பகுதியாகம் பகுதிகள்

மாணி
நிக்கீரசன் பகுதி
பாராமைப்படுத்தல்

விளக்க வசுக சுருக்க வருடமுற்றுக்கான
அர்த்தப்பு

மாணவி த.வழ்வாலிப் பாரீ

4

5
புரூஹா் பராங்கான்
கல்லுற்று விளை முதன்மைக் கற்பினை்

மாலை சிற்பாந்தம் பராங்கான்
பற்றி படுத்தப்பட்ட  

பார்வாதி பல்ளிக் கலையுடன், பிற்பகுதியில் போன்ற புகழ்பூர்வ கலைக்குழுக்களை நிறுவினார். போர், நூற்றாண்டுகளுக்கும் பாதுகாப்பு தொடர்ந்து பல்வேறு கல்விக்கலைகளைத் தொடர்ந்து பார்வாதிக்கு பயிற்சிக்கு மறைத்தது.
பருவமை போல்

மேலும் புனிதம் பலகைத்துட்டு

செமதுப்பு சமையல் மருத்துவமனை
புரிமாற்ற பணி பாட்டை

புரிமாற்றப்பட்டது குறிப்பிட்டு பதிவு தொடங்குங்கள்

முன்பை தில்லியாளர் பருத்தி
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Total Songs : 370
Total Lines  : 2716
1. The Praise of God

1.1. Petitioning Mahasakti

Clarity of intellect, firmness of heart,
An inwardly coursing flood of love,
Unique lordship over the senses,
Longing quest all the time after the way
Of Your grace and establishment
In Karma-Yoga; May you grant me these
O Supreme Ens that is without
Any mark or guna, but indeed is all.

-T.N.Ramachandran
1.2. New Athichoody

As the All-White One in mystic silence
Crescent-crowned and wearing Atthi,
As the dark-hued one supine on the ocean of milk,
As the one that inspired Prophet Mohammed
And as the Father in Heaven of Jesus Christ,
The Supreme Ens that is one and the same
Though felt in symbols, yet unrealized,
In many forms and ways the religious seek.
Its nature is intelligence of effulgence.
They are rid of misery that know its state;
Its Grace we have for life everlasting.

-S.A.Sankaranarayanan
2. India

2.3. Our Country Bharat

Great indeed is our land of Bharat
Among the nations of this earth;

In wisdom and in supernal silence,
In honour, in deeds of beneficence,
In musical poesy nectarine,
Great is our Bharat, the nation divine.    

Great indeed...

In valour in war front, in tested courage,
In milk of human kindness and patronage,
In gift of scriptures that sense the essence,
In shines in unrivalled glory immense.     

Great indeed...

In utter goodness and strength of physique,
In wealth, multitudinous and unique,
In the chaste glory of golden damsels
And in courage, this land for every excels. 

Great indeed...

In production, spirit of enterprise,
In manual glory and vision wise,
In the sea of armies able-bodied,
Unsurpassed is this great country indeed.  

Great indeed...
In munificence, in stoutness of heart,
In loving mind and brain - subtle and smart,
In poets wedded to ever - during truth,
Beyond compare is this country in south. Great indeed...

In tapas and ritual sacrifice,
In yoga great and joys of paradise,
In abounding grace of true devotees,
Without a peer this divine country is. Great indeed...

In river and spa and southerly wind
In mountainous range, elsewhere rare to find,
In bulls that draw the ever-fruitful plough,
Is this great Bharat endowed with endow. Great indeed...

In garden and grove with stately trees dense,
In abundant fruitage and crops immense,
In limitless wealth immeasurable,
Mother Bharat is incomparable. Great indeed..

-1922

-T.N.Ramachandran
Whose bow was it that was strung in the past
To destroy the Asuras of Lanka?
It was Mother’s Bow, the Queen of Aryas
The fearsome Mother, Bharat Devi.

Whose bow was it that was truly bent to split
The body of Indrajit into two?
It was indeed the bow of Bhairavi
The mantric Goddess, great Queen of Bharat.

“The Supreme Ens is one only; we are
Its children; life on earth is a delight.”
Thus spoke he whose hand wrote many Vedas.
Whose is it but that of Bharat-Devi’s?

“This world is what the mind means it to be;
If this be firmly resolved in the mind
Troubles and sorrows can all be ended.”
Whose words are these but those of the Aryan Queen!

The Child that Sakuntala gave birth to
Had for his playmate the lion itself;
That happy infant - a thing of lustre-
Was in truth borne by the Queen of Bharat.

Whose shoulder was it that bore the Gandiv,
The rocky shoulder that vanquished the world?
It is Hers - the great Goddess of Aryas,
She that bore us, reared us and reigns in grace.
Whose magnificent hand were they that gave
A way ear-pendants at his hour of death?
They are those of the Empress of Bharat
Praised by poets in melliferous words.

Whose tongue was it that in the battle-field
Spoke the Gita of true Supernal wisdom?
It is Bharat-Devi’s flower-soft tongue
Surcharged with power to quell enmity.

“For my father’s delight I do forsake
Sceptre and crown, and damsels’ company;
Never will I covet these, in this world.”
Who could fashion such a soul save Mother?

“God is Love; all the worries of the World
Will be destroyed by Love.” Thus in the past
The Buddha spake and ruled the world.
These words are indeed the Mother’s own words.

His city was on fire; but Janaka
Was calmly poring over the Vedas,
He but emulated the Mother’s way
The strong-willed and ever-victorious.

Whose is the Muse that could in verse compose
The most divine drama - sakuntala?
It is the gracious Muse of Bharat-Devi
Which could sense the essence of Creation.

-1922

-T.N.Ramachandran
2.5. Our Mother

When was our Mother born-
Who can hazard a guess?
Not even the learned that discern
What happened in the days of yore.

Though our Mother's age
No one can compute,
Alone on earth does she shine
For ever in virgin bloom.

Three hundred million Her faces
But all, all of them Throb with one vibrant life.
Eighteen are the languages That she speaks;
But animating them all is only on thought.

Vedas are the speech
Of this sword-wielding Lady;
Merciful to her votaries,
She extirpates evil men,

Six hundred million Her hands are;
All of them perform only righteous deeds.
If vile wretches there are that seek to subdue her,
She routs them all and reduces them to pulp.

More patient than Earth
Is our Holy Mother;
But before wicked men
She is Durga, the destroyer.
She adores the ascetic God
That wears the horned moon on the matted locks.
She worships as well the discus - bearer
That protects the seven Worlds.

Peerless in mystic meditation,
She perceives that Truth is one;
She also revels in worldly joys-
This lady of immense riches.

Rulers reputed for
Justice seasoned with mercy
She blesses with boons in plenty
Others she devours and dances in delight.

Heroic daughter she is
Of the snow-clad Himavant;
Even if his might should melt away
She will grow from strength to strength.

-S.Ramakrishnan
2.6. The Commonwealth of India

The Commonwealth of India, hail! for ever hail!
The Commonwealth of India, may she never fail!

For thirty crores of people
A commonwealth
A state beyond compare
A novelty most rare

Here’s to her health!

Shall man deprive another man
Of his food?
Shall he look on as means he has none
Of livelihood?

Shall such things be again?
Even in thought be again?
Amongst us be again?

Of large fields and timely rains
No dearth in our land;
Fruits and roots and grains
Unnumbered she can give,
Yes, unnumbered she can give.
Daily unnumbered she can give!
A new law will we make
And ever keep;
If a single man goes without food
All earth this outrage shall make good
Or fall in one fell sweep!

“In every life do I exist,”
’T was Kannan our Lord said so.
The way all men may turn divine
India to the world will show.
Indeed India to the world will show.

All are one caste, all are of one kind
All are India’s children.
All have the same pull, all have the same place,
All are this country’s kings.
Indeed, all are this country’s kings!

-P.S. Sundaram

-1920
2.7. Enkal Nadu

Himachal is our mountain
   The world hath not its fellow;
Ganga is our fountain
   Pellucid, sweet and mellow.
Our Upanishads are twelve-
   Unknown to any other clime—;
Deep into our minds they delve,
   And soar aloft sublime,
Praise we Bharat, golden fair,
   Our own dear land beyond compare;
Land of the heroic free
   Where sages have lived at peace,
Soothed by the poesy
   Of Narad’s melodies;
Where Buddha came to birth,
   The embodiment of grace—
And showed to men on earth
   Divine Compassion’s face;
Sing we Bharat ancient, fair
   Our own dear land, Beyond compare!
   
Evil shall not daunt us
   Though poor, we will be proud;
The world shall no more taunt us
   With being a self-seeking crowd;
Here Nature’s bright and sunny
   And yields us every good,
Including milk and honey,
   As our unfailing food.
Land of noble Aryans fair
   Repeat we: ‘Bharat is beyond Compare!’

-1907

-T.N.Ramachandran
2.8. Adoration of the Country

This is our motherland, Bharat;
It's here our parents dear loved and lived
In joyous wedlock pure.
Our forebears too in ages past
Had lived for centuries, ere they died.
A myriad noble thoughts they had
To enrich the land and make it great
Shan’t I enthrone you in my heart,
While my grateful tongue doth sing thy praise;
‘Salutations to thee! Mother! Salutations!’

This our land gave us life
And sustenance, and blessed us too;
This is the land of our mothers dear;
It fostered them in their infancy
When as babes they lisped their words;
It saw them grow into tender maids
And sport and dance in the moonlit night;
Their golden limbs gladdened the waters
As they swam and bathed in pure delight,
Ere they returned to the quiet of their homes.
I shall sing thy praise in grateful tunes,
‘Salutations to thee! Mother! Salutations!’

In time they loved and wives became
And learnt to manage households great;
They fondled and fed their golden babes
And raised and fostered righteous homes;
Here all around were temples tall
That soared aloft to bless the lands;
When our forefathers died, their flow’ry dust
Became part of the country’s rich humus;
Shan’t I sing thy praise in grateful tunes,
‘Salutations to thee! Mother! Salutations!’

-K.G.Seshadri
Behold the gem, the banner of mother!
Come and humbly adore it and extol.

Tall stands the mast, and from its crest
The flag of red silken luster wafts
With the well-printed dazzling words
Proclaiming ‘Vande Matharam.’

Behold the gem...

Is it a piece of mere silk? Into it
Blows and twirls a mighty cyclone;
Even when it rages excessively
It wafts serene a ruby-drift.

Behold the gem...

Indra’s thunder-bolt and young crescent
Of our Muslims bedeck the flag;
At its midst is Mother’s mantra;
Its majesty is ineffable.

Behold the gem...

Behold them beneath the mast
An immense throng of peerless heroes;
Tried and trusted and brave are these;
They may yield their life, but not the flag.

Behold the gem...

Behold the phalanxes! Is not
This noble sight a joy forever?
Behold their bedecked chests and forms -
The abode of divine valour.
Soldiers of Tamil-land, Maravas
Whose eyes blaze with raging fire.
Cera Warriors, stout-hearted Andras
And Tuluvas devoted to Mother’s feet
Behold the gem...

Kannadas, Odyas and Maratas
Whose might will put to fright even Death
And Righteous wrestlers of India
In form very like the supernal lords.
Behold the gem...

Rajput heroes whose fame will not fade
Till the end of the entire world
Or as long as martial prowess lasts
Or as long as chaste women breathe.
Behold the gem...

The natives of Punjab and those of great realms
Whence heroes from Arjun onward took birth,
They of Bengal who even when they slumber
Forget not their devotion to the feet of Mothers
Behold the gem...

These have gathered here to guard it; behold this!
May their strong-willed bravery thrive forever!
May the banner of Mother - Bharat
By these adored, flourish in fame forever!
Behold the gem...

-T.N.Ramachandran
3. Tamil Land

3.10. Good Old Tamil-Land

When the words resound, ‘Good old Tamil-Land’
Dulcet streams of honey Flow into our ear;
When the words resound, ‘Land of all our sires’
A potent power indeed Is born in our breath.

When the words...

Filled with Vedic lore, Is our Tamil-Land;
Packed with Chivalry Is our Tamil-Land;
Maidens making love Like celestial nymphs Team on every side In our Tamil-Land.
When the words...

The Kavery, the South Pennar, And the Palar river, And the Vaikai, witness of gloried Tamil And the Porunai river, All these famous streams Flow through and nourish The rich and fair terrain Of our Tamil-Land.
When the words...
The lofty mountain range
Of Triple-Tamil’s sage
Stands as a mighty guard
Of our Tamil-Land.
The various riches which abound
Upon this spacious earth
Are all found together
In our Tamil-Land.

One border is the edge
Of the blue ocean’s wave,
Where the virgin Goddess stands
Ever in penance rare;
At the north is Vishnu’s Hill;
Between these borders two
Compact of boundless fame
Is our Tamil-Land.

It gave Valluvar the Great
For all the world to have;
And the fame rose sky high
Of our Tamil-Land.
It made a necklace of gems,
Named ‘The Lay of the Anklet’
Which grips enraptured hearts
In our Tamil-Land.

Of those that went to Ceylon,
And to Pushpaka, and Java,
And many other islands too,
And settled as dwellers there
Planting their countries’ flags
Blazoned with the Tiger, and the Fish,
And made them stand supreme,
This is the Mother land.

They are the men of might
Who dared to dash against
The hills of the Himalayan range
whose heads knock at heaven;
They once waged a fierce war
Shattering kalinka’s might,
They the stable Tamil Kings
Of our Tamil-Land.

The fame spread far and wide
Among the Chinese, and the Egyptians,
And in the Greek and Arab homelands,
And in other lands as well,
Of their Arts, and Mystic Wisdom,
And techniques of War and Trade,
For these were nurtured well indeed
In our Tamil-Land.
4. Tamil Language
4.11. Tamil

Of all the tongues that I have sampled, For sweetness Tamil’s unexampled; But now become illiterate mutes Our lives are worse than those of brutes; Grown recreant to our ancient trust Our treasures in a heap have gone to rust. Tamil’s mellifluous sounds Must reach the world’s utmost bounds, If we are to lift our heads again, Instead of wasting our time in vain.

Of all the bards that I’ve explored None in the world are richer-ored Than Kamban, Valluvar, Ilankovan,- Immortal trinity - our own This is the truth unvarnished, plain, - Free from all vainglorious strain. Deaf, dumb and blind wretches we live,- We can’t our greatness e’er revive So long as our native virile speech Is not allowed much wider reach.

To enrich, refine and modernise Our tongue, new writers must arise; Translations too we must produce From foreign classics for our use. What boots it if we idly prate Of our glorious past in our present state? The world will recognize our worth If genious midst us gain takes birth.
Unless our hearts by truth are lighted,
Our speech with wings will not be flighted.
Self-purified we then may strive
Our arts and poetry to revive.
Then our renascence in a flood,
Will lead us into a world of good.
The blind long fallen in the ditch
Will be blessed with vision strange and rich,
And rise with the rise of Tamil strains
Chronicling our varied gains,
Like gods assuming human birth
We'd then live glorious on earth.

-P. Mahadevan
Flourish for ever! May Tamil flourish!
Aye, flourish for ever!

What the heavens have measured, Tamil hath;
Thrive Tamil bounteous!

May its fame and fragrance waft through world
Bounded by seven seas!

Our Tamil language, our Tamil language!
May it ever flourish!

May Kali perish, may Tamil flourish,
May earth in splendour shine!

Rid of ancient Karma troublesome
May tamil-land, glow bright!

May Tamil flourishes, may Tamil flourishes,
May Tamil ever flourish!

May Tamil own celestial knowledge,
Grow and prosper for ever!

-T.N.Ramachandran
5. Freedom Fervour

5.13. Liberty

Those that set their brave hearts on liberty,
Will they take aught else thereafter?
Thirsting for the nectar of gods,
Would they think of today?

Dharma alone lives; All else is transient;
Those that have seen this truth,
Would they seek to live thereafter
In servitude dishonourable?

Every one that is born must surely die;
Those that have realised this law,
Would they deem to pleasure to live,
Disregarding honour and duty?

To be born as man is rarest privilege;
Those that realise this truth;
Would they agree to enslave their souls,
Even if their bodies be thrown in the fire?

Would you barter the sun that shines in the sky
For a glow-worm to play with?
Losing freedom dearer than eyesight?
Can you live in servitude bowing?  
Thinking to enjoy comforts  
Would you give up freedom?  
Is it not foolish to buy a picture,  
Selling both your eyes for the price?  
Having said Vande Mataram and bowed to the mother,  
Can you offer worship to Maya?  
How can you ever forget that Vande Mataram  
Is the true song of solvation?  

-C.Rajagopalachariar
5.14. Thirst for Freedom

When will this thirst for freedom slake?
When will our love of slavery die?
When will our Mother’s fetters break?
When will our tribulations cease?
Lord! Architect of the Bharat War,
And sustainer of Aryan life!
Lead, lead us, to victory!
Is it right we remain slaves?
Are famine and disease alone our share?
For whom, then, are the laurels and fruits?
Would you abandon us, your suppliants?
Could the mother cast her child aside?
Brave Warrior! Aryan Lord!
Destroyer of the demon-race,
Where’s your dharma? Is not your duty
To revive us, and chase Fear away?

1

2

-Dr. Prema Nandakumar

-1909
5.15. Pallar Dance

Chorus
Come, that we may sing,
For Freedom’s bliss is ours;
Come, that we may dance,
For Liberty is ours!

A Brahmin no more will be hailed
As “Lord, Lord,” again;
No more a white man in our land
As “Master” shall remain;
No more to those who would receive
Of such their alms, we bow,
Or bend to those who us deceive;
Never from now!

Hail Freedom! Freedom! everywhere
The word is trumpeted!
That we are brethren, equals born,
For certainty is said,
Come, take the gleaming ivory shells
And breathe, “The strife is done!”
That earth may listen, and earth may know
That we have won!

O joy! the time is come when one
Is only as his neighbour;
The cheats of pomp and foppery
who are the great? only the good;
And these shall great remain;
The evil men in fall have shown
Their strength is vain;
The sweated labour and the plough
Of us shall honoured be;
Vain revelers a target stand
Unto our mockery;
Shall we the fat unwholesome weed
Labour to water and save?
Or waste, in serving greedy drones,
Our life-blood brave?

This land beneath our feet, we know,
Sure, is our very own;
Its proud possession could belong
To us and us alone;
Nor would we slave to any soul.
Come from the whole wide earth and hoar;
The Perfect only, we would serve
Fore evermore.

-Hephzibah Jesudasan
5.16. Deliverance

Deliverance! deliverance! Deliverance!

To the Pariahs, the Tiyas, the Pulayas
Deliverance!

To the Paravas, the Kuravas, the Maravas
Deliverance!

Come one, Come all
Let us all become learned and wise
Let us do useful and skilful work.

Deliverance! Deliverance! Deliverance!  

No more penury! No more slavery!
None is low-born in India.
Learning and wealth, each and all shall attain.
Soul shall flow to soul in joy;
We’ll live together as equals,
As persons of the same status,
Deliverance! Deliverance! Deliverance!  

We will burn the folly
that despises womenfolk.
No more subservience or slavery
In any walk of life.
Men and Women shall equal be
In this land of ours.
Deliverance! Deliverance! Deliverance!  

-S.Ramakrishnan
5.17. Hymn to the Goddess of Liberty

Bereft of the comforts of home
Were I to be gaoled in woe,
Altered, both in estate and wealth
Shame-rife, to fall in disgrace low;
Or a million misfortunes varied
Transpiring were to rout me,
Goddess Liberty! even then,
I will not forget to worship thee.

Those unblest of thy divine grace
Be they rich beyond all compare
Be they exalted, versed in lores
Taught and heard, numerous and rare
Besides in innumerable
Virtues others let them excel.
Of what use the life such as theirs?
A deed carcass adorned in jewel.

Goddess! the land shorn of thy light
Do we call that a nation? Say,
Will there be life? Have they knowledge
And uprightness? And wealth, have they?
Are there epics? Have they the arts
Scientific, the Vedas? Nay.
To forgo the ministrations
Of thy grace, sinners, aren’t they?
They will die of incurable sickness
Willness to ken a zest for life;
Insulted even by the brutes
Infamous, they’ll stand last in strife;
They know not the life free from blame
Eyeless to joys even in dream;
They, who, devoid of thy grace,
Mother! who gifts immortal fame.

-S.Raman
5.18. Freedom Plant

With tears, not water, this plant we reared;
Is it your pleasure, Lord, it should be seared? 1

A lustrous lamp with our life’s ghee fed:
Is it your pleasure it should be dead? 2

After years a thousand there came on a day
A diamond most dazzling; shall we throw it away? 3

Virtue will win - is it a lie of the sages?
Our suffering not enough through all these ages? 4

Can’t you see heroes and men of letters
Slaving at mills, rotting in fetters? 5

Countless good ones, their hearts stifled,
Blinded, bewildered, of all things rifled? 6

By baleful tyranny kept separated
Fathers from families, lovers ill-fated? 7

If virtue and you abide as they say
Grant us this one gift in our day! 8

-T.N.Ramachandran
6. Patriotic Spirit

6.19. Fear We Not

Fear we not, fear we not, fear we not at all!
Though all the world be ranged against us,
Fear we not, fear we not, fear we not at all!
Though we are slighted and scorned by others,
Fear we not, fear we not, fear we not at all!
Though fated to a life of beggary and want,
Fear we not, fear we not, fear we not at all!
Though all we owned and held as dear be lost,
Fear we not, fear we not, fear we not at all!

1

Though the corset - breasted cast their glances,
Fear we not, fear we not, fear we not at all!
Though friends should feed us poison brew,
Fear we not, fear we not, fear we not at all!
Though spears reeking flesh come and assail us,
Fear we not, fear we not, fear we not at all!
Though the skies break and fall on the head,
Fear we not, fear we not, fear we not at all!

2

-K.G. Seshadri

-1914
6.20. Chatrapati Shivaji’s (Address to His Warriors)

Hail, hail Bhavani! Hail, all hail Bharat
Hail, all hail Mother! Hail, all hail Durga!
Vande Mataram! Praise be to Mother!

This is the famous nation that suffered not
The stinking odour of enemies base!

Will Bharat-Devi brook of unblest feet
Of Barbarians - revilers of Veda?
This is the nation whence wafted to the world
The fame of heroes through minstrels matchless!
This is the nation where flourished mighty kings

And saints blemishless, dharma incarnate!
This nation dubbed the ignoble woman
Who bore not heroes, as nullipara!
‘Ancient is Bharat and you her children’!
Forget not; ‘Bharat is the tilak of earth;
You her children’; forsake not this thought.

Bharat is the deity of the whole world;
You are her children; forsake not this thought.
On the north, sky-piercing Himachal
And on other sides the great seas, protect her,
Ganga, Sindhu, Jamna of pure billows,
Spas, Waters, rare gardens sweet, fertile fields
Peerless, and lofty mountains here abound!
That ever-green fields may stave off hunder
The pitch dark rainclouds for ever pour here!
Divine home of angels! Glorious land
Eagerly sought by the holy Munis!
No imperfection mars this Land of Wisdom!
Majestic land by celestials sought!
Is Bharat’s glory by me effable?

You are her children, never forget this.
Ruthless barbarians, men demon-like.
Enemies dead to glory, hardihood
And knowledge, doers of evil, the Turks,
Like Asuras that came to war against

The realms of heaven, have come with armies
And cause endless woes to our Motherland.
Temples and scriptures sacred, they defame;
Infants, people old and kine they destroy;
Women they rape and do acts that undo
The performance of holy sacrifices.

Like a bubble now born and burst anon
Men that are born on earth, are bound to die,

Call you theirs a life, who seek not to quell
The vile aliens that blast our Motherland?
Will ever men shed their honour and consent
To live base, as slaves of barbarians?
Is there amidst us any, living dog-like
When his dear mother is by aliens held?
Under alien rule, a willing beggar
He lives fear-ridden; he is not an Arya!
He that fosters his body vile with nought
Of love for Motherland, is not an Arya!

A few desire the Heaven to attain
By sacrificing goats in the yaga.
Well, let us perform the great sacrifice
By shedding blood and killing deception.
There is no sacrifice to match this one;
There is no tapas to equal this one.

-T.N.Ramachandran
6.21. The Present Condition of the Indians

It is beyond heart’s endurance
When thought hovers on these debased,
They fear, they dread and they perish;
This world for them is full of fear.
“Vile demons haunt this tree - nay, haunt
That tank - nay, nay, are deep asleep
On the hill - top.” Thus they assert
And grieve much, thinking fear-breeding thoughts. 1

They will say: “Lo, the necromancer!”
This said, gripped by fear they will quake.
Mumbo-jumbo! Thaumaturgy!
How many are the troubles of these!
Kings after all govern their subjects
With taxes collected from people;
But to these, the very government
Is dreadful as a fearful ghoul. 2

The sight of soldiers puts fear in them;
Village menials affright them;
When at great distance they see one
With a gun, they will hide in the house.
Someone goes somewhere; eyeing his dress
These stand up and shake in fear.
Before all men, with folded hands,
They ever behave like cringing cats. 3
It is beyond heart’s endurance
When thought hovers on these debased.
Are their factions but a very few?
Shall we say: ‘Ten million!’ Nay, more,
The father says: “A five-headed snake!”
Should his son call it “six-headed”
They are at once sundered, alas!
For years they will remain as foes.

It is beyond heart’s endurance
Yet my thought is untinged by hate,
They do not even have congee to drink;
They know not the reason therefor.
They wallow in famine and daily
Tremble and suffer in distress
And perish in misery; there is
No way to ward off their sorrows.

Their maladies are legion:
They have no strength to stand or walk;
Like eyeless babes led by others
These too fare forth and get ensnared.
In this country that once fostered
Billions and billions of great arts,
In this very country holy
These vegetate like senseless brutes.

- T.N. Ramachandran
6.22. Pseudo-Patriots

Neither stoutness of heart
Nor nonest skill have they;
Oh parrot, these are cheats
And verbal heroes all.

They join the crowd and add
To its noise; nothing great,
Oh parrot, perceive they,
These wilful forgetters.

Can the blind hope to have
Autonomy? Comforts?
Greatness? Oh parrot!
Can the sexless dream of joy?

“Our textile mills, our own
Garments” they would loud cry.
Oh parrot, did ever
Mantras produce mangoes?

“Salt, sugar and sarees
Home - spun”, loud will they vaunt,
Oh parrot, and vanish;
They know not how these are wrought.

“Women’s honour, bhakti
To God”; Thus blab their tongues
Oh parrot, they are all
The utterly faithless.
In the Mother’s Temple
When others wrought evil
Oh parrot, fear-ridden
They deemed life more precious.

Fear and sheer impotence
And petty vassal-mind
Oh parrot, were lofty
To them, the dead and dumb.

Do these beasts, oh parrot,
Deserve to live at all
With no passion for truth
Vigour and inner strength?

Can one be, oh parrot
Amidst the heinous gang
Who think that life sullied
Is greater than honour?

-T.N.Ramachandran
**7. Songs of New Change**

7.23. **Tom Tom**

Tom-tom the victory
making the welkin ring.

Tom-tom that the Vedas
will thrive for ever

Tom-tom devotion to Mother
who danced with the forehead-eyed God.

Let me speak of good to the people,
of the truth I’ve perceived.

May the First Cause of all good
render aid to me.

The Brahmin is he
who knows the Vedas and sciences;

The Naik is he
who chastises the guilt justly.

The Vaisya is he
who sells goods and relieves other’s hunger.

None are slaves here;
nothing more infamous than idleness.

The four varnas are one;
if one of the four isn’t there
Work will be wrecked;
society will be doomed.

In any family father
exerts and earns wealth;
Doing other jobs, mother
makes the home prosper;
Children run errands.
Aren’t they all one family?
They all strive in unison
and ensure a happy home.

Wretches there are
who speak of castes high and low,
Adopt discriminatory codes
and kindle constant conflicts.

Down with the cruel caste system!
Mankind will prosper in love.
Let’s toil in concord;
We’ll excell in a thousand trades.

God’s external providence
endowed women with wisdom;
But some fools on earth
have blighted their perception.

Would any put out one of the eyes
and obscure the view?
If women become learned and wise
the world will be rid of ignorance.

Fools talk of several gods
and stoke the fires of enmity.
God is one Essential principle;
He permeates one and all.
Brahmins worship the fire; Christians adore the Cross; Turning towards Mecca Muslims offer their prayers; They all worship one and the same God Who pervades the whole universe. God is one, over the wide world. No need for conflicts on this score.

We have in our home a pet, a white cat, She gave birth to kittens, each of a different hue.

Ash - coloured was on kitty, Jet - black was another; A third vivid like a viper; Milky - white was a fourth.

Skin - colours do vary but they are of the same stock, Can you call one colour superior and another inferior? Complexions may vary but all men are one. We are all uniformly human in our thoughts and deeds.
Proclaim by tom-tom
that all men are equal,
That all false caste divisions
be demolished.

Let the drum beat love! love!
and proclaim its creative power.
If crafty divisions vanish
all ills will end.

Let the tom-tom thunder love!
All men are equal.
If we esteem all as equals
Joys will multiply.

The hunger of one and all on earth
we must appease;
Train them all in many arts
For the whole world to advance.

Let the drum beat “we’re all one”
Let it beat, “thrive in love”
Let it proclaim propitious times
for all mankind.

-S.Ramakrishnan
7.24. Knowledge Alone is God

Ye, foolish folk, who roam about
In search of myriad of fancied gods,
Have you not heard the myriad scriptures
Declare knowledge alone is God?

Why worship Bull-God, Wood-God, Hunter-God
When you have been told that the Awareness
Which pervades the Universe,
This and this alone is God?

Why stumble and fall into creeds insane?
Why not listen to the Shruti
That say that Shiva is Pure Awareness?
The Vedas say a million forms
With a million names are manifestations
Of one sole Being. But you mistake
Appearances for Reality.
All states and moods are states and moods
Of one sole Sakti, Power Supreme.
The highest vedantic state discovered
By the sages is Shanti. Heaven is
But a good life lived here on this earth
Free from all care. Why must you think
Of rice and munch dry husk? The self,
The light that shines within all beings,
Is the Brahman you deem inaccessible.
Why go collecting gods and stories
And spreading false beliefs? One, one
Sole Brahman is the Awareness in you.
The one eternal Brahman, the one
True Being, is the Awareness in you.

-K.Swaminathan
8. Songs for Children
8.25. Child’s Song

Run about and play my sweet little chile
And idle not sweet little child;
In game and sport have many mates
And revile not any one child.

Sweet and pretty like a love-bird
You wing and soar my little child;
Behold the birds of iris hues
And be happy like them oh child!

The bantam struts and pecks and eats,
Join that and play with it oh child!
The crow in a swoop steals its food,
Be kind to it, my little child.

The cow, she gives abundant milk,
Know her to be good, my dear child;
The dog it comes wagging its tail,
Know that to be a friend of man.

The goodly horse that pulls a cart,
The bull that ploughs the village-fields,
The goat that does depend on us;
Foster all these, my little child.

Rise at dawn to learn your lesson,
Then sing such airs that are soothing,
To games devote the whole evening,
Get habituated thus, oh child!
Abstain from lies my little child
And also from vile back-biting;
God is our help, my little child,
Never will evil beset us.

Fear not at all my little child
When you meet with evil-doers;
Smite them and kick them, oh my child!
And lo, at their face you shall spit.

When thronging sorrows assail us
We should droop not, my little child;
God is there full of compassion
To quell all troubles oh my child!

Idleness is bad, vey bad;
Mother you should ever obey;
Peevish crying doth lame a child;
Stand firm and fight with all you might.

Adore the divine Tamil Nadu
As your own mother, oh my child!
Than nectar itself is more sweet
This land of Aryas, oh my child!

Tamil is sweet amongst all tongues,
Adore it and cultivate it;
Hindustan is full of riches;
Hail it as God, my little child.
On the north the Himalayas,
On the south abiding Kumari
The cape, on the east and the west
The seas: India’s boundaries these!

This is the land of the Vedas
Where great and good heroes were born;
Truely flawless is Hindustan;
Adore this as God, my dear child.

There’s no such thing as caste-glory;
Make not castes great or low, and sin,
Those are the lofty who possess
Justice, clear intellect and love.

Foster love for all lives, my child,
Know Truth to be God, my sweet-child,
As adamant, be firm in heart;
Know these to form the way of life.

-T.N.Ramachandran
9. Adoring the Great

To saraswati he had service great
Rendered and mastered other nations’ arts
At which the great masters are struck with awe;
verily he is the sea of sastras.
Our Bharat, once Saraswati’s birth-place
Is this day a barren desert become;
Heart-sore at Her plight, he has bound himself
To a vow, to chase the meanness away.

In the heart of Bharat ever shrined is he
Who of justness is an embodiment;
An eternal foe to deception vile.
To extirpate it his heart doth ever rage,
They that have resolved to serve Bharat-land
Till the very last movement of their life,
Hold fast to this Arya’s name and chant it
In love, as Saivites the sacred pentad.

Dear are the heroic Marathis
To Bharat-Devi who wears the Tilak.
Like that very Tilak is he, the famed one,
Bal Gangadhar Tilak, the Maharaj.
A flaming fire is he to the hostile,
Our Tilak the peerless Prince of Munis.
I hail his glorious lotus-feet twain
That I may come by Thought immaculate.

-T.N.Ramachandran
Even if the Sun be in the skiey expanse
Do we not behold its rays flowing down
Grow, to mingle with the light of eyes
Thus endowing them with lustre of light?

Even if they, in wrath, have exiled you
Away from that soil, if you get established
In our thought that knows no forgetfulness,
And if you do flourish there without let
O Lajapathy! what can they for this do?

It seplls no good to haunt a man and him
Exile from country to country; they might
Have wrought this with ease; but myriads there are
Instinct with the knowledge of his glory;
In them is he well enshrined; how can they
Ever hope to expel these and live in peace?

Who among them that practised universal love
Was ever spared (of punishments)? Hiranya’s child
Showed utmost love unto Narayana;
Who could ever relate the vile horrors
He underwent; is it then a wonder
To witness the miseries of patriots
Courageously devoted to Bharat!

-T.N.Ramachandran
The Lord-God created the rays of the moon
To serve as food for the Chakor; He made
Nectar the food of the celestials
And the tusker white for Indra to ride.

In blossoms, in blue sky, and visages
Of women, God deigned to create beauty
That the world-renowned Ravi Varma might
Relish them with his eye of endless wisdom.

Glowing with inconceivable lustre
His pictures which adorn mansions and huts
Delight all hearts; gone is he to the heaven
Deeming it enough, his glory on earth.

Rambha, Urvasi and dames heavenly
Breathed alive on his canvas; to compare
His copies with originals, he is gone.
The dames divine are bound to wilt in shame.

If even great men whose divine works of beauty
That will with everlasting glory endure
Should aye, one day quit their glorious life,
What are we to say of world’s Mayic nature?

-T.N.Ramachandran
9.29. To Mahatma Gandhi

Long may you live, Gandhi Mahatma
You who have brought new life to Bharat,
The land which of all lands on earth
Lay most degraded, poverty-stricken,
Ruined, forsaken, of freedom bereft.

Endless glory, yea, a crown
Universal you have gained
Devising a simple plan whereby
Our people can shake off slavery.
Breathe free, grow rich and learned and wise,
And show to all the world the way
Of true, enlightened citizenship.

Are you the monkey-god who brought,
As an antidote to ophidian noose,
The healing herb from the high Himalaya?
Or are you Shri Krishna who held up
The hill to ward off thunder and lightning?
Simple, Simple, new and Simple
Is the cure that you have found
For heteronomy, painful and chronic
Malady: “Count as your own life
The life of him who comes to kill you.
Know that every human being
Is an image of God, a Child of God.”
This wisdom bold and true you dared
To thrust into grim politics
Rife with sordid murder and strife.

Shunning the way of war which is
But murder on a massive scale,
You chose a method much more effective,
The path of dharma prepared by seers
And servants of God, Satyagraha,
Unfailing, fruitful, for bringing to Bharat
A future bright, and to the world
Forgetfulness of deeds of hate.
May this good dharma live for ever.
The Lord descended and died on the Cross; 
Rose up on the third day.
Mary Magdalene witnessed in person.
People of all nations!
Listen to the implication thereof.
The Lord enters our selves
To protect us for ever from the doom,
If only we kill our ego.

Mary Magdalene is but love;
Jesus Christ is but the soul.
When first the evil is dispensed with,
Resurrection occurs on day three.
Looking at the resurrected,
On the face bright as gold,
Mary Magdalene praised the Lord.
Aha! Great indeed is the delight!

Crucify the senses on the cross of Truth
With nails of tapas.
Thence revealed is the heavenly form
Of Jesus Christ thereon.
Mary Magdalene is but womanhood.
Jesus Christ is but virtue preserved.
Such is the subtlety of the episode
As can be understood in a moment.

-P.N.Appuswami
10. Women Liberation

10.31. The Kummi of Women’s Freedom

We sing the joys of freedom; In gladness we sing.
And He that shineth in the soul as Light shines.
In the eye, even He is our strength.

Dance the Kummi, beat the measure;
Let this land of the Tamils ring with our dance;
For now we are rid of all evil shades;
We’ve seen the Good.

Gone are they who said to woman: ‘Thou shall not
Open the Book of Knowledge.’
And the strange ones who boasted saying:
“We will immure these women in our homes” -
Today they hang down their heads.

The life of the beast that is beaten,
Tamed and tied down,
Fain would they lay it on us in the house,
But we scornfully baffled them.
Dance the kummi, beat the measure.

The dog they sell for a price, nor ever consult his will,
Nigh to his state had they brought us - would rather they had killed us at a blow -
But infamy seized them.
Dance the kummi, beat the measure.
And they talk of wedded faith;  
Good, let it be binding on both;  
But the custom that forced us to wed we've  
Cast it down and trampled it under foot.  
Dance the Kummi, beat the measure.

To rule the realms and make the laws  
We have arisen;  
Nor shall it be said that woman lags behind  
Man in the knowledge he attaineth.  
Dance the kummi, beat the measure.

To know the Truth and do the Right,  
Willing we come;  
Food we'll give you; we'll also give  
A race of immortals.  
Dance the kummi, beat the measure.

-Mahakavi C.Subramania Bharati
10.32. Hail Womanhood

Let us dance hailing womanhood!
Let us dance wishing them success!
Utter the words mother and wife,
Feel the comfort, happiness and punya.

Let us dance quietly hailing love
Let us hail desirous love clapping hands.
Womanhood dispels distress
Let us hail the mother of the valourous.

Milk from the mother’s breasts brings strength.
The words of the wife bring honour.
The virtue of woman destroys the evil of the exigent.
Let us join hands and dance in delight.

When the valour of man
Takes care of the virtue of woman,
Abjectivity there is none.
Let us preserve the delight of love,
As do the eyelids the eyes.

Let us consume the nectar of Shakthi,
Beating th drums thundering all around,
Harmonising song and music,
Let us dance to the awe of the world.

Womanhood preserves life,
Brings life,
Becomes the pleasure of life to life,
Womanhood is sweeter than life.
Let us blow the trumpets and dance in delight.
Dance hailing the mother!
Sing the praise of loving parrots.
In the service of a narrow-waisted dame,
Let us surmount a hundred peaks.

Keep beats hailing the mother!
Play on the golden flute hailing the mother.
In the service of the loving dame
With an oblong glance,
We shall ride the winds and win the heavens.

At the behest of the mother who fed us
We shall swallow the flames.
Even when the kiss on the check is welcome,
Lo, the arms push away in pretence,
We will sing in praise of the arms.
O may you escape all shackles
and revel in liberty like this sprightly sparrow!

Roam about in endless space,
swim across the whirling air,
drink the measureless wine of the light
that flows for ever from the azure sky!
O may you escape...

Happily twittering and making love,
building a nest beyond danger’s reach,
guarding the fledgeling hatched from the egg
and giving if feed and wholesome care
O may you escape...

Gather and feast on the remnant corn
from backyards and harvested fields;
then tell strange stories and sing and rest
and rise again at dawn with a song!
O may you escape...

-Dr. Prema Nandakumar
11.34. Aspirations

A brave heart
sweet speech
good thoughts
ripe fruit
quick dividends
dreams fulfilled
wealth and happiness
and fame on earth.

Clear vision
willed action
woman free
a fecund land
the Lord's grace
Truth triumphant
a new heaven
a new earth.
Om Om Om Om.

-Dr. Prema Nandakumar
11.35. Fire-chick

I found a fire-chick, and that
I placed in a hole in a forest;
The forest smouldered clean away,
In fiery valour, is there anything like
Fledgeling or age-worn?
Tatthikita tatthikita Tatthom.

-Mrs. Koppedrayer
Ye that heat and melt iron
Ye makers of machinery
Ye squeeers of juice from sugarcane
Ye divers into the sea for pearl-oysters
Ye that drip sweat in a thousand trades—
I praise and glorify you all;
You do Brahma's work on earth.

Ye that mould clay and make pots
Ye that hew wood and build homes
Ye the givers of fruit, ripe and green,
Ye that till the wet lands and grow crops
Ye spinners and weavers of fine fabrics—
Good protect us from Heaven;
Ye protect us on earth.

Ye reators of songs and poems
Ye artists of the classical dance
Ye observers of the truth of material world
and architects of sciences therein
Ye that guide us in virtue's way
Ye that enable us in Virtue's way
Ye that enable us to experience the joys we seek—
We behold the Divine in you, unsought.

-S.Ramakrishnan

-1919
11.37. A Plot of Land

A plot of land - great Deity!
A plot of land I beg of thee;
With pillars beautiful and bright
And rising storeys gleaming white,
Build thou for me a castle there;
May palm-trees wave their green leaves fair,
And their delicious milk supply
While springs refreshing gurgle by.

Green palm-trees, these I do require,
Some ten or twelve beside me there;
And like a soft and pearly shower
Bright moonbeams send thou me, great Power!
And cause within my ears to fall
The distant cuckoo's gentle call;
Do thou send me the evening breeze,
That softly fans, my heart to please,

A faithful wife give thou to me,
In all my songs to mingle free;
And bring us poetry divine,
That our delights it may refine;
In that most solitary space.
Great Mother, guard us with thy grace!
And grant that by my gift of song
My sceptre over the world be strong.

-Hephzibah Jesudasan
11.38. Moonlight, Star and Wind

A joyous frenzy seizes us as we drink the nectarean wine, the splendid concoction of moonlight, star and wind. Let us allow our mind-bird to roam the world over; is it a wonder that the bee hums from a cart full of jackfruit?

O mind! roam about to join the far star-cluster and enjoy the sweetness dripping from them!

The heart’s rich granary that treasures in joy the starry skies above and the radiant moon.

Must you grovel in the mire like a dirty pig? Rather sweep the blue across in search of victory!

Let the mind, like a car air-borne speed across space— not like a slow-moving wagon linger behind.
Like the wind that rattles along
the leaves of coconut palms,
our heart would ride you, mind,
as a careering horse.
O wind who can gently convey
the chirping of the birds,
must you also bring along
lightning and thunder?  

It’s the Wind God who transmits strains
auspicious for the earth;
and reproducing their music,
we shall lave in delight.
The jingling of the bells, the barking
of the dogs behind,
the beggar’s despairing appeal
for a mouthful of food;  

The noise of doors being shut,
of conches blowing in the East,
of people in loud argument,
of the cries of children;
the varied sounds the wind carries
are not to be reckoned.
O mind! look up at the moon’s bright rays
and drink the honey of delight!

- Dr. Prema Nandakumar
11.39. Illusion or Reality?

You that stand, and walk, and fly,
Are you but dreams? And dry streams?
You that we learn, and hear, and ponder,
Are you but illusion? A shallow delusion?

Groves, and sunshine, and sky,
Are you a snare? A castle in the air?
Since all that is past is a tale that is told,
Am I too inanity? And this world a vanity?

Time and Space, and the things that we see,
Are they all ideal, their nature unreal?
If a seed may within it a forest contain
Are trees mere tropes? Literary dopes?

If all we see are bound to pass,
All that are past were once seen; Can Fate Pursue what never has been?
That which we see is reality,
What is unseen hypothesis; Sakti survives metathesis.

-P.S.Sundaram
11.40. The Song of Myself

I'm all the birds that fly in the sky;
I'm all the beasts that roam the earth;
I'm all the trees that grow in the wood;
I'm the wind, the rain and the sea.  

I'm all the stars that shine on high;
I'm the vast expanse of widening space;
I'm all the worms that crawl on earth;
I'm all the life in the vasty deep;

All the poetry of Kamban am I;
And all the figures that artists draw;
The halls and bowers men wonder at
And all the beauteous towers am I.

In the music melodious of maidens I am;
And all the teeming pleasures I am;
I'm all the lies of the unworthy base;
I'm all the misery that endurance tests.

Master I am of a million mantras;
And Essence I am of all that moves;
Maker I am of a million tantras;
And He that proclaimed the Vedic Sastras.
I'm He that created the Universes all;  
And made them revolve in their orbits true,  
Unswerving from their appointed paths;  
I'm all the beneficent bands of power;  
I'm the Cause and the End of all!

I'm He that works the lie called 'I',  
And swims through Wisdom's flaming sky;  
I'm the intelligence shining bright,  
Oned with all, as the Primal Light!

-K.G.Seshadri
12. Foreign countries

12.41. Mazzini’s Vow

I swear by the feet divine of the God
Of great grace; I swear by the austere name
Of my nation - a lamp unto the world -
That gave birth to us and nourished us all;
I swear by the lofty ones who perished
Hailing divine motherland of heroes,
In whose cause they did in a thousand ways
Suffer excruciating curelties.

1

I swear by those lofty dharmas famous
Ordained on me by God that the nation
Which He gave so naturally to me
And my brethren may exult in delight.
Is it not but nature that one doth love
The nation that gave one, one’s own mother
And serves as the home of one’s progeny?
By such love I do take this solemn oath.

2

I swear by the hostility I bear
By nature, towards evil - doing vile,
Improper acquisition, misrule base,
Injustice and wrongs of similar kind.
Deprived of nation and the least of rights
To noble clanship and citizenship
I am condemned to be born in a country
Bereft of the banner pure, of freedom.

3
I swear by the shame that wells up in me
When I stand before other countrymen;
I swear by the great longing of my life
Which languishes without strength to achieve
The Bliss of Release to Seek which alone
My life was with an embodiment blest.
Though born to perform the goodly tapas
By reason of the slave’s mentality

My life is grown effete; but its desire
Doth swell; by that soaring desire I swear,
I swear by the memoried majesty
Of my forebears of abundant renown.
I swear by the very downfall to which
We are this day so weakly subjected.
Glorious sons perish at the gallows;
They wallow in vile incarcerations;

They are alas exiled to other lands
Where they perish utterly mortified.
At this the Mother of our dear country
Weeps and weeps; I swear by her sacred tears.
I swear by the unexampled sorrows
Caused by our enemies to us - millions.
You have heard me swear and to these I add
These, my further solemn obligations.
Greater than the holy commandment of God  
Issued to this country, and greater than  
The indispensable duties cast on  
All men born in this country to perform  
God’s fiat, is the knowledge that if God should  
Order the creation of a race – firm  
In faith and resolute – o’er this strong earth,  
That race can flourish only if it is  
Fully aware of the divine will which  
At its creation infused it with skill  
To Flourish; it should again know further  
That its stability depends upon  
Its people and that they themselves, without,  
From others seeking help, should ply their skill,  
Bearing well their responsibility,  
Which alone, be it known, will spell success.  
To perform duty and to give freely  
Not caring a little for petty self  
Are dharma; a spirit of union fired  
By unflagging resolution marks strength  
That is glorious; with these principles  
Indelibly imprinted in my mind,  
I hereby swear these oaths, solemn and rare,  
Well remembering all the vows I have made.
To this “Society of the Young” wrought by The youths who are wedded to my dharma, I dedicate in truth and gift away My life, my body and possessions all, That our golden country may by power Of union and freedom ever flourish As a republic, truly pursuing The great policy of non-alignment.

Companied with these lads, let me always Work, with no fault to mar my endeavours; I will never think of any other work. For sure, always, by word of mouth, by writing, And by deed from blemish totally free, To the extent which is possible for me, I will explicate the great ideal Of this novel society to our men.

For fruition of this lofty ideal The only way is unity; to stablish Triumph and to make it endure for e’er, Dharma alone is the godly way true; I will strive to imprint these indelibly In the tablets of the hearts of our men. Any society other than this - ours - Never will I at any point of time join.
This society marks our land’s unity;  
I will e’er abide by all the behests  
Of its leaders in strict obedience  
And aye, in wilful veneration.  
Even if I were to forfeit my life  
I will not publish their secret commands.  
By righteous practice and precept also  
I will render them my very best help.  

From this day and always, I’ll not omit  
To do these; I swear, I swear, if ever  
I should from this course deviate at all,  
May the Almighty annihilate me!  
May people to condemn and contemn me!  
May evil false surround me for ever!  
May I into flaming inferno fall  
And suffer perdition everlasting!  

May the Lord - God abide in me  
And keep me steadfast by His Grace  
In these solemn obligations  
To which I have willingly sworn.  

-T.N.Ramachandran
12.42. New Russia

The Magna Mater towards Russia
Turned her benign glance;
Lo! tornado-like whirled
The epoch-making Revolution;
The tyrant screamed as he crashed below.
An event of cosmic import it was;
The heavenly gods’ shining shoulders
Swelled with joy and pride;
While the devils, their eyes drowned in tears,
Went blind and died.
Ye men of the earth, Behold this wonder.

Like Hiranya of the old the tyrant ruled-
The accursed known as the Czar;
Good men and saintly souls writhed without refuge;
Justice and Virtue.
The idiot Czar treated as of no account;
Lies, deceits, and a myriad evils,
Like snakes in the dark jungle,
Teemed and flourished in that land.

Hunger gnawed at the vitals
Of those who ploughed, sowed and reaped;
Fell disease abounded.
Servile votaries of falsehood
Amassed lucre;
Those who dared to speak the truth
Underwent unheard-of tortures in prison-cells
Or died on the gallows.
Many of them in ghoulish Siberian wasteland
Languished and perished.

1
2
3
Even for a murmer people were jailed,  
For a protest banishment and in this wise  
Virtue was shattered,  
Vice reigned in her place.  
The Great Mother’s heart was touched;  
The compassionate glance  
By which she protects her truth-loving devotees,  
She turned on that land  
And the tyrant fell.

Like the Himalayas crashing  
The wicked Czar fell with a bang;  
One and all of those around him  
Who cringed and uttered lies to suit his whims,  
Who conspired to murder Virtue-  
All of them were smashed to smithereens,  
Even as the stormy whirlwind in a forest  
Knocks down all the trees  
And makes fuel out of it.

The people are masters of their lives,  
Their welfare advanced by their own laws.  
Lo! in a trice has it arisen.  
This is people’s state, they proclaimed,  
So that the whole world might know.  
“Gone are the slaves’ shackles,  
know ye all,  
No more shall man be a slave,”  
said they.

Like a thunder-riven wall  
Collapsed the Iron-Age  
Arise oh, the Golden Age.

-S.Ramakrishnan
12.43. Ode To Belgium

Righteousness it was that laid you low!
When the stranger, swollen with arrogant might,
Came with fell intent to do cruel wrong.
You did not meekly suffer it - No!
But, like the lass of yore of the highland tribe
who with a winnow beat a fierce tiger off,
Though poor indeed you were in strength,
Yet by your deeds did you to glory rise.  

Generosity it was that laid you low!
When the enemy came down like a heavy flood
And rushed on you with massive might.
You did not waver, did not quail
But, firmly within your heart believing
That glorious fame alone is noblest, best,
You boldly dared to guard the rights
Of the true patriots of your beautiful land.  

Honour it was which laid you low!
Immeasurable in might was the enemy king;
His strength was as limitless as the sky;
Though you were ravaged, undaunted was your heart.
And you scorned to step aside;
But, eager to do all the that you could,
Right across his path you bravely stood,
Barring the mighty, overwhelming foe.
Chivalry it was which laid you low!
When heaviest rocks rolled down on you,
You disdained with all your noble heart
To step aside, or to screen yourself.
The burden that bore you down you held as naught;
You declared that the serpent was a mere worm;
And when the moment came, you cried ‘Halt’ to the foe,
And ready for battle resolute stood.

Courage it was which laid you low
With the serried host of his countless armies.
And in his pride which like a cranker grew,
Your mighty enemy most fully attacked you,
Never did you think of any surrender;
No thought had you of weak submission;
You did not hold that wisdom lay in fear;
All thought of danger you cast aside.
Like the rolling waves of a mighty flood
Came the countless legions of his army’s van;
And intoxicated with his resistless might
The enemy thrust his way into your own domain
But you dared to oppose him, shouting,
‘Let heads roll down, so honour be held hight!’
‘I care not whose enemy he may be;
O care not whom he seeks to attack;
Into my cities, my borders crossing,
And setting at naught my issued commands,
He has dared to enter with the panoply of war.
The forest of his audacious pride
I shall cut down; nor leave one root behind,
Thus did you declare, and challenging stood.

They say, ‘All Holy Books declare
That noble man who as martyrs die
Are reborn again upon this earth
With greater valour, nobler fame;
And if those who engage themselves in manly enterprise
Die, overpowered in doing the right,
They quickly return from the world beyond
To live exalted upon the earth.’

When lamps grow dim, and then die out;
Till the dawn comes in sun-lit glory,
Golden mansions vanish in the gloom
Of dark, and foul, and wicked night,
Though untold suffering may now be theirs,
Those gallant men with fearless hearts
Shall rise again with unshakable might-
Never did hero pine in grief!

-P.N.Appuswami
The Ocean was a piece of jade
set against fire,
set against the newborn sun,
set in the magic of dawn;
with her breakers crashing,
each one right in rhythm,
she sang the truth
of all scripture.

There was a city there,
a Tamil City, with
beaches and a breeze;
just west
was a grove
of mango trees,
where hunters
from all the villages
around came
to shoot birds.

One sacred morning
no hunters came,
and a little kuyil
sat herself way up
in a tree
-near the sky-
and mixed, it seemed,
a sweet ambrosia through the breeze
into everywhere.
The birds all gathered and listened; they forget themselves, sunk in the music.
The ‘he-kuyils’ feathers stood on end from sheer excitement, their strength drained, and, inside, small fires burned. Her song spread, thin and very sweet, like a taste of lightning.

It was as though an enchantress had come from paradise as a bird, to show off.

As I pondered the wonder of her music, a poetic lunacy kindled in me, my sight fogged, and I was standing in the glow of a tall dream - like what happens to poets in broad daylight.

Much caught me off guard as I revelled in the song the virgin kuyil sang that day in that groove. If I dismissed my human body, would I gain a kuyil’s body, Why couldn’t I live forever united to that sweet little bird, making love, to die in the flames of her music? Could even the immortals have heard what I heard that day?
All my secret thoughts rose up
into consciousness, through the song
that kuyil sang.
I am going to tell
her truths, now,
to the whole world...
What can I do, though,
for a voice like hers,
2. The Kuyil’s Song

Refrain: love, love, love, if love leave, when love goes death, death, death.

1. grace, good light, if light leave, when grace goes black, black, black. (love, love, love...)

2. bliss, bliss, bliss. if you see an end to bliss; pain, pain pain. (love, love, love...)

3. music, music, music. if music perish; ruin, ruin, ruin. (love, love, love...)

4. rhythm, rhythm, rhythm. if rhythm stop short; futile, futile, futile. (love, love, love...)

5. song, song, song. were song sung flat;
mud, mud, mud.

honour, honour, honour.
if honour
turn hollow;
scorn, scorn, scorn.

strength, strength, strength.
if strength
snap;
the end, the end, the end.

sex, sex, sex.
if your
man leave;
dry, dry, dry.

flute, flute, flute.
if flute
split;
junk, junk, junk.
3. The Kuyil’s Story of Love

Her song stopped, and
the whole earth seemed cast
in a single silence.
A rush of joy
and a pain
were tied up
together. And when I looked
around I saw that all the birds
had disappeared, off somewhere.
There was only that
kuyil left. Her head
was bowed and she
looked miserable; she looked
wilted.

I went to her tree,
and I spoke;

“O my treasure,”
said I,

“You have sung the song
of the Great Bliss!
You light the Fires of Bliss
in all seven worlds!
This pain that has come to you-
What is it? Tell me”

I asked.

And that magic bird spoke
a magic word in
the speech of men, and my heart caught fire.

She answered me:

“I want love, and I am falling to pieces. If there is none, I want death, and I crave it.”

I asked her:

“How can it be that you have no lover! when your singing bewitches all the birds of the sky; when in wisdom, you are so Magnificent?”

And in a voice full of pain, and bashful, the forest kuyil came to tell her story:

“O high-born one, I will tell you the whole truth. It will degrade me in your eyes, and it will hurt, but I don’t care. I beg you to pity me, a girl, and to be patient with my shortcomings. I know I was born a bird on this earth, and that I am short in intelligence and size;
yet somehow by God’s grace
-or through His anger!-
I am able to understand
anyone’s language.
I have looked into all
the habits of the human
heart. And
in the sounds of birds singing,
in the music
the wind plays
in trees,
in the sound
of river water, and
in the waterfall,
in the music
the great sea sings
with its forever waves,
in the honey-ocean
that pours out in love songs-
songs that
melt flesh -
bursting
in human girls,
in the music
of the water-lifter,
in the janglings of anklets
when women
 pound rice,
in the delicious songs
of lime-powder pounders,
in all the songs
the farm girls sing,
in the sweet songs
girls sing while they dance
and clap, and bangles jingle,
and in song well performed
by men
in nations and jungles
with their mouths and hands
on flutes, veenas,
and all human instruments,
I lost
my heart.
Poor me.
And Oh! I try
to speak words
which make me tremble -
but my sinful mind snaps.

You pierce me
with your long stare.

Oh, man! Don’t you see
what is happenning
in my heart?
I am dissolving;
I want love.
If none, I thirst;
I want death.”

She stopped, and a new,
sweet fever covered
my heart and soul.
There no longer existed anything
but that one refrain
of the child-bird:
“Love! Oh, if there be no love, then death! oh, death!”
That air of hers played on the lute of my heart, and there was no other sound.
As I stood there, dazzled and swimming in my mind, birds appeared again, on all the branches, and chirped.
The little blue kuyil heaved a sigh and said,

“They say the way of love is all knots and stumps.
But oh, you! You with
your bright, holy eyes!
You have come
as a boat with a promise
in an ocean of suffering!
But now, again;
even in this
joy I have
with you now, with you
who have felt my sadness,
we have hit a knot.

Four days from now,
come back here,
please, oh please
come in your love!
Don’t forget!
Oh, high-born my heart
with you. If you don’t
come, I will lose
my soul. Remember;
the fourth day. Oh, these four
days will be like ten aeons!
Go, and come then; you
are leaving with my heart!
Come back then.”

As she spoke, her pain
was unbearable; then
she disappeared.
4. Lovesick

I don’t know if it was a dream, what I have seen, or if it was true. I don’t even care. I walked home, not thinking; I was like a man possessed by twenty devils; my eyes and face were flushed, and the points of kama’s arrows sunk in my soul. The world seemed to be millions and millions of forms of that bird on that branch. As that day passed, was there a rhythm to all the situations I was in? Were they woven together? Who experienced them? That day passed. I and my soul, we stood, with the blue statue. Kama and the magic blue kuyil with her great, magic, sweet song.
escaped us;
like a shadow,
like a magician’s trick,
the whole world
escaped us.
As soon as dawn broke
the next morning,
I hurried out
without my senses,
without my judgement,
descernment, mind -
though Kama’s magic -
like a marionette
on two legs:
I hurried
to the grove
to see the blue one.
I saw, but understood
nothing of the objects
along the way.
When I got to the grove,
all the green trees gleamed
in the red sun’s clear rays.
And all the birds
had gone off somewhere
else, as though they knew
the desire in my heart.
I came with harsh desire,
overloaded with love,
to find the little kuyil
who had worked on me;
and I looked,
I looked in all the nooks
and all the branches
of all the trees.
There was no kuyil in the tree where I had seen her the day before. Then! I came closer, and I saw... I shook: Liar! Woman! Kama, you lying god! Oh, heart! Oh, justice of the ancient laws! Oh, empty earth. How can I write what I saw with my own eyes? Listen to me, all you idiots, whose judgement has rotted because of a woman - Listen to me, all you poets, who praise love - Listen to me, and you listen to me,
Fate:
That cheating bird was sitting on one branch of a tree, sobbing, the tears just flowing out of her eyes, and her little body shook with the sobs.

Her mouth spoke hot, suffering words:
Oh, no! I saw her there. She was saying something to another male - a monkey! - on another branch. And she wept.

What is evil?
What is good?
What is clear action?

In that instant I wanted to kill both her and that monkey; and my hand reached the dagger at my side.
The story of Love which the kuyil Related to the Money

But my heart stayed my hand; it wanted me to hear what words that bird spoke, before I killed them. So I stepped behind a great tree, Where I couldn’t be caught by their eyes, yet where I could hear. And the little kuyil said: “Oh, sir monkey! Oh, your body is so beautiful that I know nothing to compare it to! Oh, you are master of the feminine, whatever species we are born into! Could your beauty ever be frustrated? Your presence commands passions.

Man boasts himself head of all earthly life, and so be it in certain ways-town planning, temple administration, domestic government and such like! but will man meet monkey in physical beauty, in the spoken word, or in crouching?
Until he does, even though he wear eight kinds of clothing to cover his body - that body without your silky fur - even though he trim his beard and moustache to imitate the lusty face of the monkey; even though he gather together, and drink, and dance, and try to approach your dancing and leaping; even though, he climb ladders (he can’t climb temples); whatever he may try in fast jumping will be ever be like the monkey? no matter how hard he tries? And where will he go for a tail? Will the tucked - in fold of his wretched dhoti do? Some turbans have tails; but will they lift him up and set him flying when he jumps, the way the sacred tail God gave you does? In this world of earth there is but one lineage like that of the monkey, with his holy look
and pure vegetarian diet. And I met you, you jewel of a monkey, even though I came to birth as a beggar bird. It must be through penances I pursued in past lives that I have the honour of your love. I sing out of desire for you. O Noble One! Listen! and accept me.” I must have had some special power, as I understood what that magic kuyil said in the language of the monkey. And that revolting bird sang, a taste of fire in her voice, seething with desire, and of ambrosia:

The Song of the Kuyil

Love, love, love, if love leave, when love goes: death, death, death.

e tc., etc.

They say wild animals, the babe in hand, and even snakes are charmed by the sweetness of song: and that dried-up old monkey lost his mind - as though
he were drunk crazy.
he hopped and skipped,
beat out rhythms; he hollered:
“Oh, my soul is melting!
Oooh, aah, eeeh, hee!”
blinked his eyes,
and scratched up dirt
with both his hands, and both feet,
and threw it everywhere.
“You luscious kuyil!
Precious gem! My goddess!
I’m in love.
You said you wanted
death in a minute
if you could not have love.
But me! You have me dying
through love! I can never
leave you now. And now
I’m going to kiss you
in bliss!”
The monkey said all sorts of things
like that, and it hurt
my soul. I wanted to kill him.
I threw my dagger
at that monkey!
Was I dreaming? or was
it real? or was it
a divine monkey?
My sword missed
that little monkey;
he jumped, his face
was furious, and he hid.
And the incomparable
magic kuyil, too.
disappeared. And then the birds
started up again, group
after group, and I stood there,
a fool, and I did not know
what to do. I was dismayed
and frustrated, and I looked everywhere
she might have gone. But I could not find
that devil kuyil.
6. Darkness and Light

In the middle of the sky, sending out his silent light, the sun was doing his service in splendour and in strength.

And i was tired all through my body, my eyes blurred, and I knew no way out. So again I went home. I fainted when I got home.

It was evening when I came to, and my friends were there, standing all around me.

“Why did you faint? Where did you faint? What did you do? We heard that you went off alone to the woods this morning before dawn, before your bath: what’s going on? What’s this going without food all about?…”

They cracked question after question, but i didn’t know what
to say to whom.
So I said, “I can’t seem
to say much right now.
Come back tomorrow,
and I’ll tell you everything
that happened. But
Just leave me alone
for now.” And they all
left.
My injured mother brought me
milk and cake; I
devoured them,
and plummeted
into total sleep.
Even now as I sing
what happened back then,
a pressing pain grows
in my heart. Words run,
fail, and splinter;
and events clutter into
my brain. I am not one
who knows how to stop
a ruinous story in the middle,
and send my intellect off
at a tangent, to
demonstrate a detail
with subtle proofs and
intuition; I am not
of the learned ones
who can make a story
flourish and grow,
My mind is bashful;
it trembles even to tell
my story.
So I shall sing instead
in imagination
on the beauty
of the morning sun;

Melting gold, it lessened
the fire, and made honey -
did it not spread everywhere
a bliss? People sing
and praise the wonder of light
plundering the expanse of sky
and turning into sun-fire
all over; but do they find
a smile?
Is it not a bliss
that, while eyesight
is sweet, the eye of eyes,
the light which measures
the heavens, is higher still?
The Great Ones who mediate silently
on the Root of all Being
say it is a swelling light;
how can anything on earth
compare to that Good Light?

I woke up the next morning
and opened my eyes;
I worshipped
the astonishing Light
that makes grassblades laugh,
that turns a flower
into a surprise,
that cleans the earth,
that gives water its width,
that clears out the sky. 
Soon sounds of living rose up
on all four sides, and
I saw the moving world
in a blaze of joy.

Now I will tell you the rest
of my painful story.
Listen...
7. The Kuyil and the Bull

I got out of bed, and again my legs pulled me to the mango grove. And again I looked everywhere. (I no longer had my own good sense.)
I saw none of the clusters of beautiful birds.
But then I saw her, the blue kuyil, in a corner of the grove.
She was telling her long story to a decrepit old bull.
The bull stood below her and listened, all rapt attention and desire.
I got mad.
I got upset.
I got a fire in my heart.
I was furious; I roared;
my body burned;
I imagined myself throwing my dagger
again to kill.
But I hid
and stood as before:
it would be most fitting
to kill
after I had heard
what words
this cheating bird
would say.
And the kuyil told it
all over again, the
old lust story,
with a voice like gold
and words like new:
“Oh Nandi! Oh, you are
a magnet to the
iron mind of a woman,
Oh, Kama! Oh God
in the shape of a bull!
Is there anything on earth
as beautiful as a bull?
Even humans praise
their strong men
by comparing them to
bulls.
And you have
the greatest
dignity
of all bulls!
Oh, Noble one!
Many times have I watched
Your great long face,
Your erect horns,
your gigantic, sacred body,
your extra hump,
your holy, valorous tail,
your bellowing “MAA”
like thunder in the sky,
and the precision of your flexing
tail and obliterating
any small bird who happens
to alight on your back;
and I have come
to a harsh passion.
I was born as a pebble-drop bird.
no big body, no physical strength,
no gallant carriage, no importance
at all.
What good is my low birth
in the mean family of kuyils -
kuyils who end up as food in
the stinking stomachs
of foolish men?
and I have to fight the wind
all night and day to feed
my own stupid stomach.
Is there a sinner
like me?
Everyone has heard of the lotus
in the mud, haven’t they?
or of the pearl
in a putrid oyster?
Can one foil desire blossoming
in the heart of one born low?
Does Kama admit the mountains
of birth or of caste? It’s no use
expanding, or going on talking.
May be it’s because of my poor sense,
or may be it’s because of past penance, but of all the males in the world, this slave-girl chose you. Listen: after you, a god! help those devils of men raise rice for their stomachs, and after you carry their hunchbacks through their towns, rest your body: poor little me will come and I will sing the sweetest songs in your honey-ear. And I will rejoice when I am rapped by your tail! I will shout along with you. “MAA”! I will kill ticks so they won’t squirm on your back. And when you are done grazing in all the fields and woods, and you’re chewing your cud, I’ll tell you lots of stories. Yound bull! The greatest warrior in the field! I take refuge at your feet. Please watch over me, a woman. I am withering.
struck by love. 
I know it’s unusual
for the woman to declare
her love first... but, when
I have in me so uncommon
a love, how could I reach you
without telling you
myself?

There is a certain modesty
among equals; but
is a poor man modest
before the high ones
on this earth?
shall my heart feel shy
to declare its love
far its Lord? Won’t slaves disclose
their wants to their masters?
Desire knows
no shame?”

Thus spoke
that cheating woman
kuyil, and she heaved
a great sigh.
Then she sang
as before:
she sang out
her false song,
the one that had
ruined me,
and all the Eight
Directions felt
the swoon of bliss:
The Song of the Kuyil

Love, love, love,
if love leave,
when love goes;
death, death, death.
Etc., etc.

Until the song stopped
I knew no earth,
I knew no sky.
I knew no grove of great trees,
I did not know myself; and
like myself, I did not know
the bull:
I knew only the golden voice
and a glowing bliss.
O God of Creation!
O Four-Faced Lord!
You it was, they say,
who created the Earth
way back then.
You made the waters
and you made the land;
you cooled the waters
in the ancient fires;
you blew the wind,
and brought out the sky,
the space difficult to see!
Who understands the fineness
of your work?
You drive worlds forever
like a million
juggling - balls, and
our hearts cannot comprehend
it all, not at all.
O sly Brahma you have
Forced the powers in such a way
That they stand hidden,
You created
time; and you made
the untranscendable Directions,
and all the infinite chains
of birth, appearing,
and disappearing
in all the worlds.
You fashioned all
our lives,
O Four-Faced One!
Look at all this,
this conjurer’s feat!
Who is there alive
on Earth, able to
explain it all?
Yet
Of all your wonders
the most wonderful of all
is your creation of
the nectar of
music.
The woods, the great sky,
the ocean and all
are wonderful,
yet still
there is no wonder on earth
like a song.
Harmonizing the five elements
into a new creation
is a marvel;  
but can it approach the bliss  
of harmonizing sounds?  
When I consider  
the millions of marvels  
that bring forth desires,  
the joy of music  
yields no simile.  
But then the magic  
ended, that magic  
of the divinely sweet song  
the worthless bird had sung.  
and I came to.  
I grabbed my dagger  
and threw it  
at the bull.  
But he lumbered away just  
before it could sink  
into his body. And  
the beautiful kuyil  
disappeared.  
And as before,  
all the other birds  
came back  
and sounded off  
on the branches.  
And I, shameless  
and in love,  
searched the sky  
for the little kuyil.  
And then I went home.  
I pondered,  
and I pondered, and  
nothing made sense;
A wild kuyil telling me her love-story, with tear-drops in her eyes, and dissolving my heart; my falling in love with a bird!
And those stupid little birds breaking up her story of joy! Her causing the fire of love to eat out my heart, my heart, that nothing can touch! Her confusing me; the smouldering cruelty of the mad monkey and the barnyard bull becoming my utter enemies. And still I pondered, I pondered this immense cruelty, this cruelty caught in insanity; and my desire did not end. Nothing made sense. My eyes closed, and I sank into deep sleep.
8. The Fourth Day

The fourth day. The day appointed for my return by that kuyil who had trickled me, who bewitched me with her extraordinary love. The fraud! I sat on the roof-terrace and lost my sense of truth. I was confused. I didn’t know anything. I thought over, again, all the shame that canting had caused me. While I sat there, my eyes, wandered again toward the grove and I saw a black bird, there in the sky. It was too far away to show up clearly, and I wondered, “Is this our cheating kuyil?” My struggling mind was not prepared to let it get away:
so growing ever more confused.
I came down off the roof and stood in the street. The form was a black dot in the ocean of light to the west, and I hurried after it.
I determined to know for sure whether or not that really was our immodest kuyil; so I hurried.
And so did the bird.
When I stood still, it stopped, and when I started, it started.
But I never came close enough for its body to show up well.
I walked on the ground with that dot in the sky alone guiding my way.
Finally we came to the mango grove, and that loose bird disappeared into it.
And stupid me! I went into the grove.
There, on a tree branch washed by waves of flooding sunlight,
there was the little black kuyil, sitting nicely. 
With the fresh sound of a golden flute, she sang the old song of the old false love, and I cringed. 
I went up to her and said, “You disgusting kuyil! You ignorant lie! So you have brought me here to listen to you, while you dream of your lusty monkey, and your bull, and sing your revolting sonf of flesh.” 
I thought of killing her. But again I stayed, in mercy. 
The lying bird steeled her heart, and false tears suddenly sprang into her eyes. And that sinner said, like refined music, she said in her sweet voice, “Lord! Desire of my soul! Is it your holy wish for me to live on here on earth? Or do you wish to kill me? Tell me in one word! When her mate leaves,
the little anril - bird dies.
When the sun scorches it,
can a water-lily live?
If a mother turn killer,
would ner son have any refuge?
If the gods turn angry,
what would become
of our little lives?
My desire!
My king!
My noble lord!
If you are angry
with me
in your heart,
I will
die. I will fall
into fire. I will
fall into the mouth
of a wild animal.
I know you have
found fault
with me.
I find no fault
with you.
And I
am faultless.
you will say
I softened up
and played love
when I saw
that foul monkey
and that pack-beastull. What
can I say?
How can I explain?
O my lord! What will
I do? There is no way
to refute your word.
And yet there is no fault
in me; but who
will believe this?
I put the whole burden
on you, O Fate!
I am ready;
whether you make
my lord love me
and respect me, or
whether he won’t believe me,
thinks me foul, ignores me,
leaves me, and I fall
into fire, and die,
I am ready. What,
Harsh Fate, shall I do?”
9. The Kuyil’s Story of her Previous Birth

“My lord! O, my rare treasure! my soul! Before you leave me, graciously hear me once more: One day long ago I sat on a branch in a mango grove near the great Mount Potiyil; I was musing over something or other, when a holy man appeared. I was sure he was a great personage, so I felt at his feet and did obeisance. The Master liked me, and he blessed me, ‘O holy sir,’ I said, I was born on earth into a low caste of birds, But why do I understand everyone’s language? Why am I so different from ordinary kuyils? Why do I have emotions liken a human? Explain this to me, please, so that I may understand.’ and I bowed
and listened.
The Master said,
‘Kuyil, listen...
In an earlier life
you were born and grew up
on a mountain
in the south
of the prosperous Cera Kingdom,
You were the daughter
of a hunter named
Vira Murukan,
the chief
of a strong hunting clan.
As you grew, so did
your fame, for there was no one of your beauty
in all three Tamil kingdoms.
One of the most prosperous hunters,
and a cousin to you,
saw you
and melted, feed
for Kama’s arrows.
His name was
Matan.
For months he wished he could marry you.
He came to you
everyday, and he
gave you gold,
flowers, and fresh honey.
You were all
his thoughts,
and his heart
sorrowed, o honey-words!
You promised to
place the garland
around his neck; not
in passion, but
because you could not bear
his great sorrow.
Now, in the meantime, as
the great reputation
of your beauty
spread over all
the lands, it reached
the hunter-king
Mottai - Puliyan
on the slopes
of Honey Mountain.
He was rich and
of great valour, with deeds
to make all lands fear
and tremble; and he wanted
a good wife for his eldest
son, Nettai - Kurankan.
He settled on marrying
him to you, and approached
your father: ‘I have in mind
the marriage of your daughter
to my son,’ he said.
Your father’s joy
was inconceivable,
and he agreed right there.

He promised to perform
a beautiful wedding
in twelve days.
Now when Matan heard
that in twelve days
a stranger
from Honey Mountain would take you away, his heart burned. He came to you the next day, and said all kinds of things in his anger. You answered him, in deep compassion, ‘Bring an end, Matan to your burning anger. Even though I happen to become Nettai - Kurankan’s wife through this cruelty, and though I go to live with him, in his care, as is our custom, in about three months I will do something to cause a difference to arise between him and me, and I will come home. I will give them back his tali, and in six months I will take you as my lord. Would my word to you prove false? Believe me, Matan!’ Not for love; you said this, out of compassion. In that previous birth,
when you were the hunter’s daughter, the Queen of Women, they called you “Little Kuyil.”

A few days later, Little Girl Kuyili, you were playing with your girl friends one evening like little lightning streaks. And while you were having fun there in the middle of the forest, who should appear but the wonderful son of the victorious Cera King. He had left his party, and was chasing a deer alone. He saw you and your girl friends. His passion soared out of bounds, and he wanted you for himself. And you, woman, when you saw the prince, you felt desire.
You faced him.
He looked at you; you stood looking at him.
In that look you mixed your souls.
Your girl friends saw the prince’s royal robbers, and disappeared; they were afraid since he was the son of the king of the sea-bounded earth.
He said to you, ‘I am the son of the King of Vanci.’
He sang.
‘O chaste hunter’s daughter, Your beauty is amazing! Today I have found the fruit of my birth as a young man. As soon as I saw you, I loved you.’
You controlled the immense love in your heart, and you said, ‘Sire, it is said that in your palace there are
It is said that there are none to compare with them in beauty.
It is said that they are educated.
It is said that their singing will melt a stone.
It is said that they are well-versed in many types of dance.
You must live in love with them.
I don't wish for royalty.
I am a mountain hunter's daughter, will the mighty lion, able to kill, marry a ditch-rabbit?
Will the glorious emperor, able to conquer kingdoms, marry a hunters’ girl?
We will live as faithful wives, but even if the emperor of the earth desired, we do not go as wives of price.
I pray of your golden feet,
please leave.
My girl friends have all left me and gone! What shall I do?'
You said.
Your heart was afraid.
But the king’s son knew your growing love
by the sign in your eyes.
He came to your side, and pecked a kiss
that made your cheek turn red. You showed anger and moved away.
But what are manners to lovers? He jumped and came over to you, and what he said
was heart-rending:
‘Is there another girl on this earth besides you? O, my body!
Gold! Shinning jewel!
New nectar! Pleasure!
You are my only wife! You are my only queen! You are my only help-mate.
You are my only family goddess! Will I ever think of any other woman? How can you doubt me? We
will go right now
to your house, and
I will speak my heart
to those of your house,
I will explain my state.
I will marry you
in the vedic way,
O queen of women!’
He tapped his right hand
and made it a vow.
You bubbled.
Your hair stood
on end. Like a
great ocean wave,
you lost your modesty
in the joy that
came to you then.
You felt as though you had slipped
into sleep, as though you passed
into a blissful dream.
You loved the prince’s strong shoulders,
and you made up your mind
to taste the honey
of his lips. And
the emperor’s son drew
to you, like a bee
to honey, like iron
to a magnet. He desired
you. But while he was drinking
your flower-petal lips;
‘In broad daylight!
Look at this act
of the daughter
of sin!’
Nettai – Kurankan appeared.
He stammered,  
‘Our engagement was final,  
and she has turned it into dirt! She has destroyed my honour!  
Look at this exposure of the beggar-girl, she who is engaged!’
Fire rose in his heart.  
In two parts of leaps, a body running sweat, eyes running fire,  
Matan came, too, and stood still:  
someone had told him that Kurankan,  
the bridegroom, had come to the village, and gone to the woods to listen to Kuyili sing and play.  
But Matan did not see the son of the hunter king from Honey Mountains.  
He did not see Nettai-Kurankan standing there like a tall tree.  
These two men saw only the one act of the woman Kuyili enjoying a foreigner.  
They knew nothing else.  
Matan saw that alone, and the other man
saw so, too.
The son of the emperor
and that virgin girl
in true bliss
did not open one eye.
Closed, and enjoying
the nectar - joy
of soul-mixture,
there were four eyes;
and, set a fire
from seeing those eyes,
four more eyes.
lost their
senses.
Matan ran out,
drew his sword
to kill
the royal man;
Nettai-Kurankan, too,
brandished his sword.
See!
Two cuts fell
Upon the prince’s back.
Instantly the kingly man
turned, drew his sword,
and in two puffs
he downed them there.
The fallen men lost
their speech
and lay there -
corpses.
And then the prince
groaned and fell.
And then you,
in great sorrow,  
you lifted him up  
on your lap.  
Your mouth lamented;  
your eyes rained;  
your heart was wasted;  
but your protector  
opened his eyes  
and said,  
‘O girl!  
I will not live  
any longer.  
In a few moments  
I will relinquish  
my soul.  
There is no use in  
crying.  
There is no pain in  
dying.  
Woman!  
We will both  
appear again  
on earth!  
O, gold!  
When I see you,  
I will love you!  
I will live in  
happiness  
with you.  
There will be  
another  
birth.  
O queen  
of women!
I am happy.
I will live with you. I will be born again.'
He closed his eyes.
A smile of joy stayed on his face.
The dead man's face shone.

You have become a bird now, through a spell
Matan cast upon you. But your prince
is a young man in rich Tondai Nadu,
in a town near the shore of the Deep.
He will find you in a grove, and hear
the good song you sing when you feel tender.

Through the bonds of old deeds
he will love you again,
little kuyil!
Thus spoke the great saint
of Southern Potiyil
I spoke:
‘Swami, I am
a kuyil, and
the prince
is a human
who does great
things. Even if
love joined us,
we could us,
we could never
marry.
The words spoken
by the garlanded
prince, when he lay
dying, won’t prove
false,
will they?’
I asked.
The sage said,
‘Little girl,
in this life as well
you were born the daughter
of a mountain hunter
on the slopes
of the Vindhyas.
But both Matan and Kurankan
were born ghosts of the forest.
They found you
and knew you would
marry the prince
in this life,
as of old;
and they changed you
into a kuyil.
They follow you now
wherever you go
didn’t you know?’
I spun.
‘O Fate!’ I cried.
‘Is it fair for those
who have died, to torment
those who are alive?
If those devils can make
me, a simple girl,
forget my own birth,
what will they do
when I see my lover?
O my lord! Can’t this
be changed?’
And the great saint,
he who has certainty,
replied.
‘Female kuyil,
in a grove
in the rich Tondai Land
the emperor’s son will see
you. His reason
will melt in your song,
and he will fall
in love with you.
Now the two
devils will work
much magic, black magic, and
they will design a myriad
of false appearances.
They will make
your brave prince
doubt you, and
he will even think you
a cheat.
His mind will cloud
over; he’ll be
horribly angry
with you, and he’ll
decide to leave you.
And you will see then
what will happen next.
Now, it is time for
my evening rituals.’
Thus spoke the saint,
and he was gone
into the wind.
O, my lover!
I have not changed
this for the retelling.
I have told you all
that great saint said
as it was.
Oh, oh, oh!
How will you take it
in your holy heart?
I do not know,
O Noble One!
In love grant
me your grace;
or if you have
no love, then
grace me with death;
kills me by your
hand!
And she fell
into my hand.
with those words.
See? How could my
mind to kill her
prevail? Won’t devils,
even, pity
a woman?
Or if devils with no pity
work sorcery,
wouldn’t any human
have pity?
Does doubt last
long, when mixed
with love?
When a woman declares
her love, is there
anyone here
whose heart wouldn’t
melt?
With love, then,
I took that rare kuyil
in my hand.
I held it in front
of me and looked
at it, and I
kissed it,
drunk with a joy
that was catching
on fire.
Suddenly! No longer
did I see
a Kuyil!
Amazing!
Amazing. You could not
describe it!
The Nectar
of the Ocean of Desire!
A miracle!
Womanliness itself
became a goddess!
A woman stood there!
In joy
she looked straight
at me
for a split
second.
She bowed
her head a little
Oh Lord!
How can
I sing
her beauty
in Tamil?
Am I the one
to describe how
her two eyes
swallow
a man?
Will all the poems
floating in her eyes
be caught
in words?
Will I ever be able
to forget the moonlight
which spread
on her pure shining
white teeth
in her lips
like open fruit?
Could anyone else
describe the goodness
of her body, her modest
posture, her build,
and her dress;
this entreat ing jewel,
this woman, this
queen, this
girl,
sweeter
than honey?
Yet this will I say,
for the learned:
to the juice squeezed
from the fruit of poetry,
he added all the distillations
of music and of
the dance; he mixed in
the sweetest nectar
and warmed it in the sunshine
of love; and thus did Brahma create
the body of this woman.
I looked at her.
I drew to her.
and I hugged
her. I kissed her.
I kissed her fragrant
wine lips.
I was drunk
with passion,
and the jewel -
girl beside me,
the grove and all
disappeared, and I
fainted.
I came to, later. 
In my sight, 
when I opened 
my eyes, were 
my old schoolbooks, 
my stylus, my pile 
of old magazines, 
the lines on my old 
straw mat. They all 
told me I was back 
in the house 
at home. 
And then I knew 
that the grove, the 
kuyil, the love, the story 
I have told and all that- 
it was all an invention 
of my imagination 
in the beauty 
of an evening. 

O wise professors: 
though this be fantasy, 
might there be a little room 
to expound it, philosophically? 
Tell us its 
meaning!

-David Buck
13.45. Kannan Pattu

1. Krishna - My Friend

Love-lorn I sought his help 'telope
With Subhadra golden-hued;
At once he cheered me up with hope
O'the wedding which ensued.

When up against that archer rare,-
Karna of matchless worth, -
He helped me out of my weak despair
To fell him to the earth.

Through all our wand'rings in the forest wide
He freed our minds from fear;
In the thick of the fight as my charioteer and guide,
He was without a peer.

When caught in the grip of sickness or pain,
He offers a certain cure;
But when distraught by worries vain,
His words are a tonic pure.

When empty pride my heart elates,
He humbles it to the dust;
The hypocrite he wholly hates,
And shuns him in disgust.

Where th'unclean heart like a stagnant pool
Is mantled o'er with green,
His grace like a flood of waters cool
Flushes it wholly clean.
When the mood is on, like a child he plays
With unself-conscious glee;
Perchance if maidens on him gaze,
He holds their hearts in fee.  

Who can hope t’exhaust the list
Of his graces versatile, -
As singer, painter, strategist,
Unique in theme and style,  

He dwells in the hearts of Yogic seers,
The Vedas Him proclaim:
His Gita dispelled all my fears -
I’ll glorify His name.  

-P. Mahadevan
பருதி பருதி

-1917

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2. Kannan - My Chela

Me he is and also other than me
Which is not me; yet is he of me and them;
And, from me and these is he different;
He’s something mystic and mysterious,
The illusive Kannan. As though he were 5

To me in intellect inferior
And so with my aid, effort, company
And words of instruction, he would achieve
Greatness, the thievish Kannan, my chela
Became; did he think that my poetry, 10

Intellect and logic were with glory
Full-fraught? O God! the witless fool that I am
To all into his trap! O all the woes
I underwent, do form and epic great!
‘Conquest of self’ I have not made alas!

But ‘Conquest of world’ I would long for;
Burnt have I not the desires of senses five,
But to stabilish all in Sivam would I
Try, ridding them of their selves’ pettiness;
Inner clarity I lack and also

Am without happiness that tires not.
But sure would I dare quell the misery
Of men and keep them all in pleasance firm.
For this presumptuousness, O alas
He had meant sure, to punish me condign!
So it was that he came voluntary
And praised me and did extol my muse great;
In ways various he fanned my self-love
To a munching hag though empty-mouthed
This in sooth was a bushel of beaten rice.

Him to uplift was my life’s sole mission.
“Thou shalt not do these; thou shalt not with these
Mix; these thou shalt not speak; these thou shalt not
Covet; thou shalt not read these; these thou shalt
Learn; thou shalt not these cultivate; these thou shalt

Desire.” With such righteous do’s and don’ts, him
Did I ply constantly without respite.
Like the unruly housewife of the table
Acting contrary to her husband’s word,
He too acted in utter defiance

Of my instructions. The honour by men
Of world accorded, the life of renown
And glory great are by me held sacred,
Though I do own I am illiberal.
Besides his novel ways of doing things

I forbid, he with gusto took to acts
That are deemed odious by men on earth.
Obloquy and infamy he did heap
On himself everywhere; this witnessing
I grieved; day by day he in his bad ways
The more revelled; women old and elders
Of the town deeming him a bedlamite
Fleered at him though with pity not unmixed.
My heart’s sorrowing was beyond all words.
When the world at large called him a mad fool

Who was to have been into a Mukta
Wrought by me, my heart was pierced, to the quick,
I dinned into Kannan righteous sastras.
‘Though he may not into an angel turn
He must not from the state of man fall down;

Him should I save.’ Thus did I firm resolve.
So it was like fire I raged; words of wrath
At him I hurled; cajoled him with sweet smiles;
Fell foul on him; sneered at him; provoked him.
Aye, a myriad ways I tried on him,

Him to win to my way, oh... all in vain.
Kannan was mad and wild like a savage;
No work could ever claim his attention;
No aim or purpose could interest him.
Like a monkey, a bear fierce, a ghost

That haunts the cleft of a tree, or a something
Unknowable, he behaved, - hard to tell.
Wherefore were my ego and pride wounded
In a thousand ways.
In wrath did I rage;
To my house one day, I took him alone
And said: “Son! affection for me you have
And love unbounded; on this relying
I bid you do just as I direct you.
Acts of men are linked to what they are attached;
If with men devoted to the study
Of sastras great, mastery of logic,
Love immense for poetry coupled with
A longing for philosophical truth
Company is kept at all times, except
The few hours spent in earning, it will spell
Good to me; I know not any who will
With me remain constant but you, my son
Intelligent! So in my interest
As my succourer I do beseech you
To be with me for a few days; turn down
Not this request, steep me not in sorrow;
Say ‘Yes’ to what I said.” Behold “Amen”
Said Kannan.
But then he said: “How could I
With you remain idle? Me if you can
In some work employ, with you will I be.”
I did his ability and nature
Consider and then said: “You will do well
To copy afresh my poems daily.”

“Very well” said he and there did remain
For a few moments; then said he; “I am
Going.” In anger I took out a script
Of an old story and gave it to him
Saying: “Copy this now and let it be
Calligographic.” As if obedient
He was there for a moment and then said
“I am going.”
With rage was I afire.
“Sirrah! Are you to the winds your words’ throwing?
I cannot blame the people that deem you
demented.’’ Thus I, and to this he said:
“I’ll be here tomorrow to do this work.”
“Are you or are you not doing this work
Here and now? Say it in a word” I roared.

“No” said Kannan ere one could even wink.
My wrath of fire began to rage like a flood;
My eyes grew ruddy and my lips trembled;
I was all fury. “Fie on you, you ghou!
Stand not before me even for a second!”
Never more should you in all your life come
To me; get you gone; go, go, out you go!”
I thundered thus. Up rose Kannan and walked
Away; my eyes were with tears suffused.
“O son! You are going; may you flourish!
May the immortal gods guard you!
To make You righteous and great a good many things
I devised; I but failed; O my darling
Of what avail is knowledge of strategems?
You will not come back; you are going away,
May you live long!” Thus I bemused, freed from
Sorrowing; gone was Kannan; but behold
He was back in a moment, with a quill
In hand, fetched from where I know not. He did
Beautifully write out the portion marked
By me and said: “Sir! I will sure abide
By you totally and do many tasks
I’ll no longer be the cause of your worry.”
These and words as these - as goodly - he spake;
As he spake he smiled and lo, he vanished.
Kannan who did from my presence vanish
Was at once found in my bosom enthroned
Whence intuiting me he spoke: “O my son!
It is not in your power to create
Or change or destroy aught; when you did say:
‘Lo, I lost’, you did in truth, aye, triumph.
Do whatever work your heart is after
But without attachment or anguish great.
May you flourish!” Thus did Kannan bless me.
May be flourish for ever and ever!

-T.N.Ramachandran
3. Kannan - My Sad-Guru

A good many Sastras I sought after
But lo! they are with endless doubts replete;
Will ever truth lie hid in the false basket
Of fools who about gotras old blabber?
My heart ached for knowledge true of Maya
Universal; this I should sure come by,
Aye come by; such was my longing great
Whilst a thousand cares daily besieged me.

My quest pursuing I roamed many days
The whole country and came to the sacred banks
Of the Jumna where I beheld a man
Ripe with age walking with the aid of a stick.
Bright was his face; his eyes where an abode
Of clarity; his hair was all matted.
And milk-white was his beard; unto him
Obeisance I paid and conversed for long.

My longing did he sense and was well-pleased,
He said: "O my young brother, the person
That your heart yearns after is to..."
To great Mathura did I soon repair
And called on Kannan, and him hailed full-well;
To him I revealed my name, town and aim
And humbly I sought his benediction.

In beauty he was a Manmath; he kept
Company with friends who were lads bull-like.
His mind was for ever pre-occupied
With the thought of ruling this madding world.

And with singing, dancing and junketing.
This seeing, overcome was I by a thought
To slay the pseudo-saint I late had met.
“A petty ruler of a small country!
This kannan is for ever in worries
Deep immersed; how can he, such as he is,
Ever come to know of aught of truth that is
Unknown aye, even to tapaswis great?”

Thus did I muse in sooth; then did Kannan
Take me to a place of strict secrecy
And said: “O my son, Gnothi Seauton;
Listen; I am expounding divine wisdom;
With your heart cleansed of sorrows, with chinta
Unwavering in joy planted, conquer
Self; but consciousness of conquest should not
Linger; then wisdom scales heaven itself.
"Its lustre is Chandra’s; sempiternal
Is it which is Truth everlasting; when you
This invoke, lo, down will it descend sure
And hold you in its embrace and grant grace;
It is by this mantra mighty, all these worlds
Are, and act as a grand play of Maya.
Fie on that sastra - the utterly false,
Which for ever tries this to falsify.

The one original Being is the ocean
And lives are but its bubbles; that Lustre
Of Wisdom is the sun; the rays emitted
Are indeed lives; the rest of things whatever,
Be it known, are but the colours that do
From that being emanate; they that know
This Law of Hues are with bliss, aye, blessed;
‘T is they who in work righteous engage themselves.

“They that in their Chittha do Siva seek
Are here very happy and rule the world;
Like the elephant majestic they walk
The earth in godly strides of blissful pride;
Daily happenings all, they know to be
The outcome of our Father’s grace of yore;
Everything is with pleasance, well-being and bliss
Tinct; so they are by worries never touched."
“It is lustre that their wisdom informs, 
It is the shrewdness that their intellect informs, 
Never do they from righteousness deviate, 
In worldly work they are ever engaged, 
They take to art, master economics, 
They relieve their worries and those of others, 
They joy in the bewitching presence of women Whose eyes do burgeon sweet with bubbling joy

And also are they ever devoted to wealth, 
Dance and song, painting, poetry and arts 
Such as these; they thus live a goodly life; 
The meanness of men they cannot endure. 
All their longings in a short little time 
Are for them well-fulfilled; these may, I say 
Choose the bushes of a jungle to dwell in; 
Behold, that very jungle is God’s Eden.

“I have the nature of men of wisdom 
Explained; may you that wisdom soon attain.”

When thus mellifluously did Kannan 
Speak, I was with knowledge of truth possessed. 
My base old human dreams did vanish all; 
I did not know how this happened at all; 
I behold the pure flame of highest wisdom Whose play it is, this Universe of ours.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>4. Sri Krishna, the Little Daughter</th>
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<tr>
<td>My little, flitting bird;</td>
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<td>My soul’s dear treasure;</td>
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<td>Thou dost uplift my life</td>
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<td>To pride from misery.</td>
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<td>Sweet infant dew of love!</td>
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<td>Honey, that tripping comes</td>
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<td>That I may thee enfold!</td>
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<td>My soul leaps in delight</td>
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<td>To see thee speed to me;</td>
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<td>And flies out to embrace</td>
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<td>Thee frisking merrily.</td>
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<td>A kiss upon thy brow</td>
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<td>With pride doth make me swell;</td>
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<tr>
<td>With thrills I listen, when</td>
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<td>Of thee my neighbours tell.</td>
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</tbody>
</table>

(Sri Krishna, the Little Daughter)
Thy cheek against my lips,  
Is to my heart like wine.  
Sweet frenzy ‘tis to hold  
Thee close, O darling mine,  

A flush upon thy face  
On me doth sorrow cast;  
Thy knitted brow doth make  
My pained heart flutter fast.  

A tear thou lettest fall  
Is blood spilt from my heart;  
Dear apple of mine eye,  
My precious life that art!  

With infant lisping sweet  
Thou conquerest my woes;  
Thy pearly smile doth being  
My angered heart repose.  

What wondrous lore of books  
Is pleasant like to thee?  
Thy love, is such love known  
To any Deity?  

What gem like thee is fair  
To wear upon my breast?  
What wealth, but thou, could bless  
My life with love and rest?  

-Hephzibah Jesudasan
5. **Kannan My Playful Boy**

A persistent playboy is Kannan
To the girls in his street a perpetual nuisance.

Fruits he will give me to eat,
Then snatch them to see my hopes foiled;
If I beg him, “My darling, my sweet.”
He will give them back, bitten and soiled!  

Honey-Sweet things he will place
Out of my reach to annoy;
He will call me his gazelle of grace,
And a sharp pinch will shorten my joy.  

With beautiful flowers he will tease,
Make me cry, tempt me no end,
“Close your eyes, you shall have these”;
I do and they pass to my friend!  

He will pull at my plait from behind,
I turn, he is out of my view;
Handful of dust most unkind
He has heaped on my sari brand new!
His magical flute he would play
And flood us with nectar divine;
Eyes closed, mouths open we would stay
And lap up that exquisite wine.  

On us thus absorbed six or seven
Thick black ants he would loose
Was there ever on earth or in heaven
A mischief to rival this ruse?

We must turn up for play as he bids;
Our work is as nothing to his game;
He will run, jump, dance with the kids,
Steal home and hold us to blame.

Mama’s darling is he, if you please,
Auntie Awful’s too, Papa’s ditto;
To those tormenting old folk this tease
Is a model most fair and fit, oh!

Expert in carrying tales,
He has no scruples, no fears;
His cunning, when he is caught, never fails,
And he sets us poor girls by our ears.

-P.S. Sundaram

-1917
6. Kannan My beloved
(The Search in a Forest)

Looking for you in a forest
O how tired and lost was I!

Goodly trees all around
Laden with wonderful fruits,
Bamboo enclosures arow,
Streams that make music like lutes.

Flowers that set hearts aflame,
Oceans of scattered leaves,
Wide and tempting pools,
And bushes with thorny sheaves.

Long-eyed and lovely gazelles,
Tigers rehearsing their roar,
Birds with their friendly lays
And pythons stretched on the floor.

Lions striding like kings
Elephants a - tremble to hear them,
Young does scattering in front,
And frogs that wouldn’t go near them.

Foor-sore and weary I stumbled,
My eyes through the gloom ceased to peer,
When suddenly stood there before me
A hunter with a spear and a leer!
“My girl, with your ravishing beauty
You have driven me carzy,” he said:
“Darling, the apple of my eye,
I must hug you and take you to bed.”

“How come you are tired and lost?
Good meat let us prepare and eat;
I will fetch you delicious fruits
And toddy divinely sweet.”

So spoke that grim-eyed hunter,
His stare put my poor soul a-stretch;
On the rack, with folded hand,
I said these words to that wretch;

“My brother, I fall at your feet;
With evil words don’t frighten me;
A woman, another man’s wife,
Is it right you should even see?”

“Have done, I want no preaching;
It is pleasure I seek of your body;
Your dalliance makes my head whirl,
My dear, like frothy old toddy.”

I heard those words and screaming
“Kannan” I swooned in my fear;
Not many moments since then
I awake and find you here.

O Kannan, where is that hunter?
Was it he that screamed, fell a-swoon?
My jewel, come to rescue me,
How bountiful is your boon!

-P.S.Sundaram
7. Kannamma! My Love
(Wonderment of Sight)

Kannamma! Kannamma!
Shining orbs are thine eyes -
Are they not sun and moon?
Black and round are thine eyes-
Are they not heavenly dark?
Silk-blue saree thou wearest
Woven with diamonds.
They indeed are the stars
Twinkling at the dead of night.

Kannamma! Kannamma!
Is not thy smile of beauty
The light and bloom of Eden?
The billows of ocean blue
Romp and dance in thy heart,
Koel’s voice is sweet indeed;
Whose it is, but thine own
Virgin sempiternal
Oned with thee will I be.

Kannamma! Kannamma!
Sastras all from thee pour;
Why do you cite Sastras?
Where is need for them? I say.
When wings of love waft aloft
Sastras are set at naught.
Before all elders great
Our wedding we will have.
Wait I can no longer
Feel my kiss on thy cheek!

-T.N.Ramachandran
Draupati’s Prayer to Lord Krishna

Duhshasana rose up and began
To disrobe the Mother in that Court;
“Alack-a-day, o ye gods!” cried Vidura
And fell on the floor in a terrible swoon.
Like one demented, as the ghoul
Busied himself in disrobing
She became one with the Inner Light;
Dead to the world, the Mother tuned into Oneness.

“Hari! Hari! Hari!” she exclaimed;
“I seek refuge in you” she cried.
“There in the past, bestowing grace on the Tusker
You smote in the lake, the crocodile
O God of dark hue! You once did dance
On the hood of monster Kalinga;
You are the Being infinite,
The essence of hoary Vedas ineffable.

“You wield the whirling disc, Kanna!
The Bow Sarang decks your hand!
You are the import of the Logos, Kanna!
You are the tender babe, the eater of sugared rice.
You’ll quell all sorrows, oh Kanna!
You wipe the tears from devotee-eyes!
You succour the worthy, oh Kanna!
You are the creator of the four-faced Creator!
"You are the Space of Space, the heat of Fire;  
The soul of Earth and Water; the force of Wind;  
You blaze forth radiant in the souls  
Of those immersed in Great Silence  
On the lotus soft in the sylvan pool  
She sits, there enthroned;  
She is Sri Devi; you hold in your hands  
Her feet twain in bliss unending.  

"You are the beginningliess Beginning, Kanna!  
You are the ethereal Being beyond buddhi!  
You are the inner ray of light, oh Father!  
Be pleased to hear me and grant grace!  
In the vast skiey expanse wings Garuda;  
You ride on him a blaze of light, Kanna! Oh being ineffable oh puissance peerless!  

"Does he in the pillar lurk? Sirrah,  
Show me your God in this obelisk!  
O fool of a rumour-monger vain!” So he roared  
And smote the pillar with his foot,  
He the copper-haired tyrant.  
You did rive that Hiranya’s frame,  
I adore you in faith absolute;  
Save me in grace from dire dishonour.
"You sway by your fiat of might
The Lord of Utterances!
The ruling disc your hand does wield,
O my sea of vast mercy!
Rays of grace from your eyes issue;
Save me from the wicked hundred;
O ethereal nectar inly surging,
Eater of butter in Gopi's homes.

"Protector of Earth, oh Kanna!
Oh gem-hued! Oh my lamp of mind!
Oh sire! I seek refuge in your flowery feet:
Hari, Hari, Hari, Hari, Hari!" she chanted.

Like the growing woes of base liars,
Like the endless renown of the righteous,
Like the limitless compassion of women,
Like the ceaseless waves of the sea;

Like the ever-increasing, wealth of them
That bless the domestic lamps, the women.
By the grace of Lord Kanna, even as the wretch
Continued to disrobe, robe after new robe
Grew and grew and grew on her,
They defied reckoning; many, oh many
Were their hues and poly-genitive.
Woven of gold and silk, many were they,
And many - new, for ever new,
From her frame divine did issue,
She raised her worshipping hands to her head.
Thus to the world was by her demonstrated
The greatness of Lord Hari’s name.
As the robe was un an unending continuum
Slave Duhshasana fell down undone, aye, utterly.

The Devas chantign “Om, Jaya Jaya
Bharata Sakti” rained flowers.
Up rose avidly the Arya Bhishma
And folded his hands in adoration.
The monarchs in court joining hands
Chanted: “Om Sakti! Sakti! Sakti!”
Down hung the head of him, the misruler,
The one whose flag is with serpent dight.

The Oath of Bhima

Rose Bhima and roared: “I swear
In the name of Devas, in the name
Of Parasakti, in the name of His holy feet,
The lotus-born proclaimer of Vedas,
In the name of the hallowed feet of Kanna,
The Lord of our race and Sri Devi,
In the name of the golden feet of Him
Whose eye gutted Kama with fire.
"This my terrible oath: "This Duryodhana, 
The base braggart every inch the reverse of man, 
This son of a dog that shamelessly barked 
At our Queen Draupati - the great flame 
Of pure chastity, to sit on his lap; 
I'll by my valour, in the arena of battle 
Before kings who are forsaker, by renown. 
Smite his thigh and slaughter him."

"There will I also tear limb by base limb 
This fellow, Duhshasana of pseudo-valour 
And drink his gushing blood like wine, 
O ye of the world, you’ll this witness! 
These aren’t words that I utter; 
They are from the unfetterable Deity 
And so, may Parasakti this fulfil.”

The Oath of Arjuna

Rose Partha and solemn swore; 
"I’ll butcher this base Karna in the battle; 
I swear this in the name of the hallowed feet 
Of glorious Kanna, our friend and God Vishnu; 
In the name of her darksome eyes - our Queen, 
And in the name of Gandiv - my bow. 
O world, you’ll sure behold at that hour 
Horrendous marvels of warfare.”
Devi Draupati spake: "Om! I declare
The fiat of Goddess Parasakti;
The red blood of sinner Duhshasana
Must flow to meet the blood gushing from
Blasted Duryodhana’s body; at their confluence
I’ll soak my tresses, then bathe clean
And with odoriferous oil scent my hair
And gather it all into a bun, and not before.” 16

Devas chaunted: “Om, Om Om.”
Heaven rumbled its ‘Amen’
The earth did quake; a blizzard
Smote the sky with a storm of dust.
The elements five then attested:
“It is Dharma who is the Lord of Earth.”
Our mission stands fulfilled.
May this world fourfold be in bliss immersed.17

-1912

-T.N.Ramachandran