

Bharata Shakti

The Epic of

One God

One World

One Humanity

Work for peace on earth with
the divine presence
of God

Dr. Shuddhananda
Bharati

Bharata Shakti
Canto 2

Gowri Kandam



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Editor's Notes

The Kavi Yogi and his epic – an introduction of

Bharata Shakti

Two statements, apparently mutually opposed, can be made regarding Kavi Yogi Shuddhananda Bharati. The first is that he is most typically an Oriental, even, an Indian; no other country could have produced one quite like him. The second statement is that his great epic, *Bharata Shakti* and much of this other work has an undiminished relevance in all countries of the world and in all epochs and ages; his work is universal, born spatially and temporally; indeed, the passage of time seems to enhance its appeal, its applicability, its immediacy and, judging by the way mankind is managing its affairs, Kavi Yogi is bound to retain his currency, his urgent relevance, in the centuries to come, whatever revolutions take place in the mode of living of the people.

Kavi Yogi's undiminished relevance owes itself to many factors. One of them is that his dreams and aspirations all arise from his true, uncontrived universalism. It would be quite an interesting sally to study and analyse the many factors that went to sustain and reinforce his universalism. It is possible he was born this way, with a mind that felt impatient at the fences and borders that divide up all human institutions. It is also likely that his parents, the elders around, did not try to instil a narrow intolerance into his growing mind. We know positively from his letters written in the early years that he was an avid reader, that he eagerly devoured the world's classics in his uncle's library. He was particularly attracted to Shakespeare and Dante, was partial to biographies of famous men all over the world, and read and reread all the Tamil classics. He desired to acquire a working knowledge of Sanskrit, the language of the *Vedas* and the major philosophical school of the country, and during the course of an extremely busy life managed to do so.

He gained an astonishing mastery over the French language while in Pondicherry and was able to read the greatest works in that language in the original. He could compose in French too; five volumes of his poems and four volumes of his dialogues with the Divine Mother in French have been published.

Besides studying books, the Kavi Yogi travelled extensively all over the world, meeting the best minds everywhere. He could see as a perceptible reality that the differences among men of different nationalities, creeds and races lay on the surface and deeper down there were many compelling similarities on the basis of which a lasting edifice of unity could be built up. When most people travel, they take as their luggage their bag of prejudices, egotistic obstinacies, intolerant attitudes, and a determined refusal to see any other viewpoint. Kavi Yogi travelled with an open mind and only material baggage, taking with him an eager mind thirsting for knowledge about man every where. He put himself in the frame of mind of a student earnestly acquiring all that was relevant to his study wherever he went. He was converted to Islam and went under the lead of a maulvi to Mecca, the most sacred city of Muslims; thus he imbibed the tenets of Islam as a practising member of the faith.

From his early years he was attracted to saints and holy men. Very early he came under the influence of a great seer, Jnana Siddha, who aroused his subtle inner circles and started him on his spiritual career. Some years later they met in a holy place near Madurai, where the seer gave the Kavi Yogi actual initiation through touch, by pressing his thumb on the top of his head. The young aspirant felt a thrill going through his body and an indescribable bliss flooding him. He merged in the inner soul and remained for long in that condition. It can be truly said that he had that day taken a decisive step towards spiritual perfection.

He got spiritual guidance from a number of other seers and saints like Swami Purnananda, Shirdi Sai Baba, Sri Aurobindo and Ramana Maharshi. A common characteristic of all of them was a religious eclecticism, a total tolerance and a doctrine of equality

put actively in practice. Thus the Kavi Yogi was nurtured through his formative years by seers of the broadest vision, who scoffed at all manmade barriers. This must have had a very powerful and lasting effect on the youthful seeker's innate sense of universalism.

When, as a young man and before taking sannyas, he was employed as a teacher in a small town in the south, there was a function involving the entire town, culminating in a feast. Kavi Yogi was shocked to discover that men of different castes and religions did not like the idea of sitting together for the feast. Accordingly, seating arrangements were made castewise, to avoid a showdown in a public function. But Kavi Yogi went and sat with the Christians, which surprised and pleased them no end. His action may not surprise people now at the beginning of the twenty-first century; but in the early years of the twentieth century, it was a bold act for a Brahmin to indulge in but quite a natural one for one of inbuilt equality like the Kavi Yogi, with the revolutionary urge to put into action what he preached.

A keen observer of the Kavi Yogi's life would notice how the concept of the all-embracing equality of man and of the over-whelming importance of love without distinction had been almost covered with piety in the Kavi Yogi, born at the same time and growing together with it to occupy all his mental horizon. This was why the narrow fundamentalism and violent intolerance of many men of religion are totally foreign to the psychology of the seer. He did not have to fight hard to purge narrow fanaticism from his psyche, as quite a number of thinkers have had to do, with varying degrees of success; he never had the necessity to battle with this evil which could never have had a footing in his liberal heart.

This idea of the basic equality of all human beings, indeed of all living things, was not based merely on an emotional view of God's creation strengthened by the feeling of anguish at the terrible consequences of distinctions and schisms and dissensions. This is quite a strong factor and its value and importance should not be underestimated. But Kavi Yogi had an impregnable philosophical

and logical argument that informs and reinforces this emotion-based concept. His philosophy postulates that all men, all human beings without exception, are the children of God, with the same deathless soul inside them all. The soul is undifferentiated, is of the nature of consciousness, unfettered and is bliss unlimited. The apparent differences we notice in the world are all set up by the body which is mortal, the product of avidya or ignorance. We should identify ourselves with the soul and feel the spontaneous equality of all of humankind, not with the body, the cockpit of dissensions and prejudices and hates; spiritual practice involves dissociating ourselves more and more with the preoccupations of the body and associating with our soul for unceasingly longer spells.

Kavi Yogi loves to quote the Rigvedic Rishis, who must be counted among the earliest seers of the world: “Let us live in love, let us get enlightenment together, let us not hate each other, let us live in the harmony of the inner spirit.” Since harmony is the basic nature of the inner spirit, those who learn to live in the land of the spirit will be doused with the spirit of harmony and peace, dispelling the tendency to acrimony and surface distinction, normally found in most men.

When, after his long spell of silence, he started looking at the world, he saw in the world of reality what he had arrived at much earlier through his studies and sustained logical thinking; he saw the basic unity of man wherever he lived. He visited the countries of the Pacific Rim, Africa and Mauritius, Russia, Japan, Switzerland and many of the countries of Europe. He met a round cross-section of people, black and white, Caucasian, Asian, African and Semitic, the elite and the masses, men and women. For him these visits proved a triumphant proof – if proof was needed – of the concept of the unity of man which he had instinctively arrived at in his boyhood and for which he found additional strength in every book he studied.

It is not surprising therefore, that the press and people of other countries were much impressed with the teachings of this unique

prophet of a unified world. “He points out the points of similarity between religions without stressing the differences. His spiritual socialism breaks down the barriers between one race and another,” commented the Straits Times of Malaysia. “He compared various religions to the keys of a typewriter striking at one and the same place, the same goal. ‘Unity is natural and division unnatural,’ he says” reported the Indian Daily Mail of the same country. Japan welcomed him with the words: “Our brightly esteemed Yogi does not claim to belong to one sect, race, language, creed or country but the whole world and to humanity. His conception of life and all those attributes of man which make life sublime is not limited by considerations of egoism in the least. He speaks as if he belongs to the whole world - a unwavering believer in the brotherhood of man.” In similar manner, newspapers and leading citizens in all the countries he toured wrote and spoke highly of the universality of Kavi Yogi’s teachings, where he stressed tolerance and love above all else. Many in the West stressed the fact that Kavi Yogi was best qualified to turn the mysticism of the East into a universal working philosophy for the entire world.

His daily programme of activity in Buddhist countries displayed his astonishing range of scholarship, which gained for him acceptance in Buddhist monasteries as naturally as in Hindu religious organisations. He addressed the second World Buddhist Conference in Tokyo, attended by delegates from all Buddhist countries. He was welcomed by the Buddhist Mayor of Colombo in Sri Lanka as “The Messenger of One Humanity and One World.” The Mayor of Kanchi, also a Buddhist, presented a welcome address to him in a silver casket, mounted upon two elephants; the Kavi Yogi addressed the predominantly Buddhist audience on “Buddha and His Dhamma.” He gave three lectures under the Thailand Buddhist Association. He visited temples, churches, mosques, Buddhist mandirs and spiritual centres in Malaysia and addressed the mixed gathering there on the unique religions of the heart. He addressed meetings organised by the Inter Religions Organisation under the presidency of an Englishman in Singapore; the Kavi

Yogi's speech covered the Vedic, Zoroastrian, Buddhist, Jain, Christian, Islamic and Sikh faiths, synthetising all in Yoga, a psychic science common to all. Here, on this platform and everywhere that he spoke, he tried not merely to give the essence of the major faiths of the world; he synthesized them, educating the common features from them and placing his emphasis on these common features, dismissing the differences as of little importance. Everywhere his listeners got a vivid impression of the recurrent basics of these major faiths which were common, universal and of compelling importance, as a corrective to the version of the zealots of each faith, who tended to stress the unique and individual features of their religion.

Kavi Yogi was a powerful orator who could vividly bring home to his listeners the truths he wanted to expound. His were mostly extempore speeches built up on the spot, as he warmed up to his subject, heart speaking to heart. He was never pedantic, always lucid and clear and could appeal to the most unsophisticated listeners drawn from the plantation labour in Sri Lanka and Malaysia. But to elitist audiences, he could hit an appropriate level of thought and sustain his talk at that level, always giving his well-read listeners something to think about. He illustrated his talks on yoga with practical demonstrations. He had a well-developed sense of humour and this quality, together with the warmth and sincerity with which his talks were delivered, ensured their success wherever they were delivered, to whatever type of audience, anywhere in the world.

But speeches are essentially for the moment, basically evanescent; the Kavi Yogi believed firmly in the permanence and the superior, lasting impact of written material over the spoken. He devoted the best part of his life and his amazing store of energy to the composition of books, which run to hundreds. Indeed no one today knows how many he wrote. He had the engagingly simple disposition to hand over a manuscript to the print gentleman who offered to print it; while some have kept their word and brought them out, usually in small editions, quite a few appear to have taken their

commission casually and, the final horror, lost the manuscript as well. Kavi Yogi probably did not note down the name of the people to whom his manuscript had been handed over, he had no personal assistant and few friends who would systematically assist him. So it is believed quite a few of his works have been lost at the stage of the manuscript, a decisive, final and unretrievable loss.

But Kavi Yogi was a prolific writer; he needed little sleep and could write at peace long into the night after the last visitor had departed. An estimate made in 1947 has it that about 500 works of his had been collected and that about 1000 had been lost or destroyed by the author himself. These figures estimated at roughly the middle part of his life indicate an amazing productivity, perhaps the highest in the world in all history. And the Kavi Yogi went on composing works till the last. He was not the type to talk about his prowess in this direction. He has been known to express a keenness, even some anxiety, to have his manuscripts printed. When he got financial assistance to publish some of them, he gratefully acknowledged the help received and wrote to the donor, thanking him.

All this is traceable to his life's objective to educate the people to live in amity, in universal love, in the consciousness of an inviolable deep unity. To promote this idea he wrote books in Tamil, English and French and had started to translate his more important Tamil works into English, so that they could reach a wider readership. Apart from serious books in Tamil prose, he composed poems and songs which could be sung by ordinary people. To reach a wide readership, he composed many works; apart from several volumes of novels and collected short stories, he composed a large number of plays, some of which were produced in theatres and by the All India Radio, thus reaching a still wider section of the public.

Being a master of the highly evolved carnatic school of music, the Kavi Yogi has composed a number of musical pieces, some of which have been collected and published. Carnatic musicians have been singing some of them in their concerts for fifty years and they do not seem to have lost their freshness and appeal with the

passage of time. His songs for children, reflecting joy, even ecstasy, are very popular with young readers; it is truly remarkable that even through this (limited) medium, the seer has been able to present his ideas of universal love, as for instance these lines:

“To the hungry I distribute
The miser’s hidden weal-meal and,
Their broken words are psalms;
Their winning smiles are treats
I need my life’s message
In their clean, simple heart
Children, I see a sage
In you, a work of art.”

Kavi Yogi tried his hand at novel writing and the composition of prose and verse plays. In these fields, too, he tried to propagate his message of universal love, service to humanity, tolerance and continence. Through his plays which have been staged and broadcast through the radio, a critic would certainly feel that prose fiction is not Kavi Yogi’s best genre. For me, because his talent did not run in the direction of plot construction, his stories wander, they fail to hold the reader’s interest. His verse plays read better, despite this defect, clearly on account of the superior poetry.

Kavi Yogi’s poetical works are to the highest order of excellence. They are great as literature and of the highest value as the media for conveying his unique message of universalism:

“Let us see Thy temple in this word,
And Thy unique image in all that live
By serving all we shall adore Thy Self
By loving all we love Thee, unique Love
All beings are one family of Thy Grace
Thyself we see in us and in the world.”

Everywhere in his poetical works we see clearly his world vision where there are no borders, fences, walls, barriers; in it we see the soul-deep universality of all creation, in that control over the fissi-

parous, circular acrimonies bound on differences and distinctions and powered by a loveless ego. As all great world poets have before him, Kavi Yogi too makes inspired use of nature to present his ideas. Drawing an idyllic picture of an ideal life lived in the bosom of nature, he sings:

“My soul shall mingle with the song
Of the crystal spring that flows along
My flute shall cause the snake to dance
My self in all, all in my self
Through all cosmic conscient life
I shall love all and never hate.
For all children of the Grace
That raises on earth a new race.”

The richest, the most colourful description of nature we see in the Kavi Yogi’s magnum opus, *Bharata Shakti*. There are glorious descriptions of forest that emphasise the ineffable peace and absence of violence that prevail there. The gifted poet makes dexterous use of nature to set the mood and the prevailing emotions of important passages. To cite an instance, while introducing the episode where the hero and the heroine of the epic develop love for each other, the Kavi Yogi in the course of a beautiful passage sings:

“The luminaries in the firmament,
The colourful spring, the forest flowers
Are, in truth, lover’s epistles.
The deer, the peacock, the parrot, the cuckoo
That lubricates its singer’s throat
With the fruit of the mango, the bee and the swan
Are eloquent messengers between pairs of lovers!”

It is easy to see why and how the Kavi Yogi got interested in nature. For him all living forms – animal and bird and reptile, besides human – are children of God and hence are bound by a fraternal tie. His fierce vegetarianism is also traceable to this

viewpoint. It is unthinkable for him that animals and birds could be killed for any reason; man has no right to kill, period.

From the example furnished from the *Bharata Shakti* to illustrate the Kavi Yogi's deft handling of nature as a poet, it is but an easy step to evaluate the entire work. The *Bharata Shakti* is an epic of considerable dimensions and from the many references to it in his autobiographical works, it is clear he considered it his most significant contribution to society. He began to compose it from his early manhood and made four attempts at revising it; he also translated it into English verse, but most unfortunately the English version has been lost. In it he has poured all his literary, yogic and worldly experience, made adept use of all the poetic devices he had learnt, utilised all the metric forms he had practised on. Hence the epic merits a somewhat detailed consideration here.

The plot of the epic designed by the Kavi Yogi himself is somewhat naïve and clearly not the best feature of this immortal work. It pictures the battle between good and evil forces; the latter seem to succeed at the early stages and the forces of good suffer considerable battering; but they overcome the determined opposition of the sons of Satan and come out triumphant at the end. Suddhan, the hero and leader of the forces of good, is drawn on classical lines, all light and no shade, with not a defect or failing in him. Kaliyan, the leader of the satanic forces, is correspondingly wicked; he is irredeemable, with not a single good trait to salvage him. He has a very considerable following and can call upon black magic to come to his aid. Shuddhan falls in love with and marries Gowri, a compound of the noblest womanly virtues.

Suddhan and Gowri lead an idyllic married life but their happiness is short-lived for Gowri dies, sacrificing her life to save her husband from certain death. She is reborn as Shakti and ultimately is united with Suddhan at the end of the epic.

But before that, the world witnesses a most terrible holocaust where planes and aerial battles and the atom bomb play a major

role. All wicked forces unite and after give terrible battle to Shuddhan and his army. Shuddhan receives great help from his aging father; he benefits very considerably from the blessings of great saints of merit like Santan. He himself is singularly unambitious and is wedded to people's rule replacing the traditional monarchy. The forces of good win at last after unbelievable cataclysms and Shuddhan establishes a new social order based on Sama Yoga; the lives of people are built securely on the basis of a liberal religion with tolerance, yoga and love for all as its basic tenets. Bharata Shakti rules the world, making the earth heaven and upgrading men to the level of the gods.

The poet-seer has contrived the plot so that there are plenty of occasions for thoughtful soliloquies, for deeply meaningful philosophical instruction by sages like Santan and most of all for addresses by the hero setting forth the essentials of every major faith after he had learnt them at the feet of the masters of those faiths in cities named appropriately after them. While the soliloquies are spread throughout the poem, the specific addresses on the major faiths constitute the backbone of the third canto, the longest in the work.

Shuddhan decides to equip himself with all the possible spiritual wisdom and merit through the study of the major faiths of the world and through severe austerities. He abdicates the throne, putting representatives in charge of governance, and wanders about as a seeker, absorbing the truths of all religions, not as an outsider but by getting converted to each of them and living as a member of their community.

Thus when among the Jains, the Buddhists, the Christians and the Hindus, he remains in statu pupillari learning the details of their faiths from the leaders of the communities. His mastery of the respective faiths is such that men belonging to the many schisms that have proliferated appeal to him to resolve their differences. Everywhere he demonstrates how the originator, the great prophet who brought the religion into being before he died, did

not envisage such splits and schisms but legislated for a society believing in universal love, equality and soul-deep unity. The quarrelling sects cement their differences and begin to live as a homogeneous society, with mutual love and tolerance.

Everywhere in the long poem the message gets precedence; Kavi Yogi composed all his works as vehicles for his message for the world, of Sama Yoga (the spiritual state of equality) and universal love. The time finds the man; every epoch produces a great seer who has a specific solution for the particular problems affecting the world at that time. The sickness from which the world is suffering now seems to be intolerance, fanaticism, and bitter, homicidal hatred based on differences in creed and race and colour. The world is being split into mutually opposed war camps. Religion, misinterpreted, has become the most potent killer. It is becoming dangerously fatal to preach the value of peace among the people.

In this predicament, the Kavi Yogi's teachings come as a south-west breeze to a hot and weary traveller. They are admittedly not easy to implement. But nothing worthwhile in the world comes easy; and this remedy aims at the lasting good of the man of humanity at the subtlest levels of mental and spiritual life. These teachings that involve control over the base animal impulses of man and the development of a state of universal love (and that encompasses the enemy in its span, very virtuously) take considerable training and practice governed by a tenacious will to better ourselves, to rise to the level of man firstly from the animal and thence to the state of the gods.

But, how persuasive are the seer's lines, how gloriously inspiring, making the reader forget the difficult obstacles that are placed about in his path and urging him to resolve to face them like a man and get over them while pressing relentlessly on the forward march! He sings:

“The rainbow colours radiate
From one white intense effulgence

One conscient cosmic energy
Expands as sky and holds the stars
One truth maintains all the faiths
One spirit throbs in all bodies”

More than Ramakrishna, Vivekananda and Sri Aurobindo, it is the Kavi Yogi who puts his finger on the specific evils of the times and comes out with a very specific remedy for them. And the world which is perched precariously at the very edge of a precipice, now more than at any other time, will reject his teachings at its peril.

Our reference to the precariously perched world is not a mere hyperbolic metaphor thought up for dramatic effect. At no other time has the earth been in the very real danger of blowing itself to smithereens, as today. Our society has not yet been able to control the proliferation of the atom bomb; more and more countries are known to possess the bomb or to be in the know of the technique of producing it. We have had two devastating world wars within a generation and no one with any claim to be a serious student of current affairs will accept the adage that we are enjoying peace today. Terrorism has become international; it is highly glamorous, attractive, particularly to young people, and no one seems to know how to contain it. Religion has turned out to be a relentless killer; many of the terrorist incumbents seem to be fired by religious doctrine.

And our experience of the last few decades has clearly demonstrated the futility of trying to contain these homicidal forces by harnessing the police and the army. Clearly the cure lies in setting right the mental attitudes of people. And, Kavi Yogi Sama Yoga which teaches active tolerance (without a trace of patronage) based on universal love seems most specifically designed to set right attitudes of belligerent acrimony based on political, racial, linguistic or religious differences.

This most timely remedy for the terrible illness our society now suffers from is clearly and most persuasively spelt out in Kavi Yogi's *Bharata Shakti*, now available in English for all the world to

read and benefit from. Given the determination, mankind can still turn away, to use the earlier metaphor, from the edge of the precipice. There is still time for it to turn to the path of universal love, amity and good will, furthering in permanent peace.

It is earnestly hoped that man will have the necessary will, courage and sense of higher destiny to do it.

There are no words strong enough to express the joy and happiness of the chance to edit a work of such magnificent wisdom, offering peace for all, and providing solutions that everyone on earth can work to help in some way.

It is to participate in the building of inner tranquility radiating in the world.

Thank you to my spiritual friend Dr. Shuddhananda Bharati for his blessings.

It is a real pleasure for me to present the first Canto “Emanation of the Pure One” of the *Bharata Shakti* to you. Thank you and respect to Dr. Shuddhananda Bharati for having transmitted *Bharata Shakti* to us. With the blessing of *Aum Shuddha Shakti Aum*.

A huge thank you to my friend A V Ilango for his presence at my side and his valuable support. It is a great joy to have happiness and the chance to know A V Ilango in Chennai, renowned painter and sculptor. I met him two years ago in Chennai, we both keep a wonderful memory of a beautiful meditation. Ties of friendships have been created and A V Ilango participates in various paintings of Shakti to achieve this major work, *Bharata Shakti*. He is the founder of Ilango's Artspace Pvt. Ltd. in Chennai.

A huge thank you also for Daye Craddock, for her help for the preparation and correction of the books of Shuddhananda Bharati with great appreciation.

Christiananda Bharati
Christian Nicolas Piaget

Song of Unity

*Unite. Unite, Unite, Oh Souls
Unite and play your roles
Unite in mind, unite in heart
Unite in whole, unite in part
Like words and tunes and sense in song
Let East and West unite and live long
Trees are many; the grove is one
Branches are many: tree is one
Shores are many; sea is one
Limbs are many; body is one
Bodies are many; self is one
Stars are many; sky is one
Flowers are many; honey is one
Pages are many; book is one
Thoughts are many; thinker is one
Tastes are many; taster is one
Actors are many; the drama is one
Nations are many; the world is one
Religions are many; Truth is one
The wise are many; Wisdom is one
Beings are many; breath is one
Classes are many; college is one
Find out this One behind the many
Then life shall enjoy peaceful harmony*

Peace Anthem

*Peace for all, peace for all
For all the countries peace
Joy for all, joy for all
For all the nations joy
A rosy morning peace
A smiling summer joy (Peace for all)*

*All for each and each for all
This is the golden rule
Life and Light and Love for all
For all that live our love (Peace for all)*

*Work and food and clothes for all
Equal status for all
Health and home and school for all
A happy world for all (Peace for all)*

*No idle rich, no more beggars
All are equal workers
No more tears, no more fears
The heart is full of cheers (Peace for all)*

*No atom scare, no fat mammon
No room for war demon
Like leaves in trees, like rays in the sun
We are one communion,
One Divine communion (Peace for all)*

*The good in you is good for all
Your life is life for all
The God in you is God for all
Your love is love for all (Peace for all)*

*For he or she or it or rest
This collective life is best
This Universal Life is best
North or South, or East or West (Peace for all)*

*Peace for plants and birds and beasts
For hills and streams and woods
Peace in Home - land and air and sea
Dynamic peace we see*

Peace for all, peace for all

Immortal Peace for All

Presentation of
Dr. Shuddhananda Bharati

11th May 1897 – 7th March 1990

The wise one to the cosmic age

Although more than 90 years old, in his school in the south of India, *Kavi Yogi Maharishi* (great divine visionary, wise poet), Dr. Shuddhananda Bharati worked like a young man of twenty. When he was asked his age, he answered: “My age is Courage!”

The Yogi wrote several hundred works in English, French, Tamil, Hindi, Telugu and Sanskrit; five thousand songs, and fifteen hundred poems in French. The magnum opus of the man conscious of the presence of God in him, *Bharata Shakti*, (in 50,000 verses) described his ideal: only One Humanity living in communion with only One God in a transformed world! *Bharata Shakti* is a monumental and unique work. The Yogi depicts the essence of all the religions, of all the prophets and saints, all the approaches of Yoga and all the cultures on an allegorical fabric. It is a book for any age which all spiritual researchers and all nations should read and meditate on.

His commitment is summarized in his book celebrating his life, *Pilgrim Soul*.

The two poems mentioned in the opening express perfectly his ideal.

His mantra, *Aum Shuddha Shakti Aum*, nourishes our souls and guides our steps toward the inner joy *Ananda*. It means: the light of Grace and power of the pure supreme Almighty bless us with peace, happiness and prosperity!

Let the beauty and greatness of soul of Dr. Bharati Shuddhananda blooms and scents the entire Earth with its divine message and spiritual and unifying benefactor!

Editions ASSA

Homage to the *Bharata Shakti*

The epic of the new cosmic age

This popular modern epic is the life work of Kavi Yogi Maharishi Shuddhananda Bharati. It was blessed by great modern saints and savants.

“*Bharata Shakti* is the voice of spiritual India.”

Sri Aurobindo

“The world must study and follow this spiritual treasure.”

Ramana Maharshi

“*Bharata Shakti* is a book for all ages - the Bible of regenerated humanity.”

Swami Sivananda

“*Bharata Shakti* is a great modern epic. Its words and rhythms spark out of the inner flame.”

Rabindranath Tagore

“*Bharata Shakti* seems another Maha Bharata.”

Mahatma Gandhi

“It is a wonderful world epic of Supermen and this Mahakavya has bloomed after ages of cultural and spiritual evolution.”

V.V.S. Iyer

“I welcome your *Bharata Shakti* which I enjoyed so much. It is a treasure of cultural beauty and spiritual sublimity.”

Mahakavi Bharatiar

“It is a perfect epic inspired in a perfect Yogi.”

Kavimani D.N. Pillai

“It is a vision of future humanity in five cantos, an apocalypse of God’s Grace. This epic can compare with Kambar and Valmiki. Sahitya Academy and UNESCO must honour this great modern epic poet.”

*Rao Bahadur
N. Murugesha Mudaliar*

“*Bharata Shakti*, like the other works of the Kavi Yogi Maharishi Shuddhananda Bharati, is characterised by poetic excellence and mystic fervour. From start to finish the poet maintains his imaginative flight on an exalted plane. I welcome this imaginative saga of spiritual history and wish it wide circulation.”

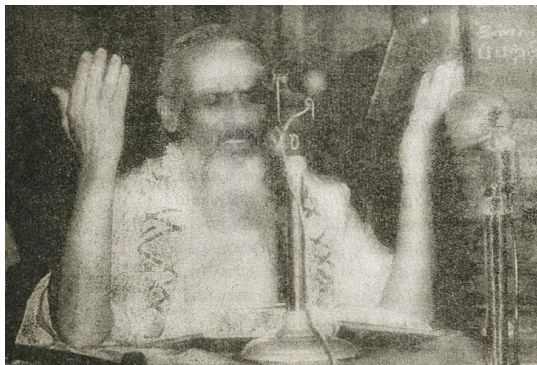
*Dr. T.M.P. Mahadevan, Director
of Advanced Study in Philosophy*

“I gave you Milton that day; I find a Milton today in your epic of Godmen *Bharata Shakti*.”

Mother Annie Besant

“The feeling of God’s presence is just wonderful; we can find it in this *Bharata Shakti*.”

Christiananda Bharati



Shuddhananda Bharati

Foreword

Bharata Shakti

Swami Sivananda's Blessings

I had the pleasure of hearing this great epic read to me by its great author, Kavi Yogi Maharshi Shuddhananda Bharati who is an inspired saint and a versatile personality with a gifted intellect, and yogic perfection. This is his magnum opus. This is a monumental, epoch-making addition to the sacred literature of the world.

Sri Bharatiar needs no introduction at all to the public: as a born yogi, a divine poet, a deep and creative thinker and seer, he has already earned world-renown.

The great work — *Bharata Shakti* — is a synopsis of all the epics of the world. In it are portrayed by the facile pen of the great poet lives of great men, saints and prophets, Besides in it have been brought together the essence of all the religions of the world: the cultural, ethical and spiritual basis of the various religions.

The Yoga of Synthesis or the synthesis of all systems of Yoga is clearly brought out by the seer poet. In this respect this work could well be considered a new Bible for regenerated humanity.

The setting too, is delightful, skilful and symbolic. The work, therefore, holds a good story interest too. The struggle between the God-men and the Asuras allegorises the struggle between the forces of Good and those of Evil. The skill with which settings are provided for the introduction of the five Kandas is remarkable: and the initial success of Evil and its ultimate overthrow are significant.

From the halcyon days of ancient times, ideal citizens constituted an ideal society which raised this holy land to the exalted status of the Mother of Civilization. Through the eras of gradual degeneration of society through spiritual decadence to the present day,

the illustrious author has ably traced the history of humanity, and has taken the opportunity of reviewing the systems of politics, economics, industry and art.

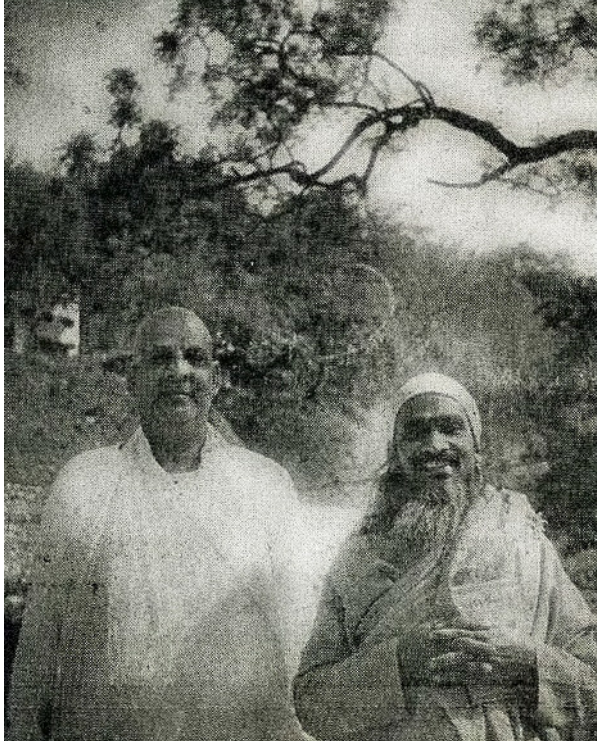
His suggestions for improving and perfecting human society in all walks of life are invaluable and should act as a sure guide to all nations. Out of the fulness of his own soul comes the rhythmic flow of this epic.

The crowning glory in the work is the poet-seer's vision of the future mankind. The yogic world will be peopled by samayogins whose strength will be derived from the spiritual basis of their whole life.

Their influence will radiate over the whole world and bring peace and happiness to it! That is the New Golden Age of the yogi's vision, now revealed in the *Bharata Shakti*. The patriot in Bharatiar pours out the sweet ambrosia of love of motherland which permeates the reader's entire being.

The author's diction is rich, his style powerful and suggestive — reminiscent of all the great epic poets — his descriptions of both Nature's gifts and man's handiworks are vivid and charming: and the love and battle scenes at once powerful and thrilling. *Bharata Shakti* is a book for all ages, which every seeker should study.

Swami Sivananda



Sivananda and Shuddhananda

Prof. S. Viraswami Pathar M.A.L.T.

(Dt. Educational Officer, Tiruchirapalli)

Bharata Shakti, the epic of God-men, in 50,000 lines, is the greatest work of this age. Its author Kavi Yogi Maharshi Shuddhananda Bharati is a born yogi, saint, inspired poet and an apostle of One God, One World, and One Humanity. He has extensively studied and travelled all over the world and he has treasured his experiences in five Cantos thrilling with spiritual ecstasy and poetic harmony. This monumental work, written during a silence of 25 years, can be placed among masterpieces like the works of Valmiki, Vyasa, Kalidasa, Kamban, Valluvar, Homer, Dante, Virgil, Racine, Shakespeare and Milton. The basic story is a spiritual allegory into which the saintly author weaves elegantly the lives and teachings of the ancient and modern prophets, and heroes like Rama, Krishna, Shivaji, Ramadasa, Guru Nanak, Guru Tegh Bahadur, Guru Gobinda Singh, Pratap Singh, Shankara, Ramanuja, Dayananda, Ramakrishna, Ramana, Aurobindo, Buddha, Mahavira, Jesus, Muhammad, Zoroaster, Gandhiji and sages of Vedic and Agamic traditions. The hero, like the author, lives all religions and Yogas and discovers by deep meditation a Sama Yoga for the purity, unity, harmony and divinity of mankind and gives out a Gospel of Perfect Life.

He transforms the hostile forces of bloody wars and gives a new awakening to the atomic age, by uniting science and Yoga, East and West, the ideal and the practical, in equal harmony. He inaugurates a new collective life of integral peace, bliss, love, power and harmony. The style is mellifluous and gives a delightful reading. I hope the government and nations will recognise this seer poet and honour him while yet he is with us.

Prof. S. Viraswami Pathar



With the blessings of
Shuddhananda Bharati

Translator's notes

When Sri Rambharati came to my house, introduced by a common friend, and wanted me to take up the work of English verse translation of Kavi Yogi Suddhananda Bharati's epic, the *Bharata Sakti*, I was initially very reluctant. It was mainly on account of the enormous size of the job - the translation in English verse of 50,000 lines of Tamil poetry. I was nearly 70 and I had already done quite a bit of the translation work.

But Sri Rambharati's persistence finally wore my resistance down and I accepted the commission. I worked hard for the best part of two years and completed the work to my satisfaction. Sri Rambharati was most helpful all through, providing me secretarial assistance. Indeed, along with the progress of the work, our friendship grew; I began to see the total dedication of the man to the objective of spreading Kavi Yogi's works throughout the world.

Apart from this benefit, I began to enjoy the work, for the *Bharata Sakti* is, in many senses, an encyclopaedia of what is lasting, of perennial value in the literature and the traditions of the country. And the Kavi Yogi commanded a beautiful poetic style, most ideally suited for the subject matter chosen. He did not confine his scope to Tamil and Sanskrit poetry; he took material from North Indian lore, from the Sikh tradition and the annals of Rajasthan. He has woven the philosophy of Shankara and the thoughts of the Saiva Siddhantists of the Tamil land into the epic; the teachings of the Maharashtian saints like Ramdas and of Ramakrishna and Vivekananda are ably presented here.

The hero is fashioned as a noble, selfless idealist who is prepared to quit his throne so that he might gather more spiritual wisdom. His wanderings described in the third canto are a vital part of his education through which he quickly reaches maturity, developing a rare blend of philosophical insight and practical administrative ability. Such people do not exist in this world; they live only in the pages of creative literature. This is true; but such an ideal hero is

very necessary for the prophet-poet to paint, in a large canvas, all that is noble and lofty in our traditions. For it was clearly not his intention to spin out a story that pleases for the moment. It was his grand purpose, developed and nourished over a long lifetime to rouse the world from its age long stupor, to lead it on to savour the bliss of the spirit without limit of time, disdaining the illusory and transient titillations of the senses and the mind.

Kavi Yogi had this grand design before him; and fortunately for the world he had considerable gifts of poesy and a capacity for hard work, undiminished by the arret of age. He wrote an amazingly large number of books. Quite a few of his writings await publication. A grateful public that knows what is good for it should make it possible for these also to come out in print before the manuscripts are lost or the writing fades out due to the ravages of time.

I hope earnestly for a wide dissemination of the Kavi Yogi's lofty ideas in the western world through the means of this and other translations of his works. May such dissemination lead to a lasting peace in the strife-torn world of today and may such peace bear fragrant blossoms of fraternal feelings and universal tolerance and amity and goodwill among men!

Mr. A. V. Subramaniam

Introduction

Bharata Shakti Mahakavyam

A scientific theory is named after the discoverer - e.g. Raman Effect, Compton Effect, Hertzson Waves, etc. The rishis and yogins of Bharat have developed a dynamic energy by hard spiritual disciplines. This energy of Yogic force is called 'Bharata Shakti'. Bharata Shakti is the fountain of peace, bliss, light, love and cosmic energy. Ancient India, by this Bharata Shakti, commanded the respect of the world. The yoga that generates this Shakti fell and hence India also fell into dark slavery. India's force is Yogic Force – Bharata Shakti. To re-discover this Divine Force and cherish it in the collective life of the nation is the way of regaining the lost paradise.

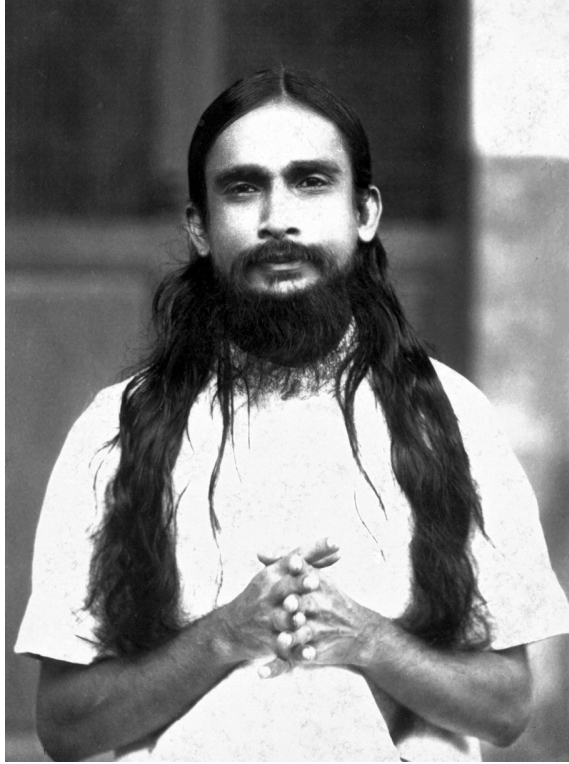
The *Bharata Shakti Mahakavyam* is a spiritual epic that sings the evolution of this Bharata Shakti, through allegorical characters and its victory over the hostile asuric forces. It brings within its scope the entire achievement of the human intellect from the Vedic age to the atomic age. It endeavours to build a Spiritual Socialism for humanity. The life and inspired teachings of the world's prophets, sages, poets, heroes, the essence of all religions, yogas and philosophies, luminously interwoven into head of the pure Sama Yogin (Shuddha), achieve a world-transformation and victory over the impure forces of Mavali and Kali. Shakti-Gowri, Satya, Bharaty Muni, Shanta and other divine forces help the pure force. They follow the *Yoga Siddhi* or the *Gospel of Perfect Life*, which is a collection of the truths realised by four hundred yogins. *Bharata Shakti* is a monumental work on the psychology of human evolution. Now let us see the story briefly. The whole story is told in five Cantos of 50,000 lines.

Canto two: Gowri Kandam

Shuddha restored peace and harmony in the state. He taught military science to all and kept the army vigilant. He inspired the soldiers by giving them performances on the life and adventures of

heroes like Rana Pratap Singh. Gowri organised a women's force for the army services. Shuddha's victory, coronation, his power and popularity kindled the jealousy of Kali into a hell-fire. He contrived to mobilise the demoralised army in Siddhinagar in the cunning garb of merchants, acrobats, religious mendicants, and tantric sanyasins. These rogues peacefully settled in the town with whores and hypocrites. They tempted, divided and demoralised the innocent masses and one day raised the standards of rebellion. Shuddha discovered the hostile forces, arrested them, and imprisoned all. Kali smuggled arms into the city and besieged the fort one night. Shuddha put down the rebellion and attacked Kali's forces. Satyan marched an army to Kalinagar and captured the fort. Here, after so many manoeuvres, Kali was defeated. But he again treacherously attacked the city. Shuddha was dejected. Gowri encouraged him. Like Guru Gobind Singh, Shuddha started out for the field and Gowri in the garb of a soldier went for this protection. Kali was aiming a shot at Shuddha. Gowri received it upon her breast and died. The battle was won but the loss of Gowri was irreparable. She was given state burial and a Gowri Vilas was built upon her tomb. The defeated Kali escaped to his capital and there he was taken a prisoner by Satya. One day, at midnight, Danavas came in a plane and took away Kali from the prison. Satyan chased the flying plane with another plane found in the armoury of Kali. He struck down the asuras, but Kali escaped. Satyan chased him and descended on the shores of Shyamala Isle where the asuras were looting. Satyan shoots them; they fly away declaring "We are Danavas. We shall conquer the world for our Mavali." Shantiman, the king of Shyamalam, offers Satyan ships and soldiers to go round the world and discover Davavam. Satyan sails to all countries - East and West, to all the five continents - meeting with several adventures. Tired at last, he reaches Srikara Isle. King Srikara welcomes him and introduces him to Bhogamuni, a siddha. Bhogamuni initiates him in Siddha Yoga by which he is transformed into a youth. Srikara's daughter Sundari was abducted and married forcibly by Mavali in Danavam. So he was interested in

Danavam. He gave Shuddha a plane and Bhoga accompanied him. Before taking off, Satyan gave a detailed letter to his son and queen and despatched his companions back to Siddhinagar.



Shuddhananda Bharati

Author's notes

The epic, *Bharata Shakti*

The rise of the epic

At dawn, when the rays of the rising sun
Cool and pleasant, embraced the river,
The Kaveri with tender love,
When the notes of the flute of the New Epoch
Merged with the Aum chant brought by the wind,
When green and fruitful nature smiled
A smile of sweetness and of grace,
Under heaven's canopy,
When meditation, the bird, took wing
And rose, enwrapped in the dream of heaven,
I saw the vision of *Bharata Shakti*.
This was how the epic grew -
My dreams took the story shape,
Stories blossomed into poetry
Which got enlivened into colourful paintings
And these in the end turned out to be
An exegesis of the three-fold qualities
By which the living world is bound.
The words, "My father, the lord of Uma
The splendid lustre of grace" arose
And merging with the breeze from the river
Became a three-fold Tamil work -
Of prose, poetry and stageable play.
I sat meditating and comprehended
The inner essence, in hills and woods
And on banks of rivers, and of ponds,
In temples and in holy cottages.
I found the basic spiritual truth
To be the root, the hearts of the great

The branches, yoga, the opening blossom
And delectation, the fruit of the work,
The great epic which has as the object
The attainment of the life complete,
And composed it, chapter by chapter,
Revising it four times over.

Readers may verify what has been said
In the light of their own inner experience.
The five cantos into which the work
Has been divided are the five big states.

Many were the learned who praised the work.
The Siddha, blessed with divine wisdom,
Pronounced it to be a world-class epic.
The cuckoo among poets called it good,
The lamp of valour heard it with pleasure
And praised it as a great and worthy poem.
The great sage listened with pleasure to it
And the modern yogin proclaimed it good,
And the philosopher-yogin termed it a piece
Of great poetry, deathless, immortal.
I put the finishing touches to the work
By introducing here and there
The truth that was born of experience -
The spiritual one I got in the quiet
Of the Institute of the Yoga of Union
At Madras which had just conducted
The world conference of the lovers of Tamil.

The world has become a jungle of riot,
Excited by differences;
Urged by passionate, excessive desires,
With the mind confused by a limitless ego
With relations fouled by rivalries
And petty jealousies, fraudulent acts.
Men with their minds fully polluted

Spend their lifetime in arsenals
And lose their lives in pools of blood
Through the orgies of mindless violence.
And, in recent times, men have become
Blood-thirsty vampires hurling the dread
Atom bomb to kill each other
In holocausts - this horror should cease!
This *Bharata Shakti* which instils in us
The yoga of union is the only source
From which men can learn the way
Of how to live on the earth, attaining
The state of celestial beings; for this,
The mind should get reformed, upgraded;
The whole species should refine itself,
Get purged of passion, anger, illusion.
With the mind at all times steeped in joy
And the world rendered productive;
This yoga of union should instruct mankind
The principle of a single divinity
For all living things, that all their bodies
Constitute the temple, the home of that God.
With this yoga of union becoming
The heart-throb, if men can learn to live
With purity inside and outside too,
Fearless, with a deep comprehension
Of one's rights, reaching the level of the gods,
Then, it shall constitute the way of life
That *Bharata Shakti* can create in all.
I desired deeply to arouse again
That power which the perfected yogins
Of Bharat defined through their penance
And thereby, revive the Vedic flavour
And the godly air permeating.
I endeavoured to create an epic
Which shall provide a tool for us

To help create that rule of the gods
Which prophets all so longed to see,
And bring into being a new epoch
Through the help of the emancipated,
Of the noble men who have attained peace
Through the truthful pure energy -
An epic that shall establish
That there is only one God, and under
The protective heavenly umbrella
All life is one and indivisible
And through these messages create for us
Everlasting beatitude.
Those that study this epic shall
Attain the fruit of virtuous deeds.
This epic shall reform the world
Through the power of the truthful saints
Of all-round purity, by the active efforts
Of the Association of Yoga, routing
The power of weaponry wielded by
The wicked and the mighty men,
Fell the might of satanic forces
Through ways of peace and establish
The rule of kindly grace on earth,
Upgrade men into supermen
And women into spheres of Pure Energy
And bring into being as a way of life
The yoga of union which enables
The merger of the life of all things alive.
Through these dreams that a poet dreams
May I have the *Bharata Shakti*
As my life-force and the minds of men -
Of all the men as my physical body
May I, living everlastingly
Coeval with the holy heavens
Serve in the world for the good of all

And may Pure Energy make this happen!
I have tasted joy by chanting this;
May this world share my bliss!
My life has been unfolding
In the manner designed by
The Pure Energy that stimulates all,
To act and think at all times
In all places as it designs.
I studied many a heavy tome
And composed works of literature
To clear my mind, to know much more,
To derive mental joy; O world!
This shall help you to attain that bliss!

The benefits of studying this work

This epic shall on all its students
Confer valour, a comprehension
Of Pure Energy and spiritual courage
That goes with spiritual enlightenment,
The benefits of a good education
And all kinds of wealth and prosperity.
It shall guide you to attain perfection
To lead the life of heavenly beings.
May therefore the entire world
Study with diligence this *Bharata Shakti*!

Yogi Shuddhananda Bharati
Yoga Samaj, 11-5-1969

Canto 2

Gowri Kandam

1. Taking Counsel

Prayer

May Lord Shiva, accompanied by Shakti
And wearing the moon upon his matted locks,
Bless me fully so that I can narrate
The wondrous tale of Suddhan marrying
The comely Gowri with all the sages' blessing,
And how, while ruling the spacious world routed
Kali, scoring a momentous victory.

The speech of Satyan

The noble king who tended the lamp
Whose container was the world, capacious,
Into which had been poured the ghee
Of the happy life of the subject people,
Whose lengthy wick was the moral law
And which gave off illumination
In the shape of ideal governance,
Spoke his mind in his minister's presence.

“Highly regarded state officials
Well learned, who have been running the state
To the highest standards with my help,
Seeking the guidance of God and conscience,
I now desire to hand over the reins
Of government to my son, Prince Suddhan
And start work on a mission, newly planned.

“I studied the state of today's world.

I see how riots and dissensions
Are being promoted by Kali's men.
I took into account the state of my health.
I have observed how ably my son
Handles the reins of administration.
I now long to take up a work
Of benevolence to the people of the world.

“I observed keenly how painful is
This birth on the earth, how adverse factors
Like wars and rancorous rivalries
And endless worries stage a goblin's dance
On the world's theatre. I have had enough!
I ruled the earth; I shall rule the mind.

“If we think deeply, we would realise
That all the troubles arise from the mind,
From the warlike conflicts that arise in the mind -
The inter-cult quarrels, the fights over wealth,
The battles that rage that are nourished by
Selfishness of the crassest kind.

“We can aver with certainty
That the verbal wars and the pitched battles
Fought with weapons when words prove weak
Are all the outward expressions
Of mean jealousies that rage in the mind.

“The fomenting of dissensions,
Throwing cogs in the wheels of work
Making it difficult for people of skill
To display it, the shackling of people,
Choking and bringing down to a halt
Good works, benevolent public movements,
Are all wicked sinful acts
More ruthless than those of the god of death.

“Improvement of the level of life

Is possible only if the mind improves,
Controlling the dual mind
Alone can rein in our waywardness.
Only now have I realised these,
The basic truths that life has to teach.

“Therefore after conducting
Suddhan’s wedding with the girl
Intended for him, in strict accord
With the scripture and after crowning him,
As laid down in the manual,
I long to take up a mission of service.

“I have organised a mighty army
To deal with Kaliyan, a stranger to morals.
In order to improve and uplift the people
Who have lost their values, I nurse a longing
To perform good acts in accord with dharma.

“I look forward to gathering a harvest
Of useful purpose by travelling all over,
Discussing lofty topics with
Truthful men with cultivated minds
And by serving the society
Rather like a rain-cloud, raising aloft
And correcting the people’s attitudes.

“I shall engage myself in
Suggesting ways of purifying
The minds of the people so that their welfare
And the prestige of the king, the sense of values
Of the society, the flag of the nation
Which reaches up to the shining sun
And the standard of governance skyward rise.

“Let my son drive off the foes
External and adorn the throne
Of dharmic governance in Siddhi city!

Let me engage in conquering
The inner foes that push one to evil,
And helping others in similar conquest.
Unable to bear the terrible wrongs
Perpetrated by the serfs of Satan
Which have undermined the moral fibre,
I've spoken. Please suggest the ways
By which this rot can now be stemmed.”

Siddhiman

The king said this and Siddhiman spoke
Beseechingly, “Your Highness, it's good
That you perform your son's wedding
And crown him king. After the coronation,
You can remain in Siddhi itself,
Without any hindrance and still fulfill
Your cherished desire to serve society!

“Your son of wonderful kingly mien
Inherits your well-known love for the people.
He is lauded by revered sages,
With learning esteemed by the worthiest scholars.
He serves the world in the way a river
And a rain cloud nourish and sustain it.

“People of all castes and communities
Have the fullest faith in Suddhan,
Expecting all that is good from him.
He is fit to wear the ruler's mantle,
Fit to bear the responsibility
Of guarding your family's code of morals
And he is, to boot, a fearless fighter!

“Whatever he says he carries into practice.
He will serve the subjects' interests
Just as he claims he will do.

He regards the lives of others as precious,
As precious as his own; he has a heart
Of gold, purer than the metal we see.
His smile alone is enough, your highness
To conquer the whole of this teeming world!”

The other ministers

After Siddhiman finished his speech,
The wise ministers, the poets and others
Proceeded with joy to praise Suddhan
As powerful and mighty and as a winner, unfailing.

They spoke thus: “He has a firm
Body and mind. He speaks firmly
And acts in accord with what he says.
He has strength of heart and can rule the world
Through his wisdom, with the needed firmness.

“He has purity of conduct, excels
In wisdom, is generous and charitable.
He has laudable values and principles,
A good soldier who can protect those
That seek asylum in distress, with him.

“He has a mature mind that welcomes
Progressive concepts, art forms, designs.
No praise of your son’s wondrous qualities
Will be excessive, they deserve it all!

“He is like the sun that removes the gloom
That afflicts the minds of the harassed people.
He has limitless compassion.
He is sweet to contemplate.
He is majestic like the rising sun.

“He is your worthy son who pays
Due regard to truth and tolerance.

He harbours a universal love
In his noble heart, disregarding
Meaningless rituals and distinctions
Of caste and creed which only fan up
Violence, frenzy based on the evil
Concept of ego, of 'me' and 'mine'.

“He excels in encouraging
All the arts like music and dance,
Sculpture and painting and lofty poetry
That all the country admires so,
And all other branches of literature, too.

“He never harbours anger, jealousy
Pride, insolence, not even in his dreams.
He maintains the highest standards
In thought, in speech and in all his action.
He is pure and virtuous, a perfect being.

“He has compassion like the Goddess of Dharma,
He believes in selfless action.
Whatever happens, he regards as
The will of God and continues
To work and to serve with love in his heart.
He has the courage of his convictions.

“He is dedicated to the task of wiping
The distress of the afflicted.
He can feel happy at the joy of others.
He can love intensely those
That harbour love in their hearts.
Your son, your highness, is without an equal!”

The father heard with ecstasy these words
Of high praise for his dear son, as expected,
And felt like a peacock on sighting a dusky cloud,
Being certain that they were speaking the truth.
The courtiers said what had been spoken of the son

Was applicable to the father, too; they talked about
The things to be done in pursuance of the plan
To select a bride and arrange for the prince's wedding
And await the course that events in the future took.

Satyan

“Guests of royal status, the Pandya king, the rulers
Of Vanga and Anga lands have all assembled here.
They repeat every day their longing to see the prince.
But Suddhan doesn't meet them, he spends his time
with the sages;
He finds their company sweeter than that of the rest.

“He talks as sages do; he perceives, too, like them.
He longs for their company, shows no interest
In things that centre on this world of phenomena.
When questioned why, he says, this is true happiness
And clams up in silence, this my dear son!

“This godly son of mine has realised his inner self,
A hero who has conquered the basest animal passions;
A friend of the anchorites, has given his heart to God,
And his mighty, hill-like shoulders to routing Kaliyan's forces.

“This son of mine, the pure, lustrous gem resembling
The sun, feels little need to kiss the lips of women,
He has torn and wrecked the nets and snares and traps
That women's lotus eyes use to capture men.
Even if we find a bride that's suitable
Will he accept her, will he live with her?

“Who is the lovely damsel on whom his mind is set?
And when is the auspicious day when, with my own eyes,
I would see the prince accept and marry her?
That will be the day when I crown him ruler!”

Siddhiman

“Your highness shall surely see
That good day soon, to your delight!
Why worry? For every young man here,
There is a girl waiting to wed him.
The self-same sage at whose holy feet
The prince prefers to spend his time
Will fulfill, sir, your dearest wish!

“On the auspicious birthday of the heroic prince
We shall invite the kings to assemble
With their daughters and the prince can have
A look at them; from the expression
In his eyes we can infer and proceed to act.”

The wise minister’s advice proffered
Was accepted with alacrity
By the king who commanded, “Let everything
Be organised as the minister wishes.
Let the comeliest girls in the world assemble
On the prince’s birthday!” The assistants
Hastened to obey and the courtiers
Dispersed that day with a joyful heart.

2. Suddhan’s Birthday

The happy day dawned brightly with
The smile of the morning sun.
Birds trilled notes of love and reverence;
The blooms exuded honey.
The cool earth heaved, thrilled, excited,
All life was steeped in joy.
The Lord’s creation was all inspired
By love into poetry.

The day of his advent, the auspicious day

When the handsome prince was born,
Was observed as a sacred day,
A day of festivity,
Celebrated in hills and dales
In seashore towns and the deserts,
In fertile plains, all over the kingdom
With incessant beating of drums.

This is the good day when all the people
Can fulfill the purpose of their birth on the earth
This is when the gloom of falsity
Is dispersed by the light from the noble prince.

Fragrant flowers had blossomed apace
Spreading their bouquet everywhere.
Music from lutes and flutes and drums
And conchs rose, merging harmoniously
With the joyful notes from cuckoos and parrots;
And there was dancing too, in tune with the music.

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