Classic Poetry Series

Harekrishna Meher

- 37 poems -

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Harekrishna Meher (5 May 1956 -)

Dr. Harekrishna Meher is a Sanskrit scholar, researcher, creative writer, critic, poet, lyricist, composer of songs, orator and translator. He writes in Sanskrit, English, Hindi, Oriya and Koshali languages. His research articles, scholarly essays and poems published in the leading journals and magazines of national and international levels.

Harekrishna Meher was born at Sinapali, Nuapara District of Orissa in a renowned poetic family. His father was Poet Narayan Bharasa Meher and mother Smt. Sumati Meher. His grandfather Poet Manohar Meher is regarded as 'Ganakavi' of Western Orissa. He has excellent qualifications being topper in his career : B.A (Sanskrit Honours) from Ravenshaw College, Utkal University ; M.A.(Sanskrit) and Ph.D. from Banaras Hindu University. He joined Orissa Education Service (OES) in 1981 as Lecturer in Sanskrit. Currently he resides at Bhawanipatna working as Sr. Reader and Head of the Department of Sanskrit, Govt. Autonomous College, Bhawanipatna. He mainly writes in Sanskrit, Hindi, English, Oriya and Koshali languages in the field of literature, music and language. He is a Sanskrit scholar, a noted researcher, writer, critic, poet, composer of songs, orator and translator. He is a well-known creative lyricist of Modern Sanskrit Literature. His endeavours for simplification and modernization of Sanskrit language are appreciable. His tri-lingual (Hindi, English and Sanskrit) translations of Gangadhar Meher's Tapasvini Kavya are remarkable. He participated in literary workshops, seminars and conferences of state, national and international levels including World Sanskrit Conferences. He has published some books of poetic merit and research.

Literary Awards

Gangadhar Samman (2002)
Gangadhar Saraswat Samman (2002)
Jayakrishna Mishra Kavya Samman (2003)
Vidyaratna Pratibha Samman (2005)
Award of Appreciation (Jayadeva Utsav-2008, Odissi Akademi, New Delhi)
Gangadhar

Samman - Ashok Chandan Smruti Puraskar(2009)
Acharya Prafulla Chandra Roy Smarak Samman (2010) : By Academy of Bengali Poetry, Kolkata-700054.
Haripriya Mund Memorial Gangadhar Meher Samman (2010)
Dr. Nilamadhab Panigrahi Samman (2010) : By Sambalpur University, Jyoti Vihar, Orissa.

Works:

Main
Philosophical Reflections in the Naisadhacarita (Ph.D. Thesis)
Naishadha-Mahakavye Dharma-Shastriya Pratiphalanam
Sahitya Darpana: Alankara (With Oriya-Sanskrit Commentaries)
Manohar Padyavali of PoetManohar Meher (Edited)
Srikrishna Janma
Matrigitikanjalih (Original Modern Sanskrit Gitikavya)
Tapasvini (Hindi Version of Poet Gangadhar Meher's Oriya Kavya)
Tapasvini of Gangadhar Meher (English Version of Oriya Kavya 'Tapasvini')
Koshali Meghaduta (Kalidasa's Meghaduta into Koshali language)

Translated
Niti-Sataka, Sringara-Sataka and Vairagya-Sataka of Bhartrihari
Naishadhacharita (IX Canto) of Sriharsha
Kumara-Sambhava (I, II, V, VII Cantos) of Kalidasa
Raghuvamsha (II Sarga) of Kalidasa
Shiva Tandava Stotra
Rama-Raksha-Stotra (with Shiva-Raksha-Stotra)
Vishnu-Sahasra-Nama
Gayatri Sahasra Nama.

Accumulated Love: Meghaduta

Some opine that anyhow
during the gap of separation,
affections slowly deteriorate.
But the real thing is that
due to lack of enjoyment,
relish of affections becomes enhanced,
and the affections turn into accumulated love
immensely enjoyable at the time of union.

Harekrishna Meher

Alakā City in Meghaduta

'You are the soothing shelter
for those who are afflicted by heat
and distressed internally.
Therefore, O Dear Cloud !
please convey my message
to my beloved wife,
as I've been separated from her
by anger of King Kubera.
You have to go to Alakā city,
the dwelling of the lord of yakshas,
where great citadels look fair and bright
with the charming moon-rays
spreading from the crest of God Hara
who resides there in the outer garden.
*
On the lap of Kailā sa Mountain
appears the city Alakā -purī ,
just like a beloved maiden
on the lap of her lover.
Her beautiful saree
in the form of Gań gā 's stream
has slipped down alluringly.
Her fair lovely face
is the seven-storeyed mansion.
As a maiden possesses braids of hairs
designed with pearl-strings.
Alakā , on her head, bears
the clusters of clouds
that shower drops of water
in thy rainy season.
Seeing all such features,
O Ye wandering freely !
it's not that you'll not recognize the city.'

* *
(Purva-Megha, Verses 7 and 66)
*
(Translated from Kalidasa's Sanskrit Kavya "Meghadutam")
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Harekrishna Meher

All-Pervading Supreme Being

In all, scintillates Thy divinity.
In all, Thou art, Thou art, Thou art.
O Lord! In all, Thou art, Thou art, Thou art.

In the sweet mellifluous tone of cuckoo,
in the efflorescent fragrant lotus,
in the lucid-watered lake,
in the mountain where flows
the fountain with indistinct tunes,
scintillates Thy novelty,
the novelty, the divinity.

In the vast limitless blue firmament,
in the unfathomable unsurpassable ocean,
in the cloud shining with lightning
and in the handsome tree with creeper,
scintillates Thy excellence,
the excellence, the divinity.

In all the movable and immovable beings
enlightened with sunbeams,
in the affectionate splendid moonlight,
in the sweet fair smiling of a baby
and in the great womb of beatitude,
scintillates service to Thee,
service to Thee, the divinity.

In the wedding assembly
of Prakriti (Primordial Matter) and Purusha (Self) ,
in the body overwhelmed with attractive emotions,
in the juicy lovely lips of the beloved spouse
and in the flow of the eyes
drippling with affections,
scintillates Thy fusion,
the fusion, the divinity.

In the auspicious letter having emblem of ‘OM’,
in the opulence of virtues,
in the company of the saintly holy persons,
in all high and low things,
also in thy own self, the Supreme God,
Great among the great,
scintillates Thy epical splendour,
the epical splendour, the divinity.
O Lord! Verily in all,
Thou art, Thou art, Thou art.

Harekrishna Meher

An Observation on Beauty

Truth, Auspiciousness and Beauty –
all these three in unity
well-known verily reign unfurled
in the terrestrial world.
Always a real perceiver
does understand the phenomenon.
A thing of Beauty doesn't appear
palatable to an ignorant one.

Beauty is the uniquely prime source
of creation of the world.
The main factor rested thereon
is indeed Attraction.
Where someone has hearty liking or love,
therein beauty is perceived by that person.

With subtle internal vision, everywhere
the wise should deliberate on Beauty.
Own form Beauty verily manifests there,
where definitely exists the essence of Propriety.

What looks beautiful in my eyes,
may not look in your eyes so fine.
What other's eyes see beautiful
may not appear so
in the very eyes
of yours and mine.

But in the world exists certain thing
so marvellously created by the Creator
that the eyes of every being
of the mundane regions
see the very thing
beautiful for ever.

Harekrishna Meher

Auspicious Dawn

Auspiciously came
Ushā, the blooming lotus-eyed dame,
in her heart cherishing keenly
thirst for a vision
of the virtuous Jā nakī
Bearing dew-pearls as presentation
in her hands of leafage,
standing forward
in the outer courtyard
of Sī tā ’s cottage,
in cuckoo’s tone spake she:
“O Chaste Lady!
Deign to give your sight;
Dawned the night.”

The saffron costume
of auroral shine,
flowers’ smiling bloom
and tranquil mien
make a room
in the mind to presume:
Some goddess of Yoga reaching the place,
by sweet words giving solace
calls to render relief
from pangs of grief.
From heaven on earth as if
has descended to bestow a new life.

Musical tune Zephyr sang swinging,
Black Bee played on lute charming.
By Ushā ’s bidding, in dance
rapt remained Fragrance.
Kumbhā tuā bird as a royal bard
began to eulogize forward.
As the panegyrist premier
Kalinga bird appeared there
and spake in voice gracefully sweet:
“Wake please,
O Queen of the empire of chaste ladies!
Dawned the night.”
* *
(Tapasvini, Canto-IV / 1-3)
*
(Translated from Gangadhara Meher’s Oriya epic-poem ‘Tapasvini’)

Harekrishna Meher

Baby, the Divine Form

Behold the effulgent form of divinity
in the soft figure of a child,
which is endowed with pure,
white and beautiful teeth.

Verily in the mortal world,
the child forms heavenly bliss,
the fruit of conjugal figures.
In the lucid river of child's body,
overflows the cheerfulness
of lovely love-creepers.

Sweet smile of the child is splendid
having indistinct utterance of syllables
and so an object of ever-remembrance.
In the lovely lips shine delicacy and lucidity.

Sarasvati, the Goddess of Speech,
spreads her nectareous jingling,
graceful, faultless and rich.
Auspicious divinity and purity
lightly and delightfully
dance in the utterance of the child.

Music, unread and unknowingly attained,
flows in the cries and gaieties of the child.
In the child, who bears
a miniature form of Cupid,
the god of love and beauty,
there abide guilelessness and swiftness limpid.

In every limb of the child,
reigns the guileless comeliness
sprung from the creation
of the omnipresent Supreme Self.
In the ambrosial abode of child's figure
scintillate innocence as well as sagacity.
Effulgent appearance of divinity
one can obviously observe
in the delicate form of the child.

Harekrishna Meher

Best Wishes of New Year

May the New Year be auspicious.
May the New Year confer on us
supreme glee, happiness
along with diseaselessness.

May the light of love be brilliantly kindled
in the temples of all the hearts.
May the lucid lotus of mind
bear excellent comeliness.
May noble thoughts perpetually eradicate
all dejections and depressions.

In the New Year, may the noble calibre
emerging from noble poets and thinkers expand.
Even under the firmament,
this calibre forms divine effulgence
enlighted with the wealth of learning.
May the calibre bestow prosperity,
fearless boon and all kinds of
achievements, brilliant and grand.

In all the directions
may the pleasant cooings of birds
herald sweet tidings of the riches
of flowers, fruits, trees and creepers.
May the lucid and clean water
quench thirst of the mundane creatures.

May the fragrant zephyr gladden
all the worldly beings.
Devoid of all pollutions,
may it blow from all sides
and discard all evils with envies
in the enlightened universe.

May the Earth rejoice and be blessed
with fortune by bearing timely rainfall;
also be opulent with excellent profuse corns
and be full of jewels along with sylvan riches.
May the robust infallible unity among the people
be fruitful with well-being.

May the dexterous technique of knowledge
removing all sufferings
and beauteously conferring peace,
be prolific in the world
by rendering welfare to the people.
May the great vow eradicate
all conflicts and collisions.

In the path of right policy,
with propitiated fortune

and virtuous with the vibrant incantation
of national integration,
may the Mother Earth,
shine fragrant, resplendent
beautiful and ever-glorious.
May the New Year be auspicious.

Harekrishna Meher

Conjugal Love of Sita and Rama

Spontaneous is the flow of River
to mingle with Sea, her own lover.
She firmly crosses pass and rock
that appear on the way to block.

With Sea, when she enjoys union,
her all previous pains plunge into oblivion.
Between the lives of the two thence
really remains not a jot of difference.

Perchance piercing up in the mid,
any huge mound of sands there
if raises high
and severs the hearts of the loving pair,
River cannot die.
Burthen of her life she bears indeed
by expanding own heart to take
the shape of a large lake.
**
One thing more I like to tell,
Be united with mind and hasten to dwell
in the lake of heart where bliss sublime,
you all will sportively enjoy for endless time.

There abides my life-mate
new Lotus-maiden in full efflorescence.
Ever-scintillating and never-set
remains the Sun of reminiscence.

(Tapasvini, Canto-II, III)

[Translated from Gangadhara Meher's Oriya epic-poem 'Tapasvini']

Harekrishna Meher

Divine Doctor: Gita-Govinda

Ye noble self like the divine doctor!
All the illness of Cupid-stricken Rā dhā
can be cured very well
only by the ambrosia
of your loving embrace.
If you do not make her
free from this grief so far,
O Dear Upendra!
Really very cruel
more than the thunderbolt you are..

Harekrishna Meher

Duty of a King

On the bank of Bhā gī rathī while
Lakshmaṇ a deserted Sī tā to exile,
Sunshine had spread that moment
all over the regions
of the world along with oceans
neath the fair firmament.

As if it was a white screen
draped over by Sun
after deliberation
that a shame it would be, if the affliction
of Rā ma's Queen was seen
to the deities' dominion.

Knowing that secret discreetly,
to disclose the flaw of Sun's race,
Dusk lifted swiftly
the screen from earth's surface.

Called by the birds nearby,
Stars in the courtyard of sky
coming one after another
hugely assembled together.

They viewed:
Rā machandra, the scion of Sun's ancestry,
has sat alone in the yard, vast solitary.
With tears appeared
his eyes were bedewed;
with dejection visage withered.

He was thinking:
"The right of a king
is in fact a guise
of great slavery.
In this high seat,
the only job is
to render service sincerely,
at the people's feet.

While hundreds of mouth
together a lie tell,
it is oft accepted as truth
obeying them very well,
though to be sure,
it's known falsehood pure.

In the peace-sacrifice of public, again
king's happiness is oblation indeed.
Fastened with the strong duty-chain
in his work he can't proceed.

What is done coronation
is really a mere reformation.
What shall we call fanning the chowries?
It’s nothing but whisking flies.

There might, of course,
be no remourse
in happiness even in the heart of a deity.
The king, therefore,
is a great god and furthermore
relishes the ambrosia of celebrity.

People’s blood forms water-drops.
Acquiring the throne of high props
the king becomes cloud mere,
for the public welfare.

In the water of earth, no thunder resides;
but in cloud, it naturally abides.
Mace in the hands of public
is not a matter of power,
but it’s terrific
in the hands of the emperor.

By the fire of lightning,
burnt may be own heart however,
compelled is cloud to give water.
Forsaking all the happiness, when the king
keeps his people gratified,
he, as an object
of supreme respect
becomes identified.

Forming the highly elevated
head of ladder to heaven, if kingship
in the world-circle, is deviated
from own destination,
the king suffers destruction
falling into the doom’s abysm deep.

With equal vision and equal feeling,
holding a sceptre,
and rejoicing on kingship’s string,
he, magician-like,
turning very meek
doesn’t think of own life-chapter.

If the acrobat doesn’t proceed
after placing feet on the string,
some spectators shall indeed
jeer at him by clapping.
There the drum-holder

shall scold him further.

With life slackened verily
by severe separation
from my beloved Maithilī,
if I don't perform any action,
the human society
shall taunt me more in reality.

From people's lips remark will slip:
'In Raghu's royal race
Rā ma was born a disgrace.
And niggard in being scrupulous
he abandoned the kingship,
turning uxorious.'

Best is the Vā naprastha state;
but for me, it's not the time appropriate.
To discharge the duties of mine indeed
how shall Bharata be agreed?

Day by day, affection
for a thing on lap deteriorates;
since it's observed very often.
When empty becomes the lap,
pining for the same thing after gap,
the hearty affection proliferates
many multiplied times to measure
like a zero-suffixed mathematical number.

Never immortal is the gross body.
Ever immortal is mind only.
When link is not severed from mind,
happiness is happiness in true sense to find.

Has anybody kept his life for ever,
by earning material treasure
in the world of mortals
and adorning the gold crown
on his head own?
As his rivals,
glory and slander, being uncontrolled
by time, stand very bold.

People of the world very well
determine the way to heaven and hell.
Setting aside all rumours of others,
the mean mind endeavours
to hanker after the enjoyment,
material and transient. "

(Tapasvini, Canto-III)

[Translated from Gangadhara Meher’s Oriya epic-poem ‘Tapasvini’]

Harekrishna Meher

Exuberance of Nymphs: Gita-Govinda

Languid are thy eyes with intoxication (Madālasā) .
Effulgent is thy face with charming moonbeam (Indumatī) .
Thy gait gladdens mind of all the beings (Manoramā) .
Thy thighs form the tremulous plantain tree (Rambhā) .
Embellished with art is thy erotic play (Kalāvatī) .
Thy brows have lovely lines of painting (Chitralekhā) .
O Slim-limbed beloved lady!
Ah, present on earth,
You bear the juvenile exuberance of nymphs
who adorn the dominion of gods.

[Extracted from 'Gita-Govinda of Jayadeva']

Harekrishna Meher

Fierce Tiger: Gita-Govinda

O Krishna! Owing to pangs of separation,
for Rā dhā, her home seems to be a forest.
The group of her dear maiden-friends
appears as a trapping net.
With heavy sighs, the heat of separation
turns to be a vast forest-conflagration.
It is a matter of severe woe
that because of thy separation,
Oh, how she appears as a doe,
and Love-god Cupid for her,
has become Yama, the Lord of Death,
displaying the activities of a fierce tiger.

[Extracts from English Version of 'Gita-Govinda og Jayadeva']

Harekrishna Meher

Fine Face with Five Flowers: Gita-Govinda

These lips of thine really bear similarity
with the beauty of flower Bandhū ka.
O Self-esteemed Lady!
Thy comely cheeks compile the lustres of Madhū ka.
Manifesting the beauty
of blue lotuses, thy eyes are very lovely.
The stature of Tila flower, thy nose bears.
Thy teeth, O My Dear!
spread the radiance of Kunda flower.
Serving thy fine face with these five flowers,
the Flower-shafted Love-god Cupid
conquers the entire universe indeed.

Harekrishna Meher

Fragrance of Mother Earth

The Sun has risen in the east.
Fragrance of Mother Earth
will spread all over the world.
The fragrance of Mother Earth,
The perseverance of Mother Earth,
The consciousness of Mother Earth
and the thoughts of the land of arts,
all these will spread all over the world.

Food maintains the figure.
Oil causes smoothness.
In the lap of Mother,
abundant are the gems and precious jewels.
Dame Nature has bestowed air and water for all.
With the efforts of the human being
various kinds of crops are yielded.
Excellently charming are the rivers,
sylvan sites and brooks.
Fragrance of Mother Earth
will spread all over the world.

Summer, Rain and Winter
are the empirical experiences of this life.
We, the companions in joys and sorrows,
shall sing together the lilt of delight.
Dhol, Niś ā n and Ghumurā –
These enchanting musical instruments
encouragingly discard all dizziness.
The black-bee in the form of mind
rejoices humming over the flower
of colourful sentiments.
So marvellous and beautiful
is the creation of the Creator.
Fragrance of Mother Earth
will spread all over the world.

O Brothers and Sisters!
Wake up. With concentrative mind,
We'll make our life blessed
by performing good deeds for the society.
Great strength is in the body of the youth.
We'll keep the glory established
by accomplishing activities
in the path of righteousness
for the well-being of the country.
Salutations at the feet of our Mother India.
Our humble prayer at the feet
of the Mother Goddess Mā ṇ ikeś warī.
Fragrance of Mother Earth will spread all over the world.
Our humble prayer at the feet of our Mother.
The thoughts of the land of arts will spread unfurled.
Fragrance of Mother Earth will spread all over the world.

Harekrishna Meher

Free Birds We Are

Free birds of fair firmament we are.
High waves of ocean we are.
Lofty peak of white Himalayas we are.
High waves of ocean we are. (0)

Uplift of humanity and nation
 lies in our hands;
The noble path of human birth
verily runs with us.
To render dedicated service
for the well-being of the people,
we are warrior heroes with strong figures.
Free birds of fair firmament we are.
High waves of ocean we are. (1)

May the rosy mien of Sunrise
spread sweet smile with delight.
Dispelled may be the blots
of dense darkness from all the minds.
Let us adorn gleefully
the lutes of our lives
with nice colourful and fine songs.
Free birds of fair firmament we are,
High waves of ocean we are. (2)

May the fragrance of Indianness
fill the hearts of all.
May the inner sense of all
be exhilarated by this aromatic affluence.
We are one family,
the offspring of the Mother India,
having intimate fraternal affinity.
Free birds of fair firmament we are,
High waves of ocean we are. (3)

[English Rendering of Oriya Song 'Mukta Bihań ga Ā me']

Harekrishna Meher

Gita-Govinda: First Verse

‘The sky is encompassed by clouds.
With the hue of Tamā la trees
darksome appear the sites of woods.
This dear Kā hnā
feels very timid at night.
O Rā dhā! You therefore please
accompany him to reach home aright.’
Thus by the words of King Nanda,
stepped ahead both Rā dhā and Mā dhava
towards the tree of bowers on the way.
Glory to their plays of love, secret and gay,
on the bank of river Yamunā.

[Translated from Jayadeva’s Sanskrit Kavya “Gita-Govindam”]

Harekrishna Meher

Illusion of Modernity

Is the modern world of armament
like a flower of firmament
or like a hare’s horn
or like a mirage or like an unborn?

The core of the heart all the time
is haunted by the catastrophe of humanity.
Everywhere reigns the epicureanism sublime
in practical reality.

Is it peace in the age of atom?
Is it the truth of life,
while man is swayed away at random
by the onslaughts of mundane strife?

Nonplussed as if by the state of collision
between truth and illusion,
man like Trishanku in the middle
encounters today’s countless riddle.

In the world ephemeral,
none can fasten the soul immortal.
The abstract panacea of today
forms the philanthropic introspection
that can pave the way
for concrete and eternal perfection.

Harekrishna Meher

Immortal Sanskrit

O Sanskrit !
The universal divine language
on the Indian soil, well-writ,
the symbol of our cultural heritage,
manifesting Truth, Auspiciousness and Beauty
for all time to come in reality.

Adored through the ages
in the speculations of the sages,
eternal are thy contributions
to the world transcending dissolutions.
Thy peerless purifying power
gladdens the mankind with honeyed shower.

The wise call thee the language sacred.
Thou art the mother of languages,
for sooth the fountain-head,
the most scientific,
authoritative and systematic,
when someone verily envisages.
All over the world thy form has spread
surmounting all the hindrances of dread.

With thy grace from every side
let noble thoughts come to us.
Long live our humanistic pride,
the Indian culture glorious.
Thy all-encompassing view
verily scintillates always new.

Of national and global integration
Thou art the media,
the indelible index of India,
the receptacle of civilization.
O Sanskrit !
the literature of immortal merit,
as modern as ever
an ambrosial river
beneficial to the entire world,
bearing the precious values of life unfurled.

Harekrishna Meher

Incantations of Speech

I'm the supreme empress
and the bestower of prosperity to the devotees.
I'm the omniscient goddess
and the first among the adorable deities.
Gods have borne me in many forms,
me who has entered
in many creatures
and has existed in many places.

A person who sees, who takes breath
and who hears the word spoken,
verily eats food through me.
They who do not know this,
also remain by my side.
Listen, O Listener!
For you, I'm speaking some thing
filled with sincere faith.

I myself in sooth speak this
which is endearingly accepted
by gods and human beings.
Whomsoever I wish,
I make him powerful;
I make him a creator;
I make him a seer of incantation,
also make him excellently wise.

To slay the person
who expresses inimical attitude
towards the hymnal prayer,
I expand the bow for Rudra
by placing his arrow there.
For the worshipper,
I wage battle against the foes.
I've indeed encompassed
all the heavenly region
as well as the mundane world.

I've created the father, heaven,
over the head of this earth.
My abode of creation
is in the deep waters of ocean.
From there gradually
I've permeated all the worlds
and have touched the very heaven
with my forehead.

Like Wind, I verily blow
holding all the worlds.
Pervading beyond the heaven,
beyond this earth also,
so mighty I do stand

with my own valour grand.

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(Translated From Original Sanskrit ‘Vā k-Sū ktam’, RigVeda by the poet himself]

Harekrishna Meher

Incantations of Unity

May you all together go.
May all of you together speak also.
May your minds further
be the same unanimously,
as the ancient deities unitedly
accept their own sacrificial share.

Let their hymnal praise be the same.
The same let their assembly be.
Let their mind be the same.
Let their thoughts be the same unitedly.
I'm uttering your same incantation.
I'm also performing
the sacrificial offering
with your same oblation.

Let your perseverance of all be the same.
Let all your hearts be the same.
The same let your mind be,
so that a nice company yours would be.

(From Original Sanskrit 'Samjñā na-Sū ktam', RigVeda.10 / 191,
Translated By: Dr. Harekrishna Meher)

Harekrishna Meher

Life Beautiful

Life is beautiful.
Beautiful is the penance-grove of physical body.
Verily love is eternal, effulgent,
supernal and sacred.

In the changing mortal region,
do bear all pleasure and pain like shade and heat.
Having human life, do step in the right path.
Go ahead; don’t be puffed up with pride.
Ramble in righteousness while performing deeds.
In the golden opportune moment,
do have some new new innovations.

Offer fragrance of flower befittingly.
Bestow cheers and gaieties
graceful with winsome smiling.
Be Sun-like and dispel darkness.
Scatter brilliance and radiance of stars.
Form the soft honeyed coolness of moonbeams.
Of cuckoos and brooks,
compose simple lovely lilt
overflowing with beatitude.

In own conch Panchajanya endowed with nobility,
spread sonorous sound discarding all dizziness.
Practise attentively the attribute
of the black-throated God Siva
and yourself victorious, do threaten
the pangs of distress caused by poison.
Give up slumber in the mundane stage;
Actively awake in the household complexities.
Very intricate is the time of unstable youth.

Further lucidity in the firmament of mind.
Break up carelessness while in pleasure.
With your own vigour,
worship the Mother Earth,
the receptacle of all riches.
Take resort to the auspicious affinity
of the noble persons.
Don’t take rest against injustice.
Create profusely the inner strength of your mind.
Don’t run after useless matters.

Behold the universe and the Almighty God nectareous;
also behold love and peace in the hearts of all.
Render the best well-being to others.
Acquire glory resplendent with a fair form.
Count the greatness of humanism.
Deliberate over the eternal phenomenon
that forms noble feelings in all the selves.
Life is beautiful.

Harekrishna Meher

Love Knows No Distance

"Even far, I'm thy very near.
This always keep in the heart, My Dear!
Moon and Lily both are
from each other, away very far.
Still flows all the while
their love ever-juvenile.
For a loving couple, see,
the distance may whatever be,
hers is he
and his is she."

[From Poet Upendra Bhanja's Oriya Kā vya 'Prema-Sudhā nidhi' (Chapter-XIV) ,
Translated by: Dr. Harekrishna Meher]

Harekrishna Meher

Mango-Blossoms with Sharp Tips: Gita-Govinda

O My Friend! Here
florescence of new Aś oka creeper
bearing few bunches of flowers
is not at all pleasurable to my eyes
and causes distress immense.
Breeze of pleasure-grove beside pond
gives me pains further.
This budding of mango-blossoms with sharp tips,
though charming with the humming of black-bees
roving over them, does not give me a gleeful sense..

Harekrishna Meher

Maxims from Tapasvini Kavya

Spontaneous is the flow of River
to mingle with Sea, her own lover.
She firmly crosses pass and rock
that appear on the way to block.
With Sea when she enjoys union,
her all previous pains plunge into oblivion.
Between the lives of the two thence
really remains not a jot of difference.

Perchance piercing up amid,
any huge mound of sands there
if raises high
and severs the hearts of the loving pair,
verily River cannot die.
Burthen of her life she bears indeed
by expanding own heart to take
the shape of a large lake. (Canto-II)
*
While hundreds of mouth
together a lie tell,
it is oft accepted as truth
obeying them very well,
though to be sure,
it's known falsehood pure. (Canto-III)
*
Day by day, affection
for a thing on lap deteriorates;
since it's observed very often.
When empty becomes the lap,
pining for the same thing after gap,
the hearty affection proliferates
many multiplied times to measure
like a zero-suffixed mathematical number. (Canto-III)
*
Never immortal is the gross body.
Ever immortal is mind only.
When link is not severed from mind,
happiness is happiness in true sense to find. (Canto-III)
*
Without understanding
the noble qualities of others, if a person
with interest deliberate,
becomes an expert in fault-finding,
there is probability of ridicule sheer,
destined by fate,
in the high position
of the very fault-seer. (Canto-III)
*
Mother verily knows
her daughter's sorrows.
A burnt-faced daughter
looks moon-faced in the eyes of mother. (Canto-IV)

*
In the company of the noble
remains noble feeling ever-unsplit stable,
just as blue colour in the sky.
Nigh the noble companion
never in vain goes aspiration. (Canto-IV)
*
About one thing, thinks mind free;
but otherwise becomes consequence.
My Friend! In this world, hence
unintelligible is Destiny's decree. (Canto-VI)
*
Water of the ocean raising high
turns cloud in the sky,
and rendering weal of the world, enters
into the same waters. (Canto-VI)
*
With bewilderment, naturally laden
is a lover's life, bereft of the beloved maiden.
For a perplexed life, entire earth
seems to be of no worth.
When an animate being keeps afloat
in the world's main,
hope lies in the beloved bride-boat
to cross it amain. (Canto-VI)
*
Like a mountain
may be the heaped cotton of sin.
A spark of virtue does contain
the power for burning it to ruin. (Canto-VII)
*
In the worldly region,
no sin is more than evil company.
Relation with the evil companion
verily gives vigorous agony. (Canto-VII)
*
If water from cloud comes below,
can the cloud keep it again in prop?
Like the fire-flame aglow,
if burnt in fire, the water
becomes united thereafter
with the cloud up. (Canto-VII)
*
In one's own life
if remains grief,
in the whole world, no sign
of happiness is seen.
In one's own life
happiness appears if,
all the world looks aright
replete with happiness to the sight. (Canto-VII)
*

Conjured by the cynics' eyes
what can the blemish do,
when one's own noble qualities
form a divine ornament true? (Canto-IX)
*
Lovable is the Moonlight
solely because of darkness. (Canto-IX)
*
Despite own virtues profuse,
someone with heart free,
adept in appreciating other's virtues
verily fructifies own virtue-tree.
Moved forward is the arrow
by the string of bow.
Wafting the fragrance of flowers,
zephyr confers on the world more cheers. (Canto-X)
*
In the mouth of future,
life-lustre of every creature
is flowing apace
forming a stream of river.
Crores of men and women thither
are performing ablution in the very stream,
knowing it a great place,
sacred, noble and supreme.
By and by, the stream
with its physical expanse
advances towards the ocean of time
in great distance. (Canto-XI)

[Extracted from the Book "Tapasvinī of Gangadhara Meher " Translated By Dr. Harekrishna Meher]

Harekrishna Meher

Meghaduta: Charm of Love

'The charm of your limbs I see
in Priyangu creepers.
In the eyes of the frightened Does
I observe your glances.
In the Moon, I find the glamour
of your attractive face.
In the peacock- plumes, beauty
of your hairs I look.
In the thin waves of rivers
I mark the gestures
of your eye-brows.
But alas! O My Warm-spirited Darling!
Similarity of yours in one place
is nowhere seen together.
*
The curse befallen on me will end,
when Lord Vishnu, the wielder of Ś arń ga bow,
will wake up from the bed of serpent.
The remaining four months you please spend
closing your eyes anyhow.
The desires that we have fostered
in hearts during the period
of our long separation,
all we'll fulfil and enjoy soon
in the coming autumn season
at the nights enchanting and effulgent
with the sweet rays of Moon.'

(Uttara-Megha, Verses 110 and 116)

[Translated from Kalidasa's Sanskrit Kavya "Meghadutam"]

Harekrishna Meher

Music, Devotion, Eros and Literature: Gita-Govinda

Whatever musical excellence in Gā ndharva arts,
Whatever devotional concentration of the Vaishnavites,
Whatever relish of erotic sentiment for the connoisseurs,
Whatever playfully delineated in the literary compositions,
All those things the wise may delightfully purify
learning from the beautiful kā vya Gita-Govinda
written by the Pandit-Poet Jayadeva,
whose mind is ever-engrossed in Krishna alone.

Harekrishna Meher

Rama's Coronation in the Vision of Sita

In the flow of the river
of devotion-to-husband there,
Sī tā 's life was floating,
and in eddies, was restlessly rotating.
Unable to bring and keep
her life in own lap, Dame Sleep
approached Yogamā yā,
and apprised: "O Goddess! Life of Sī tā
has today gone beyond
the human heart's bond.

For twelve years
Virtuous Maithilī,
permeating her bed with tears,
managed to come slowly
in my lap once even.
But today despite my frequent call
in my very sweet tone,
she not at all
paying heed to it, alone
proceeds to the state of heaven.

Idols of eyes, her twin sons,
from her eyes shall now disappear.
All the ten directions
shall seem darkened for her.
In this life of hers
no sun-rise of happiness appears.

So much devoted to her husband,
what fruit did she acquire at the end?
Kindly make her future bright.
Let the poor lady behold it.

Pouring water from eyes
in her life's basin,
the sobre lady obtained the grand
garden of devotion-to-husband.
Neither any flower bloomed therein,
nor did any fruit appear.
Ah! Tell me please,
would the life
of the virtuous wife
so desperately suffer? "

Yogamā yā directed: "Come, My Friend!
Cool night is at its end.
Approaching the devoted Sī tā now earlier,
we both will reveal the secret of her future."

With Sleep, entered Yogamā yā hastily
in the cottage of Maithilī.

By celestial lustre, the sylvan site
continued to shine.
Surface of earth turned replete
with the fragrance divine.

By the aromatic affluence
horripilated, Sī tā ’s life aroused.
Under the splendour’s influence
her eyes became closed.
There appeared the scene.
Lustrous Sī tā has been.
World is being illumed further
by her effusive lustre.

Resplendent with blooming mien,
King Rā ma with herself as Queen
has ascended the bejewelled throne there.
Kuś a has sat in the lap of Rā ghava,
and in Sī tā ’s lap, Lava.
Holding the lifted umbrella,
Lakshmaṇ a, the husband of Urmilā,
has stood anear.
Moving the charming chowery moonbeam-fair,
Bharata performs his own duty.
Holding by hand, S atrughna moves there
the fan prepared with peacock-plumes pretty.

In the mouth of future,
life-lustre of every creature
is flowing apace
forming a stream of river.
Crores of men and women thither
are performing ablutions in the very stream,
knowing it a great place,
sacred, noble and supreme.

By and by, the stream
with its physical expanse
advances towards the ocean of time
in great distance.

Gods and demi-god Vidyā dharas with love
are offering from above
soothing showers
of beautiful flowers.
Gods, with demons all,
serpents, human beings
and nymphs celestial,
are permeating there
the entire mundane sphere
with ‘Victory-to-Sī tā -Rā ma’ chantings.

In every house, in every life, in every city,
in the river-boat, in the bark of the sea,
in every cavern,
at day and night,
in the even and the morn,
in dolour and delight,
in the hearts of the affluent
as well as of the indigent,
reigns ever-reverberant
the 'Victory-to-Sī tā -Rā ma' chant.
Observing all these,
stood entranced at the scene
Crest-crown of the chaste ladies,
the Great Queen.

(Tapasvini, Canto-XI)

[Translated from Gangadhara Meher's Oriya epic-poem 'Tapasvini', by Dr. Harekrishna Meher]

Harekrishna Meher

Rhyme of Modern Life

Complex and confused has been
the ultra-modernized life's function.
Acute accident is seen
everywhere in junction.
Man has been devoid of human sense
that forms the life's essence.
Life has been a bust of bribe
where the terrestrial ones deeply imbibe.

When pervades the heinous crime,
what should be the life's rhyme?
Man loses his goal prime,
expels his humanity supreme,
stigmatizes the scriptures of mankind
merely for mundane pelf unkind,
forgets the glory of his forefather
and violates the dignity of mother.

No sanctity, no security, no sanity,
always sweeping away in vanity.
Turmoil, torture and terror,
strike, indiscipline and horror,
even for a layman or
for a powerful emperor.

In every trice
prevails the device of vice.
Of human limb, every piece
is measured with a price,
though priceless eternal.
Rare is the thing paternal or maternal.

Lust has been the goal life-long.
Lost has been the hymnal human song.
For the sustenance of human race,
Virtue verily survives by His grace.

Harekrishna Meher

River Tamasā: Philosophy of Life

Wandering over several woods wide,
never wavering astray
by illusion of any gorge,
surmounting many an impediment
in my life limpid,
never deeming darkness
as a distress,
never thinking light
to be a delight,
for a remote way
ahead I've continued to forge
with my head humbly bent.
Gratifying every bank-dweller
with offering of water,
fruitfulness of my birth
I'm realizing worth.
* *
(Tapasvini,4/11)
*
[Translated from Gangadhara Meher's Oriya epic-poem 'Tapasvini', by Dr. Harekrishna Meher]

Harekrishna Meher

Spring Enjoyable: Gita-Govinda

Here appears the pleasurable Spring,
wherein the delicate zephyr
of Malaya mountain
gently blows having loving embrace
of the graceful Lavań ga creeper
and wherein the cottage of bowers is
filled with the sweet cooing of cuckoos
mingled with the humming of black-bees.
O Dear Friend! Hari enjoys wandering
and dances with the young maidens
in this season which is unbearably afflicting
to the couple separated from each other.

Harekrishna Meher

Supreme Divine Voice

Entire courtyard of the Creator
is permeated with Music.
Every part of Nature is endowed
with regular musical concord, 'tā la' and 'laya'.

The crying in the mouth of a newly-born baby,
the palpitations of hearts
and the wavering eyes with eyelashes,
all these continue from the very birth
till the end of life in the world.
Musical tune abides in every being.

The wavering respiration regularly
expressing 'so aham' (I am that Brahman) ,
the gaiety of free laughter
and the natural utterance
associated with every creature,
all these verily present a musical rhythm.

The brook indeed flows
with murmuring sound.
The breeze plays flute with a sweet tone.
The pace of gestures in the waves
of unstable ocean is mellifluous
with regular concord.

The creeper bearing soft foliage and flowers
appears as a sweet damsel
dancing in a delicate manner.
Her jingling bangles verily display
the gesticulation of distinct emotions and art.
Every aspect of Nature is musically rhythmic.

Among the clusters of clouds
roaring of collision is found.
The water-drops fall with 'ţ ap' 'ţ ap' sound.
Planets move in their orbits
as destined to them.
All are having musical bits.

The warbling of insects
forms the manner of musical anklet.
The gay black-bee rejoices in humming.
All these do indicate love
filled with emotions and graceful lilt.
All bear the charm of musical tune.

Cuckoos with other birds
sweetly present their cooings.
Elephants and other animals
auspiciously express their voices.
Sa, re, ga, ma, pa, dha, ni – these seven 'svaras'

with their unique brilliance
pervade the whole universe.

The eternal proclamation is
Brahma-Nā da, the Supreme Divine Voice,
perpetually reigns everywhere.
Every aspect of Nature,
every being and every thing
is indeed permeated with Music
in the creation of the Creator.

Harekrishna Meher

Sweet Words of Poet Jayadeva

O Liquor of Madhuka!
No noble thought arises for you.
O Sugar! You’re very unsavoury really.
O Grape! Who will behold you?
O Nectar! You’re gone dead.
O Milk! Your essence is mere water.
You weep, O Ripe Mango!
O Lips of Beloved Lady!
Down to the nether region you go,
as long as the sweet words of Jayadeva
in this world on all sides offer
emotional feelings of erotic expression.

[Extracted from Gita-Govinda of Jayadeva by Dr. Harekrishna Meher]

Harekrishna Meher

Sylvan Beauty (Vana-Lakshmi)

While glittered Maithili
at the door-way of the pleasure-grove,
Dame Vana-Lakshmi heartily,
adorned with sun-shine,
in her leaf-lips fine,
spreading smile sweet
with Madhuka flowers as nice teeth
attracted mind with love.
As a formality for Sita's reception
she offered the red Silk cotton
and for washing her feet
gave dews in green grasses therewith.

For Sita, offering a seat of land-lotus
greeted she, rapturous.
in guise of sweet
myna's tweet.
Just as the pond in autumn
causing the new lotus bloom in water
extends warm welcome
to the female flamingo
in the tone of bee's humming,
said the Beauty: "O Virtuous Friend Dear!
Dawned the night of my sorrow
by the Sun of your feet oncoming,

By favourable fortune, acquiring you,
I actually learnt
the sky-flower true.
With heartiest ecstasy
in Chitrakuta's dale,
in Dandaka forest inhabited by Siddhas
and across the sea
in Ashoka grove of Lanka as well,
having enshrined in my front
your good self as ideal,
for fourteen years
I built the love-idol real.

By Pushpaka plane when
you were returning through the sphere,
I standing here
bearing in hands a gift of flowers fine,
with gazelle's eyes woefully gazing above
was calling you with keen love
in the voice of peahen
from a long way.
Friend Dearest Mine!
Did you come today
remembering this companion
after so many days gone?

Prolonged separation, to a huge measure,
O Friend! I couldn't endure
and in final thought ahead
took the form of an ascetic-maid.
In the sentiment of affection,
having emerged the reflection
in your heart's mirror,
I received thy noble self here
with extreme exhilaration.
Thanks immense accept please, for
my long-cherished aspiration
you fulfilled with faith sincere.

In the company of the noble
remains noble feeling ever-unsplit stable,
just as blue colour in the sky.
Nigh the noble companion
never in vain goes aspiration.
Your gracious sight, that's why
I could obtain
at the time opportune.
Verily attainable is this gain
on favourable fortune.
O My Dear Friend Intimate!
Your feeling made me very fortunate."

To extinguish the conflagration
of severe separation
in the forest of Sita's heart, that moment
Sylvan Beauty, sweetly attractive,
seemed in mind's view
like a cloud-mass appeared anew.
Said Janaki with endearment:
"O Dear Companion!
In your prison
myself became life-long captive."

(Tapasvini, Canto-IV)

[Translated from Gangadhara Meher's Oriya epic-poem 'Tapasvini', by Dr. Harekrishna Meher.]

Harekrishna Meher

Ten Incarnations of God: Gita-Govinda

My salutations to Thyself, Krishna, the Supreme Lord,
having ten types of bodily form as incarnations;
The Lord, who protected Vedas, the Divine Wisdom,
in the incarnation of Fish;
Who bore all the worlds in the incarnation of Turtle;
Who lifted up the circle of earth in the incarnation of Boar;
Who tore up the demon Hiraņ yakaś ipu
in the incarnation of Man-Lion;
Who deceived King Bali in the incarnation of Dwarf;
Who destroyed the Kshatriyas
in the incarnation of Paraś urā ma;
Who conquered Rā vaņ a in the incarnation of Rā ma;
Who held plough in the incarnation of Balarā ma;
Who spread compassion in the incarnation of Buddha;
and Who makes the Mlechchhas faint in the incarnation of Kalki.

Harekrishna Meher

The Ambrosial

Verily I'm a drop
of the ocean of nectar.
Shunning the ocean I had risen up
in the firmament afar.
Coming down now
I've joined the ambrosial flow
and towards the ocean
ahead I'm in motion.
If I evaporate therein
on the way by the heat of sin,
in the form of dew later on
I'll descend below.
With the nectarean immortal flow,
I'll mingle in the ocean.

[Translated from Gangadhara Meher's Oriya Poem 'Amrutamaya', by Dr. Harekrishna Meher]

Harekrishna Meher

The Beauteous Moon : Gita-Govinda

By this time,
as a big dot of sandal paste
on the forehead of the Direction-Damsel,
Moon, spreading own rays, illuminated
the inner area of Vrindā vana.
He had borne the beauty of a distinct stain
as if caused by sin due to own appearance
on the path of the adulterous maidens.

Harekrishna Meher

Time Eternal

O Time Eternal! Salutations to thee.
All the beings sleep silently
under your unbending control.
With your huge hands
you verily bend down the vast universe.

In the inaccessible ocean of the world
which is marvellous with waves
and wherein bark is maintained,
your activity with swift conduct
continues incessantly and regularly.
Unhindered indeed is thy rotation in the world.

Beautiful is thy betterhalf 'Motion'
who has transformations
nicely simple and swift.
She displays the dalliance of dance
and shows festivities of laughter.
She forms happy prison by garlanding
and swaying away the creatures.
Very complex and comely are thy gestures.

Repository of all,
you bestow on everybody
some unspeakable and ineffable feelings
whether prosperous or penniless.
Somewhere thy form is luminous light,
somewhere its reverse, the murk,
so tranquil and terrible.
Thy principle is really characterized with duality.

In the world, here flows thy river
unstable and speedy,
bearing the stream filled with moments.
Having both the shores of day and night,
it spreads sweet union
as well as helpless separation.
None can obstruct thy flow.

The wheel of thine wonderfully generates
somewhere profuse prosperity
and somewhere degradation.
It can easily transform
a powerless into a powerful one,
a dry into a watery
and a straight into a curve.
Impregnable is the series of thy canon.

All that is past, present and future
is thy canopy of expansion.
O Time! All the beings immovable and movable
doomed in thy action remain for ever

an object to the path of reminiscence only.
Thy greatness is incalculable like sky.

Thou art the controller of universe
and the destroyer of all in this mortal land,
also the enumerator of different kinds
of deeds, both evil and good.
In thyself, everyone has to render ever-servitude.
Reticent, thou art the maker having affinity for none.
May thy auspicious grace spread enormously.
Salutations to thee. O Time Eternal!

Harekrishna Meher