

आदिकविश्रीमद्वाल्मीकिमहर्षिप्रणीतबृहत्पुस्तकवासिष्ठः

BRAHADYOGAVAASISHTA

JNAANA RAAMAAYANAM

[DVITEEYA RAAMAAYANAM]

COMPOSED BY

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निर्वाणप्रकरणस्य पूर्वार्धम्

FIRST HALF OF NIRVAANA PRAKARANAM

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PART FORTY SIX

[STORY OF SHIKHIDHVAJA AND CHUDAALAA – 5]
[COSMIC BRAHMAN/VISHVAROOPAM]

Sanskrit text, Translation and Explanation

by

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DEDICATED
TO
ALL THE SEEKERS OF TRUTH

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

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वसिष्ठोवाच
Vasishta spoke

ततः शिखिध्वजो राजा तत्त्वज्ञानपदं विना आजगाम परं मोहं तमोन्धत्वमिवाप्रजाः। दुःखाग्निदीपितमना मनागपि विभूतिषु तास्वभीष्टोपनीतासु स रेमे अग्निशिखास्विव। एकान्तेषु दिगन्तेषु निर्झरेषु गुहासु च आजगाम रतिं जन्तुर्मुक्तेषुर्व्याधतो यथा। राघव त्वमिवाशेषाः सान्त्वानुनयबोधनैः प्रार्थितः कार्यते भृत्यैर्महीपो दिवसक्रियाः। नित्यमुद्धमवैराग्यः परिव्राडिव शान्तधीः खिद्यते च महाभोगान्स भोक्तुं च श्रियं स्थितः। ददावतितरां दानं गोभूमिकनकादिकं देवेभ्यो ब्राह्मणेभ्यश्च स्वजनेभ्यश्च मानद। चचार च तपः कर्तुं कृच्छ्रचान्द्रयणादिकं परिबभ्राम तीर्थानि वनान्यायतनानि च। स तथापि विशोकत्वं न मनागपि लब्धवान् अनिधानां खनन्भूमिं निधानार्थी निधिं यथा। रात्रिदिवं महानेष शुष्यत्येव कृशानुना चिन्तया चिन्तयामास संसारव्याधिभेषजम्। चिन्तापरवशो दीनो राज्यं स्वस्य विषोपमं महाविभवमप्यग्रे नापश्यत्खिन्नया धिया।

King ShikhiDhvaja was unable to grasp the truth of the Aatman however much he tried and so got into a confused state, like the men who are blinded by distress when all their off-springs are dead.

He felt trapped as if there was no escape route from where he was stuck. He felt that the only option left was the renunciation of all, and he was in a dilemma as to whether act out the duty he was born to, or run away from it all in search of Moksha.

His mind was set afire as it were in the burning thoughts of what path must he hold on to.

The pleasures of the palace were like fatal poison to him, and he was afraid that they may lead him astray from his path of Moksha. He avoided all the comforts and pleasures as if they would burn him off like the fire-flames at a single touch. He wanted to run away from it all, from even his very identity as a king, husband and father. He started favoring places of solitude in far away places, river banks, and caves, like a deer which misses the hit of the hunter and runs madly here and there blindly.

Where can he run away from his own ego? He was utterly destroyed in the mind, and had no peace of mind. He just wanted to run away from it all, far far away where nothing of the world could bind him.

Raaghava! You were also in a similar state when you arrived here to meet me here and pay your respects. You were stuck by a similar depression, and showed disinterest in all your daily duties and sought solitude, and you were shedding invisible tears unknown to your friends and family members.

Like you, he also performed his daily actions with disinterest, when and only begged and requested by his servants. He was in some indescribable agony, where the entire world of his appeared like a cage he was trapped in. He wanted to be out of it all, and live alone somewhere where he could pursue his Moksha-practice without disturbance, where the place comforts never beckoned to him, where even the relationship of the wife and children would cease to be. He wanted to renounce everything that was ShikhiDhvaja and wanted to be alone in his Brahman-quest as a nobody. Endowed with extreme dispassion, he remained silent and quiet like a wandering recluse (Parivraat), and felt miserable by the very presence of the royal pleasures and the grandeur of gold and diamonds that abounded in the palace.

How to renounce everything? He tried his best to renounce the wealth at least.

Hey Maanada! He gave off whatever he could in charity in the form of cows, lands and gold to the Devas (temples), Brahmins and his people. He thought that he had renounced the wealth completely.

What else has to be done? He decided to adhere to Saattvic acts; so he visited all the sacred forests, met many Sages, bathed in holy waters, stayed in Ashrams, practiced contemplation, did all the ascetic practices he was advised to do. He journeyed to holy centers, forests and temples to perform severe penances like 'Chaandraayana' etc. Even then, he was not freed of his misery in the least, like a person who digs the ground in a place where no treasure is hidden, and gets no treasure after all the effort!

His mind was still restless. How can you renounce anything, when still the Vampire of the ego is hanging on to your shoulder always? 'I own the wealth; so I should give it off; I own the family; so I should give it off; I should be without any wealth as mine; I must stay alone in the forest; I should get Moksha'; so his 'I' kept on following him whatever action he did to get rid of the very same 'I'

He could renounce all that was labeled as 'mine' but still the 'mine' remained as his action done for Moksha. How can any action done by you, free you from the ownership of that action?

He dug the ground where the treasure was not hidden; and so got nothing but the added up misery of disappointment and frustration. He neglected his health, was irregular in food-intake, felt always depressed and sad, became emaciated and weak in the body.

Night and day he worried about obtaining the medicine for the Samsaara-illness and became emaciated.

Feeling wretched and overly worried, and being extremely miserable in the mind, he did not care for his great kingdom at all, as if any single thought connected to it might destroy him like some fatal poison. He was afraid of the perceived in the form of the palace scene; he was disgusted with it; he hated it; and he wanted to run off far from it. He wanted to escape the present perceived-scene (palace) by running away into another sense created scene of the perceived only (forest).

How can you run away from the perceived, by simply changing the palace scenario into a forest scenario? As long as the canvas-state is not attained, which picture on the canvas can free you, if you are part of the picture only? What matters what the picture is, whether depicting a palace scene or the forest scene?

When he did not understand the true meaning of renunciation, what else could be there for him in the future, but more attachment and more misery in another form?

He decided to walk away from the only real Guru he had with him, his wife Chudaalaa (the noble one in the state of the canvas).

अथैकदैकान्तगतां चूडालामङ्कमागतां इदं मधुरया वाचा समुवाच शिखिध्वजः।

भुक्तं राज्यं चिरं कालं भुक्त्वा विभवभूमयः अधुनास्मि विरागेण युक्तो गच्छामि काननम्। न सुखानि दुःखानि

नापदो न च संपदः क्रोडीकुर्वन्ति तन्वडिगं मुनिं वनविलासिनम्। न देशभङ्गसंमोहो न संग्रामे जनक्षयः

राज्यादप्यधिकं मन्ये सुखं वननिवासिनाम्। स्तबकस्तनधारिण्यो रक्तपल्लवपाणयः मञ्जरीजालहारिण्यो

लोलशुभ्राम्बुदांशुकाः स्वपरागाङ्गरागिण्यः कृतकौसुममण्डनाः आसेव्यकाञ्चनशिलानितम्बतटशोभिताः

तरङ्गमौक्तिकप्रोतसरिन्मुक्तालतावृताः लतावयस्यावलिता मुग्धमुग्धमृगात्मजाः स्वभावोद्दामसौगन्ध्या

वित्तीर्णफलभोजनाः षट्पदश्रेणिनयनाः पुष्पापूरलताङ्गिकाः आस्वाद्यस्यन्दतां याताः शीतलामलगात्रिकाः

रमयन्ति त्वमिव मां वनवीथ्यो वरानने। यथा विविक्तमेकान्ते मनो भवति निर्वृतं न तथा शशिबिम्बेषु न च

ब्रह्मेन्द्रसद्गसु। अस्मिन्सन्मन्त्रणे तन्वि न विघ्नं कर्तुमर्हसि भर्तुर्विघटयन्तीच्छां न स्वप्नेऽपि कुलस्त्रियः।

One day ShikhiDhvaja was in the company of his wife Chudaalaa. He spoke to her tenderly.

‘Dear one! I have had enough of the pleasures of the royal position as a king; I am not interested in them any more; I have a better purpose in my life, which you may not understand; I have to retire to the forest and live as a recluse to pursue my goal.

Beautiful lady! Do not worry about my life in the forest. I will not be embraced by the pleasures, problems, and the lure of riches in the forest-life where I will spend my days in pure ascetic penance only.

In the forest, I will not be worried about guarding the kingdom from the enemies, and will not cause injuries to any one in the battle-fields. The forest-life will be more peaceful.

I will remain undisturbed in the pursuit of my goal.

The forest will be adorned by beautiful ladies in the form of forest-paths everywhere; and they will be my attendants always; and I will be always seeing you alone in their beauty also.

These forest-paths are adorned by the ladies with breasts of clusters of flowers; with their palms of tender leaves that are red as if decorated with the red paste; will be made of thick foliage as their forms and steal the mind; will be covered by the floating white clouds as their garments; the pollen of flowers will colour them as body-pastes; they will be adorned by the garlands of flowers; there will be the golden rocks which will provide seats and they will be the beautiful hip regions of these ladies; they will be covered by the garlands of pearls in the form of the shining water drops sprayed by the waves of the streams; the creepers will be their loving attendants; the guileless deer-cubs will be their children; they stand upright with their fragrance rising upwards all over; they offer fruits to the hungry; their eyes are restless in the form of the bees; their limbs are made of the creepers covered thickly by flowers; their shades will bestow coolness like your company; the juices of their fruits will provide the enjoyment of your tender lips; and all these forest paths lined with trees will act like you at every step and care for me like you do here.

The mind will rest in the Supreme state in a solitary place alone; not in the moon-discs or mansions of Brahmaa and Indra! Please my dear, do not create any objection to this decision of mine!

The devoted wives never go against the wishes of their husband even in dreams!’

चूडालोवाच प्राप्तकालं कृतं कार्यं राजते नाथ नेतरत् वसन्ते राजते पुष्पं फलं शरदि राजते। जराजरठदेहानां

युक्तो वनसमाश्रयः न यूनां तादृशमेव तेनैतन्मे न रोचते। यौवनेन महाराज न यावद्वयमुञ्जिताः पुष्पौघेणैव

तरवस्तावच्छोभामहे गृहे। पुष्पधाना पुष्पमितजरसा सह काननं समं गृहाद्रमिष्यामो हंस इव सरोवरात्।

अप्राप्तकालं नृपतेः प्रजापालनमुञ्जितः राजन्यस्यैव रन्धस्य महदेनो भविष्यति। अप्राप्तकारिणं भूपं रोधयन्ति च

वै प्रजाः रोधयन्ति ह्यकार्येभ्यः प्रभुं भृत्याः परस्परम्।

शिखिध्वज उवाच अलमुत्पलपत्राक्षि विघ्नेनाभिमतस्य मे विद्धि मां गतमेवेतो दूरमेकान्तकाननम्। बाला त्वमनवघाङ्गि नागन्तव्यं वनं त्वया पुंसामपि हि मृद्वङ्गि दुर्विगाह्यो वनाश्रयः। समर्था न वनवासे योषितः कठिना अपि कानने पुष्पमञ्जर्यः सोढुं शस्त्रालिमक्षमाः। भवत्या पालयन्त्येह राज्ये स्थातव्यमुत्तमे कुटुम्बभारोद्धहनं पत्यौ याते व्रतं स्त्रियः।

Chudaalaa spoke: 'Naatha (Lord)! Only those works shine, which are done at proper times; and not otherwise. Flowers bloom only in the spring, and fruits appear only in the autumn. The forest-life is for the very old people and not for people still young like you. So I do not support this idea of yours.

Mahaaraaja! As long as we both are not cast away by the youth like the trees by the clusters of flowers, let us stay here at our home only. Later at the right time, being adorned by the white flowers of old age, let us both leave the house for the forest-life, like the pair of swans flying away from the lake, and live as 'Vaanaprasthas' (the third station of man who retires from his duties when his children are ready to take over the duties). If the king discards the kingdom at an improper time, a great sin will be incurred by the king, for creating a hole in the safe-keeping and betraying the trust of the people. The people who love and adore you, will not allow you to do such a thing. The master and his servant both guard each other from wrong doings.' (Chudaala tried her best to change his decision of leaving the palace to live in a remote mountain forest; but the king was adamant in his decision. Moksha was his only goal in life and renunciation was the only means to attain that goal, was his unshaken conviction.

Afraid that his wife will follow him there also, he stopped her from taking such a step.)

ShikhiDhvaja spoke: 'Enough, hey lotus-eyed beauty! Enough of creating obstacle to my wish!

Understand that I have already gone to the forest! Nothing can change my decision.

I have already renounced all this, including my relationship to you; so do not try to prove an obstacle in my path; think that I have already gone off; and act accordingly.

You are still immature! What do you think the forest-life is like?

Do you believe that even for a day you can bear the difficulties of such a life?

You are of a very delicate disposition. You should not accompany me to the forest.

Hey you of tender limbs! The forest-life is difficult even for men.

Even if women have stronger bodies, they still will not be able to bear the hardship of the forest-life.

The flower-creepers though growing in the forest, still cannot bear the hit of a sword!

Hey excellent lady! Be here only, taking care of the kingdom.

Wives must take over the responsibility of the family, if the husband goes away to practice asceticism.'

इत्युक्त्वा दयितां राजा तामिन्दुवदनां वशी उत्तस्थौ स्नातुमखिलं दिनकार्यं चकार च। अथोज्झितप्रजाचेष्टो रविरस्ताचलं ययौ शिखिध्वजो वनमिव समस्तजनदुर्गमम्। संहृत्य विततं रूपं तमेवानुययौ प्रभा नाथं भवननिष्क्रान्तं चूडालेवानुरागिणी।

Having informed his wife of his decision with certainty, the king got up and left the harem for taking bath. He finished all his morning jobs as usual.

The Sun went off to the western mountain and disappeared from the sight of all, similar to ShikhiDhvaja who wanted to leave for the desolate forest which would be unapproachable for any one.

The sun was about to set for the people of his kingdom; but his luster which was his essence would not be left behind and followed him like his own shadow, like Chudaala who would have followed her lord when he left the palace, for she loved him too much to stay back as he suggested.

आययौ यामिनी श्यामा भुवनं भस्मधूसरं धृतव्योमापगं शर्व संक्षेपा यमुनेव सा। दिक्षु संध्याभ्रदन्तासु स्थितासु कृतमण्डलं तमालबालकाङ्कासु ज्योत्स्नाहासोदयाङ्कितं, गच्छतोरपरं पारं दंपत्योर्मेरवं पदं देवोद्यानमयं रन्तुं दिनश्रीदिननाथयोः आगच्छतोरिदं पारं ह्यघतीक्ष्णकरोज्झितं निशानिशानायकयोर्दंपत्योर्मेरवं पुनः। तारागणोऽथ ददृशे विकीर्णा व्योमकुट्टिमे मुक्तो मङ्गललाजानां दिग्बधूभिरिवाञ्जलिः। चन्द्रानना तमःश्यामा श्रान्ता कुसुमहासिनी यामिनी यौवनं प्राप सरोजमुकुलस्तनी।

The night lady (Yaaminee) arrived as usual and scattered the flowers of stars all over the sky-floor.

The directions were cuddling the lovely dark hued female child named Tamaalaa (darkness); and the evening clouds with their lustrous edges encircled the directions like the smiling teeth and smiling as it were with the shine of moonlight; the Lord of the day and the his spouse namely the luster of the day, both together were moving towards the other side of Meru towards the heavenly gardens; and the other couple the lord of the night and his spouse namely the 'Nishaa' (night) arrived at this end of the Meru which had been released by the burning hands of the sunrays.

Then the hosts of stars appeared on the floor of the sky, as if the direction-ladies had scattered the auspicious parched grains on the floor to welcome the night-lord and his spouse.

'Yaaminee' the night lady attained a youthful bloom; her face was beautiful as the moon; her hue was dark as the night; she smiled in the form of the night-blooming lotus flowers; her breasts were the buds of the day lotuses; and she was lethargic also, by making all fall asleep by her presence.

कृतसंध्यासमाचारः सहचूडालयेष्टया सुष्वाप शयने भूयो मैनाक इव सागरे। अथार्धरात्रसमये देशे निःशब्दतां गते घननिद्राशिलाकोशनिलीने सकले जने स तस्यां संप्रसुप्तायां शयने कोमलांशुके भृशं निद्राविमूढायां भ्रमर्यामिव पङ्कजे तत्याज दयितां सुसामङ्काद्राजा शिखिध्वजः स्वैरं स्वैरं मुखं राहोर्दिशं चान्द्रप्रभामिव। उत्तस्थौ शयनाल्लीनवधूकार्धाञ्चलांशुकात् सलक्ष्मीकान्तिलोलोर्मैहरिः क्षीरार्णवादिव।

The king finished his evening rites and slept along with his beloved wife on the soft bed as at every night, like the Mainaaka mountain resting inside the ocean.

It was nearing midnight; silence prevailed all over the city; all the people were stuck inside the dense rock of sleep; Chudaalaa was also fast asleep on the soft bedspread, and was lost in dense sleep like a bee inside a lotus. ShikhiDhvaja very gently pushed her off, like Raahu releasing the moonlight slowly from his mouth. He got up from the soft upper garment of Chudaalaa on which he was lying down in her embrace; like Hari getting up from the Milk Ocean where the gentle waves were shining reddish by the luster of Lakshmi, his spouse lying next to him.

वीरक्रमार्थं यामीति तत्रैवानुचरव्रजं योजयित्वा जगामासौ पुरान्निर्गत्य पूर्णधीः। राज्यलक्ष्मि नमस्तुभ्यं इत्युक्त्वा मण्डलाद्रतः विवेशोग्रामरण्यानीमेको नद इवार्णवम्। घनान्धकारगुल्माद्या क्षुद्रभूतोघककशा सारण्यानी निशा सार्धं समं तेनातिवाहिता। प्रातः शून्यामरण्यानीं स नीत्वा विततं दिनं सममर्केण कस्यांश्चिद्विश्राम वनावनौ। भानावदृश्यतां याते तत्र स्नानादिपूर्वकं किञ्चित्फलादिकं भुक्त्वा तां निनाय तमस्विनीम्।

He informed the attendants there that he was going out for checking the bad elements of the city, and left them there itself; and the dispassionate one walked out of the city. When he reached the gates, he just once faced the city that was no more his and offered his salutation to the kingdom saying 'Hey RaajyaLakshmi Salutations to thee'; he soon walked away from the outskirts also and entered the huge forest and disappeared off like a single river merging into the huge ocean. He passed the night in the company of the night-lady of that forest who was filled with the dense darkness of the thick foliage, and the terrifying sounds of the animals and nocturnal beings. In the early morning, he traveled along with the sun the whole day and left that desolate forest also far behind; and rested at night again in some other forest-land. When the sun set, he bathed in some stream, ate some fruits that were available, and passed that night there itself.

पुनः प्रातः पुराण्युच्चैर्मण्डलानि गिरीन्नदीः जवादुल्लङ्गयामास राजा द्वादशशर्वरीः। ततो मन्दरशैलस्य तटस्थं जनदुर्गमं प्राप काननमत्यन्तदूरस्थजनतापुरं रटत्प्रणालसलिलवापीबलितपादपं शीर्णवेद्यालयज्ञातपूर्वद्विजाश्रमं क्षुद्रप्राणिविनिर्मुक्तसिद्धसेव्यलतालयं आपूर्णपादपलतं प्राणवृत्तिकरैः फलैः। तत्रैकस्मिन्समे शुद्धे स्थले सलिलमालिते शीतले श्याद्वलश्यामे स्निग्धे सफलपादपे समञ्जरीभिर्वल्लीभिः स चकारोटजालयं प्रावृट्कालः सविद्युद्धिर्नीलाभैरिव पञ्जरम्। मसृणं वैणवं दण्डं फलभोजनभाजनं अर्घपात्रं पुष्पभाण्डमक्षमालां कमण्डलुं कन्थां शीतापनोदाय बृसीं चैव मृगाजिनं आनीयायोजयत्तस्मिन्मठिकामन्दिरे नृपः। यदिकंचिद्वा वस्तु योग्यं तापसकर्मणि तत्र स्थापयामास जगतीव क्रमं विधिः। संध्यापूर्वं जपं प्रातः प्रहरे स तदाकरोत्पुष्पोच्चयं द्वितीये तु स्नानं देवार्चनं ततः पश्चाद्वनफलं किञ्चिद्वनकन्दं बिसादि च भुक्त्वा जप्यपरो भूत्वा निनायैको निशां वशी। इति दिवसमखेदं मन्दरोपान्तकच्छे विरचित उटजेऽन्तर्मात्वेशो निनाय नवनृपतिविलासं तं न सस्मार कं वा स्फुरति हृदि विवेके राज्यलक्ष्म्यो हरन्ति।

In the early morning, he got up; traveled across many kingdoms, cities, hills and rivers making haste; and after twelve days reached an inaccessible forest situated at the base of Mandara Mountain which was very far from the populated areas. That forest region had been the abode of many Brahmins and Sages in the past, and was comfortable and secluded; it also had some ruins of huts where the Vedas had been recited in the past. The fruitful trees were continuously watered by the bamboo canals that had been dug for them; there was no fear of wild animals and there were many creeper-made huts where the Siddhas had resided in the past; the trees were covered by creepers that gave out nourishing fruits.

There, he searched out for some even land that was clean, was closer to the streams, was cool because of the fruitful trees all around and with fragrant green grass growing on the ground. He constructed a hut with creepers that were filled with thick leaves, like the monsoon season making a dark cage out of dark clouds decorated by the lightning flashes. *(He had imprisoned himself inside a dark cage made of blind religion with the ascetic practices providing some tiny flashes of satisfaction.)*

The king then searched here and there and soon accumulated many objects that were necessary for his forest-life like a smooth bamboo stick, a bowl for eating fruits etc, a vessel for collecting water to be used for offering Arghya (ArghaPaatram), a basket for collecting flowers, a Rudraaksha garland (AkshaMaalaa), and a water-pot (Kamandalu), some patched up garment to protect his body from cold, a seat made of twisted grass and a deer skin. Like Brahmaa creating more order in his world by producing many more objects, he also made his forest-home neat and proper by slowly collecting things that would help in his ascetic life. He designated each hour for some particular discipline and followed his routine-duties without fail. He kept his mind under full control, and was fully satisfied by his renunciation act.

In the early morning before sunrise he did his recitation of chants; next hour he spent in collecting flowers; then he had a bath and offered worship to the deities; then he ate some fruits, edible roots, lotus stalks etc and did his recitation of chants again till night-fall and slept all through the night all alone on his grass-bed. In this manner, the king of Maalava patiently passed many days in that grass hut he had constructed in the Mandara forest; and he did not bother at all about the royal life of his past.

Which goddess of kingdom is capable of attracting a man with discrimination in the heart?

In this manner, ShikhiDhvaja stayed in the forest inside a grass hut filled with all the necessities, and continued his ascetic penance for attaining Moksha.

एवं शिखिध्वजः पूर्णमठिकायां वने स्थितः इदानीं शृणु चूडाला सा किं कृतवती गृहे।

तत्रार्धसमये दूरं याते शिखिध्वजे हरिणी ग्रामसुमेव चूडाला बुबुधे भयात्। अपश्यत्पतिनिर्हीना शयनं शून्यतां गतं अभास्करमपूर्णन्दु शान्तशोभमिवाम्बरम्। उत्तस्थौ किंचिदाम्लानवदना खेदशालिनी कुसिकेव महावल्ली निरुत्साहाङ्गपल्लवान् प्रसन्ना न विमला बभूवाकुलतां गता दिनश्रीरिव नीहारधूसरा सा व्यतिष्ठत्। क्षणं शय्योपविष्टैव चिन्तयामास चिन्तया। कष्टं राज्यं प्रभुस्त्यक्त्वा वनं यातो गृहादिति। तन्मयेहाय किं कार्यं तत्समीपं व्रजाम्यहं, भर्तेव गतिरुद्दिष्टा विधिना प्रकृता स्त्रियः। इति संचिन्त्य भर्तारमनुगन्तुं समुत्थिता चूडाला वातरन्ध्रेण निर्गत्याम्बरमाययौ। बभ्रामाम्बरमार्गेण वातस्कन्धेन योगिनी कुर्वती सिद्धसार्थस्य मुखेन अन्येन्दुविभ्रमम्। ददर्शाथ यथायातं रात्रौ खड्गधरं पतिं भ्रमन्तमेकमेकान्ते वेतालसमयोदितम्। तादृशं पतिमालोक्य स्थित्वा गगनकोटरे भविष्यच्चिन्तयामास सर्वं भर्तुरकखण्डितं यथा येन यदा यत्र यावत्कार्यं यथोदयं यथा च निर्वृतिः स्फारा गन्तव्या तेन राघव अवश्यं भवितव्यं तद्भर्तुर्दृष्ट्वा पुरः स्थितं तदेव संवादयितुं गमनात्सा न्यवर्तत। आस्तां ममाद्य गमनं काले अतिचिरेण हि मयास्य पार्श्वे गन्तव्यं नियतरेषनिश्चयः इति संचिन्त्य चूडाला प्रविश्यान्तःपुरं पुनः सुष्वाप शयने शम्भोः शिरसीवैन्दवी कला। केनचित्कारणेनासौ गतः संप्रति भूपतिः इति पौरं जनं सर्वमाश्वासयातिष्ठदङ्गना। राज्यं ररक्ष भर्तुस्तत्क्रमेण समदर्शनात् यथा कालेन केदारं पक्वं कलमगोपिका। तयोस्तदाऽवहत्कालो दंपत्योः स्थितयोस्तथा अदृष्टान्योन्यमुखयो राज्यकाननपालयोः। जगामाथ दिनं पक्षो मासोऽथ ऋतुवत्सरः शिखिध्वजस्य विपिने चूडालायाः स्वमन्दिरे।

बहुनात्र किमुक्तेन वर्षाण्यष्टादशाङ्गना चूडालोवास सद्ने वनगुच्छे शिखिध्वजः।

Rama, now listen as to what Chudaalaa did in the palace-house.

After ShikhiDhvaja had left the palace and gone off in the middle of the night, suddenly Chudaalaa woke up in fear, like a deer that was sleeping in the village suddenly jumps up with fright. Having been abandoned by her husband, she saw the bedside that was empty like the sky which had lost its luster by the absence of the sun and the full moon to light it up. Her mind was filled with apprehension and her face faded; she felt all her limbs collapsing like the beautiful creeper drenched by the scorching waters. She was not pleased by her husband's action; felt apprehensive about him and remained like the day-light covered by thick smog.

Without getting up from the bed, she deliberated like this, feeling worried about her husband.

‘Ah the misery! My lord has renounced the kingdom; has left this home and gone off to live in a forest.

What is there for me here now? Let me also go and live with him. The Scriptures talk of the husband alone as the shelter for women.’ So thinking, Chudaalaa got up from the bed, and decided to follow her husband wherever he was. She flew up from her bed and reached the sky through the ventilation window.

That great Yoginee, through the power of Siddhi, floated in the sky through the air currents; and her lustrous face shone like a second moon in the sky.

From the sky above she saw her husband walking all alone holding a sword in his hand in that dark night filled by the roaming vampires,

Raaghava! She stayed in the sky itself and observed in her mind the entire future of her husband as to how, when, by what, he will attain the fulfillment of his life and understood that this forest-stay of his future life had to be gone through by him as a necessary step in purifying his mind; and she decided to allow the events to take their own course, and refrained from following him.

‘Let me not meet him at present; soon I will have to meet him anyhow to impart knowledge; this is the fixed state of his future’; Chudaalaa thought like this and returned to the harem and slept off in the bed like the moon digit resting on the crest of Shiva.

In the morning, she told the people that their king had gone out of the kingdom for some important reason and consoled them. With equanimity, she took care of her husband's kingdom in a proper manner like a lady guarding the ripened crops takes care of the grains with full alertness.

Thus time passed for that couple who could not see each other's face; one took care of the kingdom; and the other took care of the forest! Days passed; then fortnights; then months; then seasons; then years, even as ShikhiDhvaja continued his forest-life and Chudaalaa her palace-life.

What to say more!

For eighteen years ShikhiDhvaja lived in the forest filled with the trees, and Chudaalaa at her home.

अथ यातेषु बहुषु वर्षेषु जरसा वृते शिखिध्वजे महाशैलतटकोटरवासिनि भर्तुः कषायपाकं तदालक्ष्य पालितं

चिरात् तदा तस्याथ यातेषु वर्षेषु जरसा वृते तदा तस्यात्मकार्यस्य भवितव्यतया तथा भर्तुः समीपगमने मम

कालोऽयमित्यथ सन्निन्त्य मन्दरोपान्तं गन्तुं वृतिं चकार सा, चचारान्तपुराद्रात्रौ ततार नभसः पथं जगाम

वातस्कन्धेन। गच्छन्ती खे ददर्श सा कल्पवृक्षांशुकच्छन्नरत्नस्तबकभूषिताः नन्दनोद्याननिलया रक्ताः

सिद्धाभिसारिकाः परामृष्टेन्दुशकलान्प्रालेयकणवर्षिणः सिद्धोत्तमतसौगन्ध्यान्स्पर्शयामास मारुतान्।

चन्द्रबिम्बामृताम्भोधेर्महावीचिपरम्परां अपश्यन्निर्मलज्योत्स्नामम्बरान्तरतां गता। मेघान्तरेण गच्छन्ती

मेघलग्नाश्च विद्युतः अवियुक्ताः स्वभर्त्रा सा भूयो भूयो व्यलोकयत्।

Many years passed; and ShikhiDhvaja who lived inside the hut on the slope of the great mountain, became aged. Chudaalaa understood that her husband had now become mature enough to grasp the knowledge of the Aatman, because of his years of sincere practice of asceticism. And since he had aged also after many years of living in the forest alone, and since he had to receive the knowledge from her alone as a fixed fate of his, she thought that it was time for her to meet him and bestow knowledge, and so decided to go to the mountain region of Mandara where her husband lived. She flew out of the harem that night, crossed over the expanse of the sky; and moved through the air-currents.

(Chudaalaa's mind was filled with eagerness and love as she set out to meet her husband after eighteen years of separation. The entire world was filled with lovers in her love-stuck vision, and she saw the same love in all the inert and conscious beings everywhere.)

As she moved along the sky-path, she saw other Siddha women also rushing forth in the sky path to meet their lovers like her. They were the ‘Abhisarikaas’ (women who go to meet their lovers at night in secret); they resided in the Nandana garden of the heaven and were adorned by the clusters of precious stones on the garment made from the KalpaVrkhsa bark; they were extremely in love with their husbands; they were sprinkling the nectar from the digits of the moon that they had playfully plucked; and the soft winds carrying the mixed fragrance of the worship materials used by the Siddhas, tenderly touched her limbs.

She saw also the continuously rising of waves in the ocean of nectar, inside the moon-disc.

She saw also the taintless shine of the moon very close to her when she reached the skies.

As she passed through the clouds, she again and again saw the lightning flashes continuously clinging to their husbands namely the clouds, without ever getting separated.

उवाच चात्मनैवाहो यावज्जीवं शरीरिणां न स्वभावः शर्मं याति ममाप्युत्कण्ठितं मनः। कदा मृगेन्द्रस्कन्धं तं

प्रणयप्रवणं पुनः पश्यामि कान्तमित्युक्तं ममाप्युत्कण्ठते मनः। मञ्जरीजालवलितास्तरुं वल्लयः स्वकं पतिं न

मुञ्चन्ति क्षणमिति ममाप्युत्कण्ठते मनः। यथेयमग्रजा कान्तमेति सिद्धाभिसारिका तथा कदाहमेष्यामि

ममापीति मनःस्थितम्। इमे मन्दाश्च मरुत एते च शशिनः कराः वनराजय एताश्च ममाप्युत्कण्ठयन्त्यहो।

हे चित्ताज्ञ मुधैवान्तः किं त्वं ताण्डवितं स्थितं सा व्योमनिर्मला साधो क्व ते याता विवेकिता अथवा चित्त

भर्तारं स्वं प्रत्युत्कण्ठसे सखे। तिष्ठोत्कण्ठाभिवलितं किं समुत्कण्ठतेन मे किं वृत्तोत्कण्ठसे वामे भर्ता यातो जरां भवेत्। तपस्वी कृशगात्रश्च भवेन्निर्वासनस्तथा मनो राज्याद्यभोगेभ्यो मन्येऽस्यामूलतां गतं वासनालतिका प्रावृण्णदी नदगता यथा। एकान्तरत एकात्मा नीरसः शान्तवासनः मन्ये भवति मे भर्ता शुष्कवृक्षसमस्थितिः तथापि चित्तं कोत्कण्ठा भवतोत्कण्ठयान्वितम्। मतिमुद्बोधय योगेन क्षेषयिष्याम्यहं पतिम्। प्रमृष्टकलनं भर्तुः समीकृत्य मनो मुनेः राज्य एव निवेक्ष्यामि निवत्स्यावः सुखं चिरम्। अहो नु चिरकालेन मनोरथमिमं शुभं अहमासादयिष्यामि यद्भर्ता समचिन्तितः। समग्रानन्दवृन्दानामेतदेवोपरि स्थितं यत्समानमनोवृत्तिसङ्गमास्वादने सुखम्।

She said to herself, 'As long as life is there in the body, one's own nature never dies. My mind also is pining for my lover! My mind is also longing for his sight, as to when I will see again my lord with his shoulders equaling a lion's, melting in love for me.

I see the flower-filled creepers embracing the trees, namely their husbands, and they do not separate from them even for a second; my mind also yearns for my lover.

This Siddhaa Abhisarika (a woman who goes to meet her lover) who is my senior being born in a divine womb, is moving fast eager to meet her lover; my mind is anxious to meet my lover too!

Ah! These slow winds, these moon rays and these beautiful forests increase my love for my lord!

Hey ignorant mind! Why are you simply dancing frantically?

Hey good one! Where have you lost the pure discrimination power of yours?

Or my friend, are you also pining for your Lord?

Enough of this overflowing eagerness for meeting my lover!

What is the use! Hey female body (वामे)! Why do you pine for him?

Your lord will be very much aged now!

He would be engaged in performing penance and would be emaciated.

He would be freed of all Vaasanaas now.

I believe that he should have fully lost interest in the kingdom, and all the pleasures connected with it.

The Vaasanaa creeper would have vanished like the monsoon-stream entering a huge river.

I am of the opinion that my husband will be now like a dried up tree, favoring solitude, living alone, without any desire (नीरस), and would have subdued all Vaasanaas.

Even then my mind, why are you eager to embrace him?

Through the power of Yoga, I will enlighten him; make his mind again filled with passion and join you with your husband! I will level up my husband's mind which is purified by penance.

I will again make him rule the kingdom and we will both live happily together.

Aha! From a long time I have been cherishing this desire in my heart!

I will see to it that my husband becomes equal-minded and reaches the highest level of bliss.

Of all the joys one can experience in this world, this alone is the excellent happiness when one has the companion in life who thinks alike!

इति चिन्तयती व्योम्ना चूडालोल्लङ्घ्य पर्वतान्देशानब्धान्दिगन्तांश्च प्राप मन्दरकन्दरं अदृश्यैव नभःस्थैव प्रविवेश वनान्तरम्। वात्येव पादपलतास्पन्दवेद्यगमागमा वनैकदेशे कस्मिन्श्चित्कृतपर्णोत्तरे पतिं दृष्ट्वा योगेन बुबुधे देहान्तरमिवास्थितम्। हारकेयूरकटककुण्डलादिविभूषितः अभवन्मेरुकान्तिर्यस्तमेवात्र ददर्श सा कृशाङ्गं कृष्णवर्णं च जीर्णपर्णमिव स्थितं कज्जलाम्बुभरस्नातं भृङ्गीशमिव। निस्पृहं चीराम्बरधरं शान्तं एकाकिनमवस्थितं स्थलीनिषण्णं पुष्पाणि ग्रथयन्तं जटाङ्कितं तमालोक्यानवद्याङ्गी चूडाला पीवरस्तनी किञ्चिज्जातविषादैवमुवाचात्मनि चेतसा।

So thinking, Chudaalaa descended down from the sky. She crossed over many mountains, many countries, cloud-layers, and after moving through huge distances, reached the Mandara Mountain.

Invisible to all, she entered the forest by moving in the sky itself, like the wind whose movements can be surmised, by only the movement of trees and creepers.

(She did not see the handsome strong husband of hers shining like a golden statue, but instead was shocked by the sight of dark-hued man who was weak and emaciated very much, and looking like a rag doll made of bones only.)

She saw some unidentifiable person living inside a leaf-hut in some remote corner of the forest.

She could not believe that it was her husband! He had so changed! It was as if he had another body now.

Through the power of Yoga, she knew that it was the same ShikhiDhvaja.

She now saw the noble king who had shone like the Meru Mountain in the past, being adorned by all ornaments and royal costumes was highly emaciated in the body, had turned dark in hue, and was like a dried up leaf!

With his ascetic dress, he appeared like 'Bhringeesha (door-keeper of Shiva who is black in hue), who had bathed in the collirium-filled black water.

He did not seem to have any desire for anything. He was wearing some tattered bark garment. His hair-locks were matted and had turned brown. He was very peaceful and all alone!

He was sitting on the ground and weaving a garland of flowers!

Chudaalaa of taintless limbs and youthful body saw him in that horrible condition and felt distressed very much. She also understood that he had not attained any Aatman-awareness even after the eighteen years of solitude and penance. She said to herself in her mind like this.

अहो नु विषमं मौर्ख्यं तदनात्मज्ञतात्मकं एवंविधाः समायान्ति दशा मौर्ख्यप्रसादतः। अयं स राजा लक्ष्मीवान्यतो मेऽतिप्रियः पतिः हृदि मोहघनक्षुण्णामिमामभ्यागतो दशाम्। तदवश्यमिहाद्यैव नाथं विदितवेद्यतां नयाम्यत्र न संदेहो भोगमोक्षश्रियं तथा। इदं रूपं परित्यज्य रूपेणान्येन केनचित् सकाशमस्य गच्छामि बोधं दातुमनुत्तमम्। बालेयं मम कान्तेति मदुक्तं न करोत्यलम्। तस्मात्तापसरूपेण बोधयामि पतिं क्षणात्। भर्ता कषायपाकेन परिपक्वमतिः स्थितः चेतस्यस्याद्य विमले स्वं तत्त्वं प्रतिबिम्बति।

'Alas! Ignorance which is actually the absence of Self-knowledge is indeed terrible!

By the grace of this foolishness, such miserable conditions rise for an ignorant man!

This noble king, whom I love more than anything in the world, has attained this (pitiable) state, his heart being filled with dense delusion!

Hence, I will make him know the truth of the Aatman today itself for sure; and without any doubt, make him attain both the enjoyment of this world and also the liberation.

However, he will not accept any knowledge from me, if I am in the form of his wife.

His mind has not changed even after years of penance in this forest.

I will discard this form; take another form and approach him so that I can off the knowledge par excellence to him. If I go in my original form and talk to him, he will not heed to my words, and will call me immature and playful. He will never do what I say, because I am his wife!

I will take over the form of a great person of penance and teach him the knowledge of the Aatman immediately.

(I know of a great Sage named Kumbha who is the son of Naarada; I will take on his identity with his permission and instruct knowledge to my husband in his form, in his words.

I will not be incurring the sin of deceiving my husband, since I am doing this from the divisionless state of Brahman where images do not matter any more.)

My husband is now in a ripened state of dispassion because of his life of renunciation. Today the truth of the Reality will reflect in his taintless mind for sure!'

इति संचिन्त्य चूडाला बभूव द्विजदारकः ईषद्ध्यानात्गतान्यत्वं क्षणादम्बुतरङ्गवत् पपात विपिने तस्मिन् द्विजपुत्रकरूपिणी भर्तुरध्याजगामाग्रं मन्दस्मितलसन्मुखी।

So thinking, Chudaalaa meditated for a second with closed eyes, and instantly changed her form to that of a Brahmin lad, like a wave changing into another wave. She descended down into that forest in the form of a young son of a Brahmin. With a smiling face, she stood in front of her husband.

ददर्श द्विजपुत्रं तं पुरो यातं शिखिध्वजः वनान्तरादुपायातं तपो मूर्तिमिवास्थितं द्रवत्कनकगौराङ्गं

मुक्ताहारविभूषितं शुक्लयज्ञोपवीताङ्गं शुक्लाम्बरयुगावृतं कमण्डलुधरं कान्तं पुरो यातं शिखिध्वजः।

व्यासप्रकोष्ठद्विगुणेनाक्षसूत्रेण चारुणा भ्रूमावलग्नगात्रेण किष्कुमात्रेण च स्थितं कुन्तलव्यासमूर्धानं

सालिमालमिवम्बुजं भासयन्तं प्रदेशं तं शारीरैर्दीप्तिमण्डलैः कुण्डलाभूषितमुखं नवमर्कमिवोदितं शिखासंप्रोतमन्दारं

शृङ्गस्थेन्दुमिवाचलं कान्तोपशान्तवपुषमूर्जितं विजितेन्द्रियं हिमाभभस्मतिलकं भूषितालोकसुन्दरं

मेरुहेमतटीलीनपूर्णन्दुमिव चञ्चलं तमालोक्य द्विजसुतं समुत्स्थौ शिखिध्वजः देवपुत्रागमधिया

संपरित्यक्तपादुकः। देवपुत्र नमस्कार इदमासनमास्यतां इत्यस्य दर्शयामास पाणिना पत्रविष्टरं ददौ च

द्विजपुत्रस्य पुष्पमुष्टिं करोत्करे चन्द्रः कुमुदखण्डस्य प्रालेयमिव पल्लवे। हे राजर्षे नमस्तुभ्यमिति

द्विजसुतोऽवदत् गृहीत्वा कुसुमान्यस्माद्विवेश पत्रविष्टरे। शिखिध्वज उवाच देवपुत्र महाभाग कुत आगमनं कृतं

दिवसः सफलो मन्ये यत्त्वामद्यास्मि दृष्टवान्। इदमर्घ्यमिदं पाद्यं पुष्पाणीमानि मानद इमा प्रमथिता माला
गृह्यन्तां भद्रमस्तु ते । इत्युक्त्वा पाद्यमर्घ्यं च मालां पुष्पाणि चानघ शिखिध्वजस्तदिष्टायै ददौ देव्यै
यथाखिलम्।

(ShikhiDhvaja was quietly sitting and weaving a garland. He had got used to his solitude and silent life. He was almost like a mechanical being going through the routine life non-stop, and was never given to any Vichaara-practice. He was of the firm belief that his religious adherence will bring him Moksha after death at least for sure. But now his solitary existence was disturbed by the sudden appearance of a handsome young boy in his front. When all of a sudden a divine being shining with luster stood in front of him, he was amazed and felt extremely happy, as if his penance had finally borne fruit.)

ShikhiDhvaja saw the Brahmin boy standing in front of him, who seemed to have arrived from another part of the forest and who appeared like the personification of penance; his form was shining like the molten gold; a beautiful pearl garland adorned his neck; he wore a white 'Yajnopaveeta' (sacred thread of Brahmins); a pair of white cloth covered his body; he held a Kamandalu in his hand; he looked very attractive. The Brahmin lad seemed to fill the double space of the courtyard; yet his body did not contact the ground, and he seemed to occupy very little space. He held a beautiful Rudraaksha garland in his hand. Curved locks of hair covered his fore-head like the array of bees on the lotus and made him look very attractive. The whole place was filled with the shine coming out of his body. He wore shining Kundalas (ear ornaments) in his ears and looked like the freshly risen Sun with his golden rays. A Mandaara flower adorned the top of his hair like a moon adorning on the peak of the mountain. He looked very pleasing and calm. His senses were in complete control. He wore a 'Tilak' mark of ashes on the fore-head which appeared cool like the snow. He was an ornament for the eyes of all. His youthful form appeared restless like the reflection of the moon in the heavenly River Gangaa flowing in the Meru Mountain.

(How can you cheat a lover's heart?)

ShikhiDhvaja's heart sensed his dear wife inside that form of the Brahmin boy. His heart overflowed with affection. But his physical eyes were telling a different story. The person standing in front of him was a young lad. Unable to control his emotions, ShikhiDhvaja offers flowers to cover the delicate limbs of the Brahmin boy who reminded him of his wife.)

ShikhiDhvaja got up the very next second he saw the Brahmin youth.

He guessed that the shining being must be the son of some divinity. In order to welcome him, he removed off his foot-wear and took him inside saying, 'Son of a divine being! Salutations!'

He pointed out a seat made of leaves and said, 'Please be seated here!'

He offered a handful of flowers in his open hands, like the moon shedding dew drops on the leaf extended by the night lotus.

The Brahmin's son said, 'Hey Raajarshi! Salutations!' He accepted the flowers and sat on the leafy-seat.

ShikhiDhvaja spoke: Hey 'DevaPutra'! Noble one! How did you happen to be here? I think today is a fortunate day for me, because you have graced me by your visit.

Hey 'Maanada'! Accept this 'Arghya', this 'Paadya' and these flowers.

Accept this woven garland. May good things be there for you!

So saying, ShikhiDhvaja offered 'Paadya', 'Arghya', and the flower-garland as prescribed in the scriptures, to his dear wife in the form of the Brahmin youth.

चूडालोवाच

Chudaalaa (in the form of Kumbha) spoke

सुबहूनि परिभ्रान्तो भूतलायतान्यहं त्वत्तः पूजा यथा प्राप्ता मयेयं न तथान्यतः। पेशलेनानुरूपेण
प्रश्रयेणामुनानघ मन्येऽहं नूनमत्यन्तचिरंजीवी भविष्यसि। शान्तेन मनसोदारमारादुन्मुक्तकल्पनं निर्वाणार्थं तपः
साधो कच्चित्संभृतवानसि। असिधारासमं सौम्य शान्तव्रतमिदं तव स्फीतं यद्राज्यमुत्सृज्य महावननिषेवणम्।

Hey Anagha! I have visited many places on this earth; but I have not received such a polite and tender worship as from you, anywhere else. I believe that you will indeed, live for a long time.

Hey good one! Are you engaged in performing penance, with the subdued mind, for attaining liberation, by casting away all the desires? Hey Soumya (calm person)! Your peaceful asceticism is like walking on a sharp sword; for you have left the kingdom and are living in a forest here!

(It is not easy to live all alone like this, bearing all the discomforts of the forest life. Your penance indeed is praiseworthy.)

शिखिध्वज उवाच
ShikhiDhvaja spoke

जानासि भगवन्सर्वं देवस्त्वं कोऽत्र विस्मयः श्रियैव लोकोत्तरया ज्ञायसे चिह्नरूपया।
एतान्यङ्गानि ते चन्द्राद्धतटितानीति मे मतिः अथवा किं समालोकादमृतेनेव सिञ्चसि।
अस्ति मे दयिता कान्ता पाति मद्राज्यमद्य तत् तवेव तस्या दृष्टानि तान्यङ्गानीह सुन्दर।
उपशान्तं च कान्तं च वपुरापादमस्तकं शृङ्गं शुभ्राम्बुदेनेव पुष्पेणाच्छादयामुना।
निष्कलङ्केन्दुसंकाशमङ्गमादित्यतेजसा मन्ये ते ग्लानिमायाति सुमनःपत्रपेलवम्।
देवार्चनायोपचितमिदमित्थं सितं मया अङ्ग त्वदङ्गसङ्गेन तत्प्रयातु कृतार्थताम्।
जीवितं याति साफल्यं स्वमभ्यागतपूजया देवादप्यधिकं पूज्यः सतामभ्यागतो जनः।

तत्कस्त्वं कस्य पुत्रस्त्वं किमायातोऽस्यानुग्रहात् एतन्मे संशयं छिन्धि विमलेन्दुसमानन।

Bhagavan! You know everything already! What is to be surprised about that, for you are a Deva!

You have the divine power to know everything. It is your very nature!

Your limbs appear as if made of moonlight; for nectar oozes out of your eyes when you look at me!

I have a beautiful wife who is very dear to me. She takes care of the kingdom now.

Hey handsome one! Your look and limbs remind me of her only.

Your body, from top to toe looks attractive and delicate.

Like the cloud covering the peak, cover yourself with these flowers. Your limbs look fragile like the petals of flowers; they shine like the taintless moon and will fade if even the sunlight touches them.

I have collected all these flowers for worshiping the deities.

Dear one! Let them get their fulfillment by your touch.

My life will become fruitful, by worshiping the guest who has graced my hut.

A guest deserves worship more than the deity by the ones following the noble path.

Now tell me, whose son are you? How you have come here to grace me?

Clear my doubt, hey you with the taintless face of the moon!

ब्राह्मण उवाच

Brahmin spoke

राजन्मे शृणु वक्ष्यामि यथापृष्टमखण्डितं को नाम परिपृच्छन्तं विनीतं वञ्चयेत्पुमान्। अस्त्यस्मिञ्जगतीकोशे
शुद्धात्मा नारदो मुनिः पुण्यलक्ष्म्या मुखे कान्ते कर्पूरतिलकोपमः। स कदाचिन्मुनिर्देवो गुहायां ध्यानमास्थितः।
तत्र हेमतटे गङ्गा वहत्यरुतरङ्गिणी मेरुलक्ष्म्यां स्फुरद्रूपा भान्ति हारलता यथा ।

Raajan! Listen! I will answer all your questions in detail.

Which man can ignore a person who is so politely placing his inquiries!

There is Sage Naarada in this hollow of the world, fair-hued like a 'Tilak' mark made of fragrant camphor painted on the face of the Merit-Goddess! The great Sage once was sitting inside a cave on the bank of River Gangaa and absorbed in contemplation. Gangaa on the golden slopes flows with huge waves and her white waves on the Meru appear as if the mountain is adorned by a pearl garland.

एकदा नारदमुनिर्ध्यानान्ते स सरित्ते ध्वनद्वलयमश्रौषील्लीलाकलकलारवम्। किमेतदित्यसौ

किञ्चिजातप्रायकुतूहलः हेलयालोकयन्नद्यामपश्यत् ललनागणं रम्भातिलोतमाप्रायं निर्यातं जललीलया क्रीडन्तं

त्यक्तवसनं देशे पुरुषवर्जिते काञ्चनाम्भोजमुकुलसंकाशैः स्तनमण्डलैः परिवेल्लितमन्योन्यं फलकान्तं द्रुमं यथा
द्रुतहेमरसापूरनिर्भराभोगभासुरैः कुर्वन्तमुरुभिः काममन्दिरस्तम्भसंचयं निर्मलीकृतचन्द्रेण व्यासां व्योमविलासिनीं

लावण्यरसपूरेण तर्जयन्तमिवापगां प्राकारैरमरोद्यानरथचक्रैर्मनोभुवः उत्पथार्पितगङ्गाम्बु नितंबतटसेतुभिः।

Once at the completion of his contemplation on that river bank, he heard the some shouts of merriness, and also the tingling noise of bangles and anklets. Wondering what as the source of all this noise, he felt slightly curious and passed his eyes in that direction, and saw that a group of Apsaraas equaling Rambhaa and Tilottamaa in beauty were sporting in the waters of the river outside the cave. Since they believed the area to be unpopulated by men, they were playing in the waters with much abandon, without even covering their youthful bodies. Like the fruitful trees entwined with each other, these girls with their heaving breasts that appeared like the buds of golden lotuses were embracing each other.

They were like a crowd of pillars of Manmatha's temple with their beautiful thighs shining as if filled with the floods of molten gold.

The Ganges had bathed the moon in her waters and had purified him of his taints; and so was reflecting the taintless moon; she was indeed was looking charming.

But this moon himself was shattered to pieces by the taintless forms of these charming girls.

These girls with their hips which were like the chariot wheels rolling in Manmatha's garden and were acting like the enclosing walls of the dams; they were blocking the waters of Gangaa making her rise high in those places by dashing against her flow.

It was the vision of the VishvaRoopa of the Brahman it were.

VISHVAROOPA

(Why was Chudaalaa describing the sensuous beauty of the Apsaraas, instead of speaking out profound words of knowledge?

A pure mind sees only the beauty of Brahman alone everywhere, and not the divisions of forms and names. Chudaalaa wanted to test the purity level of the king's mind.

The passion-creating scene of Apsaraas is suddenly lifted to the level of VishvaRoopa (cosmic form) by her profound words, and she succeeds in rising the mind of the king to the height of divisionless state of Brahman, through this description.

This sort of VishvaRoopa is mentioned in the Geetaa also, where Lord Vishnu appears as the entire world of beings at once; and appears as the Brahman existing as all the names and forms.

The term VishvaRoopa refers to the Brahman state which exists as the perceived.

If Brahman was a deity, it would be called the Cosmic form, the VishvaRoopin.

It is not some form that your eyes can grasp; but can only experience it.

It needs the knowledge eyes to see this great form.

Such a form will be made of all the senses and limbs of all the beings, through which Aatman unfolds as the entire perceived. You will see all the events of all the time modes at once as the form of the deity.

You will see yourself seeing the Cosmic form also inside that form as a part of it.

If everything of everyone can be seen at once, if all the varied divisions of Kaala (time or change or separation) can be seen as one single form, then it is the Cosmic form.

If all the information-sets of all time modes are experienced at once including the seer, the grandeur of such a vision is the vision of VishvaRoopa.

The scene described here is of a crowd of Apsaraas sporting in waters.

Those girls were not evil by any standard. They did not know of Naarada sitting there in contemplation.

Just because the forms are seen as females, should the description be considered sinful, obscene, and evil?

Why see the division of female and male at all?

See it as the Cosmic form itself of the Lord Supreme.

Here is how the ordinary bathing scene of Apsaraas turns into the vision of the cosmic form.

Hundreds of Apsaraas of golden hue were bathing in the pearly waters of the Ganges.

The pure waters of Ganges were reflecting all their limbs and faces, like the pure minds reflecting the entire perceived. It was a guileless scene of the nature; Brahman as beauty.

Minds reflecting the perceived, and the perceived reflecting the minds; is Brahman in essence.

The scene was as if the cosmic form was present there as a Kalpa tree of golden luster shining forth as all the limbs of all the forms at once.

Do not see the qualities and suffer agitation; but see the Reality that shines as the divided.

Get rid of the male female obscenity from the heart; and imagine the scene as a Brahman-vision only.

Nothing is impure in the world except the mind tainted with ignorance.

A BrahmaJnaani will see only the Brahman in all the forms; there is nothing auspicious or inauspicious in the shapes; there is nothing evil or good in the shapes. Shapes are just the symbol of delusion.

Shapes are just mind-made.

One who sees the shapeless Reality in all the shapes alone is fit for Brahman Knowledge.

Chudaalaa was purifying the mind of ShikhiDhvaja and rising him beyond the level of shapes and names.

For Vaalmiki, the entire world is a beautiful poem of Brahman.

That alone rises a the descriptions of beauty at each and every verse of his.

He is in the 'VishvaRoopa vision' only at all times.

Salutation to the noble Sage of noble vision.)

सर्वत्र दृष्टसर्वाङ्गं विश्वरूपमिव स्थितं प्रतिबिम्बितसर्वाङ्गमन्योन्यादर्शतां गतं कालकल्पतरोर्वर्षविटपात्
पक्षपल्लवात् विविधर्तुलताजालाद्दिनश्रीकलिकाकुलात् आलोकपुष्परजसो जाताद्गगनकानने स्फुरज्जलखगप्रोतात्
ससाध्येकालवाडकात् । स्तनस्तबकवृन्देषु स्पर्धयातिरसान्वितं उद्भृत्योद्भृत्य संपूर्णदलिताम्भोजपल्लवं
आलोलालककेशाक्षितारकादिमधुव्रतं अमृतापद्विघाताय कोशसंचयकारिभिः दुष्प्रापे भूतसङ्गानां
विकसत्कनकाम्बुजे पद्मिनीपल्लवाच्छन्ने गुप्ते मेरुर्गुहान्तरे शीतले स्वर्धुनीतीरे तोयोन्मृष्टमले सुरैः
चन्द्रबिम्बकलापूरमेकत्रैवोपसंहृतं स्रैणमालोक्य तत्कान्तं सहसैव मनो मुनेः अनाश्रितविवेकांशं बभूवानन्दितं
स्फुरत्।

All their limbs were visible everywhere, and the taintless bodies and the taintless reflections in the waters mirrored each other and it was as if like the VishvaRoopa of the Lord, since everywhere the limbs alone were seen above and below. It was like the VishvaRoopa of the Lord where he says that he at once is 'Kaala' the essence of the division-concept rising as the perceived.

Here the Cosmic form of Brahman was not as Vishnu, Shiva or Brahmaa (what are they but shapes only?), but the shapes divided as female bodies.

The golden shine of their bodies covered by ornaments appeared like the golden form of Kalpa tree with its clusters of blossoms of precious stones.

The Kalpa tree had spread out as various branches covered by leaves and flowers as it were in the form of those girls. See not the shapes of the females; but see it as Brahman in its cosmic form.

Imagine the scene as the huge Kalpa tree, the years as its branches of hands and feet; the fortnights as its leaves of hairs; the various seasons as its entwining creepers of shoulders; the brightness of the limbs are its buds; the looks rising from the eyes as the pollen of the flowers.

The vision of the crowd of girls with their beautiful limbs filling all over the river, was like the vision of the lord who alone fills the entire world as the limbs of all.

He sees as all the eyes, he walks as all the feet, he works as all the hands; he thinks as all the minds.

He alone is all the shapes from a worm to a Brahmaa.

Males or females are all shapes only and are Brahman in essence.

The entire world is Brahman shining as his cosmic form; and the Apsaraa bathing scene where only hosts of limbs alone were visible as the golden shine, was indeed the Cosmic form of Brahman.

From where does this form of the Lord rise from? The emptiness forest of the sky!

Kaala gets produced in the emptiness-forest of the sky made of quiescence, and this beauty was produced in the Nandana garden for the ordinary vision.

The taint is in the mind, not in the shape of the female. ShikhiDhvaja had to come out of his male-conceit through the vision of cosmic form even in the Apsaraa-bodies.

What was the scene like? The sky and water was one and each reflected the other, like the mind and its perceived; like all the forms of these females reflected each other from above and below the water-surface.

The entire earth pedestal with its seven oceans is seen in the Cosmic form of the Lord. Here, the seven oceans formed the water basin at a single place at Gangaa, and encompassed the entire world in it as it were.

(Now imagine the same scene as Brahman's cosmic form and be in the bliss of the Brahman only in any state of the perceived. Just see the colorful panorama of the combined effect of the golden forms of Apsaraas, their shining colors of jewelry, the white foam of Ganges, the water drops rising as pearl garlands, the lotus flowers, the tender buds and the green leaves the white swans, the joyful shouts, the guileless minds; and merge into the beauty that is present as Brahman; and do not run away from any shape by branding it as evil.

Where the Brahman is not! The impurity is not inside the shapes, but in the corrupt minds only.)

Because of the competition of beauty between the lotus buds and the breasts, the lotus flowers and buds were plucked from the stalks again and again and the tender leaves were crushed oozing their juice everywhere.

The curls of hair were falling over the moon-like faces; and the eyes were hovering like bees sucking the honey of joy.

The beauty that shone there was as if the nectar of the Milk ocean was collected and stored there at one place of Ganges, to protect it from those who wanted to steal it; which accessible to no one and kept hidden inside the cave of Meru, covered by leaves and inside the blooming lotuses; inside the cold waters of the Ganges bank, cleaned of all its dirt by the Devas, as if all the beauty of the moon digits was collected at a single point.

Naarada who was still not established fully in the Brahman-state wavered slightly by the sight of these Apsaraas. Seeing the division of female shapes in that Cosmic form of beauty, the Sage's mind wavered, lost its discrimination and descended down to the level of seeing the beauty of the flesh only.

(Naarada means one who explains the duties to be followed by Naras (humans).

He was a BrahmaJnaani. He saw Brahman alone in all. He was a great Sage, the very knowledge essence of Lord Brahmaa and was in the form of his son, like Vasishtha was also the son of Brahmaa, produced by his will. He was always in the divisionless vision of Brahman. And for just an instant-span of time, the division-vision flashed in his mind; and instead of Brahman, he saw the divided shapes as females; and the mind was agitated. This agitation alone became the cause of Kumbha's birth.)

आनन्दवलिते चित्ते क्षुब्धे प्राणानिले स्थिते बभूव तस्य हृद्यस्य मदनस्खलितं तदा फलं रसपूर्णमिव ग्रीष्मान्त इव तोयदः प्रत्यग्रपादपशिखन्नलतावृन्त इवोत्तम अवश्यायकणस्पन्दी शशाङ्क इव वा मुनिः बिसं द्विधापातमिव गलत्साररसोऽभवत्।

Hey Excellent one! When the mind was enveloped by the lowly joy superimposed on forms with names; when the Praana functions were disrupted; when he felt happy and the mind was stuck by passion; like a fruit that was ripe, like the cloud at the end of the summer, like the creeper falling by cut off from the young tree, like the moon shedding dew drops, like a lotus stalk cut into half, the Sage was filled with passion.

(Perceived is seen through a mind only, be it the pure Sattva -mind or delusion-bound.

Mind is the name given to the connection that is imagined in the broken state of seer/seen processes.

And a form also is necessary to become accessible to others so as to have communication.

Humans are stuck with a single image as a physical body and are identified by the body shapes only.

Devas and Siddhas have the power to project any image as theirs, male, female, animal or stone even.

Forms are not used as identities in their world.

Humans made of flesh-bodies have the ability to reproduce their kind and have the body-systems that fulfill their requirement. In the human world a child is produced by the physical union only.

Not all worlds have the same type of bodies and the same type of systems.

Deva-worlds are pleasure-worlds. In the Deva world, the bodies are not made for reproduction.

The images of Devas are shining shapes only, that is solid for touch.

For the higher level of Devas the child is not a necessary product that they need to produce as a progeny.

If by chance an agitation rises in their silent minds, then that agitation itself turns into shining luster and becomes a new life carrying their knowledge-essence.

They do not need any physical union with any other body to produce any child; and do not have the same reproduction process as prescribed for humans.

Since the mind means a story, they retire to solitude and stay alone without allowing any story to disturb their quiescent state; and do not bother about producing any other being as their essence.

If a story occurs as a connection to the perceived, by some disturbance in the mind, that itself is enough for them to produce another Jeeva as their essence; they throw off that agitation itself as a Jeeva, and walk away from that child also sometimes, since they do not have any attachment to the story connected bindings.

Naarada also slipped slightly by the disturbance in his contemplation, and for a moment saw the shapes of females as real, and was agitated for an instant. This agitation alone was thrown into a pot made of luster and turned into a lustrous child named Kumbha (pot), carrying the knowledge essence of Naarada.

What is Veerya?

Veerya means the power to produce another being as one's essence.

Veerya is the power in any being to create another being; is not any physical object; it get expressed differently in different worlds.

In DevaLoka the bodies are just made of shine only; there is no reproduction system as in the human world.

The beings get created there as programmed entities, as per one's wishes.

This Veerya exists as knowledge -luster in the higher beings; and when any agitation or want is there, the knowledge essence itself rises as another Jeeva standing in front of them.

Vasishtha was created as a knowledge essence of Brahmaa.

Kumaara was created as the knowledge essence of Shiva.

Ganeshha was created as the love-essence of Umaa, as someone to adore her.

The flesh beings can never grasp the world of luster beings, like a cow cannot understand the world of Indra. Veerya means the prowess of a person, and exists as luster of knowledge-essence in the Deva-clan; and should not be confused with human reproduction process, where inert flesh beings alone abound.

Devas do not have the flesh-bodies with nine stinking holes.

The Deva-women also do not have the reproduction organs.

There is no hunger, no food-based bodies, no excretion, no digestion, no child birth pangs, no union with female to produce a child; no progeny; no family also.

The bodies are just shine-made and the knowledge-level is the identity for any one.

Apsaraas are just beauties that please the senses; and are not flesh-made like the earth-beings.

If the reader can remember, this entire Vaasishtam is getting related to an Apsaraa by a DevaDoota.

Rare that an Apsaraa can think out of her beauty-state; and this Text itself is related to such one rare being who purified herself through Vichaara.

Naarada did not have any physical union with any Apsaraa; nor did they know of his presence there.

It was Naarada's agitation of seeing divisions that resulted in the agitation of his power of Veerya, and it rose up as another Jeeva with his essence.

The same agitation occurred in Shiva also as anger, where his luster rises as Kumaara.

Here also no physical union was required to produce a being.)

(See only the divisionless Reality in all the scenes made of the divided shapes.

Live always in the vision of the Cosmic form, as the Cosmic form.

Do not swerve ever.

Any agitation in the ignorant level is not a luster being produced from oneself, but another life existence itself as the Vaasanaa fulfillment.

Be careful; very very careful! Hold on to the VishvaRoopam alone as your steady vision.

Do not swerve from the vision of Aatman even for an instant!)