HINDU ETHOS IN CAPSULES

Volume: TWO
(with Bonus pieces)
by

Prof. K. K. MOORTHY

...in this second volume, he reaches a pinnacle of his creative sweeps... His Poetic pourings make one shudder at his knowledge... gives extensive lyrical outbursts that would inspire any reader to make a real search to reach Ultimate Reality.. Here is a book to be read over and over again and avidly treasured up. Poems offer illumination that will pave ways to be Eternitied.

Dr. Krishna Srinivas,
Founder-President, World Poetry Society

...takes us through the whole gamut of our glorious past stressing the most significant deeds... works of this type are desirable and delectable.

Prof. M. V. Rama Sarma,
Formerly Vice-Chancellor, S.V. University

...writings have the lingering freshness of a mountain breeze... elevate us to the enchanting realm of spirituality... graceful, stimulating and scintillating pieces of perfect artistry.

V. Sreesan
Septhagiri, T.T.D.
TARRY A WHILE

I know, you know the meaning of the title—HINDU ETHOS IN CAPSULES; yet a doubt looking slyly at me hastens to give the meaning intended, at least in brevity for better rapport with the topics dealt with. Well, for the word Hindu, you need no explanation, it stands for the people living in India, in its broad sense. But it is applicable to those in particular, who profess Hinduism, or embrace it consciously and whole-heartedly. What then is Hinduism? It merits elucidation.

From the days of aliens stepping on the banks of Sindhu, many a fragrant fume, and a sizzling spark emanating from the brains of leading thinkers of both East and West is trying to define and fix its bounds. Perhaps, their plenitude, or inadequacy, due to colour glasses worn, has given rise to many contradictions of different kinds; for, some have attributed religion to it; others, caste, and a few, calling. Unfortunately, none of them represents its import in its entirety.

But, the one given by Sir S. Radhakrishnan, the Philosopher-President, being non-sectarian suffices the purpose. It runs-Hinduism is not a religion, or a dogma, but a comprehensive, co-operative, complementary, ever pulsating and self-revitalising way of life. It aptly and crisply brings out its essential quality—the all adorable altruism taking precedence over the ennobling egotism, based on its basic principles of action and renunciation, the two eyes of Hinduism. This is corroborated by the classic summing of Swami Vivekananda in two words—Pravritthi and nivritthi.

Supermen, who imbied its spirit expressed its manifestations in several ways in consonance with the spirit of times and the places they lived in and moved about. Some preached casteless classless oneness; a great majority, service to man-made low; others, regard to elders; countless, truthfulness and non-violence; a few, reverence to women; many, dedication to avocation, and almost all kindness to the dumb animals. Flowing down from several other such sources, these sacred waters joined the ocean—sarve samastha samanagalan i bhavanthu—auspicious welfare to all the created objects. Well, whoever preached; wherever preached; whenever preached; or whatever the medium used each stood on the bed-rock of Humanism and wove the flowers on the thread of devotion to making into a garland to adorn the Omnicompassionate God. These idealistic habitual actions of those adorable personages have become the core of Hinduism, and they go by the name of Hindu Ethos.

Now Proceed...
HINDU ETHOS IN CAPSULES

VOL: TWO

by

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Published with the Financial Assistance of T.T.D. Tirupathi
Under their Scheme
AID TO PUBLISH RELIGIOUS BOOKS

MESSAGE PUBLICATIONS, TIRUPATHI.
Copies can be had from
Prof. K. K. MOORTHY,
6-4-378, Gali Street,
Tirupathi - 517 507.

Title page art :
Sri. Chandra Sekhar, Saptagiri

Price : 15-00 Ordinary
20-00 Deluxe

M. Lord Srinivasa! Mathridayanivasa II
Accept this Pustakaprasuna O Saptagirivasa III!
For putting to rout my career's astavyasta,
With gift of poesy by thy potent Varadahasta.
K. K. Moorthy was born in a hamlet of Kolar District, Karnataka, bordering on Chittoor Dt., Andhra Pradesh ... had his Primary School education at Mulacalacheruvu, Chittoor Dt., ... studied in Madanapalli, Andhra Pradesh till graduation ... a product of Besant Theosophical School and College ... graduated from Madras University in 1952.

Entered Govt. Service in 1951 ... worked as clerk in Registration Department for a year and a half ... Joined as Graduate Asst. in Dt. Board High School in 1952 ... worked for three years at Puttur and Piler ... underwent B. Ed. training at Govt. Training College in Kurnool in 1955-56 ... joined as trained teacher at Kuppam ... obtained two Masterate Degrees in the sister disciplines of Literature—English and History from Banaras Hindu University in 1961 and 1965 ... worked as Special Asst for 4 years at Z. P. M. P. Higher Secondary School, Chittoor.

Left for Tamil Nadu College service in 1966 ... worked as Lecturer at G. T. N. Arts College, Dindigul from 1966 till retirement in 1984 ... did Research on Byron as part time Research Scholar ... submitted the thesis for Ph. D Degree to Madurai - Kamaraj University, Madurai ... worked as Prof & Head of the Department of English at Adhiparasakthi Engineering College, Melmaruvathur, Tamil Nadu ... worked in the Publication Department of T.T.D., Tirupathi.

Has been contributing articles, poems, essays, stories several periodicals both in English and Telugu under pen names ... authored about two dozen books in and Telugu ...
In the first volume of his "Hindu Ethos in Capsules", Prof. Moorthy had scaled a new high in philosophical writings.

But in this second volume, he reaches a pinnacle of his creative sweeps.

His poetic pourings make one shudder at his Knowledge. Each verse speaks volumes on godly devotion. God can be reached only by repeated chants, furied Love and fevered flight of feelings. Absolute and total surrender to His Will and each act dedicated to Lord — these alone ensure a mortal's Liberation from human bondage.

Prof. Moorthy gives extensive lyrical outbursts that would inspire any reader to make a real search to reach Ultimate Reality.

He brings in all the unexcelled Excellences of Concepts to bear testimony to his declarations.

Here is a book to be read over and over again and avidly treasured up. Even those who have read the eternal Deep, haunted by the Eternal Mind, many poems offer Illumination that will pave ways to be Eternityed.

(Sd.) Krishna Srinivas
Hindu Ethos in Capsules, Vol. Two, promises to be equally good as the first volume. It takes us through the whole gamut of our glorious past stressing the most significant deeds of our gods and goddesses, saints and savants, in establishing righteousness, peace and harmony in this corporeal world. Professor Moorthy obviously wants to communicate our profound moral truths in a simple guise. The attempt is laudable.

The Capsules recapitulate our myths and legends embodying our rich cultural, religious heritage. Written in a pleasant, readable style, the Capsules emphasize transcendence and spiritual enlightenment. In this modern age, works of this type are desirable and delectable

(Sd.) M. V. RAMA SARMA,
16—6—89

V. SREESAN, M.A., Dip. in Journalism,
Sub-Editor, Saptagiri
E. T. Devasthanams, Tirupathi.

In contrast to the present day literature which has surfeit of violence, sex and petty sentimentalism, Prof. K. K. Moorthy's writings have the lingering freshness of a mountain breeze, They elevate us to the enchanting realm of spirituality and inspire us to lead a life fully devoted to love and compassion. His books-Prose or verse implore us to emulate the lives of great saints and religious leaders and not to go astray in this world of declining values.

The present volume of "Hindu Ethos in Capsules" is a collection of poems on devotion, gurubhakti duty, justice and renunciation. As one goes through these poems, one finds a committed artist in Prof. Moorthy whose ultimate aim is to educate and enlighten the masses. These poes are in general graceful, stimulating, and scintillating pieces of perfect artistry. His maturity of vision, spiritual ardour and virtuosity are abundantly displayed in 'Hindu Ethos in Capsules'. I deem it a great pleasure to recommend this selection of poems from the facils pen of Prof. K. K. Moorthy to our English-knowing readers.

(Sd.) V SREESAN
31—7—89
PREFACE

The word MIRACLE works miracles of different kinds in persons, depending upon their mental make up. If uttered before a science-oriented mind, you hear instant bah bah, followed by a volley of pungent verbiage directed straight against you, but the same has a different reaction on a god intoxicated man. You see him, to your surprise, joining of hands, and closing of eyes simultaneously. All at once too. And lo! it culminates in his looking heavenwards and mumbling, "My Lord! infinite are thy sports and incomprehensible are their manifestations." To be true, his pronouncement is genuine and constant, whereas the scientific brain that overly rejects the superiority of anything other than test-tube—truth, covertly confesses the existence of the mysterious superior powers—the cause for every movement of a blade of grass even, which his computerised telescope or microscope could not gaze at. This establishes man's nothingness against Almighty's omnipotence. Hence the phenomenon of miracles goes on miraculously, and stays on permanently. Decide, who tops whom—religionist over scientist, or...

One such miracle touched the dark fringe of my life, and effected a sublime change in my otherwise dull, dreary 50 odd summer old existence. It occurred last year thus—just before submitting the type script of my Hindu Ethos in Capsules Vol. I. for financial aid, a well-meaning associate said, "What poetry! Religious themes at it. You'll come to grief". He cited the case of one, whose ardour for popularisation of culture ended in regrets. Yet, I did for keeping up the prior promise. Well, with Balaji's boundless grace, it was printed. A great miracle indeed! The response from scholar-critics and men with theistic leanings was overwhelming. Acknowledging its merit, one exuberant exultation ended, "Work more on such themes; they deserve attention". It exhilarated me, since it came from one whose zeal for furtherance of our glorious culture is monumental, humanist approach to the writers is singular, and above all his 'say' in granting AID is final. Always. Yet, I was in a fix; for, the sales proved discouraging. The promise by a distributor together with that counsel of my benefactor whetted my appetite for further composition. By MOTHER'S grace soon it reached a point, adequate for publication of second volume.

I sought again help, in all earnestness from the selfsame person. A greater miracle greeted. "I'll look to it" was the quick reply. On the following day, my enquiry met with a surprise of surprises. 'AID' was granted. I deemed this to be the greatest miracle! Inspite of the fact, I have to add
something more to the meagre aid, and profit too uncertainty, my religious fervour took to wing anon. Result: Release of Volunteer, adorning your hands now.

All but due to benevolent attitude taken by Sri. I.L.N. Sastry, who merits whole-hearted, soulful, sincere most gratitude; but for him neither my pen could have moved, nor this reached you. My obisance to him. I express my genuine thankfulness to the members of the Experts Committee, who ungrudgingly lent their voice for the approval of grant.

Now that the major part is over, I must recall the precious that went into the production of this slim volume. Credit, rather priority goes to Dr. Krishna Srinivas for his FOREWORD, which like magician's wand recreated a picture, all-enchanting that lures anyone and takes to the last word of the last page. Indeed, I was dumb founded at its literary magnificence and religious sublimity. Anything offered is equal to only a drop to that ocean of debt I owe to him. I bow now.

As this is only the continuation of my Vol. I, I express my gratitude again to all the renowned persons, who blessed me in the beginning. Yet, I record my whole hearted thanks to Prof. M. V. Rama Sarma, formerly Vice-Chancellor, the ace connoisseur for his refined opinion. Again! I thank him lavishly for his commendable sweetness of temper and keenness of critical acumen. And to my amiable, noble chum: Sri. S. Sreesan, M.A., Sub-Editor, Saptagiri, for breathing into my book, a wisp of animating inspiration with his meritorious opinion. I stretch my hand for a warm shake hand, which I am sure meets with mid-way with a flash of sweet smile on his lips.

I owe to Sri K. Subba Rao, M. A., Editor, Saptagiri, my whole hearted thanks to all—the timely help and cheerful guidance given from start to finish. And to his staff too. The second volume with better get up and neat execution is adorning your hands, it is due to our Mr. K. Kumar, B.Sc., Managing Director of S. P. Shanmugam Press (P) Ltd., Madras-1, whose sweetness of temper and largeness of heart made my venture successful and appreciable. I thank him and his brother and staff profusely now.

And I express my irredeemable indebtedness to MOTHER Adi Parasakt, whose abundant grace percolated through every letter of my composition to making it a readable piece. Finally, to Mathridayanivasa—the Lord of Seven Hills, for making my efforts reach the pious reading community with this Boonitous Financial Aid.

Awaiting your refined reaction, I remain

Yours ever,

(Sd.) K. K. MOORTHY.
PROLOGUE

Dear Reader,

Living as I did for about three decades and a half amidst the blooming buds and up-coming emotional floods, I found that they are bereft of adequate understanding of their own culture that taught the divinities many a lesson on Ethics once. A sad state! Sadder it is, in the case of ill-educated and west-crazed elite of our modern society; and horror greets us with regard to the pampered children of the affluent, deliberately resorting to hold up to ridicule those who practise or show preference to them. I don't mean all, by the way.

With a view to highlighting certain basic concepts embodying ennobling precepts, for the benefit of such pathetic lot, I brought out a book in prose under the title, MIGHTY ATOMS FOR TINY TOTS, and it was serialised in YUVA BHARATI for about a year, and later another, titled THE GREAT LITTLE ACTS was worked on, but only a few sections have seen the light of the day; Yet my inexhaustible urge sought new outlets; result: a third one in verse.

Though my forte lies in prose, I purposely preferred this for its manifold advantages over prose. As a first measure, it eliminates prolixity and instals brevity, a great advantage it claims, nay proclaims in tone loud. Episodes, concepts, or fables can be cut, or confined to one or two pages in print. Next, Verse has a charm; its rhythm—lilting movement feasts the ear and in certain cases enters into mind to linger there longer. Very few titles are devoted for their exclusive use. What then is its novelty? I, therefore, chose this medium to bring out to the attention of the juvenile reading community, certain 'gems purest ray serene' from our immortal sacred lore.

From among the golden leaves of Hindu scriptures, certain corpus enshrining a few adorable ethos are taken and placed under three distinct headings—EPISODES VERSIFIED, CONCEPTS VERSIFIED and TALES VERSIFIED. The difference existing amongst them is little and it seems they are ready to defy the bounds set; and so some overlapping is discernable here and there; yet some demarcation is found quite expedient. If some episodes resemble tales, or tales embody concepts better gulp down the contents than bringing them under microscope; for, I feel

* As this volume is a component of that great whole—Hindu Ethos— I retain it here. And the Epilogue too.
dumping them all under one head is quite unpalatable. Hence the separation.

More important! I was no versifier, nor even a rhymster until the commencement of this book, and was and is a writer in prose having to my credit some 25 titles both in English and Telugu—my Mother tongue. Further more, the present attempt is only in free verse; with a difference. I strove hard to bring ‘end rhymes’ in almost all stanzas barring a few, written long dack; and they are not perfect, I accept. Sure, unrestricted freedom, we know where it leads, or how it ends. If words rhyme with each other in the beginning of lines, or at the end, or bear semblance to verse, or fulfil its requirement, I claim no merit, and if credit is given, I thank the good hearts that bear such sweet fragrant flowers, or luscious fruits.

Coming to the theme, edification is my sole aim, and if errors of pleonasm and repetition peep at the reader here and there, they are made deliberately with a view to accentuating the point intended. If the right meaning is grasped; import imbibed, and above all reacted accordingly, I feel, I am amply rewarded, and I assure you to place in your hands some more like pieces of any classification for your profit and my pleasure, filling the void of my retired life.

Yet another! And perhaps the most important one at it I desire to offer the Vedic Wisdom in capsules; yes in capsules only! Need I beleaguer the reader with the merits of capsules? It is well known that potions and pills are longer superior, or rated higher; preference is now for capsules that can be swallowed instantly without a wrinkle on the brow. I wish to prescribe about 15 capsules of each kind within 80 pages at the most in every volume; for the simple reason that bulk and weight are anathema to moderns accustomed to momentary thrills, though the leave longer chills. The days of the epic size narratives are gone, nor the craze for the book of the hour is allowed to survive; it is the time of Wall literature and Road writing. Anything simple, breif, yet sweet finds welcome, rather receives at least a fleeting glance. Does modern man have any time ‘to stand and stare’, or devote a few moments for eternal values? Poor he! his full-time devotion to Disco dance programmes and Five-day watching of Cricket marches leave no time, say a minute to look at his soul. It is for such cream, I decided to give a few indispensable precepts in capsules that may detain him an hour or two at the most, and most likely can be completed in a single-sitting. Well, it is my pious ambition; and you the reader have your right to concur with me, or incur displeasure by going against wisdom. Anyway, I await with delight your esteemed sound opinion on all, or any aspect and I promise, I’ll proceed in right direction with clarification to you. Rapport between the reader and the writer breathes life into the work, and makes it live longer, you know it well.
I have added glossary for your easy comprehension keeping in view of the difficulty of several Sanskrit terms used either for titles, or incorporated in the text. Indeed in certain cases, I intentionally made use of them to capturing the spirit and beauty of Sanskrit—the source material for all the themes dealt with in this book. Sure, no amount of explanation, nor commentary will bring out the charm of the original meaning and import. To avoiding the heavy weight by thrust of long explanation, I have given only contextual meanings, consciously sidetracking the literary verbiage for the benefit of those who are aliens to Sanskrit. And I am confident that the given little effects enough rapport with the original spirit of the terms used, although the glory, melody, virulity and divinity can never be brought out by any effort into any language, by any, I feel. Hence my option and adaptation.

I desire to add at this stage one more point! For every one of my forthcoming books, I decided to affix about a half dozen Bonus Pieces visualising the spectacles of the glory of Ethos when implemented. They may or may not find their source in Hindu writings, but the charm they cast, or the value they embody is irresistibly elevating and illuminating. Other cultures and their Scriptures too have many tantalising dishes of their own to offer. Derecognition amounts to sickening, I opine. Hence some space, and so solicitation of your patience.

Before laying down the pen, I feel that there remains another important, rather the most significant factor undone, and is beckoning my attention—acknowledgement of my indebtedness to several persons and institutions responsible for enabling me to place this fragrant flower in your hands.

Of the high-souled, who contributed much to make this book meriting reverent perusal, Sriman N. C. V. Narasimhacharya, BOL, Siromani, Prof. of Sanskrit (Retd.) a Polyglot and multi-lingual takes precedence, for the main reason that his encyclopaedic-multi-lingual versatile scholarship did me best to cut the Sanskrit terms, to correct size. I made a liberal use of them throughout. By chiselling out a protrusion here, and packing a hollow there, he gave them precision.

Moreover, his fecundity is agreeably matched with warm hospitality and on no occasion he filled my mine without filling the stomach with delicious home made drinks. Despite realising that my thanks are only a poor compensation, I make a bow now. Next comes, the Experts Committee, TTD, Tirumati, invested with the benign power of granting AID to publish books. But for its sagacity flavoured with magnanimity my typescript could not have gone to the press, nor the Ethos moved about in full dignity. I express my obeisance to Sri I L N Sastry, Bcom. BL, CA, LLB, Humanist advocate, eminent Telugu writer, its president for his commendable adjudication and exemplary benevolence for the
When taking about the external agencies that made my work adoration-worthy to the reading community, Dr. Krishna Srinivas, the Chief voice of this age, Founder-President of the World Poetry Society, Editorial Consultant, Who’s Who in International Poetry, Cambridge, etc., comes first. Not only he weighed it in his sensitive balance to fix its worth to the last letter, he munificently blessed it with a Free Passport for First Class aerial voyage, not as the continents alone, but to the planets high above. His magnanimity blessing me with the FORDWORD deserves genuflections. My homage now goes with supersonic speed to Dr. J. Babu Reddy, I.A.S., Commissioner, the reputed Scholar-poet in English and Telugu HRCE, A.P., Hyderabad, for favouring me with a certificate inestimable—opinion on emerging from his total absorption at reading of my typescript. Surely, his candour stimulates and exultation sustains the reader till the end of the last page. My writer’s pen can’t soar so high to catch a glimpse of his ever-expanding and all-thriving stature, so it is satisfied with looking up with joined hands. Honourable Justice S. Mohan, a scholar-poet of international reputation, High Court, Madras added a glittering lable that excites instant appeal. His fine appreciation mirrors the hight of his refinement and weight of critical acumen. So my veneration crossing bounds hastens to great him to acknowledge its debt. Justice Avula Sambahive Rao, an erudite critic, Lok Ayukta, A.P., Hyderabad, my benefactor-guide from the date of baptism of this book, besides giving a pat, has suggested, rightly too, to shed light on the relevance and cause for the undying glory of our mythology by deep study. As his judicious concern for the cause of our culture coupled with the intensity of noble aspiration is emulation-worthy, I only pray to HIM to equip me with needed to fulfilling his pious ambition. I express my unreserved gratitude for his laudable suggestion and fine opinion. My heart felt respects and greatful thanks are due to Prof. M.V. Rama Sarma M.A. Ph. D. (Wales), Milton Specialist and eminent novelist, Ex V.C., S.V. University, Tirupati for his kind opinion, given at short notice. His promptitude signifies the magnitude of his compassion, and justifies my venerable admiration. I owe a great deal to Sri Chandra Sekhar, artist TTD., for adorning the title page with his sturdy brush, and as usual he simply nodded to my request and gave it in time. Hence the expression of reverence.

In the runnway, of course my son, A. Arun Kumar extended to the mailing work promptly, and daughter, K. Kavitha along with her
mother devoted her little leisure to reading of proofs with all care; they merit mention for the unstinted co-operation, and so deserve God's compassion.

I owe my soulful salutations to MOTHER Adi parama, whose pervading power alone flowed down through my pen to make it a book of my liking, and a treasure-trove fit to adorn the classical shelf of every library.

Would my Prostrations to Balaji, the Almighty Providence absolve me from the sin of pilferage of His treasure, made in the name of justifying His infinite sports to the world? I fear not. Even soulful circumambulation of His sanctum hundred times, non-stop too; for, I'm deliberately resorting to pilfering His treasure, again and again, when millions and millions undergoing, countless hardships are visiting to offer their precious to Him. When that gloom was looming large, a bright shaft descending with a dazzle tore it and said. "Hey! simpleton, know you not my treasure is inexhaustible...worry not about it...carry on." Enlightened, I tried to measure the depth of His Omnicompassionate heart, but not, and sure 'll ever in this life. So, I started Sahastranmanavali' squatting at His fragrant Lotus feet and ended with a couplet:

Oh! My Lord Balaji; bless thy child's babblest!
To become immortal like the saints' parables.

Presuming thy murmur to be Amen!’ I thank you profusely before saying Bye...Bye...

Eternally thine,

(Sd.) K. K. MOORTHY
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CONCEPTS VERSIFIED

1

NESCIENCE OF SCIENCE

Shallow wits eulogise the state-owned scientists for splitting of atom, harnessing of Nature, conquering of space, planting of flag on the bosom of moon and the like, in and out of context, and what is more, through all the media. And some highly concited go to the extent of saying that the modem inventions surpassed the Almighty's creations, and so they can checkmate God. How foolish! Conquest of the outer is not the final, nor does it usher in peace. It is only through the exploration and subjugation of the inner spirit, one can be at peace with forces within and without, but this is for them like touching the far end of rainbow, or catching the wind in cabbage net. If only they succeed in this field, they can be adored as 1Yugapurushas and be placed on par with 2vignana bhaskars of the Vedic age, who by intuition knew that great thing, after knowing which else need to be known. Read for more on this...

Can you tell me my dear state-owned scientist, Nuclear physicist and world science protagonist, The weight of 3Vamana's foot that sent 4Bali to nether world, To rule there screened from the green-eyed monster of this world?

Or the strength of 5Narasimha's mighty piercing hands that curled To draw out that demon's entrails to keeping 6Dharmadhwaja unfurled? Or the power of that little taught left finger of 7Gokulam's boy That lifted the 8Govardhan mount for his cow-herd's safety and joy?

Or the velocity of 9Vishnu's legs that surpassed the runner fastest, At 10Gajendra's crying SOS, when caught by the alligator cruellest? Or the thrust of 11Siva's toe on 12Ravana's lifting the 13Kailas mount, That crushed the egoist's ebullient arrogance rising like fount?

Glossary: 1. Extraordinary men of age... 2. Scientific geniuses... 3&5, 4th, 5th, incarnations of MahaVishnu... 4. a demon king renowned for valour and gifting... 6. banner of justice... 7. refers to Sri Krishna, who was brought up in that hamlet... 8. name of the hill near Gokul... 9. the most powerful of the Trio... 10. King of elephants... 11. Lord of destruction... 12. the demon king of Lanka... 13. the abode of Lord Siva...
Or Droupaid’s depth accent on the last syllable of Krishna’s name
That saved her honour and brought shame to Suyodhana and Kuru’s fame
Or the fire of vengeance leapt from Parasurama’s eyes on father’s death
That sent up entire Ksatriya vigour in smoke in retaliation of unjust death?

You can’t now nor ever in any point of time, to be sure,
Neither millions worth of equipment in labs sophisticated,
Nor round the clock observations, either aided or pure
Could unravel the mystery, nor untie the knot most complicated.

But our tiny tots—Prahlad or Dhrusa, or any mini-muni
Who neither crossed the stage of lisping, nor cast off apron strings
Had answered them perfectly to a billion millionth count significant
The mystery of their nature and potency of the devotional strings.

Further, they kept the most HIGH at back and call to serve at times hard
So succeeded well in measuring the dimensions of the Viswarupa of God
Could you guess their modus operandi, used for such great accent?
It’s nothing but FAITH in His glory and chanting it with special accent.

Doubt not, nor gape longer at the mightiest might of their Soul Force
Its infinite might can even keep GOD as sentinel at their entrance
Hark! mastery of the inner world granted them emancipation by escalation
Whereas, your conquest of the outer world ended, alas! in annihilation.

Should you persist in exploring the exterior derecognising His presence
Sure you’ll become an all—time Joker in the eternal court of Ignorance,
To be derided even by the atheists with such names as freak or crank,
Or one who’s eyes, but sees not; ears, hears not; mind with many a crack.

★    ★    ★

Glossary: 14. the wife of Pandavas... 15 & 18, 8th and 6th incarnations of Lord Maha Vishnu. 16. another name of Duryodhana 17. name of king... 18. Son of Hirenyskasipu... 20. Son of Uttanapada, who turned Pole Star... 21. hermit boy... Cosmic form of Lord Maha Vishnu.
FRUIT OF REALISATION

Erring is universal to the created here, and there above too. And applicable to all times. It registers man’s imperfection, and God’s omnicompassionate vigilance over the acts of His children and measures taken for non-recurrence of it. Thro’ several agencies the greatest He tries to reclaim the defaulter. If the err’d burns his black nature in the fire of repentance and bathes in the tears of regrets, God admits him into his Kingdom for bliss eternal.

Returning tired after a long walk one even, I turned on the TV. A pathetic wail bemoaned — “What can I do my Lord Siva, I found nothing in the world pure and holy for offering. Everything is contaminated”. The tone and tune, as it came from an adept was so thrilling that it kept me still for long. When released, I decided to put it into my dye; so added beginning and ending to that marvellous lyric. On completion I found it spilling grace at every step. Look! it is moving towards you; see and share its sublimity to the ‘like minds’...........

Forgive my Lord 1 Mahadev! forgive this sinner of type despicable, Accursed and abandoned, depised and doomed for evils incalculable Roamed about restless like a wastrel ever since the dawn of 8agnana Neither useful to community, nor self due to conceited 8agnana

Freak as I was, grew no doubt in age, but not in mind and soul Assailed by repercussions of acts wicked and thoughts most foul Realised at long last, on burning out the entire wick of life That refuge in Thee alone puts an end to all worldly strife

Dashed off to get for 4naivedya—5phala, 6patra 7pushpa 8thoyam fine With strong resolve to placing on the altar those of quality divine Wandered and wandered over hill and dale, plain and forest interior But found none untainted, or untouched either exterior or interior.

Glossary: 1. One of the Trio, the Lord of destruction... 2. Knowledge... 3. Ignorance... 4. Consecration of food to gods... 5. fruit 6. leaves... 7. flower... 8. water...
Standing first on bank, I dipped a kamandal for water to abhishek purpo
But found millions of aquatic animals moving listless, as if under curse
The entire water is so mingled with their filth oozing thro’ outlets all
That it’s stinking, dicoloured and putrid with impurities of kinds all

With heart heavy went straight to a garden for flowers to offering
And lo! before I laid hand, swarms of bees and flies rose up buzzing
And how damnable it’s those multi-coloured velvety petals charming
Tampered and trampled by their lewd dalliance of pricking and sucking.

Thought then I of plucking some glosay, fleecy supple leaves nascent
But found the surfaces defiled by the excrements of insects countless
Deeming them unfit even for touching or looking for any purpose decent
I doubled up to a tree nearby bent with ripe luscious fruits numberless

Lured by the eye catching purple tints of a mango bunch, I stood near
Then came out bees whizzing from a hole and struck my eyes causing fear
Closing them, I opened the gate of my mind to solve the problem present
Awful to learn that everything in the world is unworthy of pious present

So reached thy feet my Lord, running, gasping, with sorrow laden heart
Presuming my heart—thy gift alone is the fittest one to lay at thy feet
No doubt, it was once wicked, soiled, fouled and broken, but now in tact
Fit to sit at the holy feet of mother Ganga adorning thy head in fact”.

“No dear no, realisation purged you off sins, and gave you another birth
It is now fit to adorn the tresses of Ganga; take that seat with all mirth
Be there adorned for ever along with her by my devotees”. said Mahadev
Turning into flower, he adorned the tresses of Ganga as bid by Mahadev.

If realisation dips sinners in tears of regrets, they become pure by reform
Sure, as pure as purity itself to merge readily in the Lord’s effulgent form.

Glossary: 9. vessel used by sages etc., for holding water.. 10. anointing
of idols... 11. name of river goddess, adorning the head of Mahadev.
Emotion, be it of any kind, if asserts ends only in registering its omnipotence. Even the Providence, its author feels His inability to gauge its might. Its omnipotence defies description, nor does it let any means to measure its dimensions. Pity, if stretches its lofty hands, everything else including cosmos and its Creator gets encompassed in it. And lo! all, and all of all can be thrust into this insignificantly invisible spot of its infinite space. Imagine its all pervasiveness. Moved by the sight of suffering, King Rantideva wishes to occupy a part of all the living creatures, no matter to what extent, to mitigating the anguish to that part, and prays to Almighty to fulfilling his wish. Though the Omicompasionate God, said Amen, He finds Himself at wits end to implement it. Read now...

Born are here on this punya dharitri many an illustrious Rama. who Renouncing royalty welcomed forest life, dictated by filial piety
Born are her on this Karma bhum i many an unparallele d Puru. who Exchanged vibrant youth against ripe age, dictated by filial piety.

Born are here on this sacred Ind many an inimitable Hanuman, who Plucked out Istadaivam from heart, for the sake of saranagatha dharma
Born are here on this Ratnagarbha many an incomparable Arjun, who Sanpped the bonds of consanguinity, for the sake of saranagatha dharma

Born are here on this Bharatha Khand a, many a unique Dharmaj who Spurned off Sajiva swarga prapti, for the sake of steadfast fidelity
Born are here on this Nabhivarsha many a unique Harischandra, who Sold away wife, son including self, besides Rajya, for the sake veracity

Born are here on this Jambudvipa, many a matchless Dana Karna, who Gifted away inseperables by peeling off skin on principle of humanism
Born are here on this Aryavrata, many a peerless Jeemuthavahan, who Offered whole mass of body to Garuda, melted at its relentless animalism

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Glossary: 1) Unparalleled humanism. 2) a King renowned for his benign rule. 3) Sacred land. 4) 7th incarnation of Lord Maha Vishnu. 5) North India. 6) a famous Aryan King. 7) Son of Vayu, who served Sri Rama in exemplary manner 8) One's own choice deity. 9) rule of refuge. 10) land embodying gems. 11) 3rd of Pandavas. 12) Kingdom of Bharata. 13) eldest of the Pandavas. 14) Attainment of heaven with mortal body. 15) Land of King Nabhi. 16) name of a unique King standing for truth. 17) Kingdom refers to India, deemed to be the Central division of the world. 19) King of Angadesa, reputed for his gifts. 20) North India. 21) Name of a King. 22) the vehicle of Lord Maha Vishnu.
Hark! these Mahapurushas and their monumental acts of unique sacrifice
Wiped out the streaming tears of unfortunate, meriting such sacrifice
And illumined the ill-fated that in turn illumed the whole world
So turned immortals and stand as beacon lights to guide human world

Their regard for justice, devotion to duty, and love of fellowmen
Though smothered them with praises and titles both by gods and men
The joy they brought, or peace ushered in barely confined to only some
Despite demonstration of their virtue was specatularly awe-some.

Now listen to the unequalled manavatha of Rantideva, the humanist divine
For relieving the pain of afflicted, prayed for dissection of his body fine
Into infinite trillion billion millions of trillion billion atoms indivisible
Nay, equal to as many as living beings and ameobas found in forms visible.

'll the merit of Ganges bath and amritabhisek after circumambulaton
Not of temples, but universes umpteen times besides yugas of meditation
Make Mother Earth beget a similar humanist gem of that nature divine
Nor Almighty God ever create again a like of that humanist divine

Listen to the petition tearful he made to the Almighty God every morn—
"How grand is thy Creation O Lord!, how much Compassion bestowed upon
Why then the curse of suffering to the living—big or small sans exception
Not a living creature is spared, nor the celestials barred from affliction.

Excruciating is the agony, unbearable the wailing; why this suffering at all?
How came this into world? Who brought it? Will they ever be freed at all?
I can't stand that soul-searing anguish, nor life amidst them worth-living
O God! bless me live in every creature to the minutes size for relieving.

No matter that relief is infinitesimal, nor lasts only a trillionth second
Yet I desire sharing most honestly without any delay even for a second
Let me lessen that pain to the extent of my presence in all the living
I'm prepared to undergo the torture with smiles till the end of my living”.

At his supplication odd, unable to grasp the amplicity of thinking
Though God said AMEN He feels helpless; so He is thinking, thinking...

— O —

WORK AND WORD

Humility is the hallmark of maturity; alas it is unknown to egoism. Ripeness seeks not stains in others, rather locates by thorough analysis its own fissures and strives to fill them at all costs. Highly developed souls complain at their nothingness against the Lord’s infinitude, despite capable of weighing cosmos, not with the aid of balance, but by the powers of intuition and meditation. And lo! the figure arrived at is infallible and acceptable at all times. Moreover, they live in humblest dwellings, nor do they require sophisticated labs. The genuine wisdom shuns ostentation, it always chants its insignificance, as evidenced by the classic example of Socrates, deemed by the world as mobile encyclopaedia, whose confession remains a model of models — “The only thing I know is that I do not know anything”. There are some more such gams; read now for one of such breed........

“Why looketh sad sister dear? Won’t you tel me its cause?
Seen you wool-gathering with eyes downcast often than not
Murmur while left alone, or turn mute in company sans cause
Won’t you unfold to me,” said the WORD TO WORK “your heart”.

Said then the WORK TO WORD, “Hear me dear pretty
You don’t know for certain how ashamed I am of my emptiness
When I see your sprightliness, despite wielding power mighty
Trust, your very sight makes me conscious of my nothingness.

Aren’t you loquacious and move about like a nomad ceaseless
And directing in tones resonant set my wheels in motion
Why me alone, you make big and small engage themselves endless
Oh! your gift of gab ever commands instant commendation”.

“Blundered you then out and out my sweetest darling
Your compliment, listen, carries neither weight, nor merit
Sorry, your over-estimation of my part is neatly misleading
And ended in robbing your mind of its poise and wit.
No dear no, your underestimation alone has undermined the worth
Know you not - 'No word - no work', when life feels dearth of mirth
You are the vehicle of thought and the theory of every practice
By inhabiting me, you make me cheerful always in practice.

Tell me, aren't you donning thought with myriad charms and strength
And endowing purpose its due tenacity; will power, all its strenth?
Who then takes credit of clarity to vision and firmness to conviction
How could thought get over pitfalls, if not armed with right diction?

Haven't you heard people say, "Work sprouts from the fertile soil of word
And thought takes off everytime, only when fully draped in right word,
Thought without action, you know ends only in abortion, and action
Then neither breathes, nor serves any purpose sans thy sanction.

I concur not, nor like to see you hereafter in that gloomy mood
To be true, I feel damnably poor, when I see you engaged in any mood"
Their compliment mutual and confessions sweet soaked in humility
When went on, I slipped into nap benumbed at their life of sublimity
VANITY OF POST

He who owns nothing, aspires nothing is a happy man; happier is he, whose contentment culminates in accepting the given lot; and happiest is he who lives in the focus of God’s benign look by virtue of the merit of his past life. As he enjoys God’s grace, he is deemed to be the fortunate man endowed with inestimable, invisible powers; and as such, he passes for an alchemist capable of changing the base into worthiest. His word becomes a by-word for success; name, Tarakamantra; and life, a great institution that exudes an unending ever-cool and all-purifying amritha. As he basks in the sunshine of God, nothing deserts him, nor frustration steps into his life. Before the fortunate, all stand mute and prepare to reel round at the rolling of his eye balls. Read what else can he do...........

Why looketh petrified and stare nito my eyes Droupadi dear
Has my senescence uttered anything inauspicious causing fear
 Didn’t I say “May you’ve a fortunate son” instead of Mahavira
Whose peerless valour wrests the much-coveted title Lokaikavira.

Did you except me bless for a righteous raja, as that of Sri Rama?
Or one whose ethereal beauty excells that of Neelameghasyama?
Or one whose intellect settles many disputes insoluble of devatoka?
Or one whose tapassakti draws the Trio on and again to Bhuloka?

Or one whose Ekachchtradhipaty keeps Viswavijetas in fear?
Or one whose Dhamanirnaya wrings from Yama many a joyous tear?
Or one whose astrakousalya brings patalagana with a mere arrow?
Or one whose danaseela arrays gods with bowls to tide over sorrow?

Or one whose satyavakyapalana sold away wife and son in alien town?
Or one whose ajeysakti carried sanjivi mount on pal.n for saving life?
Or one whose soul force garnered sea in kamandal for Indiar’s crown?
Or one whose vratadiksha sacrificed his son sans any mental strife?

No dear no, neither such \( ^{22} \text{divyapurushas,} \) nor their deeds monumental, 
Neither their sacrifices, nor even their \( ^{23} \text{yasochandrikas multi-dimensional} \) 
Nor their adherence to the word, nor demonstrating feats superhuman 
Did ever get them a minute's peace in day, nor sleep calm due to man.

Know you not, I'm both a renowned \( ^{24} \text{virapatni and} \) \( ^{25} \text{viramata} \) 
Wife of the Venerated \( ^{26} \text{Panduraja and produced gems unlike any} \) \( ^{27} \text{mata} \) 
Hailed by the worlds for uncommon \( ^{28} \text{sahana and} \) \( ^{29} \text{nigraha by every man} \) 
Emulated in and out of Bharatha varsha as the ideal of every woman.

Be bold to accept the truth you know that alone give life right Direction 
Did anyone of my sons-your patis enjoy carefree life sans confrontations 
Haven't they been squeezed, trampled and milled to death by misfortune? 
Were they ever free to themselves a minute to mould their own fortune?

What did they taste, or experience except that of inseparable sorrow? 
Weren't grief, defeat, and loss penetrating settled in their narrow? 
Think of princes—that too of Bharata's progeny living in woods and dales 
To heighten the agony as it were, living in cognito with sorrowing tales

Hear me, each is a gem unparalled in brilliance with unique glory 
Either in arts of mundane world or powers spirit and its glory 
Weren't they emerged victors, defeating armies outnumbering strength? 
Didn't \( ^{30} \text{Krishna become sarathi in} \) \( ^{31} \text{karma-yuddha to lend moral strength?} \)

Scores of such unicesses roll into hundreds winning laurels from Divinity 
And leave them to roam about in \( ^{32} \text{yasomandal unchallenged till eternity} \) 
Hark! the story of the fortunate and and their grand is just opposite 
Being pets of benign powers, they are made of lucky ingredients composite

They convert poison into \( ^{33} \text{amritha and like alchemist turn base into gold} \) 
Blessed by \( ^{34} \text{Lakshmi, their Patroness, they keep in fists all worlds rolled.} \) 
Never do they see grief, nor taste defeat at the hands of Omnipotent 
Enjoying all-rounded development, they roll in luxury and live in content

Hence my blessing for a fortunate son than a \( ^{35} \text{vira of} \) \( ^{36} \text{sura immortal} \) 
Fortunate itself is a by word for unalloyed joy and bliss of type immortal 
When Drounadi's jovous eyes drenched Kunti's feet in token of gratitude 
Hugging tightly \( ^{37} \text{Kunti whispered again into her ears in all promptitude.} \)

— : O :—

25. mother of great hero. 26. brother of Dritharastra. 27. mother. 28. patience. 
29. withstanding capacity. 30. 8th incarnation or Lord Maha Vishnu. 31. 
righteous war. 32. world of fame and glory. 33. Nectar. 34. Goddess of 
Wealth. 35. hero. 36. courageous man. 37. Mother of Pandavas.
THE SHAFT OF LIGHT

Perversity is its own enemy number ONE. It clouds man's reason and deadens his discretion; if it starts operating, it thrusts aside the most sanest counsel tendered, but for its profit. Call it 'maya' or fruit of past action, man despite possessing the highest gift—discretionary powers, is rarely benefited by it. He willingly and consciously treads the primrose path of luxurious nonsense, in preference to eternal bliss offered in full advance. Great torch-bearers, by their penance and soul force have lighted up the path of Dharma for him, but his blind passion for momentary happiness shuns it, and so woe encloses him. And sure it will not leave him. Will the the object ever dispense of its image? So is his allegiance with sin.

Man! thou art for ever doom'd and damn'd
The life 'confin'd, cribb'd and cabin'd'
Thy plans invariably end in miscarriage
Making your destination alas! a mirage.

Thou art a victim of nerveless death
That hurls you into another cisy berth
Bearing semblance to Eden of eternal mirth
But a part of vicious circle—birth after death.

Desireth to be surrounded by opulence immense
Or keep one and all ever in terrible suspense
Or explore the virgin sources to exploit outright
Or widen knowledge only to bypass the path straight.

Aspireth to soar higher than the most highest
Alas! landeth in abyss of the type meanest
Bewaileth then ad infinitum rolling in morass
Nay, till the Zero hour of turning carcass.

Why this or that, thou dost everything, leave nothing
Nett result: findeth anguish and despair in everything
So, sitteth amidst company to 'hear each other's' groan
Finally moaneth aloud as though thou art one in moon.
Hasn't the wisdom ever dawned on thy mind?
Dost thou not try for the reason to find?
If done, findeth—desire's the cause of suffering
Should you killeth, it there can't be suffering.

When the medicine for the ailment's known
And the doctor's prescribed the drug renown
Why doth thou delayeth to cure it straight away
Landeth by procrastination away far far away.

Let Satan desire be thy target, pulverise it soon
Scatter it a'on and keep the atoms apart forlorn
And let not two particles confine anywhere anytime
Lest like phoenix they procreate millions in no time.

If killeth that cankerous desire, thou art assured ¹Kaivalya
Blesseth it Nirvana making thy earthly sojourn a ²saphalya
Mark it! thou art freed from the shackles of ³punarjanma
This shaft of Light of Asia's the quintessence of ⁴Hindu Dharma.

Glossary: 1) beatitude or eternal happiness 2) fruitful 3) rebirth 4) Hindu Law
NAMAMAHIMA Vs BANABALA

Nothing avails against GOD; and if the mighty Satan with all his train is pitted against Him, he only comes out with multiple wounds to lick them till death. For, it is a clear case of arrogance solidified in his own crucible; on the other hand, if a devotee stands Vis-a-Vis in the battle-field against HIM, He only lends all support invisibly and sees him turn out victor. Hasn't He become one with the devotee, as soon as He gives abhayam? He abides in him losing His identity. The ture devotee, if he mumbles God's name, He comes running and emancipates him, thereby proving to the world that the devotee is mightier and He is at the behest of him. This is amply demonstrated by Hanuman in his war against Sri Rama, his patron deity, wherein his mere utterance of RAM set at nought even the Brahmastra, the final name in weapons. Read...

So Hanuma, you've determined to fight against your own Lord Whom you worshipped as Dharmavat and served with faith implicit Tearing your chest open showed to the world that self-same Lord By giving abhayam to Yayati, you've defiled that faith implicit.

Why've you turned insincere and divested yourself of all honour Are you puffed up with ego for burning Lanka and killing demons? Is it an instance of self-confidence crossing the bounds of honour Haven't you flouted all norms and outgrown in vices, the demons?

Accept my obeisance first, O Lord of Lords and the Cosmos Then listen to my answers to the charges wild and baseless Not knowing what befell between the two leading to war useless I granted saranagati to Yayati, when sought my help in chaos.

Do you know my Lord my mental anguish on knowing the truth Imagination feels clipped, and grief knows nothing in similitude Description accepts defeat, if attempted to visualise it in sooth All but due to WORD given in haste, yet bidding my promptitude

If done in ignorance, realisation demands regret and reformation Give up Yayati at once to restore our kinship to its old form

That alone my Lord is worrying and straining our relation Besides binding me to swadharma, regardless of any relation

Glossary 1) efficacy of the name. 2) might of the arrow. 3) devotee of Sri Rama. 4) the incarnation of justice 5) assurance of protection. 6) King of Kasi, who incurred displeasure to Sri Rama and promised safety by Hanuma by mistake. 7) one who is assured of protection. 8) one's duty.
So you dare fighting against God incarnate born to uphold Dharma
And desire seeing the might of my 9) bana ready to save Rajadharma

My swadharma's all the more great and not inferior to 10) Rajadharma
Better retract to prove that 11) apaddharma's greater than Rajadharma

What! I've to retract and you to keep the word given in ignorance
What blasphemy! I'll not allow that conceit polluting my goverance.

Nor do I wish irreverence shown to swadharma in my Lord's reign
I prefer death, if adharma stalks any where in my Lord's reign.

Give what you like to my arrow coming straight to your heart
Rama's bow twanged and outwent the arrow towards its target.

With palms joined and eyes closed, Hanuma forthwith uttered RAM
What a miracle! it fell to the ground unhit, at the sound of RAM.

Wrathful Rama resorted to 12) Nagastro, 13) Agneyastra etc., in succession
Hanuma's RAM met each mid-way and hurled it down in succession.

Confounded and debilitated Rama released 14) Bramhastra at long last
Relieved of monotonous retinue, as it were, planets went out of gear
Causing eruption of volcanoes, quaking of earth and water surging fast
When chaos and fiasco danced naked keeping the man in terrible fear.

Then descended Bramha to avert 15) mahapralaya by the use of mahastras
Standing between them 16) Vidyathatha said "Ram the incarnation of Almighty
Supplemented to his 17) swasakti, powers of gods imbedded in various astras
But Hanuma drew them & added his, when said RAM—name of Almighty.

The 18) Ramanama is so potent and benign, auspicious and magnificent
None dares standing against it, if done annihilation follows anon
When lips part to let RA, out go all sins; when closed with MA anon
No harm enters in; so, it's unique in being mighty and munificent.

Listening, Rama moved to embrace Hanuma, but found him knelt ere long,
Lifting, hugged and released, when tears drenched their backs with a bang.

★★★★

Glossary : 9) arrow. 10) King's duty. 11) given protection to the distressed.
12) arrow embodying the power of the serpent king. 13) arrow embodying the power of Fire God and fire thrown as racket.
14) arrow possessing the power of the Creator, Bramha. 15) great deluge.
16) great weapons. 17) the Creator. 18) one's inner strength. 19) name of Sri Rama.
LIVE THE PRAHLAD’S WAY

Everything else in the world may have end—fulfilment or frustration; but not WANT. It is a freak that has only origin, but no end. And lo! even on reaching the goal, it thinks, it is still at the starting point and feels like covering many millions of miles in a short space of life. Its thirst can never be quenched with the waters of oceans, if converted by the Almighty’s wand into delicious cool drink refreshing. Its abhorrent nature poisons the hearts and vitiates the whole atmosphere, finding its shape horrible; nature, cancerous; sages and seers prefer limiting its size. Even that one too is not final, but nullification of desire alone ensures passage to blissful heaven. Hence Prahlad’s choice of DESIRELESSNESS, when asked by the Omnipotent Lord to name his desire for boons. What a lad! How matrue!

Finding 1Prahlada undaunted at his blazing wrath, Manifested in burning eyes and scorching forehead That keeps in dread the most dreadful of the dreadfuls Besides turning the dynamic into static and vice versa, 2Narasimha, the fourth incarnation of Lord 3Maha Vishnu, Emerged fast to slay that ruthless demon 4Hiranyakasipu And to prove that His omnipresence is ever ready To save 5saranagatha and punish the 6duragatha And justify His sublime attribute—7Bhakta Paradheena Entreated him in a tone soft, and look beingn thus—

Aim’t I horrible with my man-lion hideous shape Unseen by any, or unknown to any mortal hitherto Assumed I this awfully terrifying strange visage To strike death to the power intoxicated 8Loka kantakas Remorseless 9Kamaandhas and soulless voluble 10nasthikas? How then could you Keep that matchless mental poise And keep divine serenity over flowing throughout? Where from that peerless tranquility sprouting? How could you display such unique fearlessnes? Speak my son, speak the reason and please me?

Glossary: 1) a boy devotee, son of king Hiranyakasipu. 2) the man-lion incarnation of Sri Mahavishnu. 3) one of the Trio, the protector of the world. 4) demon king who conquered all the worlds. 5) person who surrenerrs himself for protection. 6) wicked act. 7) God the property of devotees. 8) rulers, who abuse powers. 9) voluptuous men. 10) atheists.
Nudging further, and smiling a little, Prahlada said,—
"Wherefore have I to lose my mental composure staid
Haven't you taught in the Vedas, that you incarnate
To perpetuate 11 sanmarga by wiping out 12 durmarga
Weren't the persecuted, afflicted and supressed saved
On uttering 13 anyada saranam nasti as last resort?
Haven't you run unarmed to save your bhakta 14 Gajendra?
Haven't you emerged now at the call of this tiny tot?
Haven't you achieved 15 Dharmodharna by this revolting form?
Why should I be scared to see God—the 16 Karunaika sindhu?

Pleased with his faith implicit and devotion unbounded
And through grasp and profound knowledge of Theology
Narasimha asked the boy 17 bhakta to name anything
That He could grant him anon without any pre-condition,
Be it anywhere in the worlds—terrestrial or celestial.

Pat came the reply from Prahlada, with speed meteoric
That stunned and bewildered the Creator of creators
"My Lord, grant me that great boon of DESIRELESSNESS
The greatest wealth—source of inexhaustible power spiritual
That confers bliss infinite and contentment eternal
By annihilating the GREED and EGOTISM—the formidable foes
The very cause of all woe, strife, loss and 18 asanti
Desirelessness, my Lord blesses me with 19 Bhavasannidhya
To feast my eyes with thy rare 20 divyamangala rupa
Till that moment of my merging with the 21 Paramatma.

Elated at his 22 stitaprajna and asamana 23 manovikasa
Thrilled by the simplicity of ambition and longing
Narasimha uttered 24 Thadasthu and vanished, seeing
The boy Prahlada found seated on the lotus leaf
Sailing over 25 anandasagara of gods over the death of demon
Steered by 26 ananda vichikas of demons for glorifying the race
Hailed by humanity as the 27 parama bhagavatottthama
who like the Pole star is illumining the dark world
And preparing anyone for the up-ward journey, if realised
The great truth: DESIRELESSNESS alone breeds BLISSFULNESS.

Glossary: 11) divine ways. 12) unrighteous life. 13) none can rescue the distressed, except the Almighty God. 14) the elephant king. 15) protection of the righteous life. 16) ocean of compassion. 17) devotee 18) lawlessness. 19) nearness to the Lord. 20) auspicious form. 21) Universal soul. 22) highly evolved knowledge. 23) matchless mental maturity. 24) be it so. 25) ocean of joy. 26) gentle breeze of joy. 27. great devotee.
FEED IS THE NEED SUPREME

A container of any size can be filled; why even the vacuum supposed to be infinite too can be, either by man or superman. But there is onething that can never be filled up, nor will the contents ever touch the brim even by mistake even. Ironically, greater the inflow, higher the rate of its going bottomward. Its hunger is unquenchable. It is DESIRE in its perverted and putrid state. Greed is its first issue and if both combine, misery prevades every where; for the inexhaustible too gets exhausted in no time. But in one segment it reaches saturation point. It is here that the arthi uses ‘Enough’ for the first time. Hungry man’s desire or greed for food gets satiated much to his wonder. May be perhaps, the indwelling Bhagavan knows limits, although He is limitless. One can see God’s smile flashing from 

dhoktas face, when his stomach bids him say ENOUGH. Try to see God’s dazzling sweet smile atleast once? Give ‘Food’ to the kshudarthis and watch, then you will realise that there is no gift greater them annadana.

Have you come O Krishna’ to delight at my humiliating helplessness? Won’t thy presence at this hour of suffering heightens its hopelessness? Tell me, can history of any nation embodies such agony from hunger keen Was there any man, despite attaining heaven famishing from hunger keen?

You know, I gave to the needy anything demanded in or out of season Even the Sun—the light of heaven eulogised my gifting with reason None can show a single example of my turning any type of request down Emperor Duryodhana too seeing me exelled in gifting bent his head down

You need not list down the grahitas—men and gods, nor gifts you made The worlds fourteen seen with mouths open, nor thy name can ever fade I know you were chastised for indiscretion that alone ruined your career Neither any data stood before you, nor grahita found elsewhere merrier

Why then this kshudbadha gnawing at my vitals tho’ surrounded by wealth Verily, the whole heaven gave resounding ovation on my coming after death The benign Triad, reverent rishis with Indra, hailing kept at disposal All the best that heaven can give and bade all to serve my beck and call

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Glossary: 1) One who eats and enjoys 2) One who is hungry. 3) gifting of food. 4) 8th incarnation of Lord Maha Vishnu. 5) the eldest of Kaurvas. 6) One who accepts. 7) donor—bestower. 8. hunger 9) King of Gods.
I can command anyone, or demand the unattainable by merit of my gift
Look! my mansion abounds in diamonds and orchards yield any fruit swift
Angels all of denominations can bring anything found here or every where
Nothing is scarce, nor anything is conspicuous by absence. All is fair.

But the pangs of my hunger find not food delicious, nor tasty dishes choiøy
Wealth satisfies me not, nor power serves the needed, so the stomach noicy
Will anyone here understand the cause of my pitiable unheard of hunger
Converting me into utterly hopeless, rousing in degrees futile anger?

Dear 10Karma, you forget the truth, the indwelling spirit in man is God
And feeding the hungry amounts to offering 11naivedya to that kind God
Hark! nothing pleases Him, nor does He rate high than anna to the hungry
When the fire is quenched, HE blesses the feeder along with the hungry.

No gift in the world reaches satiation point than in the anna dana
It is here alone the graham says ‘enough’ while receiving that dana
Well then tell me, whether you gave annadana to anyone at anytime in life
Did you please atleast one 12annarthi with a square meal to prolong life?

No Krishna no, I emptied whole treasure to the needy round the year
Never did I build choultries for it, nor hold 13samaradhanas any day of year
When 14Dharmaja and 15Rajaraja were doing it ardently, I never attention
Everytning asked was given, nor people came for food even by pretension.

Would you recall any annarthi sent to choultry, when sought thy presence
Have you atleast showed the spot of feeding when it would commence?

Why not? though I personally offered not, I always pointed that spot
My right finger never tired of showing to the arthis that sacred spot

If so dear, put that finger into thy mouth and lick it like a child
Then tell me what you feel and your bowls react to that act of child

Pspooochh, pspooochh... were heard sooner than said Karma elated robustly
Began dancing like a babe with pepooochs echoing entire mansion modestly.

When the belly became full, he started reeling like one under intoxication
Putting to bed, Krishna left satisfied showing anna dana’s demonstration.

* * *

Glossary: 10) King of Anga desa. 11) Consecration of food for gods 12) one who
begs for food. 13) feeding groups of persons on auspicious occasions 14) eldest of
Pandavas. 15) eldest of Kaurvas. 19) one who asks for food.
Immaturity lacks in right direction and decision; so it falls, cries and licks its own wounds much to its humiliation and disadvantage; but maturity—guarded action not only reaches the goal safe, but paves the way for safe journey to others and thereby illumes the world. It fills the world with concord, grace, and bliss. If mothers—the moulders and first gurus of mankind show the right path, nothing goes amiss, nor their progeny ever suffer. As is the mother so is the product—the matriarchy, if properly respected proves safer than theocracy, for the simple reason, her physical presence, or invisible inspiration works miracles and brings credit to the country. Hence 8Lakshmana’s yearning to be 4Soumitri in every life if possible, for her guidance acted like oil to the lamp of his life. Though figures less among the three wives of 5Dasaratha, her soul reached the highest peak and transformed itself into a treasure inexhaustible. Her simple yet sublime advice speaks volumes and lights up all...

WHY tears Mother why? I didn’t expect from a woman of your piety One who’s praised for virtues of forbearance and inimitable sobriety Weep like woman at parting of noble son following 6Dharmavatar? The banishment of whom was preordained for the sake of 7dushtasamhar.

No darling boy no! they arer’t tears sprouting in heart streaming thro’ eyes They’re the pearl drops trickling down by mother’s over-joyed placid eyes Reflecting the inexplicable inner joy, the elemental frame’s experiencing Seeing her noble son following 8Dharma by his magnanimous self-effacing.

“How fortunate am I to be the son of a 9Mahasadhvi of impeccable nobility Elating at her son’s exchanging royalty for exile for the sake of probity In contrast to that 10Kaikeyi, for becoming 11Rajamatas wielding power Exiling Dharma on the strength of forgotten boons got form senile power.

There you err Lakshman dear, mind you, talking for or against any person Particularly in the absence before, another’s deemed a very great sin Wisdom shuns it on the pain of severe punishment, and advocates silence If ever that topic turns up; please own thy offence and show repentence.

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**Glossary:**
1) Placid. 2) the third wife of king Dasaratha. 3) One of the brothers Lord Sri Rama. 4) Son of Soumitra. 5) King of Kosala. 6) incarnation of virtue. 7) One who kills the wicked. 8) righteousness. 9) a woman of great virtue 10) second wife of Dasaratha. 11) queen mother.
Aren't you for me O Mother dear! the highest MOTHER personified? And combining in yourself God, Mother and Guide in a form beautified? Trust me, I crave neither 18Ekachchatradhipatyā, nor 13Devendra padavi, But yearn to be soumitri and again to learn Ethics and eschew 14padavi.

My delight dear son, can neither be clothed in words, nor shown in action Tell me, what more does a mother wish than son glorifying race by action I dare say with pride, your soul's more developed than that of any sage, And left nothing for me to advise; your noble head's far above thy age.

So I only await thy safe return with divine couple in form human on earth Serve SriRām, seeing in him departed father, for elder brother's God on earth Venerate15Janāki as you do to me, in my absence she's the goddess on earth What's more, if you see 16Ayodhya in forest, it becomes heaven on earth.

Never give any occasion to 17asamtripā to assail thy highly evolved soul Nor think that exile's life-long, nor the life royal's precious than soul Should you see always the departed father in SriRām; me in Janāki sublime And Ayodhya in forest, heavenly bliss greets emanating from earth sublime.

Enough Mother enough, I'll lock up thy sage counsel in my mind's treasure To be opened every morn on waking up to filling my routine with pleasure I'm sure all the good that Goodness has enshrined in her merciful bosom Gifted you to spill at every step for lifting mankind by filling every bosom.

Seeing Lakṣman bending to offer18padabhivandam, Sumitra lifting him up Gave a motherly fond hug and kiss on forehead to cheer his spirits up.

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24
NAME AND ITS UNIQUENESS

Is name a mere combination of vowels and consonants? Or blend of music making syllables? Or amalgamation of mystic spells? It is all in one, but not the otherwise. In the case of Almighty’s name, it embodies divinity, and so breathes in vitality and breathes out potency. Hasn’t theology demonstrated to the world that by mere mouthing it, of course, in full faith, the Supreme running with speed, supersonic leaving the work unattended to. Why? When it is coined, each letter is so chanted, purified, sanctified, its that combined strength proves greate—in weight and validity. No wonder the prospective parents strain their nerves in selecting name during the christening ceremony of their off-spring. Righteous persons prefer privations to desecrating the name. They know its efficacy and by extending due veneration, they gain merit. Even when one utters, unaware of its dynamic latent power, he becomes recipient of its infinite benignat benision. Ajamila, though thrown into abyss, by none but his own sins, is placed on the crest of the wave by Vishnudutas, on getting released himself from the shackles by an unintentional using of God’s name. For full account, read now...

"Keep off your 1Pasa and be gone from this place at once for your good, Lest you incur the wrath of 2Sri Mannarayana, the Lord of 3Vaikunta This 4Ajamila uttered 5NARAYANA’ before he breathed last for good It turned him anon sin-proof, making dearest to the Lord of Vaikunta."

"What! does he deserve Vaikunta? Will he ever merit grace for his misdeeds Led a life so weighed down by infinite number of abominable misdeeds Never was a case history in 6Chitrangupta’s files so black as this sinner Neither a purple patch, nor a silver line ever dared to grace this sinner

Hark! his living’s so stigmatised, it did incalculable harm to community None welcomed him to 7subhakaraya, nor considered him having entity And’s excommunicated by own men & ostracised by the whole community How then could he be eligible for divine grace that claim any immunity?

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Glossary: Bond of Yama, the God death. 2) One of the Trio and the most powerful among them. 3) Abode of Sri Maha Vishnu. 4) Name of a Vaishnava devotee. 5) another name for Maha Vishnu. 6) Name of the accountant of Yama, the God of death. 7) auspicious act.
No doubt he owned all the ennobling traits that a Brahmin could boast
Adept in all scriptures, mastered the craft of his own Brahmin caste
And earned a name for good conduct, even considered as an asset to boast
In everything and anything that life aspires by the people of his caste.

Why, his immaculate life set a noble example to the youth of his day
And every up-coming religionist yearned to emulate him night and day
Until that day, of seeing Kamaandhas lying together in a deep dark bush
It awakened his lust, and in turn opened the Pandora’s bax sans push.

That unrestrained Kamaparavirthi, unhinging mind threw him into a ditch
When perverted, he threw decency to winds and ran after every bitch
Soon succumbed to lying, stealing, drinking only to appeasing his lust
And in no time became a hardened criminal; all for the sake of lewd lust.

A long with degeneration pushing him into abyss, his family grew enormous
Hungry mouths ever crying for food, listless minds doing acts pernicious
Unable to combat immoral life he went on counting the merits of death
When the ripe time came, Nemesis tossed him into the jaws of death,"

"We hail Chitragupta for recoring meticulously his abominable sins
And sending you to Produce him before Yama for punishment of sins
But listen, his last word’s NARAYANA tho it’s the name of his son eldest
Whom he loved most of all and wanted to cast on him his look at best.

Know you the Lord’s name is so potent, so sacred, so sweet and mighty
By mere uttering with implicit faith, it can lift mountains most mighty
Keep the waters of all seas and oceans in the little hallow of one’s palm
And turn that entire Jalasarai with a pinch of sugar, into a beverage balm.

Besides, it gassifies rocks, solidifies winds distils light to make airy rings
Above all it purges the worst type of sinner of his nameless vices and sins
Such name’s uttered by this Ajamila before the expiration of his last breath
So absolved of all sins committed, and entitled to Vaikunta after death.

We bid you, therefore, give up all your claims and make a graceful retreat
Else, you’ll hear the clang of Kaumodaki & whizzing of Sudarsana disc
Hearing the name of Vishnu’s weapons ‘Yamahas’ preferred retreat
Saluting Vishnudutas, they moved backwards with paces long and brisk.

Realising the power of Vishnunama from dialogue, Ajamila’s rejuvenated
Protrasting them, assured starting a new lie of good deeds unenumerated

A RECOMPENSE NON - PAREIL

Matter can be weighed, measured, tasted, observed etc., for fixing its price, either in giving or receiving in terms of currency, or against goods as done in barter system now extinct, but was the only means extant in the bygone days. But spirit defies this process, displaying thereby man's imperfection. Could he evaluate virtues, which but exist in abstract state? He is witless now. In case of exchanging such non-entities,—individual's full choice—good or bad operates. If he is moulded with divine clay, his estimation and dealings get the sanction of the Supreme, and he will be held high in popular estimate. And his verdict remain as specimen; else his life becomes a warning to mankind. Venerable Drona, a name non-pareil among archers brought eternal shame upon himself by taking advantage of the innocence, and converting it for his selfish advancement; but devotion which is rightly evaluated, conferred immortality on Ekalavya—his sishya imperial. So his gurubkati is yet to find a parallel. Read for full information now...

"So to say, this clay image of mine has been your living preceptor
By initiating in the beginning moulded you into a peerles archer
Believe me, you've surpassed every expert trained by the best preceptor
Dear 1Ekalavya, none but you delighted me so far most as great archer.

Sure you broke the world record and created history in 9astravidya
Neither any of my 8sishyas, nor 4guru of any age in any country
Can stand with head erect before you as bow man in this 5.nahavidya
You can excel none but you, truly you brought honour to our country."

"Master mine, I can understand nothing of your exuberent adulation
When my caste's deemed a disqualification, disciplship to you stimgma
I endured being an 6atavika, unknown the nature of concept of adoration
But my curiosity smashing bounds decided to put an end to this enigma.

That inextinguishable fire was kept burning for days sans any rest
Until at last I found solution in worshipping your image an means best
Anon chanting thy holy name I began astravidya befor your eyes
Trust me, the industry and sencerity I put in emerged only from thy eyes”.

Glossary: 1) Name of a great hunter boy. 2) military science. 3) disciple
4) Preceptor. 5) great learning.
“Well done child well done! you made a glittering history for mankind,
Opening eyes, taught to the worlds that for mastery of 6vidya of any kind
it 1sraddha is backed by 8dirghakrishi, one achieves anything in the world
Caste or age; place or time can never bar mastering vidya in any world”.

As 9Drona’s approbation was escalating thus step by step, then rose up
The ‘man’ in Drona and pulled his Achilles heel from that enviable up
“Aye fool! how about pratigna of making 10 Arjun best archer of any day
Take advantage of his Arcadian simplicity to dismiss him from field today.

Caught up in the tight grip of Satān, Drona changed anon his plate
It rang - “Well dear I’m glad that your skill changed your caste and fate
Won’t you then offer gurudakshina to making you unique in this field
Nay, to making astravidya itself bow to you as the best in this field”.

“Spell out guruji, it’ll be done before the final syllable escapes lips
My whole body, skill, soul is awaiting bidding to fall from thy tips
Name it, it’ll be yours, sans delay, I’ll place it at your holy feet
Doubt not, wait not, grumble not, mention and it’ll be at your feet.”

Finding Ekalavya’s devotion’s ready to part with to him anything
Wicked Drona’s foul mouth opening, demanded an atrocious thing
“In that case dear, give your thumb as gurudakshina to me now”
Sooner than said”, Ekalavya cut his thumb and offered with a bow.

When that tiny thumb fell into the outstretched palm of Drona
Dripping hot blood it chuckled at its victory over that jackal Drona
For divesting teaching profession of its due dignity and honour
And rising above decadent casteism, blind belief and soulless honour.

Drona robbed Ekalavya of his priceless skill and made Arjunn unrivalled
But, it left an indelible blot on Drona. And lo it excelled that unrivalled.

Glossary 6) learning. 7) zeal and diligence. 8) persistent industry. 9) Preceptor of great name. 10) the third of Pancha Pandavas. 11) payment due to preceptor.
THE HIGHEST SEAT ACCEEEEDED

Slighting in unberable. It wounds one’s individuality by belittling the just status, which is scrupulously well guarded. Although the dart is bedecked with a tender fragrant flower, it touches at the sensitive part, so unrelishable even to the urchins, whose critical powers are not of high order. Even the mellowed also knit brows, if aimed at. Moreover, if done in public, or before others, whom one adores, or fears, it becomes a death blow. Soon it seeks, by means foul or fair to retaliate, for removing the stigma with fanfare due. By exposing the decomposed part of the jealousy the victor wins applause, and in certain cases retrieves the lost fortune or position. See how 1Dhruva, a tiny tot teaches a moral to his step-mother and gets the highest seat among the planets and his steadfastness is rewarded...

“You’ve no right to sit beside my son 2Uttham, nor claim the lap other, He’s the Prince-designate: and you, nothing but a liege like any other You’ll entitle that privilege, if only you take your birth through me Better run to woods and do penance for the boon of birth through me.

Let not your shadow fall on him, mind you, nor step in here hereafter Your mother 3Suneethi never become 4Rajamata; nor you legal heir.” The crescendo of 5Surichi’s abuses ended with dragging out the lad noble, From the lap of king 6Uttanapada, whose lust for her turned him ignoble.

Reporting verbatim, the lack-lustre Dhruva then shed tears copious Before mother Suneethi, the 7Pattamahishi; bearing the title dubious Hugging the sorrowing son, she advised him penance as the only means To attain even the highest, despite motherly heart letting out fumes.

Dhruva parted anon promising his return home on achieving the goal Though streaming eyes and heaving of mother’s heart barred his course He stumbled upon a treasure on the way in the form of 8Narada on stroll Hearing the tale, he initiated him into the mystery of divine course—

“Dear son! listen, God can be realised by any at any time with devotion Chant His name, sitting in a quite corner with singleminded concentration Backed by unwavering, implicit faith in His glory and glowing grace You’ll be lifted to the chagrin of Jealousy; seeing it turns pale in face.

Glossary: 1) first of son King Uttanapada. 2) second son of King Uttanapada. 3) first wife of King Uttanapada. 4) queen mother 5) second wife of King Uttanapada. 6) A King of great name. 7) queen consort. 8) Son of Brahma.
Sitting atop a hill, under a tree, Dhruva started, closing eyes his japa.
While riveting the inner eye on Hari, and by degrees it became ghora tapa,
Sensing danger to his position, the power-mad Devendra sent a contingent
Of forces formidable through rain and wind to foil his devotion emergent.

He continued his tapas undeterred and uncared for any without any break
Despite sleet slashing him all over, hurricanes reelig roared to shake
While thunders rent his ears, and heavy pour soaked even his marrow
Lo! the steely mansion of devotion did not fall, nor allowed and burrow.

Delighted at his unparalleled tenacity and perseverance incomparable
Vishnu aqqeared before Dhruva, finding him mute His sobha inimitable
Touched his cheeks with His conch that poured life into his mute self
And said, ‘Your tapa is a class and none stands as rival save yourself.

Your unbreakable reslouion exposed the bounds of powers of the elements
Feeling ashamed of limitations, they withdrew bowing with compliments
So, my dear son, you deserve not that fatherly lap, nor any reward earthly
I’ll grant that highest seat visible to people both heavenly and earthly.

Be you there spangling in the ebony sky above the twinklets splendid
Occupying the eternal and immutable place in the high heavens splendid
And guide mankind looking from highest point in the bright universe
May your life and achievement be models to every one in the universe.

Envisioning the grandeur of the most covetabte and divine post offered
Delighted at the elevation, Dhruva bowing to the Almighty, humbly said
‘I could survey my Lord, thy cosmic form sitting on the topmost seat
But can’t fathom the ocean of thy compassion; it’s beyond human feat.’

Flashing a smile sweet at his mellowed sapience, the Lord at once vanished
Dhruva later turned into Pole star to shine there for ever untarnished
Reminding, man can rise by shere Will Power and tenacity to glory highest
And there is nothing that can’t be got by devotion pure in this land hoary.

DEVOTION—NON—PAREIL

Whoever wields power rightly, it yielys good returns, and if he shields it well—putting to right use, it seeks him to hold over the all-protective umbrella, to screening him from every danger arising out of sources, visible or invisible. The converse, does it need interpretation? God, the Providence provides protection to the deserving, tho’ He munificently promises and extends to every one all the needed for peaceful, praise-worthy and progressive career. If man deems the Highest Him as his only safest and surest refuge, He dwells in him to safeguard his interests round the clock. Nothing ever touches the trusted, and if blind arrogance dares stepping into that protected area, it is made to bite the grass. And the Lord humbling is to the last, leaves it to the elements for others to see and learn. This truth immortal is demonstrated through Ambarish’s victory over the arrogant Durvasa, whose abominable underestimation of devotee’s power atlast landed at the latter’s feet.

“What a strange co-incidence your Holiness! you visit me at a time When I’ve completed that auspicious 1 Dwadasavrata in the fixed time And ready going with ardent devotees gracing the function for dinner Kindly accept hospitality and bless me with thy presence at dinner”.

“What else do I want than partaking the fruit of thy 2 Naimithika karma As thy devotion to people and dedication to God won an ever green laurel I deem it a great honour to dine with you the 3 Dharmaswarupa non-pariel I’ll be back before the 4 Punya ghatika’s past, after bath—5 Nitya Karma.”

Considering the sage’s visit a bolt from blue, 6 Ambarish made forthwith Special arrangements befitting his status, and waited with retinue and kith But the short-tempered egoistic sage cared not to honour his word duly, With the running of sands, Ambarisha’s anxiety reached the meridian duly.

To gain the merit of the 7 vrata, one must dine before punya ghatika’s past It’s a sastric injunction that confers merif, if only one holds to it fast Seeing dilemma, 8 Guru advised 9 Vudakaparana—sipping of water by him Which amounts to neither dining, nor it allows the merit slip from him.

Glossary: 1) the observance of a religious fast on the twelfth day of fortnight 2) Occasional rite. 3) incarnation to righteousness 4) auspicious moment. 5) daily rites. 6) a great Vaishnavite ruler. 7) religious vow 8) Family Priest. 9) Sipping of water.
Knowing the minc of Durvasa, the host hesitated; at the same time
Was unwilling to forgo the merit of vrata that used huge money and time
Pressurised by the counsel, he sipped a spoonful to strike the golden mean
Yet he shuddered; for, he cared more for sticking on to tenets than wean.

After a leisurely bath and noon puja, the guest came to honour hospitality
But learnt—the host had sipped water against the decorum of hospitality
Flying into ungovernable rage, plucking out released a jata duly chanted
Changing itself into a fiend, it was about to pounce on host as chartered.

Even before the shade of the hideous fiend fell on that Bhagavatotthama
There emanated from his halo Sudarsana and smashed the pretadhama
And lo! it whizzed past against Durvasa to disintegrate him on the spot
Frightened terribly, he made a dash to taking shelter under a safe spot.

Seeing the divine disc coming fast, he directed his run to Brahmaloka
Reaching with break neck speed, implored Bramha to rid of that Naraka
Envisioning the past, He pleaded inability against that powerful weapon
But directed to Siva, who with Trisula could shield from that weapon.

Running to Kailas with speed as zooming mounted he fell at Siva’s feet
Hearing He said that its power cannot be won over by any, by any feat
It’s only Vishnu, the Almighty’s capable of warding from such danger
Moreover, it’s his weapon and so could easily free the afflicted from danger.

As whizzing sounded death knell, he flew with great speed to Vaikunta
And prostrated at His feet, crying pardon that reverberated entire Vaikunta
Lifting, He said, “I powerless, I live in bhaktas, if once they surrender
I act at their behests, so run up at once to Ambarisha and surrender”.

No sooner than left, descending straight the feet of the noble sage
He begged forgiveness for his unpardonable ego and reprehensible rage
Pitying, Ambarisha prayed to Sudarsana which into his halo merged
Ushering in uncommon quietitude to the joy of all there converged.

The witnessing public offered Padapuja to Ambarisha with splendour
With Durvasa acting as priest chanting apt slokas to everyone’s wonder.

Glossary: 10 a famous sage noted for his short temper. 11 flock of hair. 12 eminent devotee. 13) Sri Maha Vishnu’s disc. 14) a mean ghost. 15) the abode of Brahma. 16) misfortune 17) trident of Lord Maheswar. 18) the abode of Maheswar. 19) devotee 20) Worshipping of feet.
Unkept promises are akin to sea water to thirsty man. Neither it quenches his thirst immediate, nor holds promises to relieve in distant future. If given word is kept up, not only the beneficiary, but the patron too is benefitted materially and spiritually too. Worlds honour the patron, and heaven reserves unimaginable gifts. This laudable deed is not as easy as said, or aspired for. It expects absolute selflessness and exacts unendurable physical and mental sacrifices. Hence the tendency to be off from its red zone. But those realising its efficacy, deem it their duty to sacrifice even life to hold on to the word given. It is not for gaining glory; it is for the continuance of harmonious balance existing in the scheme of creation, when justice walks straight, holding head erect, and spilling unadulterated bliss at every step. Justice and Dharma make the world revolve on its axis. The illustrious Harishchandra stands a beacon light; and Karna with his monumental trait of gifting and keeping up word shines alone as bright star among the datas. For ‘how’ read now...

Lounging over a cushioned chair on the balcony of Dharubhavan
Karna was watching the colourfull panorama one summer even
When home bound birds with song sweet and beasts with dashing gait
Made him oblivious of environs, and Kaladevatha’s graceful gait

Robbing the Nature’s rosy mantle, violent winds anon tossed up clouds,
Pitying man as it were, lightning soon tearing them apart and hurled,
Running helter skelter the forlorn black pieces twirled and twirled,
Till they dripped nectar down to the joy of earth’s sweltering shrouds.

Then came there his body gard with the news of a waiting Somayaji
A purohit of great fame living in a nearby hamlet called Kambhoji
With a supplication to supplying of dried and inflammable firewood
For kitchen use on the nextday’s wedding of his only son named Anirud.

“Don’t you know”, he said, “Karna never sends any arthi discontented
Is there anyone denied anything so far, or gone home anytime grunted
Whenever, or wherever ’m, I’ll give, give and live only to give
Alleviation of misery’s my mission, and my gospel is live to relieve”.

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Glossary: 1) Karna’s bounteous generosity. 2) name of King renowned for truthfulness. 3) abode built of wood. 4) goddess of Time. 5) a brahmin adept in guiding sacrifice etc. 6) name of a village. 7) name of man. 8) supplicant.
Usher him in sans delay, let me hear his predicament in person
If he's that 'purohit somayaji, I'm bound to him by special reason
His mastery over sastras delighted me most on my many an occasion
Nothing'll be denied, as I promised to give anything on any occasion.

"Forgive my Lord" somayaji began, "to meeting with an odd supplication
Tommorow's muhurth, being auspicious, the jyotisha fixed solemnisation
Of my son's wedding this noon, and I in hurry arranged all for function,
But that of fuel, which unfortunately's adding fuel to my compunction."

"What! a scholar so your stature noted for enviable mellowed wisdom
Should grieve over that trifle - fuel that too living in Karna's Kingdom
Never'll despair rise its ugly head anytime to mar any one's good deed
Sure, your need'll be met with, forget not I'm friend to all in need."

"How my Lord how? when this unexpected rain left nothing anywhere dry
Every bird, beast and man is dripping despite using might to be dry
It's only my misfortune that this rain storm descended at this hour
Who can, when 10 Rajaraja too refused help at this hour with all Power."

"I can, if he can't, bury your fear and be sure to go home with fuel carts
No force can debilitate me, nor I let it dirpress my people's hearts
Turning to the body guard, he bade him demolishing his 11 chandana griha
And load its beams and rafters to the kitchen use in somayaji's griha.

Not satisfied, he stood in portico seeing the bhavan put to destruction
And drivine of the loaded carts to kitchen for somayaji's Wedding function
When the petrified Somayaji recovering said amidst tears streaming down
Karna and dhathruthva're synonymous and this one's a gem in his crown.

Thousands of on-lookers bursting into joyous cries then hailed Karna
That 'Dana' hid itself at the birth of this 12 dana 13 veera sura 14 karna.

* * *

Glossary: 9) Priest. 10) another name and title of Duryodhana. 11) Sandal
Wood house 12) gift. 13) hero. 14) brave.
KULASEKHAR’S SAMSLESHBAHAVA

Bhaktirasa surpasses navarasas, either singly or collectively. Its impact lasts longer, and unlike others makes life achieve its goal—immortaty—janmarahitya. When one tastes it, and drinks it stomachful, he feels oblivious of environs, becomes one with God, losing identity one. Genuine devotees, who yearn merging their spark in the Paranjyoti, often in their ecstatic raptures become liquified and flow down to reach the lotus feet of the Lord. In that state, they utter and act which elude the interpretation, and transcend rules of logic and grammar. The samsleshabhava that results then being rare in kind and uncommon in experience keeps the mouths of the on-lockers open for ever. Among the legion, the example of Kulasekhar Alwar, the Chera kink of great renown tops the list and he is second to none in the experience of samsleshabhava; for, he bids armies to go across the waters to Ceylon to assist Sri Rama against Ravana, on listening that Sri Rama is fighting alone the demon hordes. See what happens then...

What a pity, a single man to fight against thousands
Rushing straight resembling the awful fiends restless
Assailing and encircling with strategy of every kind
Resorting to weapons of sure death and missiles potent
Releasing in never-ending series of mighty arms charmed
Punctuated by roars and thunders rending the welkons
Abetted by powers occult and the agencies supernatural
Heckling, braying and grunting for every target and hit
Evading every grasp visible, yet making sounds audible
Ravan* a’s *mayavis started spinning round 5Rama on and again*.

Narration of a frightful scene from 6Yuddha kanda went on thus
When 7Kulsekhar, the devout 8Chera king graced a 9satsang one day.

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Glossary: 1) the name of Chera kind—a great Vatshnavite. 2) the act of cooloace—losing identity and becoming one with the deity of adoration. 3) the ten-headed deamon the king of Lanka. 4) conjurer, here applicable to the soldiers of Ravanat 5) the 7th incarnation of lord Maha Vishnu. 6) a chapter in Ramayana. the Hidx Epic. 7) chera king. 8) name of state 9) congregation of devotees.
Listening to that fierce battle from the start, the Alwar
Moved step by step with its steady progress stage by stage—
Touched keenly at Rama’s plight getting worse by wicked acts
Reacted sharply with his frame quivering and lips trembling
When keyed up fully, he started hailing abuses on Ravana—

"Woe to that multi-headed cobra of type deadliest
Death to that abnoxious insect of kind meanest
Shame to that relentless tyrant of breed crudelest
Curse to that lusty kamaandha of brand foulest
Pestilence to that Danava race for mute adherence
What scruples drove him to fight against God incarnate
Which counsels advocated that ignoble pugnacity
Why not Dharma mill him to powder at his very attempt
How dared he bid the entire Danava race against Rama
When would his adharma consume him in conflagration.

Horrible! Awfully woeful!! Unknown to history of any age
Treacherously diabolical and inexorably bellicose
Neither has it parallels, nor’ll have recurrences in future
I’ll stop it! I’ll end him together with his kith and kin
I’ll march my army to augment that of Rama’s vanara sena
I’ll electrify rocks to roll and fall on mass on Lanka
I’ll rouse waters to rush fast and submerge that tiny island
I’ll screw up winds to whip Lanka to Surya gola for conflagration
I’ll invoke gods to hasten help soon for Rama’s victory
I’ll lead all worlds to stand behing Him in His righteous war.

Fully absorbed in identifying himself with Rama in crisis
Believing to be in Tretayuga, oblivious of time and distance
Seized by uncommon frenzy and unheard of god-madness
Kulasekhar turned to his Amatya Sekhar and Sarvasenan
And bade them march the troops and all abled men to Lanka.

It was the Royal command and unquestioned authority
Why to take anyone, when the war was over long long ago
Centuries to be bridged and waters, crossed to obey the order
Counsellors of none be heeded, nor the fiasco be estimatfed
The order imperial neither be delayed nor quashed outright.

Placed on the frying pan by circumstances unfortunate
Confronted with insoluble problem, leading, or not leading
The paralysed officers took the troops at once to the 19sethu
Leaving the problem to be solved by time, or fate grim
Lest anything may be fall—from dismissal to decimation.

Seeing the king in front enthusing soldiery with song heroic
And confounded troops helplessly dancing to the tunes animating
The miserable two halted for a while to decide the issues—
Stopping of the march and bringing him back to normalcy
Deep probe flashed a clue and they left anon to implement.

The Sarvasenani as planned found coming back within an hour
Galloping at break-neck speed from the direction of the Sethu
Meeting the marching king and army mid-way, he burst out thue—
"Rama won the war, Ravana was routed to the last in the end
Hail Rama the oppresser of 20Adharma! Hail Rama Hail!! Eal!!!

Kularelhar jumped from his mount hearing Rama’s victory
Hurrying to Senapahi drowned him in questions infinite—
"How is 21Ayodhya pati? Did he release 22Sitamata from demons?
When'll they be back? Isn't Hanuman bearing them to Ayodhya?
Up up dears, let us arrange Royal welcome to our gods and all.

When the mood of ecstasy perched atop the Everest
Kulasekhar danced in joy like 23Gora kumbhar of the past
Seeing the strategy going through faultlessly successful
The Sarvasenani an Amatya Sekhar heaved sighs of relief
Praying to God for blessing the mock drama a success.

**Glossary:** 19) the bridge built for the conveyance of army of Sri Rama. 20) unrighteous.
21) Sri Rama. 22) wife of Sri Rama. 23) a potter turned saint who trampled his own
babe when in frenzy of singing thy glory of God.
PARASTRI PARANMUKHATA

Where woman is adored, there abides fortune and it ushers in everlasting bliss. What kind of woman should she be, by the way? 'Every,' is the right and quick answer. Mother, of course, takes priority, that does not mean others to be discredited. As she bears in her womb in nine months your entire weight, besides feeding with her own blood, she deserves the first honour. What about her taking the tortures of nursing and bringing up? Should she not deserve prostrations at the very mention of her name? Wise men advocate seeing the same mother in every woman. In all ages, and climes. And they implemented it in to to, i.e. worshipped every woman inclusive their own consorts. It is only the minds corrupt start in the reverse direction. Result? Ruination. Quick and complete. The highly evolved, as they glue their eyes on the feet of woman find adorable things and dare not look into face of any, even though they live and move with them for years, as a matter of fact. This accounts for 8Lakshmana's failure to identify Mother 8Sita's jewels, adorning her person feet upwards. Read for more...

'Can you identify Lakshman those jewels dropped from air, when carried 4Sugriva says of his hearing the heart rending appeals ruthlessly parried And picking a bundle thrown by the distressed to be used for identification Examine and tell whether they are Janaki's for pursuing quick investigation.

If they belong to 5Janaki, the cue points our quest to be confined to South Sugriva merits praise for keeping and informing of chariot flying to South When the helpless threw a bundle down hoping help from anyone in time. Scan them closely to finalising the line of action to be taken in right time'.

Untying the bundle and finding the jewels fit to adorn ears, nose and head Handing over to Sugriva the bundle tying again safely, Lakshman said, "Aren't the necklace, ear studs, hair pins and brooch meant to adorn organs Right from chest upwards of woman to lighten the glamour of organs?"

"So what? comeliness of sweet figure's enhanced by jewels when adorned None said against them anywhere, so liked in all ages sans getting barred Please confirm the owner, if they're Sitamata's, we feel proud of possession And embark upon right quest-despatching parties to South on commission".

"How con I identify dear Sugriva those jewels used to decorate neck and face When I've not seen anytime Mother Janaki adorning to her neck and face Never did I see that Mother's face bedecked with dazzling ones by intent Nor will I ever desire that ignoble act of seeing her face ever by accident.

Glossary: 1) Turning away face at the sight of woman other than one's own wife. 2) brother of Sri Rama who followed him to forest. 3) spouse of Sri Rama. 4) King of Kishkinda. 5) another name for Sita.
Hark deear! it's against the Hindu custom to gaze at a woman's face
Any woman what so ever for that matter, except that of one's wife's face
To be certain, I've not looked so far Mother Janaki's face even for once
Since the day of her joining the reputed 6Raghu Vamsa, nor wish it hence."

"It's quite justifiable, if she were to be in the palace in our 7Ayodhya,
Is it possible in exile, where privacy can't be observed as in Ayodhya?
Moreover you spent almost fourteen years following everywhere like shadow
As such, you are constrained to see from dawn to dusk her figure & shadow."

"Well that inseparable company blessed me with the darsan of her lotus feet
Which I adored as duty every morn soon after waking and up on my feet
I could've easily identified, if her anklets or toe-rings tied in the bundle
For, my eyes are familiar with them so could've recognised sans fumble".

The whole congregation's petrified including 8Jambavan and 9Hanuman
While Rama moving forward embraced that rare gem of a man—Lakshman
And said aloud amidst streams of joy flowing down his cheeks unceasingly
"I'm indeed lucky be his brother; none can claim equality with me daringly
I dare a say, Lakshman's equal to Lakshman only, no world'll have a peer.
If every woman, besides docile observes 10parapurusha vadana, vimukhata
And every man bestdes being upright develops that parastri parammukhata
Mother Earth surpasses Heaven in virtues and can preach Ethics sans peer.

Making genuflexions, the Vanara community then hailed the brothers ideal
That brought them to this world, when they greeted all like brothers ideal.

Glossary; 6) dynasty of Raghu. 7) Capital of Kosala desa. 8) the oldest among the vanarasena who fought against Ravana. 9) son of Vayu, devotee of Sri Rama. 10) Turning away face at the sight of man other than her husband.
Do you doubt the fidelity of sun to Time; or water finding its own level, or light dispelling darkness, or rain falling down emerging from the womb of dark clouds? Indeed your doubt is appreciable, as it is justified by the exceptions attributed to certain events that took place in the past which changed the causation of routine occurrences. But neither scriptures, nor inscriptions, cite a single instance, when the Omnipotent left His devotees in the lurch. It would never happen; for, they are inseparable, and strive for mutual advancement—the bestower divinises him, and the recipient glorifies Him. If the adorer holds on to Him chanting—'anyada saranam nasti,' the adored bears him on His head defying the established norms. He runs to rescue him any moment of receiving the SOS. See how this is illustrated, and what follows next...

"Choice is yours; name it and be gay at the sure prospect of reward, Your peerless penance deserves to be blessed with a meritorious award Tell me-do you want an ²alpayushka to please you and manes of thy family, Or a ³deerghayushka competent enough to augment the members family?"

"Do you test me O merciful Lord? Cann’t you grasp my aim of ⁴tapa ardent? Would an ascetic of my age choose any, except that making family famous I’m satisfied with an only son fit to lift makind by acts dear to Omnipotent Give me a lovely blossom that hypnotises world with perfume copious."

"Sure he’ll but dies in sixteenth year." saying this vanished the divine couple That inaugurated a new life for ⁵Marudwati ⁶Mrikand Maharshi-ideal couple The hermitage overflowed thence onwards with ritual of daivaradhana And as days passed the region echoed with the holy songs of ⁸Saivadhana.

On an auspicious moment, Marudwati delivered a boy & illumined hermitage The infinite joy of parents overflowing touched one and all in every hermitage Thewaxing moon of the Tapovana was baptised as ⁷Markandeya a holy name It brought honour to parents by austerity and devotion of rare type & fame.

Streams of visitors flowed into asram to feast eyes with his beauty sans end Among the famous the reputed ¹⁰Saptarishis visit deserves mention reverent Struck with ¹¹souseelya they said ¹²deerghayshman bhava’ in tone resonant The grief-stricken parents then narrated the boys fate & moaned san end.

Glossary: 1) Nothing gives sure refuge except the approached. 2) One with short period of life. 3) one with long period of life. 4) Penance. 5) Wife of great Sage Mrikand. 6) A great Saivate Sage. 7) Worship of God. 8) Worship of Siva. 9) name of the boy born to Mrikanda Sage. 10) seven reputed sages. 11) good character. 12) a blessing conferring long life.
They advised the boy to chant 13 Panchakshri as the only means left for him to take him to 14 Brahmaloka for the blessing of long life by HIM. The helpless parents nodded, hoping Brahm's intercession might prolong life swept by 15 divyasobha visible in face&robe, Brahm said "My you've long life"

When informed of plight, He assured of making a plea with Siva for long life. Leaving the lad with parents now death-proof, they left wishing him long life Markandeya with redoubled zeal and unceasing efforts multiplied acts of piety. Chanting 16 Namassivaya even in sleep, reached the last day of his life mighty.

Noting coming of last minute, parents, seated him at 17 Sivalinga for prayers. Markandeya pursued an unswerving course for winning Him by long prayers. 18 Yamadutas coming there to taking his life at the expiry of life's duration were repelled by 19 Tejas uncommon emanating from him, in meditation.

Hearing the report and deciding to do his duty 20 Yama himself appeared. But seeing him immersed in impenetrable 21 Dhyana samadhi he despaired. Wishing to play his role in all sincerity, he threw his long potent noose. Alas! it went round Siva Linga, besides boy's neck sans his intent or ruse.

Regretting, he gave a tug at the noose, when he heard the ear-splitting sound. Emerging anon from the Linga in 22 rudrarupa, Siva swung potent 23 Trisul. Frightened, Yama started running, when Brahma and Vishnu appeared. Pacifying Siva, they reproved Yama for action deserving to be reprimanded.

Siva then said aloud, "Take heed that 24 nischala bhakti's ever invincible". Vishnu added, "We three never let any 25 bhakta, nor austerity's pliable". Brahma ended, 'No power's equal to 26 bhakti, it's impregnable & impassable. 'So dare not near that 27 Bhaki-Sakti' the Trio said "Its immutable."

Joining hands, Yama sang praises of Trio along with the boy with ardour. Rushing to the scene, the ideal couple joined singing with utmost fervour. Seeing the couple shedding tears of joy, Trio bestowed on the boy long life and departed blessing 'Deerghayushman bhava' in chorus that ended strife.

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Glossary
13) a five lettered chant addressed to Lord Mahewsar.
14) the world of Brahma.
15) glorious charm.
16) the name of Lord Maheswar—the five lettered Panchakshari.
17) the Phallus worshipped as the emblem of Siva.
18) Servants of Yama.
19) lusture.
20) God of Death.
21) meditation.
22) fearful form.
23) steadfast devotion.
24) devotee.
25) devotion.
26) devotion.
27) Power of devotion.
Earth rotates on its axis; planets confine to their orbits, and worlds carry on their normal work ad novo, and will go on ad infinitum, how? Any magic? Mystic power? Divine injunction? Nothing, simply nothing, to be true. It is all due to Justice maintaining equilibrium of the cosmos by weighing in her most sensitive balance, whatever referred to, and passing vedicts on the merits. Nothing taints her, nor attempts at seduction ever near her august presence. Adherence to her injunction alone ensures timely rains, salubrious climate, carefree kinship and smooth passing of time, when virtues like regard, compas-sion, conscience, and words, actions, thoughts etc. breathing unhindered reign supreme to the extent of evoking jealousy in heaven. Does man require anything other than this Utopian rule? The rulers, the deputies of God, if keep the pans even when dealing out Justice, sans swa-para considerations, people adore him, and the land will be soaked in nectar, when celestial bliss hover over. Enter such a land for a while and see the ruler's dharmanirati...

Dong...Dong...Dong...2Ambaah! peals of pitiful cries took people by shock The lowing being queer and untimely, it jolted everyone in or out on walk But onething they knew—someone was at 3Dharmaghanta & pulling chain Hung visibly at palace gate to render Justice to the wronged, as means fine.

Leaving the work done, or half-done, all directed steps to palace balcony To greet 4Manuneethi Mannan adorning 5Dharmapeetha on palace balcony And availing the grand spectacle of Nyaya set in motion in manner unique, The King having come's seeing the cow pleading for Nyaya in way unique.

It was a sight pathetic to see the cow tugging chain holding it between teeth And lowing piteously by swaying its head restlessly unable even to breathe At the instance of King, an officer nearing the cow brought it under control Despite leaving the chain, it stopped not lowing, but under perfect control.

Sorely perturbed at the complainant's anguish, he turned to the Inquistor And ordered on-the-spot inquest to punish the remorseless transgressor Alas! the Inquisitor's report horrified the by-standers & roused many fears But not in the king—the 6Dharmaswarupa ever indifferent to shocks & fears.

Glossary: 1) Justice. 2) lowing of cow. 3) a bell to be rung to dispensing Justice. 4) a famous Chola King. 5) the seat of judge. 6) Personification of Justice.
Learning that accuser's calf was run over by a chariot driven at speed high
He bade the premier to produce the culprit-Prince for trial before the high
Knowing, the psychology, the Prince showed readiness to be convicted
For, his rash driving caused the death of a young calf; so can't be aquitted.

The Nethipathi said, "Law runs its course regardless of party concerned
All re equal before Law, none be spared, nor punished motivated by revenge
The descendants of Manu ever honour their legacy & never go back to avenge
The injustice heaped on the unwary by the guilty directly concerned.

The royal sceptre spins fast to see all sides and rises above unjust emotion
Sees not distinctions rising from 'Mine-Thine' concept, or swayed by emotion
The guilty must eat the fruit of action and the Law grinding mercilessly
Restores to the society a finely polished gem worthy to be adored cheerfully

The accused is may son prone to display of power & act in a way nonchalant
For such, remorse holds not any grip, nor do they ever find Ethics relevent
So, no place in society, nor we let them escape from the claws of Nemesis
My son has to be driven over by royal chariot and he will face anon crisis.

I'll myself drive the very same chariot at very same spot in your presence
I can't spare, nor sparing does good, so course of Dharma'll commence'•
Turning to Premier, bade him keep ready all to implementing what he said
And sans remorse, he drove the chariot over his son lying on road as bid.

Seeing with moist eyes people said, his fame went higher than Tanjore tower
Though invisible, it lives in public memory as long as sanity shows its power.

★
★★
THE RESCUED BLESSES THE RESCUEER

Misery moves man, and pathetic plight melts even stones. Sympathetic hearts stand not the sight of suffering, either of their own dearests, or distant ones, unknown till then. They subject themselves to torture with flashes of sweet smiles during the process. Removal of pain is their prime concern, no matter the victim is man or beast; in or out of house; and day or night. They never think of their personal comforts, nor anticipate any return. And they are selfless to the core-work not for name, or better living. They deem it a pious obligation to make the anguished happy. History and legend recorded that some gems among them sacrificing everything for mitigating the suffering of the unlucky lot at the cost of personal comforts. See how one of the emperors of our Punya Bharat offers entire mass of his body...

"Pahimam, pahimam O Lord of Mercy! save me from that fierce eagle, That ruthless carnivorous for days chasing me for its sport regal None rescued me, nor ventured protection against its attack anywhere." Down fell a dove, and outwent its voice at the feet of Sibi, the fair.

The jampacked Durbar Hall shuddered at its fall and failing sound While Sibi keeping the fluttering dove on left hand, looked around And said in voice stentorian, "Shed fear dear, be sure of my abhayam None dares doing any harm as long as I live, if I once offer abhayam."

Ere long he spied an eagle awful, buzzing straight at the dove on hand With a terrible sweep and dreadful ferocity uncommon to one of its brand Alighting near the dove, it shouted at pitch highest, "Stand not in my way, I'll tear to pieces any one, if ventures protection to that dove—my prey."

Despite Sibi's kind hand held like an umbrella, it's was about to pounce Then heard the royal roar, "Stay there, give not to the dove any trounce Don't budge an inch, but ask anything except that dove and its life, As I granted refuge, I'll keep up my word even at the cost of my life."

"No my Lord! no, my hunger'll be appeased only with its flesh delicious I'll tear organ by organ and relish it, though to you it's salacious."

Glossary: 1) Save. 2) a King renowned for merciful rule. 3) protection.
"That you can’t, but take anything instead, I’ll offer to you at once, I abhor violence to any, and I won’t go back on word, if given once."

"Shall I name my choice, will you keep it up, if proved disastrous By likely sniffing out the precious, for my desire’s preposterous."

"Leave that doubt and declare openly whatever might be thy object, I’m ready to fulfil that one, though aiming at my life as target."

"Then listen and be ready to appease my hunger uncommon sans delay, Give me flesh equal to the weight of that shivering dove sans delay."

"Is that all! I shall cut from my body and give you as desired, Then come nearer to taste the flesh of my thigh first as desired."

Truthful Sibi sitting before a balance, kept the dove in one pan And cutting a lump of flesh from his thigh, kept it in another pan Lo! the pan refused to rise tho’ cutting thighs, calf muscles one by one Yet, bit by bit, he cut every organ of body and put in the pan one by one.

Finding it yet dangling, he sat in the pan to bring the other on par And implored the eagle to eat anon to appease its hunger sans fear of bar What a sight! to his surprise, birds changing into 4Devendra and 5Agni, Approached & said flashing smiles brighter than the bright tongues of Agni.

"Overwhelmed by of your 6Satya Vakya Palana & 7Saranagatha 8Dhiksha, Taking the forms of birds, we have subjected you that severe 9pariksha, Oh! how marvellous’s thy tenacity! It’s an example of examples glorious, May you live long with a form better & a career bright and more glorious!"

Blessing the rescuer, the rescued and his aide departed anon heavenwards While the audience, hailing Sibi or, bent their heads downwards.

Glassary: 4) King of gods. 5) God of fire. 6) truthful conduct. 7) one who seeks refuge. 8) a vow. 9) ordeal.
Rope dancer masters the art of balancing, and knows when to raise his foot and where to place it, with eyes open or blindfolded, while doing his job; and what is more in displaying several poses, he changes the modus operandi and pleases all and himself too. Here, it is not equality or uniformity that counts; equipoise can be obtained by subtle change of step which alone ensures equanimity. Hence success. Maintaining balance is an arduous one, but if it is mastered, all goes O Kay. Does not ¹Balakrishna's posture on banyan leaf during the deluge stands as a monumental example of total perfection in the art. The rise and fall of turbulent waves neither drown him, nor throw him off that little ²vatapatra. Though ³Nyayadevata prefers blindfolded while keeping the objects in pans, she knows how to balance. No uniformity, nor even equality that matters here, but change of norms is of paramount importance. See how the bespectacled man with white wig dispenses justice ...

"I detest your judgement; it's a blot on ⁴Dharma Devatha
A clear case of partiality and an instance of ignorance
When the accused shared the booty equally, claiming ⁵samanata
Why dissimilar sentences to the same crime in your governance?

The first, as admitted, is a teacher rich in mind, but perverted
The second, a merchant ready to sell scruples like any article
The last, a seasoned burglar past any power to be converted
Yet, all joined to empty the temple hundi sans moral principles.

But you gave a mild reprimand to that teacher immoral
Ordered payment of a huge sum by the merchant as penalty
And public flogging to the buglar, I say it's abnormal
For each played his role equally well in that criminality.

Glossary: (1) Boy Krishna — the 8th incarnation of Maha Vishnu. (2) banyan leaf. (3) and (4) goddess of Justice. (5) equality.
"You are exactly right in your observation up to this point
Your imputation of prejudice, or error to my verdict
Dear prince, is baseless and reflects a mind out of joint
So listen with care and think well before you contradict.

Mind—the seat of intelligence, understand, is very sensitive
Though works like a double edged weapon, can't bear humiliation
The teacher who lives by mind gets reformed by a mild sedative
Hence light sentence and sure it brings instant reformation,

In the case of merchant, whose avarice for easy wealth
Mark my words, sprouts from heart—the seat of emotion
He prefers loss to reform, and the penalty enriches our wealth
Hence beneficial to both, a contribution to state's promotion.

Well the burglar, who banks upon his physique for living
Resents any harm to body or hand, and so flogging in public
It saps all his energy and leaves him unfit even for living
Reform comes automatic—a method used in ancient Republic.

Now tell me dear, how and where I went wrong in my act
Whether my different verdicts speak of my antipathy
Or justify your charge of misinterpretation of act
Justice dear son, must always be tempered with sympathy.

Above all, dear prince, punishment should end only in reform
It should not take life, nor make the convict a life long invalid
It must keep the scales even by consummate change of norm
Using eyes, ears and mind, Justice markes Her words valid."

"My ignorance, father, couldn't divine thy deep wisdom
I regret and confess that my babble warrants punishment"

"No dear prince, I'll reward you instead with a dukedom.
Should you judge wisely and be discreet in giving punishment,"

★ ★
WEIGHT OF ELEPHANT

Balance weighs objects and fixes the mass in terms of weights; but it has limitations. Immensity defies its capacity. However broad the scale, or sturdy the beam, it can’t hold huge and gargantuan materials in its pans. Should we then dispense them without weighing and sit in despair ad infinitum? Ingenuity seeks for means and succeeds, and this does not pursue the Touch-me-not policy, i.e. only academicians are capable of cutting the Gordian Knot. It grows in congenial climate, be it on the soil, or under water, why, sometimes without soil too, it flourishes. Man-made castes and classes it hates. So an angler, who weighs the elephant in his characteristic way wins gold to the weight of elephant, besides the hand of princess. Observe it how...

“What’s the weight of royal elephant and how to weigh to last gram? As I want to give my darling gold equal to its weight on her wedding I desire enlightenment from you.” Ranadhir the famous king of Sangram Posed the question in his durbar on the eve of the princess’ wedding.

Resting the chin on his palm, the Premier thought deep, but couldn’t? Tapping the back of his pate, the Senani tried best, but couldn’t? Gazing at the ceiling, the Treasurer counted the beams, but couldn’t Scratching the temples, the young prince brooded longer, but couldn’t?

‘Indeed it is a problem that can’t be solved as easily as questioned’ ‘Yes yes, it lies beyond the commoner’s reach to answer as fast as said’ ‘Why doubt, it is equal to its own weight, the jester jocularly said’ Every one tried and tried, but could not, when the king questioned.

Bent upon knowing, the king announced a thousand gold coins as prize To one who solves, in or out of court, the next day by the same time, To his surprise, a fisher man came to the court before the fixed time And said, he would, if the prize were as big as the elephant in size.
Wondering at his audacity and hoping to lift the veil at any cost
The king said, "Glad there's one in my country knowing it and ready
To blot out disonour. I'm indeed happy to honour the request ready
And give gold equal to the weight of elephant regardless of its cost".

The angler then requested the king to ride the elephant to the lake,
On arrival, he got it conveyed to the boat kept for this in the lake
And made a mark with chalk on the hull to know the depth, the boat sank.
Taking it out, he filled the boat with sand till it touched that mark.

He weighed the sand then in a common balance to the last gram
And declared the exact weight of elephant to the king in assembly
Listening, the audience hailed him a great wit endowed with rare brain
The cresendo of encomium died, when the king rose up from assembly.

Moving towards the fisher man with a smile, he suprised the people
With a unique statement that he would give him his second daughter
And solemnise their wedding along with that of the first daughter
At the next auspicious occasion in the presence of all the people.
“Is that all?” springs only from two sources definite — one is permissible innocence, and the other obnoxious arrogance. Innocence, though not be strictly excused, wins sympathy for Royal Pardon, but arrogance should not be left unscarred and debilitating. If pardoned, it brings havoc to the whole society and nation at large. Ironically, it harms itself sooner or later, and ends in annihilation. Scriptures proclaim vociferously that Ego surfaces before fall, and it’s a sure indication of downward motion in morality. Belief, arising out of submission to higher power gives relief, and hurls one across oceans, if ship-wrecked in mid-sea. The invisible Lord has infinite powers and directs actors through inscrutable ways. He must be believed first than questioned. Implicit faith lifts one to paradise, and the converse is equally true. See how this truth is exemplified through a credulous but arrogant, who dug his own grave by his churlishness...

“Why this ordeal Bhagwan, why? Don’t you know the situation? How’ll she survive the calamity, if this herb is not used for medicine? Wasn’t the same one used by the priest before for her restoration? Didn’t I roam about almost a full day to procuring it for medicine?

How can I cross this flooded river? why this unexpected down pour? When’ll it stop? Haven’t I been waiting for receding from noon hour? Haven’t I been helping sincerely father in priest-craft, since initiated? Who’ll listen now to understand my agony? How could he be propitiated?”

“I heard your supplication dear son, and understood the anguish Tell me straight what you need in this dark hour before you perish I’ll try and see that you can get over this predicament soon Be sure, God if trusted implicitly can take you anywhere soon.”

“Salutation to you Swamiji, I’m a priest living beyond the river To relieve my wife from the throes of life—taking epilepsy and fever I’m directed to secure this herb, and my day long search bore fruit But this sudden down pour flooding the rivers & closed that only route.”
"Fear not son! you only want to cross this turbulent river to save life
It's simple dear, take this chanted paper, it'll save you from that strife
Just keep it in your pocket and fearlessly walk over the river in flood
Should you walk sans seeing its contents, you'll cross the river in flood."

"Will it be possible Swamiji? How'll a paper make the river fordable?
Incredible Swamiji, incredible!" Don't make my misery still laughable?"

"I wonder how a priest's bereft of faith in HIM, he adores day and night
Belief gives relief dear, and your grief go for ever out of your sight."

Unwilling to argue, moreso, desiring to reach home fast, he took the paper
Keeping in POCKET, he started walking on water like fluttering paper
Lo! there sprouted a lotus at lowering of every foot to enable him crossing
He couldn't believe himself, yet anxiety drove him fast across the river.

Finding the bank at a few feet off, the devil Doubt in him woke up
And goaded to see what's written in the paper and so he opened it up
What a miracle! it was blank out and out, not a dot or dash it bore
He then uttered loudly "Is that all?" And in a mood he foolishly tore

Before the last "L" escaped lips, there ceased rising lotus to his chagrin
Horror it was, a tidal wave coming from nowhere behind him hit his shin
Before he recovered from the shock, he was dragged into the mind-river
And in a flash, it dumped on a boulder by a cascade in the course of river,

Alas! the priest reached the other world before dying the wife received aid
For not realising—belief relieves and it's a call-'SOS' for God's aid.
GOD — THE CARRIER

The carrier on agreement takes upon himself all perils, while transporting goods, or persons at odd hours even. He doesn’t complain, or renounce, if untoward occurs on the way; and he does this for a remuneration in proportion to the risk undertaken. His services are indispensable, and he is to be respected. This same principle operates in the relationship existing between the Creator and the created. If the created agrees to offer payment in ratio to the work exacted, the Creator does look after him following like shadow unseen, rather he becomes inseparable; so reaching the destination is certain. Cent percent! Is His charge high, or heavy, or unreasonably, any way? Emphatic negative is the answer. He wants the soul—His gift only to be filled up to the brim by Him. Always. Placing it His disposal is imperative. If done, what follows next see for yourself...

“Proceed dear proceed, neither dense forests infested with wild animals
Nor flooded rivers, nor even the remorseless blood-thirsty bandit animals
Can bar your way, nor mar joy, so long I follow to save you from plunder
And your journey at the dead night will remain in history a saga of wonder”

The aereal voice uttering thus, set the traveller lone on the road
And walked behind like shadow to saving him from dangers on the rod
As he proceeded chanting God’s name throughout the journey in the night
He became sure of giving diamonds to the party as bid by boss upright

Much to his joy boundless, he did spy two pairs of foot prints, when turned
At the howling of winds in front, all on sudden, or beasts grunted behind
One of course was his, and the other was that of God’s broad lotus feet
Delighted at the word kept up, he looked back often to bow to that feet

Despite moonless night intensifying fears and depleting his pent up vigours
With God’s name on tongue, and checking His presence at the hour rigour
He plodded along the God-forbidden and man abandoned trackless land
Till nearing the outskirts of the place bound for, like a sage of pure brand
Towards the dawn, after crossing the slushy, weedy water-logged awful area
Fancied to checking whether God's foot prints sanctified that marshy area
Horror struck him blind, when he turned his head back & made him dumb
There was but one pair unlike on occasions prior that made him glum.

Unable to account for the absence of God's marks and seized by grief,
Presuming that God had betrayed and did not proffer His assured relief
At a time when his position was precarious and survival woefully doubtful
Bursting into tears, he released a torando of abuses on God—the merciful

Heard he then to his shock and chagrin peals of irritable giggling
In the self-same tone from a bright patch in the sky, and then laughing
Confounded reason blurted many an uncalled for blasphemous statement
All but hitting His kind heart, imputing as merciless. An understatement!

Stopping the giggle, the Lord of Universe with anadarakshaka title apt
Said in voice majestic reverberating the entire marshy land now under blast
"Your charges my dear, are unfounded and your temper too is unwarranted
None of your angry words applies to me, nor do I merit be charge sheeted

Finding one pair of foot prints alone on sands beyond that land boggy
Haven't you inferred that I had deserted you, while passing that land boggy?
Never dear never, it's only then you needed me most & my indispensable aid
Understand me aright, those prints are mine only that succoured to your aid

You can't estimate how dangerous, & to what depth it could've taken you
Had you but kept one step on its brim, sure none could've extricated you
Hark none in the past escaped from that death trap to tell its horrors
Nor will there be any in future to recount the experiences of its horrors

Then I carried you on my shoulders as Hanuman did to divine brothers
Nobody's trust in me will be blasted, no will man find occasion for worries"
Unable to hear further, the traveller closing ears fell flat on the ground
And cried aloud that subdued God's on realising His spors on this ground.
Lured by the elusive success of opportunism, shallow wits contrive the gullible fall easy prey to them. Deceit may triumph now and them, but does not succeed, nor does it win honour everywhere. Will the wails of the credulous go in vain? No. Their cries, be it, in wilderness certainly reach the superwits, who turn the tables against the opportunities. For, injustice shall not reign supreme for ever? Look! here comes one Daniel—a superwit to set right the wrong perpetrated, by who but a perverse man, posing rather, passing for a gentleman. See how he keeps the seals even, and takes the wrecked across the ocean of grief...

"Say what you please, I only want my elephant back as given at sunset. Neither your wealth in safes, nor status you enjoy convince me at best. It's immaterial how you manage, or with whose aid you give the beast, life. I want my pet back; it's final, understand, no mediation ends this strife".

"How can the dead breathe again? Why this unreasonable adamancy mate? Will not the world call this insane? I'm agreeable to pay your rate. Be contented with price; if you fix, anon my bags will roll to your door. Sniff not the holy bonds; I value your word, though it makes me poor".

"I listen master Chettiar, I'm past any persuasion, none moves me, if said. I made my terms clear before hiring it and you accepted them when said".

"I don't deny anything you said, nor prefer bargaining if you quote price. You know, it died before the function; consider that before quoting price".

Though the Chettiar descended to touching Naidu's feet for compromise, Thrusting him aside. Naidu started going home, sans quoting his price. Unable to convince with fair, the Chettiar took him to Maryada Ramanna. The renowned Judge, whose sharp brain gave him title Judge Ramanna.

Then said the Chettair, "True, I hired the elephant for hundred varahas a ride. I espite the charge exorbitant, I agreed for the honour of groom and bride. Alas! it died before the ritual for no fault of mine; yet I'll pay its worth." Ending thus, he prayed for fair verdict and he'll abide by it forthwith.
When the accused completed, Ramanna turned to the accuser for statement. Conceited Naidu, despite endorsing, grew stubborn for return of elephant. Divining his motive, and pitying the accused, he fixed next day for hearing. Yet managed to whisper something to the accused in private before leaving.

Naidu turned up first with high expectation and found his victim absent. Abusing him loudly, yet with frets and fumes he straight to his home went. He gave a kick on the door closed without minding calling, or shouting. But heard anon crashing of glassware inside the house much to his shocking.

Emerging furious, the Chettiar howled that thousands worth of glassware was smashed by his kicking door against which he kept relics old and fair. And dragged Naidu, the culprit to the court of Ramanna and demanding his glassware given back as it was before and enacted a mock drama-crying.

Elated at the success of his scheme, Ramanna asked the accuser accused. His reply, and said on that only depends return of elephant by the accused. Finding him mute he said that the dead beast was dead, and with its claim. Likewise the broken ware was broken, and was equal to the beast, no claim.

The court hall was reverberated with the hailing of verdict as the only best. And Ramana’s shrewed brain and low whisper at last set the strife at rest.
BONUS PIECES

MAMATHA & SAMATHA

Putting on airs is a sign of decayed ego and bloated self. It reflects the owner's unbalanced mind. It is abhorred at even by the unlettered and semi-sensitive. So it has to be cast off, lest he becomes an outcast in society. A man of matters, or someone in particular should be aware of its evil consequences. If he succeeds in giving a decent burial sooner than sighting it, he passes for an amiable man worthy of all trust. Higher his humility, greater the access he has into the hearts of men, and success of leaders lies in this universal truth. Leaders should set examples by their interior and exterior nature, when millions stand shoulder to shoulder to him. If he stands for equality and strives for equity, his followers bend the Everest with their unbreakable solidarity and singleness of purpose. Bapuji’s infinite love of fellowmen turned him into an inimitable specimen of mankind in many fields. Observe one such streak now.

What a change dear, from hat and boot to loin-cloth and bare chest? Why've you metamorphosed from a popular barrister to humble farmer? Which angel suggested this lowly outfit and clean shaven head as best? Is it due to 8Bharat Darsan Yatra that changed you into a humble farmer?

My Yatra, dear Andrews into the innernmost parts of our India rural, Laid bare its tale pathetic, conditions appalling, wrought by squalor, Though crying round the clock for years for redress by men of valour, None released them, alas! from alien rule, putting to rout every moral.

Horrible it’s to come across everywhere millions of exploited desperates, Over-fleeced workers, illiterate farmers and toothless native potentates, Living, hedged by dreadful wilderness thrust by the foreign emperors, Upon your 4Ratna Garbha that knew no scarcity under the native emperors.

Do you like me roll in wealth displaying Western style to dead brethren? Will not the culture of oppressor alienate me from my innocent fellowmen? Will not my aping the unjust ruler rouse their apathy instead of sympathy? Will a man of truth tolerate that inequality, or afford anyone’s antipathy?

Glossary: 1) affection. 2) equality. 3) a pilgrimage undertaken to studying the conditions of people all over India. 4) land embodying gems.
We’re beset with issues worse than in Africa by Britain’s colour prejudice. Collective strength and total involvement instil courage to shed cowardice. Rallying cl. ses and masses under one banner’s a matter great importance. Sure, we can achieve by winning the hearts of lowest, if given preference.

Should a leader true’ve separate entity, or live away his loyal following? Even in common things like eating, wearing, living speaking or thinking. Is it not then expedient that he should identify himself with them all in all. Would justice approve his duality—living contrary to saying in one or all.

Can he be initiated into their process, if he doesn’t imbibe their spirit? Assimilate its quintessence and implement every letter of its high spirit? Can you expect oneness emerge, if he strives to heighten his glorious self? Will be justified in putting on airs to parade noble descent or superior self?

Constant company, listen, fosters oneness leading to similitude in nature. When each finds ‘self’ splitting into two-one staying in, other join people’s. The ideals of 5Ektha and 6Akhandha standing on cohesion raise their head. Oneness in all, likeness from head to foot surely wins freedom and bread.

Rural-folk run to their 7Netha, if he is like them; & follow hearts reverent. Extending support & sustenance they walk in foot steps of Netha confidant. My outlandish living would bar my half joining with the other-own people. With loin-cloth & shaven head, I’ll merge with the other half-dear people.

Wondering at 8Jatipita’s divine samatha emerging from mamatha boundless. 9Lokabandhu Andrews bent to picking up the pearls of wisdom peerless.” As he found the flow unending and quality increasing with passage of time. To weaving them into garlands to adorn pharatamata, be stayed life time.

5) solidarity. 6) oneness. 7) leader. 8) father of nation. 9) relation of world.
MOTHER BEASANT

Woman is a weaker vessel, born to be confined to kitchen and if steps out of the portal, she becomes her own enemy number ONE – she expires like the snowdrop at the first ray of the sun. This malicious charge was shorn to fragments even in the Vedic age by illustrious women. History scattered a few diamonds that illuminated the dark corridors of time and proved mightier than males. In modern times certain gems invaluable not only out shone their counter parts on the world theatre in fields specially marked to male chauvanists, but proved all-time greater. Our holy Bharat won the first prize. A woman asserts, male the stronger rock gets powdered out right! And at once too! Isn’t she the replica of MOTHER Sakti – the source of Energy that keeps, and sustains Father Brahma’s creation. Soner the recognition and acknowledgement of this truth eternal brings honour to the half-baked. See how Annie Basant, the adopted daughter of Bharatamata roared that sent to dark clouds off thousands of miles unknown to themselves. Nothing but soulful pranamams redeems our indebtedness to her. For full, read now...

"Home Rule alone is our goal, nothing more nor less, we now demand
Let us proclaim this ultimatum with all the breath at our command
So much lost, so long endured, nor more begging, nor any mediation
Let us walk under Bapuji’s umbrella with this strong determination,

What sort of acts they passed so far and how many amendments made?
All but to serve their prejudices and please whims & fancies of every grade
Every one of our deputations rejected, petitions ruthlessly turned down?
Did they ever glance at them? Were we ever given audience sans frown?

Will their exploitation go on for ever? Will violence pay them everytime?
Will that’s damananithi’, and double standards sustain them all time?
Who do they think the Indians are? What sort of power do we wield?
Is it military? Police jhulum? No, we rely on soul force in every field.

Let not our meakness be misunderstood for inherent spineless weakness
Let not soul force be underestimated, or deemed as a case of helplessness
Let not our Dharmayoti be extinguished by those unscrupulous power boors
Let us display our dormant volcanoes and broadcast its disastrous horrors
Will their scales, weighed goods be used to weigh the precious lives of men? How long will their abnoxious unjust Rowlett Acts safeguard their men? Why that in particular, which one mirrors their impartiality to Indians? Will the fleecing, supressing go ad infinitum robbing everything of Indian?

Let us not rest contented until Purna Swaraj is fought for and got. Let us not be appeased with freedom, in scarps, or piecemeal thrown at. Let us assert and demonstrate our solidarity as rebels did in the west. Let us dare, and dare, ther’s no end to dare, nothing but dare, sans rest."

Roared thus the Irish lioness, whose Indianness awakened the Indian soul. That resolution tabled at the A ICC, shocked the foundation of British soul. Reverberating all over, rejuvenated the oppressed with a fresh lease of life. Emboldened, they launched ventures making British pack off fleecing for life.

This high-souled foreign Indian with many a noble ideal and lofty principle. Added a new chapter to history of India, considered by all a patch purple. That could neither be expunged by rulers, nor grateful India gloss over. So memorable is her contribution & monumental is part that lives for ever.

This woman specimen draping ever in immaculate white shone like Sarada. And as true friend of India opened our eyes by founding abodes of Sarada. By ploughing with triple shares, Indian land political, spiritual and mental. Harvested bumper crops education-theosophy politics; so turned immortal.

—: O :—
MOKSHA MULAM AIER

Claiming of proprietary rights has its limits and limitations. Visible objects mostly can't escape its purview; and they can be obtained by means fair or foul. But the invisible ones elude its grasp. Further, evaluation of their intrinsic worth too is not easy. Knowledge can be cited as an example, and this heritage belongs to mankind, though its origin can be traced. Sincerity and industry, if impelled by earnest seeking, this can be mastered and be made to serve any purpose. It is nothing but immaturity that confines it to artificial regions, and what is more to shed blood for owing or disowning it. Saints, seers, scholars, poets artists and languages are the property of humanity; they must be adored irrespective of the place and age they belong to. The wise always pay due homage and yearn for more, read and venerate them.

One thing is certain, and none can gainsay with tangible evidence on hand. That India alone surely turns the search light inside man of every land. And focusses light on values eternal; and preaches with infallibility. The truths basic that exposes Satan and Co., to perpetual vulnerability.

All else—knowledge of physical sciences; harnessing the forces of Nature. Evidenced by success in space craft, splitting of atom to study its nature. Together with sway over elements and inventions, the off-springs of brain. May the West can teach heaven, but they are nothing before Indian brain.

Their scriptures authored, when mod Worlds slumbered on lap of Nature. Embody knowledge, whose bounds never be augmented by any age in future. Nor or the gaps left will be filled up by any ingenuity at any point of time. Emphasise the fact that light comes from East alone—a truth for all time.

For exploring the soul force and fixing the potentialities of myriad forms. Exhibiting the divine power—catholicity and imperishability of its norms. Forecasting of every phenomena going to take place in year millions ahead. Adherence to Dharma & the like, I'm sure none can come nearer its head.
Look at the infinite marvels of Sanskrit—their divine language enshrined
Listen to the liquid notes the hymns and psalms that emanate when attuned
Exuberance of thought, luxurience of fancy, elasticity of expression
Refinement and copiousness of diction; all I say, transcends expression.

The more I probe, greater is the vacuum my mind exhibits sans inhibition.
The fertility of its nuances as sound cobas its with spelling in pronunciation.
I can say with all certainty that Greek and Latin fall short in this respect.
And if it asserts, sure no language on Earth stands against it in this aspect.

Let your ISM—parochialism, or jingoism, or arguing for its own sake
Or superiority of power politics, or colour prejudices, mar or make
The fortunes of Indians, but the sublime culture of Indian mortal
Never was inferior, nor will be subdued by any force; it is immortal.

How I wish I were to be born an insignificant sentient in any hut orient
To witnessing the soul face ably demonstrated by every saint-seer-hermit
And turning into a chakora to drink in the sap looking at that moon
Hoping that one sitala mayukwa may fall after ages as act of Lord’s boon

Thus prayed Max Muller on his death bed after decades of inimitable study.
And collating, editing of the entire Bharata Vignana with intellect sturdy
Sure no single Vedic seer witnessed as he so much of Vignana jyoti of East
He is indeed a phenomenon serving Indologists with an intellectual feast

Hats off to this foreign Indian, whose Indianness excelled that of any Indian
In literature, philosophy his astounding versatility’s superior to any Indian

So scholars hailed his as Moksha Mulam Iyer in recognition of his merit
Verily his yearning for oriental life merits prostrations by men true spirirot.
A MILLION POUND WONDER

Though my mental make up dreads entering politics, and stands still at the sight of politicians, like the locomotive at red signal, its refinement applauds the noble achievements ungrudgingly and unspARINGLY. At times its spontaneous jubilation gushes out to flow with gurgling delight. One such occasion was my reaction to the news that actually divested the bogus law makers of their subtle duplicity by the mighty Anti-defection act on the floor of assembly in Pondichery. It indeed ushered in political stability into our democracy by pushing the chameleons into guilliton. Elated at the outcome, my appreciation rose skyhigh only to descend in rhymed droplets. See how that liquid melody flowed down and enjoy its cadences for a second now...

Here is a million pound wonder
Matchless like kohinoor in splendour
Roaring louder than hell thunder
Set right a constitutional blunder.

Down came that dreadful Democlean sword
Striving to keep morality above board
And went with it all that Mirjafarism
Why one alone, say, all sins of opportunism.

The days of Aye Rams and Gaye Rams are over
The stinck polluting land will not hover
Anymore anywhere, hereafter in our sacred land
Thanks to ‘Anti-defection law’ Rajiv’s new brand

Kudos to Pondy that tolled the death knell
To day-light robbers in the grab of rulers
If scales are kept even despite ‘pressure coolers’
Our speakers’ll close down for ever the gates of hell.

—: O :—
RANCHI'S SPECIALITY

Expression of THANKS at the receipt of favour is advocated by the Wise; in the East and West too. It is a healthy sign of inward elegance and outward genteelessness. Which in some cases go on for ever uninterruptedly. This is a covetable trait to be cultivated assiduously by everyone; for, it ensures trouble free relations and binds the two for ever. This piece below is my appreciation of the commendable hospitality, received at Ranchi, where I stayed for four days as delegate of the 15th National Convention of Authors Guild of India in May 1989. Its radiating geniality has a speciality of its own deserving publicity. Hence the occassion.

In the state of Bihar, there is a city called Ranchi
Enshrin ing the seat of Sarada and her Virinchi
Overflowing with liquid melodies of her vipanchi
Unlike the Saranam gachtami notes of famous Sanchi

How fortunate are her children—both males and females
In keeping the divine mayuris and Keat’s Nightingales!
In perpetual humiliation and inexplicable awe - some mute
With graceful gait s and sweet tones when set to lute.

Did the din and bustle of the industries man made
Ever compete with the dulcet music of its writers made?
No, never so far, nor will ever in future my dear
Their fecundity keeps metropolitan ego in perpetual fear.

Have you ever head O Hospitality! of Ranchi’s speciality?
Hark! it has a ring of novelty that exudes geniality
Should you observe all its sweet phases in moblity
You bid mankind to emulate it for gaining immortality.

Once as said, might’ve been backward in cultural wealth
Now it is forward both in material and spiritual wealth
We, the AG family stand to salute that hospitality
For Overwhelming our stay with its inimitable nobility.
EPILOGUE

Once a wit said that the Ramayana can be abridged into three words—construction, destruction and restoration i.e., construction of bridge across the sea by Rama for conveying the vanarasena to Lanka; destruction of Ravana for abduction; and restoration of Sita to Ayodhya. All the essentials are brought out. A good job indeed! Merits a bow too!

Similarly, the story of Buddha can be condensed into three phrases—renunciation for alleviation, illumination for propagation and foundation for emancipation. The whole is represented and this was presented by my pen in twin quadruplets long back. It’s origin is odd. Spare me a minute, please.

It was 1966. While teaching the twin poems of Milton—LA ALLEGRO & IL PENSIERO, to B.A. students, at G.T.N. Arts College Dindigul, Tamil nadu, one student unable to cope up with foreign terms, blurted out, “Why such dumping, is it due to the poverty of English?” Whereupon I corrected, “No, it’s not so, but it’s due to Milton’s infatuation for Latin and Greek, over which he had complete mastery. Continuing he said, “Tamilian writers in English would never do it, and such servitude would be resented”. I maintained that it was nothing wrong, and for instance Andhras have a special preference for Sanskrit—the Mother of languages, which they make a liberal use of it in writings. To illustrate the point I composed the below and read it, but it was not received with appreciation due. Anyway, it was published in the college Magazine, as its merit was given recognition by the Editor (printed below with slight alterations).

It was 1986. One of my friends, impressed with the nicety of abridgent, during the Authors Guild of India Convention, at New Delhi, suggested me to send it to POET, International for publication. Indeed, it inaugurated a new era in my writing career. The Editor-in-Chief, Dr. Krishna Srinivas, the chief Voice of English Poetry, swept off by its beauty asked me to send it to U.S.A., besides bidding me to write many more on such themes. The American Editor, considering it as a good piece selected it for inclusion in the Ninth Biennial Anthology of Premier Poets of the world; and was published in 1986. Gratified, soon I filled my Indian pen with ink Indian and worked on Indian scenarios, filling every frame with immortal Indian characters, who could immortalise any reader with mention of their names, no matter wherever they are. In a couple of months, their number crossed half a century count, and what is
more, the urge for further composition is waxing, and I am sure they will reach the readers under covers on and again rather as long as there is response for them:

Reverting, each elated me and delighted the discerning intellectuals too. To share my joy to readers at home and abroad, I approached the benevolent T.T.D. Management for finance and it was granted. So stands it now glaring at you for perusal. Read leisurely and pass on to those, who smack lips an such dish. Please drop in a line about your reaction, which will definately be incorporated in the second volume, going to the press shortly. At this stage I say, and should with folded hands that credit goes to Dr. Krishda Srinivas, the Founder-president of World Poetry Society, for having ignited my faculty with a mere stroke of his potent pen. My obeisance to him again.

*How simple Siddhartha became Bhagawan Buddha!*

Into the royal family of Sakya, the birth of Siddhartha was announced "What with life transitory in time short'll I do", the Yuvaraja pronounced. The soulless materialism he hated, why headless hedonism he denounced. To release man from cycles of births and deaths for bliss he renounced.

Search into the myteries of life and suffering took him at last to Gaya where illumination made him Buddha shattering anon the clock of Maya. Then he founded Sangha to preaching the secrets of Sristi, stiti and Laya with accent on development of souseelya got by sublimation of Chapalya.

This indeed is the orgin of this volume; and about a dozen and a half of the pieces were published in periodicals like Sathagiri, Tapovan prasad, Hindu Viswa, Master Mind, Poet, International, Dilip etc. A few were translated into Hindi and Telugu. I thank them now lavishly for their patronage. Permit me to close with a humble request and ardent wish that you will see this keep going by writing your reaction for modification or addition and that alone enables me holding aloft the Bharata jyoti ever burning resplendent.

Please cooperate. Awaiting compliance, I say Bye.


As the execution of the work is aimed at perfection, there is no scope for the printer’s devils to stare at you. If a few minor imps peep at you, better go deep into the themes unmindful of the peep. you’ll enjoy. Credit it goes to the printer. so join me to thank him lairishly.

—Author.
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