

Classic Poetry Series

Kalidasa

- poems -

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Seasonal Cycle - Chapter 01 - Summer

"Oh, dear, this utterly sweltering season of the highly rampant sun is drawing nigh, and it will always be good enough to go on taking daytime baths, as the lakes and rivers will still be with plenteous waters, and at the end of the day, nightfall will be pleasant with fascinating moon, and in such nights Love-god can somehow be almost mollified...[who tortured us in the previous vernal season... but now without His sweltering us, we can happily enjoy the nights devouring cool soft drinks and dancing and merrymaking in outfields...]

"Oh, beloved one, somewhere the moon shoved the blackish columns of night aside, somewhere else the palace-chambers with water [showering, sprinkling and splashing] machines are highly exciting, and else where the matrices of gems, [like coolant pearls and moon-stone, etc.,] are there, and even the pure sandalwood is liquefied [besides other coolant scents,] thus this season gets an adoration from all the people...

"The beloved ones will enjoy the summer's clear late nights while they are atop the rooftops of buildings that are delightful and fragranced well, while they savour the passion intensifiers like strong drinks and while the ladylove's face suspires the bouquets of those drinks together with melodious instrumental and vocal music...

"The women are ameliorating the heat of their lovers with their chicly silken coolant fineries gliding onto their rotund fundaments, for they are knotted loosely, and on those silks glissading are their golden cinctures with their dangling tassels that are unfastened on and off, and with their buxom bosoms that are bedaubed with sandal-paste and semi-covered with pearly strings and golden lavalieres, and with their locks of hair that are sliding onto their faces, which locks are fragrant with bath-time emulsions, which are just applied before their oil bath...

"Brightly coloured with the reddish foot-paint that is akin to the colour of lac's reddish resin, adorned with anklets that are festooned with jingling bells, whose tintinnabulations on their stepping after stepping mimic the clucks of swans, with such feet those women with bumpy behinds are rendering the hearts of people impassioned, in these days of pre-summer...

"These days the bosoms of womenfolk are bedaubed with scents and sandal-paste, and they are given out to snowily and whitely pearly pendants that are sported on those bosoms, and even their hiplines are with the dangling golden griddle-strings, with such a lovely ostentation whose heart is it, that does not fill with raptures...

"The seams of limbs of ladies of age are conquered by the often emerging sweat, thus those peaky bosomed lustful ladies are presently banding their bosoms with softish fineries, casting aside their roughish apparels ...

"The rustles of air comprising the aroma of watered sandal-paste, blown off by the fans with peacocks' plumage, and the rustle of strings of pearls when the roundish bosoms of loves are hugged, together with the subtle melody of string instruments, and subtly sung intonations of singers, now appear to awaken Love-god, Manmatha, who is as though asleep after his manoeuvres in the last spring season...

"On leisurely seeing the faces of the maids that are comfortably sleeping well on the tops of whitish edifices, the moon of these nights is highly ecstasized, for he is unpossessed with any such flawless face, as his own face is flawed with rabbit-like, deer-like foibles, and when the night dwindles, he doubtlessly goes into state of

pallidity, as though ashamed to show his face to the flawless sun...

"The intolerable westerly wind of the summer is up-heaving the clouds of dust, even the earth is ablaze, set by the blazing sun, and the itinerants whose hearts are already put to blaze by the blazing called the detachment from their ladyloves, and now it has become impossible for them even to look at the blazing earth, to tread further...

"The reigning sun's torridity rendered the animals parched, and with unquenchable thirst highly shrivelled are their tongues, throats and lips, and on seeing kneaded blackish mascara like mirages on the sky in another forest, that are cloudlike in their shine, those animals are rushing there, presuming them to be water...

"The women of charm are with smiles and slanted looks, and now they are on par with the twilights that are ornamented with a beautiful ornament called moon, and they are now decorating themselves confusedly and they are inciting the incorporeal Love-god in the hearts of itinerants...

"Extremely seared by the rays of sun, and even by the already seared dust on the pathway, with its slithery motion and downcast hood, repeatedly suspiring when being scalded thus awfully, that serpent is sinking down under the pave of peacock's plumage, distraight of the fact that a peacock is an enemy of serpents, thus distraight is the relative danger from a born enemy or from the searing summer...

"Thwarted are the valorousness and venturesomeness of that king of animals, the lion, for the thirst is abnormal, thereby gaping his mouth much lengthily, and suspiring repeatedly with a lengthened and dangling tongue, and repeatedly whisking his frontal hair of the mane, that lion is not pawing the elephants, though they are at his nearby, and though they both of them are born rivals, thus the scalding summer cooled off their mutual contempt...

"Verily dried up are their throats, but somehow some cool water remaining in their trunks is brought to those dry throats with the prehensibility of their trunks, but too scanty is that water for those mega-vores, further muchly scorched by sun's scorching rays and overpowered by heightened thirst, even those water-seeking tuskers are unafraid of those nearby lions, as negligible is the physical danger than the natural danger...

"The scorching sunrays that are akin to the tongues of blazed up Ritual-fire, by them the bodies as well as the souls of peacocks are wilted, thus they wedge their faces in the pack of their plumage for certain coolness, and though they mark the serpents that are milling about under the very same plumage through the plumes and feathers, they peck not those serpents to death, as their priority is to cool off their faces and heads...

"The slime in the ponds is dried up but in some areas Bhadramusta grass is available, and while the herd of wild boars is digging up that grass with their long and broad snouts for a piggish slumber, the sunrays have highly sweltered their backs, but that herd dug the dry swamp more and more, as though to enter the interior of earth, to get a mucky, miry, muddy slumber...

"With the unbearable prickly heat of sunrays highly seared is a frog, and jumping up from a pond with mud and muddy water, it jumped to sit under the shade of a parasol, called the hood of a snake... neither thirstier frog is aware that it is the shade of a

snake's hood, nor the thirstiest snake is aware that it is shading a thirsty frog...

"When each other elephant is highly huddling, belaboured is that lake by their elephantine limbs, and completely uprooted are the tall slender stems of lilies and lotuses of that lake, without any remnants of standing lotuses or lilies, thus trampled and agglutinated with mud, they are heaped up under the feet of elephants, and ill-fated are the fishes when trodden by elephants underfoot, and the Saarasa waterfowls are fleeing with fear of this rumpus...

"Akin to sunshine upcast is irradiance of the jewel on its hood, and wigwagging is its twinned tongue licking the air, and it is seared by its own venom, by fiery soil, and by the searing sun as well, and thus tottering thirstily, that hooded serpent is not draining the dregs of frogs, to the dregs...

"Frothily gaping and reeling are the two-pieced snouts, and jerkily extruding are the lightly reddened tongues, and staggering thirstily looking for water with upraised snouts, those herds of she-buffalos are extruding from the caves of mountain with such snouts and gaits, wherein they took shade from the scorching sun so far, but thirst drove them out of those cool caves...

"Extremely withered as though by wildfire and utterly shrivelled are the tender stalks of crops, and windswept by harsh winds they are uprooted and completely wilted and reduced to straw, and all over scorched are they in an overall manner as the water is evaporated, and if seen from highlands till the end of forest, this summer is foisting upon the onlookers a kind of disconcert, as the straw in the wind about the monsoon is unnoticeable...

"Perching on the trees with wilted leaves, flocks of birds are hyperventilating, the overtired troops of monkeys are going nigh of viny caves on the mountain, the water-craving herds of buffalos are rambling hither and thither, the straight flying Sharabha birds are nose-diving into wells and easily lifting up the water...

"The wildfire, that is simulative of a just blossomed bright and fierily ochreish safflower, is exceedingly speedy and further whipped up by the speed of the wind it is eagerly embracing the treetops, that are on the banks of lakes and rivers, with tongues of fire, onto which trees the apices of climber plants are eager to embrace, thus that wildfire has burnt down every quarter of land, in a trice...

"That wildfire, now intensified by the gusts, is blazing the valleys of mountains, and thus skittering across it entered the stands of bamboos, only to shatter them in a second with clattering rattles, then escalated by gusts it is overspreading the straw fields, then from their within, on smacking the perimeter of straw-field, it is broiling the herds of deer, tumultuously ...

"That wildfire taking a rebirth in the cospes of silk-cotton trees is extremely blazing, and from within the cavities of the trees it is erupting with the glint of golden yellow, and thus uprooting the wizened leaves on wizened branches along with their trees, and then hurled by gusts it is whirling everywhere in that woodland unto its edging...

"When fire scorched their bodies, their dichotomic thinking of mutual hostilities had to be discarded, and those elephants, buffalos and lions come together as friends, and when blighted by the fire, they are quickly exiting their habitual confines to enter the

areas of rivers that have broad sandbanks...

"Oh, dear melodious singer, what if the summer is scorching... fragrant lotuses are overlaid on coolant waters, agreeably refreshing is the fragrance of Trumpet flowers, comfortable is the fresh water in bathing pools, pleasurable are those moonbeams, and with these pearly pendants and these jasmine garlands, let our simmering summer nights enjoyably slip by, while we abide on the tops of buildings right under the moonscape, savouring potations and amidst music and song...

Kalidasa

Seasonal Cycle - Chapter 02 - Rainy Season

"Oh, dear, now the kingly monsoon is onset with its clouds containing raindrops, as its ruttish elephants in its convoy, and with skyey flashes of lighting as its pennants and buntings, and with the thunders of thunderbolts as its percussive drumbeats, thus this rainy season has come to pass, radiately shining forth like a king, for the delight of voluptuous people...

"By far, the vault of heaven is overly impregnated with massive clouds, that are similar to the gleam of blackish petals of black-costuses... somewhere they are similar to the glitter of the heaps of well-kneaded blackish mascara... and elsewhere they glisten like the blackened nipples of bosoms of pregnant women, ready to rain the elixir of life on the lips of her offspring, when that offspring is actualised...

"The stock of Caataka birds that is disquieted with thirst, and though praying prayerfully for raindrops, those water-filled dangles in the sky, namely the clouds, that have many showers to shower, and though their rumblings are heart-stealing and ear-filling indicating rainfall, but those clouds are drifting away, slowly... heedless of the prayers of poor Caataka birds...

"The clouds in their warrior-march are wielding crashes of thunderbolts as their drum kits, and the flashes of lightning as the fluttering flashes of the bowstring of rainbow, and even they are unloosening very sharp arrows from that rainbow, called the sharply torrents, only to rend the lovelorn hearts of itinerants, that too ruthlessly... in their war on behalf of their ladyloves...

"The earth with grass sprouts seems spread with lapis gems that are shred to smithereens, for the grass has yet not attained that much greenery, and muchly sprouted and overspread are the greenish leaves of Kandali plants that suddenly sprout in rainy seasons, and amidst which greensward red insects are muchly mosaicked, thus the earth is beaming forth like a best lady decorated in many coloured jewels, other than whitish diamonds and other crystalline ones...

"This cloudy and showery environ is evermore heart-pleasing to peacocks, hence they are screaming with hilarity and fidgety, and the whole stock of peacocks is brilliant when its fanlike expansive plumage is outstretched, and on impulsively petting and pecking peahens, now they have commenced their peacock-dance

"Highly intensified is the rapidity of the waters of these maidens called rivers, which similes with the promptitude of maidens with misdemeanour, where these waters are new and thus miry, while those dames are newly matured and thus they are in the mire of maturity, while these waters are hurtling hastily towards their lover, called the ocean, with a seasonally created excitement, those damsels are flirtatiously jaunting with their flirty lovers, and in doing so both of them are reckless about their own kith and kin, since the rapid watercourse of rivers is felling its riverine trees, ubiquitously... and the flirty jaunting of those dames is felling the reputation of her family, far and wide... ah, a season is the culprit to cause a seasonal itch...

"With the advent of rains upshot are the tender sprouts of grass, and the greensward when grazed by deer and other grazers, it is divers in its hue, somewhere with blackish patches, elsewhere with stacks of grass, and somewhere else with verdant pastures, and with their upcast tender leaflets the trees are ornately decorating the Vindhya mountains, thus the environ is heart-stealing, picturesquely...

"Oh, dear, sheeny are the faces of the deer with their swiftly zipping eyes, which are akin to black-lotuses and to your eyes as well, and they the deer and you, zip your eyes more and more, when there is a thunder or a rumble, then you run into my embrace, as they run to overcrowd the white sand-beds amidst lushly thickets of forests, and this georgic beauty of forests and the graceful beauty of yours, all this is promptly rendering the heart highly ecstatic...

"Though the cloud-cover rendered the nights as pitch-dark, and though thundering is thunderous, and though the pathways on ground are indiscernible for it is pitch-black, even in such nights the lover-seeking women are making haste on those paths, that are indiscernibly shown by the flashes of torch-lights, called the flashes of lightning, for they are impassioned to meet their lovers, to all intents and purposes...

A couple sleeping on a bed, but each at the each end of that bed, and when her man is in sound sleep, she is without any rapid eye-movement, for she is thinking that rapidly about the peccadilloes of her man with some 'other' woman/women, and when she wanted to conclude her man to be a beguiler, as said guuDha vi priya kR^it SaThaH 'one who performs libidinous deeds stealthily, is a beguiler...' then a thunderous cloud thundered thunderingly, and in a trice she embraced her man in an airtight manner, notwithstanding his slyness, for he is her man... thus the seasons unite the divided...

"While their lotus-like eyes are shedding teardrops that are moistening their delicate and tender leaf-like lower lips, that are crimson in colour like Bimba fruit, a lip-like small gourd fruit that becomes crimson red when ripened, and they are rejecting their garlands, ornaments or cosmetics, for those ladyloves of itinerants are staying back at home, hopeless of the return of their men in this season, as said proSite malinaa kR^ishaa 'by sojourners enmired and emaciated are their wives...' thus the seasons divide the united...

"Though the rainwater is new and crystalline but when collected by river it turned to whitish yellow colour of the soil, for begrimed is the river water with dirt, grass, and insects, and when it is skittering off in a serpiginous course facing a declivitous path towards ocean, the stock of frogs that have come out of that river seeking rain, they have observed that river with some trepidation, for those frogs are sceptical whether a python is snaking or a pythonic river is slinking...

"Rains denuded the flowers of their petals, therefor on abandoning the petal-less lotuses the honeybees, solicitous of nectar and desirous to swarm the newborn peacock-coloured costuses, buzzing mellifluously they are muddle-headedly swarming on the circular fanlike plumages of peacocks, that are twitch-dancing in the rain...

"When dark clouds full with new waters are thundering repeatedly, the ruttish wild elephants are repeatedly responding them with their own trumpeting, on the premiss that the thunders are the trumping of the 'other-she-elephants' in rut, and while the cheeks of those elephants are shining like the shiny black-lotuses, and rife with ruttish tallowy fluids, hordes of honeybees are harrying them, for that tallowy stench...

"The silver clouds that vie with the whiteness of white lotuses are kissing the black boulders of mountains on mountaintops, while the mountainsides are bestrewn with mountain-rapids, and widespread with debut dancing of peacocks, and all this is inducing a carnivalesque visual revelry...

"The zephyr is smoothly ruffling the treetops of Kadamba, Sarja, Arjuna and Ketaki trees in woodlands, and the fragrance of those flowers is wafting windswept, further allied with the coolant clouds that are with cool droplets of rainwater, the breeze in this rainy season is muchly fragranced and coolant as well, then why can't this breeze breath affair of the heat in any heart...

"While the braids are dangling down onto the convexities of the their fundaments, their heads coroneted with flowers of fine fragrance and while the pearly pendants are dangling from upon the convexities of their breasts, and while their gleeful faces are aromatic with strong drinks, thus these voluptuous women are niftily arousing arousal in their lovers...

"Well decorated are the water-bearing blackish clouds with the wiry flashes of lightning and with rainbows, and they are flashily dangling down with the weight of water, likewise the jewelly ear-hangings and waist-strings of the womenfolk are dangling down that flashily, thus even those vivacious women are instantly stealing the hearts of sojourners, for these exotic women are reminiscent of the ladyloves of those sojourners...

"Now the women are wearing the concatenated tassels of newborn flowers of Kadamba, Kesara, and Ketaki trees, and at the place of hairslide they are wearing the bunches of flowers of Kakubha trees as their ear-hangings, on concatenating them as they like...

"These days the women are not applying sandal-paste that is mixed with yellow camphor etc., for it will be too coolant, and hence their limbs are quietly bedaubed with the powder of aloe vera and sandal-paste as bodily scents, and with flowers bedecked as ear-hangings at hairslides, their plaited hairdo is rendered fragrant with these flowers and shampoos, such as they are, they are in the service of their in-laws in their chambers, but on hearing the rumbles of clouds, they are hastening themselves to their own bedchambers, where their men are in long wait, though the nightfall has not fallen that deep...

"The far-flung clouds are blackish like the black-lotus petals, enchased with rainbows, and they are now stooping, as with Manmadha, the Love-god, who stoops to take an aim with his love-bow, and then lightly whiffed by the whiffle of wind these clouds are milling about slowly and slowly, and the young wives of wayfarers, who are disconcerted mainly by the reason of separation from their men, and additionally by these whiffing, milling, stooping archers, called clouds, wielding rainbows as their love-bows, as they seem coming slowly and slowly only to steal the hearts of the lonely young wives of wayfarers...

"When new waters are besprinkled abated is the ardour of the forest, up to its endmost parts, that was once caused by the simmering summer, and with the newborn flowers of Kadamba trees that forest appears as though gladdened, and when the wind is whiffing the boughs, whiffled boughs are dancing as though to the tune of rumbling clouds, and in that dance the whitish needle-like blades of Mogra flowers are appearing to be that forest's whitish toothy grins, and all-over the forest it bears those grins and giggles...

"In this rainy season when congeries of clouds have showered enough, plethoric is the flowery blossom, hence the womenfolk embed their hairdos with the tassels of Maalati

flowers together with Vakula flowers, and with other new blossomy flowers, and the tassels of new buds of Kadamba flowers are pinned and pensile like their ear-hangings, and this has all the hallmarks of lovers, that decorate the hairdos of their ladyloves, themselves with their own hands...

"The women are wearing sets of chains of pearls on the top of their busty bosoms, and on their beamy pelvic girdles and on their torsos a very thin and white finery, and those torsos wear a delicately crimped triple-waistline, while their belly wears a very fine hairline that suggests their maturity, which bristles up with the sprinkles of new water...

"By their association with droplets of new waters, the trees have collected plenteous water from new rains, thus they are aplenty with flowers, and thus their treetops are sagging under the weight of those flowers, thereby they are unfluctuating, but when nudged by the breeze fluctuated are these sagging flowery treetops, and then this breeze is absolutely stealing the hearts of itinerants, which is blent with the pleasing fragrance of those flowers, as well as with the pollen grains of Mogra flowers, for this very fragrance is remindful of their dear ones, back home...

"When weighed down with waters the clouds thought thus, 'he, this Mt. Vindhya is our highest mainstay, as we are verily drooping with the weight of water...' and then the clouds have descended on Mt. Vindhya and rained on him, thereby the exceedingly severe torridity of Mt. Vindhya, caused by the tongues of fire of the summer, is mollified by those torrents of rainwater, and thus the Mt. Vindhya is as though gladdened, at the good gesture of the clouds of this season...

"Heart-pleasing will be this rainy season with its many a hallmark, and this will be heart-stealing for voluptuous women, and this is the altar ego of trees, twigs and tendrils, and the élan vital of the living beings, and non-paroxysmal in fetching vaata, pitta, kapha aadi vikaara 'air, bile, phlegm etc., disorders, hence may this rainy season endow all your expedients and expectations, frequently...

Kalidasa

Seasonal Cycle - Chapter 03 - Pre Autumn

"On the departure of rainy season bechanced is autumn with a heart-pleasingly bloomed lotus as her face, betokening the heart-pleasing face of a new bride, and the autumnal fields of white grass with whitish flowers as her apparel, which betoken the whitish bridal apparel of a new bride, and the amorously clucking clucks of swans that have just returned from Lake Maanasa as rains have gone, are the jingling anklets of autumn, which betoken the delightful jingles of anklets of new bride, and now the rice is ready to ripe and thus the tenuous stalks of rice, which have their necks a little bent down, betoken the obeisant face of a new docile bride...

"Blanched is the earth with whitish grass and the nights with silvery and coolant moonbeams of the moon, and the rivers with white swans, lakes with white-lotuses, and that forest up to its fringes with whitish jasmine flowers and with somewhat whitish seven-leaved banana plants that are swagging under the weight of their flowers...

"Presently the rivers are journeying slowly with a strutting of prideful lovely girls, for the raising and falling fishes of rivers seem to be the delightful sets of strings at the waistlines of rivers, like the sets of girdle-strings on the waists of girls, and the ranges of white waterfowls on riverbanks seem to be the whitish pearly pendants of rivers, like the pearly pendants around the bosoms of prideful girls, more so the broad sand-dunes at edges of those rivers appear to be the roundish fundamentals of those rivers like that of those girls...

"With clouds that have doled out their waters, the vault of heaven is silvern somewhere, it is like the whitish conch shell elsewhere, and somewhere else it is palish like the stalks of lotuses, and the clouds on achieving their levity and moved by the speed of wind, they are splintered into hundreds of pieces and journeying away, and thus the sky appears to be a king fanned with royal-fans, called the swerving, splintering, and silvery clouds...

"The sky is looking like well-kneaded knoll of black mascara, and the earth is delightfully inscribed with the vermilion colour of safflowers that are flowered up to the visible horizon, and the swaths and even the ravines of earth are surrounded with charming lotuses... and on visualising such an environ, which heart of which adolescent person doesn't get up to a lot of ecstasy...

"When the slothful wind is slothfully stirring up the upper branches of red-golden coloured trees, that are most lovely with peaking tender leaflets, and with muchly outcropped flowers, from which nectar is muchly trickling, that which is overly drunk by the honeybees, and when such a sylvan scenery is seen, whose heart won't be riven...

"A girl burgeons as a damsel day by day, so the autumnal night is lengthening its night-time day by day, and as a damsel wears shiny jewellery on her nubility, this damsel, called the autumnal night, is wearing clusters of twinkling stars as her jewellery, as the veil of a damsel will be unveiled frequently presenting her face, these veils called clouds on the skyscape are now being unveiled to present the moonlike face of this autumnal damsel, and a damsel starts to wear raiment with unblemished whiteness at her pubescence, so also, this autumnal damsel's wraparound is the immaculate moonshine...

"Inaccessible were those rivers in rainy season even for the waterfowls, barring the people, for they were ferocious and feculent, but this autumn made them placid and

pure, and hence the rows of ripples of their water are pecked with the beaks of partridges for their feed, and all over on their banks and riversides, flocks and flocks of cranes and drakes are bustling, and muchly cackling are the swans, and the rivers themselves are reddened with the red-pollen grains of red-lotuses, thus those spectacular rivers, riverbanks, and riversides are rejoicingly accessible even for the people...

"These days the moon is an eye-festival and heart-stealing with his profuse moonbeams, and he is the real gladdener for he is the sprinkler of fresh and coolant dewdrops through those moonbeams, but nowadays he alone is becoming an inflamer, for he is burning the bodies of the women, who are already felled by the arrow of Love-god, which arrow is daubed with the venom, which venom is nothing but their own lusting after their itinerant husbands, that are now separated from them...

"The wind being the prime mover in nature is now wiggling the well-ripened rows of rice stalks that are curvy under the weight of their cobs, and the same wind is wagging the best trees that are saggy under the weight of their flowers, and he alone is wobbling the fully bloomed clumps of lotuses in the lakes, moreover, thus he is vehemently wriggling the hearts of young men, with his lilting breezing and lively freshness...

"The limpid waters of lakes are refurbished with bebies of couples of voluptuous swans, amongst the just bloomed white and blue lotuses that elaborate lakes, and the rows of ripples of lake-water are undulated by the oncoming slowish morning breeze, as well as by the ruffles made by swans, thus the all-time ripply lakes are ecstasizing hearts, in a trice...

"Presently evanished are the rainbows in the bellies of clouds, and indiscernible are the skyey flags, called flashes of lightning, and un-winnowed is the aerospace with the windage of wings of cranes, and peacocks are unseeing the sky with their upraised faces, agog for rains...

"The Love-god is drawing nigh of melodiously singing swans, leaving off the peacocks that have ceased to dance anymore, as there is no rain, while the grandeur of the flowers of trees like Kadamba, Kutaja, Arjuna, Sarja, Niipa already drew nigh of the seven-leaved banana plants, that flower and flourish at this time...

"The fragrance of flowers of white-flower trees is heart-stealing, and nowadays birds are not scorched by the sun, thus they are there in fine fettle, and they are calling each other reciprocally, thus those birds and their callings are heart-stealing, and the eyes of she-deer that are abiding all over there are like black-lotuses, thus with all them the woodlands and their fringes beyond ken, are ecstasizing the hearts of men...

"The dawn time breeze on recurrently winnowing the red-lotuses, white-lotuses, and the lotuses that bloom at sunrise, is in contact with those lotuses and thus acquiring more coolness, more so, on sifting the dewdrops that are clinging at the edges of leaves, that auroral breeze is very much exhilarating...

"The precincts of earth are surrounded with exuberant stretches of rice-crops, and they are glistening with stocks of cattle available there, that are robust and multiplying, and that is even reverberated with the callings of swans and drakes, thereby those interior places within the apparent horizon are thus causing an euphoric state to the spectators

in this pre-autumnal season...

"The womenfolk's very lissom gait is won by the svelte steps of swans, and moonshine of their faces is won by the efflorescent whiteness of white-lotuses, and their lustful, wily, and sidelong glances are won by the swings and sways of blue-lotuses, and even their eyebrows' subtle flutters are won by rocks and rolls of thin ripples... thus this season is outmoding the most famous beauty of the nature, namely the womenfolk...

"The Shyaamaa climbers are decorated with their tender leaves and flowers, and by the weight these they are flexed and look like the curvaceous arms of women, that are decorated with many an ornament, flowery bracelets and leaf-thin bangles and the like, but stolen is that shine of those arms of women by these climbers of this season... and this broadly smiling season, with red Ashoka flowers as its lips and with delightful and sparkly whitish new jasmine buds as its teeth, is stealing the splendour of toothy grins of womenfolk, with their jasmine budlike teeth and roseate lips...

"These days women are furling up their longish, thickish, and blackish hair termini into buns and overstuffing them with new jasmines, and even if their ears are already inserted with best golden budlike ear-hangings, they are now inserting divers black-lotuses into their hairdo, at the back of their ears...

These days the ladies are with highly gladdened hearts for the climate is equable, thus they are decorating their globelike busts with emulsions of sandal-paste and with pendants of pearls and gold, and their girth-lines are decorated with sets of golden girdles festooned with golden tassels, and even their lotus-like feet are decorated with best anklets that have jingling bells...

"These days the vault of heaven similes with the vast of earth in their forms of exalted splendour... on the earth the lakes are bejewelled with emeraldine waters, similar is the sky with somewhat emeraldine hue... such water is overspread with white-lotuses, similar is the cloudless sky overlaid with stars... these waters are overprotective to kingly swans, similarly the vault of cloudless heaven is holding out the moon, the king of the nights...

"In this pre-autumn its ingredients are heart-pleasing, for the breezes breeze cool for touch by their association with white-lotuses, and the divisions and subdivisions of quarters can be descried, for dissipated are the clouds, and the waters can be enjoyed, for they are devoid of slush, and walkable is the earth, for its slime is dried up, and in nights the welkin is with the moon, with his immaculate moonbeams and medley of stars...

"These days when the sun arouses the lotuses with his sunrays at daybreak, they are shining forth like best damsels with flourishing visages, but when the spherule of moon has gone into faintness at dawn, even those lotuses are becoming smileless and subduing, as with the smiles of youthful women, whose lovers have journeyed away, and who grin and bear it...

"Nowadays the itinerants on noticing the splendour of eyes of their ladyloves with blackish mascara, in black-lotuses, and the chinks of their golden girdle-strings in the clucks of lustily swans, and the endearing gleam of their lower lips in the reddish flowers, they are bewailing disconcertedly, unsure of their homecoming in this season...

"The pleasing exquisiteness that has arrived with this pre-autumnal Sharat season is beating a retreat to somewhere else, on leaving the grandeur of its autumnal moon on the faces of women, and the clucky speeches of swans in their gemmy anklets, and the safflower like flower's reddish hue on their beautiful lips...

"Unfolded lotuses as its face, unfurled blue-lotuses as its eyes, and clothed in the raiment called the outstretched new white grass-flowers, thus this Sharat, pre-autumn is heart-appeasing with the brilliance of its lotuses, and let this very season bring utmost delight to all of your hearts, like your fervent and lustful ladyloves with their visages like autumnal lotuses, eyes with mascara like autumnal blue-black lotuses, with their whitish wraparounds, like the silken white grass flowers of autumn, and let them be romantic, like this romantic Sharat season...

Kalidasa

Seasonal Cycle - Chapter 04 - Pre Winter

"Delightful are trees and fields with the outgrowth of new tender-leaves and crops, Lodhra trees are with their blossomy flowers, crops of rice are completely ripened, but now lotuses are on their surcease by far, for the dewdrops are falling... hence, this is the time of pre-winter that drew nigh...

"The busts of flirtatious women that are graced by bosomy bosoms are bedaubed and reddened with the redness of heart-stealing saffrony skincare, called Kashmir kumkum, on which embellished are the white pendants that are in shine with the whiteness of whitish dewdrops, white jasmines, and whitely moon...

"Undecorated are the hiplines of kittenish women with gem-studded golden strings of girdle, nor their lotus like feet that have the brightness of lotuses with jingling anklets, whose jingling is correlative to the clucks of swans, for the cold touch of coldish metal gives cold quivers...

"Unbearable is the touch of metallic circlets on wrists and bicep-lets on upper-arms of the couple of arms of vivacious women, or the touch of new silk cloths on the discoid of their waistline, or fine fabric on their robust breasts...

"The womenfolk are rubbing fragrant wood-turmeric powder on their bodies, and their lotus-like faces are tattooed with erasable tattoos of foliage, and their head-hair is fumigated with the fumes of aloe vera resin, and they are doing all this for merrymaking in an enjoyable lovemaking...

"Though good fortune is bechanced in the happiness of lovemaking, the women of age are with sallowish and whitened faces owing to the strain of lovemaking, and though they want to laugh heartily, they desist from it, noticing very painful lower lips that are bitten with the edges of teeth of their lovers in lovemaking, lest the lip is lengthened, the pain is sharpened...

"On reaching the valleys of bosomy busts of women of age, the winter breeze is attaining their coolant splendidness, but when those bosoms are pressingly hugged by their lovers it is incarcerated there with an unable pain, and that pain is expressed by the Hemanta season, as though it is bewailing for a release of that breeze at least at dawn time, with tear-like dewdrops clinging on to the spires of grass-blades...

"Overspread with abundant rice crops and ornamented with herds of she-deer, and delightfully reverberated by the ruddy geese, with their calls and counter-calls, the complacent corridors of confines are captivating hearts...

"Now the lakes are adorned with fully blossomed black-lotuses, and elaborated with swan-like waterfowls in their excitement, and sheeted with considerably coldish waters that are depurated, thus these lakes are stealing the hearts of men, for men look up to them as the visages of women that are with black-lotus-like hairdo, with swanlike eyes, and whose bodies are cold, wanting a warm hug...

"Oh, dear, the Priyangu plants that give fragrant seeds are ripened by the snow caused coldness, and they are frequently wobbled by the snowy winds, and they now appear like the fragrant and frisky women gone into paleness and wobbliness by their dissociation from their lovers...

"These days the mouths of people are fragranced with the fragrance of liquors made

from the essential oils of flowers, and their bodies are fragrant with the same fragranciness by their puffs of suspires, and while lying on beds jointly with their bodies in tight embrace, they are slipping into sleep, entwined with the essence of passion...

"The young and beautiful ladies that are new to their adulthood have bruises and marks of teeth notches on their lips, and even their bosoms are incised with nails of their lovers, thus these marks and incisions clearly indicate that they have enjoyed lovemaking consummately...

"Some woman of age staying in the warmth of tender sun to warm up herself, is holding a mirror and applying cosmetics on her lotus-like face, and while doing so, she is pouting her lips and examining them that are dented with teeth bites of her lover, whose quintessence is guzzled down by her lover in last night...

"One more woman whose body is fatigued by the strain of excessive lovemaking, and who is quiet sleepless last night, and whose eyes are palish like white lotuses, and whose bun is slithered and plaits of head-hair are loosened and hair tousling on her shoulders, bust, and on her bosoms, is tripping into sleep, warmed up by the rays of tender sun...

"Bedraggled are the loose ends of cloudlike blackish head-hair onto the lofty busty bosoms of some other slender-bodied women of age, by which busty weight crouching are their bodies, as slim pearly pendants would crouch onto their bosoms, and they are taking away the circlets of flowers from their hairdos, as those flowers are already utilised and devoid of their heart-pleasing fragrance of yester night, and now they are grooming their hair, afresh...

"On examining her body that is completely enjoyed by her lover, another woman is highly gladdened, and she remade her pleasant lips resplendently with lip-colouring, and on examining her bust with nail scratches, she embarrassedly wore her bodice, and while doing so the pain of friction of bodice with nail-scratches made her eyes to twitch, on which eyes dangling are her dark, delicate, and twitchy hair-curls...

"By the exertion in their long-lasting games of lovemaking other women of age are wearied, and their slim bodies are thrilling at their flanks from bosoms to thighs, thereby those prettily pretty women are applying bodily oils and pastes to take an oil bath, that relieves these tingling sensations...

"Pleasant with many an attribute, stealer of the hearts of women, and at which time the confines of villages are overspread with many an abundant rice-crop on earth, and overlaid is the sky with the garlanded flights of ruddy gees, that which is always with a heart-stealing environ, such as it is, let this season Hemanta, pre-winter, endow comfort to all of you passionate people...

Kalidasa

Seasonal Cycle - Chapter 05 - Winter

"Oh, dear with best thighs, heart-stealing is this environ with abundantly grown stacks of rice and their cobs, or with sugarcane, and it is reverberated with the screeches of ruddy gees that abide hither and thither... now heightened will be passion, thereby this season will be gladdening for lusty womenfolk, hence listen of this season, called Shishira, the Winter...

"At this time, people enjoy abiding in the medial places of their residences, whose ventilators are blockaded for the passage of chilly air, and at fireplaces, in sunrays, with heavy clothing, and along with mature women of age, for they too will be passionately steamy...

"Presently, not the sandal-paste, which will be coolant like moonbeams of moon, nor the building tops, that were once rendered pleasant with the immaculate moonshine, nor the breezes, that are chilled by dense sleet... any of them is delightful for the people...

"The nights are unenjoyable for the people, for they are chilled with the huddles of snow, and further chilled by moonbeams of the moon, besides, these nights are ornamented very whitish clusters of cluttered and lacklustre stars...

"On taking betel leaves and their enclosing material like lime and areca-nut parings, and other fragrant material for chewing, and even handling body creams and tassels of flowers, for it is cool to wear them on, and with their lotus-like faces that are fragranced with delightful recreational drinks, the women are enthusiastically entering their bedchambers, that are desirably fragranced with the fumigation of aloe vera resin...

"On entering bedchambers seen are the irritant husbands irritating for the arrival of their wives, but once these husbands were at fault and they were daunted repeatedly earlier, hence they are now wavery, for their hearts are ciphered by their hesitation, and on looking at such husbands, who are now longing for lovemaking, the lustful women are overlooking their faults, lest time and opportunity fritters away... thus this season unites couples, though they are at loggerheads...

"The women that are new to adulthood are relentlessly gratified for a long time in longish nights, by young men who are muchly impassioned and lusting for their women, thus these young women after the end of night are moving about sluggishly in the morning, with their aching busts that are strained during last night's escapade...

"The womenfolk's breasts are tightly bound by breast-bands thus they are squeezey, and on them the upper fringe of their colourful silk wraparound is wrapped, and such busts are ornamented, and in their hairdo interposed are flowers, thus those women are delightful and it appears that they themselves are embellishing the wintry season as its ornaments...

"Nowadays the chests of lustful men are ocherish for they are rubbed against bosoms of their flirtatious women, whose busts are adorned with vermilion coloured skincare, and which young women are befitting for a comfortable close self-indulgence, for they are new to adulthood, and have warmish bosoms, and the men are sleeping while overly pressing the bosoms of their ladyloves against their own, thus the men are brazening out the chilling coldness of winter, and thus the women of age have an edge on the frostiness of this season...

"In nights the gladdened women of age, desirous of lovemaking are consuming best, heart-stealing, excitant, and stimulant hard drinks along with their lovers, in which drinks lotus petal are placed for fragrance, and which lotus petals are undulated by the richly scented lusty suspirations of those women...

"In the morning, one woman on getting rid of her penchant of passion, examined her own body, and observed that her nipples are subdued by her lover's embrace, and thus concluding that her body is completely enjoyed by her lover, she is going out of the bedchamber to another chamber, laughingly ...

"At dawn, another charmingly delightful and attractive woman, whose rumps are heavy and whose waistline is slender, on joggling the ends of her slithered hair plaits from which discarded are the circlets of flowers, that adorned her bun last night but now withered, and on furling up that hair which is fragrant, for it was fumigated with the resin of aloe vera during last night, is leaving the bed...

"With their discoid faces that look like golden lotuses, cleansed just with water, and with their wide and medially whitish eyes, whose edges touch the edges of ears, and with their just cleansed hair dangling and clasping their shoulders, those women of age are snugly in the heart of their houses in these days, and they appear to be many a personified prosperity, Goddess Lakshmi-s, amidst Her golden lotuses...

"Other women of age, uneasy with the weight of their beamy behinds, a little bent down at waist by the weight of their breasts, which weight of breasts and behinds is making them to walk slowly and slowly, but they are quickly disrobing themselves of their night-time and love-time getups, and enrobing themselves with the getups befitting for daytime...

"On observing the areas of their bosoms that are puckered at their tops with edges of nails of their lovers during last night, and while touching the teeth-cracked tender-leaf like lower lips with their tongues, those women of age are rejoicing, for all this is according to their sought-after delectation, thus they are applying makeup on their faces, at the dawn time of the sun, that rejoicingly...

"In this season, abundant are the new sugar-candies and their modified sweetmeats, new rice is relishable, juice of new sugar-cane is delightful, intensified will be the disport of lovemaking, for the self-conceit of Love-god occasions anew, but this season alone will be the cause for scorching the hearts of those that are devoid of their loved ones, and thus let this winter season be always there for your propitiousness...

Kalidasa

Seasonal Cycle - Chapter 06 - Spring

"Oh, dear, with the just unfolded tender leaflets of Mango trees as his incisive arrows, and with shining strings of honeybees as his bowstring, the assailant named Vasanta came very nigh, to afflict the hearts of those that are fully engaged in affairs of lovemaking...

"Oh, dear, in Vasanta, Spring, trees are with flowers and waters are with lotuses, hence the breezes are agreeably fragrant with the fragrance of those flowers, thereby the eventides are comfortable and even the daytimes are pleasant with those fragrant breezes, thereby the women are with concupiscence, thus everything is highly pleasing...

"This Spring season endows prosperity to waters of swimming pools, and to moonshine, for their water or shine is pleasurable, and even to mango trees, as their flowers are just flowered, more so, to the bejewelled girdle strings of women, for their wearing is neither cumbersome nor irksome in this season, thus it endows prosperity to womenfolk of age, as they enjoy in wearing them, thus they too, become enjoyable, these days...

"These days the flirtatious women are adorning their roundish behinds with silk cloths that are dyed with Kusumbha flower's reddish dye, and their bosomy busts with thin silks that are dyed with ocherish and reddish colours, for thinness and silkiness are agreeable in this thinnish ambience...

"The womenfolk of age are now decorating their temples with just unfolded new whitish flowers of Karnikara, and with new and reddish Ashoka flowers and with whitish jasmines flowers in their blackish hair-locks that are swaying, thus unfolded is the beauty of these women, with the flourishing resplendence of these newly unfolded flowers...

"The bosoms of women with burly rumps, whose hearts are now flurried by the Love-god, are now sharing pearly pendants that are wetted with white sandal-paste that is bedaubed on their busts, and their biceps with circlets of bicep-lets, and their hiplines with the strings of cinctures, that are till recently unbearably coldish to touch... thus, the touch of season is romantic...

"The golden lotuses like faces of flirtatious women are tattooed with erasable foliage tattoos with black Kasturi lines, and in those designs sweat-drops are now percolating, with them those faces are delightfully beautified as gem-studded jewellery, interspersed with pearls...

"Now the limbs of womenfolk are flustered by the Love-god, thus they are panting for their need-fulfilment, hence they are now loosening the fastenings of their undergarments, since spring fever makes them sultrily fervent, thus they are enamoured of their lovers, who are tarrying at their nearby...

"The Love-god is making the limbs of sybaritic women as thinnish, palish and lethargic, and tending to yawn time and again, and with these syndromes the bodies of women are becoming restless in the spring fever, with an air of enchantment...

"Now the Love-god is diversely apparent in women, who are jaded out by hard drinks, for their eyes are fluttery, their cheeks are whitely, their bosoms are stony, their waists are slimly, and their behinds are sturdy... thus these features are the evidences for

their seasonal infatuation with Him...

"Advent to spring Love-god makes the limbs of womenfolk sluggishly dizzy with sleepiness, He makes their speech a little teeter-tottering with sensualities, and He also makes their looks aslant with the knitting and unknitting of their eyebrows, seeking vehement sensual pleasures...

"The frolicsome and lustful women that are with faineance are bedaubing their whitish bosoms with sandal-paste, in which well kneaded are the fragrant seeds of Priyangu, yellowish turmeric, saffron and musk, to relieve themselves of spring fever...

"These days the people, whose limbs are wearied down with their desire induced ebullience, are wearing thinnish cloths, that are fumigated with fragrant aloe vera resin and dyed in the colour of reddish lac resin, quickly discarding their coarse clothing, for this season is neither coarse nor crude...

"The passionate male koel, black singing bird, on savouring the invigorative essence of just grown flowers of Mango trees, is gladdened and passionately kissing his love, so also this honeybee, abiding in lotuses, and savouring their nectar, this too is passionately mating with his love to her complaisance, sequestered in the petals of lotuses...

"Delightful are the branches of mango trees that are laden with bunches of coppery tender leaves, and with just flowered flowers, and with their heads a little bent down, for they simile with the bashful women, whose heads are with flowery hairdos and coppery half-veils, and a little bent down and swaying in lustiness, like mango treetops that are gently swaying, swayed by the gentle breezes of this season, and on identifying themselves with those mango trees, the womenfolk is rendered muchly overenthusiastic for love, in this spring time...

"All-over adorned are those Ashoka trees with bunches of reddish folioles, and reddish flowers that resemble the hue of red corals, and when the new entrants to adulthood are observing those unfolded red flowers, those Ashoka trees are making them agonised, for unfulfilled is their new longing for a newish love...

"The charming flowers of mango trees are with delightful thickish buds, and they are overly swilled by tipsy honeybees, and slow breezes are flurrying and tilting their delicate leaflets, thus when lovelorn youngsters observe them, their hearts are quickly ecstasized by those mango trees...

"Oh, dear, the mien of this season is akin to the facial resplendence of ladyloves, with the utmost beauty of the clusters of flowers of Kuravaka plants that are uprisen in this season, and if this is observed by any good-hearted person, won't his heart be agonised, indeed, struck by the arrow of Love-god?

"The ruddy flowers in springtime are sprung by the winds simile with the redly flames that are just now set to flame, and everywhere the earth is overspread with such brakes of Kimshuka trees, and presently when their treetops are bent under the weight of those red flowers, whole of this earth similes with a new bride, shining forth in her new bridal redly costume, and her head a little bent under the half-veil of that costume...

"Aren't the youthful hearts of youthful lovers that are hidden in the hearts of their pretty faced ladyloves unsplit by these Kimshuka flowers, that are in shine with the reddish bills of parrots... aren't they already and definitely burnt by the flame-like redly Karnikaara flowers... then why for this Kokila, the black singing bird, is again gnawing away those hearts, with its gnawingly melodious singing...

"Passion is surging out in male Kokila-s, singing birds, as they obtained jollity in this springtime on chewing mango flowers, thus they are singing inexplicably, and the honeybees, when they are drunk with the flowery nectar of those flowers, they are also droning hums murmuringly as their drinking song, and with these hums and drones the hearts of new brides are flustered in a trice, even if they are in the service of their in-laws, where certain docility and prudishness are in demand...

"On the departure of mist-fall in springtime, the propitious breeze is breezing pleasantly to undulate the flowered branches of Mango trees, and to transmit the singings of Kokila-s in all directions, thereby to steal the hearts of humans, who can neither be blatant nor silent, of their longings...

"These days the pleasure gardens are brightened up with whitely jasmines, thus they simile with the toothy grins of sprightly brides, and hence they are heart-stealing, and these gardens are now stealing the hearts of saints or sages that have neutralised their materialistic indulgences long back, as such, these gardens must have stolen the hearts of youths, which are already tainted with seasonal sensualities...

"This Madhu month, Chaitra, nectarean month at the end of springtime, is forcefully stealing away the hearts of people, for the womenfolk, whose bodies are slenderised by the pride of Love-god, is eyeful with their golden strings of girdle that are pensile onto their hiplines, and their bosoms are clung by pendulous pearly pendants, besides, earful are the singings of Kokila-s and the humming of honeybees...

"These interiors of visible horizon are comprised of mountains that are adorned with divers and delightful flowery trees, and the areas of those mountainsides are hurly-burly with the singings of Kokila-s, and the masses of their rock faces are hemmed in and enwrapped with fragrant mountainy moss, that comes out now when those rocks were fissured during last summer, to see such an environ, all the people are rejoiced...

"On seeing a flowered mango tree, the frame of mind of any itinerant is overly weebegone, for he is dissociated with his ladylove, thus he shuts his eyes unable to behold that ladylike mango tree with her hairdo overlaid with flowers, and obstructs his nose, for the fragrance of this ladylike mango tree is akin to his ladylove, thus he goes into a state of woefulness, and even he bewails and shrieks loudly... thus pitiless is this season, Vasanta, Spring for singletons...

"Delightful is this flowery month with the racketing of lusty honeybees and Kokila-s around, and with flowered mango trees that fruit sweet mangos, and with Karniakra flowers, and each of these is becoming as though an acute of arrow of Love-god, that ecstasies and even cleaves the hearts of self-respectful women, who cannot explicitly explain their pangs for love, nor can suffer them, implicitly...

"Whose best arrow is the delightful cluster of mango flowers, whose bow is the Kimshuka flower, whose bowstring is the beeline, whose silvery parasol is the

immaculate silvern moon, whose ruttish elephant for ride is the ruttid breeze from Mt. Malaya, that waft the scent of sandalwood, which will be rutting, and whose panegyrist is the singing bird, namely Kokila-s, and such as he is, he that vanquisher of worlds, that formless Love-god, pairing up with his friend, namely Vasanta, the Spring season, that Love-god lavishes serendipities on you all, generously...

Kalidasa

The Cloud Messenger - Part 01

A certain yaksha who had been negligent in the execution of his own duties, on account of a curse from his master which was to be endured for a year and which was onerous as it separated him from his beloved, made his residence among the hermitages of Ramagiri, whose waters were blessed by the bathing of the daughter of Janaka¹ and whose shade trees grew in profusion.

That lover, separated from his beloved, whose gold armlet had slipped from his bare forearm, having dwelt on that mountain for some months, on the first day of the month of Asadha, saw a cloud embracing the summit, which resembled a mature elephant playfully butting a bank.

Managing with difficulty to stand up in front of that cloud which was the cause of the renewal of his enthusiasm, that attendant of the king of kings, pondered while holding back his tears. Even the mind of a happy person is excited at the sight of a cloud. How much more so, when the one who longs to cling to his neck is far away?

As the month of Nabhas was close at hand, having as his goal the sustaining of the life of his beloved and wishing to cause the tidings of his own welfare to be carried by the cloud, the delighted being spoke kind words of welcome to the cloud to which offerings of fresh kutaja flowers had been made.

Owing to his impatience, not considering the incompatibility between a cloud consisting of vapour, light, water and wind and the contents of his message best delivered by a person of normal faculties, the yaksha made this request to the cloud, for among sentient and non-sentient things, those afflicted by desire are naturally miserable:

Without doubt, your path unimpeded, you will see your brother's wife, intent on counting the days, faithful and living on. The bond of hope generally sustains the quickly sinking hearts of women who are alone, and which wilt like flowers.

Just as the favourable wind drives you slowly onward, this cataka cuckoo, your kinsman, calls sweetly on the left. Knowing the season for fertilisation, cranes, like threaded garlands in the sky, lovely to the eye, will serve you.

Your steady passage observed by charming female siddhas who in trepidation wonder 'Has the summit been carried off the mountain by the wind?', you who are heading north, fly up into the sky from this place where the nicula trees flourish, avoiding on the way the blows of the trunks of the elephants of the four quarters of the sky.

This rainbow, resembling the intermingled sparkling of jewels, appears before Mt Valmikagra, on account of which your dark body takes on a particular loveliness, as did the body of Vishnu dressed as a cowherd with the peacock's feather of glistening lustre.

While being imbibed by the eyes of the country women who are ignorant of the play of the eyebrows, who are tender in their affection, and who are thinking 'The result of the harvest depends on you', having ascended to a region whose fields are fragrant from recent ploughing, you should proceed a

little to the west. Your pace is swift. Go north once more.

Mt Amrakuta will carefully bear you upon its head—you whose showers extinguished its forest fires and who are overcome by fatigue of the road. Even a lowly being, remembering an earlier kind deed, does not turn its back on a friend who has come for refuge; how much less, then, one so lofty?

When you, remembling a glossy braid of hair, have ascended its summit, the mountain whose slopes are covered with forest mangoes, glowing with ripe fruit, takes on the appearance of a breast of the earth, dark at the centre, the rest pale, worthy to be beheld by a divine couple.

Having rested for a moment at a bower enjoyed by the forest-dwelling women, then travelling more swiftly when your waters have been discharged, the next stage thence is crossed. You will see the river Reva spread at the foot of Mt Vandhya, made rough with rocks and resembling the pattern formed by the broken wrinkles on the body of an elephant.

Your showers shed, having partaken of her waters that are scented with the fragrant exudation of forest elephants and whose flow is impeded by thickets of rose-apples, you should proceed. Filled with water, the wind will be unable to lift you, O cloud, for all this is empty is light, while fullness results in heaviness.

Seeing the yellow-brown nipa with their stamens half erect, eating the kankali flowers whose first buds have appeared on every bank, and smelling the highly fragrant scent of the forest earth, the deer will indicate the way to the cloud.

Watching the cataka cuckoos that are skilled in catching raindrops, and watching the herons flying in skeins as they count them, the siddhas will hold you in high regard at the moment of your thundering, having received the trembling, agitated embraced of their beloved female companions!

I perceive in an instant, friend, your delays on mountain after mountain scented with kakubha flowers—you who should desire to proceed for the sake of my beloved. Welcomed by peacocks with teary eyes who have turned their cries into words of welcome, you should somehow resolve to proceed at once.

Reaching their capital by the name of Vidisha, renowned in all quarters, and having won at once complete satisfaction of your desires, you will drink the sweet, rippling water from the Vetravati River which roars pleasantly at the edge of her banks, rippling as if her face bore a frown.

There, for the sake of rest, you should occupy the mountain known as Nicaih which seems to thrill at your touch with its full-blown kadamba flowers, and whose grottoes make known the unbridled youthful deeds of the townsmen by emitting the scent of intercourse with bought women.

After resting, move on while watering with fresh raindrops the clusters of jasmine buds that grow in gardens on the banks of the forest rivers—you who have made a momentary acquaintance with the flower-picking girls by lending

shade to their faces, the lotuses at whose ears are withered and broken as they wipe away the perspiration from their cheeks.

Even though the route would be circuitous for one who, like you, is northward-bound, do not turn your back on the love on the palace roofs in Ujjayini. If you do not enjoy the eyes with flickering eyelids of the women startled by bolts of lightning there, then you have been deceived!

On the way, after you have ascended to the Nirvandhya River, whose girdles are flocks of birds calling on account of the turbulence of her waves, whose gliding motion is rendered delightful with stumbling steps, and whose exposed navel is her eddies, fill yourself with water, for amorous distraction is a woman's first expression of love for their beloved.

When you have passed that, you should duly adopt the means by which the Sindhu River may cast off her emaciation—she whose waters have become like a single braid of hair, whose complexion is made pale by the old leaves falling from the trees on her banks, and who shows you goodwill because she has been separated from you, O fortunate one.

Having reached Avanti where the village elders are well-versed in the legend of Udayana, make your way to the aforementioned city of Vishala, filled with splendour, like a beautiful piece of heaven carried there by means of the remaining merit of gods who had fallen to earth when the fruits of the good actions had nearly expired;

Where, at daybreak, the breeze from the Shipra River, carrying abroad the sweet, clear, impassioned cries of the geese, fragrant from contact with the scent of full-blown lotuses and pleasing to the body, carries off the lassitude of the women after their love-play, like a lover making entreaties for further enjoyment.

And having seen by the tens of millions the strings of pearls with shining gems as their central stones, conches, pearl-shells, emeralds as green as fresh grass with radiating brilliance and pieces of coral displayed in the market there, the oceans appear to contain nothing but water;

And where the knowledgeable populace regale visiting relatives thus: 'Here the king of the Vatsa brought the precious daughter of Pradyota. Here was the golden grove of tala-trees of that same monarch. Here, they say, roamed Nalagiri (the elephant), having pulled out his tie-post in fury.'

Your bulk increased by the incense that is used for perfuming the hair that issues from the lattices, and honoured with gifts of dance by the domestic peacocks out of their love for their friend, lay aside the weariness of the travel while admiring the splendour of its palaces which are scented with flowers and marked by the hennaed feet of the lovely women.

Observed respectfully by divine retinues who are reminded of the colour of their master's throat, you should proceed to the holy abode of the lord of the three worlds, husband of Chandi, whose gardens are caressed by the winds from the Gandhavati River, scented with the pollen of the blue lotuses and

perfumed by the bath-oils used by young women who delight in water-play.

Even if you arrive at Mahakala at some other time, O cloud, you should wait until the sun passes from the range of the eye. Playing the honourable role of drum at the evening offering to Shiva, you will receive the full reward for your deep thunder.

There, their girdles jingling to their footsteps, and their hands tired from the pretty waving of fly-whisks whose handles are brilliant with the sparkle of jewels, having received from you raindrops at the onset of the rainy season that soothe the scratches made by fingernails, the courtesans cast you lingering sidelong glances that resemble rows of honey-bees.

Then, settled above the forests whose trees are like uplifted arms, being round in shape, producing an evening light, red as a fresh China-rose, at the start of Shiva's dance, remove his desire for a fresh elephant skin—you whose devotion is beheld by Parvati, her agitation stilled and her gaze transfixed.

Reveal the ground with a bolt of lightning that shines like a streak of gold on a touchstone to the young women in that vicinity going by night to the homes of their lovers along the royal highroad which has been robbed of light by a darkness that could be pricked with a needle. Withhold your showers of rain and rumbling thunder: they would be frightened!

Passing that night above the roof-top of a certain house where pigeons sleep, you, whose consort the lightning is tired by prolonged sport, should complete the rest of your journey when the sun reappears. Indeed, those who have promised to accomplish a task for a friend do not tarry.

At that time, the tears of the wronged wives are to be soothed away by their husbands. Therefore abandon at once the path of the sun. He too has returned to remove the tears of dew from the lotus-faces of the lilies. If you obstruct his rays, he may become greatly incensed.

Kalidasa

The Cloud Messenger - Part 02

Your naturally beautiful reflection will gain entry into the clear waters of the Gambhira River, as into a clear mind. Therefore it is not fitting that you, out of obstinancy, should render futile her glances which are the darting leaps of little fish, as white as night-lotus flowers.

Removing her blue garment which is her water, exposing her hips which are her banks, it is clutched by cane-branches as if grasped by her hands. Departure will inevitably be difficult for you who carries, O friend. Who, having experienced enjoyment, is able to forsake another whose loins are laid bare?

A cool breeze, grown pleasant through contact with the scent of the earth refreshed by your showers, which is inhaled by elephants with a pleasing sound at their nostrils, and which is the ripener of wild figs in the forest, gently fans you who desire to proceed to Devagiri.

There, you, taking the form of a cloud of flowers, should bathe Skanda, who always resides there, with a shower of flowers, wet with the water of the heavenly Ganges. For he is the energy surpassing the sun, that was born into the mouth of the fire by the bearer of the crescent moon for the purpose of protecting the forces of the sons of Indra.

Then, with claps of thunder, magnified by their own echoes, you should cause to dance the peacock of the son of Agni, the corners of whose eyes are bathed by the light of the crescent moon at the head of Shiva and whose discarded tail-feather, ringed by rays of light, Parvati placed behind her ear, next to the petal of the blue lotus, out of her love for her son.

Having worshipped that god born in a reedbed, after you have travelled further, your route abandoned by siddha-couples carrying lutes because they fear rain-drops, you should descend while paying homage to the glory of Randideva, born from the slaughter of the daughter of Surabhi, and who arose on earth in the form of a river.

When you, the robber of the complexion of bearer of the bow Sharnga, stoop to drink the water of that river, which is broad but appears narrow from a distance, those who range the skies, when they look down, will certainly see that the stream resembles a single string of pearls on the earth, enlarged at its centre with a sapphire.

Having crossed the river, go on, making yourself into a form worthy of the curiosity of the eyes of the women of Dashapura, adept in the amorous play of their tendril-like eyebrows, whose dark and variegated brilliance flashes up at the fluttering of their eyelashes, and whose splendour has been stolen from the bees attendant on tossing kunda flowers.

Then, entering the district of Brahmavarta, accompanied by your shadow, you should proceed to the plain of the Kurus, evocative of the battle of the warriors, where the one whose bow is Gandiva brought down showers of hundreds of sharp arrows, just as you bring down showers of rain on the faces of the lotuses.

Having partaken of the waters of the Sarasvati which were enjoyed by the bearer of the plough who was averse to war on account of his love for his kinsfolk, after he had forsaken the wine of agreeable flavour which was marked by the reflection of Revati's eyes, you, friend, will be purified within: only your colour will be black.

From there you should go to the daughter of Jahnu above the Kanakhula mountains, where she emerges from the Himalaya, who provided a flight of steps to heaven for the sons of Sagara, and who laughing with her foam at the frown on the face of Gauri, made a grab at the hair of Shambhu and clasped his crescent moon with her wave-hands.

If you, like an elephant of the gods, your front partly inclining down from the sky to drink her waters which are pure as crystal, in an instant, because of your reflection on her gliding current, she would become very lovely, as if united with the Yamuna in second location.

Having reached the mountain which is the source of that very river, whose crags are made fragrant with the scent of the musk of the deer that recline there, white with snow, reposing on the summit which dispells the fatigue of travel, you will take on the splendour like that of the white soil cast up by the bull of the three-eyed one.

If, when the wind is blowing, a forest fire were to afflict the mountain, ignited by the friction of branches of the sarala trees, burning with its flames the tailhairs of the yaks, it would befit you to extinguish it completely with thousands of torrents of water, for the resources of the great have as their fruit the alleviation of those who suffer misfortune.

The sharabha there, intent on springing in anger at you who departs from their path, would lunge at you, only to break their own limbs. You should cover them with a tumultuous storm of hail and rain. Who, intent upon a fruitless endeavour, would not be the object of contempt?

There, with your body bowed in devotion, you should circumambulate the foot-print of the one who wears the half-moon diadem, which is continually heaped with offerings from ascetics, and at the sight of which, at their departure from the bodies, cleansed of their misdeeds, the faithful are able to achieve the immutable state of membership of Shiva's following.

The bamboo canes filled with the wind sound sweetly. Victory over the three cities is celebrated in song by the Kinnari demi-gods. If your rumbling like a muraja drum resounds in the caves, the theme of a concert for Shiva will be complete.

Having passed various features on the flanks of the Himalayas, proceed thence north to Krauncarandhra, gateway for wild geese, which was the route to glory for Bhrgupati—you whose beautiful form is flat and long, like the dark blue foot of Vishnu uplifted for the suppression of Bali.

And having gone further, become the guest of Mt Kailasa, the seams of whose peaks were rent by the arms of the ten-faced one and which is a mirror for

the consorts of the Thirty Gods, and which, extending with lofty peaks like white lotuses, stands in the sky like the loud laughter of the three-eyed one accumulated day by day.

I foresee that when you, resembling glossy powdered kohl, reach the foot of that mountain as white as a freshly cut piece of ivory, the imminent beauty will be fit to be gazed upon with an unerring eye, like the dark blue garment placed on the shoulder of the plough-carrier.

And if Gauri should take a walk on the foot of that pleasure-hill, lent a hand by Shiva who has set aside his serpent-bracelet, your shape transformed into a flight of steps, your torrents of water withheld within yourself, become a stairway rising in front of her for the ascent of the jewel-slopes.

There the young women of the gods will use you as a shower—you whose waters are brought forth by the striking together of the diamonds in their bracelets. If, friend, you were unable to release yourself from them, being encountered in the hot season, startle them who are intent on playing with you, with claps of thunder, harsh to the ear.

Partaking of the waters of Manasa which bring forth golden lotuses, bringing at pleasure momentary delight like a cloth upon the face of Airavata, shaking with your winds the sprouts of wish-fulfilling trees like garments, enjoy the king of mountains with various playful actions, O cloud.

Once you, who wander at will, have seen Alaka seated in the lap of the mountain like a lover, with the Ganges like a garment that has slipped, you will not fail to recognise her again with her lofty palaces and bearing hosts of clouds with showers of rain at the time of year when you are present, resembling a woman whose tresses are interwoven with strings of pearls.

Kalidasa

The Cloud Messenger - Part 03

Where the palaces are worthy of comparison to you in these various aspects: you possess lightning, they have lovely women; you have a rainbow, they are furnished with pictures; they have music provided by resounding drums, you produce deep, gentle rumbling; you have water within, they have floors made of gemstones; you are lofty, their rooftops touch the sky;

Where there are decorative lotuses in the hands of the young wives; fresh jasmine woven into their hair; where the beauty of their faces is made whiter by the pollen of lodhra flowers; in the thick locks on their crowns are fresh kurubaka flowers; on their ears charming shirisa flowers; and on the parting of their hair, nipa flowers that bloom on your arrival;

Where the trees, humming with intoxicated bees, are always in flower; the lily pools, having rows of wild geese as waistbands, always produce lotuses; where the tails of the tame peacocks, their necks upstretched to cry out, are always resplendent; and where the evenings are perpetually moonlit and pleasant, and darkness has been banished;

Where the tears of the lords of wealth are of utmost joy, having no other cause, there being no suffering other than that caused by the flower-arrowed god which is to be assuaged by union with the desired one; where there is separation other than that arising from lovers' quarrels; and where there is indeed no age other than youth;

Where yakshas, having assembled on the upper terraces of the palace, made of crystal, accompanied by their excellent womenfolk, enjoy ratiphalam wine produced by a wish-fulfilling tree, while drums whose sound resembles your deep thunder are beaten softly;

Where the girls fanned by breezes cooled by the waters of the Mandakini river, the heat dispelled by the shade of the mandara trees that grow on its banks, are urged by the gods to play with jewels hidden by burying them with clenched fists in the golden sands and which are to be searched for;

Where the handfuls of powder flung by those red-lipped women bewildered by shame when their lovers passionately pull away their linen garments, the ties of which have been loosened and undone by restless hands, although they reach the long-rayed jewel-lamps, they fail to extinguish them;

Where ragged clouds, like yourself, brought to the upper stories of the palaces by the leader of the wind, having committed the misdeed of shedding raindrops on a painting, cleverly imitating puffs of smoke, flee immediately by way of the lattices as if filled with dread;

Where at night the moonstones, hanging from a web of threads and shedding full drops of water under the influence of moonbeams bright since the removal of your obstruction, dispel the physical langour after sexual enjoyment on the part of the women who are freed from the embraces of their lovers' arms; Where lovers, with inexhaustible treasure their residences, together with the kinnaras who sing with sweet voices of the glory of the lord of wealth, accompanied by celestial courtesans, engage in conversation and enjoy everyday the outer grove known as Vaibhaja;

Where at sunrise the route taken by women the previous night is indicated by mandara flowers with torn petals that were shaken from their hair by the movement of their walking, by the golden lotuses that slipped from behind their ears, and by necklaces of strings of pearls the threads of which broke upon their breasts;

Where a single wish-fulfilling tree produces every adornment for women: coloured garments, wine which is suitable for introducing an amorous playfulness to the eyes, flowers together with buds which are distinctive among ornaments, and red lac dye suitable for application to their lotus-like feet;

Where horses, as dark as leaves, rival the steeds of the sun; where elephants, as tall as mountains, pour forth showers, like you, from the pores of their temples; and where the foremost warriors stood in battle against the ten-faced one, the splendour of their ornaments surpassed by the scars of the wounds from Candrasaha;

Where the god of love does not generally carry his bow strung with bees, knowing that the god who is the friend of the lord of wealth dwells there in person: his task is accomplished by the amorous play of talented women whose glances are cast by means of curved eyebrows and which are not in vain among the objects of their desire.

There, to the north of the residence of the lord of wealth, our home is to be recognised from afar by an arched portal as lovely as a rainbow, near which a young mandara tree, caused to bow down by bunches of flowers that may be touched by the hand, is cherished by my beloved like an adopted son.

And within is a pool the steps of which are studded with emerald stone, filled with flowering golden lotuses whose stalks are of smooth chrysoberyl. On its waters the geese that have taken up residence there do not think of Lake Manas close at hand, and are free from sorrow, having seen you.

On its bank there is a pleasure hill whose summit is studded with fine sapphires, beautiful to behold with a hedge of golden plantain trees. Having seen you, O friend, with flashing lightning, near at hand, I recall that mountain with a despondent mind, thinking, 'It is enjoyed by my spouse'.

Here is a red ashoka with trembling buds and a charming kesara near a hedge of kurubaka and a bower of madhavi. One desires (as I do) the touch of your friend's left foot. The other longs for a mouthful of wine from her, having as its pretext a craving.

And between these is a golden perch with a crystal base, studded at its foot with gems that shine like half-grown bamboo, on which rests your friend the blue-necked one, who, at the day's end, is caused to dance by my beloved with claps of her hands, made pleasant by the jingling of her bracelets.

Having seen the figures of Shanka and Padma painted near the door, by these signs preserved in your heart, O noble one, you may distinguish the

residence, now reduced in beauty because of my absence. Indeed, at the setting of the sun, even the lotus does not display its own splendour.

Having shrunk at once to the size of a small elephant for the sake of a swift descent, resting on the pleasure mountain with lovely peaks that I have mentioned, please cast your gaze in the form of a flickering bolt of faint lightning upon the interior of the house, like the glow of a swarm of fire-flies.

Kalidasa

The Cloud Messenger - Part 04

The slender young woman who is there would be the premier creation by the Creator in the sphere of women, with fine teeth, lips like a ripe bimba fruit, a slim waist, eyes like a startled gazelle's, a deep navel, a gait slow on account of the weight of her hips, and who is somewhat bowed down by her breasts.

You should know that she whose words are few, my second life, is like a solitary female cakravaka duck when I, her mate, am far away. While these weary days are passing, I think the girl whose longing is deep has taken on an altered appearance, like a lotus blighted by frost.

Surely the face of my beloved, her eyes swollen from violent weeping, the colour of her lower lip changed by the heat of her sighs, resting upon her hand, partially hidden by the hanging locks of her hair, bears the miserable appearance of the moon with its brightness obscured when pursued by you.

She will come at once into your sight, either engaged in pouring oblations, or drawing from memory my portrait, but grown thin on account of separation, or asking the sweet-voiced sarika bird in its cage, 'I hope you remember the master, O elegant one, for you are his favourite';

Or having placed a lute on a dirty cloth on her lap, friend, wanting to sing a song whose words are contrived to contain my name, and somehow plucking the strings wet with tears, again and again she forgets the melody, even though she composed it herself;

Or engaged in counting the remaining months set from the day of our separation until the end by placing flowers on the ground at the threshold, or enjoying acts of union that are preserved in her mind. These generally are the diversions of women when separated from their husbands.

During the day, when she has distractions, separation will not torment her so much. I fear that your friend will have greater suffering at night without distraction. You who carry my message, positioned above the palace roof-top, see the good woman at midnight, lying on the ground, sleepless, and cheer her thoroughly.

Grown thin with anxiety, lying on one side on a bed of separation, resembling the body of the moon on the eastern horizon when only one sixteenth part remains, shedding hot tears, passing that night, lengthened by separation, which spent in desired enjoyments in company with me would have passed in an instant.

Covering with eyelashes heavy with tears on account of her sorrow, her eyes which were raised to face the rays of the moon, which were cool with nectar and which entered by way of the lattice, fall again on account of her previous love, like a bed of land-lotuses on an overcast day, neither open nor closed.

She whose sighs that trouble her bud-like lower lip will surely be scattering the locks of her hair hanging at her cheek, dishevelled after a simple bath, thinking how enjoyment with me might arise even if only in a dream, yearning for sleep, the opportunity for which is prevented by the affliction of tears;

She who is repeatedly pushing from the curve of her cheek with her hand whose nails are unkempt, the single braid, plaited by me, stripped of its garland, on the first day of our separation, which will be loosened by me when I am free from sorrow at the expiry of the curse, and which is rough to the touch, stiff, and hard.

That frail woman, supporting her tender body which he has laid repeatedly in great suffering on a couch, will certainly cause even you to shed tears in the form of fresh rain. Generally all tender-hearted beings have a compassionate disposition.

I know that the mind of your friend is filled with accumulated love for me. On account of that I imagine her condition thus at our first separation. Even the thought of my good fortune does not make me feel like talking. All that I have said, brother, will be before your eyes before long.

I think of the eyes of that deer-eyed one, the sideways movements of which are concealed by her hair, which are devoid of the glistening of collyrium, which have forgotten the play of their eyebrows on account of abstinence from sweet liquor, and whose upper eyelids tremble when you are near: these eyes take on the semblance of the beauty of a blue lotus that is trembling with the movement of a fish.

And her lovely thigh will tremble, being without the impressions of my fingernails, caused to abandon its long-accustomed string of pearls by the course of fate, used to the caresses of my hand at the end of our enjoyment, and as pale as the stem of a beautiful plantain palm.

At that time, O cloud, if she is enjoying the sleep she has found, remaining behind her, your thunder restrained, wait during the night-watch. Let not the knot of her creeper-like arms in close embrace with me her beloved, somehow found in a dream, fall from my neck at once.

Having woken her with a breeze cooled by your own water droplets, she will be refreshed like the fresh clusters of buds of the malati. Your lightning held within, being firm, begin to address her with words of thunder; she, the proud on whose eyes are fixed on the window occupied by you:

'O you who are not a widow, know me to be a cloud who is a dear friend of your husband. With messages stored in my heart I have arrived at your side, and with slow and friendly rumblings I urge along the road a multitude of weary travellers who are eager to loosen the braids of their womenfolk.'

When this has been said, like Sita looking up at Hanuman, having beheld you with her heart swollen with longing and having honoured you, she will listen attentively to you further, O friend. For women, news of their beloved that brought by a friend is little short of union.

O long-lived one, following my instructions and to bring credit to yourself, address her thus: 'Your partner who resides at the ashram on Ramagiri, who is still alive though separated from you, inquires after your news, madam. This is the very thing that is first asked by beings who may easily fall into

misfortune.

He whose path is blocked by an invidious command and is at a distance, by means of these intentions, unites his body with yours, the emaciated with the emaciated, the afflicted with the deeply afflicted, that which is wet with tears with that which is tearful, that whose longing is ceaseless with that which is longed for, that whose sighs are hot with that whose sighs are even more numerous.

He who has become eager to say what is to be said in words in your ear, in the presence of your female friends, with a desire to touch your face, he who is beyond the range of your ears, unseen by your eyes, addresses these words composed on account of his desire, through the agency of my mouth:

"I perceive your body in the priyangu vines, your glances in the eyes of the startled deer, the beauty of your face in the moon, your hair in the peacock's feathers and the play of your eyebrows in the delicate ripples on the river, but alas, your whole likeness is not to be found in a single thing, O passionate one.

Having painted your likeness, with mineral colours on a rock, appearing angry because of love, as soon as I wish to paint myself fallen at your feet, my vision is clouded again and again with copious tears. Cruel fate does not permit our union, even in this picture.

Watching me with my arms stretched up into the air for an ardent embrace when you have somehow been found by me in a vision or in a dream, the local deities repeatedly shed teardrops as big as pearls on the buds of the trees. Those winds from the snowy mountains which having broken open the sepals of the buds of the devadaru trees become fragrant with their milky sap and which blow southwards—they are embraced by me, O virtuous one, with the thought that your body might previously have been touched by them.

How can the night with its long watches be compressed into a moment? How may a day become cooler in every season? Thus my mind, whose desires are difficult to satisfy, is rendered without refuge by the deep and burning pangs of separation from you, O one of trembling eyes.

Indeed, ever brooding, I maintain myself by means of myself alone. Therefore, O beautiful one, you also should not fear. Whose happiness is endless or whose suffering is complete? The condition of life rises and falls like the felly of a wheel.

The the holder of the bow called Sharnga rises from his serpent bed, the curse will end for me. Having closed your eyes, endure the remaining four months. After that, we two will indulge our own various desires, increased by separation, on nights lit by the full autumn moon."

And he said further, "In the past you embraced my neck as we lay on our bed, you called out something in your sleep and woke up. When I asked over and over, you said to me with an inward smile, 'I saw you in my dream enjoying another girl, you cheat!'

Having ascertained from the telling of this account that I am well, do not be suspicious of me on account of any rumour, O dark-eyed one. They say that love somehow perishes during separation, but because there is no fulfilment, the love for that which is desired with increasing desire, becomes a even more ardent.””

Having comforted her thus, your friens whose sorrow is great in her first separation, return at once from the mountain whose peaks were cast up by the bull of three-eyed one. Then you should prop up my life which flags like kunda flowers in the morning with her words about her welfare, and an account of her.

I hope, friend, that you are firmly resolved upon this friendly service for me. I certainly do not regard your silences as indicating refusal. When requested you also apportion rain to the cataka cuckoos in silence, for the response of the virtuous to those who make a request is the performance of that which is desired.

Having undertaken this favour for me who bears this request that is unworthy of you, with thoughts of compassion for me, either out of friendship or because you think that I am alone, proceed to your desired destination, O cloud, your splendour enhanced by rainy season, and may you never be separated like this even for a moment from your spouse, the lightning.

Kalidasa