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“SELF-SURRENDER”
“PEACE”
“COMPASSION” &
“THE MISSION OF THE GOOSE”

POEMS AND PRAYERS FROM SOUTH INDIA

by APPAYYA DĪKṢITA, NĪLAKAṆṬHA DĪKṢITA
& VEDĀNTA DEŚIKA

TRANSLATED BY
Yigal Bronner & David Shulman

WITH A FOREWORD BY GIEVE PATEL

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2009
COMPASSION
P\textsuperscript{1}rapadye t\textit{am} girim pr\textit{a}y\textit{a}ḥ
Śr\textit{ī}niv\textit{ā}s'\textit{ā}nu\textit{kampay\textit{ā}}
ikṣu|s\textit{ā}ra|sr\textit{a}vanty" \textit{ēva}
yan|mūrtyā śarkarāyitaṃ.

vigāhe tīrtha|bahulāṇṭ
śītalāṇṭ guru|saṃtatiṃ
Śr\textit{ī}niv\textit{ā}sa|day”|āmbodhi|
parīvāha|paramparāṃ.

kṛ\textit{t}inaḥ Kamal”|āvāsa|
kārṇuṇy’|āikāntino bhave,
dhatte yat|sūkti|rūpeṇa
tri|vedī sarvāyogyatāṃ.

Parāśara|mukhān vande
Bhagīratha|naye sthitān
Kamalākānta|kāruṇya|
Gaṅgā|plāvita|mad|vidhān.

a|śeṣa|vighna|śamanāṇṭ
anīk’|čśvaram āśraye
Śrīmataḥ karuṇ”|āmbodhau
śikṣā|srota iv’ ōtthitaṃ
Prelude

I surrender to this mountain, this stream of sugar-cane sap turned solid, as God’s Compassion takes crystal form.

I swim in the cool steady flood of God’s Compassion, in its deep pools, eddies, currents flowing through the long line of our teachers, which never fails.

I follow unique poets immersed in the mercy of Kámalá’s lord. It is only their songs that open up all three Vedas for everyone to hear.

I hold high those sages, starting with Paráshara,* who take their lead from the man who brought the Ganges down to earth.* The river that is God’s Compassion swept them away as she now floods me.

I pray to God’s General, Vishvak-sena, who washes all obstacles away. He rises, steady, from the ocean of God’s Compassion like a river flowing uphill.
samasta|jananîṃ vande
caitanya|stanyapâ|dâyinîṃ,
śreyasîṃ Śrînivâsasya
karaṇaṃ iva rûpiṇîṃ.

vande Vṛṣa|gir'îśasya
mahiśîṃ viśva|dhârinîṃ,
tat|krpâ|pratighâtânâṃ
kṣamayâ vâraṇaṃ yayâ.

niśâmayatu māṃ Nilâ
yad|bhogal|paṭala|air dhruvaṃ
bhâvitaḥ Śrînivâsasya
bhakta|doṣësv adarśanaṃ.

kam apy an|avadhiṃ vande
karaṇâ|Varuṇ'âlayaṃ
Vṛṣa|saila|taṭa|stharâṃ
svayaṃ vyaktim upâgataṃ.
She mothers all there is.
She nourishes us with the milk
they call awareness.
I bow to her, Compassion embodied,
the best thing about God.

And to Earth, the highest queen
of the Lord of Bull Hill.*
She bears us all
and bears with us all.
She won’t let us strike back
at God’s Compassion.

Nila,* I pray for your attention.
When God makes love to you,
we can be sure his eyes turn blind
to the faults that we, who love him,
may commit.

That unfathomable, unending
ocean of kindness
who makes himself visible
to anyone who climbs the slopes
of Bull Hill—
I bow to him.
a|kiṃcana|nidhiṃ, sūtim
apavarga|tri|vargayoḥ
AṆjan’|ādr’|īśvara|dayāṃ
abhiṣṭaumi nir|aṆjanāṃ.

anucara|śakty|ādil|guṇām,
agre|sara|bodha|vira|cita|ālokāṃ,
sv’|ādhīna|Vṛṣa|gir’|īśāṃ,
svayaṃ prabhūtāṃ pramāṇayāmi dayāṃ.

api nikhila|loka|ṣu|carita|
muṣṭiṃ|dhaya|durita|mūrcchan’|ā|juṣṭaṃ
saṃjīvayatu, daye, māṃ
AṆjana|giri|nātha|raṆjanī bhavatī.
I praise you, Compassion, who belong to the god of Ánjana Hill:* You are pure gold to those who own nothing. You alone deliver final freedom and the other three ends of men.

Power and other such traits follow her everywhere. The light of wisdom goes before her. The Lord of Bull Hill is her servant. That’s how I recognize Compassion when she comes to be of her own accord.

I’ve been bad. I’m losing my mind. My terrible record is a fist in the face of any good deeds that others have done. Mother Compassion! Bring me back to life. Be the lover of the god on Ánjana Hill.
bhagavati daye, bhavatyā

Vṛṣa|giri|nāthe samāplute tuṅge
a|pratigha|majjanānāṃ
hast’|ālambo madjāgasāṃ mṛgyaḥ.

kṛpaṇaljana|kalpa|latikāṃ
kṛt’|āparādhasya niśkriyāṃ ādyāṃ,
Vṛṣa|giri|nātha|daye, tvāṃ
vidanti saṃsāra|tārīṇīṃ vibudhāḥ.

15 Vṛṣa|giri|grha|medhi|guṇāḥ
bodha|bal’|āiśvarya|vīrya|śakti|mukhāḥ
dośā bhaveyur ete
yadi nāma, daye, tvaya vinā|bhūtāḥ.

ā|ṣrṣṭi|saṃtatānāṃ
aparādhānāṃ nirodhinīṃ jagataḥ,
Padmāsahāya|karuṇe,
pratisaṃcara|kelim ācarasi.
When you flood even the god
on the peak of Bull Hill,
surely my burden of evil
will drown, too.
Compassion, great goddess:
would it be too much to ask you
to give it a hand?

You’re bounty unending
to anyone in want,
immediate expiation
for anyone who’s done wrong.
Goddess Compassion who lives with the god
on Bull Hill: those who know,
know you can guide us
to the other shore.

Omniscience, might, mastery, vigor,
and all the other blessed qualities
of the god at home on Bull Hill
would be nothing but a curse, Compassion,
if not for you.

People commit crimes non-stop
from the beginning of time, and you,
God’s Compassion, block them with a torrent
at every end of time, as the curtain falls
on your dance.*
a|cid|a|viśiṣṭān pralaye
   jantūn avalokya jāta|nirvedā
karaṇa|kalevara|yogaṁ
   vitarasi, Vṛṣa|śaila|nātha|karuṇe, tvaṁ.
anuguṇa|dās”|ārpitena,
   Śrīdhara|karuṇe, samāhita|snehā
śamayasi tamaḥ prajānāṁ
   śāstramayena sthīra|pradīpena.
rūḍhā Vṛṣ’|ācala|pateḥ
   pāde mukha|kānti|patrala|cchāyā,
karuṇe, sukhayasi vinatān
   kaṭ’|ākṣa|viṭapaiḥ kar’|āpaceya|phalaiḥ.

20 nayane Vṛṣ’|ācal’|ēndos
   tārā|maitrīṁ dadhānayā, karuṇe,
   drṣṭas tvay” āiva janimān
   apavargam a|krṣṭa|pacyam anubhavati.

samay’|ōpanātais tava pravāhair,
anukampe, krṭa|saṃplavā dharitrī
saɾaṇ’|āgata|sasya|mālin” īyaṁ
   Vṛṣa|śail’|ēśa|krṣśivalaṁ dhinoti.
Then, after the deluge, when you see all living beings no better than dead matter, you despair, Compassion, and bless them with the burden of vital senses and a body—you who belong to the god of Bull Hill.

With the unwavering lamp of Scripture, its coiled wick lit at the right moment and burning with your love, you, Mother Compassion, dispel the darkness in people’s minds.

If God is a tree on Bull Hill, you grow at his feet, you’re the lush shade flowing from the foliage at his head, and to delight those who bow to him, Compassion, you bend the long boughs that are his glances heavy with fruit within reach.

God, rising like the moon on Bull Hill, supplies the eyes, but you, Compassion, give him sight. If your gentle gaze falls, star-like, on anyone alive, they’ll find freedom, a rich yield from an untilled land.

When the earth is flooded on time by you, Compassion, pilgrims crop up in field after field to the great joy of that Peasant who farms Bull Hill.*
kalaś'|ādadhi|saṃpado bhavatyāḥ,
karuṇe, san|mahi|mantha|saṃskṛtāyāḥ
amṛt'|āṃśam avaimi divya|dehaṃ
mṛta|saṃjivanam Añjana|ācal'|ēndoh.

jala|dher iva śītatā, daye, tvaṃ
Vṛṣa|śail'|ādhipateḥ sva|bhāva|bhūtā.
pralay'|ārabhaṭī|naṭīṃ tad|īkṣāṃ
prasabhaṃ grāhayasi prasattī|lāsyāṃ

praṇata|pratikūla|mūla|ghātī
pratighaḥ ko ’pi Vṛṣ'|ācal'|ēśvarasya
kalame yavaś'|āpacāya|nītyā,
karuṇe, kiṃkaratāṃ tav' ṭopayāti.

a|bahiṣkṛta|nigrahāṃ vidantaḥ
Kamalākānta|guṇān sva|tantrat”|ādīn,
a|vikalpaṃ anugrahaṃ duhānāṃ
bhavātim eva, daye, bhajanti santaḥ.
When you whipped yourself into cream in the butter-churn of your willing mind, Compassion, Ocean of Milk, a spoonful became God’s body rising like the moon on Bull Hill that pulls the dead back to life.*

Like coolness to the ocean, you, Compassion, are the very nature of the god on Bull Hill. When his gaze does the wild dance that devastates the world, you sternly retrain it in the soft step of peace.

Someone always has to weed a field of growing paddy. God’s infinite rage that uproots the enemies of those who come to him at Bull Hill takes its orders from you, Compassion.

Good people know that among his other fine features, God is wholly free—but not quite free from judgment. That’s why they stick to your free-flowing kindness, Compassion, no questions asked.
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