

Śrī-Śrī-Rādhā-Kṛṣṇa-Ujjvala-Kusuma-Keliḥ

The Splendid Flower Pastimes of Śrī Śrī Radha-Kṛṣṇa



Lotus-Clad Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa

śrī-śrī-rādhā-kṛṣṇojjvala-kusuma-keliḥ
The Splendid Flower Pastimes of Śrī Śrī Rādhā-Kṛṣṇa
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Text 1

*sakhī-vṛndair vṛndārcitam uditā-vṛndāvana-padaṁ
vinodenāsādyā priya-kusuma-pātrāṅkura-phalam |
harantyaṁ rādhāyāṁ dhvanibhir abhisāṅgamyā giribhṛd
dhṛtāṭopam tābhiḥ saha vivadamāno 'vadad idam || 1||*

One day, hearing Śrī Rādhā and Her friends enter Vrinda's forest named Vṛndāvana and happily pick Their favorite flowers, leaves, shoots, and fruits, Lord Kṛṣṇa approached Them and arrogantly quarreled with Them in the following words.

Text 2

*rahaḥ pāṭacaryaḥ kuruta kim idam yauvata-madāt
sphuṭam yuṣmābhir me vipinam apanam nāsitam adaḥ |
ato vallary-arthe tanu-taṭim avaśyaṁ phala-kṛte
kucān vo luṅṭhāmaḥ kisalaya-pade cādharma-kulam || 2||*

"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 niśamya bhru-bhaṅgam avalokantyaṁ
lalitāyāṁ anyāḥ sa-smitam ūcuḥ—
vadantyaḥ smo nūnam tava kiṭava satyaṁ hitam idam
vṛthāṭopam hitvā vraja jhaṭaṭi nandīśvara-puram |
na jāniṣe kim tam prakhara-lalitā-vikrama-taṭim
yayā te vānyāntaḥ kṣapitam asakṛt pauraṣa-yaśaḥ || 3||*

Hearing these words, Lalitā knitted her eyebrows and angrily stared at Kṛṣṇa. Some of the other gopīs 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 Nandīśvara-pura. Do You not know of the great prowess of harsh Lalitā who can forever destroy Your good reputation in this forest?"

Text 4

iti viśākhā-kathitam ākarṇya
sa-darpābhinayaṁ kṛṣṇaḥ punaḥ prāha—

*aho śiṣyā evaṁ hi kuruta dhārṣṭyaṁ mayi punar
yathā śrutvā krudhanty akhila-latikā-maṇḍana-varaḥ |
mayā kāmaṁ yatra praḡaṇa-guruṇā yat-karuṇayā
vitīrṇā vo dikṣā na kila katidhā jaina-racitāḥ || 4||*

Hearing Viśākhā's speech, dramatically arrogant Kṛṣṇa 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 Kṛṣṇa accuses the gopīs of doing violence to the flowers by picking them.

Text 5

etan niśamya lajjayā kopam iva vivṛṇvatīṣu sarvāsu
prasaṅgāntareṇa taṁ vijetuṁ viśākhā sa-nyāsam āha—

*svayaṁ yo nirbandhād dhana-vitarāṇair loka-taṭibhiḥ
karoty ārāmaṁ yaṁ sa hi bhavati tasyaiva niyatam |
idam tu śrī-vṛndāvanam akṛtam anyair anudinaṁ
samānaṁ sarveṣāṁ katham iva tavaivādya bhavitā || 5|*

When the gopīs heard these words they became simultaneously angry and ashamed. From among their number Lalitā spoke the following words to defeat with logic the arrogant Kṛṣṇa.

"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 Vṛndāvana. Why do You claim Vṛndāvana as Your property? Furthermore, many other people pick fruits and flowers every day in this Vṛndāvana. 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 viśākhā-sa-nyāya-kathitam ākarṇya
sa-darpābhinayaṁ śrī-kṛṣṇaḥ punaḥ prāha—

*akuṅṭham vaikuṅṭhe divi bhuvī ca rasāyāṁ śruti-gaṇaiḥ
praḡitaṁ man-nāmnā vanam iti na yad vaḥ śruti-mitam |
na yuṣmad-doṣo 'smin prabala-mada-garvottaruṇatā-
tri-doṣi bādhīyaṁ pracuram akarod yat sphuṭam idam || 6|*

After hearing Viśākhā's words of logic, Kṛṣṇa spoke the following words with dramatic pride.

"You have not heard that in Vaikuṅṭha, Bhūrloka, and Rasātala-loka 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 ākarṇya tiryag vilokayantī rādhā sa-smitam uvāca—

*aye ced yan-nāmnānkitam iti bhavet tasya vipinaṁ
tadāsmad-vṛndāyā bhavati sutarām eva kapaṭin |
yato 'sya nāмнаiva tri-jagati janair gīyata iha
svayaṁ ca śrī-svāmin bata tu na hi nāmnā kvacid api || 7|*

Hearing this Śrī Rādhā glanced at Kṛṣṇa 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 Vṛndāvana: named after our dear friend Vrinda-devī? My dear handsome and eloquent friend. this forest is not named after You."

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

Text 8

iti rādhāyāḥ sa-yuktika-vāk-pīyūṣa-
mattaḥ śrī-kṛṣṇaḥ sa-smitam āha—

*iyam lakṣmī-vṛndād api madhura-vṛndā mama vadhūr
bhaven no ced ārāt sa-śapatham imam pṛcchata satīm |
śrutau yad dam-patyor na hi bhavati bhedas trutiṛ ato
dvayor nau nāмнаiva tri-jagati jano gāyati vanam || 8|*

Intoxicated by Rādhā's nectar logic, Kṛṣṇa smiled and spoke the following words.

"Vrinda-devī, 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 śrī-kṛṣṇasya vāg-amṛtam āpiya
rādhā vṛndām prati nīcair āha—

*idaṁ vṛnde satyaṁ bhavati na hi kiṁ vā kathaya naḥ
puro lajjāṁ hā hā katham iva tanoṣi priya-gaṇe |
ṛtaṁ cet tad-roṣa-cchalata iva gaccha kṣaṇam ito
yathā nānā-vādair vayam iha jayāmaḥ śaṭha-gurum || 9|*

After drinking the nectar of Kṛṣṇa's words, Rādhā 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

*idaṁ karṇe tasyā nigaditavatīṣv āśu sahasaṁ
mṛṣā-roṣād eṣā cala-kuṭila-cillī-kṣaṇa-tataiḥ |
alaṁ śoṇair eṇī-dṛg ati-kuṭilāḥ preksya sakhi tāḥ
sa-garve govinde pariṣadi dadāv uttaram idam || 10|*

When Rādhā's words fell on her ear and she saw the crooked glances of the doe-eyed gopīs, Vrinda-devī became red with pretended anger. Moving her crooked eyebrows, in the gopī assembly she gave the following reply to arrogant Kṛṣṇa.

Text 11

*aye padmāṣaṇḍa vraja-nagara-bhaṇḍa vraja-vanād
itas tvaṁ ced icche rucira-vana-rājatvam acirāt |
sakhīsthalyāḥ ṣaṣṭhīm bhaja nija-vadhūṁ tām kila tadā
yathā sā tuṣṭyā te badara-vana-rājyaṁ vitaratī || 11||*

"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 (Candrāvalī) and when she becomes satisfied with You she will give You a grove of jujube trees as Your kingdom."

Text 12

*tata itthaṁ tat-saundaryādi-stavanārabhatyā śrī gāndharvāyā
vṛndāṭavyāṁ svatām arpayantī tam upalabhya sollāsaṁ punar āha—
yad etad bimbatvāl lasati mukham asyāḥ kamalato
dṛśor dvandvaṁ cañcat-kuvalaya-mṛgānām iva cayāt |
udañcan-nāsa-śrīḥ śuka-nava-yuva-troṭi-valanāl
lasad-bandhūkebhyo 'pi ca ruci-ghaṭa-rājyad-adharaḥ || 12||*

Eloquently glorifying Rādhā's beauty and virtues by comparing them to many other things, establishing Rādhā's sovereignty over Vṛndāvana, and at last rebuking Kṛṣṇa, Vrinda-devī again spoke.

"The reflection of Rādhā'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 dantāḥ kundāvalī-karaka-bijādi-racanād
api sphītā gītāḥ kumuda-vanato 'pi smita-lavaḥ |
śruti-dvandvaṁ muñjā-lalita-guṇa-puñjād api punar
lalāṭodyal-lakṣmīḥ subhaga-baka-puṣpād atitarām || 13||*

"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 muñja ropes. The beauty of Her forehead surpasses the splendid baka flowers.

Text 14

*calā-cillī-vallī bhramara-vara-pankter api tataḥ
sphurañ-jambū-pakva-pracura-phalato 'py etad alakah |
kacollāsaḥ sphurjan-mada-śikhi-śikhaṇḍād api madhau
pikottāna-dhvānād api param udāraṁ mṛdu-vacaḥ || 14||*

"The vine of Her restless eyebrows is more beautiful than a line of black bees. Her kuṅkuma ointment is more beautiful than a host of ripe jambū 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

*nitambaḥ śailānām api vipula-bhārād ati-guruḥ
kucāu tuṅgau bilvādika-phala-kulād api ati-ghanau |
bhujā-yugmaṁ bhrājad-vratati-tatito 'pīha lalitām
lalāma-śrī-lomāvalīr api bhujāṅgī-tati-ruceḥ || 15||*

"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

*varorū rambhāli-krama-racana-jṛmbhād api gatir
marālī-pālīnām api calana-raṅgān mṛdutarā |
pada-dvandvaṁ phulla-sthala-kamala-vṛndād api sadā
vadānyatvaṁ kalpa-druma-nikarato 'pi vraja-pure || 16||*

"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-vṛkṣa trees.

Text 17

*dṛśoḥ premṇā śaśvat kṣarad-amṛta-niḥsyanda-vitatis
tathā sveda-stomaḥ kanaka-jayi-varṣma-prapatitaḥ |
mano-gaṅgā-kṛṣṇā-vividha-sarasī-vṛnda-vicalat-
pravāhād apy uccaiḥ pulaka uta nīpa-stavakataḥ || 17||*

"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 Mānasa-gaṅgā, Yamunā, 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-vandyā dyutir api
sphuṭat-phulla-campāvalī-kanaka-yūthī-nivahataḥ
api bhrājad-vakṣaḥ-sthalam atula-simhāsana-kulād
api bhrāmyan-netra-kramaṇa-naṭanam khañjana-gaṇāt || 18||*

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

Text 19

*param cāsyādīnām vikasana-bharād eṣu kila sa
kvacin mātān mlāner bata bhavati saivaiṣv iha yataḥ |
ato 'syāś chāyaiva sphuṭam atavir ittham khalu bhavet
kathamkāram svāmin bhavatu bhavataḥ sāmpratam iyam || 19||*

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

Text 20

api ca—

*mukhādīnām padmādika-puru-padārthaḥ sama-rucaḥ
prapannāḥ sārūpyam yad ati vilasanti sphuṭam ataḥ |
ajāṇḍe vikhyātā prakṛti-madhureyam sama-guṇā
tataḥ śrī-rādhāyāḥ prakāṣam atavīyam priya-sakhī || 20||*

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

Text 21

*virājā-chāyātve prakāṭatara-sārūpya-valanāt
sakhīve 'pi krīḍāspadam aṭavir eṣā rasamayī |
sadaitasyā eva vraja-bhuvi bhavaty eva sutarām
yataś chāyā-sakhyoḥ sphurati na hi bhedaḥ kvacid api || 21||*

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

Text 22

*ado vṛndā-nāndī-stava-rasa-bharaiḥ poṣita-vapuḥ
śriyā pūrṇe ghūrṇat-smara-naṭana-trṣṇā-taralite |
aho rādhonmīlan-manasija-mahā-nāṭaka-naṭī
naṭācārye tasmin naṭitum iva dṛṣṭim samatanot || 22||*

Aroused by the nectar of Vrinda's prayers, Rādhā 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 Kṛṣṇa.

Text 23

*viśākhā tu sneha-snapana-kṛta-romaṅca-vilasad-
vapus tām āliṅgya stava-racita-hrī-śrī-smita-vṛtām |
sa-hāsam dṛg-bhaṅgyā giri-dharam upālabhya sahasam
vinodair vṛndāyāḥ śirasi sumano-vṛṣṭim akarot || 23||*

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

Text 24

*etan-madhura-varṇanākarṇanena svāntas
toṣam bahir vihasya sotprāsam kṛṣṇaḥ punar āha—
tvad-āler aṅgālī mama kamana-vṛndāvana-tanoḥ
sad-aṅgānām kuñjādika-rucira-nāmnām ruci-dhanam |
dhruvam hr̥tvā mlānam prakāṭam akarot tam katham imam
idānīm sārūpya-stavana-miṣato rakṣasi śaṭhe || 24||*

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

"The limbs of your friend Rādhā have stolen the treasure that is the splendor of My charming Vṛndāvana 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 Vṛndāvana?"

Text 25

*tavālyā evaṁ ced ati guṇa-gaṇā mat-priya-vanād
api śreṣṭhaḥ suṣṭhu dhruvam iha bhavanti sphuṭam amī |
tadā tucchaṁ puṣpaṁ katham apaharet seyam athavā
sva-bhāvaś caurāṇām para-dhana-jighṛkṣur na hi calet || 25||*

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

Text 26

*prakāraiś chāyāto yad ati-vara-bimbāsya mahimā-
nam uccair visphārya smarasi mayi rādhām vitaritum |
katham tat syād yasmāt pati-para-vaśeyam tata imaṁ
sa ced ārād dadyād bhavati mama tarhy eva mamatā || 26||*

"By glorifying Śrī Rādhā and claiming that Her beauty is reflected in Vṛndāvana I think you are trying to give Her to Me. How is this possible? Śrī Rādhā 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-raṅgocchalita-vāg-bhaṇi-vilāsa-
sudhā-svardhunī-taraṅgenottaralī-kṛta-hṛd-vṛtti-
dṛḍha-naukaṁ śrī-rādhām sa-smitam
alokayantiṣu sarvāsu sa-smitam lalitā lalāpa—
pipāsārthaḥ kaścit kṣudita-vivaśo vartmani calan
maru-kṣetre kṣārodakam alabhamāno 'pi virasam |
svayambhū-saṁstavyam hari-pura-vara-sthām api sudhām
prapātum drāg icchan jagati kila hāsyāspadam abhūt || 27||*

The playful waves of the nectar Svarga-gaṅgā river of these wonderful and charming crooked words rocked the firm boat of Rādhā's heart. Seeing this, all the gopīs began to smile and Lalitā, 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 Brah-

mā and available only in Indra's capitol Amarāvati, then that person becomes a laughingstock in this world."

Text 28

tato rasika-śekharam vraja-rāja-kumāram sa dṛg-añcala-
vibhrameṇa pasyantī sakhīḥ prati śrī-rādhā vyajahāra—

sphuṭam kālī śaibyā camara-vanitā madhyama-vadhūr
mahā-padmā padmā parama-ruci-kṛt-kāmada-kucā |
varā ṣaṣṭhī candrāvalir api lased yasya mahiṣī

katham tasyāpy anyā bhavatu bhuvi योग्या नवा-वधुह || 28||

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, Śrī Rādhā then spoke the following words.

"This Kṛṣṇa already has many mistresses. Kālī and Śaibyā 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 Candrāvalī, whose beautiful breasts inflame Him with lusty desires. What need has this Kṛṣṇa for any new mistresses?"

Text 29

tā-chravaṇato roṣeṇaiva sāṭopam tāsām vāsana-hārādikam
ādātum upasarpati śrī-vrajendra-nandane sphuṭam
eva campakalatā solluṅṭham avadīt

vane phulle cillātaka-patir ayam bādham asakṛt
satir asmān prītyā paricarati bhogādi-kusumaiḥ |
iti śrī-vṛttāntam niṣamayitum āryām diśa nṛpe

yathā ṣṛṅvann asmai srajam iha sukham preṣayati saḥ || 29||

Angry to hear these words, Lord Kṛṣṇa, the prince of Vraja, boldly approached the gopīs 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 Kṛṣṇa."

Text 30

iti campakalatā-lapitam avadhārya
smitvā sa-śiro-dhunānam uvāca kṛṣṇaḥ—

nṛpendreṇaivārād apana-vipinasyāvana-kṛte
niyuḥyāsmān śaśvad yad uta gaditam tā chṛṇuta bhoḥ |

*nijo vā bāhyo vā harati ya ihāsyāpi galitaṁ
dalam vā puṣpaṁ vā harata kila tad-vastra-padakam || 30||*

When Kṛṣṇa 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 'haṁ yuṣmākaṁ maṇi-vasana-hārādikam idaṁ
balenaivāluñcya pramada-bharato yāmi sadanam |
na manyadhve puṣpāṅkura-dala-hṛtiṁ cen nanu tadā
vicāraṁ nīvinām api kuca-paṭānām vitarata || 31||*

"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 solluṅṭham ābhāṣya sodgrīvam udvīkṣya
aye dhruvam etā guṇavatyo nīvyah para-dravyaṁ
na rakṣayiṣyanta eva kintu kaṭhiṇeṣv
eteṣv eva tal-lakṣaṇaṁ lakṣyate | tathā hi—
urojān ucchūnān yad abhikalayāmy adya divasāt
parasmāt tasmān me kusuma-kula-mātraiva bhavitā |
ato jijñāsor me sva-kara-milane doṣa iha vo
bhavec cen mat-sparśāt svayam akapaṭaṁ prekṣayata tān || 32||*

After speaking these joking words, Lord Kṛṣṇa lifted His neck and, peering at the gopīs, 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-anantaraṁ bhaṅgyā śrī-rādhā-nīvyām eva
sandeham ivodbhavya tasyām dṛṣṭiṁ nikṣipya
aho nyāyyam ity uccair ābhāṣya rādhām praty uvāca—*

*rādhe tvan-nava-nīvikā guṇamayī sādhvīti sādhvī-guṇaiḥ
sa-ślāghaṁ parigīyate yad iha tat-solluṅṭham eva sphuṭam |
yad-drṣṭeḥ kṛpayā drutaṁ nividato bandhād vimuktāpy asau
tām evādyā dr̥dham sadātma-savidhe nītvā babandha svayam || 33||*

Kṛṣṇa hesitated for a moment, glanced at Śrī Rādhā's belt, exclaimed "Very good!" and then spoke to Rādhā the following words.

"O Rādhā, the saintly gopīs 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

*bhoḥ paśyata paśyata kṛtāghnyo 'nayā nīvyā dambha-vṛttim ācārya
mat-surabhi-puṣpāṇi svādhastād rakṣitāni santi yato romāvalī nāma
bhramara-paṅktis tat-saurabhyam anubhūya tad anusaranti vartate.
etad-ākarnanena bhrū-bhaṅgyā tam ākṣipyā gṛhāya gacchantyām
balāt kṛṣṇena vyāghotitāyām rādhāyām tuṅgavidyābravīt—*

*śaṭhendra tvam śaśvat padakam api hartuṁ vadasi yat
tad asmābhiḥ soḍham nṛpa-sutatayā samprati śṛṇu |
samastāḥ sambhūya hriyam iha vihāya priyatamām
grahiṣyāmo 'vaśyam vayam api tavācchidya muralīm || 34||*

"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 Tungavidya-gopī heard these words she knitted her eyebrows and spoke the following words as Kṛṣṇa forced Śrī Rādhā 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 dearest flute and break into pieces. I swear we will do this to avenge our honor."

Text 35

*tataḥ śrī-kṛṣṇaḥ sa-darpam upadiśann ivāha—
ahaṁ sakhye dakṣas,, catura-yuva-rājo vraja-pure
svakam vṛndāraṇyam vikasad abhirakṣāmy avivaśaḥ
pradāyārād anka-srajam anugatā mat-karuṇayā
samastā hitvaitām apasarata caurīm cala-sakhīm || 35||*

Śrī Kṛṣṇa 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 Vraja-pura, and I carefully guard my blossoming forest of Vṛndāvana. I know all about the psychology of friendship, and I know that this thief, the treacherous Rādhā, is not actually your friend. You should at once leave Her company, for She is not fit to associate with you."

Text 36

evam ākarṇya lalitāntaḥ suṣṭhu pramuditā sākuṭa-bhaṅgyāha—

*punar garvaṁ kuryān na hi viṭa śaṭhāsmat-pura iha
vrajasyaitasyālam catura-yuva-rājo 'ham iti bhoḥ |
yad eṣā tvat-sevya-smara-nuta-rasendra-priya-sakhī
mahā-rañjī caṇḍā tvad-upari ca rāgāt pratapati || 36||*

When Lalitā heard these words she became very happy at heart, although she pretended to rebuke Kṛṣṇa 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 Rādhā is Your superior in every respect. You worship Kāmadeva, who in turn worships the nectar mellows of amorous pastimes, which in turn worship our friend Rādhā. Because Rādhā 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 "Rādhā has become inflamed (pratapati) with amorous desire. She is more agitated than You (tvad-upari)"

Text 37

*kuṭila-dṛṣṭyā sa-hāsa-lajjayā tām avalokayantīm
śrī-rādhām prati śrī-kṛṣṇo vyajahāra—*

*mudhā-vādaṁ rādhe na sṛja nija-mattāli-lapanād
vraje śuddhā sādhvī yad asi tad idaṁ vācṇi vinayaiḥ |
tvam etā hitvogrā vana-kara-kṛte mahyam acirāt
prasādaṁ dattvā te rucira-śuci-mālām vraja gṛham || 37||*

As Śrī Rādhā gazed at Him with a shy smile and crooked eyes, Lord Kṛṣṇa said the following words.

"My dear Rādhā 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

tā chrutvā sa-bhrū-bhaṅgaṁ śrī-rādhā bhaṅgyāha—
tvam āsāṁ vaidagdhi-ghaṭita-vapuṣāṁ saṁsadi madān
na cemaṁ bhaṅgy-ākhyāṁ kunaṭa-kunatiṁ nāṭaya vṛthā |
vanād asmād gatvā svakam ucita-bhaṅdatvam acirān
nija-sthānī-madhye racaya nivasan bhaṅḍa-sakhibhiḥ || 38||

Hearing this, Śrī Rādhā 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

tataḥ kṛṣṇaḥ smitvā sa-sauṭīryam uvāca—
vraje 'smañ-juṣṭānnāśana-nirata-kīnāśa-vanitāḥ
kurudhve me naṣṭāṁ prakāṣam aṭavīm kasya balataḥ |
idānīm tā-chāntīm bata jhaṭiti labdhum giri-pater
guhākārāgāraṁ ghanatara-tamiśraṁ praviśata || 39||

Lord Kṛṣṇa then smiled and spoke the following arrogant words.

"O gopīs 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 ākarṇya sa-smita-garvaṁ viśākhābravīt—
bhavādṛk-sampūjyojjvala-kulavad etat pitṛ-padaiḥ
svayaṁ dattā yasmai nava-kamalinīyaṁ guṇavatī |
aho sarva-śreṣṭhaḥ sa ca tava vitasyāpi kṛṣakas
tathocchiṣṭa-prāśī prathita-jaṭilā-sūnur abhavat || 40||

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

"You should worship the members of Rādhā's splendid noble family. Her father personally gave virtuous, lotuslike Rādhā 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

*sadā padmā-puṣṭādhara-galita-mādhvika-dhayanān
nikāmaṁ śyāmātmā bhavasi yad api drāg api tathā |
vicārya tvaṁ sādhvī-nuta-guṇa-vidhuṁ mātula-vadhūṁ
bhajemām atra syāt kiṭava śiva-lābhas tava yathā || 41||*

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

Text 42

*tā chrutvā sa-narma-bhaṅgyoktyā davīyaḥ-
sambandhaṁ khyāpayan kṛṣṇaḥ sādram ālalāpa—
asāv asman-mātur janayaṭṭ-prasū-pautra-vanitety
alam jñātaṁ yasmin kṣaṇa iha sadainaṁ tadavadhi |
namāmi dhyāyāmi drutam anusarāmi vraja-pure
grahītuṁ sat-kāmāśiṣam atitarāṁ bhakti-vinataḥ || 42||*

Hearing this, Lord Kṛṣṇa 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 Jaṭilā. To attain her saintly blessings I humbly follow her footsteps in Vrajapura."

Text 43

*udañcan-mañjīra-dhvani-sahacarī-sañcaya-juṣaś
calantyā rādhāyāḥ prakatita-ruṣaḥ śrī-giridharaḥ |
girīndrāt pārīndrādhika-gatir upetyāśu nakharair
gajendrodyat-kumbha-dvayam iva dadāra stana-yugam || 43||*

As Śrī Rādhā walked, Her anklets tinkling, Śrī Kṛṣṇa, 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

*idaṁ rādhā-kṛṣṇojjvala-kusuma-keli-kali-madhu
priyālī-narmāli-parimala-yutaṁ yasya bhajanāt |
mamāndhasyāpy etad-vacana-madhupenālpā-gatinā
manāg ghrātaṁ tan me gatir atula-rūpāṅghrija-rajah || 44||*

By worshiping Śrīla Rūpa Gosvāmī, 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 Śrī Śrī Rad-

ha-Kṛṣṇa's playful and splendid flower-quarrel pastimes, which are filled with the sweet fragrance of the joking words of Rādhā's friends. The dust of the feet of the incomparable Śrīla Rūpa Gosvāmī is the goal of my life.

*iti śrīmad-raghunātha-dāsa-gosvāmī-viracita-stavāvalyām
śrī-śrī-rādhā-kṛṣṇojjvala-kusuma-keliḥ
sampūrṇā*

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Thus ends the composition of Śrīmad Raghunātha dāsa Gosvāmī's Śrī-Śrī-Rādhā-Kṛṣṇa-ujjvala-kusuma-keliḥ authored in the book Stava-mālā.

