

आदिकविश्रीमद्वाल्मीकिमहर्षिप्रणीतबृहत्योगवासिष्ठः

# BRAHADYOGAVAASISHTA

## JNAANA RAAMAAYANAM [DVITEEYA RAAMAAYANAM]

COMPOSED BY

VAALMIKI MAHARSHI

निर्वाणप्रकरणस्य उत्तरार्धम्

## SECOND HALF OF NIRVAANA PRAKARANAM

SIXTH SECTION  
'THE NIRVAANA STATE'

PART THIRTEEN  
[BRAHMIN MANGKI (1)]

Sanskrit text, Translation and Explanation

by

*Narayanalakshmi*



**ABOUT THE AUTHOR**

Narayanalakshmi

Narayanalakshmi (Shubhalakshmi), an ascetic spent most of her life in the Himalayan terrain, engaged in the penance of knowledge. She is well-versed in all philosophies and is a scholar in Sanskrit language. Her mission life is to retrieve the lost knowledge of the ancient Rishis and offer it unblemished to all the seekers of the Truth. She is from Bangalore, Karnataka, India

वसिष्ठोवाच  
Vasishta spoke

विरागवासनापास्तसमस्तभववासनः उत्थाय गच्छ प्रकृतेरस्या मङ्किरिवाङ्कितः।मङ्किर्नामाभवत्पूर्वं ब्राह्मणः  
संश्रितव्रतः।स कथं शृणु निर्वाणमासवान्मद्विबोधितः।

Discard all the Vaasanaas connected to the world, by replacing them all with the Vaasanaa of dispassion. Get out of this 'state of existence of the nature of ignorance' following the 'Vichaara-practice' of the Brahmin named 'Mangki', being marked with virtues like him (like dispassion, discrimination etc). There was once a Brahmin called Mangki, who had adopted a life of proper discipline accompanied by the performance of Brahminical rites. Listen as to how he attained the 'Nirvaana state', when instructed by me.

*(Mangki is the name of a Braahmin who is lost in the desert path.*

*Mangki also means a traveller, who is always on the move, like the Jeeva-entity which keeps moving through countless experiences without stop, and which is like a traveller lost in the hot desert-land that spreads out endlessly and is completely dry and bereft of any water source; the traveller runs here and there in search for water to quench his thirst in the mirage rivers that rise as the many illusions of pleasures because of the extremity of heat, namely ignorance.*

*The dialogue between Sage Vasishta and the Brahmin can also be understood as a dialogue between a Jeeva entity caught in the worldly existence, and the Brahman-state itself.)*

SAMSAARA-DESERT

अहं कदाचिदाकाशकोशादवनिमागतः भवत्पितामहार्थेन केनाप्युपनिमन्त्रितःविहरन्भूतलं गच्छंस्त्वत्पितामहपतनं  
प्राप्तोऽस्मि कामप्यदीर्घामरण्यानीं महातपां पांसुप्रतर्दनहतां प्रकचत्ससैकतां अदृष्टापारपर्यन्तां क्वचिद्राम  
किलाङ्कितं अक्षुब्धस्वानिलालोकजलभूशान्तिशालिनीं ततां शून्यां महारम्भां ब्रह्मसत्तामिवामलां अविद्यामिव  
संमोहमृगतृष्णां गतां भ्रमात्जडतामाततां शून्यां दिङ्गमोहमिहिकाकुलाम्।

*(Brahman the expanse of emptiness, rises as the unborn (Aja) Brahmaa-state of Creation, and exists also as the delusion state of Jeeva agitation like the ever-traveling Brahmin Mangki.)*

Sometime in the past, I descended down on the earth from my abode in the sky (Saptarshi Loka/seventh level of Knowledge), since I had been offered an invitation by your grandfather 'Aja' for attending some Sacrifice. Rama! While I was floating in the sky-path towards your grandfather's city Ayodhyaa, and was crossing the earth terrain, I had to pass through a very huge desert-land, which was extremely hot.

*((Samsaara/ the world-existence: 'Samsaara' is like the desert-land that is filled with dusty thoughts and dusty actions prompted by the three Gunas (good, ordinary and idiotic).*

*It was just a stretch of burning sand with no ends to be seen anywhere.*

*When did the word begin, where it will end? As long as the mind is alive with its agitations, there is no end to this beginningless Samsaara illusion.*

*The ground was hot; the wind was hot; and the rivers that appeared as if with cooling waters were just mirages and were only made of heat-waves, like the illusory joys of the world.*

*The heat was unbearable and a deadly silence filled all over; for there was nothing at all there in that Samsaara-desert but the heat of suffering and the illusions of mirages.*

*No one was there but the silence of nothingness.)*

Sand-dust filled the air all over, and the sand on the ground was burning hot.

The desert seemed to have no end in any direction.

Some dilapidated huts of some villages situated somewhere in the distance marked the land here and there.

The ground (perception-field) was burning hot.

The hot wind (like Praana) that was free of sand particles was blowing with great noise (noise of the mind).

The heat of the sunlight (the thirst for pleasures) had produced many mirage-rivers that actually added to the heat of the ground, than cooling it.

And there was a deadly silence all over, because of the scorching heat.

It was completely empty except for the heat that rose as the ground below and the winds above (as the Praana and the mind agitations). It needed extreme effort to cross over.

It was like the state of Brahman, and was taintless, silent and empty.

It was like the Brahman covered by Avidyaa, and was filled with many illusions of mirage-rivers, was completely inert because of the delusion produced by the heat (like the inertness of the body experienced by oneself because of the delusion of ignorance), was spread out endlessly, was filled with fog (misconceptions) covering all the directions, and one was completely lost to his whereabouts in this dreary land.

THE JEEVA-TRAVELLER

अथ तस्यामरण्यान्यां यावत्प्रविहराम्यहं तावत्पश्यामि पुरतो वदन्तं पथिकं श्रमात्।

पान्थ उवाच अहो नु परिखेदाय प्रौढप्रायातपो रविः परितापाय पापोऽयं दुर्जनेनेव संगमः।सुगलन्तीव मर्माणि स्फुरतीवाग्निरातपे संकुचत्पल्लवापीडास्ताप्यन्ते वनराजयः।ततावदेवमग्रस्थं ग्रामकं प्रविशाम्यहं श्रममत्रापनीयाशु वहाम्यध्वानं आशुगः। इति संचिन्त्य सोऽग्रस्थं किरातग्रामकं यदा प्रवेष्टुमिच्छति तदा मया प्रोक्तमिदं वचः।

Even as I kept moving slowly in this wilderness, I saw an exhausted traveler in front of me, and he was uttering words like this (like an exhausted Jeeva lost in the hot desert of Samsaara).

The traveller spoke (in his mind): ‘Alas! The hot sun with his extreme heat level, is causing so much misery! This unbearable heat is awful like the company of the wicked and making me feel wretched!

My vital limbs (heart and lungs) are melting as it were!

The hot sun appears as if throwing fire in the form of rays.

The trees that were there long before are now scorched by the heat and the leaves have dried up.

I will somehow reach that small village of the hunters which is nearby, and will rest awhile there, and later continue my journey as soon as possible.’

Having thought like this, when he was about to enter the hunters’ village ahead, I spoke to him like this.

वसिष्ठोवाच

Vasishta spoke to the traveller (like Brahman-state personified in front of an aspiring Jeeva)

अपरिज्ञातनीरागमार्ग मित्र शुभाकृते मरुमार्गमहारण्यपान्थ स्वागतमस्तु ते।

Hey Friend of auspicious looks! (*Hey Jeeva, you are the auspicious Brahman indeed!*)

Hey traveler in this wilderness desert (*of Samsaara*)!

Let auspiciousness accompany your visit! (*Your merits of the past have brought you into my contact.*)

You are lost amidst colourful (attractive) mirages, and have not yet found the path that is colourless (free of attraction).

चिरं मनुष्यदेशेऽस्मिन्निर्जनग्राममध्वनि अधराध्वग विश्रान्तिं विश्रान्तोऽपि न लप्स्यसे।

Hey traveler on the lower ground (of ignorance)!

This is a land of the ordinary ignorant mortals (stuck to the identity of the bodies)!

Here the people do not show any courtesy to guests who seek rest (for all these people are selfish and are interested in their own joy-seeking, and will not help you in any manner).

You might have had some rest (in some heaven) in your previous experiences (through the performance of some meritorious actions), but here you have no hope of getting any proper rest as food and shelter, even if you travel for long in this desert-land (of Samsaara).

ग्रामे विश्रमणं नैव वर्तते पामरास्पदे तृड्वै लवणपानेन भूय एवाभिवर्धते।

There is no rest to be hoped for in these villages populated by lowly people. You will only be fed some salty water, and will feel afflicted by more thirst.

(*The physical body is a city with nine gates, and is the store-house of desires, likes, dislikes, and the actions bound by the results. However much you try to find joy in the sense objects, you will never be fully satisfied, but will be possessed by more and more desires. Satisfying your thirst for happiness through the various sense pleasures is equal to drinking salt-water to alleviate your thirst.*

*Sense objects refer to all that you love as dear and near in your life.*

न जातु कामः कामानामुपभोगेन शाम्यति।हविषा कृष्णवर्त्मैव भूय एवाभिवर्धते। - Yayati

*Desire does not get subdued by enjoying the desired object. It increases more like the fire blazing high by offering the oblation of ghee.)*

## HUNTERS/IGNORANT MEN

*(The ignorant men who live in the world by chasing pleasures (of family, possessions etc) are like these hunters who search for animals to hunt and kill. These lowly hunters are always stuck by anxiety and fear from their enemies and wild animals, like the ignorant man is afraid of rational thinking, lest their beliefs and superstitions be destroyed. The hunters are not controlled by any rule or regulation, and live a life as they like, engaged in killing animals, drinking the crudely made liquors, fighting among themselves, and acting selfish and arrogant. These lowly beings search for carnal pleasures; and are actually the animals shaped as humans. The ignorant men are also like these hunters, and do not bother to discipline their lives as ordained by the Scriptures, and allow their intellects to waste away.)*

न स्फुरन्ति विचारेषु प्रज्वलन्त्यनुभूतिषु न त्रस्यन्ति दुराचारादश्मयन्त्रमया इव।

These hunters (ignorant men) are like stone-statues and move without the guidance of the intellect. They are averse to rational thinking. They get inflamed by experiences and are driven by emotions. They do not hesitate to engage in any selfish act, as long as their purpose gets fulfilled.

कामार्थरागसद्वेषपरिनिष्ठितपौरुषाः कर्मण्यापातमधुरे रमन्ते दग्धबुद्धयः।

These brainless idiots enjoy only such actions that give just momentary joys. They put forth utmost effort in fulfilling their passionate desires, in acquiring more wealth, in attraction towards objects and people, envy the others who are more wealthy. *(Even their so-called good actions like charity, deity-worship etc are directed by selfish motives only.)*

आभिजात्याततोदारा शीतला रसशालिनी नेह विश्वसिति प्रज्ञा मेघमाला मराविव।

The garland of clouds descend down to the ground below from the heights; are widely spread out, are generous and ready to pour water, are cool and are filled with water; but they never approach (benefit) the desert lands to grace these lowly hunters.

Men of wisdom, who are of noble descent, are broad-minded by the vision of proper understanding, are cool within, are generous and offer knowledge to any needy one; and are filled with the essence of true knowledge; but they do not offer the least knowledge to the idiots who lack rational thinking, and who live a content life in the desert-land that is filled with the mirage rivers.

वरमन्धगुहाहित्वं शिलान्तःकीटता वरं वरं मरौ पङ्गुमृगो न ग्राम्यजनसङ्गमः।

It is better to be a serpent in a blindingly dark cavern; it is better to be a worm crawling inside a rock; it is better to be a lame deer lost in the desert; but never the company of these hunters (ignorant mean) who lack proper conduct (and disrespect the words of the noble Knowers).

निमेषास्वादमधुराः क्षणान्तरविरागिणः मारणैकान्तनिरता ग्राम्या विषकणा इव।

These hunters are like the drops of poison mixed with honey. When in front, they will speak pleasing words; the next moment they will change their minds and act hostile; and will be intent only on harming you (like the sense pleasures, which are actually the miseries disguised as the joys.)

वान्ति भस्मकणाकीर्णा जीर्णाः संशीर्णसद्मसु तृणपर्णवनव्यग्रा ग्राम्याधार्मिकवायवः।

The 'heavy winds' that blow over the desert land also follow the same behavior of these lowly uncivilized hunter-folk, and like them are scattered all over with burnt ashes of the trees, and are dusty; are in the desert land from a long time; move about the ruins making lot of noise; move all over the forest carrying dried up grass and leaves; and are ruthless.

*(The Jeevas empowered by the Praana-winds are also covered by the dust of actions, are there from a long time moving through many births, and move about the ruins of Samsara. They are engrossed in obtaining the worthless benefits of their day to day life; and do not have proper conduct as ordained by the Scriptures.)*

वसिष्ठोवाच एवमुक्तेन तेनाहमिदमुक्तस्ततोऽनघ मद्वाक्येन समाश्वास्य स्नातेनेवामृताम्भसा।

Vasishta spoke to Rama: Hey taintless Rama! When I spoke these words, that traveler felt consoled as if bathed in nectar, and spoke to me like this.

पान्थ उवाच  
Traveller spoke

भगवन्कोऽसि पूर्णात्मा महात्मा कथमात्मवान् पश्यस्यनाकुलो लोकं ग्रामयात्रामिवाध्वगः।

Bhagavan! Hey Poornaatma, (one who is fully established in the 'Aatman' awareness)! Who are you? How is it that you are observing every living and inert thing without emotionally reacting to them from within, like a traveller who passes through a village ignores the happenings of the village?

किं त्वया पीतममृतं किं त्वं सम्प्राड्विराडथ सर्वार्थरिक्तोऽपि चिरं संपूर्ण इव राजसे।

Have you consumed nectar by any chance? You look so alive and full of life! Are you by chance an emperor, or Viraat himself? You look so satisfied and complete! You are attired in simple clothes and are bereft of all adornments that the body-lovers seek; yet you shine bright like the full moon, with the nectar of bliss oozing from all your person.

शून्योऽसि परिपूर्णोऽसि घूर्णोऽसीव स्थिरोऽसि च न सर्वमपि सर्वं च न किञ्चित्किञ्चिदेव च।

You seem to be empty of all things (the faults of world-existence do not seem to exist for you); yet you appear as the completeness of all fulfillments. You appear as if intoxicated and lost to the world and even to your own body-appearance; yet you are stable and see everything clearly without a fault. You do not look like anything that belongs to the world as the perceived phenomenon; but it is as if you are everything also. You are not anything that the senses or the mind can grasp as a person; yet you are the only thing that exists as it were.

उपशान्तं च कान्तं च दीप्तमप्रतिघाति च निवृत्तं चोर्जितं तादृग्रूपं किमिति मे मुने।

Your very sight brings a soothing calmness to the mind; your presence gives a unique joy; you shine forth with the luster of knowledge; you look so free and unrestrained; you seem to have reached the highest state ever; you are so firm and strong in your position of a Knower. How can you have such a form that can never be found in any physical form, hey Muni?

भूसंस्थोऽपि समस्तानां लोकानामुपरीव खे संस्थोऽसि निरास्थोऽसि घनास्थोऽसीव लक्ष्यसे। प्रसृतं न पदार्थेषु न पदार्थात्मनाऽस्ति वै तवेन्दोरिव शुद्धस्य मनोऽमृतमयं स्थितम्। कलावानकलङ्कोऽन्तःशीतलो भास्वरः समः रसायनभरापूर्णः पूर्णन्दुरिव राजसे।

You have descended from the sky above and are standing in front of me on this ground; yet you look as if you are still positioned in the distant sky, above all the worlds that can be there. You are not supported by anything in your position above; yet you are of a strong regard for the lost ones like me. You are like the moon; I should say; for your mind is filled with nectar (of knowledge), and shines with extreme purity. You are not like the moon; for the moon rays fall on all the objects good or bad, and are filled with the herbs; but your mind is not into the objects at all, outside or inside them; but you can be compared to the moon in purity, which is filled with the nectar, namely the quiescent bliss. The moon is endowed with digits (Kalaavaan), and you are the master of many arts (Kalaavaan); but unlike the moon which is tainted, you are free of all the faults. Like the moon, you are cool within, but shine forth like the sun with the luster of knowledge. You are equal, and are overflowing with nectar like the moon, and are shining forth like a full moon.

त्वदिच्छायां तु सदसद्भावं पश्यामि ते चिति संसारमण्डलमिदं स्थितं फलमिवाङ्कुरे।

I observe that the worlds rise and disappear if you so wish; this circular orb of the worldly existence stays in your mind like the fruit concealed inside the sprout.

अहं तावदयं विप्र शाण्डिल्यकुलसंभवः मङ्किर्नाम महाभाग तीर्थयात्राप्रसङ्गतः गत्वा सुदूरमध्वानं दृष्ट्वा तीर्थानि संप्रति चिरकालेन सदनमात्मीयं गन्तुमुद्यतः। न मे गन्तुमुद्योगो विरक्तमनसो गृहं दृष्ट्वा तदित्सकाशानि भूतानि भुवनोदरे। भगवन्सत्यमात्मानं कथयेहानुकम्पया गंभीराणि प्रसन्नानि साधुचेतःसरांसि हि। दर्शनादेव मित्रत्वं कुर्वतां महतां पुरः कमलानीव भूतानि विकसन्त्याश्चसन्ति च। ममेदं च मनो मोहात् संसारभ्रमसंभवं मन्ये हातुं न समर्थं स त्वं बोधानुकम्पितैः।

Hey Brahman! I am born in the family of Shaandilya.

Hey noble one! My name is Mangki.

I have travelled long distances, with purpose of visiting many holy places all over the country.

I travelled far and wide, and have visited many sacred places, and after a long time have decided to return home. However, my mind has lost interest in everything connected to the world, and I do not feel like returning home, after observing that human lives that are stuck inside this dark world-belly are as transitory as the flashes of lightning.

Bhagavan! Please be compassionate and tell me who you are, and instruct me the truth supreme; for the mind-lakes of the noble men like you are deep (unfathomable knowledge) and pleasing (because of extreme purity).

All the beings bloom up and feel comforted like lotuses, in front of the great ones who show friendliness at the very first sight.

My mind has some discriminating power, no doubt; but I believe that it still is not capable of removing the suffering rising from the illusion of this worldly existence that is caused by delusion.

वसिष्ठोवाच

Vasishta spoke to Mangki

वसिष्ठोऽस्मि महाबुद्धे मुनिरस्मि नभोगृहः। केनाप्यर्थेन राजर्षेरिमं मार्गमुपस्थितः। मागा विषादं पन्थानमागतोऽसि मनीषिणाम्। प्रायः प्राप्तोसि संसारसागरस्य परं तटम्। वैराग्यविभवोदारा मतिरुक्तिरपीदृशी आकृतिः शान्तरूपा च न भवत्यमहात्मनः। मणिर्मधुरकाशेण यथैति विमलात्मनां तथा कषायपाकेन चित्तमेति विवेकिताम्। किं ज्ञातुमिच्छसि कथं संसारं हातुमिच्छसि उपदिष्टमहं मन्ये संपादयति कर्मभिः। विमलवासन उत्तममानसः परिविविक्तमतिर्जनतेजसा पदमशोकमलं खलु युज्यते जनितितीर्षुमतेरिदमुच्यते।

Hey Wise man! I am Vasishta! My abode is in the Heaven.

I am on my way to attend to some work (Yajna) connected to King Aja, the royal Sage.

Do not feel dejected. You have chosen the path taken by the men of wisdom.

May be you have attained the other end of the ocean of worldly existence, already.

Such an intellect which owns the magnificent wealth of dispassion, such a speech which depicts the inner wisdom, such a quiet disposition, never belong to those ordinary men who are not qualified for knowledge.

Just like the gem becomes pure by just a gentle rubbing, the mind attains the discriminating ability naturally, when the ignorance is reaching its end.

What do you want to know? How do you want to free yourself from this Samsara?

*(What is your level of knowledge?)*

I am of the opinion that whatever is taught can become fruitful by one's own effort in analyzing the truths that are taught, based on one's own studies so far.

Only a person purified of the dirt of Vaasanaas, and who is endowed with discrimination about what is permanent and what is not permanent, can shine lustrous with the understanding of a Guru's instructions, and is fit enough to reach the painless state of the Supreme.

I can offer my instructions only to a person who wants to cross over the suffering of birth and death.

*(I will have to test whether you are fit for such a sacred teaching; so speak in detail about yourself and what your knowledge level is.)*

वसिष्ठोवाच ममेत्युक्तो मङ्किर्विनिपत्य स पादयोः उवाचानन्दपूर्णाक्षमिदं मार्गं वहन्वचः।

Vasishta spoke to Rama: Thus spoken by me, Mangki fell at my feet paving a way for me (by sprinkling sacred waters as it were on the path in front of me) with the tears of happiness filling his eyes.

मङ्किरुवाच  
Mangki spoke

I AM BLESSED BY YOUR CONTACT

भगवन्भूरिशो भ्रान्ता दिशो दश दशो यथा मया न तु पुनः साधुर्लब्धः संशयनाशकृत्समस्तदेहसाराणां सारस्याद्य फलं मया।

Bhagavan! Like the perceived objects going around oneself making up a scene of the world, I have gone around the ten directions again and again, but never met a proper person who could clear my doubts. Among all the species like the Devas and other clans, the birth as a Brahmin is extolled, since it is naturally fit for the Brahman-knowledge; such a body is said to be the best of all body-essences. Today, I have obtained the fulfillment for this Brahmin-body also, by meeting you.

WHAT IS TRUE JOY, I NEVER SEEM TO KNOW!

खिन्नोस्मि भगवन्पश्यन्दशाः संसारदोषदाः।पुनर्जातं पुनर्नष्टं सुखदुःखभ्रमः सदा।अवश्यम्भाविपर्यन्तदुःखत्वात् सकलान्यपि सुखान्येवातिदुःखानि।वरं दुःखान्यतो मुने।दृढदुःखवदन्तत्वाद्दुःखयन्ति सुखानि मां तथा राम यथा दुःखमेव मे सुखतां गतं वयोदशनलोमान्त्रैः जर्जरतां गतम्।

Bhagavan! I am distressed by observing the faulty states that make this worldly existence unbearable. The delusion of joyful or sorrowful experiences rise again and again, and vanish also again and again. Joyful experiences also do not stay for long as joys, but end up as miseries only for sure, and therefore all the joys also are to be considered as the height of miseries only. Hey Muni! It is better to experience only the miseries directly, than get fooled by the miseries disguised as the joys! Since all the joys end up only as intense pain-experiences, hey Rama (one with pleasing personality), I seem to experience nothing but pain always; and so, I have come to believe the pain itself to be some joy! The body is wasted away in pains only, and is aging and decaying along with the tooth, hair and entrails!

*(Pain alone is my experience from birth to death; what I consider as joy also is pain only, for sure. So what is it to be really happy? I never seem to know! I live like a fool who hugs the pains, believing them to be the joys! I actually do not know what is real 'joy', like a blind man can never know what is 'light'. I truly long to have the experience of 'real joy'!)*

THE STAGNANT INTELLECT AND THE DIRTY MIND

उच्चैःपदे पातपरा बुद्धिर्नाध्यवसायिनी सुप्रवालं कुसंकल्पाद्ग्रहनं न प्रकाशते।मनः पिप्पलपल्यूलैरिव कुग्रामकोटरं वासनाङ्गवहैर्गृधैर्नित्यं पापीयसी स्थितिः।कण्टकद्रुमवल्लीव करालकुटिला मतिः।

The intellect is like a creeper trying to grow higher and higher up, by craving for finer pleasures one after the other, and cannot be disciplined enough to have analytical thinking all the time. It is covered by the dense foliage of desires, and is full of thorns of wrong conceptions. Mind is like hollow inside the dense pile of the dried up leaves of the fig tree; and is in the worst ever state ever possible; for the vultures of senses always carry dirty stinking food pieces of Vaasanaas, and devour them sitting inside this dark hollow of the dirty mind. The intellect is like a creeper holding on to a thorny tree, and is dreadful and crooked (and cannot think straight).

LIFE

आयुरायासशालिन्या यामिन्येव तमोन्धया अक्षीवानागातालोकं क्षीणं संततचिन्तया।

'Life' is ebbing away fast and is leaving back only exhaustion; is like the dark night and blinds one with a dullened intellect which has lost its reasoning capacity; is like the eyes which never had the power of sight (and one has to stumble on the path, and fall again and again); is wasted away through constant worries.

THIRST FOR THE WORLDLY PLEASURES

न किंचिद्रसमादत्ते नष्टैवापि न नश्यति न पुष्पिता न फलिता तृष्णा शुष्कलतेव नः।

Like a dried up creeper, the 'thirst for pleasures' does not absorb water (any wisdom); does not perish also; does not flower also (as good thoughts); does not give fruits also (of joy).

*(The thirst for pleasures remains always as the thirst only, and never is satisfied.)*

I HAVE NOT CROSSED THE SAMSAARA-OCEAN

कर्म कर्मणि निर्मग्नं वासनाख्यमकर्मणे जीवितं च जने जीर्णं नैवोत्तीर्णं भवार्णवः।

The few good acts that are done, get drowned in the ocean of wrong actions that were done in the past. The life goes off in doing actions that are forced by the Vaasanaas, and no proper action gets done that will lead me out of this misery. The life soon reaches its end in the actions done for one's own family and friends through attachment; and the ocean of worldly existence has not yet been crossed over.

THE THORNY TREE GROWING INSIDE A SNAKE-HOLE

दिनानुदिनमुच्छ्रानाभोगाशा भयदायिनी पूर्णापूर्णात्मनि क्षीणाः श्वभ्रकण्टकवृक्षवत्।

Day after day, the desire for pleasures (in the form of family and possession) is increasing like a thorny tree growing from a snake-hole! Though the desire-fulfillment gives joy for a few moments, the joy does not last long, and gives away to more desires only.

The days pass off as if filled with desired objects like the family and possessions; but actually are empty only, for never a permanent feeling of joy is found.

There is never a complete satisfaction after fulfilling any desire; I am terrified indeed!

WEALTH

चिन्ताज्वरविकारिण्यो लक्ष्म्याः खलु महापदः।संपन्नमक्षतं सापि विप्रलम्भने जृम्भते अन्तः स्फुरितरत्रेहं भास्वरं वान्धकोटरम्।

'Goddess of wealth' (Lakshmee) in the form of possessions in the form of gold, diamonds, clothes, wealth, land, position etc does not give any joy ever, but always causes worries and anxieties, thus affecting the body also. (*Gaining wealth is a problem; maintaining it is another problem; when it is gone, it is also another problem. 'Possession' is a synonymous word for 'worry'.*)

This 'Goddess of wealth' excels for she deceives even a man who is already wealthy and invincible, by attracting him towards her, by making him greedy for more wealth and riches.

She is like the dark deep hole where a deadly serpent hides, where only the shine of the gem rises from the hole, and the snake stays invisible. The greedy man who wants to get that gem, puts his hand inside the hole unaware of the snake, and gets bitten by the deadly snake. Possession of people and objects also are pleasing to the mind; but kill a man through worries and anxieties.

MIND IS AN EMPTY DUSTY OCEAN

कल्लोलकलिलं शून्यं चेतः शुष्काब्धिदुर्भगम्।

The mind looks dirty and forlorn like the dried up ocean; is always empty; never gets filled with any satisfaction; is turbulent with the dusty winds of lowly desires, and lowly actions.

NOBLE MEN ARE REPELLED BY MY FOOLISHNESS

मामिन्द्रियार्थेकपरं न स्पृशन्ति विवेकिनः सकण्टकममेघस्थं श्लेष्मातकमिव द्रुमम्।

Since I am always engaged only in satisfying the senses, the 'men of wisdom' avoid me like avoiding the dirty, thorny, gluey sticky tree named 'Shleshmaathaka'.

MIND WITH ITS IMAGINED PAINS AND PLEASURES

असदेव महारम्भं चलदर्जुनवातवत् मनो मरणमप्राप्तं शून्यं दुःखाय वल्गति।

Arjuna Vaata is some imagined gas which continuously moves inside all the limbs, and gives pain. Mind also is like this gas, which is not actually there, but moves through all the limbs with great force and gives pain. It keeps agitating, jumps from one sense to the other, and gives pain only; and does not perish ever.

NIGHT OF IGNORANCE

शास्त्रसज्जनसंपर्कचन्द्रतारकधारिणी अहंभावोल्लसद्यक्षा क्षीणा नाज्ञानयामिनी।

The 'night of ignorance' with the 'vampire of ego' roaming about, does not end till the 'Sun of Viveka' rises with the luster of knowledge. The 'company of the scriptures and the Knowers' like the 'moon and stars' that shine at the night, do not give enough knowledge as such. They are not able to destroy the deep-rooted Vaasanaas.

अज्ञानध्वान्तमतेभसिंहः कर्मतृणानलः उदितो न विकारार्को वासनारजनीक्षयः।

The 'Sun of Vichaara' (Enquiry of Self), which should destroy the 'night of Vaasanaas' is the lion, which kills the 'intoxicated elephant of ignorance'; it is the fire, which burns off the 'straw of Karma'; but it has not risen yet!

I AM AFRAID OF MY FUTURE

अवस्तु वस्तुवद्बुद्धं मत्तश्चित्तमतङ्गमः इन्द्रियाणि निकृन्तन्ति न जाने किं भविष्यति।

The unreal has been believed as real! The rogue elephant called the mind remains intoxicated!  
The senses are tearing me to pieces! I do not know what is going to happen!

शास्त्रदृष्टिरपि प्राज्ञैर्नाश्रिता तरणाय या साप्यदृष्टिरिवान्ध्याय वासनावेशकारिणी।

I have not even taken shelter in those wise men, seeking thus, the means of crossing this Samsaara; and I have not attained the knowledge-vision of the scriptures.

Like a man who has no sight, I am blindly moving in the path of life!

I am lost, and am madly running towards the Vaasanaa-holes.

PLEASE HELP ME

तदेवमतिसंमोहे यत्कार्यमिह दारुणे उदर्कश्रेयसे तात तन्मे कथय पृच्छते।शाम्यन्ति मोहमिहिकाः शरदीव साधौ  
पासे भवन्ति विमलाश्च तथाखिलाशाः सत्येति वाग्भवतु साधुजनोपगीता मद्बोधनेन भवता भवशान्तिदेन।

Sire! In this horrible delusion of the mind, whatever has to be done to rise towards enlightenment, please instruct me; that only I ask for!

'The mists of delusion will subside like in the autumn; all the directions will become clean and clear; if a proper teacher is there!' Thus sing the good ones of the world! Let their words become true, through your instruction to me, which will subdue this worldly existence for sure!