

# PARABELS OF MAHAVIR

HARINDRANATH CHATTOPADHYAYA



# **PARABLES OF MAHAVIR**



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**HARINDRANATH CHATTOPADHYAYA**

**NARRATION**

**KIRANBHAI**

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**IN SACRED MEMORY  
DEDICATED TO**

**Shri Babubhai Motilal Dahyabhai  
Jhaveri**

**WITH DEEP GRATITUDE**

**BACHUBHAI  
JAGDISH  
VIDYABEN**

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## FOREWORD

The memorable first milestone of the long untired journey was laid in the year 1968 in a little cabin  $7 \times 3\frac{1}{2}$  on the Fifth Floor of Al Sabah Court which stands on Marine Drive, Bombay—the first milestone to mark the starting of an enchanting work : parables and sayings of Lord Mahavir in verse-form, prose and play-form, exquisite parables which literally intoxicated my heart and mind, rendering the labour across five years of consistent and concentrated creation, a labour of dedication at the feet of the Divine Master Mahavir.

How was the Work first conceived? I must express sheer unqualified gratefulness to Kiranbhai in whose quiet cabin I sat day after day, taking down scraps of notes which served as shorthand—while he read out or recounted parable after parable with undescrivable vividness. While I listened in dumb admiration to Kiranbhai I felt I was literally whisked away to the age of Mahavir, the Golden Lord, on whose very presence I seemed to sit building up the structure of my writings interweaving through them eternal truths embodied in the sacred Jain Scriptures.

I experienced sheer calm excitement of elevated consciousness. All credit goes to Kiranbhai who has himself for years been a acknowledged guru, guide or philosopher friend of thousands of persons

who have been listening with rapt attention to his superb Talks at Shri Godiji's Temple at Pydhoni or elsewhere.

Hundreds of his friends and admirers, including myself, accept him as a first-rate **savant**, a scholar of high distinction; a sort of walking encyclopaedia. He has proved that he is thoroughly versed in various philosophies; Egyptian, Tibetan, Talmud, Kabala, Tarot, I ching, to mention but a few—in short he is learned in both Oriental and occidental religions, beliefs, rituals, traditions and various sorts of mysticism. He is deeply interested in the occult laws of the interrelationships between macrocosm and microcosm, Yes! together Kiranbhai and I without the least desire to publicize it, have journeyed across 2500 years, laying milestone upon milestone of literary creation. And we have been travelers who never experienced fatigue—since being true travelers, it never struck us to count our footfalls.

At last after long and patient waiting the first volume is about to see the light of the day—the first of several more volumes to follow. The books will be issued by Shri Kiran Publishers specially brought about by Kiranbhai to make the memorable Parables reach out to the world.

We kneel before the Golden Master, Lord Mahavir, the Light of light, invoking Him in all humbly to bless our effort and crown it with success.

**Harindranath Chattopadhyaya**

## INTRODUCTION

A single parable has power to transmute human soul to the heights unknown. These religious parables cover spiritual truths of undreamt dimensions. Only he who can read inbetween lines may have some glimpse.

Parables of Mahavir are not fiction. Whatever we have presented here are a few of the precious jewels from the vast ocean of Jain Scriptures.

The credit goes to Dr. Harindranath to present these parables beautifully in English version. He is a poet of global renown and a marvel of versatility. Born in April 1898 at the tender age of eight, he started composing in English, When his first book of poems, *The Feast of Youth*, appeared in 1918, Sri Aurobindo paid him a warm tribute and praised the poems as 'the beginnings of a supreme poetic utterance of the Indian soul in the rhythms of the English tongue'. And Rabindranath Tagore said : "My mentle falls on Harindranath." Since then, many collections of his poems were published. He represented India at the World Conference of thirty Poets held in Montreal in 1967. The President of India conferred on him the signal honour of Padma Bhusan

He also has his deep spiritual longings. He stayed with Sri Aurobindo and the Mother for three years and at the ashram of Bhagawan Raman Maharshi for months together.

I have retained and shall always retain in my memory the spiritual thrilled hours Dr. Harindranath and I spent at morning in my little cabin, where in I have also spent hours in contemplation of the Divine. It was a most memorable experience indeed. It would be no exaggeration to say that while we worked together at the Jain Parables-almost feverishly and breathlessly, we seemed in the presence of the Divine and were blessed for our creative effort. Surely ! without these Blessings, the work could not have continued so triumphantly.

Needless to say that we are continuing the great Work. The K. H. Publication hope to bring in light volume after volume with unflagging interest and regularity.

The responsibility of narration of these parables is mine. I owe an enormous debt of gratitude to all those who joined me in preparation of Jain Parables.

With my Peace and Love.

**KIRANBHAI**

## **PREFACE**

Ahimsa and Syadvad, non-injury to living beings in any form are the basic teachings of Bhagwan MAHAVIR the 24th Tirthankar. He practised and preached Love for all the creatures of the whole universe. His life was full of Compassion, Truth and Austerity. He was the symbol of Sublime Love.

His life was the climax of human achievement, exposition of the great potentialities of the soul power. His transcendental meditation of the highest order and of the purest form help any individual, irrespective of caste or creed to attain soul perfection. What is needed is its proper assimilation and translation into practical life. The message of Bhagwan Mahavir is for the mankind as a whole.

His parables are full with fragrance of Universal Love and help for internal cleanliness of the soul by removing carnal desires and evil passions.

We hope let these Parables help to dedicate ourselves to the Teachings of Bhagwan Mahavir.

Be Peace to ALL.

**MUNI ARUNVIJAY**



# **THE BIRTH OF THE GOLDEN BABE**



## THE BIRTH OF THE GOLDEN BABE

When the golden Lord Mahavir was in his mother's womb, she beheld fourteen dreams. The mother's name was Trishala. She was a beautiful woman ! Queen of king Siddhartha, a calm and radiant being who was loved by his people. The queen had already given birth to a son whose name was Nandivardhan; and to a daughter whose name was Sudarshana. The people of the Kingdom said : "The queen is beautiful; so is the princess beautiful. The king is handsome; so is the prince handsome."

And now, when the news spread everywhere that the queen Trishala was with child, they were very happy. "I wonder whether it is going to be a son again", a passerby thought aloud.

"What does it matter whether it is going to be a son or a daughter, anyway", another remarked.

"In any case, the queen is lovely and what she brings into the world must surely turn out to be lovely", said an old woman to an old man, her neighbour, while sitting on her doorstep.

"In any case, the king is handsome and whether it be a girl or a boy, there is bound to be a royal light in its face", remarked the old man to the old woman, while he smoked a leaf pipe.

"How well matched they are : King Siddhartha and queen Trishala !" remarked a newly married bride to her bridegroom....

A young fellow who overheard her said : "So are you, although you be not king and queen and have no Kingdom", and he laughed !

News came to the palace that the people were anxiously waiting for the new arrival.

News went out of the palace that the queen had fourteen dreams which flowed into her like to a strange procession

#### Fourteen Dreams :

The first was a Lion

The second was an Elephant

The third was a Bull

The fourth was Laxmi, Goddess of Wealth.

The fifth was a Garland of Flowers.

The sixth was the Moon.

The seventh was the Sun

The eighth was a Big Banner

The ninth was a round pot filled with Nectar

The tenth was a Lotus Lake

The eleventh was an Ocean

The twelfth was a Flying Chariot of the gods

The thirteenth was a Heap of Gems

The fourteenth was a Fire without Smoke.

And queen Trishala said that the dreams entered through her mouth into her belly . . . .

And not only did the news of these fourteen dreams go out to the subjects of King Siddhartha and queen Trishala . . . .

But it also reached the ears of Nature :

It made earth dance with joy !

It filled the fields with bright green laughter !

Everywhere excited birds did not know whether to sit on branches and sing at the top of their voices; or to fly across the blue air, cutting it with the flapping of merry wings !

The sky looked lovingly over the palace with millions of stars that are the eyes of the sky; and their crystal beams pierced through the palace-top and reached, through the roof, the bed-chamber in which the queen was resting on a soft silken bed.

And the clouds floated over the kingdom like milch-cows with udders heavy with milk. They rained lovely showers which fed the harvests earth was getting ready for the kingdom.

But the most wonderful thing that happened was the way in which, even without being asked, other kings from other kingdoms arrived to bend before his throne and offer him homage saying :

“We have heard the glad tidings and have come all the way from our distant kingdoms to offer our affectionate blessings to the babe who is about to arrive.

Something tells us he is going to rule, some day, not over kingdoms of the kind kings we rule, but over the most precious Kingdom of kingdoms. : the human heart.

The hearts of millions and millions, and for ages and ages ! since he himself has come out of

ages and ages to mark a new Golden Age for all alike on earth.

The kings who had come from a-far seemed to be under some spell which had brought them to king Siddhartha's kingdom....

Their eyes were filled with light while they knelt before him in deep humility.

There lived in Siddhartha's kingdom an astrologer, a learned seer who knew the stars by heart; when he talked of the planets you thought he was their neighbour.

The king sent a palanquin to fetch him to the palace.

And the astrologer arrived with his long red-cloth-covered book of starry arithmetic : which is to say that he could count the stars on his fingertips the instant he looked into the pages of the book; and, along with the stars, he counted the destinies of men which those stars worked out.

Said the king : "We have great faith in your calculations ! Do tell us something about the babe in the womb of the royal mother."

The astrologer put his finger on the seventh page of the book and read without stopping at any word : "The babe will be a boy; yet he will not be a human creature !"

Those who heard this were shocked "What !" exclaimed the king. "What do you mean ? not be a human creature ?"

Did the astrologer suggest he would be a creature of the jungle ?

" O King ! he who is about to come will be a god, a god in every sense of the word ! He who is about to come into the world is the Lord of Bounty, Vardhamana, for whom it has been waiting for a long long time "

The babe within the womb heard what the astrologer said. He did not move inside, since he did not wish to disturb his mother; he did not want to trouble her, moving from side to side in the womb. He lay still, very still for one hour, two hours, three hours, and then - the queen, who waited anxiously for her babe to stir inside, began to get nervous. She thought the babe was dead. She sobbed loudly; the king sobbed, too; and, with them, sobbed Nandivardhan, the prince; and Sudarshana, the princess. The rumour spread like wild fire; and the whole kingdom sobbed along with the royal family. Even Nature sobbed - she who had, only a while ago, shown her joy through birds that started singing; and fields which laughed a lavish green laughter; and stars which peeped through the palace - roof to see the queen resting on a soft silken bed; and clouds which poured and poured and fed the harvests when they heard the news of the fourteen dreams which had entered the queen who was shortly going to be a mother.

The babe inside the womb saw clearly the picture of the world since he was a divine babe. He saw the sky and the ocean and the earth; he knew every star and grain of sand by heart. He

measured the length and the breadth of the kingdom over which his father, the king, ruled.

He measured the heart of his mother, the queen; and knew that it was sad because she thought he was dead inside her; all because he lay utterly still, holding his breath so that she should not be troubled in the womb.

But it all turned out to be otherwise. "I must tickle her a little so that she knows I am quite alive!" the babe thought to himself. So he tickled one corner of her womb with his tiny finger.

The queen's face flushed with the dawn of hope: "It lives! it lives!" she said with excitement! And the king took up the queen's words with equal excitement and shouted "It lives! it lives!" and these two words were taken up by the prince and the princess; and then by the king's retinue of servants; and within a little while, by the subjects of the entire Kingdom....

The fields which had begun to fade, had once again turned green with harvests. The sky put on a robe of such blueness as it had never worn before! The ocean leaped and crashed with wild joy and its waves clapped their hands and shouted to the hills: "It lives! It lives!" The winds blew across the palace top and whistled "It lives! It lives!"

But nobody and nothing knew the truth. The babe in the womb quietly thought to himself; "The whole world lives, but it does not know it lives in me!"

And then the babe who was a golden boy whispered to his mother, the queen : "Mother ! without seeing me you love me so dearly ! What would you do, then, if, after I came into your world and grew up and then left you; father and brother and sister and kingdom, renouncing the world which you all love ? No ! I shall not renounce the world until that moment comes when I can say to myself: "I am free to renounce it after I have fulfilled my duty towards you who will soon be bringing me into what men call the world."

The Golden Child was born...

The Golden Master Mahavir had come to reveal Himself to the world of time and space, in order to spread His message of peace.

There was rejoicing everywhere.

Once again the king ordered that his chariot go fetch the astrologer, who arrived once again with his red-covered-book of starry arithmetic.

"Pray, astrologer ! will you tell us what were the fourteen dreams our queen Mother dreamed when the golden babe came into her body nine months ago"

And the queen recounted all her fourteen dreams :

- ( 1 ) Lion : Golden Power.
- ( 2 ) Elephant : Golden Dignity.
- ( 3 ) Bull : Golden capacity to draw the Chariot of Religion.
- ( 4 ) Lakshmi : Golden Goddess who will spread prosperity over the world.

- (5) Garland : a chain of fragrant flowers to adorn a Golden Life about to start for your kingdom and the world.
- (6) Full Moon : a ripe and rounded Golden Motherhood of love for all.
- (7) Sun : Golden Omniscience which will put an end to the darkness of ignorance.
- (8) Big Banner : Golden Eternity of fame and glory.
- (9) Round pot : a rounded existence filled to the brim with the Golden Nectar of Peace.
- (10) Lotus Lake : Golden Aloofness from the world while being in the midst of it.
- (11) Ocean : Golden Magnanimity of heart.
- (12) Flying Chariot : Golden Mission of carrying the world across vast distances of existences.
- (13) Heap of Gems : Golden Virtues without end.
- (14) Fire without smoke : Golden Fire burning without smoke inside the heart, lending warmth to the world.

**In Short : The fourteen dreams signify the Birth of the Golden Master, Mahavir.**

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# **A MAHAVIR PARABLE**



# A MAHAVIR PARABLE

## PART ONE

*After initiation Mahavir walked from town to town,  
covering great distances between dawn and dusk.*

Long league on league, without fatigue,  
The great Mahavir trod  
In lonely quest of his own self,  
Another name for God !

Arriving at a certain town  
He rested for a while :  
The townsfolk flocked around him, and  
Drew nectar from his smile.

"I wish to go to the next town,  
Pray, tell me how to go,  
I wish to take the shorter route,  
The shortest that you know."

The townsfolk said in one accord :  
"O Sire ! we wish to say :  
The shorter route is most unsafe,  
Prefer the longer way.

"Nobody takes the shorter route  
Since there, along it lies  
A twining serpent who has twin  
Volcanic holes for eyes;

“Holes that are horribly alive  
 With poison—lava red  
 As reddest lightning with a power  
 To strike wayfarers dead !

“That serpent has been there for years,  
 His length is packed with ire,  
 And every time he hisses, he  
 Ejects a jet of fire.

“He is unvanquishable, he  
 Is mighty and supreme....  
 Nay, do not take the shorter route,  
 Not even in a dream !”

Mahavir pondered for a while....  
 In silence absolute  
 He stood, then suddenly exclaimed;  
 “I’ll take the shorter route !

“I have a duty to perform,  
 I hope to walk above  
 The serpent’s wrath, the serpent’s hate,  
 I hope to teach him love.

“I hope to make his venom change  
 To nectar beyond price;  
 I hope to teach him deathless life  
 Through love and sacrifice.

“I’ll teach him truth and soon transform  
 His nature—sure, I will !  
 So, now you know, I’ve got to go  
 A duty to fulfil !”

While townfolk marvelled at his words,  
 Their hearts were sore and sad,  
 Some thought him over-confident,  
 While others thought him mad.

"Well, Sire ! if you must go the way  
 Others have gone before you,  
 You'll go—but we are sorry for  
 That mother's womb which bore you !"

Initiate Mahavir went  
 Brimming with inspiration,  
 To give the serpent, thing of hate,  
 Love's high initiation.

The instant that he set his foot  
 Along the route of danger,  
 He heard the serpent hiss and say :  
 "You shall be stricken, Stranger !"

But Mahavir, unruffled, said :  
 "Compassion floods my pores  
 To meet you and to greet you, since  
 I am a friend of yours."

The serpent hissed a twisted flame,  
 His eyes went rolling red:  
 "You are a stranger, you are not  
 A friend of mine...." he said.

"Go back to there from where you came,  
 Your presence drives me mad.  
 To linger longer here is death:  
 I've nothing more to add.

Mahavir did not turn a hair:  
‘I’m not afraid of doom !  
You said: to linger longer here  
Is death—but death for whom ?”

The serpent overwrought and taut  
Struck at his foot to slay him.

**Mahavir was a game of God,  
The serpent could not play him !**

Thrice did the serpent strike his foot,  
Black venom in his bite;  
The wounds began to gush with blood,  
Not red—but crystal white.

Since it was sacred milk that flowed  
Within his veins, and not  
Mere ordinary mortal blood  
As the blind serpent thought.



## PART TWO

Before the Lord the serpent's pride  
Began to cringe and crouch.  
A cataract of nectar poured  
Into his poison-pouch.

Nay, he began to be convinced,—  
Though men might deem it odd!—  
That he, whom he had bitten, was  
A veritable god !

A god no creature and no thing  
In all the world could hurt,  
And, least of all, and least of all,  
A serpent's poison-spurt.

The serpent slowly felt his blood  
Turning both sweet and strange,  
While yielding venom he received  
Rare nectar in exchange.

Mahavir stood most image-like  
Before the serpent's eyes  
That gradually seemed to grow  
Compassionate and wise.

The serpent said : "You are a god  
With whom I tried, in vain,  
To try my strength; but now, I swear,  
I'll never try again !

"I thought I was a giant whom  
Nobody dare defeat,  
But you, O Lord ! have crushed my power  
And shattered my conceit.

"Your presence is the presence of  
A being thrice divine :  
You are no stranger, you are not,  
But a true friend of mine !

"Since, canceling all hate, you have  
Awakened love within  
This callous serpent-length of me :  
Dark synonym for sin.

"Sweet Friend ! you have decided to  
Transform me and unfold  
Before me my forgotten past,  
My myriad births of old."

The serpent sobbed in burning shame  
And sighed in deep regret.  
Then, for the first time in his life,  
His serpent eyes were wet,

Were wet with sad repentant tears  
Which made Mahavir say :  
"Repentant tears are holy tears  
That wash all sins away.

“Now let me tell you once for all,  
It never is too late  
To launch upon a life of truth  
And change the course of fate.”

The serpent said : Forgive me, Sire !  
For my uncouth behaviour :  
Be by my side, you are my guide,  
You are my only saviour !”

Mahavir placed his quiet palm  
Upon the serpent's hood  
Assuring him, in simple words,  
His life was changed for good !

“Your life has changed and you shall soon  
Take heaven itself by storm.  
Know that you are some future sage  
In this, your present form.

“And this, your serpent form, shall pass  
After being bled and tortured. . . .  
Yet, every wound you bear shall be  
A ripe fruit in God's orchard !”

And now the serpent thought it time  
To purify his soul :  
Straightway, he sped and hid his head  
Inside his serpent-hole.

He hid his head, he hid his hood  
 In utter grief, and swore  
 That he would hate, that he would hurt,  
 That he would bite no more !

Outside the hole the serpent stretched  
 His serpent length for good  
 Inside that hole in utter dark  
 He hid both head and hood.

Since he, the serpent, had, by now  
 Decided to remain  
 Ascetic-wise, nor ever use  
 His filthy fangs again !

Mahavir quietly remarked :  
 "Receiving heavenly grace  
 Soon, very soon, the serpent shall  
 With God come face to face.

But he shall have to pay the price  
 Of pain, before he does,  
 About him, lo ! already I  
 Can hear sweet angels buzz.

I hear sweet angels buzz with joy  
 Since the divine Protector  
 Has blessed him and transformed his gall  
 To nothing short of nectar."



### PART THREE

The townsfolk watched the distant scene  
With hushed abated breath  
And marvelled at the Stranger who  
Was unafraid of death,

Of certain death awaiting him  
Along the shorter route.  
They saw the way the Stranger met  
The challenge of the brute;

That serpent who, for years, had slain  
Poor travellers who took  
That selfsame route; had slain them with  
His fiery serpent look !

But in the Stranger's case they saw  
The serpent, fuming wild,  
Strike at his feet and while he did,  
That Stranger only smiled !

Seeing the light upon his face,  
The splendour in his eyes,  
They gathered that he was a god  
Come down from paradise

To serve the earth and save the earth  
From serpent-lust and hate :  
Some whispered : "He is wonderful !"  
And other's "He is great !"

And now they knew the route was safe,  
 So they approached the spot  
 But, as they did, the Stranger seemed  
 To be a distant dot;

A distant dot against the sky  
 Which paled and disappeared :  
 The townsfolk clapped their hands in glee  
 And cheered and cheered and cheered !

The serpent with both head and hood  
 Stuck in his serpent-hole,  
 Lay stretched in penance undisturbed,  
 Displaying self-control.

He did not move, he did not budge,  
 One inch; he did not hiss :  
 The towns-folk wishpered each to each :  
 "What miracle is this !

They found he could perform no more  
 His deadly feats and tricks.  
 So they began to strike him with  
 Unfeeling stones and sticks.

The serpent did not budge or stir,  
 He sensed an inward power  
 While sticks continued blow on blow.  
 And stones began to shower.

They wounded and insulted him,  
Then left him lying alone.  
The serpent did not, in distress,  
So much as even moan.

Calmly he thought, "My wounded form  
Shall render me divine :  
Some day my wounds shall burn like lamps  
To light some holy shrine."

Then quietly he went within  
The quietness inside  
His state of penance and of prayer,  
Then quietly he died.





# **BHAGWAN MAHAVIR'S IMPOSSIBLE VOW**



## A FEW WORDS

This is one of the most celebrated Parables of Bhagwan Mahavir, the last prophet of the religion of the Jains.

Bhagwan Mahavir was a contemporary of the Lord Gautam Buddha who was the younger of the Two.

All such parables possess deep insight and an almost unfathomable depth. One has to read between the events and words they embody, if their inmost significance and meaning are to be captured, even if it be somewhat vaguely.

This parable is unique, one of the most unique among Jain parables. Meditating one-pointedly on it, one awakens the psyche, realising that it is stained richly with the glow of Divinity.

It is, in short, a hint at the human will sublimated to the point of its marriage with the Divine Will.

"The Impossible Vow" deals with its final fulfilment rendering the impossible possible through Vasumati, the Princess, who, after months of unspeakable trial and tribulation, succeeds in attaining liberation crowning her Head of the Nuns of Mahavir's Religious Order.

## **BHAGWAN MAHAVIR'S IMPOSSIBLE VOW**

So, to Koshambi Town Mahavir came :  
Hiding, behind a mask of form and name,  
The naked crying hunger of the Soul  
To reach a seemingly impossible goal.  
He heard the simple honest folk remark :

### **FIRST**

His eyes resemble torches in the dark.

### **SECOND**

He seems a thing of splendour, chaste and fresh.

### **THIRD**

There is calm flowering about his flesh.

### **FOURTH**

His presence scatters paradisaal balm.

### **FIFTH**

He seems to bear a world upon his palm  
Kindled to inward glow....

### **SIXTH**

He seems a friend  
To lonely roadways winding without end

### **SEVENTH**

Why ! he himself is like a road that runs  
Across the sky, greeted by moons and suns.

**EIGHTH**

Why ! he himself is as a sky which spreads  
Love's angel-canopy above our heads !

**NINTH**

Surely he is the true dividing line  
Standing between the human and divine.

**TENTH**

Lo ! he has come to save us and uplift  
Our sinking souls....

**ELEVENTH**

He seems a heavenly gift  
Granted to us by centuries of Grace.

**TWELFTH**

We taste ascension when we see his face.

Shatanik was a much respected king;  
The redness of the ruby in his ring  
Was of his people's laughter, not their blood..  
He loved long roadways that he trod; the mud  
Of his dear earth, his kingdom; and he watched,  
With all a poet's rapture, heavens blotched  
With passing clouds; he watched the rising sun  
Incarnadine horizon-fringes. None  
Could guage the gladness of his being when  
He gazed into the lonesome eyes of men  
In quest of something far-away, above  
Their little gaze unconsciously in love  
With Beauty; even though they hardly knew,  
Shatanik loved the green of grass; the blue

Vastness of sky; the scintillating spangle  
 Of moon-wooded seas; the seven-tinted bangle  
 Of the rare rainbow round the wrist of space...  
 Mrigavati, his queen, was steeped in grace,  
 Her nature brimmed with bounty; when she smiled  
 She drew the hearts of woman, man and child  
 Who thought she was a being half-divine,  
 Worthy of being installed within a shrine.

.....

When Mahavir arrived, both king and queen  
 Observed : though he was seen he was unseen,  
 A simultaneous Image as of One  
 For whom the light of heaven had begun.  
 He walked for miles and miles and did not speak :  
 His very silence rippled, a unique  
 River of calm inviting all to dip  
 Within its depths in high companionship.  
 Even to gaze upon his form began  
 For multitudes the sense as of one Man,  
 One Singlehood untroubled and unsplit  
 Into the many; lonely Infinite  
 Cancelling all sense of finite.

All who saw  
 Mahavir, felt he was himself the Law  
 Manoeuvring creation; even though  
 He had as yet a long long way to go  
 Ere he could reach the goal. He took a pledge  
 Fire-terrible, sharp as a razor's edge;  
 Mahavir had set out alone to carve

A destiny of godhead which already  
Was imaged through his presence....

"I will starve"

He said, "and yet, my footfalls shall be steady  
Along this obstinate journey I have chosen....  
Nothing, in this ephemeral world, shall cozen,  
No self-persuasion; no compelling force,  
These feet to alter their decided course.  
Yea ! I shall starve, by way of discipline,  
To rouse the drowsed magnificence within.  
I shall pursue my goal; I shall not tire  
Of going through the cruel test of fire  
Which my ordeal is.. I shall not rest  
Until I have gone through the master-test,  
Of my resolve....

Behold ! Mahavir was

Even as a listening, illumined pause.  
Four months had passed; man's calendar stood beaten  
While dates of passing days began to bleed,  
Since not one morsel had Mahavir eaten,  
The Golden Lord born of ascetic breed !  
Breathing of abstinence and penance, such  
As was a fire to extinguish fire.  
Naught on the earth could break his oath or touch  
His obstinate heart with undivine desire.  
Now while he walked he seemed a funeral-pyre  
Consuming his own body; yet his will  
Continued all unbroken, rooted deep  
Like to a tranquil heaven-aspiring hill  
Vigilant in a world of dreamless sleep.  
The teeming town, the greatest and the least,

With love prepared for him a royal feast  
 Of costliest viands : rice and curds and fruit,  
 Honey and milk and saffron-flavoured sweet;  
 But Mahavir, whose oath was absolute,  
 While, thanking the whole Town, refused to eat.  
 Depression gripped the townsfolk and the town  
 Seemed darkened with a sense of darkening doom.  
 Sobs clove the air; the king walked up and down  
 In his tall tower; the queen was bent with gloom.  
 Koshambi Town lay prostrate at the feet  
 Of mendicant Mahavir lost in prayer.  
 The townsfolk murmured :

**FIRST**

Will he never eat ?

**SECOND**

No ! he is under oath....

**THIRD**

To live on air ?

**FOURTH**

Nobody knows how an ascetic sheathes  
 His mind and blood and body against odds !

**FIFTH**

Perhaps, he needs no food because he breathes  
 Not human breath like ours, but breath of gods !

**SIXTH**

Naught were impossible for such a being  
 Who, even seen by us, escapes our seeing !

**SEVENTH**

A curse is on our Town !

**EIGHT**

We feel, somehow,  
 Like helpless hope-deserted orphans now.

Days passed and nights went by of sleep bereft . .  
 Unruffled and alone, Mahavir left  
 Koshambi to continue on his way,  
 Unconscious of the night and of the day,  
 Unconscious of the dusk and of the dawn,  
 Quest-quiet, shining, solitary soul—  
 The mendicant went on and on and on,  
 And on and on he went towards his goal.

.....

Betwixt twin harmonies of earth and sky,  
 He was convinced that death itself would die  
 Through his ripe realisation . . . .

“I will leave

Hunger alone to burn till I receive  
 Dole offered by a princess. Lo ! from now  
 I vow I shall not ever break a vow  
 Made in the Court of Angels.

And he said:

“That princess shall be beautiful, her head  
 Clean-shaven; fetters round her hands and feet:  
 A slave-girl who has had no food to eat  
 For three entire sobbing days and nights.  
 And when, on my arrival, she invites  
 These hands to stretch in silence for an alms,  
 I will, in reverence, on outspread palms  
 Receive it as from one of angel-clan:  
 Black lentils doled out of a winnowing fan.  
 She must await me, even as a mother

Who has expected me for years and years:  
 One foot across the threshold and the other  
 Inside her darkened cell of lurking fears;  
 Irrevocable oath ! until I meet  
 Such an impossible alms-giver, I shall not eat.  
 The King Shatanik said: "Now will I wear  
 War-armor"—and he said it with a frown:  
 "Since I am hungry to enthuse the air  
 With battle-throb and battle-threat and thud.  
 I'll march for the tenth time on Champa Town  
 With battle rapture ringing in my blood,  
 My banner floated under heaven's wide arch,  
 And this shall be my last and final march !"

King Dadhivahan's might could hardly vie  
 With that of king Shatanik, long-acclaimed  
 Unvanquishable. Not afraid to die,  
 He always felt that death was but a lie !  
 He leaped into the field like some untamed  
 Lion whose battle-roar shattered the sky.

Brief was the battle. In unspeakable dread  
 King Dadhivahan, like a coward fled,  
 Deserting battlefield and battle slaughter,  
 Deserting Dharani, his loyal wife,  
 Deserting Vasumati, his dear daughter:  
 King Dadhivahan fled to save his life !

A camel-driver watched them from a-far  
 And to himself he muttered: "Very soon  
 They shall be mine. How beautiful they are !  
 The queen is a ripe-risen desert-moon,  
 The princess, a raw-ripened desert star !

Then, in his flesh moulded of desert-dust,  
 Naked and hot with glare, callous and cruel,  
 Awakened what impossible monster-lust  
 Self-conflagrating ! he was even as fuel  
 Kindled to flames, each flame a demon's tongue  
 Leaping to lick their beauty out of shape.  
 The camel-driver said: "Why ! both are young !"  
 His eyes turned mouths prepared to glut and rape.  
 He told them "I will help you to escape . . . .  
 Come, ride upon my virgin camel's back;  
 Leaving this town let us depart in haste,  
 We'll ride all night until the crimson crack  
 Of the next day. We have no time to waste.  
 Tomorrow waits to offer you a taste  
 Of desert hospitality and fare,  
 The safety of the desert, honest-bare  
 Which, by your wondrous beauty, shall be graced;  
 Your breath shall scent the lonely desert-air  
 And every grain of desert-sand grow sweet  
 Trodden but once by your angelic feet."

The queen, creature of chastity and pride,  
 Knew death alone was now her surety.  
 She had already passed away inside  
 Her body: death had stood security.  
 And, of a sudden, she collapsed and died.  
 The heavens knew it was not suicide,  
 But sheer corollary of purity.

The princess, lambent as a precious pearl,  
 Rode on the camel's back, with naught to say:  
 The camel-driver's brain was in a whirl;  
 He muttered: "I will sell this lovely girl  
 To some rich merchant who may come my way."

The camel journeyed league on yawning league,  
 Without the slightest feeling of fatigue.  
 The princess, with deep anguish overcome,  
 Sat on its back, an image strange and dumb,  
 As in a vacuum, unmoved, unstirred,  
 Listless and far-away, without a word.

The day dawned with a sense of aftermath  
 Following a night of orgiac revelry  
 In the mind's hell, old hall of devilry.

The driver all along the journey sat  
 Listening to his own heart go pit-a-pat.  
 As though thrice hideous demons danced within it  
 Intensifying torture every minute.  
 He heard wild voices mock throughout the night:  
 "Rascal ! it serves you right, it serves you right !"  
 The day dawned with a sense of aftermath  
 For the crude camel-driver.

"We have come !"

He said to her: "Here is the royal path"  
 Then, in his heart, the thought began to stir:  
 "The time has come for me to part from her,  
 To sell her beauty for a tidy sum.  
 It should be very simple, since I know,  
 This is the road by which rich merchants come  
 and go.....

.....

Then, soon appeared a merchant who was known  
 For fairness and for justice and for truth.  
 The driver, in true auctioneering tone,  
 Shouted: "Behold ! her beauty and her youth  
 Are waiting to become your very own !  
 Purchase her, brother Merchant ! she is worth  
 The wealth of twenty Kuberas on earth !"

The merchant bought her for a princely price  
 And led her home. Young Vasumati knew  
 The merchant's heart was innocent of vice,  
 Since every word he spoke rang scripture-true.  
 "Fear not ! I am your father; lay your trust  
 In me who shall protect your life with care;  
 You must not ever doubt me ! Nay ! you must  
 Remember I shall treat you like a prayer  
 Offered in grateful thanks to God above  
 Who knows I love you with paternal love."

.....

"I have brought home a gem of purest water"  
 He said to Moola, his devoted wife  
 Childless for years. "I have brought home  
a daughter  
 Who will, with meekness, serve you all your life.  
 You must be kind to her; you must look after  
 This lovely maiden with unceasing care;  
 Then life for us shall be as running laughter,  
 Our house shall change into a House of Prayer.  
 She bears nobility in form and feature,  
 She seems of extraordinary birth.

Surely she is no ordinary creature  
But some angelic spirit come to earth.

.....

Days passed, and with the days, in Moola's breast  
Grew a great jealousy all unexpressed,  
Which, unsuspected, lengthened, wide-awake,  
Slowly into a sneaking, slimy snake,  
Stark venom dripping from its pointed fangs  
A deadly mood in her had come to stay  
Consuming her with hate which spread a heat  
Through rib and flesh....

One day she saw a sight  
Which roused her snake of jealousy to meet  
Its vital moment for a fatal bite.  
She saw the maiden wash her husband's feet  
With such fond love as she had never known.  
"So now", she said, "the drama is complete  
Leaving in me no room to doubt my doubt.  
My poison-snake shall gnaw her, limb and bone:  
The play is done; the lights must be put out!"

.....

One morning, when the merchant left the house  
On business and went into the city,  
Moola, with vengeance burning on her brows,  
Sent for a barber, and devoid of pity,  
Wrathful decision in her tone, she said:  
"Dry up that flowing cataract of hair,  
And with your favourite razor shave her head,  
Yea! every inch of it—and leave it bare!"

The barber did his job and went away,  
 And then the girl, who offered no resistance,  
 Was flogged and thrashed without the least delay,  
 Then, dragged away, a solitary distance  
 Where, in a ruin-rife deserted room,  
 She was immured to languish in its gloom.  
*It must be kept a secret unrevealed;*  
*The servant knew—but then, their lips were sealed.*

The merchant soon returned and found her missing:  
 "Where is our daughter?"

"She is lost, I fear!

Who could have dreamed that she would  
 disappear?"

Replied the wife, a serpent in her hissing  
 The sound of which her ears alone could hear.  
 "Lost" cried the merchant cracking like a rock  
 Beneath some devastating thunder-shock.  
 And then he wandered here, and wandered there  
 Looking for her: "Where have you gone?  
 O where?"

Pearl of my life! my child! my precious one!  
 Nobody answered to relieve his sorrow—  
 Today turned yesterday; each morrow's sun  
 Measured, sun after sun, tomorrow on tomorrow.

.....

Mahavir walked, stern stranger to desire,  
 With but his shadow as a co-wayfarer...  
 At every step he seemed to walk thought fire,  
 Of all fire-bearers, loneliest fire-bearer.

Nature pulsated while she saw him pass  
 Along the winding road : withdrawn, alone.  
 He seemed to her a many-mirrored glass  
 Catching each image of her, form and tone,  
 Transforming the soft greenness of the grass  
 To greenness as no grass had even known;  
 The blueness of all heaven to such blue  
 As though Divinity sat looking through  
 "We hail thee", twittered birds upon their boughs  
 "Thou art a Saviour !" whispered winds and trees,  
 While bald grey boulders all along the way  
 Declared: "He holds the power to rouse  
 Such living ecstasy in stone and clay  
 As grow from more to more and comes to stay!"  
 Wide wayside-ricefields chanted: "If you please,  
 A Master with god-splendour on his brows  
 Renders our harvest richer by degrees!"

.....

Soon he arrived and stood before a house  
 Dilapidated, ruin-ravaged, dead:  
 "My oath awaits fulfilment here", he said.

On the dim wall of a half-kindled room  
 He noticed a young shadow move about;  
 The house, it wore the aspect of a tomb,  
 The air around it seemed a strangled shout;  
 A door unbolted, creaked and opened wide,  
 Revealing someone languishing inside.  
 Mahavir thought: "At last, beyond a doubt,

The Instant hath arrived for me—and now  
 I shall fulfil my most impossible Vow !  
 My days of fast are done". Mahavir said:  
 Each detail stood before him. There he was  
 The Masterpiece to meet a Holy Cause:  
 A princess more than beautiful; her head  
 Clean-shaven; fetters round her hands and feet,  
 A slave-girl who had had no food to eat  
 For three entire sobbing nights and days—  
 ' Where is the end to the Lord's dark  
                   inscrutable ways ?'

Black lentil-grain spread on a winnowing fan;  
 She seemed true member of some angel-clan  
 Who had awaited him for years and years;  
 One foot across the threshold, and another  
 Inside the room that gloom was out to smother !  
 A room ? a lonely cell of lurking fears !  
 Mahavir said : "Come hither, little Mother !  
 Deal me a dole of lentils on these palms  
 That have been waiting to receive an alms  
 Only your hands can grant me . ." Streams of tears  
 Flowed from her eyes while she, before him, stood,  
 Stirred at the being's core; and had begun  
 To look on every man as on a son.  
 The fetters round her hands and feet began  
 To slip and fall and crumble. Heaven ran  
 Towards her with high ecstasy untold  
 And, suddenly, wild chants of angels showered  
 The air with notes dropping like liquid gold  
 Out of their radiant throats: all godhood flowered  
 From end to of sky !

THROUGH MARTYRDOM  
OF CRYING FLESH THE SPIRIT WALKETH FREE !

The princess, turned a slave-girl, slowly passed  
Into a shining saint in years to come:  
While Mahavir himself became a vast  
Eternity inside eternity  
Helping, in future, faltering feet to climb  
Darkling ascents of ignorance and time.

Here ends the parable  
of The Impossible Vow.

---

# **A DROP OF HONEY**





Decided with his pliant  
 Free undefeated trunk,  
 To coil and twine and twist and tease,  
 The banyan tree, the Tree of trees,  
 And pull it down with royal ease,  
 Yea ! from its very root !  
 Then, without hesitation, crush the pigmy  
underfoot !
 The man looked down and saw a well; and  
in the well he saw
 A serpent of tremendous length,  
 A serpent of stupendous strength,  
 And saw saliva slip and drip out of its open jaw.  
 It seemed to him, from where it hung,  
 That it was not so very young,  
 He saw the flickers of its tongue  
 And shook with dreadful awe !  
 Death seemed to say : your time has come to  
pay the final price!-
 You hardly guessed that all your life  
 I followed on your track !''  
  
 Lo ! when he turned an upward gaze  
 He fell into a sort of daze,  
 Upon the branch, on which he hung, he saw a  
pair of mice.



The man replied : "Sweet Angel ! why are you  
in such a haste ?  
Can you not see the honey hive perched right  
upon the top ?  
Before I go with you I do so want to catch the taste  
That very very very small, alluring honey drop  
Almost about to fall into my mouth, a honey drop  
I hardly wish to waste !,"

---

# **PARABLE OF THE CRYSTAL CLOTH**



# PARABLE OF THE CRYSTAL CLOTH

## SEQUENCE ONE

The Curtain is still unlifted. The auditorium is darkened to the clang of the gong, deep-voiced and resonant, leaving behind vibrations of sound lingering and gradually fading out. In the darkness we hear :

### A DEEP VOICE

I am the Ancient Interpretor, an Invisible Sutradhar who delves into the mystery of the unborn.

I am in touch with the thoughts of every babe nestling in its mother's womb. I hear its thoughts distinctly, since I am a State of Listening combined with a State of Voice supported by total Silence, the highest speech in creation. In the beginning was the Word, the Sound— but before the Beginning began by the Word, the Sound, there was deep absolute Silence !     **(gong is struck)**

I am created out of  
 the divine stuff of bodilessness.  
 Now, listen ! this day I have the task  
 of interpreting the shining thoughts of  
 Infant Mahavir who, at daybreak completed  
 seven months of existence in the womb  
 of his Mother : Woman of Destiny !  
 I overheard those shining thoughts which  
 almost blinded my Listening !

( gong is struck )

These were thoughts : **( sound of flute  
 which continues very faintly behind the  
 entire speech of the Infant in the Womb )**

I must lie still and unstirring.  
 I shall lie still, unstirring : like to a  
 pebble at the bottom of a deep deep well;  
 like to a pearl inside an oyster at the  
 bottom of a deep deep ocean;  
 like to an egg inside a nest which, to  
 the unborn bird, must seem deep, deep,  
 deep.  
 I shall lie still and unstirring, like to  
 a yogi throned at the bottom of deep

deep contemplation, without a  
twitch, encircled by ring within ring within  
ring of tranquility.

**( and now starts the tinkling  
sound of temple bells..... )**

**The Curtain rises, revealing on the stage,  
right in the centre, a beautiful Mother  
caught in a patch of warm glow thrown  
on to her by a shaft of light suddenly  
merging out of the darkness.**

**MOTHER ( gradually turning pale )**

What has befallen ? the inside hath  
all of a sudden stopped stirring !  
I fear it is dead, it is dead ! or—is my  
judgment, being human, an erring  
Judgment, a false preconception ? Sweet  
Lord of the Heavens ! be near me !  
I need you ! I call to you out of the  
deep deep heart : Can you hear me !  
If you can not, confess you are deaf ! if  
you can, you are dumb !  
O speak to me ! tell me, why is my baby

so still

In the dark of my womb ? is its little  
life done, to fulfil

Some mood of your firmament, some dark  
demand of your Will ?

If that be so, say ! do you create to destroy ?  
Are you nourished from moment to moment  
on human grief ?

Does it lend you high satisfaction to  
fracture our joy,

Fragment us without any ruth ?

Does it bring you relief ?

**( the resonance of the tanpurās  
stops...Dead silence follows )**

**DEEP VOICE (of the Ancient Interpreter)**

The infant's thoughts begin to speak again :

Listen !

**( the flute starts its music  
—soft and almost in-audible, but  
heart-haunting in the extreme )**

The delicate Bearer of me—my Beautiful  
Mother—has totally misunderstood my  
intention of sparing her the least small

inconvenience or discomfort; it was only to save her from the least small torture that I had decided to lie still and unstirring inside her.

**( the gong resounds )**

On this blind ephemeral earth stillness is not understood, since it has not as yet come into its own. The earth-born are nervous of Immobility which is angelic, Silence which is heavenly. They do not know as yet that rootedness is true speed !

**( the gong resounds )**

**( the flute emerges with its music out of the after-vibration of the gong )**

She, in whom I remain so still and unstirring, imagines I am dead ! I am not dead; since I was never born, Mother of me !  
When I come out of you you will call it birth. But all birth, as all death, is but hypnotic suggestion. Nobody is born, nobody dies. .  
All that is created by the Divine is necessarily divine.  
All that is created by the Master of the Heavens

is created out of heavenly stuff.  
 Because of limited mortal vision, life  
 appears mutable—but it is not !  
 There is but change, and, even what  
 vision names change, is only the  
 kaleidoscope of the Changeless indulging,  
 for the sake of humans, in ever-shifting  
 patterns to cancel what, to them, might  
 have seemed unbearable monotony.

**( the tanpuras resound to the sound of the  
 gong the stage is darkened; a tinkle of bells  
 floats across the stage, at it were, in a series  
 of ascending notes )**

**DEEP VOICE ( of the Ancient Interpreter )**

What was that I heard just now ? a little  
 streak of laughter in the womb ! Listen !  
 His thoughts begin to speak once more !

**( the flute begins its soft music )**

If only humans knew the passionate variety  
 divine Monotony is !

**( the gong resounds )**

No, Mother of me ! No ! you shall not suffer  
 my stillness any longer.

You share the Motherhood with the  
mothers of seers and sages in the past;  
the present; the future.

No, no, no ! I am not dead. I shall move  
the tip of my little finger inside the  
womb to re-assure you I am warm and alive.

I did not wish to do even that, lest the  
nail of my little finger should leave a  
scratch on some tissues inside your belly  
that has borne me for seven months;  
since such a scratch might easily  
turn into a faint line on my palm—  
a line of guilt to remind me  
of the scratch left in you !

**( The light returns on the stage flooding it  
with a warm orange glow. We see the beautiful  
Mother again This time she is beaming all  
over with intense joy. )**

### **MOTHER**

Lord of the Heavens ! you are there ! you have  
proved to the hilt ; you are there !

I have prayed to you over and over again;  
you have heard my prayer !

Indeed, you have heard my prayer, you  
 have heard, you have heard, you have  
 heard !

My womb is no charnel-house but a House  
 of Life since my infant hath stirred !

( **We now find beside the Mother, her  
 husband Siddharth; her eldest son,  
 Nandi Vardhan; and her daughter, Sudarshana  
 who share the joy of the Bearer of One  
 who was never born and shall never die** )

**SIDDHARTH**

What miracle is this !

**NANDI VARDHAN**

Mother ! what miracle is this ?

**SUDARSHANA**

What miracle is this, Mother ?

**SIDDHARTH**

You appear as though the blush of some  
 eternal springtide had suddenly entered  
 your blood and bones !

**NANDI VARDHAN**

You appear as though a tide had swept  
 a pearl beyond price from an ocean  
 of peace and laid it as offering at your  
 feet !

**SUDARSHANA**

You appear as though you had caught  
a glimpse of the Lord Himself who creates  
bloom and pearl, springtide and ocean....

**MOTHER ( ecstatically )**

Do I only appear all you describe?  
No ! no ! no ! I am....I am....I am !!!

**( gong is struck )**

**TOGETHER**

What ?

**MOTHER**

I am that I am.

**( chorus of voices hum a sacred  
melody which seems to come  
out of the heavens**

**The stage now grows pitch dark )**

**DEEP VOICE**

I am that I am,

**ANOTHER DEEP VOICE**

An Al Haq !

**ANOTHER DEEP VOICE**

Aham Brahma Asmi !

**YET ANOTHER DEEP VOICE**

It is the future Lord Mahavir in the womb  
who prompted the Mother to say :

I am that I am ! I am that I am !

**( the stage is lit up )**

**MOTHER**

( seeming to listen, spellbound, to the  
Infant inside )

( rapturously ) Do you know what he  
is saying ? do you know what my  
son is saying ?

**SIDDHARTH**

Your son ?

**MOTHER**

Our son.

**SUDARSHANA**

But Mother ! how do you know it is  
a son and not a daughter.

**NANDI VARDHAN**

How do you know it is not a sister  
but a brother who is coming to meet  
me ?

**MOTHER**

I have seen him. He is clearer  
to me than daylight ever was ! I see  
his form; his features; the light of the  
universe is in his face Listen ! he  
is saying something; let me tell you  
what he is saying (**recorded speech on tape**)  
( **the Mother sits while tanpuras resound** )

They love me with love before which  
the ocean shrinks to a drop; and a  
firmament of planets to a mere glowworm-  
throb. And such love they bear for me even  
before they have seen me. Would not their

sorrow be as immeasurable as their love when, after I am born and grow old enough to conduct my own so-called earthly life, I may choose to renounce it ! renounce a world of pathetic re-lationships; its multi-painted play of illusions; yet, I shall spare my parents the agony of separation from me. I hereby swear I shall not renounce the world during their lifetime.

**( the Mother bursts into hysterical laughter. Siddharth, Nandi Vardhan and Sudarshana join in the laughter )**

**( there is now a brief mingling of the sound of cymbal, temple bells, gong, flute and tanpuras vibrating in the darkness on the stage; then, deep stillness suddenly shot through with the groans of the Mother in travail: deep stillness for a while, and, then, a sudden cry of the babe who is born.**

**The light comes back to the stage, revealing a cradle being rocked by the Mother surrounded by neighbours who bring all sorts of gifts to celebrate the occasion of extreme joy in the home which has, without its knowing, received the future Master, the future LORD MAHAVIR )**

**ANGEL VOICES CROON A LULLABY****CRADLE SONG**

For our sake  
 He ever keeps  
 Wide-awake  
 And never sleeps.  
 He has broken the bars  
 Of body and mind,  
 Time's boon to mankind;  
 His eyes—they are stars  
 That never shall dim.  
 He has come without scars  
 On body and limb,  
 Of birth after birth  
 Upon earth after earth !  
 Just look at his eyes,  
 You will soon realize  
 That the light of the skies  
 Is cradled in Him  
 Who is cradled now,  
 With heaven on his brow,  
 And who, for our sake,  
 For ever keeps  
 Wide-awake  
 And never sleeps.

.....

The Commentator appears before the front curtain and speaks to the audience.

## COMMENTATOR

Time is a traveler who will not wait,  
 At no point did it ever come to stay;  
 Mahavir had completed twenty-eight  
 Earth-years of life; His parents passed away  
 After beholding in his flowering youth,  
 Eternal beauty and eternal truth.

Parents who thirsted for the Light of God  
 And sought it unfatigued, day after day;  
 High contemplation was the path they trod;  
 On either side of it the blinding play  
 Of kindled lights proclaiming that One Light :  
 Mahavir's parents vanished out of sight  
 Into his Vision where, enthroned they sat,  
 Crowned with what emperorship of Inwardness  
 Mahavir secretly kept gazing at,  
 While, outwardly, beyond all mortal guess,  
 He had already won the game of chess  
 Life plays with death; and, with the final pawn,  
 Death was defeated, darkness was withdrawn.  
**( stage is darkened. Voice continues to drums  
 and dundubhi)**

Mahavir stood before his elder brother  
 And said : give me permission to depart,  
 I have fulfilled the oath I gave to mother  
 While yet within her womb, a cradled babe,  
 A solitary image in her heart;  
 This being now hath turned an astralabe  
 To measure summits earth may not conceive,  
 Summits undrenched by hues of dawn and eve  
 Making time possible. Behold, I climb

An inward staircase to the zenith-point,  
 A challenge to all sense of space and time....  
 I feel myself all ancestors conjoint  
 In one last fire-embrace; I burn, I glow !-  
 Forgive me, noble brother ! Let me go.  
**( the curtain rises revealing Nandi Vardhan and Mahavir )**

### NANDI VARDHAN

Nay, do not go ! these eyes of ours are wet  
 With tears as fresh as rain but lately poured  
 From clouds of grief; the wounds are bleeding  
 yet,  
 Wide-open, all unstemmed, as though a  
 sword  
 Had gashed our hearts that hardly can  
 forget  
 The absence of dear parents we adored,  
 Worshipped and loved a lifetime. Do not go,  
 Nay, do not go until another year  
 Goes by-and, may that year be very slow  
 In going. Do your hear ?

### MAHAVIR

Indeed ! I hear  
 And promise to fulfil your wish. I'll stay  
 Until another year has ebbed away !  
**( the stage grows dark the Voice  
 of the commentator is heard )**

### COMMENTATOR

The seasons follow fast; the spring arrives  
 With birds and bowers and flowers, with bees  
 and hives;



on earth; a new way of Life; a new Vision embracing pebble and planet alike; embracing rootedness and winghood; stillness and movement. Behold !

( **The curtain goes up revealing :** )

#### SCENE

Mahavir is seated on a simple seat, His back turned towards the audience; He seems to be addressing a crowd of spectators who have come to hear Him, as also to receive alms from Him. The spectators could be cut-outs in plywood set against the backcloth and arranged in a semi-circle; a gauze curtain let down from the ceiling between the cut outs and Mahavir who, on either side of Him, has men with huge round vessels on their laps brimmed over with coins Mahavir's hands draw from time to time and scatter amidst the expectant congregated crowds. The dead stillness which seems embodied in Mahavir's form, is broken by occasional fits of the voices of multitudes. The stage is dimly lit in violet and green glows rendering the entire scene one placed on a psychic plane.

## Deep Voice ( Mahavir's Interior Thought-Interpreter )

It is time now to declare the Cosmic Order;  
 To stand on the edge of Stillness and gaze  
 Across the panorama of nights and days,  
 Etched in chaste aether allowing of no border,  
 no boundary line, on any side,  
 To divide  
 Time into false division of moon and sun,  
 Or to humiliate the One  
 Into the Many. It is time now to declare  
 To unawareness it must grow Aware !

### VOICES OF THE CROWDS

He is a divine cloud showering coins  
 of gold amidst us !

He smells of eternity ! what heavenly  
 perfume is this which drenches the  
 air around ?

There is an aura of molten orange-gold  
 about his head which will soon cease to wear  
 the royal crown !

His head will now be bared to the naked  
 heavens which crown him King among angels !

Hush ! let us listen to a Voice from the firmament.  
It is the Voice of Indra commanding  
seraphic angels to prepare for Mahavir's  
Initiation Ceremony !

### INDRA'S VOICE

Get the Palanquin ready—the Chandra  
Prabha Palanquin, illumined with a thousand  
moons !

### SERAPHS

The Chandra Prabha palanquin is of the intangible  
stuff of blinding silver drawn from the heart-core  
of planets. It is waiting patiently to bear the weight  
of pure Spirit.

It is waiting impatiently to bear the Golden Lord  
Mahavir to the Gnyath Khanda Gardens !

( the curtain comes down, royal music starts;  
drums beat announcing the departure  
of Mahavir from the kingdom which  
to Him ceases to have any significance  
whatsoever. A procession appears before  
the curtain, preceded by players on  
fifes and drums.

For the last time we see Mahavir in  
royal robes : white raiment, blinding

ornaments. On either side beautiful maidens wave **chaamars** about Him seated inside the Palanquin, calm and immobile as an Idol.

Angels with wings bear the Palanquin to the Gnyath Khanda Gardens.

( **The stage dims : the curtain goes up again** )

### **MAHAVIR**

Take back these trappings of crown and robe and ornament.

Bareness now seeks bareness;  
void calls out to void ! No trappings  
of jewelry or raiment ever had any place  
in the Moment of Union : nakedness of earth  
cries out to nakedness of sky !

### **A GARDEN**

### **MAHAVIR**

The calendar calculates this body of me and tells the world I am now thirty years of age. But the soul has no calendar, no calculation, no age. Even to say that the soul is ageless involves a conception of age.

There is but Oneness beyond time, place  
and space; and it is a Void that stirs not; a  
Void which has swallowed stillness which has  
swallowed itself. I am that Void.

But who may he be who comes hither bearing a  
sheet of crystal glow in his hands ?

**( A big cloud passes overhead, a  
sheet of lightning flashes across  
the air and the cloud vanishes  
leaving behind a lavender-hued  
light on the stage )**

**INDRA ( appears with a sheet  
of crystal-a cloth which  
seems woven of moon-beams )**

I am Indra....

Behold; this cloth of crystalline glow have I  
brought to cover up and grow part of Your  
shining nakedness, itself the raiment  
angels wear when things are born.

**VOICE ( from somewhere )**

I am as naked as a gem  
And as a cloud or tree :  
When things are born the angels wear  
This nakedness of me.

**( INDRA goes out )**

**MAHAVIR**

And now I am alone  
With nobody to call my own :  
The whole world trembles on the verge of me  
And shivers to an Echo in the distance :  
Existence lo ! hath passed beyond Existence !  
( the stage grows dark. Dundhubhis blare )

.....

**IN THE HOUSE OF SOM**

**SOM'S WIFE**

You are the laziest creature Time ever  
conceived and gave birth to..

**SOM**

Woman ! there is a song which comes back to me;  
a song I heard when my mother gave birth  
to me; at least, a song I heard when I  
was old enough to receive it with my ears  
turned sensitive to notes of music and words of  
poets.

**SOM'S WIFE**

Were you ever sensitive ? was any pore or cell  
of your body ever ever sensitive ?

**SOM ( sings, striking a pose )**

I am lazy, ever lazy

And the world thinks I am crazy;

I am lazy like the clouds, I am

lazy like the flowers.

I do nothing which is something, I do

something which is nothing

For hours and hours and hours,

For hours and hours and hours !

I am lazy, ever lazy

And the world believes I'm crazy !

I am lazy like the far

Unreachable evening star;

I am lazy, ever lazy

Like the lily and the daisy;

I am lazy like a stone

That is glad to lie alone,

Without a sense of duty and without a  
sense of strife,

There is laziness in beauty, yea ! and

laziness is life !

Why should, at all I roam

When I have a happy home

Even though the woman of my house, most  
beautiful and young,

Occasionally proves she has a cactus  
for a tongue ?

( laughs heartily )

I am lazy, ever lazy  
And the world thinks I am crazy !

### SOM'S WIFE

This is not the time for song or jest,  
my husband ! The Great Lord Mahavir  
has been granting dower upon dower  
upon dower to the people of the town;  
only you, born under evil planets . . . .

### SOM

What ! evil planets ? I shan't have that !  
my planets were kind when I made  
you my wife ! ( laughs again )

### SOM'S WIFE

What are your planets today if not evil, since  
you alone in the whole town  
have been left without a gift received at his  
sacred hands ?

Listen !

( Som suddenly grows serious )

Even to receive nothing from Him  
would prove a precious boon; only go and

spread your palms before Him, the very act of spreading your palms before the Lord Mahavir shall bring you blessing. Go ! go ! go ! I say-go !!!

### SOM

I will go, Woman ! something is happening inside me. I know the Lord will grant me a gift; as you say, it would still be a sacred gift if He granted me nothing ! ( **he rushes out** )

.....

### MAHAVIR ( on a lonely path edged with briar shrubs )

What is creation ? a myth....Nothing exists but non-existence beyond all existence; the ever-present reaching-point reached at every point of that which was Never and yet is Ever; the reaching point reached at the end of the last figment measured by footfalls treading imaginery distances. The rondure of vacuum, another name for God, for love, for all that is poured into the illusion men call life. Life, through everything, in reality, hungers for some

ultimate Nothing. It is on the Path of the Naught I am going towards the goal of Everything. I have come to realise that Touchlessness escapes to take cowardly shelter in all touch; Invisibility hides its identity in all visibility; the fragrance of the Eternal in the petty little perfumes of the ephemeral. I am the ultimate Signature in the scroll of the destiny of men; the last irrevocable Seal on the document of time.

**SOM ( who has been following Mahavir )**

Master !

**( Mahavir does not hear )**

Master ! **( Mahavir still does not hear )**

Master !

**MAHAVIR ( turning round discovers Som )**

And who may you be; and why do you follow me so ?

**SOM ( saluting him with deep adoration )**

I am but one shadow of You who are the Light; all men are your shadows: what can they do other than follow, follow you ?

**MAHAVIR**

True Light casts no shadow.

**SOM**

Indeed, my Lord ! men are the shadows which cease to be, once they approach you, they cease to exist once they touch even the fringe of the Light you are !

**MAHAVIR**

What want you of me ?

**SOM**

Lord Mahavir ! you have given and given and given to all men; only this unfortunate, this so-called me, remains to be given I know it is never too late to receive a gift from the Divine Lord, since His treasures are inexhaustible.

**MAHAVIR**

Had you arrived earlier I would have granted a gift to delight your eyes and your hands; precious gems extracted from the crowns of earthly kings; gold extricated from the bowels of the earth.

**SOM**

O unfortunate that I am !

**MAHAVIR**

No! no! no! it is never too late.. ( **he tears the cloth of crystalline glow in two** )

This is all I have left to give you. Accept it with humility and faith; half of this cloth I bear on my shoulder and tear in two, to share it with you.

( **Som receives it, somewhat gloomily** )

Be not disheartened. It carries the perfume of the bareness of my shoulder which is the perfume of renunciation. Take it and go your way.

And remember, along with it I give you my word that in some early next birth you will ask no other gift of me than the gift of Myself—the Eternal Gift granted by the Light that casts no shadow..

.....

**WEAVER'S ROOM**

The Weaver seated at his loom is delighted to see his friend SOM who enters, half-happy, half-sad.

**WEAVER**

Hello ! Brother Som !

**SOM**

Hello, Brother Birju ! has this morning brought you luck ?

**WEAVER**

It has ! it has brought you to me ! and you are a friend, one of the rarest friends I have had since childhood. Friendship is luck.

**SOM**

So little of friendship is left now-a-days; and so little of luck, too !

**WEAVER**

No man is a friend even of himself. In fact, every man is his own worst enemy ! ( **noticing the cloth; the Weaver's eyes bulge with excitement** )

Why man ! what's that glowing on your shoulder ? surely it's not your shoulder that is glowing ! what ! what ! my eyes can hardly take the glow in; it is a glow woven of centuries of multi-mated moonbeams !

**SOM**

O ! this ? It is but a piece of cloth,  
half of the cloth Lord Mahavir wore  
on his shoulder.

**WEAVER**

Where's the other half ?

**SOM**

Why ! this half is on my shoulder. It's quite  
simple calculation !

**WEAVER ( growing ecstatic )**

Fool ! fool ! fool ! . . . .

Run, run after Him; speed as swift as  
an arrow to reach Him; even should you  
arrive at the point of a last breath, running  
after Him with all the speed you can muster,  
run after him with the swiftness of lightning,  
the swiftness of desire; and when you over-  
take Him, fall at his feet and beg Him  
on the knees of all your generations of ancestors  
and on the knees of all the generations  
yet to come: beg Him to grant you the  
other half of this half; the bride  
cannot live without her bridegroom-  
this half cannot live without the other  
half.

**SOM**

What are you saying—or rather, trying to say ?  
Has something gone wrong with you ?

**WEAVER**

Everything has gone wrong with you—  
you are a fool—you are a blind man !  
You do not know what I am saying—  
what I am trying to say ! Go ! and I give  
you my word that once we have the  
two halves I shall wed them in  
such a way as to cancel the truth that  
they had ever been parted ! and  
when I have united the two, it  
will cover up the nakedness of our  
penury !

**SOM**

I don't still understand . . . .  
jesting apart, tell me, Brother Birju ! why  
are you so keen about this union of the two  
pieces. How is it going to cover up  
the nakedness of our penury ?

**WEAVER**

Two pieces become one shall lead to two  
shares of the sum it shall receive at the

hands of bidders in the market; and—  
believe me! the cloth once united,  
the sum once divided will, even if we  
be divided, make us both millionaires!

**SOM ( widening his eyes )**

Millionaires! what! what did you say?  
millionaires? millionaires?....

**( as though in a trance, he walks for a  
few seconds and then impulsively rushes out )**

**( the stage blacks out, the front curtain is  
lowered )**

**( We see Som running past the front  
curtain several times as though  
covering great distance; then, the  
front curtain rises revealing a  
single tree of briers, and the  
shadow of Mahavir on a platform  
back-stage passing as though on a  
height. The briers are luminous,  
they have caught the other half of  
the cloth which now hangs by a brier )**

We notice in the beautiful many-coloured  
glow on the stage—a band of angels, as  
though behind a veil which renders them  
unreal, chant and dance round a  
brier tree set in the centre of the stage.

It is glowing as though with an inward glow.  
Baffled and breathless, Som stands watching the  
angels; he is unseen, since he stands outside the  
stage-space at one corner of the procession. Som  
is dumbfounded while the song is in progress.

### SONG ( of angels round the briar-tree )

This is the moment of ultimate rapture,  
Final performance of burning Divinity !  
He is an essence no angel may capture,  
Inviolate splendour of pristine virginity  
Wherein our angelhood turns more angelic,  
He is the peak-point of height upon height;  
The halo around Him of hues psychadelic  
Is whirled to a fire-point immaculate white.  
Lo ! even a thought of Him exiles the gloom in us  
Bountiful ecstasy over us showering . . . .  
Look at the briars ! they have become luminous  
As though they were proof of a final god-flowering.  
Clapping our hands we encircle the briars  
Which have captured the glow-cloth purer than  
prayer.  
We are drenched in His nectars and burned in  
His fires  
Of which his Awareness is all unaware.

( The angels dance round the brier-tree to soft drums, the stage lit with soft psychedelic hues )

Slowly as though stricken with some mystical fear, his heart trembling with nervous joy mixed with strange imaginary premonition, Som approaches the tree and hesitates to touch the cloth, but a Voice speaks :

### VOICE

Be not disheartened. It carries the perfume of the bareness of my shoulder which is the perfume of renunciation. Take it and go your way. And remember, along with it I give you my word, that in some early next birth, you will ask no other gift of me than the gift of Myself—the eternal gift granted by the Light that casts no shadow.

(Som, encouraged by the Voice, approaches closer to the brier-tree and plucks the cloth from it. That very instant, the tree loses its illumination and dims into an insignificant darkness which fades into the darkness of the stage.)

Som, now almost like a pale spectre, moves warily along the stage; then, suddenly, bursts into loud laughter at which point we find him once again in the Weaver Birju's house.)

**IN THE HOUSE OF THE WEAVER**

**WEAVER ( examining the cloth )**

What !

**SOM ( almost hysterically )**

Yes !

**WEAVER**

Yes?

**SOM**

Yes! can't you see?

**WEAVER**

I'm afraid I can't ! I can't see it, but I think  
I can feel it! I can't see it because it strikes me  
blind with its excess of glow.

**SOM**

Here! here! ( **he brings the cloth close to  
his eyes** )

**WEAVER**

( **sniffing as though he smells a rare perfume** )

I can smell it, it bears the perfume of the  
Spirit-( **he almost half-closes his eyes as  
in a delirium** )

**SOM**

I can **see** it, **you** can't!

**WEAVER**

I can **smell** it - **you** can't

( **they repeat the dialogue while coming closer to  
each other. The rhythm starts them off on a dance** )

**SONG**

**SOM** : I can see it..

**WEAVER** : I can smell it.

**SOM** : I begin to realise  
I can see it with my nose !

**WEAVER** : I can smell it with my eyes !

( while the song is in progress, the Weaver's  
Wife stands in the frame of the door and laughs  
her sides out )

**WIFE**

Why this bubble, why this froth  
Over just a piece of cloth ?

**WEAVER**

Woman ! you are more than blind !

**SOM**

Queer, the way she is behaving.

**WIFE**

Both of you have lost your mind,  
You are obviously raving.

( the Wife goes back into a back-room, the  
dance continues )

( they grow serious now )

**SOM**

What a glow ! O ! what a glow !  
It bears the essence of a jewel  
On the brow of timeless Time :

**WEAVER**

But, you know, I want to know  
If such light is kind or cruel !

**SOM**

Brother ! it is so sublime  
And we are so black within,  
With a growing heap of sin  
That we are unable quite  
To receive unsullied light !

**WEAVER**

Birju says that you are right !

( just as he finishes uttering this sentence three  
**Women come on the scene** )

( The Weaver, without noticing them, sits at his  
loom and starts to join the two halves. )

**RICH MERCHANT'S WIFE**

I can't believe my eyes !

**MINISTER'S WIFE**

My eyes can't believe me !

**KING'S WIFE**

My eyes can't believe themselves !

**SOM**

Why, Ladies ! what makes you talk so ?

**WEAVER ( from behind his loom )**

Aha ! aha ! what has befallen you, Ladies ?

**RICH MERCHANT'S WIFE**

We were passing this way when, all of a sudden,  
without our knowing, we were drawn towards your  
house, Brother Weaver !

**MINISTER'S WIFE**

We saw a great big glow inside your  
house which drew us like a magnet,

**KING'S WIFE**

That's not quite true. A sea of glow  
flowed through us and almost  
drowned us with unbearable ecstasy.

**WEAVER**

( leaves his loom and comes forward )

Do you feel the glow now ?

**TOGETHER**

No! No! No!

**SOM**

I don't blame you, Ladies ! you are  
too close to it to feel it.

**WEAVER**

Too close to it to see it.

**TOGETHER**

In fact, we begin to see a growing  
darkness.

Our eyes begin to see a blank.

It is darkness, but it is laughing;

I can hear it with my eyes.

( the Weaver's Wife comes in laughing hysterically )

**WIFE**

Sisters ! let me tell you, you have arrived at a mad house. It was a house of sanity until Brother Som brought those three yards of cloth into it ! ( she takes the cloth from the loom and shows it : two halves become one )

**TOGETHER ( excited )**

Oh ! Oh ! Oh !

Magical visibility of the invisible  
A miracle of moonbeams caught  
on a wooden loom ?

I will buy it . . . .

I shall buy it . . . .

No, no, no,—I must buy it !

**WEAVER**

Lord ! has this cloth been woven of threads  
of intoxication ?

**SOM**

( in a whisper to Birju )

Why, they are raving; they seem to be drunk,  
all three of them !

**WIFE**  
( **scornfully** )

Your company can turn anybody mad !

**THE THREE LADIES**

Will you put that cloth to auction ?

**SOM**  
( **just for a joke** )

Why not ! start bidding !

**RICH MERCHANT'S WIFE**

A thousand suvarnas !

**MINISTER'S WIFE**

Two thousand !

**KING'S WIFE**

Three thousand !

**RICH MERCHANT'S WIFE**

Ten thousand !

**MINISTER'S WIFE**

Twenty thousand !

**KING'S WIFE**

Thirty thousand !

**WIFE**  
( **laughs hysterically** )

Brother Som ! don't forget. Half and  
half ! half and half !

**WEAVER**

Thirty thousand ! thirty thousand !  
Thirty thousand !

**RICH MERCHANT'S WIFE**

Thirty five thousand.

**MINISTER'S WIFE**

I make it forty !

**KING'S WIFE**

I make it a hundred thousand suvarnas !

**SOM**

A hundred thousand ! ( looks at the cloth with  
deep reverence and talks  
to it )

Dear wonderful wheel of magic ! O precious  
cloth woven of the threads of all the  
planets revolving in the firmament !  
O unspeakable compassion of the  
Lord Mahavir ! A hundred thousand suvarnas !

**WEAVER**

You are talking as though your brain had become  
the market-square of a hundred thousand lunatics !

**KING'S WIFE**

A hundred thousand suvarnas !

**SOM ( coolly )**

Any higher bid ?

( silence )

A hundred thousand ! Once, twice-

**WEAVER**

**(clinging to the cloth as though to the feet of the Lord)**

Are you daft, Brother Som !

Do you truly want to exchange this cloth for a hundred thousand yellow coins ?

Is your soul jaundiced ?

No ! no ! no ! you shall not sell it !

**WIFE OF WEAVER ( mockingly )**

He shall sell it ! Is this cloth going to feed us by its mere presence in this house ; this silly piece of cloth that seems to have come to us to dislocate our home ! Sell it ! sell it !

**VOICE ( from somewhere )**

You want to sell that which had kissed the bare shoulder of the Lord ! you want to sell a precious, the most precious of all gifts given by Him ?

**( A miracle takes place now : the stage grows dark and vaguely we see all the characters transfixed and immobile - they are, as it were, transformed for a while into statues staring at the cloth which has become a blood-red glow )**

**THE VOICE ( continuing )**

Look ! look ! it has turned red ; it blushes with shame at the very thought that you have at all thought of bartering it ! Bartering it, you will only barter your soul !

**( very uncanny music sounds )**

You need not barter it for gold coins. Here ! collect them ; the Lord Mahavir is showering them to save, not His gift **( showers of gold coins )** from humiliation, but your soul—  
your soul !

**( A sudden chorus of sobbing ) ;**

all the characters kneel before the cloth ; complete darkness . . . .  
then the spotlight glows on one lone Figure : Mahavir, the Lord, with His hand stretched in blessing.

**( CURTAIN )**

# **GOLDEN WORDS OF BHAGWAN MAHAVIR**



## GOLDEN WORDS OF BHAGWAN MAHAVIR

To turn a million soldiers pale  
And make whole armies yield  
In shamefullest defeat upon  
The crowded battlefield,  
Were hollow for a hero  
Like you whose only goal  
Must ever be the conquest of  
The solitary soul.

Since every moment is sublime,  
O Gautam! do not waste it:  
Love spreads a wedding-feast of time,  
Let your Eternal taste it.

....

Donating a whole herd of cows,  
You do but hope in vain,  
By way of despicable bribe,  
For spiritual gain;  
Yet are you more than well aware:  
True Grace can but begin  
Within the kingdom of the heart  
Buildded of discipline.

Since every moment is divine,  
O Gautam! do not waste it:

Each moment is God's cup of wine,  
Let your Eternal taste it.

....

There are many sorts of triumph:  
Proud conquest over pride,  
Desire and greed and glooms of flesh  
A lifetime multiplied;  
And there are countless conquests  
On earth, both great and small,  
But the soul's evasive conquest  
Is the greatest of them all.

Since every moment honey drips,  
O Gautam! do not waste it:  
Each honey-drop awaits your lips,  
Let your Eternal taste it!

.....

Time stains us with its seasons,  
With hues which crash and splinter,  
Life's temporary seasons:  
Spring, Summer, Autumn, Winter.  
The tree of life turns yellow,  
Its leaves grow frail and sere,  
And one by one begin to fall  
Only to disappear.

Since every moment nectar brims,  
O Gautam! do not waste it;

Through all the pores of all your limbs,  
Let your Eternal taste it !

....

Along the lonely road of life,  
At every step beset with  
Unfeeling briars and pointed stones;  
What obstacles are met with !  
And yet, for all those stones and briars  
That meet us everywhere,  
Life is a heaven-granted boon  
Both exquisite and rare !

Since every moment is replete  
O Gautam ! do not waste it:  
Life's every moment is so sweet,  
Let your Eternal taste it !

....

Without our knowing time escapes  
Through us, and speeds away,  
The body withers like a tree,  
The hair turns ashen grey;  
Without our knowing life escapes  
Leaving behind desires  
In mournful solitary quest  
Of hungry funeral-pyres !

Since every moment trickles through,  
O Gautam ! do not waste it:  
Each moment is a drop of you,  
Let your Eternal taste it !

....

The lotus blooms in autumn-time,  
 Unsullied, white and cool;  
 Its virgin loveliness in born  
 Out of a muddy pool.  
 Behold ! it stands aloof, apart  
 In self-security,  
 Thrice self-assured of burgeoned peace  
 And lambent purity.

Since every moment comes to pass,  
 O Gautam! do not waste it;  
 Catch it and brim your empty glass,  
 Let your Eternal taste it.

.....

This body is a vessel  
 On the ocean of existence,  
 Sailing across its wastes of waves  
 It covers lonely distance.  
 The sky has met your voyage  
 With both favour and disfavour.....  
 Now that you are about to reach  
 The shore, you must not waver.

Since every moment drips with love,  
 O Gautam! do not waste it:  
 It has been granted from above,  
 Let your Eternal taste it !

.....

In ignorance, a lifetime through,  
Bearing a heavy load,  
Unfortunate Wayfarer !  
You have trod a lonesome road;  
Crossways you have encountered  
And shall encounter yet;  
While you forget the only road ,  
That road does not forget !

Since every moment is supreme,  
O Gautam ! do not waste it:  
It bears the essence of a dream,  
Let your Eternal taste it:

....



