

126: *Birājata rādhe rūpa nidhāna* (NPS 3064)

- 1 Rādhā, your treasury of loveliness glows
- 2 With a great store of beauty displayed by your body.
What other woman can compare?
- 3 The vermilion on your forehead, the pearls in the part
of your hair, and your alluring coiffure
- 4 Make your moonlike face seem a target for the rage
of strong, intransigent Rāhu.
- 5 Earrings shaped like forehead-marks swing from your ears
and cast their reflection on your cheeks in such a way
- 6 As to make it seem a pair of suns in full array
had come to give succor to your moon
- 7 As it struggles with an enemy bent on opposing
a lamp with a flame that shines too bright.
- 8 Where is the poet who would say about your breasts,
"These are like pomegranate fruits"?
- 9 The two are not the same. The fruit retreats in shame
for these don't break apart: they've broken Hari's heart.
- 10 The thin row of hairs on the three folds of your belly
glistens with proud beauty, as if it formed the spot
- 11 Where the Creator decided to support your narrow waist
by resting it on a solid staff.
- 12 Every element shimmers with glittering jewels—
how can I describe the scene?
- 13 Your body is aroused, uneasy in love's power,
knowing you'll encounter Sūr's Lord.