Oriya epic-poem 'Tapasvini', by Dr.  
Harekrishna Meher]

Harekrishna Meher

# Sita And Chitrakuta Mountain: Tapasvini

At this hour  
Dame Thought, approaching her  
humbly expressed: "O Illustrious Queen!  
At the gateway are some,  
awaiting with longing keen,  
to see your gracious presence.  
From great distance they have come.  
To see your noble self hence,  
their ardent desire has not a bit  
counted the severe sun-heat.  
Beholding their comely mien,  
heart turns to be a mine of love benign."

Said the Queen:  
"Friend! Them please usher in,  
without being late further.  
Blessed is my fate.  
On me, so endearments they confer.  
Their presence will exonerate  
both eyes of mine  
from sorrow and sin."

By the bidding of Sita,  
someone meanwhile,  
first arrived there  
like a friend ever-familiar  
and said with sweet soft smile  
in loving words pouring ambrosia.

"O Esteemed Queen! In your mind  
does the by-gone episode  
its way find?  
Noble feet, you had placed in my abode.  
My body solely  
by the radiance of your limbs holy,  
has earned this opulence  
of empyrean exuberance.

My brooks, in guise

of that exuberance,  
always murmur,  
overwhelmed with rapture.  
Flowers with blooming countenance  
ridiculously belittle the paradise.

Of several rivers, water  
fraught with fragrance for ever,  
heartily gladdens  
all the riparian denizens.  
The peacocks, bred  
with your affections sacred,  
highly lilt daily  
your glory gaily.

With steadfast aspiration  
for your gracious vision,  
clouds in masses often coming in turn,  
from cavern to cavern  
moving and moving search verily:  
'Where is Sita, the Beauteous Lady? '

In deep sonorous tone, inquisitive  
they ask; but do not believe,  
when I give  
the answer negative.

Again they continue searching,  
holding the light of lightning,  
convincingly confident  
that Beauteous Sita is certainly present.

O Lady Illustrious!  
Today do you recognize this hapless chap?  
I've come to your front gracious,  
after a long gap.

With the dusts of your feet, crest-crown  
I've embellished my own.  
Blessed have been on that account  
myself Chitrakuta Mount.&quot;

(Extracts from 'Tapasvini of Gangadhara Meher'

By Dr. Harekrishna Meher)

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Harekrishna Meher

# Sita In Hermit-Garden: Tapasvini

Beauty of Royal Garden  
was the wave of ocean,  
holding on head the foams of flowers.  
Beholding the auspicious presence of hers,  
on whose foot-shore  
adorned was the Beauty with lustres  
emitting from pearls of nails in yore,  
here rejoiced with exhilaration  
all the trees, creepers  
and flowers of the hermit-garden. (1)

At first gaily gleams  
the Spring season.  
Glamorous golden beams  
of the rising Sun  
spreading on the leafage drenched by dews,  
were spiritedly sporting in various hues.  
Falling on the dew-drops charming  
they were creating  
marvellously the series  
of diamonds, sapphires, pearls and rubies. (2)

Of Sita, the jewel among the chaste,  
the feet that had taken away  
the pride of lustres very well  
from Ravana's ten heads richest  
with many a Sun-jewel,  
appearing in the hermit-garden today  
as if scattered all the piled pride  
of jewels, by her own stride. (3)

Sita's heart shone blue-coloured  
bearing the form of Rama, her lord.  
Stealing that heart, the trees  
in joyous mood  
turned deep dark-hued.  
Husband is the sole resort  
of the mind of the virtuous consort.  
Of her limbs, the beauties

attracted by degrees  
in various flowers abided in series. (4)

Black-bee took only the brilliance  
of her locks of hairs.  
Champak flower took the opulence  
of her physical lustres.  
Loveliness of lips went  
to Mandara flower lucent.  
Other beauties went there,  
where they expressed their fervour.  
There became  
splendid all of them.  
Beauty of heaven  
as if descending on earth  
made this garden  
an abode of her sporting mirth. (5)

Ambrosial was the splendour of Sita.  
Mead of flowers resembled ambrosia.  
Delicacy and loveliness likewise went  
and became permanent  
in the limbs of flowers.  
Being an ascetic-maid,  
the virtuous wife,  
made the forest her home-stead  
in her arid life  
and in her body devoid of glammers. (6)

To render sincere reception to Janaki,  
for whole night,  
all the spiders  
decorating the canopy  
comely and bright,  
had furnished the garlands of golden flowers.  
In hundreds, the ripe oranges were swinging  
as golden balls charming. (7)

Bearing leaf-banners  
arranged in lines,  
had stood in the garden  
the lovely Plantain-maiden.

Holding gift of flowers,  
charming Muchukunda,  
Vakula, Niali, Kunda  
as well as Madhavi vines,  
were awaiting there eagerly present.  
Adorning with flowers own braid excellent,  
nigh them was meanwhile  
Rajanigandha, the vine juvenile. (8)

When Janaka's daughter,  
with her maiden-friends reached anear,  
someone among the creepers,  
feeling horripilated with gentle zephyr,  
kissed Sita's head,  
thereon scattering flowers.  
Someone elated, shook hand with hers.  
Someone embraced her with cheers,  
while some other  
at her feet, homage paid. (9)

To lick her rufescent feet, own tongue,  
Parijata flower spread long.  
Wishing kiss affectionate,  
in her pearl-lustred nails anon,  
the agape Pomegranate  
eagerly awaited her.  
To owe the debt of compassion,  
Chinichampa flower turned darkish green  
emulating Rama's form, fine and serene. (10)

Somewhere like moon-digits tender  
comely tiny plants,  
keeping their heads lifted to the fence  
with much ardour,  
were ardently staring at her.  
Within the fence remained others  
whose heads couldn't reach, and there  
peeping through the vents,  
they expressed impatience  
to obtain a glimpse of hers. (11)

Chanchi and Phulchuin birds thither

sitting on the fence of trees  
were casting at her  
their thirsty eyes,  
and twittering sweetly in between.  
Joyously swinging their tails were seen.  
They have hope, when Sita would bless  
by pouring water, they, fearless,  
sitting on the basins of trees  
would drink with ease. (12)

Falling once at the feet of Janaki,  
Spider was again climbing a tree.  
Making many a swift leap  
from one tree to the other,  
he was exhibiting his craftsmanship.  
Sun, the proficient painter,  
with various colours  
was delineating the tenuous gossamers. (13)

Naturally the trees had leafage dark-green.  
Sitting unsteady fain  
somewhere on tree-peaks,  
by brushing beaks,  
beauteously bright were seen  
Thinthini birds, emerald-lustred,  
just like sun-beams stirred  
by waves of the blue main. (14)

Replete with love-lustre  
Rama's heart, restless alone  
on the royal throne,  
to dissipate Sita's dolour,  
has as if rushed to the pleasure-grove.  
Like drops of Rain  
during the Svati-starred day,  
the glammers, eye-alluring gay,  
were creating pearls of love  
in her heart's main. (15)

(Extracted from 'Tapasvini of Gangadhara Meher'  
By Dr. Harekrishna Meher)

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Harekrishna Meher

# Song For Recognition

Who says you are not the divine light?

Who announces

you are not glorified with virtues? (0)

\*

Self-luminous you are like Sun, .

In the mundane cycle,

you are limitless firmament.

Who says you are not gladdening

the mortal world?

Who says you are not the divine light? (1)

\*

In the great ocean of world,

you are the beautiful pearl.

Who says you are not auspiciously griefless?

Who says you are not the divine light? (2)

\*

Born with the prestigious human form,

why are you unknown?

Don't you recognize your own self

In the universe?

Who says you have not removed

the veil of illusion?

Who says you are not the divine light? (3)

\*

Are you intimidated

and obsessed with duality?

Both illusion and infatuation

exist in this world.

Who says you have not discarded distress?

Who says you are not the divine light? (4)

\*

Where have you come from?

When shall you depart?

In the mundane region,

all seem kith and kin due to illusion.

Who says you are not the vision of wisdom?

Who announces

you are not glorified with virtues?

Who says you are not the divine light? (5)

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Abhijñana-Gitika (Song for Recognition)  
Extracted from Sanskrit Kavya 'Matrigitikañjalih'  
(English Translation by Author Dr. Harekrishna Meher)

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Harekrishna Meher

# Song For The Mother

Victory to our Mother,  
native-land Bharata, the excellent country.  
Victory to our adorable Bharata,  
the beautiful and ambrosial land. (0)

\*

This eternal country of Bharata  
is rich in green fields,  
is the wish-fulfilling compassionate cow,  
is gem-wombed and is the effulgent  
heavenly creeper Kalpa-Valli.  
Giving sportive pleasure,  
she has the ornaments of Vindhya mountains,  
has the girdle of oceans  
and the crest of the Himalayas.  
Along with the charming Ganga, here flow  
Yamuna, Mahanadi, Narmada and other rivers.  
This significant sacred land of deeds and penance  
is adorned with the riches of Nature. (1)

\*

This land, the abode of auspiciousness,  
bears profuse wealth and excellence.  
It gives tears in the eyes of those  
who form inimical attitude.  
It is the repository of splendid arts and learning.  
Elixir of cultural unity is accumulated here.  
Writings of great poets of this land,  
that are sacred and graceful with artistic colour,  
bestow well-being and happiness for all.  
Lilts of triumph for the world of love sweetly ring  
in the hearts of the learned ones. (2)

\*

The glorious civilization of our country  
expresses prosperity and enhances  
the honour of well-behaviour.  
Herein shines divine novelty.  
Here is the scriptural wisdom conferring  
four supreme achievements of life.  
The spiritual essence is celebrated all over the world.  
In the prime incantation of Bharata,

Truth alone triumphs and never untruth. (3)

\*

This Motherland of ours is well-embellished,  
is worshipped by great personalities and warrior heroes.  
She bears the celebrity of oriental identity  
and is nobly opulent with eminent genius and intellectuals.  
Despite diversity of languages, costumes, adorning features,  
social norms and behaviours, here scintillates  
the illustrious single nationality.  
All of us are the offspring of one mother  
and here equality of brotherhood is established. (4)

\*

This vast land possesses great vigour  
with own resources and wealth.  
Resplendent it is with the light of knowledge,  
has the noble strength of peace and non-violence,  
also is affluent with dedication and service to all.  
Bearing the tri-colour national flag,  
our Bharatavarsha enlightened by the seers and sages  
is worshipped and is honoured as sovereign  
and democratic with own excellence.  
Here the chain of unity, friendship  
and fellow-feeling is fostered by tradition. (5)

\*

The sacred maxim 'All world is one family'  
is the pioneering principle and it forms  
the sky-kissing magnet attracting the minds of all.  
Here the eternal voice honouring humanitarianism  
is endowed with greatness, is replete with love,  
is golden-lettered and well-uttered.  
In this land, the glory forming sweet fragrance  
of universal friendship prevails everywhere.  
Victory to our Motherland Bharata,  
the excellent country of beauty and immortality. (6)

= = = = =

(Matri-Gitika) Song for the Mother:  
Extracted from Sanskrit Kavya 'Matrigitikañjalih'  
(English Translation by the Author Dr. Harekrishna Meher)

= = = = =

Harekrishna Meher

# Song For The Poet

Immortal poet thou art.  
Great poet thou art.  
Forming profuse emotions,  
thy excellence bears a splendid,  
soft and lucid portrait.  
Immortal poet thou art. (0)

\*

Thy creation is endowed with the novelty  
of nine sentiments, is excellent  
with the attribute of learning  
and is apt to be served beautifully.  
The creation further comprises  
fair and distinct words, surpasses the gold,  
bears leaves expanded excellently and is eternal.  
Thou art the scintillating Sun  
dispelling the darkness of nescience. (1)

\*

Yours is the Goddess of Learning (Sarasvati)  
with splendid appearance,  
with sweet high lilts  
and with the gift of boon.  
She further bestows the aroma  
of memorable poetic creation,  
which is favourite to the relisher  
of sentiments and is not easily  
attainable in the mundane region.  
There in the goddess,  
regular oblation is the inertia. (2)

\*

May the couch of thy poetic genius  
that alleviates delusion,  
perceives the events beyond present,  
forms splendid illustration,  
remains unhindered,  
bears greatness in the world  
and is like a mountain of flowers,  
bestow well-being to the people.  
Thou art the beauteous bird  
flying freely in the firmament

of epical compositions. (3)

\*

In quest of truth,  
In the receptacle of scriptures,  
In the principle of poetic creation,  
Thou art Prajapati, the Creator.  
Thy auspicious intellect  
is charming with poetic canon,  
is apt to be deliberated  
and is adorable in the world.  
Thunderbolt of heaven bows down  
before thy powerful pen. (4)

\*

Yours is the aesthetical supreme excellence  
that forms repository of prosody,  
bears the flow of sentiments,  
commands appreciation of the world,  
possesses the virtue of ambrosia,  
is candid with poetic colour  
and emanates auspiciousness.  
The sylvan site of thy words  
is easily accessible with charming avenues. (5)

\*

Thy poetry, a delicate maiden, possesses  
sweet voice and enormous riches of wisdom.  
She is bent upon the sacrifice  
in compliance with the liking of age.  
She has novel and fresh affections,  
has several divisions of limbs  
and has the expansion of leaf-like hands.  
Worthy is thy status among the wise. (6)

\*

Thy poetic art has marvellous achievements,  
has experiences of life for ever,  
forms the main source replete with sentiments,  
bears the barque of ink,  
is commended by the learned people  
and is endowed with splendour and comeliness.  
Verily you have the scintillating light  
of Kalidasa and Bharavi.  
Immortal and great poet thou art. (7)

= = = = =

Kavi-Gitika (Song for the Poet)  
Extracted from Sanskrit Kavya 'Matrigitikañjali'  
(English Translation by the Author Dr. Harekrishna Meher)

\* \* \* \* \*

Harekrishna Meher

# Song Of The Beloved Maiden

(Pranayini-Gitika)

= = = = =

I am lovely gesture.

I am lulling lass.

I am the swing wafting with love. (0)

\*

You are Spring, the Season-king,  
while myself Cuckoo-Cooing.

I am Rati, the Banner of  
Kandarpa (Cupid) , yourself.

You are Moon and I am Night.

You are Sun and I am your beloved Lotus.

Having my lap adorned with dalliance,

I am Golden Lightning  
thrilling in Cloud, thyself. (1)

\*

You are Tree and I am  
your beloved Creeper.

You are Zephyr, while I am  
your charming Aroma.

I am Blueness embraced by Sky, thyself.

I am Void and you are Full.

You are Flower and I am Sweet Smile  
in the form of efflorescence.

With thy touch, my comely cheeks  
enjoy delicate horripillations. (2)

\*

You are Youth and myself Sportive Spirit.

You are Pathos and I am Suffering.

O Ye Flamingo swimming sweetly  
in the Lake of Myself!

O Ye Pendent Jewel of My Crest!

I am the attracting inviting Song  
sprung up by Tune, thyself. (3)

\*

You are Hari, Supreme God,  
and I am your charming Lakshmi,  
Goddess of Beauty and Wealth.

I am Sachi resplendent with Indra,  
Lord of heaven, thyself.  
I am Murtti (Body) and you are Atman (Soul) .  
I am Savitri and you are my Satyavan.  
You are Krishna and I am Radhika,  
thy beloved worshipper  
enchanted with divine delight. (4)

\*

I am Fortitude united with Dedication, thyself.  
Expectation I am and Solace you are.  
Myself Maya (Divine Power)  
and yourself Isvara (Almighty God) .  
You are Destiny and myself Inevitable Happening.  
I am beloved Svaha with purifying hands  
having strong affinity of Fire, thyself. (5)

\*

You are Mind and myself Thinking.  
Noble Endeavour you are  
and Perseverance I am.  
You are Free and I am Fatter.  
Thyself Heart and myself Throbbing.  
I am Vibhakti (Case-Termination)  
having intimate relationship  
with Karaka (Grammatical Case) , thyself.  
I am Ink with emblem of Pen, thyself. (6)

\*

You are Joyous Festival  
and I am Social Noble Custom.  
You are Rainbow and I am  
Multi-Colour Maiden.  
You are Sravana Month and  
myself Rain-Shower having store-house  
adorned with sentiment. (7)

\*

You are Ornament and I am Comeliness.  
I am Lamp endowed with Lustre, thyself.  
You are Truth and I am Eternity.  
Thyself Mathematics, while myself Number.  
You are Anuprasa (Alliteration) properly set  
and myself the nice Pada-Laliti (Grace of Diction) . (8)

\*

You are Iron and myself Magnet.

Milk you are and Water I am.  
You are Good Writing and I am Book.  
You are Day and I am Date.  
I am Prakriti (Original Verb-Root)  
and you are my Pratyaya (Grammatical Affix) . (9)

\*

You are Samadhi (Meditation)  
and I am Ekagrata (One-pointedness) .  
I am Sraddha (Faith) and  
yourself Visvasa (Confidence) .  
You are Life and I am Consciousness.  
I am Kalpana (Imagination)  
united with Svapna (Dream) , thyself.  
You are Samaya (Time) and I am  
your comely companion Gati (Motion-Maiden)  
swinging rhythmically. (10)

\*

Myself Mirror, while yourself Reflection.  
You are Supreme Voice and I am Pervasion.  
You are Country and I am your beloved Culture.  
You are Om Chant and I am  
Your Vyahriti (Bhuh, Bhuvah, Svah) .  
You are Rama, the great king  
of Raghu's dynasty and myself Sita,  
offering garland with heartiest love.  
I am lovely gesture and lulling lass. (11)

= = = = =

(This love-lyric of the beloved addressed to the lover  
depicts couple of various aspects with observations of several  
metaphors and imageries. Novel ideas have been touched upon  
with the popular ones. Divine love is delineated in transcendental sphere) .

Pranayini-Gitika  
Extracted from Sanskrit Kavya 'Matrigitikañjalih'  
(English Translation by the Author rishna Meher)

\* \* \*

Harekrishna Meher

# Song Of The Lover

(Pranayi-Gitika)

= = = =

Lovely gesture you are.

Lulling lass you are.

You are the swing wafting with love. (0)

\*

I am Purusha, the Prime Self,

O! You are Prakriti, the Primordial Matter,  
juvenile and giver of love.

You are my auspicious spouse and friend.

You are Earth and I am Firmament.

I am sea with tranquil posture

and you River murmuring with sweet waves. (1)

\*

You are Rik, the Vedic Chant

and myself Sama, the Vedic Song.

I am Dhvani (Suggested Sense)

and you are the beautiful

Vyañjana (Suggestive Word-Power) .

I am Overflow of Inner Feeling

and yourself Poetry emerged anew.

You are Sweet Word longing for the dear

and clad in attire embosomed by Meaning, myself. (2)

\*

You are my beloved pretty sweetheart Kamayani,

while I am Manu, the first man of human creation.

I am Dushyanta (Hero of the Sakuntala drama of Kalidasa)

and yourself Sakuntala, the beautiful

heroine bearing lovely locks.

You are the maddening Damayanti,

Princess of Vidarbha country,

with hearty affections conferred by myself,

Naishadha (Nala, the king of Nishadha country

and hero of the epic Naishadhacharita of Sriharsha. (3)

\*

You are the effulgent Vasavadatta,

Princess of Ujjayini, abiding in the heart of myself,

Udayana, King of Vatsa country.

You are the distinct illustrious Lajja (Bashfulness) ,  
while myself Sammana (Reverence) .

I am Art and you are Skill.

I am Taste and yourself Sweetness,  
lovable and deeply drenched. (4)

\*

I am Eye and you are my Pupil.

I am Finger and yourself Sacred Ring.

Myself Anklet and you are Sweet Jingling.

I am Raga (Musical Mode)

and you my beloved Ragini.

Myself Horizon and yourself Dawn,

pretty, pink and devoted. (5)

\*

I am Courage and you are Inspiration.

I am Samyama (Restraint) and

You are Dharana (Steadfastness) .

I am Sage Atri and yourself my beloved Anasuya,  
the great devoted and revered lady.

I am Harischandra, King of Ayodhya,

and you are my Saivya, the devoted queen.

You are River Yamuna

bearing Gangetic Water, myself. (6)

\*

I am Wisdom and you are Sanctity.

Myself scintillating Savitr (Sun)

and you are Gayatri, my divine potency.

I am Samskara (Impression) and

You are Smriti (Remembrance) .

Myself Kavya-guna (Poetic Constituent)

rejoice in Riti (Poetic Style) .

You are Hulahuli (the sweet wavering sound  
of female tongue on holy occasions) , swinging  
with the sonorous sacred Conch-Blowing, myself. (7)

\*

I am Plant and yourself Medicine.

I am Conscience and you are Noble Idea.

You are beloved Fortune

united with Right Policy, myself.

I am Mental Resolve and yourself Noble Deed.

I am Association and you are Unity.

You are Delusion wavering with Darkness, myself. (8)

\*

You are Prama (Right Apprehension)  
and myself Pramana (Proof) .  
You are Fertile Soil united with Seed, myself.  
I am Tala (Musical Measuring Beat) , while  
You are Murchchhana (Regulated Melody) .  
I am Sandal and yourself Coolness.  
I am Himalaya Mountain and you are  
Vast Forest maintaining the mass of snows. (9)

\*

I am Crystal and you are Transparency.  
Myself Best Achievement  
and yourself, the appreciated Celebrity.  
I am History and you are Tradition.  
You are Prajña (Intellect) ,  
while myself Rita (Eternal Reality) .  
I am Sattva Guna and you are  
my lustrous Whiteness.  
Yourself Bhuti (Opulence)  
enjoying with Victory, myself. (10)

\*

I am Sankhya Philosophy,  
while you are Yoga System.  
Myself Tapas (Austerity) and  
You are Siddhi (Exalted Success) .  
Yourself Peace shining with Bliss, myself.  
I am Brahman and you are Upanishad  
elucidating philosophical speculations.  
I am Vinaya (Modesty) and yourself Bhakti (Devotion) .  
I am Siva (Auspicious Supreme Lord) and  
You are my Sakti (Divine Supreme Energy)  
verily pervading the whole world.  
You are lovely gesture and lulling lass. (11) .

= = = = =

(Pranayi-Gitika:

(This love-lyric is addressed to the beloved maiden by the lover.  
As in 'Pranayini-Gitika', here various metaphors and imageries are  
illustrated for love the couple from various view-points, such as Vedic,  
mythological, scriptural, epical, rhetorical, philosophical, philological,  
grammatical, natural, spiritual, empirical, social, musical, physical,

mental, cultural, traditional etc., and above all transcendental.)

\*

Pranayi-Gitika (Song of the Lover)

Extracted from Sanskrit Kavya 'Matrigitikañjali'

(English Translation by the Author Dr. Harekrishna Meher)

= = = = =

Harekrishna Meher

# Spring Enjoyable: Gita-Govinda

Here appears the pleasurable Spring,  
wherein the delicate zephyr  
of Malaya mountain  
gently blows having loving embrace  
of the graceful Lava&#324; ga creeper  
and wherein the cottage of bowers is  
filled with the sweet cooing of cuckoos  
mingled with the humming of black-bees.  
O Dear Friend! Hari enjoys wandering  
and dances with the young maidens  
in this season which is unbearably afflicting  
to the couple separated from each other.

Harekrishna Meher

# Supreme Divine Voice

Entire courtyard of the Creator  
is permeated with Music.  
Every part of Nature is endowed  
with regular musical concord, 'ta la' and 'laya'.

The crying in the mouth of a newly-born baby,  
the palpitations of hearts  
and the wavering eyes with eyelashes,  
all these continue from the very birth  
till the end of life in the world.  
Musical tune abides in every being.

The wavering respiration regularly  
expressing 'so aham' (I am that Brahman) ,  
the gaiety of free laughter  
and the natural utterance  
associated with every creature,  
all these verily present a musical rhythm.

The brook indeed flows  
with murmuring sound.  
The breeze plays flute with a sweet tone.  
The pace of gestures in the waves  
of unstable ocean is mellifluous  
with regular concord.

The creeper bearing soft foliage and flowers  
appears as a sweet damsel  
dancing in a delicate manner.  
Her jingling bangles verily display  
the gesticulation of distinct emotions and art.  
Every aspect of Nature is musically rhythmic.

Among the clusters of clouds  
roaring of collision is found.  
The water-drops fall with 't ap' 't ap' sound.  
Planets move in their orbits  
as destined to them.  
All are having musical bits.

The warbling of insects  
forms the manner of musical anklet.  
The gay black-bee rejoices in humming.  
All these do indicate love  
filled with emotions and graceful lilt.  
All bear the charm of musical tune.

Cuckoos with other birds  
sweetly present their cooings.  
Elephants and other animals  
auspiciously express their voices.  
Sa, re, ga, ma, pa, dha, ni – these seven `svaras`  
with their unique brilliance  
pervade the whole universe.

The eternal proclamation is  
Brahma-Na da, the Supreme Divine Voice,  
perpetually reigns everywhere.  
Every aspect of Nature,  
every being and every thing  
is indeed permeated with Music  
in the creation of the Creator.

Harekrishna Meher

# Sweet Words Of Poet Jayadeva

O Liquor of Madhuka!  
No noble thought arises for you.  
O Sugar! You're very unsavoury really.  
O Grape! Who will behold you?  
O Nectar! You're gone dead.  
O Milk! Your essence is mere water.  
You weep, O Ripe Mango!  
O Lips of Beloved Lady!  
Down to the nether region you go,  
as long as the sweet words of Jayadeva  
in this world on all sides offer  
emotional feelings of erotic expression.

[Extracted from Gita-Govinda of Jayadeva by Dr. Harekrishna Meher]

Harekrishna Meher

## Sylvan Beauty (Vana-Lakshmi)

While glittered Maithili  
at the door-way of the pleasure-grove,  
Dame Vana-Lakshmi heartily,  
adorned with sun-shine,  
in her leaf-lips fine,  
spreading smile sweet  
with Madhuka flowers as nice teeth  
attracted mind with love.  
As a formality for Sita's reception  
she offered the red Silk cotton  
and for washing her feet  
gave dew in green grasses therewith.

For Sita, offering a seat of land-lotus  
greeted she, rapturous.  
in guise of sweet  
myna's tweet.  
Just as the pond in autumn  
causing the new lotus bloom in water  
extends warm welcome  
to the female flamingo  
in the tone of bee's humming,  
said the Beauty: "O Virtuous Friend Dear!  
Dawned the night of my sorrow  
by the Sun of your feet oncoming,

By favourable fortune, acquiring you,  
I actually learnt  
the sky-flower true.  
With heartiest ecstasy  
in Chitrakuta's dale,  
in Dandaka forest inhabited by Siddhas  
and across the sea  
in Ashoka grove of Lanka as well,  
having enshrined in my front  
your good self as ideal,  
for fourteen years  
I built the love-idol real.

By Pushpaka plane when  
you were returning through the sphere,  
I standing here  
bearing in hands a gift of flowers fine,  
with gazelle's eyes woefully gazing above  
was calling you with keen love  
in the voice of peahen  
from a long way.  
Friend Dearest Mine!  
Did you come today  
remembering this companion  
after so many days gone?

Prolonged separation, to a huge measure,  
O Friend! I couldn't endure  
and in final thought ahead  
took the form of an ascetic-maid.  
In the sentiment of affection,  
having emerged the reflection  
in your heart's mirror,  
I received thy noble self here  
with extreme exhilaration.  
Thanks immense accept please, for  
my long-cherished aspiration  
you fulfilled with faith sincere.

In the company of the noble  
remains noble feeling ever-unsplit stable,  
just as blue colour in the sky.  
Nigh the noble companion  
never in vain goes aspiration.  
Your gracious sight, that's why  
I could obtain  
at the time opportune.  
Verily attainable is this gain  
on favourable fortune.  
O My Dear Friend Intimate!  
Your feeling made me very fortunate."

To extinguish the conflagration  
of severe separation  
in the forest of Sita's heart, that moment

Sylvan Beauty, sweetly attractive,  
seemed in mind's view  
like a cloud-mass appeared anew.  
Said Janaki with endearment:  
"O Dear Companion!  
In your prison  
myself became life-long captive."

(Tapasvini, Canto-IV)

[Translated from Gangadhara Meher's Oriya epic-poem 'Tapasvini', by Dr.  
Harekrishna Meher.]

Harekrishna Meher

# Ten Incarnations Of God: Gita-Govinda

My salutations to Thyself, Krishna, the Supreme Lord,  
having ten types of bodily form as incarnations;  
The Lord, who protected Vedas, the Divine Wisdom,  
in the incarnation of Fish;  
Who bore all the worlds in the incarnation of Turtle;  
Who lifted up the circle of earth in the incarnation of Boar;  
Who tore up the demon Hiraṅyakaśipu  
in the incarnation of Man-Lion;  
Who deceived King Bali in the incarnation of Dwarf;  
Who destroyed the Kshatriyas  
in the incarnation of Parāśurama;  
Who conquered Ravana in the incarnation of Rama;  
Who held plough in the incarnation of Balarama;  
Who spread compassion in the incarnation of Buddha;  
and Who makes the Mlechchhas faint in the incarnation of Kalki.

Harekrishna Meher

# The Ambrosial

Verily I'm a drop  
of the ocean of nectar.  
Shunning the ocean I had risen up  
in the firmament afar.  
Coming down now  
I've joined the ambrosial flow  
and towards the ocean  
ahead I'm in motion.  
If I evaporate therein  
on the way by the heat of sin,  
in the form of dew later on  
I'll descend below.  
With the nectarean immortal flow,  
I'll mingle in the ocean.

[Translated from Gangadhara Meher's Oriya Poem 'Amrutamaya', by Dr.  
Harekrishna Meher]

Harekrishna Meher

# The Beauteous Moon : Gita-Govinda

By this time,  
as a big dot of sandal paste  
on the forehead of the Direction-Damsel,  
Moon, spreading own rays, illuminated  
the inner area of Vrind&#257; vana.  
He had borne the beauty of a distinct stain  
as if caused by sin due to own appearance  
on the path of the adulterous maidens.

Harekrishna Meher

# Time Eternal

O Time Eternal! Salutations to thee.  
All the beings sleep silently  
under your unbending control.  
With your huge hands  
you verily bend down the vast universe.

In the inaccessible ocean of the world  
which is marvellous with waves  
and wherein bark is maintained,  
your activity with swift conduct  
continues incessantly and regularly.  
Unhindered indeed is thy rotation in the world.

Beautiful is thy betterhalf 'Motion'  
who has transformations  
nicely simple and swift.  
She displays the dalliance of dance  
and shows festivities of laughter.  
She forms happy prison by garlanding  
and swaying away the creatures.  
Very complex and comely are thy gestures.

Repository of all,  
you bestow on everybody  
some unspeakable and ineffable feelings  
whether prosperous or penniless.  
Somewhere thy form is luminous light,  
somewhere its reverse, the murk,  
so tranquil and terrible.  
Thy principle is really characterized with duality.

In the world, here flows thy river  
unstable and speedy,  
bearing the stream filled with moments.  
Having both the shores of day and night,  
it spreads sweet union  
as well as helpless separation.  
None can obstruct thy flow.

The wheel of thine wonderfully generates  
somewhere profuse prosperity  
and somewhere degradation.  
It can easily transform  
a powerless into a powerful one,  
a dry into a watery  
and a straight into a curve.  
Impregnable is the series of thy canon.

All that is past, present and future  
is thy canopy of expansion.  
O Time! All the beings immovable and movable  
doomed in thy action remain for ever  
an object to the path of reminiscence only.  
Thy greatness is incalculable like sky.

Thou art the controller of universe  
and the destroyer of all in this mortal land,  
also the enumerator of different kinds  
of deeds, both evil and good.  
In thyself, everyone has to render ever-servitude.  
Reticent, thou art the maker having affinity for none.  
May thy auspicious grace spread enormously.  
Salutations to thee. O Time Eternal!

Harekrishna Meher