



The Splendid Flower Pastimes of Sri Sri Radha-Krishna

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Text 1

*sakhi-vrindair vrindarcitam uditā-vrindavana-padam
vinodenasadya priya-kusuma-patrankura-phalam
harantyaṁ radhayam dhvanibhir abhisangamya giribhṛd
dhṛitatopam tabhih saha vivadamano 'vadaḍ idam*

One day, hearing Sri Radha and Her friends enter Vrinda's forest named Vrindavana and happily pick Their favorite flowers, leaves, shoots, and fruits, Lord Krishna approached Them and arrogantly quarreled with

Them in the following words.



Text 2

*rahah patacaryah kuruta kim idam yauvata-madat
sphutam yushmabhir me vipinam apanam nasitam adah
ato vallary-arthe tanu-tatim avasyam phala-krite
kucan vo lunthamah kisalaya-pade cadhara-kulam*

"My dear thieves, what are You doing in this solitary place? Intoxicated by youthful passion You are destroying My priceless forest. I have no other course but to arrest You for this crime. For the crime of breaking many creepers I shall now arrest all Your bodies, for the crime of picking fruits I shall confiscate Your breasts, and for the crime of picking many budding twigs I shall imprison Your lips."



Text 3

iti nisamya bhru-bhangam avalokantya lalitayam anyah sa-smitam ucuḥ

*vadantya smṛnā tava kṛtāṁ satyaṁ hitaṁ idaṁ
vṛthatopamā hitvā vraja jhatati nandisvara-puram
na janīṣhe kim tam prakṛṣṭa-lalitā-vikrama-tatim
yayā te vanyantā kṣapitaṁ asakṛt pauruṣa-yaśaḥ*

Hearing these words, Lalita knitted her eyebrows and angrily stared at Krishna.
Some of the other gopis smiled and spoke the following words.

"Dear liar, please listen, for the truth we speak is for Your benefit. Give up this false pride and go at once to Nandisvara-pura. Do You not know of the great prowess of harsh Lalita who can forever destroy Your good reputation in this forest?"



Text 4

iti visakha-kathitam akarnya sa-darpabhinayam krishnah punah praha

*aho sishya evam hi kuruta dharishtyam mayi punar
yatha srutva krudhanty akhila-latika-mandana-varah
maya kamam yatra praguna-guruna yat-karunaya
vitirna vo diksha na kila katidha jaina-racitah*

Hearing Visakha's speech, dramatically arrogant Krishna said, "O students, do not be so bold with Me. Hearing your disrespectful words all the beautiful vines and cottages have now become very angry. How many times, as Your pious guru, have I not mercifully initiated you in the path of non-violence?"

Note: Lord Krishna accuses the gopis of doing violence to the flowers by picking them.



Text 5

*etan nisamya lajjaya kopam iva vivrinvatishu sarvasu prasangantarena tam vijetum
visakha sa-nyasam aha*

*svayam yo nirbandhad dhana-vitaranair loka-tatibhih
karoty aramam yam sa hi bhavati tasyaiva niyatam
idam tu sri-vrindavanam akritam anyair anudinam
samanam sarvesham katham iva tavaivadya bhavita*

When the gopis heard these words they became simultaneously angry and ashamed. From among their number Lalita spoke the following words to defeat with logic the arrogant Krishna.

"If a man spends money and employs many workmen to build a garden then that garden becomes his property for as long as he lives. However, You did not build this Vrindavana. Why do You claim Vrindavana as Your property? Furthermore, many other people pick fruits and flowers every day in this Vrindavana. Why do You trouble us and not them? When will You become impartial and equal to all? You are not impartial because You trouble us and not them."



Text 6

iti visakha-sa-nyaya-kathitam akarnya sa-darpabhinayam sri-krishnah punah praha

*akuntham vaikunthe divi bhuvi ca rasayam sruti-ganaih
pragitam man-namna vanam iti na yad vah sruti-mitam
na yushmad-dosho 'smin prabala-mada-garvottarunata-
tri-doshi badhiryam pracuram akarod yat sphutam idam*

After hearing Visakha's words of logic, Krishna spoke the following words with dramatic pride.

"You have not heard that in Vaikuntha, Bhurloka, and Rasatalaloka the Vedas declare that this forest bears My name and is Mine. It is not your fault for intense madness, pride, and youthful ignorance have made you quite deaf."



Text 7

etad akarnya tiryag vilokayanti radha sa-smitam uvaca

*aye ced yan-namnankitam iti bhavet tasya vipinam
tadasmad-vrindaya bhavati sutaram eva kapatin
yato 'sya namnaiva tri-jagati janair giyata iha
svayam ca sri-svamin bata tu na hi namna kvacid api*

Hearing this Sri Radha glanced at Krishna with crooked eyes, smiled, and spoke the following words.

"My dear liar, if this forest is Your property, and if it is named after You, then why in all the three worlds is this forest known as Vrindavana: named after our dear friend Vrinda-devi? My dear handsome and eloquent friend. this forest is not named after You."

Note: The word sri-svamin may also be interpreted to mean "O husband of the goddess of fortune." Sri Radha did not intend this meaning when She spoke this verse, but Krishna took it to mean that when He framed His reply.



Text 8

iti radhayah sa-yuktika-vak-piyusha-mattah sri-krishnah sa-smitam aha

*iyam lakshmi-vrindad api madhura-vrinda mama vadhur
bhaven no ced arat sa-sapatham imam pricchata satim
srutau yad dam-patyor na hi bhavati bhedas trutir ato
dvayor nau namnaiva tri-jagati jano gayati vanam*

Intoxicated by Radha's nectar logic, Krishna smiled and spoke the following words.

"Vrinda-devi, who is more charming than many goddesses of fortune, is My chaste wife. I swear that it is so. If You do not believe Me, ask her. The Vedas say that there is not the slightest difference between husband and wife, and therefore when the people of the three worlds proclaim that this forest bears the name Vrinda, that word Vrinda refers to Us both."



Text 9

iti sri-krishnasya vag-amritam apiya radha vrindam prati nicair aha

*idam vrinde satyam bhavati na hi kim va kathaya nah
puro lajjam ha ha katham iva tanoshi priya-gane
ritam cet tad-rosha-cchalata iva gaccha kshanam ito
yatha nana-vadair vayam iha jayamah satha-gurum*

After drinking the nectar of Krishna's words, Radha turned to Vrinda and whispered: "Vrinda, is this true or not? Please tell Us. It is not true. Had it been true you would have feigned anger and left the assembly of your friends in a moment. With these words We have now defeated this king of liars."



Text 10

*idam karne tasya nigaditavatishv asu sahasam
mrisha-roshad esha cala-kutla-cilli-kshana-tataih
alam sonair eni-drig ati-kutlah prekshya sakhi tah
sa-garve govinde parishadi dadav uttaram idam*

When Radha's words fell on her ear and she saw the crooked glances of the doe-eyed gopis, Vrinda-devi became red with pretended anger. Moving her crooked eyebrows, in the gopi assembly she gave the following reply to arrogant Krishna.



Text 11

*aye padmashanda vraja-nagara-bhanda vraja-vanad
itas tvam ced icche rucira-vana-rajatvam acirat
sakhisthalyah shashthim bhaja nija-vadhum tam kila tada
yatha sa tushtya te badara-vana-rajyam vitarati*

"O eunuch of Padma, O laughing-stock of the town of Vraja, if You wish to become king of a nice forest, then leave this forest of Vraja without delay. Worship the goddess of Sakhisthali (Candravali) and when she becomes satisfied with You she will give You a grove of jujube trees as Your kingdom."



Text 12

*tata ittham tat-saundaryadi-stavanarabhatya sri gandharvaya vrindatavyam
svatam
arpayanti tam upalabhya sollasam punar aha*

*yad etad bimbavall lasati mukham asyah kamalato
drisor dvandvam cancat-kuvalaya-mriganam iva cayat
udancan-nasa-srih suka-nava-yuva-troti-valanal
lasad-bandhukebhyo 'pi ca ruci-ghata-rajyad-adharah*

Eloquently glorifying Radha's beauty and virtues by comparing them to many other things, establishing Radha's sovereignty over Vrindavana, and at last rebuking Krishna, Vrinda-devi again spoke.

"The reflection of Radha's face is more beautiful than a host of lotus flowers. Her eyes are more beautiful than moving lotuses or restless deer. The beauty of Her raised nose is greater than the beak of a young parrot. Her glistening lips are more beautiful than the splendid bandhuka flowers.



Text 13

*aye dantah kundavali-karaka-bijadi-racanad
api sphita gitah kumuda-vanato 'pi smita-lavah
sruti-dvandvam munja-lalita-guna-punjad api punar
lalatodyal-lakshmih subhaga-baka-pushpad atitaram*

"Her teeth are praised above the white jasmines and red pomegranate seeds. Her gentle smile is praised above the lotus forest. Her ears are praised above the charming munja ropes. The beauty of Her forehead surpasses the splendid baka flowers.



Text 14

*calac-cilli-valli bhamara-vara-pankter api tatah
sphuraj-jambu-pakva-pracura-phalato 'py etad alakah*

*kacollasah sphurjan-mada-sikhi-sikhandad api madhau
pikottana-dhvanad api param udaram mridu-vacah*

"The vine of Her restless eyebrows is more beautiful than a line of black bees. Her kunkuma ointment is more beautiful than a host of ripe jambu fruits. The splendor of Her hair is greater than the feathers of a maddened peacock. Her voice is sweeter than the high notes of the cuckoo.



Text 15

*nitambah sailanam api vipula-bharad ati-guruh
kucau tungau bilvadika-phala-kulad api ati-ghanau
bhuja-yugmam bhrajad-vratati-tatito 'piha lalitam
lalama-sri-lomavalir api bhujangi-tati-ruceh*

"Her hips are heavier than many mountains. Her raised breasts are more firm than the bilva and other fruits. Her arms are more graceful than flowering vines. Her beautiful hair is more splendid than a glistening black snake.



Text 16

*varoru rambhali-krama-racana-jrimbhad api gatir
marali-palinam api calana-rangan mridutara
pada-dvandvam phulla-sthala-kamala-vrindad api sada
vadanyatvam kalpa-druma-nikarato 'pi vraja-pure*

"Her thighs are more beautiful than a forest of banana trees. Her movements are more graceful than the movements of a flock of royal swans. Her lotus feet are more beautiful than a forest of blossoming land-growing lotuses. In the town of Vraja She is eternally more generous than a forest of kalpa-vriksha trees.



Text 17

*drisoh premna sasvat ksharad-amrita-nihsyanda-vitatis
tatha sveda-stomah kanaka-jayi-varshma-prapatitah
mano-ganga-krishna-vividha-sarasi-vrinda-vicalat-
pravahad apy uccaih pulaka uta nipa-stabakatah*

"The nectar streams of love flowing continually from Her eyes, and the perspiration that drops from Her transcendental body defeating the splendor of gold, are both greater than the Manasa-ganga, Yamuna, and all other rivers and lakes. Her bodily hairs erect in ecstasy are greater than bunches of newly-blossomed kadamba flowers.



Text 18

*alam gandha-snigdha kanaka-giri-vandya dyutir api
sphutat-phulla-campavali-kanaka-yuthi-nivahatah
api bhrajad-vakshah-sthalam atula-simhasana-kulad
api bhramyan-netra-kramana-natanam khanjana-ganat*

"Her splendid complexion is worshiped by the golden mountains. Her bodily fragrance is greater than a host of blossoming golden yuthi flowers. Her breasts are more splendid than a host of incomparable lion-thrones. Her restless eyes are more charming than a swarm of khanjana birds.



Text 19

*param casyadinam vikasana-bharad eshu kila sa
kvacin manan mlaner bata bhavati saivaishv iha yatah
ato 'syas chayaiva sphutam atavir ittham khalu bhavet
kathamkaram svamin bhavatu bhavatah sampratam iyam*

"My Lord, this forest of Vrindavana is only the pale reflection of the glory of Radha's face and limbs. How then can You claim that is is Your property?"



Text 20

*mukhadinam padmadika-puru-padarthah sama-rucah
prapannah sarupyam yad ati vilasanti sphutam atah
ajande vikhyata prakriti-madhureyam sama-guna
tatah sri-radhayah prakatam ataviyam priya-sakhi*

"The lotuses and other flowers here are as splendid as the face and limbs of Sri Radha. In this world this forest is famous for being as sweet and charming as Radha. This forest is manifested from Sri Radha. This forest is the dear friend of Radha."



Text 21

*virajac-chayatve prakatatara-sarupya-valanat
sakhitve 'pi kridaspadam atavir esha rasamayi
sadaitasya eva vraja-bhuvi bhavaty eva sutaram
yatas chaya-sakhyoh sphurati na hi bhedah kvacid api*

"Because this charming forest has a form like Hers it is manifested as Radha's splendid reflection and because it is the place of Her transcendental pastimes it is Radha's friend. In this way this forest in the land of Vraja is eternally Radha's reflection and friend. This is not at all a contradiction."



Text 22

*ado vrinda-nandi-stava-rasa-bharaih poshita-vapuh
sriya purne ghurnat-smara-natana-trishna-taralite
aho radhonmilan-manasija-maha-nataka-nati
natacarye tasmin natitum iva drishtim samatanot*

Aroused by the nectar of Vrinda's prayers, Radha trembled with a great thirst to dance the dance of amorous love. The dancer of amorous desire arose within Her. Yearning to dance, She glanced at the dancing-master Krishna.



Text 23

*visakha tu sneha-snapana-krita-romanca-vilasad-
vapus tam alingya stava-racita-hri-sri-smita-vritam
sa-hasam drig-bhangya giri-dharam upalabhya sahasam
vinodair vrindayah sirasi sumano-vrishtim akarot*

Visakha, plunged into feelings of love and the hairs of her body erect with joy, embraced Radha, who was filled with charming shy smiles from Vrinda's prayers. With laughter and crooked eyes Visakha violently rebuked Krishna. With happiness she showered sumanah flowers on Vrinda's head.



Text 24

*etan-madhura-varnanakarnanena svantas tosham bahir vihasya sotprasam
krishnah punar aha*

*tvad-aler angali mama kamana-vrindavana-tanoh
sad-anganam kunjadika-rucira-namnam ruci-dhanam
dhruvam hritva mlanam prakatam akarot tam katham imam
idanim sarupya-stavana-mishato rakshasi sathe*

Hearing this charming description of Sri Radha, Lord Krishna became very pleased within His mind. Externally, however, He laughed and spoke the following mocking words.

"The limbs of your friend Radha have stolen the treasure that is the splendor of My charming Vrindavana and made it fade and wilt. O liar, how do you expect to protect your friend with this ruse of claiming that She is identical with Vrindavana?"



Text 25

*tavalya evam ced ati guna-gana mat-priya-vanad
api sreshthah sushtu dhruvam iha bhavanti sphutam ami
tada tuccham pushpam katham apaharet seyam athava
sva-bhavas cauranam para-dhana-jighrikshur na hi calet*

"If Her virtues far exceed the glory of Vrindavana, then why does your friend Radha stoop to take a tiny flower here? She is a confirmed thief, and She will never cease hankering after others' property.



Text 26

*prakarais chayato yad ati-vara-bimbasya mahima-
nam uccair vispharya smarasi mayi radham vitaritum
katham tat syad yasmat pati-para-vaseyam tata imam
sa ced arad dadyad bhavati mama tarhy eva mamata*

"By glorifying Sri Radha and claiming that Her beauty is reflected in Vrindavana I think you are trying to give Her to Me. How is this possible? Sri Radha is very chaste and faithful to Her husband. Unless he approaches Me and gives Her to Me, how can She become Mine?"



Text 27

*etad-vicitra-rangocchalita-vag-bha\ñi-vilasa-sudha-svardhuni-tarangenottarali-
krita-hrid-vritti-dridha-naukam sri-radham sa-smitam alokayantishu sarvasu sa-
smitam lalita lalapa*

*pipasarthah kascit kshudita-vivaso vartmani calan
maru-kshetre ksharodakam alabhamano 'pi virasam
svayambhu-samstavyam hari-pura-vara-stham api sudham
prapatum drag icchan jagati kila hasyaspadam abhut*

The playful waves of the nectar Svarga-ganga river of these wonderful and charming crooked words rocked the firm boat of Radha's heart. Seeing this, all the gopis began to smile and Lalita, also smiling, spoke the following words.

"If a person traveling in the desert who is unable to get even a drop of bitter salt-water to allay his thirst, aspires to drink the heavenly nectar praised by Lord Brahma and available only in Indra's capitol Amaravati, then that person becomes a laughingstock in this world."



Text 28

*tato rasika-sekharam vraja-raja-kumaram sa drig-ancala-vibhramena pasyanti
sakhiih prati
sri-radha vyajahara*

*sphutam kali saibya camara-vanita madhyama-vadhur
maha-padma padma parama-ruci-krit-kamada-kuca
vara shashthi candravalir api lased yasya mahishi
katham tasyapy anya bhavatu bhuvi yogya nava-vadhuh*

To Her friends, who were then gazing from the corners of their eyes at Vraja's prince, who is the crown of all who know how to taste nectar, Sri Radha then spoke the following words.

"This Krishna already has many mistresses. Kali and Saibya are the least important of His mistresses, Padma, who is like a great lotus flower, is in the middle, and the most important is Goddess Candravali, whose beautiful breasts inflame Him with lusty desires. What need has this Krishna for any new mistresses?"



Text 29

*tac-chravanato roshenaiva satopam tasam vasana-haradikam adatum upasarpati
sri-vrajendra-nandane sphutam eva campakalata solluntham avadit*

*vane phulle cillataka-patir ayam badham asakrit
satir asman pritya paricarati bhogadi-kusumaih
iti sri-vrittantam nishamayitum aryam disa nripe
yatha srinvann asmai srajam iha sukham preshayati sah*

Angry to hear these words, Lord Krishna, the prince of Vraja, boldly approached the gopis and was about to take their necklaces and garments when Campakalata spoke the following sarcastic words.

"Tell this saintly girl to inform the king that in this forest of blossoming flowers a certain policeman again and again worships us pious girls with bhoga and other flowers. When the king hears this he will certainly send a nice garland to this Krishna."



Text 30

iti campakalata-lapitam avadharya smitva sa-siro-dhunanam uvaca krishnah

*nripendrenaivarad apana-vipinasyavana-krite
niyujasman sasvad yad uta gaditam tac chrinuta bhoh
nijo va bahyo va harati ya ihasyapi galitam
dalam va pushpam va harata kila tad-vastra-padakam*

When Krishna heard Campakalata's words He smiled, shook His head, and spoke the following words.

"The emperor lives nearby and he has ordered Me to always protect this priceless forest. He said to Me: If anyone, either a citizen of our country, or even a foreigner, picks even a single fallen leaf or flower here, then You must at once confiscate his necklaces and clothing.'



Text 31

*ato 'ham yushmakam mani-vasana-haradikam idam
balenaivaluncya pramada-bharato yami sadanam
na manyadhve pushpankura-dala-hritim cen nanu tada
vicaram nivinam api kuca-patanam vitarata*

"For this reason I shall now take your jewels, garments, necklaces, and other valuables, and then I will happily return home. If you think you have not stolen any flowers or leaves, still you must give Me your bodices and belts."



Text 32

*iti solluntham abhashya sodgrivam udvikshya aye dhruvam eta gunavatyo nivyah
para-dravyam na rakshayishyanta eva kintu kathineshv eteshv eva tal-lakshanam
lakshyate. tatha hi*

*urojan ucchunan yad abhikalayamy adya divasat
parasmat tasman me kusuma-kula-matraiva bhavita
ato jijnasor me sva-kara-milane dosha iha vo
bhavec cen mat-sparsat svayam akapatam prekshayata tan*

After speaking these joking words, Lord Krishna lifted His neck and, peering at the gopis, spoke the following words.

"Although your belt is full of all auspicious virtues it will not be spared. Today I will see your firm, raised breasts, for I am eager to know if you have hidden My flowers there. If you think there is some offense in My touching you with My hand, then without cheating voluntarily show your breasts to Me."



Text 33

*tad-anantaram bhangya sri-radha-nivyam eva sandeham ivodbhavya tasyam
drishtim
nikshipya aho nyayyam ity uccair abhashya radham praty uvaca*

*radhe tvan-nava-nivika gunamayi sadhviti sadhvi-gunaih
sa-slagham parigiyate yad iha tat-solluntham eva sphutam
yad-drishteh kripaya drutam nividato bandhad vimuktapy asau
tam evadya dridham sadatma-savidhe nitva babandha svayam*

Krishna hesitated for a moment, glanced at Sri Radha's belt, exclaimed "Very good!" and then spoke to Radha the following words.

"O Radha, the saintly gopis jokingly glorify Your new belt, proclaiming it to be very virtuous and saintly. Out of kindness to Me let this belt become free from its firm, tight bonds before My eyes. I promise that I shall tie it back again very firmly."



Text 34

*bhoh pasyata pasyata kritaghnyo 'naya nivya dambha-vrittim acarya mat-surabhi-
pushpani svadhastad rakshitani santi yato romavali nama bhramara-panktis tat-
saurabhyam anubhuya tad anusaranti vartate. etad-akarnanena bhru-bhangya tam
akshipya grihaya gacchantyam balat krishnena vyaghotitayam radhayam
tungavidyabravit*

*sathendra tvam sasvat padakam api hartum vadasi yat
tad asmabhih sodham nripa-sutataya samprati srnu
samastah sambhuya hriyam iha vihaya priyatamam
grahishyamo 'vasyam vayam api tavacchidya muralim*

"Just see! Just see! This ungrateful and wicked belt has cheated Me! I know the flowers stolen from this forest must be hidden under this belt. Under this belt I can already see what at first appears to be a line of hairs, but what I know in fact to be a swarm of black bees. These bees must have congregated here because they were attracted by the sweet fragrance of the stolen flowers hidden here."

When Tunavidya-gopi heard these words she knitted her eyebrows and spoke the following words as Krishna forced Sri Radha to go with Him into a nearby cottage.

"O prince of cheaters, because You said You would take only our necklaces, and because You are the son of the king, we at first tolerated what You have done to us. Now it is different. Listen. Because of what we have now seen we have lost all

shame. Now we have no recourse but to steal Your dearmost flute and break into pieces. I swear we will do this to avenge our honor."



Text 35

tatah sri-krishnah sa-darpam upadisann ivaha

*aham sakhye dakshash catura-yuva-rajo vraja-pure
svakam vrindaranya vikasad abhirakshamy avivasah
pradayarad anka-srajam anugata mat-karunaya
samasta hitvaitam apasarata caurim cala-sakhim*

Sri Krishna then spoke the following high-handed order.

"My friends, although you have obediently given your necklaces to Me, and although I have kindly allowed you to follow Me for some distance, I am now asking you to leave. I am the intelligent prince of Vrajapura, and I carefully guard my blossoming forest of Vrindavana. I know all about the psychology of friendship, and I know that this thief, the treacherous Radha, is not actually your friend. You should at once leave Her company, for She is not fit to associate with you."



Text 36

evam akarnya lalitantah sushthu pramudita sakuta-bhangyaha

*punar garvam kuryan na hi vita sathasmat-pura iha
vrajasyaitasyalam catura-yuva-rajo 'ham iti bhoh
yad esha tvat-sevya-smara-nuta-rasendra-priya-sakhi
maha-ranji canda tvad-upari ca ragat pratapati*

When Lalita heard these words she became very happy at heart, although she pretended to rebuke Krishna with the following words, which carry a hidden meaning.

"Rake! Liar! in our presence You proudly advertise Yourself saying 'I am the intelligent prince of Vraja.' Don't be so proud. the great queen Radha is Your superior in every respect. You worship Kamadeva, who in turn worships the nectar mellows of amorous pastimes, which in turn worship our friend Radha. Because Radha is worshiped by the object of the object of Your worship She is Your superior. She is now displeased with You and She will now burn You to ashes with Her anger."

Note: The last part of this verse is deliberately ambiguous and may also be understood to mean "Radha has become inflamed (pratapati) with amorous desire. She is more agitated than You (tvad-upari)"



Text 37

*kutla-drishtya sa-hasa-lajjaya tam avalokayantim sri-radham prati sri-krishno
vyajahara*

*mudha-vadam radhe na srija nija-mattali-lapanad
vraje suddha sadhvi yad asi tad idam vacni vinayaih
tvam eta hitvogra vana-kara-krite mahyam acirat
prasadam dattva te rucira-suci-malam vraja griham*

As Sri Radha gazed at Him with a shy smile and crooked eyes, Lord Krishna said the following words.

"My dear Radha do not speak nonsense, misled by the words of Your mad friends. With all humbleness I declare that You are the most chaste and saintly girl in Vraja. Give up the company of these ferocious girls and come with Me. To pay the tax You owe the owner of this forest at once enter this cottage and give me the flower garland of Your mercy."



Text 38

tac chrutva sa-bhru-bhangam sri-radha bhangyaha

*tvam asam vaidagdhi-ghatita-vapusham samsadi madan
na cemam bhangy-akhyam kunata-kunatim nataya vritha
vanad asmad gatva svakam ucita-bhandatvam aciran
nija-sthani-madhye racaya nivasan bhanda-sakhibhih*

Hearing this, Sri Radha knitted Her eyebrows and spoke the following crooked words.

"Don't uselessly make the comedian of Your crooked jokes dance before these intelligent and sophisticated girls. Leave this forest. Go to Your own place, and there play the buffoon with Your comedian friends."



Text 39

tatah krishnah smitva sa-sautiryam uvaca

*vraje 'smaj-jushtannasana-nirata-kinasa-vanitah
kurudhve me nashtam prakatam atavim kasya balatah
idanim tac-chantim bata jhatiti labdhum giri-pater
guhakaragaram ghanatara-tamisram pravisata*

Lord Krishna then smiled and spoke the following arrogant words

"O gopis who devotedly eat the remnants of My meals in Vraja, who has given you the power to destroy My forest? To pacify the ruler of this place you must now enter the very dark room of this cave on the king of mountains."



Text 40

tad akarnya sa-smita-garvam visakhabravat

*bhavadrik-sampujyobjvala-kulavad etat pitri-padaih
svayam datta yasmai nava-kamaliniyam gunavati
aho sarva-sreshthah sa ca tava vitasyapi krishakas
tathocchishta-prasi prathita-jatila-sunur abhavat*

Hearing this, Visakha smiled and proudly spoke the following words.

"You should worship the members of Radha's splendid noble family. Her father personally gave virtuous, lotuslike Radha to Abhimanyu, the best of the farmers, and now You, O rake, are forcing Abhimanyu to taste the remnants of what You have already enjoyed."



Text 41

*sada padma-pushtadhara-galita-madhvika-dhayanam
nikamam syamatma bhavasi yad api drag api tatha
vicarya tvam sadhvi-nuta-guna-vidhum matula-vadhum
bhajemam atra syat kitava siva-labhas tava yatha*

"By continually drinking the madhvika nectar flowing from Padma-gopi's fat lips You have become black-hearted. O rake, please consider what has happened. Worship Your maternal aunt Jatila, the moon of all saintly women, and Your life will become auspicious."



Text 42

*tac chrutva sa-narma-bhangyoktya daviyah-sambandham khyapayan krishnah
sadram alalapa*

*asav asman-matur janayatri-prasu-pautra-vanitety
alam jnatam yasmin kshana iha sadainam tadavadhi
namami dhyayami drutam anusarami vraja-pure
grahitum sat-kamasisham atitaram bhakti-vinatah*

Hearing this, Lord Krishna described His distant relationship with His aunt with mock reverence in the following crooked words.

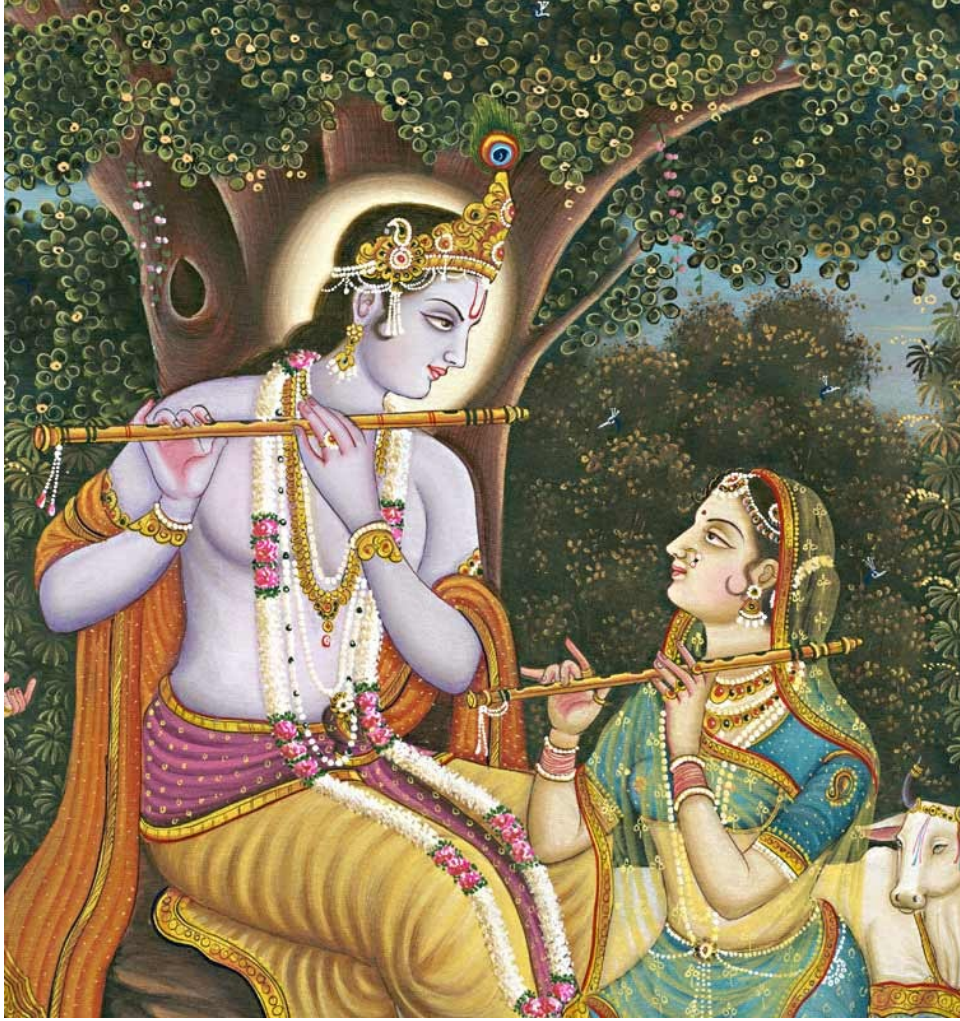
"At every moment I meditate on and bow down before My mother's sister, Aunt Jatila. To attain her saintly blessings I humbly follow her footsteps in Vrajapura."



Text 43

*udancan-manjira-dhvani-sahacari-sancaya-jushas
calantya radhayah prakatita-rushah sri-giridharah
girindrat parindradhika-gatir upetyasu nakharair
gajendrodyat-kumbha-dvayam iva dadara stana-yugam*

As Sri Radha walked, Her anklets tinkling, Sri Krishna, the lifter of Govardhana Hill ferociously attacked Her breasts with His hands just as a powerful lion from the king of mountains might attack with its claws the bulging frontal lobes of a regal elephant.



Text 44

*idam radha-krishnojjvala-kusuma-keli-kali-madhu
 priyali-narmali-parimala-yutam yasya bhajanat
 mamandhasyapy etad-vacana-madhupenalpa-gatina
 manag ghratam tan me gatir atula-rupanghrija-rajah*

By worshiping Srila Rupa Gosvami, the limping bumblebee of the words of me, a blind man, is now able to smell a little of the fragrance of the honey of Sri Sri Radha-Krishna's playful and splendid flower-quarrel pastimes, which are filled with the sweet fragrance of the joking words of Radha's friends. The dust of the feet of the incomparable Srila Rupa Gosvami is the goal of my life.

