

Om Sree Lalitambikayai namah

**THE SOUNDARYA LAHARI**  
**Jagad Guru Sri Sankaraacharya's Immortal Creation**

*Siva Saktyaa yukto yadi bhavati Saktah prabhavitum  
na chae daevam daevo na khalu kusalah spanditum api  
atas twaam aaraadhyaam hari hara virinchaadibhir api  
pranastum stotum vaa katham akrita punyah prabhavati.* 01

O! Bhagavati! Only if Parama Siva is enjoined with You, the Sakti, He is empowered to create. The same Lord is indeed powerless even to move sans Thy company. O! Mother, the celebrities such as Hari, Hara and Brahma and others, ever worship Thee. In such a context, how can one (I) be capable of saluting or praising you without the meritorious effects of (my) yester deeds? 01

*taneeya amsam paamsum tavacharana pankaueruha bhavam  
virinchis sanchinwan virachayati lokaan avikalan  
vahatyaenam Saurih katham api sahasraena Sirasaam  
harah samkshudwainam bhajati bhasmod doolana vidhim.* 02

O! Bhagavati, Virinchi (the Creator) carefully gathers the minute dust from Thy celebrated lotus feet to accomplish his creativity of all the worlds, without any hindrance. Shouri (Vishnu) somehow manages to carry this dust on his thousand heads. Hara (Siva) amalgamates this powder and observes the injunction for sprinkling it on Himself as the sacred ash (vibhooti). 02

*avidyaanaam antas timira mihira dweepa nagaree  
jadaanaam chaitanya stabaka makaranda sruti jharee  
daridraanaam chintaamani gunanikaa janma jaladhau  
nimagnaanaam damshtraa mura ripu varaahasya bhavati.* 03

O! Mother! For the spiritually ignorant, engulfed by darkness, the dust of your lotus feet is the shining Sun of an island city. For the dull witted, it is the flowing stream of honey of the Kalpaka flower cluster, the pure intelligence. For those impoverished it is the necklace granting all wealth like the Chintamani. For those immersed in the ocean of samsara (births etc.), it is the tusk of the savior Wild Boar (Varaaha Vishnu), the enemy of Mura. 03

*twadanyah paanibhyaam abhaya varado daivata ganah  
twam aekaa naiva asi prakatita vara abheety abhinayaa  
bhayaat traatum daatum phalam api cha vaancaa samadhikam  
saranyae lokaanaam tavahi charanaa vaeva nipunau.* 04

Other than you, the assemblages of gods assure protection from fear and gesticulate this by the Abhaya mudra (hand gesture). You alone do not display such gesture with your hand of bestowing boon and protection from fear. Oh! Mother, the refuge for the worlds! Indeed, your expert feet (you are ready to walk up to us) are good enough in offering such protection and giving bountiful rewards much in excess than our desires. 04

*hari stwaam aaraadhya pranata jana soubhaagya jananeem  
puraa naaree bhootwaa pura ripum api kshobha manayat;  
smaropi twaam satwaa rati nayana laehyaena vapushaa  
muneenaam apy antah prabhavati hi mohaaya mahataam.* 05

O! Mother, the very cause of auspiciousness to people who worship You, Once Sri Hari having worshipped you, has become an astonishingly beautiful woman and agitated the mind of even Lord Siva and stole his pride. Having bowed to you, Smara (cupid) too is blessed with an eternally handsome appearance which is like a soothing liniment to the eyes of his consort, Rati. With this appearance, he has indeed generated delusion within hearts of even great sages. 05

*dhanuh poushpam mourwee madhu karamayee pancha visikhaah  
vasantas saamanto malaya marud aayodhana rathah  
tathaa apy aekas sarwam hima giri sutae kaamapi kripaam  
apaangaat tae labdhwaa jagad idam anango vijayatae.* 06

O! Daughter of the snow mountain! What to say about your blessings! Manmadha's bow is sugarcane twig. Its string is made of bee line. His five arrows are flowers. Vasanta (spring season) is his pal and companion. Gentle (Malaya) mountain breeze is his chariot to wage his war. Thus, though all his instruments and associates are so inefficient, Ananga (Manmadha) triumphs over this entire world. Isn't because of the compassionate glance from the corner of your eye? 06

*kwanat kaanchee daamaa kari kalabha kumbha stana nataa  
pariksheenaa madhyae parinata sarat chandra vadanaa  
dhanur bhaanaan paasam srunim api dadhaanaa karatalaih  
purastaa daastaam nah puramathitu raaho purushikaa.* 07

Let the Divine Mother dwell intimately in our hearts ...with her tinkling fillet girdle, Her full bosom - akin to the frontal globes of a young elephant - making her bend forward (reaching us), Her lean waist enhancing her beauty, Her face akin to the full autumnal moon. She sports in her palms a bow and arrow, a noose and a goad. I revere this Divine Mother who is the 'I' consciousness in the Lord, Parama Siva. 07

*sudhaa sindhor madhyae sura vitapi vaatee parivritae  
mani dweepae neepopa vanavati chintaamani grihae  
Sivaakaarae manchae parama Siva paryanka nilayaam  
bhajanti twaam dhanyaah katichina chidaananda lahareem.* 08

Only a few evolved souls are blessed to worship you Devi! O! the unending flood of Eternal Bliss Absolute, You and Lord Siva sharing a same bed, with Siva himself as your resting couch which is of the shape of a triangle (the Sakti triangle), in a house decorated with several Chintamanis, possessed in the garden of Kadamba (kalpaka) trees, in the vicinity of a park of celestial trees, in the midst of an island in the ocean of amrita (ambrosia). 08

*maheem moola adhaarae kamapi manipoorae hutaavaham  
sthitam swadhishtaanae hridi marutam aakaasam upari  
mano api bhroomadhyae sakalamapi bhittwaa kulapatham  
sahasraarae padmae naha rahasi patyaa viharasae .* 09

May I understand Thee! You are The Earth element in the Mula Adhara, The Water element in the Manipoora, The Fire element present in the Svadhishtana (inner core of consciousness), The Air element in the heart, (going) above the Space element, and Thy mind element between Thy brows (Thy immanent vision). Thus having passed through all the Pancha (five) Bhootas (Gross Elements) and exhausting them in Thy path (Kulapatha), You sport your creative activity in secret with your husband in the thousand petalled lotus. 09

*sudhaa dhaaraa saarais charana yugalaantar wigalitaih  
prapancham sinchantee punar api rasaamnaaya mahanah,  
avaapya swaam bhoomim bhujaga nibhamadyushtha valayam  
swam aatmaanam kritwaa swapishi kulakundae kuharini.* 10

O! Mother! You infuse the whole universe with Amrita, drenching it in this torrential stream (Amruta dhaara), which trickles from within your pair of feet. Once again, this flow reaches your territory, after drenching the Moon - who is apparent essence of Amrita. You pervade the Earth element in the form of Kundalini Sakti (Kula Kunda) by making yourself into three and a half coils similar to a serpent, sleeping in it as exceedingly subtle consciousness. 10

*chaturbis Sreekanthais Siva yuvatibhih panchabhir api  
prabhinna abhis Sambor navabhir api moola prakritibhih  
chatus chatwaarimsad vasu dala kalaasra trivalaya  
tri raekhaabhis saartham tava Sarana konaah parinataah.* 11

The Sri Chakra (the abode of the Sakti) has 44 angles with four Sri Kantha (Siva chakras) and five Siva Yuvati (Other Sakti chakras), separate from the Siva chakras and these are nine source materials for the universe. These are surrounded by the eight petalled lotus (Asta dala padma), next by the sixteen petalled lotus. All these are in three circles separated by the 3 lines. (Sree Sakti is the 1000 petalled lotus in the brain.) 11

*twadeeyam soundaryam tuhina giri kanyae tulayitum  
kaveendraah kalpantae kathamapi virinchi prabhritayah  
yuda alokoutsukyaad amara lalanaa yaanti manasaa  
tapobhir dushpraapaam api girisa saayujya padaveem .* 12

O! Daughter of the snow mountain! The best of poets such as Virinchi (Brahma) and others are unable to compare, at least somehow or other, your beauty (with any thing they know of). Out of their ardent curiosity to witness your glory, the celestial women (apsaras) enter the Lord Siva's mind through contemplation and total surrender. O! This experience is impossible even by any rigorous penance. 12

*naram varsheeyaamsam nayana virasam narmasu jadam  
tavaapaanga alokae patitam anudha avanti satasah  
galad vaenee bandhaah kucha kalasa visrasta sichayaah  
hathat trutyat kaanchyo vigalita dukoolaa yuvatayah.* 13

O! Mother, A tiny glance from even the corner of your eye is good enough! A man, even though is very old, very ugly looking and apathetic in amorous sport, hundreds of young women go after him, unmindful of their loosened braided hair, slipping upper cloth from their attractive bosoms, suddenly snapping waist ornaments and their drooping silk sarees. Isn't it the power of thy blessing? 13

*kshitou shat panchaasad dwi samadhika panchaasad udakae  
hutaasae dwaashashtis chamaradhika panchaasad anilae  
divi dwishshat trimsan manasi cha chatu shshashtir iti yae  
mayookhaas taeshaam apy upari tava paada ambuja yugam .* 14

O! Mother! Your pair of lotus feet is even above the following beams of light that are thus disposed. They are fifty six in the earth element, fifty two in the water element, sixty two in the fire element, fifty four in the air element, twice thirty six (72) in the space element, and sixty four in the mind element. Sakti staanam is above these six planes in the 1000 petalled lotus in the Amruta Ocean and is called the BINDU STANAM. 14

*Sarajjyotsnaa suddaam sasiyuta jataa joota makutaam  
vara traasa traana spatika ghatikaa pustaka karaam  
sakrin natwaa na twaa katham iva sataam sannidadhatae  
madhu ksheera draakshaa madhurima dhureenaah phanitayah.* 15

O! Mother, You are pure like the autumnal moonlight, You are decorated with a tiara (kireeta like) made up of the mass of your twisted hair crowned with the moon, and Your hands grant all boons and promise protection from fear, and sport the crystal beads and a book of knowledge. It is, but natural that the poetic works of people, who bowed to you and got your blessings, are fully charged with the sweetness of honey, milk and grape juice. 15

*kaveendraanaam chaetah kamalavana baalaat ava ruchim  
bhajantae yaesa sah katichid arunaam aeva bhavateem  
virinchi praeyasyaas taruna tara sringaara laharee  
gabheera abhir waagbir vidadhati sataam ranjanamamee.* 16

O! Mother, Just as the morning Sun shine is to the lotuses, You are the illuminating morning twilight of the red dawn, to lotus hearts of the best of poets (their creativity). Those blessed good men who worship Thee, become dearest to Goddess Saraswati. By her grace, they ever impart pleasure and consummation to the hearts of like minded courtiers with their creative, profound and romantic poetry. 16

*saavitreebhir vaachaam sasimani silaabhanga ruchibhih  
vasinyaadya abhistwaam saha janani sanchintayati yah  
sa kartaa kaavyaanaam bhavati mahataam bhanghi ruchibhih  
vachobhir vaag daevee vadana kamala amoda madhuraih.* 17

O! Mother! You are in the company of Vasini (Lakshmi), the Goddess of speech (Savitri) and the Goddess of beauty (Rati) with the luster of the moon-stone slabs (marble blocks). The one, who, adores You in the company of the above powers, certain, he becomes the author of extra-ordinary poetry with the beauty, taste and wit of all time great poets and his works emanate the sweet fragrance of the lotus face of the goddess Saraswati. 17

*tanu chchaaya abhistae taruna tarani sree saranibhih  
divam sarwaam urveem arunimani magnaam smarati yah  
bhavant asya trasyad vana harina saaleena nayanaah  
sah orwasyaa vasyaah kati kati na geerwaana ganikaah.* 18

O! Mother! He, who understands that all heaven and earth are ever immersed in the pink luster of Thy persona, akin to the luster of the freshly arisen Sun, to him, how many celestial courtesan maids along with Urvasi are not at his feet - with their eyes resembling frightened forest deer ? (Indeed all such women are after him) 18

*mukham bindum kritwaa kucha yuga madhastasya tadadho  
hara artham dhyaayaedyo hara mahishi tae manmatha kalaam  
sasadyas samkshobham na yati vanitaa ityati laghu  
trilokeem apy aasu bhramayati ravi indu stana yugaam.* 19

O! Queen of Hara! He, who meditates on Thee as manifestation of the Creative Force, having imagined the Bindu as Thy face, Thy bosom as the middle part, and Thy female organs of generation below that (signifying you as force of the laya, sthiti and srusti), he immediately reduces all women into a state of agitation very easily. He even deludes quickly, the maiden named Trilokee (three worlds) who has the sun and moon as her pair of breasts. 19

*kiranteem angaebhyah kirana nikurumba amrita rasam  
hridi twaam aadhattae hima kara silaa moortim iva yah  
sa sarpaanaam darpam samayati sakuntaadhipa iva  
jwara plushtaan drishtyaa sukha yati sudhaa dhaara sirayaa.* 20

O! Mother! He, who fixes Thee in his heart as the scintillation emanating, like nectar, from the various parts of Thy persona, like the multitude of cool rays from an idol made up of moon-stone (marble), becomes powerful like Garutman, the lord of birds – who destroys the pride of serpents. Such a devoted man comforts those scorched by fever by his mere look, endowed as if he is with the vessel overflowing with Amrita. 20

*tatil laekhaa tanweem tapana sasi vaiswaanaramayeem  
nishannaam shannaam apy upari kamalaanaam tava kalaam  
mahaa padma atavyaam mridi tamalamaayaena manasaa  
mahaantah pasyanto dadhati parama ahlaada lahareem.* 21

O! Mother, Thy form is fascinating like a streak of lightning, and with the glory of the Sun, Moon and Fire. Great evolved souls perceive and contemplate Thee in their minds, with esteem as the Sadakhya kala or Bindu Roopam seated in the great lotus forest (the sahasrara), above the six yogic chakras and thus they possess unending supreme joy. 21

*bhavaani tavam daasae mayi vitara drushtim sakarunaam  
iti stotum vaanchan kathayati bhavaani twam itiyah  
tadaiva twam tasmai disasi nija saayujya padaveem  
mukunda brahmaendra sphuta makuta neeraajita padaam.* 22

O! Bhavani! The very moment one surrenders to you saying – “I am your slave, bestow Thy compassionate look on me”, You grant him, before he completes that sentence, the perpetual state of absorption in Thee at Thy feet. Aren’t your feet glittering with the twinkles from the precious stones in the bright diadems (kireetas) of Mukunda, Brahma, and Indra? 22

*twayaa hritwaa vaamam vapu ripari truptaena manasaa  
sareera artham sambhor aparam api sanko hritam abhoot  
yadaetat twad roopam sakalam arunaabhan trinayanam  
kuchaabhyaam aanamram kutila sasi choodaala makutam.* 23

O! Mother! I imagine, you might have taken over the right half too of the persona of the Lord Siva, perhaps being discontented to be only in his left half. That must be the reason for your entirely red, scintillating appearance with the three eyes, shaped bosom and curved body and the crown crested by the moon crescent. 23

*jagat sootae dhaataa harir avati rudrah kshapayatae  
tiraskurwann aetat swam api vapureesa stirayati  
sadaa poorwas sarwam tad ida manugrihnaati cha sivah  
tava ajnaam aalambya kshana chalitayor bhroo latikayoh.* 24

O! Mother! Dhata (Brahma) begets the world. Hari protects it. Rudra destroys it. Esvara withdraws them (Dhata, Hari and Rudra), at will into Him and obscures even his own body (by merging into Sadasiva). Indeed Siva (whose name) is preceded by (the word) Sada, obliges in all this, based upon Thy order, granted to Him by the momentary movement of your eye-brows. 24

*trayaanaam daevaanaam triguna janitaanaam tava sivae  
bhavaet poojaa poojaa tava charanayor yaa virachitaa  
tathaahi twaat paadod wahana mani peethasya nikatae  
sthitaahy aetae saswan mukulita karottam samakutaah.* 25

O! Sivaani! That homage made to Thy feet is verily the homage made to the Trinity (three gods) born of Thy three powers or Gunas. This is indeed true and appropriate, for, the Trinity, with their folded hands held together on their fore-heads, always adore Thee with their crowns touching the gem studded foot rest of yours. 25

*virincih panchatwam vrajati harir aapnoti viratim  
vinaasam keenaaso bhajati dhanado yaati nidhanam  
vitandree maahaendree vitatir api sammeelita drisaa  
mahaa samhaarae asmin viharati sati twat patir asou.* 26

O! Mother! Virinchi embraces death. Hari becomes inactive. Kinaasa (Yama) tastes destruction. Dhanada (Kubera) proceeds to death. The group of Indras (14 Manus and 14 Indras) is also in deep sleep (death) with eyes closed. Oh Sati! In this great universal destruction, Thy husband (Sadasiva) continues to sport (in Thy company). 26

*japo jalpas silpam sakalam api mudraa virachanaa  
gatih praadakshinya kramanam asanaadya ahuti vidhih  
pranaamas samvaesas sukham akhilam aatmaarpana drisaa  
saparyaa paryaayas tava bhavatu yan mae vilasitam.* 27

O! Mother! Let my speech be Thy prayers, and all manual tasks I do, be the symbolic arrangement of fingers in Thy worship, let my gait be the steps of circumambulation of Thee, let my food etc. be the oblations offered to Thee, let my silence in sleep be Thy salutation, let all that is happily manifested in me be synonymous with Thy worship - from the point of view of offering myself (in your worship). 27

*sudhaam apy aaswaadya pratibhaya jaraa mrityu harineem  
vipadyantae viswae vidhi sata makha mukhaadyaa divishadah  
karaalam yat kshwaelam kabalitavatah kaala kalanaa  
na sambhos tanmoolam tava janani taatanka mahimaa.* 28

O! Mother! The Brahma, Indra and other celebrities of the heaven, though they have taken the immortal fluid, Amrita, which is supposed to remove the fearful old age (and) death, perish at the time of Pralaya (total dissolution). But, Sambhu, though he consumed the dreadful poison (Kala koota visham) is not affected even the least by the all devouring Time. Isn't it because of the greatness of your earrings! 28

*kireetam vairincham parihara purah kaitabha bhidah  
kathorae koteerae skhalasi jahi jambhaari makutam  
pranamraeshwae taeshu prasabham upayaa tasya bhavanam  
bhavasya abhyutthaanae tava pariijanoktir wijayatae.* 29

O! Mother! “Watch out, there is the crown of Brahma near your feet. Be careful in front! You may trip on the hard crown of Vishnu (Kaitabhabhida)! Carefully avoid the crown of Indra (Jambhari)!” - May such cautionary words of your retinue triumph, when you impetuously (suddenly in haste) rise in honour of Bhava (Your Lord Siva), who approaches your palace, when these gods are paying their obeisance to You. 29

*swadaehod bootaabhir ghranibhir animaadwaabhir abhitah  
nishaevyae nityae twaam aham iti sadaa bhaavayati yah  
kim aascharyam tasya trinayana samriddim trunayatah  
mahaa samvarta agnir wirachayati neeraajana vidhim.* 30

O! What a wonder! O Mother! Worthy of all adoration! Oh the Eternal One! He who constantly meditates on Thee, as the manifestation of the Anima etc., eight siddhis generated from Thy own body, and contemplates on You, merging himself with Thee, - He (such a devotee) considers the wealth of absorption into Siva as equivalent, but, to a piece of straw. To him the great fire of dissolution by You will appear as the Harati (neerajanam or the ceremony of waving lights in worship). 30

*chatushshashtyaa tantraih sakalam atisandhaaya bhuvanam  
sthitas tat tat siddhi prasava para tantraih pasupatih  
punastwan nirbandhaad akhila purusha arthaika ghatanaa  
swatantram tae tantram kshiti talam avaateetarad idam.* 31

O! Mother! Pasupati has introduced into the world the sixty four (Maha maaya, Sambarya etc.,) spiritual disciplines (tantras), which are capable generating any desired result, each one giving a restricted fruit of its power. But, ordained by You, he caused this, Your spiritual discipline called Sri Vidya, which alone independently brings together as one, all the purushardhas or principal fulfillments of human life, to descend on to the earth. 31

*Sivas sakti kaamah kshiti ratha ravis seeta kiranah  
smaro hamsas sakras tadanucha paraa maara harayah  
amee hrul laekhaabhis tisrubhir avasaanaeshu ghatitaah  
bhajantae varna astae tava janani naama avayavataam.* 32

O! Mother! Siva, Sakti, Kama, Kshiti (the words standing for the syllables ‘ka’, ‘ae’, ‘ee’, ‘la’), then Ravi, Seetakirana, Smara, Hamsa, Sakra (the words standing for the syllables ‘ha’, ‘sa’, ‘ka’, ‘ha’, ‘la’), and following that Paraa, Maara, Hara (the words standing for the syllables ‘sa’, ‘ka’, ‘la’) – they form your mantram. Oh Mother! With the three Hrimkaras (Hreem) joined to the end of each these three groups your syllables, they become of your name (the fifteen syllabled mantra (panchadasa aksharee mantram). With the sixteenth secret syllable ‘Srim’ it becomes the SriVidya mantra). 32

*smaram yonim lakshmeem tritayam idam aadou tava manoh  
nidhaay aikae nitya niravadhi mahaa bhoga rasikaah  
bhajanti twaam chintaamani guna nibaddha aksha valayaah  
sivaagnou juhwantas surabhi ghruta dhaara ahuti sataih.*

33

O! Mother! Having placed these three –Smara (Kama raja beejam), Yoni (Bhuvanaeswari beejam), Lakshmi beejam (standing for the syllables ‘Iyam’, ‘Hrim and ‘Srim’) in the beginning of Your mantra, Oh Eternal one!, only a blessed few connoisseurs (tapasvis) of endless great sacrifice worship You with Aksha maala of Chintamani gems by pouring oblations into the fire of Siva, with hundreds of pots of fragrant streams of ghee (clarified butter).

33

*sareeram twa sambhos sasi mihira vakshoruha yugam  
tava atmaanaam manyae bhagavati navaatmaanam anagham  
atas saeshas saeshee twayam ubhaya saadhaarana tayaa  
sthitas sambandhovaam sama rasa paraananda parayoh.*

34

O! Bhagavati! You are the all pervasive eternal body of Siva, with the Sun and the Moon as Thy breasts. I consider this flawless, eternal, ever green appearance of Thee as Ananda Bhairava roopam of Thine. Thus, this relation-ship of the nature as the accessory and you both being the Principal power, is common to both of you. You two are the Parananda (Bliss superlative) and Paraa (Supreme) in One equipoise.

34

*manas twam vyoma twam marud api marut saarathi rasi  
twam aapas twam bhoomis twayi parinataayaam nahi param,  
twamaeva swa atmaanam parinamayitum viswa vapushaa  
chidaananda kaaram siva yuvati bhaavaena bibhrishae .*

35

O! Consort of Lord Siva! You are the mind, You are the space, You are the air, You are the fire, You are the water (and) You are the earth. Thus, this entire created world is but, Thy transformation and there is nothing else indeed which is not You. You, by yourself transform your own self

trawaaa, aate

ara am : t m a n a t m a y i j . a h d m j . d a j . d e a j . d d , j .

ich . a j . d r j d h j d u d j . d r j .

*visuddhou tae suddha sphatika visadam vyoma janakam  
Sivam saevae daeveem api Sivasamaana vyavasitaam  
yayoh kaantyaah yaantyaah sasi kirana saaroopya saranaer  
vidhoota antardhwaantaa vilasati chakoreeva jagatee.* 37

O! Bhagavati! The world is filled with bliss, once its inner darkness (ajnaana) is dispelled by the eternal illumination from You both, which is akin to the cool moon light dispelling all darkness (on a full moon day) and making merry to the Chakora birds. I serve the Lord Siva who is of crystalline purity and who is the father of all the space - along with You, the purest of the pure, You only can be equated to Siva. 37

*sam unmeelat samvit kamala makarandaika rasikam  
bhajae hamsa dwandwam kim api mahataam maanasacharam,  
yad aalaapaad ashtaa dasa gunita vidyaa parinatih  
yad aadattae doshaad gunam akhilam adbyah paya iva.* 38

O! Mother! What should I say! I adore the indescribable pair of Swans (Siva and Sakti), which relish only the honey from the fully bloomed lotus of Knowledge, which ever swim in the lake Manasa of the hearts of evolved beings, whose conversation is the essence of eighteen evolved systems of knowledge and which pair accepts all virtue and forgives sin, like swan taking milk and leaving out water. 38

*tava swaadhishtanae hutavaham adishthaaya niratam  
tameedae samvartam janani mahateem taanacha samayaam  
yad aalokae lokaan dahati mahati krodha kalitae  
daya ardraayaa drushtih sisiram upachaaram racayati.* 39

O Mother! Having stationed the fire element in your Swa-adhishtana chakra, I praise uninterruptedly that fire of dissolution (Siva as Rudra) and that annihilator called the Great Samayaa (Time). O! See, the very sight of Rudra (the fire) impelled by great anger of Him, burns the worlds, while that cool looks of yours filled with empathy and compassion comfort the world as a cooling remedy. 39

*tatittwantam saktyaa timira paripanthi sphuranayaa  
spuran naanaa ratna abharana parinadhhae indra dhanusham  
tava syaamam maegham kamapi manipooraika saranam  
nishaenae varshantam hara mihira taptam tribhuvanam.* 40

O! Mother! You are stationed in Your Manipoora chakra, with the power of lightening to drive away the enemy called ajnaana (darkness), simulating a rainbow from the variegated lustre emanating from the gem studded ornaments of yours. O! It is beyond comprehension! You are the dense black cloud that drenches and quenches the three worlds, scorched by the intense heat of the Sun called Siva (Pralaya Kala Rudra). 40

*tavaadhaarae moolae saha samayayaa laasya parayaa  
nava atmaanam manyae navarasa mahaa taandava natam,  
ubhaabhyaam aetaabhyaam udaya vidhim uddisya dayayaa  
sanaathaabhyaam jainaee janaka jananeemat jagad idam.*

41

O! Mother! In your Mulaadhara chakra, I contemplate on the Samayaa (Ananda Bhairavi), who is engrossed in the Lasya dance, along with Nava atman (Ananda Bhairava) dancing the wonderful Siva Tandava dance filled with Nava rasas (nine different expressions of mind). This world is no more an orphan as it has acquired the Father and the Mother in You two. You are compassionate and have creation as your objective.

41

Here ends The *Ananda Lahari*, the first part of *Soundarya Lahari*, describing the formless (*Niraakaara roopam*), the Bliss Absolute, the Supreme Power, The *Adi Sakti*. The following verses describe the Eternal Beauty of the Mother as the form for worship (*Sakaara roopam*). This description of the Eternal Mother is from top to toe, with peerless poetic elegance and figurative beauty which can be experienced only by the one of deep contemplation. The poet Sankara, comes with astounding descriptions of the indescribable Almighty. May we submit our heartiest obeisance to this great master!

*gatair maanikya twam gagana manibhis saamsthra ghatitam  
kireetam tae haimam himagiri sutae keertiyati yah,  
sa needaey achchaayaach churana sabalam chandra sakalam  
dhanus sounaaseeram kim iti na nibadhnaati dhishanaam.* 42

O the daughter of the snow mountain! O Mother! Which ever poet describes your golden crown crafted and densely packed with the twelve Suns (Dwadasa Adityas) from the 12 galaxies as the gems, will he not compose in his poetry that the fragment of the moon decorated on your crown is in itself the rainbow, reflecting the variegated colours due to the lustre of the celestial orbs? 42

*dhunotu dhwaantam nas tulita dalita endeevara vanam  
ghana snigdha slakshnam chikura nikurumbam tava sivae  
yadeeyam sourabhyam sahajam upalabdhum samanaso  
vasanty asmin manyae vala mathana vaatee vitapinaam.* 43

O! Sivae! Resembling the cluster of fully bloomed blue lotuses or the dense blue-black clouds- very soft, silky, fragrant and glossy- is your hair style. Its darkness must annihilate the darkness in our hearts. I think; to steal some of the natural fragrance from your hair, all the divine flowers (parijata) in the celebrated garden of Indra, ever cherish to dwell in your hair. 43

*tanotu kshaemam nah tava vadana soundarya laharee  
pareevaaha srotas saranir iva seemanta saranih  
vahantee sindhooram prabala kabaree bhaara timira  
dwishaam brundair bandeekrutam iva naveena arka kiranam.* 44

O! Mother! The mid partition line in your dense hair style, simulating a rivulet overflowing from the ocean of your beautiful face, is decorated with the sindhooram (vermillion powder). It is akin to the early morning rays of the Sun (Arunodaya); this Sun appears, as if, captured by a group of enemies called darkness which is your dense mass of hair. Let this charm grant us all wellbeing! 44

*araalais swaabhaavyaad alika labhasa sreebhir alakaih  
pareetam tae vaktram parihasati pankae ruha ruchim,  
dara smaerae yasmin dasana ruchini kinjilka ruchirae  
sugandhou maadyanti smara dahana chakshur madhulihah.* 45

O! Mother! Your lotus face is covered by your naturally curly hair and thus resembles the beauty of dark bee lines swarming a lotus; Is it not ridiculing the so called beauty of any red lotus? Your graceful face is further glorified by your slight smile with the glitter of Thy teeth as the glistening lotus filaments. O! What to say! Lord Parama Siva has annihilated Manmadha with his looks, but is intoxicated in ever rejoicing with the bee-line of his looks in Thy fragrant lotus face. 45

*lalaatam laavanya dyuti vimalam aabhaati tava yat  
dwiteeyam tan manyae makuta ghatitam chandra sakalam,  
viparyaasa nyaasad ubhayam api sambhooya cha mithah  
sudhaa laepa syootih parinamati raakaa hima karah.* 46

O! Mother! That forehead of Thee, shining with pure lustrous beauty, appears as one half-moon. Decorated on Your crown is the other half of the Moon. O! Here we have the Full Moon born, when we imagine these two halves, placed after reversing, and combined mutually, with the seam line plastered by Amrita. 46

*bhruvou bhugnae kinchid bhuvana bhaya bhanga vyananini  
twadeeyae naetraabhyaam madhukara ruchibhyaam dhrutaganam,  
dhanur manyae savya etara kara griheetam rati pataeh  
prakoshthae mushtou cha sthaya gati nigoodha aanartam umaee.* 47

O! Mother! Uma Devi! The one ever habituated to destroying all fear and misery in all the worlds! Your slightly curved eye-brows are like the bow of Manmadha (Rati pati), with your jet black beautiful eyes like the bee line string, fixed as bow string. This is, as if Manmadha has grasped this bow with his left hand and hence the middle part of the bow is hidden by his fist and that of the bow string by his fore arm. 47

*aha syootae savyam tava nayanam arkaatmaka tayaa  
tri yaamaam vaamam tae srujati rajanee naayaka tayaa,  
truteeyaa tae drushtir dara dalita haemaambuja ruchih  
sama adhattae sandhyaam divasa nisayor antara chareem.* 48

O! Mother! Thy right eye creates the day, being red and fiery, of the nature of the Sun and Thy left eye being cool, of the nature of the Moon, creates the night. O! Isn't beautiful! Your third eye, well, with its lustre of a slightly blossomed golden lotus, produces the twilight (sandhya), interposed in between the day and night. 48

*visaalaa kalyaanee sphuta ruchir ayodhyaa kuvalayaih  
krupaadhaaraa aadhaaraa kim api madhuraa aabhogavatikaa,  
avantee srishti, stae bahu nagara vistaara vijayaa  
dhravam tat tan naama vyavaharana yogyaa vijayatae.* 49

O! Mother! What to write! Thy affectionate looks are wide (Visala), auspicious (Kalyan), of full bloomed beauty (Kuvaa), unassailable by blue water lilies (Ayodhya), the reservoir of a stream of compassion (Dhara), sweet (Madhura), long (Bhogavati), protecting (Avanti). They surpass the vast expanse (of this country), encompassing many cities and deserving them to be named after Your compassionate glance having indeed conquered them (Vijaya) all. 49

*kaveenaam sandarba stabaka makarand aika rasikam  
kataaksha vyaakshaepa bhramara kalabhou karna yugalam  
amunchantou drushtwaa tava navarasa aswaada taralou  
asooyaa samsargaad alika nayanam kinchid arunam.* 50

O! Bhagavati! Your ears relish the honey from the flower bouquet like nectarine poetry of the great poets. Your bee-like black eyes, ever close to Your ears (means wide eyes), are always fond of drinking Nava Rasas (Srīngara etc.) in such poetry. The third eye on your fore head (being not in contact with the ears), is perhaps taken over by envy and so is slightly red in colour. 50

*sivae srīgaara ardraa tad itara janae kutsana paraa  
saroshāa gangaayaam girisa charitae vismayavatee,  
hara ahibhyo bheetaa sarasiruha soubhaagya jananee  
sakheeshu smaeraa tae mayi janani drishtih sa karunaa.* 51

O! Mother! Thy looks are the Nava rasas. They are full of love upon Siva, filled with pity and empathy towards other beings, exceedingly contemptuous on enemies, filled with jealousy and anger towards Ganga, full of amazement while (hearing about) Lord Siva's greatness, frightened when looking at the serpents on Hara, beautiful while imparting the charm to the lotuses, smiling towards Thy friends and finally they are very compassionate upon me. 51

*gatae karna abhyarnam garuta iva pakshmaani dadhatee  
puraam bhaettuh chitta prasama rasa vidraavana phalae,  
imae naetrae gotraadhara pati kulottamsa kalikae  
tava akarna akrushnalū smara sara vilaasam kalayatah* 52

O! Bhagavati, Aren't You the best floral decoration of Himavat Parvata's family! These eyes of yours are wide enough to reach Thy ears, are further glorified by feathery (smooth and thick rows) eye lashes. It is no wonder if Your eyes have stolen the calm and quiet mind of Lord Siva (the annihilator of Tripura asura). Stretched up to the ears they impart the graceful sharpness to the arrows of Manmadha to defeat Siva. 52

*vibhakta traivarnyam vyatikar ita leelaanjana tayaa  
vibhaati twan naetra tritayam idam eesaana dayitae,  
punas srashtum daevaana druhina hari rudra anuparataan  
rajas satvam bibhrat tama iti gunaanaam trayam iva.* 53

O! Mother, the darling of Lord Siva! Thy three eyes decorated by beautifying black paste on the lid margins show a combination of three separate colours – red, white and black, as if bearing the three Gunas namely rajas, satvam and tamas, to recreate the Brahma, Vishnu and Rudra, who have ceased to exist. 53

*pavitree kartum nah pasupati paraadheena hrudayae  
dayaa mitrair naetrair aruna dhavala syaama ruchibhih,  
nadaḥ sono gangaa tapanatanaya aeti dhruvam ayam  
trayaanaam teerthaanaam upanayasi sambaedam anagham.* 54

O! Mother, with your heart surrendered to Pasupati! Thy looks endowed with kindness are gentle and pleasing. They glorify the three colours red, white and deep blue. In these three colours, You bring us this pure confluence of the three holy rivers - the river Sona (red/ Saraswati), the Ganga (white) and the Yamuna (deep blue) in order to purify us. This is certain! 54

*nimaesho unmaeshaabhyaam pralayam udayam yaati jagatee  
tavaety aahus santo dharaneedhara raajanya tanayae  
twad unmaeshaaj jaatam jagad idam asaesha pralayatah  
pari traatum sanko parihrita nimaeshaas tava drisah.* 55

O! Mother, the daughter of the royal mountain! Good men assert that the world proceeds to annihilation and creation on the closing and opening of your eye lids. I imagine that your eyes have abandoned closing the eye lids, in order to protect, from annihilation, this entire world born upon opening of your eye lids. 55

*tava aparnae karnae japa nayana paisunya chakitaah  
nileeyantae toyae niyatam animaeshaah sapharikaah,  
iyam cha sreer baddachchada puta kavaatam kuvalayam  
jahaati pratyoooshae nisi cha vighatayya pravisati.* 56

O Aparna! Parvati! It is certain that the glittering female (safari) fish ever hide in the water with unblinking eyes, afraid of slanderous complaints (that the fish have stolen the unblinking and glistening nature from your eyes) whispered in to thy ears, by your eyes. And look at this - the goddess of beauty abandons the blue water lily flowers with their petals doors closed at dawn, and enters them having opened the petal doors at night (The Goddess beauty resides in the eyes of Mother during day and in the lily at night). 56

*drusa adraagheeyasyaa dara dalita neelotpala ruchaa  
daveeyaam sam deenam snapaya kripayaa maam api sivae !  
anaena ayam dhanyo bhavati na cha tae haanir iyataa  
vanaevaa harmyaevaa samakara nipaato hima karah.* 57

O Sivae! Please bathe me, this poor and far removed devotee, with Thy compassionate, merciful and protracted look - with the beauty of a slightly blossomed blue lotus. I will be blessed with all prosperity by this look and do not lose any thing by such a gesture. Isn't the moon shining equally in the forest as well as on the (kings) palace? (I know you don't discriminate me.) 57

*araalam tae paalee yugalam agaraajanya tanayae !  
na kaeshaa maadhatae kusuma sara kodanda kutukam  
tirascheeno yatra sravana patham ullamnghya vilasan  
apaanga vyaasango disati sara sandaana dhishanaam.* 58

O! The daughter of the mountain king! Who will not believe vehemently that the curved temple region of yours (in front of the ears) is the bow of Manmadha? - wherein the attention of the corner of the eye, having passed through the reach of the ears and going beyond, glittering, makes one understand it as the arrow mounted on the bow. 58

*sphurad gandaabhoga prati phalita taatanka yugalam  
chatus chakram manyae tava mukham idam manmatha ratham,  
yam aaruhya druhyaaty avani ratham arkaendu charanam  
mahaa veero maarah pramatha patayae sajjita vatae* 59

O! Mother! I imagine the face of Yours with the pair of round ear ornaments reflected on Your glossy, shining cheeks is the four wheeled chariot of Manmadha. Having embarked on it (Your face as the chariot), the great warrior Manmadha, seeks to triumph Lord Siva armed with the earth as a chariot of two wheels namely the Sun and Moon. (It is no strange if Manmadha wins over this war with Your face as his chariot.) 59

*saraswatya sookteer amrita laharee kousala hareeh  
pibantyaah sarwaanee sravana chulukaabhyaam aviralam,  
chamatkaara slaaghaa chalita sirasah kundala gano  
jhanatkaaraih staaraih prati vachanam aachashta iva tae.* 60

O! Mother, Sarvani! Goddess Saraswati, while continuously listening to you profoundly, (drinking by the cups of the ears) your excellent speech - which is capable of depriving the charm and felicity of the flow of Amrita - she is nodding her head in praise of the poetical charm. This causes the groups of her ear ornaments give jingling musical sound as if trying to reply to you. 60

*asou naasaa vamas tuhina giri vamsa dhvajapati  
twadeeyo naedeeyah phalatu phalam asmaakam uchitam,  
vahaty antar muktaah sisirakara niswaasa galitam  
samruddhyaa yat taasaam bahir api sa muktaa mani dharah.* 61

O! Mother, the icon of the race of the snow mountain! Where is the doubt that Your nose is the treasure house of pearls? The cool breath flowing out from the nose and the pearl nose ornament outside, are they not bearing enough evidence that it (the nose) contains pearls within? Let Your nose grant me and my people the imminent and appropriate fruits (reward). 61

*prakrityaa raktaayaas tava sudati danta chchada ruchaeh  
pravakshyae saadrusyam janayatu phalam vidrumalataa,  
na bimbam tat bimba prati phalana raagaad arunimam  
tulaa madhya arodhum katham iva na lajjaeta kalayaa.* 62

O! Mother! Hiding Thy beautiful teeth, naturally red are Thy lips - May I dare to give an appropriate comparison! If the red coral (Pagadam) were to bear a fruit, that imaginary coral fruit may come nearer in comparison! (Some may talk of the Bimba fruit). Nay, Bimba fruit is no match as its redness is only a vague reflection from Thy lips. Will it not be ashamed to be compared as equivalent? How can it enter into a beauty contest! 62

*smita jyotsnaa jaalam tava vadana chandrasya pibitaam  
chakoraanaam aaseed ati rasa tayaa cha inchu jadimaa,  
atas tae seetamsor amrita lahareer aamla ruchayah  
pibanti swachchandam nisi nisi bhusam kaainjika dhiyaa.* 63

O! Mother! The Chakora birds are constantly drinking fully the coolness of your smiling face (because it is sweeter than the moon light). With this extreme sweetness, their taste sense is blunted a bit. Desiring some change in taste and wanting some sour cereal (ganji) gruel therefore, they are now after the moon every night to freely drink the moon light. 63

*avisraantam patyur guna gana katha amraedana japaa  
japaa pushpa chchaayaa tava janani jihwaa jayati saa,  
yad agra aseenaayaah sphatika drushad achcha chcha vimayee  
saraswatya moortih parimanamati maanikya vapushaa.* 64

O! Mother! Your tongue is red, of the colour of the hibiscus (japa /mandaara) flower. This is because of your incessant japa (prayer) enumerating the victorious virtues of Thy Husband. Seated on the tip of your tongue, the pure crystalline brilliant appearance of Goddess Saraswati is transformed into a ruby (manikyam) due to the redness of Thy tongue. 64

*ranae jitwaa daityaan apahruta sirastraih kavachibhi  
nivruttais chadaamsa tripura hara nirmaalya vimukhah  
visaakha endropaendraith sasi visada karpooora sakalaah  
vileeyantae maatas tava vadana taamboola kabalaah.* 65

O! Mother! Visakha (Shanmukha), Indra, Upendra (Vishnu) and Sun (chandaamsa) after returning from battle, having won the demons, are looking fiery red with their wounded bodies, once they have removed their helmets and armour. As they didn't get an ear in the serene and tranquil environs of Sada Siva, they came to you (to narrate their victorious deeds). The tamboolam, (pan) enriched with pachcha karpooram (an aromatic astringent), you are chewing is so red that it out smarted their bloody body colour. 65

*vipanchyaa gaayantee vividham apadaanam pasupataeh  
twaya arabdhae vaktum chalita sirasaa saadhu vachanae,  
tadeeyair maadhuryair apalapita tantree kalaravaam  
nijaam veenaam vaanee nichulayati cholaena nibhritam.* 66

O! Mother! Goddess Saraswati is singing with the Veena, the many noble accomplishments of Pasupati. Then, You began to speak gentle words of approbation with nodding of your head. Your speech itself is so eloquent and musical that it has put to shame the melodious and sweet tones of Saraswati's veena. She (to avoid further embarrassment), covers her veena out of sight with the free end of her saree. 66

*karaagraena sprushtam tuhina girinaa vatsala tayaa  
gireesae nodastam muhur adhara paana akulatayaa,  
kara graahyam sambhor mukha mukura vrintam girisutae  
katham kaaram brooma stava chubukam oupamyarahitam.* 67

O! The beloved daughter of the mountain! In what way one can describe your chin! Will we speak of your chin being touched by the finger tips the great Himavat Parvata with paternal affection! Will we say it is repeatedly raised by Lord Siva, with the intent of passionate kissing! Will we call it as worthy enough of being held by the hand of Sambhu! Or will we simply say, it is the handle with which Your face, as a mirror, can be raised! Absolutely beyond compare! (Perhaps these are the reasons for its indentation) 67

*bhuja aslaeshaan nityam puradamayituh kantaka vatee  
tava greeva adhattae mukha kamala naala sriyam iyam,  
swatah swaetaa kaala agaru bahula jambaala malinaa  
mrinaalee laalityam vahati yad adho haara latikaa.* 68

O! Mother! The charm of Your slender neck region bears the beauty of a lotus stalk (face being the lotus), more so because of the roughness due horripilation when ever Lord Siva embraces you with his arms round your neck. Below this is the simple necklace of pure innately white pearls, but soiled by the copious paste of the black (kala agaru) sandal perfume, bears the loveliness of the mud stricken lotus root. 68

*galae raekhaas tisro gati gamaka geetaika nipunae  
vivaaha vyaanaddha praguna gunasanmkhaa pratibhuvah,  
viraajantae naanaa vidha madhura raaga kara bhuvaam  
trayaanaam graamaanaam sthiti niyama seemaana iva tae.* 69

O! The expert of musical modes, modulations and songs! The three lines on your neck are a reminder of the multi-stranded sacred thread (maangalyam) tied securely during your wedding (by Lord Siva). They are like the boundary lines restricting the extent of the three scales of music namely Shadja graamam (3), Madhyama gramam (2) and Gaandhara gramam (1). [From these three levels of musical octaves only, many varieties of sweet musical modes and tunes (ragas) are produced.] 69

*mrinaalee mridweenaam tava bhuja lataanaam chata srunaam  
chaturbhi soundaryam sarasija bhava stpouti vadanaih,  
nakhaebhyah santrasyan prathama mathanaad andhaka ripoh  
chaturnaam seershaanaam samam abhaya hasta arpana dhiyaa.* 70

O! Mother! Your four hands are tender, soft and gentle like the lotus stalks. Brahma praises the beauty of Your four slim creeper like hands, with his four remaining heads. He is afraid of the nails of Lord Siva, because his first head was destroyed by those nails. Hence, Brahma is praying to you seeking refuge to him (and to his four remaining heads) from fear, with your four protecting hands placed on his heads. 70

*nakhanaam udyotair nava nalina raagam vihasataam  
karanaam tae kaantim kathaya kathayaamah katham umae,  
kayaachidwaa saamyam bhajatu kalayaa hasta kamalam  
yadi kreedal lakshmee charana tala laakshaa rasa chanam.* 71

O! Mother, Uma! In what poetical (figures) metaphors, one dare describe the charm of Thy hands! The red lustre of your nails is ridiculing the redness of a freshly blossomed lotus at dawn! Perhaps, the lotus may stand a little similarity with Thy nails, only if it acquires the red dye (lattuka) from the soles of the Sri Lakshmi's feet who rejoices in the lotus. 71

*samam daevi skanda dwipa vadana peetam stana yugam  
tava edam nah khaedam haratu satatam prasnuta mukham,  
ya daalokya sankha akulita hridayo haasa janakah  
swa kumbou haerambah pari mrusati hasteana jatiti.* 72

O! Mother! Let the pair of Thy breasts, ever the source milk equally to Skanda and Ganesa, annihilate all our misery. Looking at Thy bosom (while drinking milk) the Bala Ganapati, confounded by doubt, ("how come my frontal globes are giving me milk?") quickly verifies if the frontal globes on his (elephant) head are intact; O! This causes laughter in the divine couple. 72

*amootae vakshojouv amrita rasa maanikya kutupou  
na sandaeha spando naga pati pataakae manasi nah,  
pibantou tou yasmaad avidita vadhoo sanga rasikou  
kumaara avadya api dwirada vadana krouncha dalanou.* 73

O! Mother! The jewel on the peaks of Himalayas! Thy breasts are the precious flasks (containers) of the essence of Amrita. There isn't a trace of doubt in this. If not, why the duo, Ganesa and Kartikeya, who drink from these breasts, ever remain (or wish to remain) as young boys, unknowing (not cherishing) any marital pleasures! 73

*vahaty amba stambaera madanuja kumba prakritibhih  
sama arabdhaam muktaa manibhir amalaam haara latikaam,  
kuchaabhogo bimba adhara ruchibhir antah sabalitaam  
prataapa vyaamisraam pura damayituh keertim iva tae.* 74

O! Mother! The expanse of Thy chest bears the spotless necklace of pearls, made of the pearls sourced from the frontal globes of Gajaasura (killed by Siva). These pearls are whitish red in colour, may be due the internal reflection of red colour of Thy lips. They remind one of the admixtures of white and red colours exhibiting the fame (white) and the valour (red) of Lord Siva! 74

*tava stanyam manyae dharani dhara kanyae hridayatah  
payah paaraavaarah pari vahati saaraswatam iva,  
dayaavaty aadattam dravida sisur aaswaadya tava yat  
kaveenaam proudhanaam ajani kamaneeyah kavayitaa.* 75

O! Mother! The beloved daughter of the mountain! I think your breast milk is the flood of the milk ocean originating from Thy heart. Or, is it the juice admixed with all the glories of Saraswati! You must have spared at least a little quantity of this precious milk, out of compassion, to this south Indian (Dravida) child (me). That grace alone made me stand up with charm amidst the seated group of celebrated poets. 75

*hara krodha jwaalaa valibhir avaledhaena vapushaa  
gabheerae tae naabhee sarasi krita sango manasijah,  
sam uttasthou tasmaad achala tanayae dhooma latikaa  
janastaam jaanee tae tava janani lomaavalir iti.* 76

O! Mother! The daughter of the Parvata Raja! When the body of Manmadha is engulfed by the furious flaming looks of Lord Hara, he (cupid) immersed himself in the deep pool of your belly button (navel or nabhi) to save him from the fury. Thus, when that fire is put off, a tendril of smoke arose from Thy navel. O! Poets think of this (the smoke) as the fine hair line above your navel. 76

*yadae tat kaalindee tanu tara taranga akriti sivae  
krisae madhyae kimchid janani tava yad bhaati sudhiyaam,  
vimardaad anyonyam kucha kalasayor antara gatam  
tanoo bhootam vyoma pravisa diva naabhim kuharineem.* 77

O! Mother! Sivae! The thin grey-black hair line on the mid line of your abdomen is apparently like the stream of the river Kalindi. Or, is it the vast expanse of the blue-black sky in between your heavy bosom squeezed down by mutual friction into a steam leading to the pool below, the navel. Only the evolved, wise men can understand this. 77

*sthiro ganga avartah stana mukula romaavali lataa  
kalaavaalam kundam kusuma sara taejo huta bhujah  
rataer leelaagaaram kim api tava naabhir giri sutae  
bila dwaaram siddaer girisa nayanaanaam vijayatae.* 78

O! Mother! The daughter of the mountain! What to say of your navel! Can one say it is the steady whirlpool of river Ganga! Is it the basin part for the thin creeper (line of hair) with charming flower buds (the breasts)? Is it the (homa gundam) hollow for the lustre (sacrificial fire) of Manmadha? Is it the pleasure house of Rati! Or, with the kind looks of Lord Siva, is it the gate way for all the fulfillments? It is beyond my imagination. Be it victorious! 78

*nisarga ksheenasya stana tata bharaena klamajusho  
naman moortaer naaree tilaka sanakai styutyata iva,  
chiram tae madhyasya trutita tatinee teera tarunaa  
samaavasthaa sthaemno bhavatu kusalam saila tanayae.*

79

O! The Best of all women! The daughter of the mountain! Your waist is naturally slim. In addition, it is fatigued and further slimmed by your heavy bosom and hence is slightly bent (curved) in shape, simulates a tree on a breached river bank, threatening to break at any time! (Here, the figure of speech, hyperbole, is used to glorify Mother's slender waist line). I ever pray to such a waist line to give stability and perpetual happiness to us. (Another figure, antithesis is used.)

79

*kuchou sadyas swidyat tata ghatita koorpa asabhidurou  
kashantou dormoolae kanaka kalasaabhau kalayataa  
tava traatum bhangaad alamitiva lagnam tanu bhuvaa  
tridhaanaddam daevi trivali lavalee vallibhir iva.*

80

O! Mother! Your golden pots like bosoms are so heavy! They extend into the axillary area with their heaviness about to tear open the tight jacket, which is wet due to constant perspiration. O! You designed your waist to be so thin. May be you thought that the three thin creepers tied round on your abdomen are good enough to save the waist form giving way to the heaviness above. These are the three slim folds we see on your abdomen.

80

*guru twam vistaaram kshitidhara patih paarvati nijaat  
nitambaad aachchidya twayi harana roopaena nidadhae  
atastae visteerno gurur ayam asaeshaam vasumateem  
nitamba praag bhaara sthsagayati laghutwam nayati cha.*

81

O! Mother! Parvati! Your father, the lord of the mountains, presented to you in the form of a wedding gift, heavy and vast chunks of his mountain, having cut them from his own flanks. That must be the reason for the heavy and expansive mass of Thy hips and loins. They conceal the whole earth and make it appear lighter in comparison to your hips.

81

*kareendraanaam sundaan kanaka kadalee kaanda pataleem  
ubhaabhyaam oorubhyaam ubhayamapi nirjitya bhavati  
suvrittaabhyaam patyuh pranati kathinaabhyaam giri sutae  
vidhijnae jaanubhyaam vibudha karikumba dwayam api.*

82

O! Mother! The daughter of the mountain! O! Knower of all Vedic injunctions! You have conquered the beauty of both – namely the trunks of mighty elephants and the stems of the golden plantain trees – by your perfectly cylindrical and smooth thighs. Your knees are well rounded and hard due to prostrations to your husband (Siva). They out smart in fullness, the frontal globes Indra's elephant (Iravatam).

82

*paraajaetum rudram dwiguna sara garbhou girasutae  
nishangau jangho tae vishama visikho baadham akrita,  
yad agrae drusyantae dasa sara phalaah paada yugalee  
nakhaagra chchadmaanas sura makuta saanaika nisitaah.* 83

O! Mother! Manmadha, fighting with his five flower arrows, hopelessly lost the battle with Siva. With a master plan to some how defeat Lord Siva, he then assuredly made your two ankles as his quivers to house double the number (ten) of arrows within. Your ten digits of the feet are made the ten arrows. The tips of your nails, sharpened due to constant friction on the whetstones of the crowns of all celestials (bowing at your feet), are used by him as the arrow heads. (Should we say who won the battle with this special equipment?) 83

*sruteenaam moordhaano dadhati tava yau saekhara tayaa  
mama apyaetou maatah sirasi daya yaa dhaehi charanou,  
yayoh paadyam paathah pasupati jataa joota tatinee  
yayor laakshaa lakshmeer aruna hari choodaamani ruchih.* 84

O! Jagan Maata! Thy two feet are adored as the crowns on the peaks (Upanishads) of the Vedas. The water that washes your feet is the celestial river Ganga in the matted hair locks of Lord Pasupati. The lustre of the lac dye used on your feet imparts red colour to the ruby that glorifies the diadem of Sri Hari. O! Mother, please place them on my head too, taking mercy on me. 84

*namovaakam broomo nayana ramaneeyaaya padayoh  
tava astmai dwandwaaya sphuta ruchi rasaa laktaka vatae,  
asooyat yatyantam yad abhihananaaya sprihayatae  
pasoonaam eesaanah pramadavana kankaeli taravae.* 85

O! Bhagavti! This is the pair of feet, Lord Siva always desires to walk in tandem with his. He is, perhaps, envious on the Asoka trees in the celestial garden of Joy, because your feet frequent that place. This pair of feet is brilliantly lustrous with the red lac dye. They are most delightful to the eye. I surrender my ego at this pair of feet. (My obeisance to them) 85

*mrishaa kritwaa gotra skhalana matha vailakshya namitam  
lalaatae bhartaaram charana kamalae taadayati tae,  
chiraad antah salyam dahana kritam unmoolita vataa  
tulaa koti kwaanaih kili kilitam eesaana ripunaa.* 86

O! Mother! When Siva (teasingly) called You names, You pretended anger and suddenly with drew yourself. In the process your lotus foot touched the fore head of the Lord who is apologizing to you. At that time, in the jingling sounds of your anklet bells, one hears the sounds of joy made by Manmadha, who after a long wait finally, thinks he could settle scores with Siva who annihilated him. (This is as if you have struck the Lord intentionally with your foot.) 86

*himaanee hantavyam hima giri nivaasaika chaturou  
nisaayaam nidraanaam nisi charama bhaagae cha visadou,  
varam lakshmee paatram sriyamati srijantou samayinaam  
sarojam twat paadou janani jayatah chitram iha kim.* 87

O! Mother! Thy feet lotuses are capable of residing on the deadly snow mountains. They are ever open (to the needy), be it at night, in sleep or in small hours of the day. They bestow in time all prosperity to the seeker. In every aspect, thus, they triumph over the so called lotus flowers (they perish in snow, they are closed at night, and they are only a passive abode of Lakshmi.) Where is any wonder in this? 87

*padam tae keerteenaam prapadam apadam daevee vipadaam  
katham neetam sadbih kathina kamathee karpara tulaam  
kathamvaa paanibhyaam upayamana kaalae purabhidaa  
yad aadaayanyastam drishadi dayaa maanaena manasaa.* 88

O! Mother! Your fore-foot is the abode of fame, it is free (makes us free) from all calamity. Such a tender one – How did the wise poets equate it to the hard shell of a tortoise? – How did Lord Sankara place it, mercilessly (He is acknowledged for his merciful heart!), on the hard millstone at the time of marriage, having appreciated it (its tenderness) with his hands. 88

*nakhair naaka streenaam kara kamala sankocha sasibhih  
staroonaam divyaanaam hasata iva tae chandi charanou  
phalaani swasthaebhyah kisalaya kara agrana dadataam  
daridraebhyo bhadraam sriyam anisam ahnaaya dadatou.* 89

O Mother! Chandeeswari! Your gleaming moon like toe nails cause closure of the lotus hands of all divine ladies (They are praying at your feet). Your toe nails instantly grant ever lasting prosperity, safety and security to the impoverished. The much celebrated celestial trees (kalpa vriksham etc.,) give desired fruits through their tender tips of their shoot like hands. Thus, Thy nails are shiny as though smiling with superiority. 89

*dadaanae deenaebhyah sriyam anisam aasaanu sadrusee  
mamandam soundarya prakara makarandam vikirati,  
tava asmin mandaara stabaka subhagae yaatu charanae  
nimajjan maj jeevah karana charanaih shat charana taam.* 90

O! Mother! I strongly intend to surrender my life, composed of my mind and my five sense organs, to your lotus feet and be drowned in that lotus for ever, like a six legged insect (bee). Thy feet are the auspicious floral bouquet from the Kalpaka tree. They dole out the honey of prosperity in their bunch of beautiful flowers. Thy feet incessantly grant what all that is desired by the poor and miserable souls. 90

*pada nyaasa kreedaa parichayam iva arabdhu manasah  
skhalanta stae khaelam bhavana kalahamsaa na jahati,  
aatas taeshaam sikshaam subhaga mani manjeera ranitah  
chalaad aachakshaanam charana kamalam chaaru charitae.*

91

O! Mother! Ever fascinating are Thy stories! The lovely swans in your ponds near your palace continue to practice the art of walking elegantly, though they miss the step and trip now and then. While you walk, the precious gem studded anklet bells generate jingling musical sounds. These sounds are perhaps, the teaching instructions of dance to the practicing swans.

91

*gataas tae manchatwam druhina hari rudra eswarabhritah  
sivah swachcha chchaayaa kapata ghatita prachchada patah,  
twadeeyaanaam bhaasaam prati phalana raaga aruna tayaa  
sareeree sringaaro rasa iva drisaam dogdhi kutukam.*

92

O! Mother! The celebrities, Brahma, Vishnu, Rudra and Indra are functioning as the four legs of your resting cot (the world). Lord Parama Siva is the white lustrous pseudo blanket (sky) covering Your body. Though He is pure white and crystalline in colour, He appears red due to the reflected red lustre of You from underneath. With this red hue, He gives the exciting impression as if he is the manifestation of Sringara rasa.

92

*araalaa kaesaeshu prakrita saralaa manda hasi tae  
sireeshaabhaa chittae dashad iva kathoraa kucha tatae,  
bhrisam tanwee madhyae pruthur urasija aroha vishayae  
jagat traatum sambhor jayati karunaa kaachid arunaa.*

93

O! Jagat Janani! You are the Eternal manifestation of the Six Super powers called Chitssakti or Shatssakti. In your hair style is the ARALA; in your natural smile is the SARALA; in your heart is the MAHA MRUDWI; in your breasts is the KATHINYA. You are the ARUNA sakti to win over evil, in company with the Lord Sambhu. You are the KARUNA sakti to protect the world.

93

*kalankah kastooree rajani kara bimbam jala mayam  
kalaabhih karpoorair marakata karandam nibiditam,  
atas twad bogaena prati dinam idam rikta kuhuram  
vidhir bhooyo bhooyo nibidayati noonam tava kritae.*

94

O! Mother! The Moon that is visible to us is nothing but the emerald make-up kit container of yours - full of sacred water perfumed with bits of camphor. The black stain seen in the moon is musk You use. The decreasing phases of the moon are because You are using the contents of this make-up kit every day. Lord Brahma gradually fills up the used materials which represent the increasing phases of moon.

94

*puraa raataer antah puram asi tatas twa chcharanayoh  
saparyaa maryadaa tarala karanaanaam asulabhaa,  
tathaahy aetae neetaah sata makha mukhaas siddim atulaam  
tava dwaaropaanta sthitibhir animaadyaabhir amaraah.*

95

O! Mother! Thou art the resident of the inner palaces of Lord Siva (in his heart). So much so, not every one is blessed with the fortune of worshipping Your revered feet with care and respect. That is the reason surely, evens the celestials such as Indra etc., though endowed with matchless super human powers, are made to stay near the gates of your palace with no permission to be admitted in side.

95

*kalatram vaidhaatram kati kati bhajantae na kavayah  
sriyo daevyaah kovaa na bhavati patih kair api dhanaih  
mahaa daevam hi twaa tava sati satee naama charamae  
kuchaabhyaam aasangah kuravaka taror apy asulabhah.*

96

O! Mother! Several great poets by virtue of their linguistic skills become dearer to Goddess Saraswati and are her loved ones. Some how, with acquisition of wealth of all sorts, who does not become Lakshmi pati (lord of the goddess of wealth)? But, Mother, You are truly the Sati indeed! Your heart is only adored by Maha Deva. None can ever boast of being intimate to You - not even the inanimate Kuravaka (gorinta) tree. There is only one Parvati pati.

96

*giraam aahur daeveem druhina grihineem aagamavido  
haraeh patneem padmaam hara sahachareem udri tanayaam,  
tureeyaa kaapi twam dur idhiga manis seema mahimaa  
mahaa maayaa viswam bhramayasi para brahma mahishi.*

97

O! Mother! The Queen consort of the Para Brahman! The wise, with their Knowledge of the Supreme based on the Agamas (Vedas), portray the Almighty in you as the wife of Brahma - the Goddess of speech; and/or as Padma - the wife of Vishnu (as the

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*saraswatyaa lakshmyaa vidhi hari sapatno viharatae  
rataeh paativratyam sithilayati ramyaena vapushaa,  
chiram jeevann aeva kshapita pasupaasa vyatikarah  
para anandaabhikhyam rasayati rasam twad bhajanavaan.*

99

O! Mother! What more to write! He who worships you, sports with Saraswati and Lakshmi, and is a rival to Brahma and Vishnu. Blessed with handsome appearance, he lessens the chastity of Rati. Further, he lives eternally by casting off contact with the mundane attachments. He overcomes the effects of all ignorance and ever enjoys the Supreme Bliss Absolute.

99

*pradeepa jwaalaabhir dhivasakara neeraajana vidhih  
sudhaa sootaes chandropala jala lavair arghyarachanaa,  
swakeeyair ambobhis salila nidhi souhitya karanam  
twadeeya abhir vaagbhis tava janani vaachaam stutir iyam.*

100

O! Bhagavati! Thou art the origin of all speech! This hymn praising Your glories is done by your own words. This is like the performance of Harati (the oblation of lights) with the flame of a lamp to the Sun God; or the performance of Arghyam (oblation of sweet juice) with cool drops of water from marble stone to the Moon; or like performing Tarpanam (oblation of water) to the ocean with its own waters. Thou art the whole & part too! I am insignificant.

100

This completes the Soundarya Lahari authoured by Jagad guru Sri Sankara Achaarya.

*Om Santhih Santhih Santhih*