

ISKCON MEDIA VEDIC LIBRARY

Creative Commons License
Attribution-Noncommercial-No Derivative Works 3.0 Unported



You are free:

- to Share — to copy, distribute and transmit the work

Under the following conditions:

- Attribution. You must attribute the work in the manner specified by the author or licensor (but not in any way that suggests that they endorse you or your use of the work).
- Noncommercial. You may not use this work for commercial purposes.
- No Derivative Works. You may not alter, transform, or build upon this work.

<http://creativecommons.org/licenses/by-nc-nd/3.0/>

For more free ebooks, mp3s, or photos visit:
www.iskconmedia.com

Sri Surata-kathamrta

O Radha and Krsna! O fresh youths of Vrndavana! You are reclining on the throne of flowers, Your bodies covered with drops of perspiration from the fatigue of Your pastimes just as a leaf is covered with drops of water. Your eyes partially open, You are conversing. When will I serve You by moving the fan made of the stems of creepers?

Krsna: O My beloved, although even the greatest miser will sometimes give in charity, You nevertheless refuse to let Me drink the nectar of Your lips, even though I repeatedly beg for it. Is this not very wonderful?

I am Your most earnest student. Please teach Me the science of tasting the nectar of Your lips. Do not think Your instructions will go in vain. On the contrary, they will grow increasingly sweet if You impart them to Me.

O My beloved, I consider You My teacher, and I always meditate on You and carry You within My heart. Although You are learned in the science of amorous love, You refuse to teach it to Me. Why do You so adamantly refuse?

Radharani: I know how expert You are at weaving a spell to uproot pious girls' chastity. Why are You showing off in this way?

By My fate this enigmatic so-called gopi-friend has placed Me in Your hand. Pleased with Your good-fortune, You are now puffed up with pride. This does not at all surprise Me.

This teasing of pious and chaste young girls is Your natural youthful proclivity. You are famous for this.

Krsna: Please do not think I am speaking anything irreligious. I am simply repeating the moral codes of Cupid's kingdom. These codes are outlined in the scripture recorded by Vatsyayana Muni. By following them one attains all happiness and auspiciousness.

If You have no faith in My words, then just consult Bharata Muni's Natya-sastra, and You will see that I speak the truth. Bharata Muni's sastra is the best of books. Who will consider any other scripture superior to it?

By contact with the lightning flash, the dark cloud considers that His own glory is increased. By contact with the dark cloud, the lightning flash considers that Her glory is increased.

Radharani: Even though the chaste young fawns of Vraja have heard that You are like a lion residing in Govardhana Hill's caves, they still approach You. Who can blame You for pouncing on them?

If You ask why we come to Govardhana Hill in the first place, I shall explain that we must come here to gather flowers for the worship of the sun-god. How can we avoid our religious duty to bring Him flowers?

Krsna: Although I am the supreme monarch of Vrndavana forest, You have not even once addressed Me in that way, and indeed, I think You do not even accept My sovereignty here. You are very proud of Your worship of the sun-god, but for

Myself it is hard for Me to take these small things very seriously.

Proud of the mountain of Your breasts, Your friends do not consider My strength very seriously. Even though I lifted Govardhan Hill with My own hand, they think I do not have the power to touch You.

Radharani: You can see that My breasts are like delicate fresh lotus buds. If You press You hard sapphire chest against them, You will crush them and cause Me great pain.

Why should I embrace You? If I embrace You then I must touch the Kaustubha jewel which decorated Your chest. This jewel is both fickle and insincere, but I am a simple, honest, pious girl. This jewel and I are a very bad match. Why should I consent to associate with this rascal jewel? This jewel may please You because You both share the same fickle nature, but it is not very pleasing to Me.

Krsna: O beloved, because in the past Your cruel breasts mercilessly struck this jewel and caused him great pain, he has fled and sought protection on My chest. He restlessly moves about, not because of fickleness, but out of fear of Your hard breasts.

Radharani: Whatever strength My breasts possess rests exclusively in their ability to tolerate the fierce attacks of Your sharpened nails. Otherwise, how is it possible for My delicate breasts to be proud of their strength?

Krsna: Struck by the sharpened goads of My fingernails, the elephant foreheads of Your breasts have become maddened. O beloved, just see how they angrily strike Me with hundreds of times My feeble strength and cause Me great pain.

Radharani: O delicate mad elephant who roams in Vrndavana's forest, do not touch Me hard lotus bud breasts. They will certainly cause great pain to śāYour tender hand.

Krsna: The lotus buds of Your breasts bring Me great happiness. O beloved, if the peerless moons of My fingernails shine over them, do they not make Your lotus bud breasts appear very beautiful?

Radharani: Is it not so that Your great anger and sharp fingernails are simply a show You present to delight the girls of Vraja?

Krsna: Although Your body is as soft as a flower, Your breasts are very hard. The weapons which are My fingernails are eager to expertly attach and soften those hard breasts.

Radharani: O libertine intoxicated by amorous desires, You are causing Me, a chaste, pious girl, such distress that My necklace has become broken, My belt has slipped from My waist, and My braids have become undone.

Krsna: Because Your jewelled necklace is so large, it has naturally broken by its own heavy weight. Because Your waist is so slender, Your belt has naturally fallen to the ground, because Your hair is so curly, Your braids have naturally become undone. Do not ask Your gopi friends to fix Your necklace, refasten Your belt, and re-tie Your braids. It is not proper for them to do this. I am Your beloved. I shall fix Your necklace, belt, and braids.

Radharani: Although You easily lifted Govardhana Hill, the king of mountains, You were so inconsiderate that You did not prevent these necklace slipping from My breasts. How is this a sign of Your love for Me?

Buttressed by this firm jewelled belt, My slender waist is able to hold up the great weight of the two mountains which are My breasts. Without this belt how will I be able to carry this weight?

Entwined about each other, these two braids have become lovers. This is not an absurd statement. It is the truth. You are such a rascal that You have needlessly separated these two lovers.

Krsna: Do not worry that now Your belt has fallen and Your heavy breasts will be without support. I, the lifter of Govardhana Hill, shall support the two mountains of Your breasts with the strength of My two lotus hands. What is the need of belt?

You may say that Your braids are lovers entwined in an embrace, but I say that if these lovers do not serve You, then their love is useless.

Released from braids, Your hair has become like a camara fan moving in the breeze. By fanning Your perspiring body it now serves You in a way it could not have done in its former bondage.

Radharani: My gopi-friend spent a long time carefully drawing these artistic tilaka pictures on My forehead, and now in a single moment You have recklessly smudged them all.

Krsna: My dear smiling girl, it is not My fault that Our foreheads have met. The crescent moon drawn on Your forehead has fallen in love with the glistening half-moon of My forehead. Placing herself before him, she gave all her heart to him.

Radharani: Your two quick, arrogant, fickle-minded shark-shaped earrings are now harrassing the delicate dark-complexioned lady shark drawn in musk on My cheeks.

Krsna: My dear beautiful girl, although drowning in the nectar of Your words, My ears have become twice as thirsty. In order to drink this nectar they have sprouted these two sharks You call My earrings.

Radharani: I can see that You are the crown jewel of all lovers, and every limb of Your body is filled with ardent desire. Your lips, reddened with passion, are now ornamented themselves with the black mascara around My eyes.

Krsna: The mascara of Your eyes is like a black bumble-bee which enters the bandhuka flower of My lips to drink the honey there. My lips bring only transcendental pleasure to Your eyes. Why do You push them away?

Radharani: With great respect I offer My obeisances to these delightful joking words. Please tell Me: What demigod do You secretly worship that You have become so expert at these playful amorous jokes?

Krsna: Every day I go to a small cottage in a secluded grove and worship a peerlessly beautiful, nectarlike deity.

Radharani: I think that by worshipping this deity You have become as handsome as He, and this has made You very proud. You have been very successful at polluting the pious lotuslike girls of Vraja. Indeed what girl who comes within Your glance is able to resist You and remain faithful to her husband?

Krsna: My dear friend, as I uncover Your exquisitely beautiful limbs they shrink from Me and dive into the ocean of bashfulness. I shall now rescue them from that ocean and bring them onto the dry land of My glance.

Radharani: This kaustubha gem, the friend of Your impudent eyes, is now śailluminating My limbs, and bringing them from the waters of modesty to the dry land of the touch of Your body.

Krsna: Fleeing from My thirsty eyes, Your powerful breasts have defeated their enemy, the Kaustubha gem, and invaded the country of My heart.

Radharani: Although My breasts are generally considered very hard and firm, Your chest is the superlative of hardness. It is very appropriate that these two

compatible friend meet, for they share the same qualities.

Krsna: Even though You have made alliance with My chest and consider My eyes an enemy, still, the beauty of Your face brings great delight to those eyes.

Radharani: If You wish You may enjoy in this way, for I am a weak woman and I have no power to restrain You. Still, I am a pious chaste girl. How can I tolerate these shameless ardent glances?

Krsna: My dear moon-faced girl, if You perform pastimes in the palace of My chest, the cakora birds of My eyes will not be able to find You, and if somehow or other they see You through a window, they will simply burn in the fires of separation.

Radharani: I am simply a young girl, and I cannot break free from the strong ropes of Your arms. O crest jewel of debauchees, Your eyes are about to cast Me into the ocean of shame.

Krsna: Although earnestly wishin to learn from My eyes, Your eyes are so proud that they refuse to accept the inferior position of students, and thus do not approach their proper teacher.

Radharani: Think of Me as You like, but please do not look on Me in this way. Shyness is a most important virtue for a chaste young girl.

Krsna: My dear friend, You are the crow-jewel of all modest young girls. Now You are finally speaking the truth. Your words are confirmed by the Vatsyayana-tantra which clearly states that modesty is the primary virtue for a pious girl.

Radharani: I think Your eyes are so pure and saintly that they can teach the principles of religion even to Arundhati, the most pious girl in the world.

Krsna: O Radha, why do You not say: The bumble-bees of Krsna's eyes may now drink to their heart's content the honey of the doubly beautiful lotus flower of My face?

Radharani: Although they would like to swim in the wonderful nectarean lake of Your bodily beauty, the saphara fishes of My eyes are afraid that they may become caught when You throw the net of Your sidelong glance.

Krsna: The tinkling sounds of Your ankle-bells proclaim the festival of King Cupid. Hearing this proclamation, these bumble-bee poets have hastened to this place in order to sing Your glories.

Radharani: I can personally see that You are more handsome than hundreds of cupids, and I can hear these bumble-bees proclaiming everywhere Your amorous conquest of hundreds of beautiful gopis.

Krsna: Your tinkling ankle-bells are like a great trumpet announcing the religious ceremony of cupid. This fr trumpet's music has completely demolished the pride of the beautiful girls in the heavenly planets.

Radharani: Maddened by the sharp bliss of these pastimes, I have lost all control over My thoughts and I can no longer glorify You with elegant words. You still have command over Your wit, and therefore You can repeatedly glorify these ankle-bells, the only ornaments You have not yet taken from Me.

Krsna: This description is certainly very accurate. Now that You have become maddened with the intense bliss of cupid's festival, You should present an offering to him. I think You should devotedly offer him all Your clothing.

Radharani: You have become the guru of us young girls and You have initiated us as Your faithful disciples. You have taught us the mantras glorifying Your worshippable deity cupid, and You have taught us to surrender everything to him.

Krsna: When he receives this offering the connoisseur cupid will become very pleased with You, and he will gratefully remain always within Your heart. He will accept the gift of the two golden jewelry boxes of Your breasts as the most valued treasure. He will make that gift the most important thing in his life.

Radharani: If Your cupid values My breasts as You say, then why are You violently ripping My splendid pearl-decorated musk-anointed bodice with Your hard hands?

Krsna: What fault have I done? If, while opening a gold chest of auspicious jewels the lid becomes stuck and one uses his fingernails to pry the box open, is there any fault on his part?

ā Radharani: The owner has filled this chest with twice as many jewels, covered it with cloth, and very carefully hidden it.

Krsna: Now that I have opened the two cupid's jewelry boxes which are Your breasts, please turn them upside down and fill the treasury-room of My heart with these large jewels.

Radharani: Because women are weak, the creator Brahma gave them the name abala (weak). How shall we weak women get the power to turn our jewelry box breasts upside down and deliver their contents to You?

Krsna: How many jewels of bliss have I not already taken with My hand from the jewelry boxes of Your breasts? Although I have taken them, My heart is still unfilled. My dear Radha, I require that You personally give them to Me.

Radharani: Although hundreds and millions of Vraja's beautiful girls, who are all vastly learned scholars in erotic science, have given their hearts to You, still You cannot escape this amorous poverty in Your heart. This is certainly very wonderful.

Krsna: None of these beautiful young girls has been able to enter My heart and extinguish these blazing flames of desire. You are the only one powerful enough to enter there and rescue Me from this distress. I know that You can not only enter, but remain there eternally.

Radharani: Just take up Your flute and play on it the names of the beautiful damsels in Indraloka. They will instantly rush here to please You. This is easy for You to accomplish.

Krsna: Although crowned with flowers from the Nandanandana gardens, the beautiful girls of Indraloka are ashamed to come near Your lotus toenails, for they know there is no comparison between themselves and You.

Radharani: This line of hairs is actually an angry female black-snake emerging from the beautiful snake-hole of My navel. Why are You so eager to place Your hand near this poisonous snake?

Krsna: My hand moves over Your body just to play with this hair-snake. As My hand moves over Your limbs, why do the hairs rise up in resistance?

Radharani: Although the great soldiers of My various limbs at first tried to fight with You they were quickly bewildered and defeated. How is it possible, then for these small hairs to fight with You, who have become mad with victory in this amorous struggle?

Krsna: Your hair-soleders encourage You to resist Me. They are now saying to you: Although we are very weak and thin, even we actively stand up in resistance.

Radharani: My dear debauchee, how will My bodily hairs tolerate Your continued hypocrisy? On the one hand You seem to give pleasure to this amorous girl, and

on the other hand You mercilessly torture her with the beauty of Your body.

Krsna: O Radha, O expert archer of cupid, let Us now embrace, and the meeting of Our bodies will crush the enemy soliders which are the hairs of Your body.

Radharani: The creepers of My limbs now shower a great monsoon of perspiration, My beautiful flower-ornaments are all broken, and this flower-couch is disarrayed.

Krsna: On the pretext of making You perspire Cupid is raining nectar on the creeper of Your body. O My beloved, at every moment he showers the two glittering, raised lotus buds of Your breasts.

Radharani: I am simply an amorous girl shark swimming in the ocean of Your youthful handsomeness. How will I ever find the shore of that ocean. Please let Us stop this talk. Let Us simply enjoy amorous pastimes without interruption.

Krsna: Our deep sighs have become hurricane winds bringing tidal waves to the nectarean stream of Our pastimes. Our minds have become like maddened elephants repeatedly splashing and playing in the overflowing waters of that stream.

Radharani: I can clearly see the elephant of Your mind sporting in that nectar stream, but why do You say that My mind also sports there? I do not understand Your intention. Please explain.

Krsna: Our minds are both earnestly engaged in the service of cupid, the best of the demigods. In this way they have become one.

Radharani: O My Lord, I can now understand that because You are the great cupid Himself, You have now forcibly merged both My body and mind into Your own existance.

Krsna: Cupid is very pleased by Your offering everything to him. On the pretext of placing drops of perspiration on Your brow, he rewards You, decorating You with his own pearls.

Radharani: Your moving locks of hair have become wet by forcibly taking śācupid's pearls from My forehead. Afterwards these thieves say among themselves: It is by cupid's mercy that we are so fortunate to get this treasure.

Krsna: After attaining a drop of chewed betel-nut by My kiss, Your eyes glistened with pride. After attaining a drop of chewed betel-nut by Your kiss, My cheeks smiled with delight.

Radharani: My Lord, You are fond of tasting the nectar of these transcendental mellows by speaking in this way. These pastimes of Yours exactly follow the descriptions of the kama-sastra. You are the original author of the kama-sastra. I therefore offer My respectful obeisances unto You.

Krsna: By showering fragrent nectar, the moon of Your face has caused the lotus flower of My face to bloom with happiness. This is certainly very wonderful.(lotus flower does not bloom in the middle of the night).

Radharani: Although at first, on the pretext of placing a drop of chewed betel-nut on My chin, You decorated Me with an infant sapphire, after a while You reclaimed that gift with a kiss of Your lips. How many such improprieties on Your part have I patiently borne?

Krsna: Because My lips have offended You in this way, You angrily punish them with the wepon of Your teeth. Because My lips bear so much love for You they consider this chastizement to be Your great mercy upon them.

Radharani: Do My teeth not know the glories of Your lips? When the young gopis

see what I have done I become filled with shame.

Krsna: pitting limb against limb You bravely fought Me in cupid's battle arena. Just see the strength of Your arms. O My beloved I grant You the benediction that Your transcendental virtues shall be always glorified by Your exalted gopi friends.

Radharani: These strong embraces of Your snake-rope arms have exhausted Me. Sighing, I find that I have no strength to continue these pastimes.

Krsna: Now We can both perceive the deity cupid directly present before Us. Both of Our minds have become filled with peerless bliss, and in this condition I think We have attained sayukya-mukti, both of Us becoming united in our joint service to cupid.

Radharani: O learned dancing-master, it is by Your instruction that these limbs have become expert at cupid's dance. Please do not abandon Your student at this crucial moment.

Krsna: Cupid's great monsoon clouds have brought a fierce hurricane pouring on Our limbs. These sighs are merely Our bodies' expression of cupid's final victory over them.

At that time the four fishes of Their eyes became peaceful. Struck with wonder at the sweetness of Their pastimes, the Divine Couple could not remember anything else.

Fatigued by these pastimes the Divine Couple then took rest on a bed of lotus petals in a pleasant cottage sprinkled with a fragrant mixture of water, sandalwood, usira, and camphor.

Seeing my two masters, the charmingly fragrant Divine Couple, sigh and fall deeply asleep in each others arms, this insignificant person becomes drowned in an ocean of bliss.

These one hundred sataka verses named Surata-kathamrta are filled with the blissful pastimes of the Divine Couple. One who relishes these verses is able, by Their mercy to directly perceive Their pastimes, as if his eyes were placed against the window in Their forest-cottage.

In the form of a manjari this person may enter the cottage and gaze at the forms of the sleeping Youthful Divine Couple. She may remove her tinkling ankle-bells and other ornaments so as not to awaken Them.

Accompanied by the frightened, trembling gopis, this manjari, unable to leave, may gaze at the Divine Couple and fan Their perspiring bodies with a palm-leaf.

Without the great good-fortune of residing at this Radha-kunda, how shall I fulfill my difficult to attain wish to directly serve the Divine Couple?

By churning Srila Rupa Gosvami's wonderfully confidential Suratastakam, I have been able to write these 100 verses. I pray that those devotees whose hearts are filled with love for the Divine Couple may relish these verses.

This book, Surata-kathamrta, was written in the year 1678 during the month of Jyaishta (may-june), when the sun traversed the constellation Taurus. I pray that this book may arise like a moon within the sky of the devotees's hearts.