

*SRI VILASA KUSUMANJALI*

*by*

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*(Text only)*

*tvad-alokana-kalahi-  
damsair eva mrtam janam  
tvat-padabja-milal-laksa-  
bhesajair devi jivaya*

TRANSLATION

O Radharani, the queen of Vrndavana, with the medicine of the red lac from Your lotus feet, please bring back to life this person now dead from the bites of the black snake of not seeing You. (Vilapa-kusumanjali by RDG)

*tavaivaasmi tavaivaasmi  
na jivaami tvayaa vinaa  
iti vijnaaya devi tvam  
naya mam caranaantikam*

I am Yours alone! I am Yours alone! I cannot live without You! O queen, please understand this and bring me to Your feet.

Shrila Raghunatha dasa Goswami writes further in the Vilapa-kusumanjali:

"O Supreme Ladyship, Queen of my heart, Radha! Laksmi-devi the goddess of fortune does not possess even a drop of the beauty that exudes from Your exquisite toenails, therefore if You do not grant me the proper vision to perceive Your transcendental pastimes, then what use do I have for this life, which is burning in the fire of excruciating sorrow?"

"O merciful Lady! Indeed, lately I am floating in a nectarean ocean of hope, and passing time in hardship and pain, but if You do not shower mercy upon me then this life, living in Vrndavana, and even Lord Krsna are all meaningless to me." 101-102

"The Queen of Vraja is my mistress. O Lady mistress, O Radha, I am Your maidservant, but the flames of intense separation are incinerating my heart and I grow feeble from

profuse crying. Finding no other means, I am therefore sitting somewhere in Govardhana and composing these verses in deep lamentation.

"O dallying damsel of Vraja, Sri Radhika, I am sucked into an ocean of grief and my condition is so miserable! Kindly send me Your mercy in the form of an infallible boat and save me from this whirlpool. Please give me sanctuary at Your lotus feet."

"O Radha-kunda, pond of sublime joy, my mistress Srimati Radhika is always absorbed in divine amorous pastimes with her beloved paramour Sri Krsna on your banks, and you have endeared yourself to this Divine Couple more than anything else They cherish. Please, therefore, be merciful upon me and allow me but a moments vision of the object of my greatest adoration, Srimati Radharani.

### Sri Vilapa Kusumanjali

1. O friend Rupa Manjari, although you are a famous and important person in this town, still you cannot see the face of the Supreme Personality of Godhead standing before you. Your husband is not here, and yet there is a mark on the bimba fruits of your lips as if someone has bitten them. Did a great parrot bite them?
2. O lotus tree, on the pretext of this bunch of new blossoms you are now broadly smiling in this forest. You have every right to be proud. After all, the black Krishna bee has left all the fragrant flower vines and He is now searching for the pathway to you.
3. O Rati manjari, in the king of Vraja's city, where many gopis live, you are the most pious of all. That is why you are now going to a cave, requested by your queen to search for the favourite belt She forgot in the midst of many pastimes.
4. Let me surrender to my spiritual master, Yadunandana Acarya. A powerful and dear devotee of the Supreme Lord, Yadunandana, he sprinkled the nectar of his mercy on me.
5. I worship Lord Caitanyacandra, the supremely independent ocean of great mercy, who with His ropes of mercy quickly lifted me from the endlessly troublesome great dry well of household life, from which escape is very difficult, who gave me the shelter of His lotus feet, which rebuke the lotuses, and who gave me to Svarupa Damodar Goswami.
6. I was unwilling to drink the nectar of devotional service possessed of renunciation, but Sanatana Goswami, out of his causeless mercy, made me drink, even though I was otherwise unable to do so. Therefore he is an ocean of mercy. He is very much compassionate on fallen souls like me, and thus it is my duty to offer my respectful obeisances unto his lotus feet.

7. O queen, a certain maidservant, overwhelmed with love and her heart burning in the great fire of separation, laments in the following verses.
8. O queen, please rescue this unfortunate person, drowning in an ocean of pain. Place him on the strong boat of your mercy and carry him to the wonderful realm of Your lotus feet.
9. O queen, with the medicine of the red lac from Your lotus feet, please bring back to life this person now dead from the bites of the black snake of not seeing You.
10. O queen, with the nectar of a moment's glance please restore the life of this gopi maidservant of Your lotus feet, who now burns in the great forest fire of separation from You.
11. O beautiful faced one, when, even in a dream, will I, by decorating my head with the splendid perfumed powder of Your lotus feet, attain the goal of my life?
12. O beautiful one, when will the sound of your anklebells, sprinkling drops from an ocean of nectar, cure my deafness?
13. O queen, with the two bumblebees of the corners of Your eyes, which in the moonlit rendezvous anxiously wander over each direction as if the forest were a jungle of blue lotuses, will You glance upon this person?
14. O queen of Vrndavan, since Rupa manjari filled my eyes with light in the land of Vraja, I have yearned to see the red lac decorating Your lotus feet.
15. O queen whose eyes are as beautiful as two blossoming lotus flowers, when Your lake, filled with sweet water and splendid with many blossoming lotus flowers and buzzing bees, appeared before my eyes I at once began to yearn for the nectar of direct service to You.
16. O queen, I shall never ask You for anything other than direct service to your lotus feet. I offer my respectful obeisances to Your friendship. I offer my respectful obeisances to Your friendship again and again. May I find Your service as sweet as nectar. May I find Your service as sweet as nectar.
17. O queen whose fair complexion scratches with its nails the pride of yellow turmeric, when, happily marking my arms with auspicious markings embraced by charming red lac, will You give me the dear service of Your lotus feet.

18. O queen, when with great love and happiness will I daily rinse the drains of Your house with pure water, dry them with my own hair, and then scent Your garden pavilion with an abundance of sweetly fragrant incense?
19. When, at Your house early in the morning, will I carefully wash Your two lotus feet with camphor-scented water and then dry them with my hair?
20. When will this maidservant brush Your teeth with a twig, wash Your lotus feet, and, when You have entered another room, massage You with scented oil?
21. O queen whose lotus face defeats the moon, when, with jars of water scented with flowers and camphor and brought by one of Your charming and affectionate friends, will I carefully bathe You?
22. O moon-faced one, will I with a silken towel slowly and carefully dry the water from Your beautiful, delicate limbs, and the two fishes of Your eyes happily and restlessly swim from one direction to another, will I be allowed, the hairs on my body standing up in bliss, to cover Your hips with a matchless red silk cloth, and all Your limbs, from Your head down, with a beautiful blue sari?
23. O beloved of the prince of Vraja, when, after washing Your lotus feet, will this person, with the many beautiful small garlands artistically fashioned by Narmada devi, lovingly braid Your hair?
24. O queen, when will I happily place on Your forehead beautiful musk tilaka as splendid as the full moon, on Your limbs glistening kunkuma, and on Your breasts wonderful pictures in fragrant colors?
25. O queen, will I, drawing a line of red sindura with a jeweled salaka, decorate the part in Your hair?
26. O queen, with a steady hand will I artistically decorate You with the aromatic red tilaka dots that are the most powerful aphrodisiac to madden Lord Krishna?
27. O beautiful one, will I happily decorate with beautiful earrings Your ears, which are the god of love's two ropes for binding the regal mad elephant of the prince of Vraja's heart?
28. O beautiful queen, although I carefully placed this garment over Your breasts to cover them from Krishna's gaze, He has not understood my intention. Tightly embracing You, He has Himself become the garment covering the two treasures dearer than His own life.

29. O golden-complexioned one, will this maidservant place lovely necklaces of pearls and jewels on Your beautiful breasts, Lord Mukunda's pillows when He is sleepy and fatigued?
30. O lotus-eyed one, at some time will I adorn Your fingers with glittering rings and Your two graceful arms, which are so dear to Lord Hari, with blue armlets studded with jewels?
31. O beautiful-eyed one, will I soon worship Your two lotus feet with jeweled anklets and the petals of Your lotus feet with toe-rings? With a splendid belt will I soon worship Your hips, the sacred pilgrimage place of Lord Krishna?
32. Bowed down with intense bliss, with two jeweled armlets will I decorate Your two graceful lotus arms, which expertly destroy the peacefulness of the swan of Lord Krishna's heart?
33. O beautiful one, will this person some day worship with a valuable necklace Your neck, which attained all good fortune when it was touched by the arm of Lord Gokulacandra in the festival of the rasa dance?
34. O beautiful-faced one, will I make the Syamantaka jewel, which after the death of proud Sankhacuda, was given by Balarama to cheerful-hearted Madhumangala, which Madhumangala with his own hand gave to You, and which since has become the friend of the Kaustubha jewel, the central jewel of Your necklace?
35. O slender-waisted one, when, fearing that Your very slender waist might break, will I very carefully tie it with a new golden belt splendid with flower-cluster tassels at each end?
36. O golden one, when will Your nose, which defeats the sesame flower, receive from my hand a beautiful golden honey-pearl that agitates the great bumblebee of Lord Krishna?
37. O golden one, when, by Your order, will I place on Your left arm a silken band tied with jewels and flowers?
38. O restless-eyed one, the rings I place in Your ears made Lord Krishna, who agitates all the gopis, aimlessly wander in a circle.
39. O fawn-eyed one, when will I place a dot of splendid musk on Your chin, the temple of Mukunda's happiness?
40. O queen, when will I decorate Your pearl-like teeth with ruby-like red lines?

41. O girl with the golden lips, will the Krishna-parrot bite the nectar bimba fruits of Your lips, splendid with red khadira and camphor, placed by Me?
42. When will this person worship with black kajjala Your two eyes, which defeat the khanjana birds, and which, with the slightest movement from their corners, in a moment tightly bind the regal elephant of Lord Krishna?
43. His head reddened by the marks of Your feet as He tries to soothe Your jealous anger Lord Krishna has become extremely handsome. When, decorated with nectar red lac by me, will Your feet become very splendid?
44. O graceful artist, O queen, when will this maidservant happily place a sweet jasmine-garland filled with humming bees on Your gracefully sloping shoulders, touched in the rasa dance by Lord Krishna, who has become a moon shining with amorous passion?
45. O girl with charming limbs, O girl with a beautiful face, will this maidservant nearby hand You the articles of worship when, surrounded by Your friends, You are eager at heart to devotedly worship the sun-god on an alter of suryamani jewels?
46. O girl with beautiful thighs, employing the hands of Your friends, such as myself, will You place before Lord Krishna the many delicious foods You very carefully cooked by the order of the queen of Vraja?
47. O beautiful one, when, lovingly touching her forehead to the forehead of they, like me, who had brought the feast, will the jubilant queen of Vraja, like a loving mother, ask me, because I am Your maidservant, about Your welfare?
48. O queen, will I place before You the prasadam remnants tasted by the lotus mouth of Lord Krishna and respectfully brought by Danistha-gopi.
49. O girl whose limbs are anointed with kunkuma, when will I carefully feed You, Lalita, and Your other friends many kinds of ambrosia foods and nectar drinks mixed with the remnants of what was directly tasted by Lord Krishna?
50. O restless-eyed one, when will I lovingly give You sweet drinking-water scented with fresh patala flowers and camphor, water to rinse Your mouth, a toothbrush twig, and other things?
51. O queen, when, with great love, will I carefully light an abundance of aromatic incense, fan You, and perform other suitable services as You take Your meal?

52. O sweet-limbed girl, when, the hairs of my body standing upright in ecstasy, will I place a betel leaf filled with betel nuts and camphor into the lotus flower of Your mouth?

53. O queen, O beloved of Lord Krishna, will Lalita worship you with an arati lamp as Your other friends worship You with auspicious new songs and flowers and this maidservant, thinking You millions of times more dear than her own life's breath, worships You with a camara whisk?

54. O queen, when, eloquently joking with Lalita and Your other friends, will You decorate with a nap the charming pastime-bed I made with my own hands?

55. O merciful one, O girl with the beautiful heart, will the beautiful and auspicious time come when this maidservant massages Your feet and Rupa manjari massages Your two lotus hands?

56. O girl with the beautiful face, on the strength of some good fortune will I, as a vine of devotion here, in a secret place with Your affectionate friends, attain the remnants You had spit out and the waves of nectar water that washed Your lotus feet?

57. O queen, during Your meal will You take some nectar from Your own lotus mouth and lovingly give it to me, whose heart has gone to You?

58. O queen, will my two eyes someday attain You as, stumbling because of the happiness rising in Your heart, and the hairs of Your body standing erect, You walk to the town of Vraja's king in order to prepare a nectar feast for Lord Madhava?

59. Will Rupa manjari lead You on the path with Lalita and Visakha at Your two sides, Your friends all around, and me holding Your delicate waist from behind?

60 - 61. When will Danistha, seeing it in the distance, affectionately lead You, in my presence, to Nandisvara, the great abode of the king of Vraja, which is filled with affectionate gopi friends, which is even more important than the Govardhana Hill worshipped by Vraja, which is very dear to the prince of Vraja, and which is filled with the tumultuous sounds of the eloquent gopas and the lowing of the surabhi cows?

62. O sweet one, O talented one, when, washing Your auspicious lotus feet, entering the kitchen, bowing down before the queen of Vraja and the other elder gopis, and cooking a nectar feast, will You plunge me into an ocean of bliss?

63. O queen, when will You be seen, Your head bowed and Your face blossoming with happiness as You place the ambrosia foods and nectar drinks for Lord Madhava in the hand of Rohini devi?

64. O sweet girl, when will Your lotus face, its passionate sidelong glances seen by Lord Madhava during the feast in the company of His elders, fill me with happiness?

65. When will You be seen as You gaze at the prince of Vraja, His cheeks sweet with a smile, as He wanders in the forest fulfilling His vow to protect the surabhi cows, or as He is embraced by His mother, her heart overwhelmed?

66. O girl bashful at heart, O girl with the beautiful face, seeing You happily taking Your meal, according to Your promise, with your dear friends and with the queen of Vraja, who is more affectionate than millions and trillions of mothers, will I at once attain bliss in my heart?

67. O girl whose eyes are restless as khanjana birds, seeing You with an embrace, with kissing Your head, and with many loving glances, loved by the queen of Vraja as if You were her own daughter, will I celebrate a great festival of transcendental bliss in my heart?

68. O friend Rupa manjari, will I, following behind, lead our queen, now a dancing arena for waves of amorous passion, Her large eyes wide open, and your arm affectionately placed about the vine of Her waist, to the pastime forest grove decorated by the presence of Lord Hari?

69. O friend, within my sight will Queen Radha with You decorate Her beloved with flower ornaments in a forest cottage by the shore of Her lake?

70. O beautiful one, hearing from the parrot Vicaksana of Your rendezvous with the prince of Vraja, will I happily decorate You with elegant garments, flower earrings, and necklaces?

71. O queen, when will I decorate the splendid doorway with garlands of many flowers filled with buzzing bees and with many splendid pictures of Kama drawn in kunkuma? O moon-faced girl, when will I decorate the bed in the cottage named Madananandada with networks of flowers?

72. O girl as fair as gold, will I happily and gently massage Your lotus feet as You rest Your head against the arm of the prince of Vraja, His lotus feet worshipped by Rupa manjari's hands?

73. Will I see You, Your eyebrows knitted and Your eyes burning with pride as Lord Madhusudana, the crown on the heads of expert jesters, stops You near Govardhana Hill on the pretext of collecting a toll?



74. O sweet-faced girl, when, seeing Lord Mukunda because of the breeze carrying the fragrance of Your slender form on some pretext leave the pastime-bed Candravali with her own hand decorated with jasmine flowers, and, like a black bee, meet You at the lake shore, will I shine with pride?

75. O sweet, moon-faced girl, when will we see the new pastimes You enjoy with the Lord of Your life and with Your friends at Your sweet lake filled everywhere with the humming of intoxicated bees, the cooing of birds, and hosts of splendid, blossoming lotuses?

76. O girl with the beautiful thighs, when will Lord Krishna, who floods me with an ocean of bliss, happily decorate You with many kinds of flowers on the splendid lake shore crowded with blossoming flowers and forests full of humming bees?

77. As Her limbs blossom with happiness, will my queen's hair, decorated by jubilant, trembling Lord Hari with many types of slightly blossomed flowers, many large gunjas, and many splendid peacock feathers, all hastily brought by a certain happy girl, bring bliss to my eyes?

78. O girl with the beautiful face, seeing Lord Madhava struck with a lotus flower by intoxicated You in a flurry of amorous pastimes, will I try to hide the smile on my face?

79. When, O girl with the beautiful face, as You sing sweet love songs with the prince of Vraja, Your splendid graceful shoulder embraced by His long arms and He embraced by Your beautiful arms, will You give me transcendental bliss?

80. O queen, when will I hide the flute that You won from Lord Hari in the dice game, broke, and tossed to me?

81. O girl with the beautiful face, when, the hairs of my body standing up in ecstasy, will I fan You as You lay on a pastime bed of jasmine flowers in the temple of bliss of amorous love, smiling and conversing very sweetly with Your beloved?

82. O queen, O girl whose face is a blossoming lotus flower, O personification of shyness, when, Your two lotus feet exhausted by walking from the rendezvous, will You affectionately call this shameless person by name and engage her in massaging them?

83. "O granddaughter Radha, the time for You to worship the sun-god has come! Where are You." Will Mukhara devi, appearing like the personification of nectar as she angrily speaks in this way, delight me?

84. O queen with my eyes and ears will I serve the nectar of Your words scented with the camphor of Your smile?

85. O pious one, when, picking flowers with Your sweet and crooked friends, You pretend to quarrel with the Lord of Your life and You angrily leave Him, will You fill me with boundless happiness?
86. O merciful one, sweetly begged by Madhava with many unbearable appeals, will this agitated person fall down before Lalita's feet to break Your jealous anger?
87. O wise and solemn one, will Your coronation as the queen of Vrndavan forest, jubilantly performed by Purnamasi with a great festival of auspicious singing, dancing and the music of vinas and other instruments, and with many pitchers of pure, scented water, be seen by me?
88. O girl with the beautiful face, when on the full moon day of the month of Sravana Your brother Sridama pleases the miser Jatila by giving her ten thousand cows and then takes You home for a visit, will, as You melt with weeping from both happiness and sorrow, Your parents lovingly embrace You in my presence?
89. O merciful one, when, because I feel shy before Your friends, will You take me to a cave in the king of mountains and there tutor me in the art of melodious singing?
90. O queen, when, requested by Lalita devi, will You affectionately ask me, my head bowed with shyness in the assembly, to recite many splendid and sweet poems?
91. O queen, when, on the shore of Your lake, in a grove filled with humming bees, will You teach me to play the kacchapi lute?
92. O queen, when, because Your friends are too shy to act, will You hint that I should restrung the favourite necklace, broken in Your pastimes?
93. O queen, when, after looking in all directions, will You take the chewed betel nuts from Your mouth and affectionately place them in mine?
94. O girl with the moon face, with clever hints will You send me to quickly get the favorite charming sash forgotten in the amorous passionate battle with the Lord of Your life?
95. O grave and sober one, after angrily punishing this person for a very slight fault, will You again glance on her with a little mercy when Lalita brings her before You?
96. I am Yours! I am Yours! I cannot live without You! O queen, please understand this and bring me to Your feet.
97. O restless-eyed girl, Your lake is the eternal home of You and Your beloved. My residence is there. There I stay.

98. O beautiful lake, my queen eternally enjoys amorous pastimes with Her beloved on your shore. If you are most dear to Them, then, please mercifully show me now the girl who is my life and soul.

99. My queen will not leave your company for even a moment. Because You are both the same age you are the realm of Her playful joking pastimes. O girl with the beautiful face, O Visakha, please show me my queen and save the life of me, on the verge of death because I am separated from Her.

100. O Lord, O nectar moon of Gokula, O Lord whose cheerful face is a lotus flower, O sweetly-smiling one, O Lord melting with compassion, so I may serve You both with love please lead me to the place where Your beloved enjoys loving pastimes with You.

101. My queen, even a drop of the beauty of the tip of whose lotus toenail the goddess of fortune is not able to attain, if You do not give charity to my eyes, then what is the use of my life, ablaze with a great forest-fire of sufferings?

102. For me somehow the present moment is flooded by a nectar ocean of many hopes. If You do not give me Your mercy, then of what use to me are this life, the land of Vraja, and Sri Krishna, the enemy of Baka?

103. O merciful one, if You will not give Your great mercy to suffering me, then what is the use of all these words? What will my long service to Your lake accomplish?

104. O affectionate one, I pray that this Vilapa-kusumanjali (Handful of Flowers in the Form of a Lament), which, with much weeping to attain Your loving service, and with a heart burning with pain, I take from my chest and place at Your lotus feet, may give You a little pleasure.