

Sri Sangita-madhava

Chapter 1 The festival of Sri Vrndavana

All glories to Sri Sri Radha-Krsna, the beautiful, sublimely sweet transcendental divine couple. They are as splendid as an ever-new lightning flash of a rain-cloud. Deep in the forest of Vrndavana, where there are many softly buzzing bees, these divine couple are filled with the nectar of charming, playful, ever-fresh, youthful pastimes.

Please worship this girl who is the goddess of the nectar of sweet transcendental love. She has enchanted the entire world, and Her complexion, as golden as a campaka flower, has given a golden hue to this forest of Vrndavana.

This girl is the essence of charming youthfulness in the minds of the fathomless, shoreless nectar ocean of great transcendental love. Her name is Radha. We offer our respectful obeisances unto Her.

All glories to this handsome teen-age boy. He is a rake, enchanted with passionate amorous pastimes with the playful, beautiful girls of Vraja. His charming, delicate, dark-complexioned limbs are tossed to and fro by the nectar waves of transcendental amorous pastimes.

Just worship this splendid boy who is tossed about by the waves of the nectar ocean of intense amorous love. All the hairs of His body are standing upright in ecstasy, for He has now become the ornament to decorate the transcendental body of Srimati Radharani.

The deity of transcendental mellows has descended into this world in a splendid golden form. Clothed in saffron garments, He enjoyed many transcendental pastimes by the shore of the salt-water ocean. He preached the most confidential aspect of devotional service in pure love of Krsna. I remember Him.

Vrndavana forest is the sole source of the nectar of intense transcendental bliss, for the divine couple enjoy many wonderful amorous pastimes there. Eager to see Sri Sri Radha-Krsna, a certain gopi offered the following prayer to Vrndavana forest:

This forest of Vrndavana is filled with networks of charming trees and creepers, blossoming in the wonderfully fragrant spring. This forest of Vrndavana is decorated with many garlands of flying bumble-bees intoxicated by the wonderful

fragrance of fresh honey.

I offer my respectful obeisances to the great forest of Vrndavana, where the nectarean mellows of pure love have arranged for a great, jubilant festival of transcendental amorous pastimes.

In this forest of Vrndavana, Vraja's hero Krsna and His beloved Radharani picked wonderful flowers from the many blossoming asoka, bakula, kula, and campaka trees, and from the madhavi creepers also.

In this forest of Vrndavana the waves of the playful Yamuna river gently shower drops of water on the beautiful forms of the divine couple, who are expert at relishing the mellows of transcendental pastimes. This spray of water greatly pleases the divine couple, who are not fatigued from excited pastimes of passionate amorous love.

In the forest of Vrndavana there is a lake where petals and buds of the golden lotus flowers remind Lord Krsna of the breasts and eyes of His beloved Radharani, who is as dear to Him as His own breath. This memory agitates Him with passionate desire.

In the forest of Vrndavana there are many cottages overgrown with many nectar-filled flowers, and there are many parrots who jubilantly sing about the ever-fresh amorous pastimes of Sri Sri Radha-Krsna.

The forest of Vrndavana is very beautiful with many sura-druma trees covered by kalpa-lata creepers, and filled with blooming flowers and ripe fruits. The jeweled ground of the forest is covered with the camphor-like pollen of these flowers.

Filled with dancing peacocks, frightened-eyed does, and cuckoos singing the fifth note, the forest of Vrndavana is very beautiful. The greatest of sages yearn to associate with the birds and beasts of Vrndavana forest, who are all tossed about by the waves of the nectar-ocean of pure love for Krsna.

Wearing a peacock feather crown, Krsna hides within a grove of dark tamala trees in Vrndavana forest, and eagerly waits for Radharani's arrival. As Radharani walked down the path, the gentle Malaya breeze announced the presence of Krsna by carrying the fragrance of His transcendental limbs.

Krsna, whose enchanting form gracefully bends in three places, stood under a kadamba tree in Vrndavana forest. He played His flute, and the music carried with it the boundless nectar of transcendental bliss, which intoxicated all the creatures in the forest.

Intoxicated by its pleasing sweetness, Prabodhananda Sarasvati has thus described the glories of Vrndavana forest. O intelligent and learned audience, please drink with your ears the blissful nectar of this song.

In this forest of Vrndavana are many birds, beasts, trees, and creepers, all dripping with the nectar waves of intense love for Krsna, and all glorious far beyond even the conception of Lord Siva. This Vrndavana forest makes the samadhi of the Brahmanandis shrink into insignificance. This Vrndavana forest is the place where Krsna enjoys transcendental pastimes that enchant the minds of the sages and devotees. I pray that this forest of Vrndavana may bestow its blessing upon us.

O Vrndavana forest, when will you be merciful to me? When, on the strength of your wonderful mercy, will I be able to see the transcendental divine couple relishing the mellows of eternal pastimes within your groves?

Then a certain young doe-eyed gopi, hankering only to serve the nectarlike divine couple, began to search for Them in all the forest-cottages. In the course of her searching she was able to overhear the following songs of Radharani's gopi-friends, who were very happy because of seeing the divine couple's sublimely sweet pastimes:

O supreme delighter of the surrendered devotees, O hero of Vraja, O prince of lovers, O lord whose eyes are like blossoming lotus flowers, O deliverer from all fear, O protector of Your followers, O dearest friend, all glories to You! All glories to You!

O youthful hero of the young Vraja-gopis, O ocean of transcendental nectar, O enjoyer of transcendental amorous pastimes, O transcendental wit expert at joking with the appreciative young gopis, O enjoyer of the rasa- dance, O lord who is tossed about by playful, charming waves of amorous pastimes, O friend who places the jeweled flute to Your splendid lips, O friend to whom the saintly devotees offer respectful obeisances with bowed heads, O friend who enjoys pastimes of speaking sublimely gentle joking words, O friend who breaks the pious gopis' vow of chastity, O friend who crushes Your enemies, O friend who is the residence of ever-fresh transcendental amorous pastimes, O enjoyer of ever-fresh sublimely sweet mellows of transcendental pastimes, O killer of Putana, O friend whose dark form is the color of a fresh rain-cloud, O transcendental dancer who dances on the shore of the Yamuna, O rake who is decorated with a necklace of precious gems, O friend whose splendid lips are like a red flower blossom, O beloved of Vraja, O swan who swims in the Manasa-Ganga river of Radharani's thoughts. May Prabodhananda Sarasvati's song bring transcendental auspiciousness and love for Lord Hari to those who hear it.

At that time Krsna placed His flowerlike hands on the two golden waterpots of Radharani's breasts and the delicate plantain tree trunks of Her thighs. When She raised Her hands in resistance, Her bracelets shook, jingling like the sound of turya drums. In this way Govinda performed the auspicious beginning of His amorous struggle with Radharani.

With the cupped hands of her ears, a certain gopi drank the very sweet and auspicious nectar of this song glorifying Krsna, the enemy of Madhu. Continually

remembering Govinda's lotus feet, that gopi began to sing the following song:

Madana-Gopala jauntily wears a peacock-feather crown in His curling hair. His flute music chases away the chaste shyness of the eternally young Vraja- gopis.

I pray that my mind may always dwell within Madana-Gopala, who is a limitless mango tree of amorous pastimes for Radharani. Madana-Gopala stands under a splendid kalpa-vrksa tree on the Yamuna's shore. His hips are covered with a fine yellow silk dhoti and decorated with a belt of softly tinkling bells.

The dark complexion of youthful Madana-Gopala has stolen away the beautiful splendor of the dark rain-clouds. His sublimely sweet lips are placed to the flute. His beautiful face is like a moon that enchants the cakora bird of Radharani, the daughter of Maharaja Vrsabhanu.

Madana-Gopala is beautifully decorated with ankle-bells, bracelets, jeweled shark-shaped earrings, and a gunja-necklace. He smiles gently and sweetly. His eyes are very beautiful. He yearns to associate with the gopis, who are expert at enjoying the mellows of transcendental pastimes.

A garland of forest flowers filled with intoxicated, delighted buzzing bees swings from Madana-Gopala's neck. His handsome, nicely rounded, broad arms are anointed with fragrant scents. The hairs on His arms stand up because of ecstatic happiness.

The forehead of Madana-Gopala was decorated with splendid jeweled tilaka markings. On His nose was a pearl set in gold. His face was like a lotus flower blossoming as if millions of nectarean autumnal moons were shining it.

His handsome, delicate, youthful body bends at His neck, and ankles. He is the great hero who delights in chivalrous amorous duels in the cottages of ever-fresh Vrndavana forest.

Madana-Gopala's glistening limbs are abundantly anointed with sandalwood, kunkuma, and other fragrant substances. His form is like a cloud filled with the nectar of transcendental bliss. His form is inundated by the flowing waves of transcendental amorous pastimes.

The effulgence of the candramani jewels of Madana-Gopala's toenails has embarrassed millions of cupids. He is expert at enjoying wonderful amorous pastimes. He is Vrajapura's youthful prince.

O intelligent readers, please let your minds and hearts take pleasure in this nectar of Prabodhananda Sarasvati's description of Madhava's transcendental form. Why should you uselessly wander in the illusory material energy?

Krsna's complexion is the blue color of a kuvalaya lotus petal. He enjoys amorous

pastimes like millions of cupids. He is dressed in a silk dhoti as splendid as gold. He wears a peacock-feather crown. The sound of His flute loosens the undergarments of the pious young gopis. He is the rajahamsa swan who sports among the lotus flowers of Radharani. I pray that Krsna may appear within my heart.

Within the forest Lord Hari met frightened, trembling Radharani, whom a clever gopi-friend had carefully brought to the place of rendezvous. When Lord Hari saw Radharani He became attacked by volleys of cupid's arrows, and to shield His own senses, He at once lifted the two lofty mountains of Radharani's breasts. I pray that Lord Hari, who is delighted by these expert amorous pastimes, may protect you.

Chapter 2

The festival of Sri Radha-Madhava

This timid young gopi then saw her friend and mistress. Overwhelmed by the nectar of transcendental love, this gopi happily offered obeisances, falling before her feet.

Filled with longings, she addressed the gopis: The charming, divine teen- age couple are more valuable to me than my own life-breath. Please tell me where are They now enjoying transcendental pastimes? The affectionate gopis replied in the following song:

The Divine Couple are as splendid and beautiful as a dark rain-cloud and a campaka flower. They are as charming and effulgent as a new sapphire and a glistening lightning flash.

The charming Divine Couple are continually enjoying pastimes on the shore of the Yamuna.

The charming youthful Divine Couple are now agitated by the great nectar of passionate amorous love. The perfect peacefulness of Their hearts has been stolen away by each others wonderful forms and pastimes. The Divine Couple are now engaged in a passionate amorous duel in a cottage in an ever-fresh grove of Vrndavana forest. Their tilaka markings and necklaces have become broken by Their passionate embraces, and their cheeks are decorated with perspiration. Sometimes They sleep in each other's arms, Their broad thighs, as delicate as glistening plantain trees, pressed together. Sometimes They try to retrieve each other's beautiful jewel necklaces, broken during Their passionate embraces.

Sometimes, pretending to whisper secrets, They kiss each other's necks below the ears. Sometimes They become very pleased to dress each other in fine silk garments.

Sometimes They decorate each other with ornaments, sometimes They anoint each other with fragrant substances, and sometimes They gaze at Their own

decorated faces in a mirror. Sometimes They playfully imitate a pair of swans, and sometimes They imitate a pair of dancing peacocks. Sometimes They playfully decorate each other's hair. Sometimes They sing, dance, and laugh. In this way They enjoy transcendental amorous pastimes at every moment. Sometimes They gaze at each other's naked bodies with disheveled hair and broken pearl necklaces. Sometimes They exchange many hundreds of passionate kisses and embraces as They play on the shores of the Yamuna. In this song Prabodhananda Sarasvati has described the sublimely sweet festival of Sri Sri Radha-Madhava's ecstatic transcendental loving pastimes. O readers expert at relishing transcendental mellows, please sing this song.

The Vedas and Upanisads are very far away from understanding the flood of madhrika nectar of the Divine Couple's transcendental loving pastimes. Even the visnu-tattva incarnations of Godhead are not allowed to directly see these pastimes. As charming and splendid as a sapphire and gold, the blissful Divine Couple is splendidly manifest in this forest of Vrndavana. The gopis then said: Friend, Krsna, the enemy of Mura, has now placed His happily curled bimba fruit lips to the first opening of the flute. As His beautiful, soft fingers move over the other openings, He plays the musical sound "Radha" on the flute. As He plays, waves of splendid beauty flow from the jewels of His moving fingernails.

When they heard about the blissful expansive empire of Sri Sri Radha- Krsna's transcendental amorous pastimes, the doe-eyed Vraja-gopis could not remain satisfied, but they inquired about more nectar pastimes of Radharani. The other gopis replied in the following song: Although Radharani earnestly desired Krsna's passionate advances, She pretended to strenuously resist them. Although they brought Her great happiness, She pretended to be very unhappy. Radharani expertly enjoys many ever-fresh nectarlike amorous pastimes with Krsna, the enemy of the Madhu demon.

Embraced by the arms of Her lover Krsna, She pretends to tremble with fear.

Although actually very pleased, She pretends to be angry at heart. She rebukes Him, pushes Him away, and runs a few steps from Him. As She runs a sudden pleasant breeze carries away Her sari. She then takes shelter of Her lover Krsna, and His yellow dhoti becomes the covering for Her body.

Her lover Krsna made a swing out of a vine, suspended it from a tree branch, and caused Her to swing to and fro on it with great pleasure. Radharani requests Her lover Krsna to bring Her some flowers and other nice things from the forest. When He returns with only a single flower, She strenuously rebukes Him.

Krsna passionately draws dolphins on Radharani's breasts. She violently criticizes the finished product, saying: My lover is not a very good artist. I pray that the devotees may find transcendental pleasure in these words of Prabodhananda Sarasvati, which are like nectar for the ears. Blinded by passion, the wonderful divine teen-age couple engaged in a fierce amorous duel. Their anklets, bells, and dindima ornaments loudly shook as They struck each other with Their nails, teeth,

and limbs. The gopis were then able to see the wonderful transcendental pastimes of the Divine Couple, which was more dear to them than their own life. This sight caused all the gopis to fearlessly plunge into the ocean of transcendental nectar. Within a moment they had approached the dear Divine Couple. They fanned the Divine Couple and devotedly massaged Their lotus feet.

They all said to that gopi: O friend whose eyes are as beautiful as a lotus flower, if you wish to see the transcendental pastimes of our dear friends Radha and Krsna, the Supersoul present in everyone's heart, then just meditate with pure love on Their nectar-filled lotus feet.

Yearning to serve Radharani's lotus feet, this fawn-eyed gopi sweetly sang the following nectarean song, where she described her meditation on the lotus feet of the queen of her life:

Radharani is a beautiful crescent moon born from the ocean of Maharaja Vrsabhanu's family. The line of red sindura decorating the lovely part of Her hair is a stream of nectar.

I pray that my mind may become eternally fixed on Radharani, who becomes overwhelmed with love for Krsna whenever She hears about His transcendental form and qualities.

Radharani's lovely braids are nicely decorated with the garlands of fragrant, delicate jasmine flowers. Her large restless lotus eyes condemn the agile movements of the khanjana birds. Radharani's motions are more graceful than those of a regal mad elephant. Her golden limbs are as sweetly charming as the very delicate golden petals of a campaka flower. The two creepers of Radharani's delicate arms are decorated with jeweled armlets and charming bracelets. The wonderful loveliness of Her transcendental form constantly astonishes and charms all the beautiful young girls of Vraja.

Radharani's gently smiling face is as beautiful as the moon. Her lovely broad hips decorated with many bells are like a flood of ever-fresh nectar. Radharani's wonderfully colorful bodice conceals the beauty of the two golden waterpots of Her large breasts. Her glistening red lips fill Krsna's mind with a great longing to taste the delicious nectar within them.

Radharani's beautiful chin is splendidly decorated with a charming musk-dot, and Her lovely nose is decorated with a large pearl studded with gold and jewels.

Radharani's blissful spiritual form is a great nectar ocean of effulgent transcendental love for Krsna. She is the queen of the ever-beautiful gopis. Radharani is dressed in a red sari and beautifully decorated with ankle-bells, necklaces, and charming earrings. She becomes overwhelmed with amorous passion whenever She sees the footprints of Gokulacandra on the path.

In this song the rasika (expert at relishing the transcendental mellow)

Prabodhananda Sarasvati has given a confidential description of the very wonderful transcendental form of Radharani. Those whose minds and hearts hanker to taste the nectar of the transcendental mellows of Vrndavana should sing the words of this song.

The most beautiful goddesses of fortune yearn to attain a tiny fraction of Radharani's sweet fragrance, transcendental happiness, moonlike luster, and the beauty of Her jewel-like finger and toe-nails. I pray that Radharani, who enjoys very sweet transcendental amorous pastimes, may appear within my heart.

The sight of Radharani's finger and toe nails which are millions of times more dear to Krsna than His own life, make Him intoxicated with the ever- fresh nectar of transcendental amorous love. Radharani's complexion is the color of golden kunkuma, and Her form is the reservoir of all auspiciousness and good-fortune. The beautiful young girls of Vraja village are like so many decorations in the part of Her hair. I pray that this Radharani may eternally appear in my heart. Teen-age Radharani is a great reservoir of the nectar of pure love for Krsna. The moonlight of Her fingernails and toenails are Govinda's most treasured possession. This Radharani is my entire life. O mind please meditate on the young girl who has stolen the passionate mind of Krsna, the moon of Vrndavana. From the charming moon of Her face has sprung a great nectar ocean of pure love for Krsna. From the effulgence of the jasmine flower of Her gentle smile the sweetest nectar flows. Her full attention is fixed on the great festival of amorous love for Krsna that is continually celebrated in each of Her transcendental limbs. Radharani said: Mother Yasoda once tied Your waist with a ripe. For this reason You should not reach out to touch My string of pearls with Your hand. Krsna, You are a handsome cupid dressed in yellow garments, and therefore You should not take away My sari. Krsna, You broke the tall yamala-arjuna trees, and therefore You should not place Your hand on My breasts. I pray that Krsna, who smiled to hear these crooked words, may protect you.

Chapter 3

The festival of Srimati Radharani's face

This gopis' thirsty cakori bird eyes began searching for the Divine Couple in all direction. The other gopis then showed her the sweetly smiling, nectar-filled moons of Sri Sri Radha-Govinda's faces. The gopis sang: Radharani's beautiful form is anointed with musk, and Krsna's form is as splendid as the best of fresh rain-clouds. Her braids are charming as graceful snakes, and He wears a great peacock feather crown. O friend look at the delicate young prince of Gokula accompanied by Radharani, who is immersed in the sweet passions of amorous love. Krsna is like a network of nectar showering clouds accompanied by the fresh lightning flash of Radharani. Krsna is like a splendid dark tamala tree embraced by the effulgent golden creeper of Radharani. Krsna is like a happily buzzing bee who has playfully landed on the charming breeze-swaying lotus flower of Radharani. Radharani is trembling in fear because of suddenly meeting Krsna, and He is engaged in calming and comforting Her in many ways. Krsna is like a wonderful,

playful new kamadeva accompanied by Radharani who is as beautiful as millions of transcendental Ratis. Krsna is a nectarean splendid autumn moon, whose shining makes the nectarean kumuda lotus flower of Radharani's smile blossom with happiness. (Kamadeva is cupid, and his wife is Rati).

Krsna is like a passionate regal elephant accompanied by the amorous female elephant of Radharani. Krsna is like the best of scholars in the art of amorous love accompanied by Radharani, who is very expert at wonderful amorous pastimes.

Krsna is like a great ocean of transcendental bliss accompanied by an effulgent cloud, filled with effulgent nectar of transcendental love, and known as Radharani. Krsna is like a playful new sapphire accompanied by the wonderful golden girl known as Radharani.

Krsna is a charming transcendental youth accompanied by the enchanting young Radharani. Krsna is dressed in a gracefully draped yellow dhoti, and Radharani is dressed in a splendid silk sari. After the gambling match Radha and Krsna both claimed that They had won the wagered prize. During the following dispute, Krsna claimed His prize by forcibly taking Radharani's bodice. At every moment Krsna enjoys wonderful pastimes with Radharani, who is expert at speaking many different kinds of joking words.

Jubilant Prabodhananda Sarasvati has sung this very beautiful song describing the transcendental forms of Sri Sri Radha-Madhava. Please relish this song in your heart.

Look! Here is noble Radharani. Her braids are entwined with a string of fragrant fresh jasmine flowers. A necklace of pearls rests on the splendid bodice that covers the waterpots of Her breasts. She enjoys the sweetest transcendental pastimes. She continually showers nectar in all directions. My dear girl, look! Here is youthful Krsna. His lotus eyes have become reddish by the passion of His amorous pastimes. The hairs of His body stand erect and all His limbs glisten with happiness. He is now tossed about by the waves of bliss born from His touching Radharani's transcendental body. Somewhere on Radharani's transcendental body there are beautiful dots of red sindura. Somewhere there are fresh nail scratch marks. Somewhere there is kunkuma and somewhere there is charming mascara. Somewhere there are marks from many jeweled bracelets. Look at these beautiful marks hinting about the nectar of Radharani's transcendental amorous pastimes. When this young gopi saw Krsna she became bewildered and said: Is this the moon? No, for how could the moon have descended to this place. Is this a very dark tamala tree? No, for trees do not walk and talk. Is this a fresh rain-cloud? No, for there is no way a cloud could come to this place. Is this the autumn moon? No, for ever the moon does not shower nectar in this way.

Seeing lotus-eyed Radharani, whose sweet love for Krsna is beyond the conceptual power of the material mind, this young gopi guessed: Is this the life-breath of Cupid? Is this Krsna's heart personified? Is this the seed of all transcendental

beauty? Is this the goddess of transcendental nectar? When this young gopi saw the divine teen-age couple standing before her as the two most precious jewels, she at once became immersed in the great ocean of transcendental love for Them. Nectar tears of great love began to jubilantly trickle from her eyes. Bowing down to offer respects, with a choked voice she addressed her mistress Queen Radha: When You sing the glories of Krsna I see the hairs of Your body stand up in ecstatic bliss. Please teach me Your art of singing in various incomparable ways. I offer my respectful obeisances unto You, who are immersed in the incomparable nectar of transcendental mellows. O my lady, who enjoys transcendental pastimes in the groves of Vrndavana, I pray that You please make me a maidservant of Your lotus feet. Please engage me in the blissful service of the two lotus feet of Your lover Krsna. O doe-eyed queen, please engage me in Your ever-new transcendental service in this ever-fresh grove of Vrndavana. With sweet words please order me to follow You to the couch of flowers. O beautiful queen, please order me to massage Your lotus feet and braid Your hair.

I wish to have some of the juice trickling from the corner of Your mouth as You happily chew fresh betel-nuts and camphor. Please be kind to me and grant my request.

Please be kind, and allow me to directly see the endless, eternal, boundless, jubilant festival of the nectar of transcendental mellows enjoyed by You, Your dark-complexioned young lover Krsna, and the servants of Your lotus feet.

When will the glory of Your lotus feet make me become very expert? When will I arrange for You to fearlessly meet Krsna in the middle of the night? The splendor of Your moonlike toenails has become the decoration worn by the young gopis expert at relishing the ever-fresh transcendental mellows of Your service. Please do not become averse to me. I am suffering and I yearn to attain the service of Your lotus feet.

Eager to attain the mellows of direct devotional service, Prabodhananda Sarasvati has described this song of the beautiful gopi who bowed down at the lotus feet of Radharani, the daughter of Maharaja Vrsabhanu. If one drinks the nectar of this song with his ears, he will find that it will fill him with great transcendental bliss.

O Radharani, Krsna, the moon of Vrndavana, has become intoxicated by drinking the nectar of transcendental love for You. He has placed You on His lap and embraced You with His arms. The hairs of His body are standing upright in transcendental bliss. O nectarlike Radharani, O form of great, ever-fresh, delicate transcendental beauty, please glance upon me with affectionate eyes.

Hearing this song increased Radharani's natural affection and brought tears to Her eyes. Charmingly beautiful Radharani embraced this gopi and had her offer respectful obeisances bowing down at the lotus feet of Her lover Krsna. That gopi then spoke the following sweetly affectionate words to Govindacandra:

O handsome prince of Vrndavana forest, whose teeth are like jasmine flowers,

whose gentle smile is charming, who enchants all the worlds, and whose face is like a blossoming lotus flower. O nectarlike, blissful Madhava, O origin of all happiness, please sprinkle me with the nectar of devotional service for the lotus feet of Your beloved Radharani.

O bumble-bee intoxicated by the sweet honey of the lotus flower of Radharani's face, O swimmer continually sporting in the rising waves of amorous pastimes in the nectar ocean of transcendental mellows. O victim whose mind has become trapped between the two lofty mountains of Radharani's swollen breasts, O lover who has become maddened with irresistible amorous passion by hearing the sweet words of Radharani. O Radharani's pet deer, whom She caught in the net fashioned from the ropes of Her splendid amorous virtues, O lover sweetly scented with the fragrance of the honey of the enchanting lotus flowers of Radharani's feet, which are difficult even for the goddess of fortune Laksmi-devi to attain. O handsome lover delighted by the friendship of Radharani's dear friends, O lover whose festival of happiness celebrated by seeing the charming moon of Radharani's face is sometimes cruelly interrupted by the momentary blinking of the eyes.

O friend, relative, wealth, body, power, ornament, and life of Radharani, O lover wonderfully marked with many symptoms of continually enjoying Your amorous duel with Radharani.

O flute-player whose nectar-music has become an antidote to destroy the poison of Radharani's pride, O Krsna, who stutters with a voice weakened by feelings of love by hearing the charming music Radharani's plays on the vina.

O learned devotees, please drink with the goblet of your ears the nectar of this song sung by Prabodhananda Sarasvati. In this way you will relish eternal transcendental bliss.

O dark-complexioned Krsna, O abode of transcendental bliss, all glories unto You, all glories unto You. O Lord, the waves of whose sublime and sweet youthful pastimes have embarrassed an unlimited army of cupids. O Lord whose blissful smiling face shines like the nectar autumn moon, please grant me service to the lotus feet of Your beloved Radharani.

O Krsna, O pet deer of the great nectar ocean named Radharani, O Lord whose blissful transcendental form is overwhelmed with amorous passion for Radharani, please make me a maidservant of Your dearest Radharani's lotus feet.

Mercifully glancing at that gopi with His glistening, blossoming lotus eyes, Govinda showered her with the nectar-rain of His perfect and complete transcendental love. Unseen by anyone, that gopi continually stayed with the Divine Couple. She took shelter of Them, and expertly served Them in many different ways.

Krsna rested His transcendental form, as dark as a blue lotus flower, upon

Radharani's breasts. When She noticed that His hand was beginning to remove Her blue garments, She smiled and said to Him: Do not try to remove the cloth from My breasts. It is impossible for You to do. These words charmed Krsna and made Him smile. I pray that Krsna may protect you.

Chapter 4 The festival of Sri Radha-Govinda seeing each other

That young gopi then became immersed in the nectar of the intensely blissful, eternal, pure, perfectly independent, youthful transcendental pastimes enjoyed by Sri Sri Radha-Krsna in Vrndavana forest and other places also.

One time Radharani became immersed in remembering Govinda, who is glorified by people everywhere, and whose youthful transcendental form is full of the most wonderful sweetness. Trembling with love for Him, She spoke the following words to an intimate gopi-friend: My mind is eager to place Krsna's charming joking words in My ears. My mind longs to have My eyes gaze at Krsna's jubilant moonlike face, which is agitated with amorous passion. O friend, My mind turns to dark-complexioned Krsna as if by force. My mind is agitated with passion and it yearns to enjoy nectar pastimes with Krsna.

My mind yearns for Krsna, intoxicated by the nectar of transcendental mellows, to boldly grasp the edge of My sari, and move His splendid eyebrows to frighten Me.

When smiling Krsna tries to remove My bodice, I shall rebuke Him. Frightened, I shall raise My hand to strike Him. Even though I rebuke Him hundreds of times, Krsna does not loosen His grip. Indeed, My words only please Him and fill Him with smiles.

The hairs on My splendid arm will stand upright in ecstatic bliss as I place it on Krsna's handsome shoulders. He will place Me on His lap, very eager to embrace Me to His chest.

Krsna's mind will become intoxicated by drinking the sweet nectar of My lips. In His embrace I shall close My eyes, and utter sounds of amorous bliss just to please Him.

The nectar of transcendental mellows has agitated My mind and makes it yearn to meet Krsna and embrace Him. I wish to please My dear lover Krsna, who is so expert at many varieties of amorous pastimes.

In this way Radharani sang this account of Her desires as Her gopi-friend listened. Jubilant Prabodhananda Sarasvati earnestly repeats this song, which breaks the desire for material sense-gratification. Radharani then left that place with Her friends and entered the madana- jivana forest on the pretext of collecting flowers, although Her actual intent was to see Krsna. Wandering for a long time among the trees, She collected a few flowers, and with frightened eyes searched for Krsna.

Krsna then saw that the entire forest had suddenly, and for no perceivable reason, become filled with a golden effulgence. He saw the birds and other creatures had become maddened and He saw the bumble-bees excitedly flying about. He saw that He had suddenly become very agitated at heart. He at once abandoned His pastimes with the gopas, and began to search for a long time to find the origin of all these occurrences.

From a great distance Krsna saw a supremely beautiful young girl whose complexion was the color of yellow kunkuma. At that moment His peacock feather crown at once fell. His yellow garments became loosened, the flute fell from His hand, and He fell to the ground unconscious. When Radharani saw that Her lover Krsna had fainted, She at once approached Him. The beauty of His gently throbbing transcendental body rebuked the host of fresh rain-clouds and caused the lotus flowers to wilt. She touched Him with Her hand. His eyes at once opened, and at that moment She smiled and disappeared.

Sridama searched for his dear friend Krsna, and finally found Him. Krsna was rolling about on the ground, completely overwhelmed. Unhappy to see his friend in this condition, Sridama said: The cows have wandered far away. The day is almost over. We are famished with hunger, and Your mother has fixed her eyes on the path, waiting for Your return. O Krsna, when You silently leave Your pastimes with us, and then we find You sorrow-faced with tears flowing from Your eyes, we no longer desire to remain alive in these bodies.

Taking the corner of His friend's garment, handsome Krsna wiped the perspiration from His face. Repeatedly remembering His beloved Radharani, He sang the following song in a choked voice: I have seen a golden creeper with two raised bunches of nectar filled flowers, which emanate the most exquisite amorous happiness. Its large flowers swaying to and fro, this creeper has cast aside the nectar-greedy bumble-bee following it.

Friend, today a golden creeper appeared before My eyes. This wonderfully charming creeper churned the happiness of amorous love and sprinkled a shower of nectar upon Me.

This creeper shines like a spotless moon at night that creates great tidal waves in the nectar ocean of transcendental mellows. This creeper has two prominent lotus flowers. This creeper showers nectar mixed with poison. This creeper charms the deer and makes them dance.

This delicate, splendid, charming, beautiful young creeper has two red lotus flowers. It is always surrounded by many buzzing bees. It is as lovely as the moon, and its roots are delightful. On both sides of this creeper are two splendid, charming, delicate, golden lotus stems swinging to and fro. This creeper scatters the nectarean moonlight of amorous delight. This creeper creates a burning, insatiable passion within Me.

If that golden creeper were to approach Me and playfully say: " My dear friend, You are My sapphire tree. I shall now embrace You with My tendrils." then I think it would be very difficult for Me to keep My mind peaceful and quiet.

When I glance at this creeper it seems that the wonderful burden on the top is trembling with fear because it is sustained by such a fragile slender middle. This creeper showers the happiness of conjugal love and attracts My heart. I think this creeper was not fashioned by the creator Brahma. This creeper is beautiful as many sthala-nalina, bandhu-jivaka, and tilaka flowers, and as charming as a great host of kunda flowers. Please go to the cottage of creepers in the dense forest, and find this creeper for Me. This creeper is the dearest treasure of My body and life. In this way Krsna described Radharani's transcendental form to His dear friend Sridama. I request you all: please sing this wonderful, delightful, and sublimely sweet song spoken by Prabodhananda Sarasvati, who is expert at relishing the nectar of transcendental mellows. After hearing this song, Sridama said to Krsna: My friend, stand up. Do not lament. Start towards home and call the cows with the sound of Your large flute. In Vraja lives an enchantingly beautiful girl. It will not be at all difficult for You to become Her lover. O intelligent Krsna, do not become agitated.

The dear friend Sridama's nectar words were not able to even slightly pacify Krsna's mind. Krsna then returned home. Mother Yasoda's face blossomed with happiness as she embraced Him. That night Krsna was not able to sleep.

His eyes filled with tears, Krsna said to His friends: "first My mind was continually wounded by the sharpened arrows of doe-eyed Radharani's sidelong glances. Then it was crushed to powder by the lofty mountains of Her breasts. Then it was bitten by the snake of the line of hairs on Her torso, and finally it has fallen into the lake of Her navel." I pray that Krsna may protect you all.

Chapter 5

Lord Krsna appeals to Srimati Radharani's friends

The next day Krsna climbed the lofty summit of His favorite Hill, Govardhana. As He placed His eyes on the entire land of Vraja, He saw Radharani, the jewel of Maharaja's Vrsabhanu's home. He pointed to Her, identifying Her to Sridama as the thief who had stolen His heart. All this made Krsna very happy.

Later, Krsna saw His beloved Radharani and some of Her dear friends on the path to Vraja. He trembled, agitated with the yearning to taste the nectar of Her lips. Dismayed, He spoke the following words: Flaunting Her great annoyance, this girl refuses to answer My question and contemptuously walks away. When I confront Her face-to-face, She hurls at Me the sharpest rebukes. O Lalita, I request you to make Maharaja Vrsabhanu's teen-age daughter pleased with Me. She has stolen away the jewel of My mind. She has filled My mind with happiness, and made it yearn to enjoy wonderful transcendental pastimes with Her. When I passionately

grasped the edge of Her sari, She replied by knitting the creeper of Her eyebrows, and saying through Her pearl-like teeth: Let go of Me, You rake! Let go! I placed My peerless flute at Her feet, and She kicked it far away. I try to be friendly to Her, but She refuses to become My friend. Humbly placing a blade of grass between My teeth, I begged Her a hundred- and-one times. She responded by repeating: No! No! I fell at Her feet. She replied with the hint of a gentle smile.

The hairs of My body began to stand up with ecstasy. I placed My arm around Her and took Her to a solitary ever-fresh forest grove. We were both filled with happiness and agitated by strong amorous desire. I tightly embraced Her. She pretended to cry. I drank the sweet nectar of Her lips and scratched the flower buds of Her breasts. She was filled with transcendental amorous bliss. Then I placed My both hands beneath Her undergarment. She struggled to resist. We both became filled with passionate transcendental amorous bliss.

Sung by jubilant Prabodhananda Sarasvati, this song is a charming meditation on the nectar-filled transcendental glory of Madhusudana. This song delights those expert at relishing the nectar of transcendental mellows.

My dear doe-eyed Lalita, I will give You My body and My life-breath. I will give You My glistening jeweled flute and My splendid jeweled ring. Just let Me once tightly embrace Your dear friend Radharani with these two arms trembling with amorous passion.

How is it possible for a nectar-filled cloud to stay away from a fresh lightning flash? How is it possible for a bumble-bee to stay away from a colony of lotus flowers? How is it possible for Madhava to not associate with Radharani? My dear Lalita, please consider these points.

When Vraja's prince Krsna, who was more handsome than millions of cupids, spoke in this agitated way, Lalita replied the following words which conceal a hidden meaning: My beautiful friend Radharani is aloof from all men, including even Her own husband. You will never be able to attain Her. (Very easy for You to attain).

Reflecting on the meaning of Lalita's words, Krsna continued walking on the path, met His cowherd friends, and finally arrived at Vrndavana forest. Meanwhile Lalita respectfully approached Radharani, and spoke to Her the following words:

Krsna has eternally rejected Laksmi-devi and a great host of beautiful, amorous girls, who yearn to attain Him, and He has fallen in love with the fragrance of Your lotus feet.

O Radharani, please worship Krsna, prince of Vraja. Follow my advice and quickly go to meet Him. Do not hesitate, thinking in Your mind whether it is right.

Peacock-feather crowned Krsna rolls about on the ground when He sees Your maidservant's footprints on the pathway. Despairing of attaining You, He stares at

the ground, tears streaming from His eyes, and His cheeks pale. Krsna's delicate body is severely wounded by the dangerous arrows of cupid. Continually longing to attain the nectar of Your association, He has become helpless and uncontrolled.

Krsna's wonderful opulence, handsomeness, and transcendental qualities enchant millions of cupids. He chants Your holy names and He offers His own transcendental body in the service of Your lotus feet. O mistress Radharani, Krsna has fallen on the ground in a secluded forest grove. With tears in His eyes He meditates on Your transcendental form and pastimes, and He chants the syllables of Your holy names. Krsna is so agitated by the nectar of love for You that He has neglected to place ornaments on His splendid yellow garments. He has forgotten His own body and His own home.

Krsna worships the charming effulgence of Your lotus toenails, thinking each ray of light to be millions of times more precious than His own life breath. The hope that some day He may be able to taste the nectar of embracing You keeps Him alive from moment to moment.

This song has been sung by Prabodhananda Sarasvati, whose life and soul is the nectar of the lotus feet of Radharani, the daughter of Maharaja Vrsabhanu. This song creates within its audience great love for the lotus feet of Radharani, whose transcendental form is full of nectar. My friend, will you worship Krsna, or will you follow the ordinary piety of this world? If you do not become the golden ornament studded by the blue sapphire of Krsna, you will lose the great hope of your life. Krsna entered the sacred waters of the Yamuna, which were filled with the red kunkuma from Radharani's breasts. He covered all His transcendental limbs with dust from the places marked with Radharani's lotus footprints. His thirsty eyes continually hovered about the gate where Radharani was supposed to appear at the rendezvous. I pray that dark-complexioned teen-age Krsna, the rakish lover of the girls of Vraja-pura, may protect you all.

Chapter 6 The clever master of Srimati Radharani

With the wonderful, charming dancing of Her creeper-eyebrows, Radharani brought the happiness of an amorous duel to Krsna. With Her graceful, playful motions and the tinkling of Her ankle-bells, She did not allow Him to have a moment's peace.

Krsna worried: When I arrive, perhaps Radharani will ask Her gopi-friends: What is this? This is not one of the elders of Vraja. Why does this person repeatedly smile at Me? Why does He stare at Me so with those crooked eyes? What trick has He employed to be able to come here? Who is this person, splendid as a rain-cloud?

Worried in these ways, Krsna's handsome face became covered with perspiration. He left the company of His cowherd friends, and went to meet Radharani who was

at that moment travelling to a festival in Vraja-pura. Krsna saw Radharani and Her gopi-friends in a secluded part of the path. He addressed Radharani in the following words:

Please give Me the nectar glance of Your mercy. Please stop cupid's shower of sharp arrows upon Me. My dear Radharani, I am Krsna, the son of Vraja's king Nanda. I am the most learned of all scholars of transcendental mellows. I request You: Please become My friend. Please show Me Your beautiful smiling face. Please give Me Your smile as beautiful as millions of nectar moons. O delightful girl, for a very long time I have longed for You. I am the servant of Your lotus feet. Please command Me.

I yearn to taste the nectar of embracing Your breasts. Please remove Your bodice and show them to Me. If You would like to do Me a kindness, then with Your own hand please give Me all the betel-nuts from Your lotus mouth. Why do You act as if You do not see My fearless, unashamed, uncheckable amorous desire?

The night is very beautiful. Let us, You and I, now enjoy a little of the happiness of transcendental amorous pastimes. Prabodhananda Sarasvati has sung this song about the transcendental amorous pastime of the Divine Couple. The author prays: May this song bring the nectar of Krsna's lotus feet to it's audience. Speak many harsh words to Me! Stare at Me with angry red eyes! Kick Me with Your lotus feet! Abruptly leave Me with contempt. O Radharani, this Krsna is maddened with love for You. From within His heart to the farthest extremities of His body He loves You. He will never leave You.

I am not afraid of King Kamsa, and I am not embarrassed by anything the people-in-general may say about Me. I do not care to protect My good reputation or that of My family. O Radharani, all I know is I have become fatally wounded by the sharpened arrows of Your crooked sidelong glances, and in this condition I can remain alive only if I receive the medicine of embracing Your breasts. At this time Radharani was deeply drowning in the nectar ocean of love for Krsna. As Krsna eavesdropped, Radharani spoke the following the words to Her dear gopi-friend: The whole world undoubtedly knows the purity of both My husband's family and Mine also. Our families have not the slightest impurity. My good- character is also very well known. Please try to understand this. Friend, keep this prince of Vraja away. Even if I saw the sun shining at nighttime, My mind would not become attracted to any man other My husband. (The Supreme Lord).

Krsna brings auspiciousness to the entire land of Gokula. This wicked activity He proposes is certainly out of character for Him. This adulterous mentality is more appropriate for a wicked king who has lost all good qualities.

Krsna blocks My path, and then follows Me, trying to grab the hem of My sari. Please report all this, so Vraja's Queen Yasoda may protect her son from His weakness.

I refuse to please Krsna by sporting with Him in the Yamuna's waters. Because I strictly avoid all sin, His begging Me with a hundred flattering words is all useless.

Every day I go to Vrndavana forest to pick the very fresh fully blossomed jasmine flowers. Now this Krsna has forbidden Me to go there. During the middle of the night, when everyone in My house is fast asleep, I remain wide awake.

My friend, if this Krsna were to forcibly grab My arm in spite of My loud protests, No! No!, then you will see that I shall at once faint on the spot. Expert at relishing the nectar of transcendental mellows, Prabodhananda Sarasvati has thus described this very expert and charmingly beautiful speech of Radharani. I request you all: please repeatedly sing this song with a playful heart. Friend, please deliver this message to Yasodananda: O Krsna, Radharani falls down to offer obeisances to the soles of Your lotus feet. Please forgive Her, for She is only a foolish girl. She begs You to please abandon all amorous designs on Her, for She is a respectable girl. Please ignore Her, and just remain absorbed in enjoying eternal pastimes with Balarama in the forest.

Drinking with her ears the nectar of Radharani's profoundly eloquent words, Lalita replied with the following charming speech, filled with the nectar of the bliss of intense devotional love: O moon-faced Radharani, when Gokula's prince Krsna, decorated with gunja-ornaments, falls down at Your lotus feet, then that is Your supreme good- fortune. What greater fortune can be found in this world? O friend Radharani, don't be harsh with this dark-complexioned Krsna, who is intoxicated with amorous passion for You.

Show a little mercy in Your boundlessly merciful heart. Take no account of what people think. Crush Krsna's unhappiness. Glance on Him with a smile. This eternally charming Krsna is overwhelmed with love for You. Sighing deeply, He has become the servant of Your lotus feet. He is now mortally wounded by cupid's arrow. I beg You: please restore His life.

Do not speak harshly. Do not be angry with me. Do not knit Your eyebrows. Instead, let the bumble-bee of Your glance play on the lotus flower of Krsna's face, glistening with the ever-fresh nectar of transcendental mellows.

Show Him Your amorous face, as charming as the full moon. Do not cheat Your dear friend Krsna, who is most expert at relishing the nectar of playful amorous pastimes.

Vraja's humble, polite prince Krsna is the wakening king cupid whose handsome transcendental form enchants the three worlds. Do not force Your gentle heart to neglect Him.

Friend, smile when You speak to Your dear friend Krsna. Hint how much You love Him. Follow Him into the new forest grove filled with flying bumble- bees, and lay down with Him on a bed of blossoming flowers there. Filled with the

sweetest nectar, these words of Prabodhananda Sarasvati narrate the transcendental pastimes that charm the ear. I pray that these words may eternally decorate Your ears.

Friend, why are You afraid? It is not a person different from Krsna who touches Your breasts. It is the bumble-bee of Krsna, who, attracted by the sweet scent of Your lotus feet, now hovers around Your lotus feet. Why do You resist Him and try to send Him away?

The following verse is a series of puns where Radharani deliberately misconstrues the statements of Lalita: Radharani: Who is this at the door? Lalita: It is Vidhu (Krsna, or moon).

Radharani: It cannot be the moon. The moon always stays in the sky. Lalita: It is Your nayaka (lover, or the central gem in a necklace). Radharani: If it is My jewel, then please place it in the middle of My necklace. Lalita: Foolish girl, it is Madhava (Krsna, or Lord Narayana, the husband of Laksmi). Radharani: Why has Lord Narayana, the husband of Laksmi come into our forest? May Krsna, who is thus the object of smiling Radharani's puns, protect you all.

Chapter 7 Enchanted Madhava

After hinting to Her friend Lalita about nectarean amorous pastimes with Her lover Krsna, Radharani hastened home. At that time unhappy Govinda entered Vrndavana forest. Even when the moon rose in that blissful place Krsna was not able to find any happiness. Neither the very cooling moon, the extremely fragrant Malayan breeze, the moisture laden Yamuna breeze, the lotus flowers growing in the Yamuna, nor the moist garments on His body, were able even slightly to mitigate the sufferings of Krsna, who continually burned in the flames of separation from Radharani.

As Madhava walked through Vrndavana forest, He repeatedly imagined that Radharani had come. When He saw a faraway creeper with buzzing bees and flower blossoms moving in the breeze, He thought they were Radha. He called out Radha!, and ran towards them, His yellow garments loosened with happiness. When He heard the soft, gentle cooing of the kalahamsa swans in the Yamuna, His eyes quickly turned to them, for He thought they were Radharani.

As agitated Krsna walked through Vrndavana forest, He thought the clusters of flowers were Radharani's breasts. He thought the cooling moon was Her face, the doe's eyes were Her eyes, the feathers of the dancing peacocks were Her braids, and the lotus stalks were Her arms. In this way He saw Radharani's charming limbs everywhere.

As Krsna walked in Vrndavana forest He became enchanted by the singing of the cuckoos and the buzzing of the bees. His thoughts became immersed in the

jubilant amorous festival of embracing and kissing Radharani's breasts, and drinking the nectar of Her bimba-like lips.

Lotus petal eyed Krsna then stopped under a kadamba tree. With tears in His eyes and a choked up voice, He sang the following pitiful lament: Although I yearn to see the splendid moon of Radharani's beautiful face, whenever She sees Me, She turns away and looks in another direction. Alas! Alas! How is that I remain alive? Even though Radharani is garrulous with others, She will not speak even one word to Me. Alas! Whenever I come near the Radharani I desire, She at once flees far away. She does not hear My plaintive appeals. She does not see how She is cruel to Me.

If She has come to this forest to collect flowers, then why will She not touch the flower I offer Her? Her reluctance fills Me with wonder. It bears a sweetness that enchants My mind.

If Radharani is so shy that She will not even slightly lift up the moon of Her beautiful smiling face, then how will I be able to plunge into the sweet nectar ocean of amorous pastimes with Her? The boundlessly cruel hunter cupid has wounded My heart and left Me to cry in pain. Maharaja Vrsabhanu's young daughter Radharani refuses to be kind to Me. What shall I do? Where shall I go? I have set out My jeweled ring and My very beautiful, glistening jeweled flute as bait to capture My friend Radharani. Alas, She does not think them very valuable. She declines to take the bait. O wicked life, now that you are deprived of the nectar of transcendental pastimes with Radharani, why are you not ashamed to feel a moment of happiness?

Prabhodananda Sarasvati has composed this nectarean song beautified with the lament of the unrequited lover Krsna. I request you all: please sing this song, which is an ocean of incomparable transcendental nectar. Radha is in front of Me. Radha is behind Me. Radha is here. Radha is there. Radha is in My heart. Radha is above. Radha is below. Radha is among these trees. This entire universe is Radha. O Radha, when will You suddenly unexpectedly come to this place, see My forlorn condition, and become kind and affectionate to Me? When will I become animated by speaking to You with nectar words? O Radha, O doe-eyed daughter of Maharaja Vrsabhanu, when will I take You by the hand and place You in My lap?

What body can remain alive without breathing? What fish can live without water? what moon can shine without nighttime? Who can live without food? Ah, Krsna is completely unable to live without Radharani, the nectar ocean of transcendental passionate amorous pastimes. Although the greatest yogis search for the dust of Krsna's lotus feet, Krsna searches after Radharani. Although Krsna enchants the entire universe, Radharani enchants Krsna with Her restless roving glances. Although Krsna is full of perfect transcendental bliss, He feels Himself fortunate and opulent if He can taste a drop of the transcendental nectar of Radharani's association. I pray that Radharani, who is as splendid as a yellow campaka flower, may eternally protect you all.

Chapter 8

Lord Madhava agitated by the nectar of transcendental pastimes

Krsna, the crest jewel of expert lovers, constantly meditate on beautiful Radharani, whose eyes were like two restless cakori birds. He searched for Her, and He planned how He could press to His chest the two glorious and lofty golden mountains of Her breasts. One day Krsna entered a clump of blue lotus flowers growing in the waters of the Yamuna river. At that time Radharani also entered the water to take Her bath. Sporting like an intoxicated young elephant, Krsna then attained the priceless treasure of embracing the two waterpots of the uncovered breasts of Radharani, whose beautiful thighs defeated the splendor of plantain trees.

In a forest cottage one dark night Krsna, wearing blue garments without any jewel ornaments, presented Himself before Radharani. With His breath He suddenly extinguish the only lamp. In the ensuing intense darkness He celebrated a great festival of the embraces of Radharani, whose face was a beautiful as a blossomed lotus flower.

One time in a new forest grove a certain gopi dragged Krsna into a cottage of creepers where Radharani was very agitated to enjoy pastimes with Him. In that cottage Krsna attained the topmost summit of transcendental bliss by embracing Radharani.

One time a very expert gopi dressed Krsna in the disguise of a beautiful young girl and sent Him to Radharani, who became bewildered and could not recognize this young girl as Krsna, the lord of Her life. She became enchanted by the sweet beauty of the disguised Krsna, and She found Herself drowning in the flooding ocean of transcendental love for Him. She addressed Him in the following words:

My dear gopi, in My heart I have fallen in love with Your splendid, charming, delicate, very youthful form, as beautiful as a blue lotus petal. Moon-faced girl, who are You? Sweetly beautiful girl, please become My intimate friend.

What is this? Your playful, beautiful sidelong glance enchants the entire universe. Your glance breaks the pride of the khanjana bird and frightens the doe.

O girl whose tender cheeks are nicely decorated with swinging jeweled earrings, and who gracefully walks like an intoxicated elephant. O girl who trembles with ever-fresh transcendental amorous pastimes, whose daughter are You?

My friend, I have something confidential to ask You. I beg You, please do not cheat Me of a truthful answer. I notice You are trembling with fear. Are You afraid because Krsna stares at You and lays in wait for You? I cannot help but ask You this.

O friend who removes the burning sufferings of My eyes, O friend who showers happiness upon Me, please tightly embrace Me. Your embrace is just like the nectar of Krsna's embrace. Your embrace makes My mind see Krsna. Your smile, Your dancing, and Your words are all like a flooding stream of nectar. Please stay here and enjoy all kinds of pastimes, bathing, sleeping, eating, walking about, and doing everything with Me.

Smiling Krsna, disguised as a young girl, enjoyed embracing Radharani for a long time. She became plunged into the nectar ocean of transcendental amorous pastimes with Krsna, and He became ecstatic, the hairs of His body standing up.

Prabodhananda Sarasvati has thus sung about the very wonderful and charming transcendental amorous pastimes of Madhava. I request you: please place upon your throat the sweet nectar of this song, which narrates how Krsna, disguised as a young girl, embraced Radharani with the ropes of His arms.

One time Krsna, the regal crown of all who relish transcendental mellows, spread His glistening yellow shoulder-cloth on the ground, and placed His flute upon it. Meditating on the instructions of His beloved Radharani, He tossed down many wonderfully colorful flowers from the top branches. Then a gopi placed Krsna's flute in Radharani's hand and said: This is the culprit that charms the hearts of respectable girls. For Your own welfare You should hide it from Krsna. Radharani then covered the flute with the cloth and hid it among the kadamba branches. Krsna, seeing that His flute had disappeared, at once descended from the tree. He checked Radharani as She was trying to leave.

Drowning in the waves of very sweet amorous happiness, Krsna spoke the following words in a faltering voice to Radharani, who was greatly agitated by the nectar of these amorous pastimes: Someone has thrown My flute and shoulder-cloth into the extensive branches of this kadamba tree. A beautiful, clever young gopi-thief from the town of Vraja has stolen My flute and is now running through Vrndavana forest to escape. Who is She?

Krsna said: Give Me back My cloth! His very restless lotus eyes were crooked with anger. Radharani pretended to cry, although within Her heart She was filled with very wonderful happiness. I suspect this girl has transformed this flute into various other objects to conceal it from My view. Has She not changed My flute into these two gigantic kadamba flowers hiding under Her bodice. The words of this beautiful young girl expand the fame of Her expertise in the arts of deception. She now says: How is it possible that I have now transformed the flute into two kadamba flowers under My bodice? These are not kadamba flowers. They are My two large breasts, meant to be embraced by My lover.

My surabhi cows have now gone far away and My friends are now alarmed by My protracted absence. Quickly give Me these two nectarean wonderful kadamba buds that once were My flute. If You conclude that this Krsna is very proud, and therefore these two kadamba buds should not be given to Him, then I shall commit suicide and give up this life. These words I speak are not a lie. Krsna, who

was garlanded with forest flowers, violently tore open Radharani's bodice, and jubilantly claimed Her breasts, calling out: Now I have them! One devoted to the lotus feet of his spiritual master should continually meditate on the splendid, sweet, nectarean amorous pastimes of Madhava described by Prabodhananda Sarasvati in this song. One time smiling Krsna stealthily sneaked behind beautiful-eyes Radharani and suddenly embraced Her with both hands. Not seeing who Her embracer was, Radharani pushed Him away with Her flowerlike hand, saying: Lalita, leave Me alone. Another time when Radharani was soundly sleeping, Krsna slowly and carefully removed the blanket covering Her from Her thighs to Her breasts. He then began to embrace Her, and when She awakened He enjoyed amorous pastimes with Her, scratching with His nails the breasts of Radharani, whose eyes moved about like frisky saphari fishes.

Disguised as Lalita, Krsna once approached Radharani and said: I am Lalita, just now come here. The pretended Lalita then began to paint various pictures with fragrant substances on Radharani's breasts. Manifesting His male nature, Krsna became agitated with amorous feelings and began to press Radharani's breasts and scratch them with the sharp tips of His fingernails. When Radharani exclaimed: Friend, what, what are You doing? Krsna became charmed, and began to smile and laugh. I pray that Krsna may protect you all.

Chapter 9

Jubilant Radha-Madhava

One evening Radharani enjoyed wonderful amorous pastimes with Madhava to Her heart's content. Although Her heart was actually plunged in the nectar ocean of transcendental bliss, She pretended to be unhappy as She spoke the following words to a gopi-friend: Once, after all My relatives had left, and I was alone in a cottage much like this, Krsna entered unseen and suddenly approached Me. I became very agitated at the sight of Him, and My creeperlike arms began to tremble. O friend, listen to what happened to me last night. Alas! Alas! This Krsna, the crest jewel of thieves and debauchees, caused me such great pain. Knowing that My husband had already left, when I saw Krsna outside the door I knew I was quite powerless against Him. He entered inside and at once took Me by My bracelet-decorated hand. His mind agitated with amorous passion He began to fulfill the desires burning within My breasts. I paused to remove the dangerously tinkling bells decorating My ankles and waist. He tore open My bodice and with His fingernails scratched My breasts to His full desire. He tightly embraced Me and bit My lips to His heart's content. Maddened by fierce amorous passion, He untied My undergarment and pressed His body against Mine. I cried in pain. I tried to push Him away with My hand. I cried out: Oh! Oh! No! No! In this way restless Krsna fulfilled His desire. His transcendental body became filled with the nectar of amorous happiness. He spoke soft words charged with passion. The now inactive serpent Krsna covered His body, now clearly marked with the signs of conjugal love. I quickly left Him and went to another part of the house.

In the soft darkness I heard the quickly jingling ankle-bells that indicated My

husband's return. When I heard his friends, still outside the house, say "Who is this?" I fell into a great abyss of fear. The mind of Prabodhananda Sarasvati constantly hopes to one day become able to directly hear the ever-sweet, priceless nectar of the pastimes of Radharani's words like this. My husband now stares at Me with angry eyes. He rebukes Me with millions of bitter words. Laughing like a madman, he pulls Me back and forth. He repeatedly beats Me with a toy lotus flower. Where shall I go? What shall I do? O My friend, what has happened to Me? Krsna no longer throws sidelong glances at Me. He no longer excites My amorous desires with His playful, suggestive smile. He no longer touches My shoulders. He no longer freely laughs and jokes with Me. He no longer associates with Me, but leaves Me to enjoy pastimes with the gopis. Oh, what has happened to Me?

Unaware that hiding Radharani was eavesdropping nearby, Krsna lamented: O Hari, O Hari, No longer shall I happily kiss Radharani. No longer shall I see Her beautiful face, or press Her breasts, or scratch them with My fingernails. No longer shall I see Her beauty. No longer, having seen a little of the splendor of Her hips, shall I fling far away Her undergarments. I pray that Krsna, who delights the hiding Radharani with these words, may protect you all.

Chapter 10 Trembling Madhava

Krsna, the tilaka decoration of expert and intelligent lovers, showered simple, honest Radharani with the wonderful amorous nectar of the soft, sweet music of His flute, maddening her with amorous intoxication. In this way He repeatedly called Her to enjoy with Him in the forest of Vrndavana. As Radharani heard the sound of Krsna's flute, She became agitated with amorous desires. She began to leave the house, but when She saw Her elderly relatives standing in the doorway, She remained inside. The sound of Krsna's flute had been like a thunderbolt, making Her mind reel and totter. Filled with longings to enjoy with Krsna, She spoke the following words to a dear gopi-friend:

Look around us at the agitated peacocks happily dancing everywhere to this flute music. This sight makes My mind remember the flutist, whose complexion is the dark color of a rain-cloud.

Dear friend, please save My life. I am overwhelmed with amorous desire. Quickly bring Me to the source of this soft, sweet flute-music. It is as if this flutist has recited a swiftly flying, very, very perfect mantra to enchant Me with amorous desires. It is as if this flutist is the cupid inimical to all young girls, and has wounded My heart with His arrows. The sweet waves of nectar from Krsna's nectar lips have assumed the form of this flute music that fills My ears and destroys My ability to perform household duties.

This flute-music is like a flowing stream of nectar that agitates My heart and makes My home appear just like a boundless ocean of poison. This nectar presses Me to offer My body as a gift before Krsna's lotus feet. Now that I have drunk the

nectar of Krsna's flute, a flooding ocean of love for Him is rising within Me. Krsna is more dear to Me than My own life. I do not know anyone more dear to Me than He. What does My goof reputation matter to Me? What do I care about the shame I face before My superiors? In the core of My heart I am now fatally wounded by the shower of dangerous poisoned flower-arrows that is the music of Krsna's flute. I am overwhelmed with amorous love for this flutist. If you will not expertly take Me to Him, then look, I shall go to Him by Myself. The attainment of Radharani's lotus feet is the only goal of destitute Prabodhananda Sarasvati's life. He always carries in his heart the hope that some day with great love he shall eagerly arrange for the meeting of the dear Divine Couple.

Radharani said: My dear friend, I place a blade of grass between My teeth, and I fall down to offer obeisances at your feet. I shall now offer Myself for sale. Please purchase Me by paying the price of your love for Me. To this Radharani, please show dark-complexioned Krsna, the most handsome of teen-age boys. It is as if My life has now passed away. Please restore My life. The gopi replied: My friend, how many times in the past have I not said this Krsna is very proud. What He is like now, whether He is still proud or not, I do not know. He may still be very proud. O friend more dear than life, I shall first go to see Him for Your sake, and then after I understand His nature, I shall bring You to Him.

This gopi, after speaking these words so pleasing to Radharani, approached Krsna, who was sitting at the base of a kadamba tree. At first Krsna did not notice the gopis' arrival. When He saw her, she offered respects to Krsna, the crown of those expert at relishing transcendental mellows, she described the sufferings of Radharani in the following words:

As the cooling moon rose in the sky, the beautiful goddess Radharani lifted Her face. She yearned to kiss You. O Madhava, Radharani is very pleased with You. If She hears the sound of Your flute, She takes no account of the words of Her people. When She sees a new cloud in the sky, She yearns to repeatedly embrace You. If youthful Radharani sees a garland of peacock feather, She becomes struck with wonder. In a private place She draws a picture of Your noble, handsome form, and then tightly presses that picture to Her full breasts. When beautiful Radharani hears the nectar of Your holy name, She becomes at once agitated with intense love for You. When Radharani meditates on Her amorous pastimes with You, She becomes overwhelmed and falls to the ground unconscious.

When Radharani tightly embraces You, clinging to Your nectarean transcendental form, She becomes plunged into the nectar ocean of intense love for You.

I pray that this nectarean song of Prabodhananda Sarasvati may create in those who hear it devotional love for Krsna' lotus feet. At this moment You repeatedly sing: Radha! Radha!. O Krsna, when I have left and You see that I am far away, will You stop saying "Radha" and suddenly become silent? I think not. Everyone knows that by nature You are always filled with the regal opulence of sweet love for Radha. Do not try to deceive me. Smile, and admit it.

Krsna arranged for a rendezvous in a secluded forest-grove, and then sent the gopi back to her dear friend Radharani. Overwhelmed with bliss, the gopi ran as fast as she could, repeatedly stumbling as she went. She approached her dear friend Radharani, and informed Her of all that had happened. Krsna said to Lalita: Radha's name makes Me tremble. The tinkling sound of Her sash of bells maddens Me. The beautiful splendor of Her form makes My eyes tremble with delight. I worry that She will accidentally go to the wrong solitary place tonight, and We shall not meet. This fear torments My heart. O Lalita, please go to Her and tell Her again where to meet Me. I pray that Krsna, whose eyes were filled with tears as He spoke these words, may protect you all.

Chapter 11 Agitated Radharani

Forced to walk slowly because of Her broad hips, Radharani and her gopi- friends took a long time to arrive at the rendezvous. When Krsna saw that Radharani, the sustainer of His life, had still not arrived, His heart became turbulent with love for Her. He wandered about searching for Her, and He finally sat down, despondent, in a grove of Kadamba trees near His own home.

Somehow or other, with great expertise a gopi-friend brought Radharani from the midst of Her elderly relatives to the bumble-bee filled grove where She was to meet Krsna. At first Radharani was jubilant, but when She could not find Her lover Krsna, She became agitated and despondent. Radharani was so distraught that Her body became at once so emaciated that the bracelets slipped from Her wrists. The gopi-friend comported Her, and then set out to find Krsna. Noticing some peacocks dancing in a grove of Kadamba trees, she went there, found Krsna, and spoke to Him the following words:

Radharani is looking everywhere for the handsome, smiling flute-player, decorated with a peacock-feather, and trembling with amorous passion. She constantly embraces Him in Her heart. O Madhava, my dear friend Radharani is very unhappy. She is tormented by a limitless, overwhelming, passionate love for You. One moment She goes outside. The next moment She re-enters the forest- cottage. Your beloved Radharani thus wanders about in an agitated condition. She is so distracted that She will take no care to neatly arrange Her disheveled sari. She repeatedly calls out in a anxious piteous voice: O My Lord! She sprinkles the trees and creepers with the tears from Her eyes. She rolls about on the ground.

Sometimes She runs to and fro, and other times She falls to the ground unconscious. Her hair has become disheveled. She rips Her sari, and breaks Her flower-bracelet and severs Her jewel-necklace. One moment She searches for a

particular creepers, and the next moment She wants to go to the Yamuna. Her eyes filled with tears, She says: O gopi- friend, please go home now, and give all your love to Krsna's lotus feet. Her heart is agitated by the nectar of intense love for Your lotus feet. She addresses You in Your absence: O My Lord, if You delay to come here, I do not know how I shall be able to maintain My life.

If I actually understand the charming, eternally nectarean nature of You and Your beloved Radharani, then I think You will certainly go to see Your beloved, who considers Her own life insignificant in comparison to Your wishes, and You will reciprocate Her passionate love for You. These words of the gopi-friend of Radharani, who was agitated with the nectar of love for Krsna, have been narrated by Prabodhananda Sarasvati. These words contain the strikingly wonderful pastime of Radharani's passionate longing for Madhava.

In the forest of Vrndavana, which is always filled with ever-fresh transcendental nectar, all the living entities felt empathy for Radharani, who was filled with suffering because of Her separation from Krsna. For this reason the deer and birds wailed in lamentation, the trees and creepers declined to push forward any blossoms, the spotless autumn moon hid behind a cloud, and the naturally cooling and fragrant breezes did not blow. Appearing like an overflowing ocean of nectar, Krsna at once went to beautiful Radharani. Kissing and embracing Her, and enjoying amorous pastimes with Her, He brought Her great delight.

Krsna trembled with amorous passion; Radharani shyly retreated from Him. He became intent on amorous conversation with Her; She stubbornly remained silent. He pulled Her onto a bed of flower petals. He embraced Her; She resisted. He tightly pressed Her; She begged Him to stop. I pray that these ever-fresh amorous pastimes of Sri Sri Radha-Krsna may protect you all.

Chapter 12

Enjoying various wonderful amorous pastimes, Sri Sri Radha-Krsna beam with transcendental happiness

Once, smiling with happiness because of enjoying various wonderful amorous pastimes, Radharani said to Her lover Krsna: With the sound of Your flute please call My young Vraja-gopi maidservants and perform a rasa-dance with them.

Radharani placed Her arm around the shoulder of Her lover Krsna as He played the flute. Her curiosity aroused by seeing the wonderful events around Her, She spoke the following words to Her lover: The Yamuna river no longer flows at its natural speed. In the sky the moon hides himself by his own power. The sweet nectar of Your flute-music causes this. The hard rocks are now melting. This is very astonishing. The entire world appears to be flooded with very sweet nectar. The young gopis have become rapt in meditation on Your lotus feet. They no longer have the power to return to their homes. Your surabhi cows in this forest

have stopped chewing the grass in their mouths. Their closed eyes appear like flower buds. The delighted birds coo very softly and languidly, making sounds of incomparable nectar. The hearts of the moving and non-moving living entities in this forest have become filled with the nectar of transcendental happiness by hearing this sweet music. The austere impersonalist munis have now become able to see Your lotus feet with their own eyes. In this way they have become genuinely saintly. Please place Prabodhananda Sarasvati's jubilant song in your mouth and happily enter into the glories of Krsna. Intent on pleasing Radharani, Krsna expertly expanded Himself, so that He was standing beside each gopi simultaneously. He took the gopis' braceleted hands in His hands, and He placed His arms around their necks. In this way, as a fragrant, gentle breeze below over the splendid broad Yamuna beach, Krsna performed the rasa-dance with the gopis.

Hearing the sound of the flute, one gopi, who was not a personal friend of Radharani, wanted to go to Krsna. When her husband forcibly stopped her, she felt intense pain, and she fixed her mind on Sri Sri Radha-Krsna. This meditation transformed her into a perfectly pure devotee. She was then able to easily leave the house without being stopped. She entered the arena of the rasa-dance, and spoke the following words:

Krsna plays His charming jeweled flute, from which flows eternally-fresh nectar of sweet musical sounds. Krsna dances the charming rasa-dance. In this way He enjoys pastimes with the young gopi, who are all expert at relishing the nectar of transcendental mellows. Moving His hands in many different ways, Krsna dances with wonderful, effortless grace. Krsna claps appropriate rhythms to accompany the sometimes slow and sometimes fast steps of the dancers. Krsna gracefully moved His handsome transcendental form, as dark as a rain cloud, and decorated with jeweled bracelets and other ornaments. As Krsna dances with Radharani He gracefully kisses Her bimba-fruit lips. Receiving betelnuts and camphor from Lalita, Krsna placed them in His beloved Radharani's mouth. Krsna praises the gopis, who sing and play musical instruments with the greatest artistry. O audience expert at relishing transcendental mellows, please hear Prabodhananda Sarasvati's beautiful song describing the sweetest nectar of Krsna's pastimes. Krsna removed one gopi's pearl-studded bodice and passionately scratched her breasts with His sharp nails. He kissed another gopi, embraced a third, snatched away the undergarments from another, and leading another gopi away from the rasa-dance circle, enjoyed wonderful amorous pastimes with her. All glories to Radharani's passionate lover Krsna, who expertly enjoyed the rasa-dance in this way. The gopis gazed at the smiling couple, Sri Sri Radha-Krsna, and then entered the rasa-dance, at once becoming plunged in the nectar of transcendental mellows. The music of Krsna's flute makes the trees suddenly bloom. That music stops the swift current of the Yamuna river, interrupts the yogurt-churning of the gopis, melts the stones, sprinkles nectar everywhere, and loosens the undergarments of the chaste gopis. I pray that Govinda's flute music, which astonishes the greatest of poets, may protect you all.

Chapter 13

Madhava bereft

As the gopis became maddened with bliss by their singing and dancing, Madhava and His beloved Radharani left the charming circle of the rasa- dance, and with quick steps entered the impenetrable forest. A certain beautiful gopi who was the object of Radharani's mercy, happily observed the divine couple's amorous pastimes from a distance. That fortunate gopi at once left the rasa-dance circle and followed Sri Sri Radha-Krsna.

That fortunate gopi followed the divine couple, Sri Sri Radha-Krsna, who were like two oceans of transcendental nectar. Whatever Sri Sri Radha-Krsna sat down, lay down, picked flowers for a festival of amorous pastimes, entered a charming forest-grove, or enjoyed pastimes, smiling and laughing with Their arms placed around each other's shoulders, that gopi followed Them.

As Krsna stopped to hear the parrots recite the dear pastimes of Radharani, He closed His eyes. As His eyes were closed, Radharani, in a joking mood, eagerly hid Herself, disappearing from His view. As Krsna's life and soul, Radharani, playful smiled and laughed as She hid behind a creeper, Krsna became extremely distraught. Not finding His beloved Radha, He considered every moment to be as long as an endless kalpa. O Radha, My mind constantly remembers Your beautiful face, like a splendid moon, the best of nectar oceans, or a stream of nectar-honey flowing from Your gentle smile. As My mind remembers Your face, it yearns to enjoy amorous pastimes with You.

O Radha, where are You? Please give Me the sight of Your beautiful form. Now that You jokingly hide from Me for a moment, merciless cupid is showering Me His terrible arrows.

Your beautiful eyes have removed the pride of the lotus flowers. Your curling locks of hair have fallen over Your beautiful cheeks. Please let Me see You! Please save My life! O moon-faced Radha, please understand that I am Your menial servant. I am very gentle at heart, and this joke makes Me suffer intensely. How many jokes like this will You play on Me. O Radha, whose beautiful form is the source of all My happiness, O Radha, whose beautiful form makes the splendor of hosts of new golden campaka flowers tremble in fear, O victory-flag of cupid, a moment's separation from You have painfully shattered the great mountain of My peaceful composure. O Radha whose breasts are very full and firm, I am Your surrendered servant. With great difficulty I have come here to meet You. O Radha, whose neck is decorated with an exquisite jewel-necklace, please show Me Your smiling face that lights up this ever-fresh forest of Vrndavana. You are glorified by the most eloquent parrots. In My heart I am devoted to You and no one else. My mind is agitated and bewildered: Why are You so averse to Me?

O noble peacock, O charming fawn, you are My friends. I request that you become My witnesses: Today I make this vow: If Krsna does not today meet doe-eyed

Radharani, then He will kill Himself and give up His incomparable youthful life.

Filled with the nectar of love for Him, Radharani then appeared before Krsna and enjoyed very sweet pastimes with Him. Because it requires a very pure heart to understand these pastimes, Prabodhananda Sarasvati does not know exactly what She said to Him at that time.

Krsna has kindly placed Himself in Your lap. Now He is Yours to keep or sell. Whether awake, dreaming, or in dreamless sleep He deeply loves You and thinks of no one else. O delicate-limbed Radharani, He now stands beside You for a moment just to agitate You. He now places His soft lotus feet on Your very hard breasts.

The wonderful nectarean love of Sri Sri Radha-Krsna is sought by great devotees like Narada and Sukadeva Gosvami. The goddess of fortune yearns to attain it. It makes the dear gopis appear like intoxicated madwomen. Lord Siva has abandoned all material happiness and accepted the position of a mendicant to seek after it. I pray that pure love of Sri Sri Radha-Krsna may always protect you all.

Chapter 14

The pastimes of Sri Sri Radha-Madhava

Overwhelmed by feelings of separation, the gopis wandered about, searching for their most dear Sri Sri Radha-Krsna, all the while chanting Their transcendental glories. Finally finding Them, who two are abode of expansive mercy and the original source of all bliss, the gopis all became plunged in intense love for Them.

Some gopis jubilantly decorated the dearest Radharani with pearl- necklaces, flower-garlands, mascara, nice ornaments, kunkuma, fragrant ointments, red lac, and a lovely bodice. At the same time other gopis pleased their beloved Radharani by nicely decorating Krsna with gunja-necklaces, a peacock-feather crown, flower-garlands, scents, and yellow garments. When Krsna entered a secluded grove, prepared a bed of delicate flowers, and lay down on it with Radharani, the queen of His life, by His side, all the gopis, who were staying outside became very pleased to see all these transcendental pastimes of the dear divine couple. Seeing Sri Sri Radha-Krsna united, one gopi became plunged in the nectar ocean of transcendental bliss. She jubilantly spoke the following words to the other gopis:

Radharani as overwhelmed with shyness and fear to meet Krsna. Krsna took Her by the hand and brought Her into the cottage of creepers. He then asked the gopis to remain outside.

When Krsna, the young hero of Vraja enjoys pastimes with Her, Radharani becomes plunged in the nectar ocean of transcendental happiness. Eager to hear words from silent Radha, Krsna asks Her one question after another. His mind agitated with the intense desire to enjoy amorous pastimes with Her, He brings

Her to the bed as if by force.

Krsna unties Radharani's bodice and scratches Her large breasts with His sharp fingernails. He tightly embraces Her. As He trembles with passion the splendid bracelets on His hands tinkle. Then Krsna kissed Radharani in many different ways, drinking the nectar of Her lips. Then He placed His hand within Her undergarment, violently agitating His beloved Radharani. In this amorous struggle Krsna displayed the very wonderful prowess of a regal mad elephant. After some time He became exhausted. His body became cool. He closed His eyes and rested on the breasts of Radharani, who was as dear to Him as His own life.

The amorous expertize of the beautiful heroine Radharani, who was maddened with passion, greatly pleased and satisfied Krsna. The gentle, nectar breeze carrying the scents of the blossoming lotus flowers and the cooling spray of the Yamuna river, increased His happiness.

Krsna's peacock-feather crown was in disarray, His flower-garland broken, and His tilaka markings crushed. He affectionately drew many designs and pictures in red kunkuma on Radharani's body. O devotee filled with love for the divine couple, please immerse your heart in the glory of the nectarean pastimes of Krsna, who is overwhelmed with love for Radharani's lotus feet, as described in this charming song by Prabodhananda Sarasvati. Please do not fall into the trap set by the karma- kanda and jnana-kanda portions of the Vedas.

One whose mind does not even once relish the stream of madhvika nectar which flows from Sri Sri Radha-Krsna's lotus feet, fulfilling all desires, and one whose eyes do not continually see Sri Sri Radha-Krsna's transcendental amorous pastimes here in these groves of Vrndavana, lives in vain. Fie on his useless life!

O bewildered mind, if you wish to actually plunge deep into the nectar ocean of transcendental mellows, then with a great festival of transcendental love, please worship Radharani's lotus feet. The Vraja-gopis, who are all filled with the nectar of transcendental love, are all portions of the portions of a portion of the effulgence of the jewel-like toenails of Radharani. Embraced by Govinda's arms, Radharani is violently tossed about by the bliss of His great artistry of expert amorous love. I pray that Radharani, who remains unknown even to the Upanisads, the most important Vedic texts, may protect you all.

Chapter 15

Your happiness

Krsna is the delicate young son of Yasoda-devi. He is the most charming boy in all the universes. He is the wealthy capitalist who owns a great treasury of transcendental love. He is immersed in the sentiments of ever- fresh transcendental amorous love. He increases the ocean of transcendental bliss. He enjoys transcendental pastimes in the nectarean mellows of madhura-rasa. He is

Radharani's transcendental necklace. O readers, please offer your respectful obeisances unto Him.

Radharani is the life and soul of Krsna, the king of Vrndavana forest. She is the transcendental desire-creeper of the splendid mellow of transcendental amorous love. She is constantly overwhelmed by intense passionate love for Krsna. She is virtuous, splendid, playful, youthful, and charming. All glories unto Her.

A nectar river of transcendental joking words flows through Sri Sri Radha- Krsna's amorous pastimes. Lord Siva, Lord Brahma, Sukadeva Gosvami, and Narada Muni, all aspire to one day see Sri Sri Radha-Krsna's amorous pastimes.

I pray that my mind may enter into the transcendental loving pastimes of Sri Sri Radha-Krsna. Sri Sri Radha-Krsna's pastimes have their natural home in Vrndavana forest. The ever-fresh nectar of these pastimes is always manifested in the minds and hearts of the devotees. Sri Sri Radha-Krsna's pastimes make impersonal liberation taste very bitter. Those pastimes grant one splendid transcendental love for Krsna's lotus feet.

Sri Sri Radha-Krsna's pastimes display great amorous passion at every moment. These pastimes are like a great ocean of transcendental nectar. Sukadeva Gosvami, the best of sages, proclaims that when one understands Sri Sri Radha-Krsna's pastimes the exalted post of the demigod Brahma is seen to be very lowly and unimportant. Sri Sri Radha- Krsna's pastimes are far beyond the touch of the insignificant, inert material energy consisting of the three modes of nature. Sri Sri Radha-Krsna's pastimes are directly seen by Radharani's dear gopi- friends. Those pastimes are carefully hidden from the view of even the best portions of the Four Vedas. Sri Sri Radha-Krsna's pastimes are far beyond the view of this material world. These pastimes expand the love of the divine couple in many kinds of crooked transcendental pastimes. Eager to taste the sweet bliss of Sri Sri Radha-Krsna's pastimes, Prabodhananda Sarasvati has sung this song. O audience, please place your hearts in the transcendental treasure of this song. Wandering in the fearsome jungle of repeated birth and death, the mad elephant of my mind has become scorched by a great host of sufferings. This elephant has remained alive by taking the many female elephants of its activities and leaving that jungle to walk on the path chalked out by the saintly devotees. I pray that this mad elephant of my mind may deeply plunge into the nectar ocean of Radharani's transcendental pastimes, for the intensely blissful, cooling waters of that ocean extinguish the three-fold burning sufferings of this material world.

Please take shelter of the moving and non-moving residents of Vrndavana, for they are the source of the great treasure of the nectar of transcendental mellows.

O audience, please sing the transcendental pastimes of Sri Sri Radha- Madhava. Please delight your heart with the nectar of transcendental mellows.

Please see the grove of Radharani's pastimes. This grove is filled with the nectar of Her very wonderful amorous pastimes. Please circumambulate the land of Vraja,

which is more pleasing and beautiful than even Vaikunthaloka. Lord Siva and Lord Brahma yearn to be able to go to Vraja. Please wander on the sandy shores of the Yamuna river, the daughter of the sun-god. The illusory potency maya has no power to act there. Please lead your mind to Vraja's prince Krsna, who is a great nectar ocean of transcendental bliss.

Give up even the slightest fragrance of the dangerous sense-gratification of this world. Instead, develop firm love for Krsna's lotus feet. Please search for an exalted devotee who has attained the nectar of Radharani's lotus feet. Please try to understand the ever-fresh passionate madhura-rasa, the king of all transcendental mellows.

I pray that Prabodhananda Sarasvati's most auspicious song may bring some love of Krsna to its audience. Leave far away the association of beautiful women and all other kinds of material sense-gratification. Do not uselessly suffer by following all the rituals of karma-kanda. Know that mystic-yoga perfections are just like the tricks of a magician. Spit on the very bitter liberation of the impersonalists. Instead, worship the Supreme Personality of Godhead, Lord Krsna, the king of Vrndavana, and become a follower of Radharani. That is where the nectar is. The waves of Sri Sri Radha-Krsna's pastimes flow in the form of Krsna's emotional appeal to Radharani at Their meeting and Her pretended aversion to Him. Like a thief in the darkness of night while everyone sleeps, these waves arrange for the meeting of Sri Sri Radha-Krsna. These waves flow in the lovely groves of Vrndavana and the waves of the Yamuna river. I pray that these waves of Sri Sri Radha-Krsna's pastimes may always protect you all.

Chapter 16 Conclusion

The lotus flowers of Lord Caitanya's eyes were covered with the flowing drops of honey that were His tears. The hairs of His body stood up and He trembled in ecstasy. In a voice choked with bliss He called out: Hari! Hari! I pray that Supreme Personality of Godhead, Lord Caitanya Mahaprabhu, the son of Saci-devi, may give you all a great festival of the nectar of the transcendental bliss of pure love for Krsna.

Forked-tongued snakes may kill these very beautiful, auspicious songs with the virulent poison of criticizing their meaning or style. However, when these nectarean prayers, filled with love for the divine couple, are dipped deep into the nectar ocean of Radharani's pastimes, they will at once become restored to life.

I pray that the devotees expert at relishing transcendental mellows may decorate their thoughts with the literary graces of these songs. I pray that they may lovingly place my beautiful songs in their throats and minds. After composing this poem, I have offered it to the lotus feet of Sri Sri Radha-Krsna. I pray that in Their hearts They may be pleased with me, and someday They will allow me to directly see a little of Their confidential pastimes.