

PoeŚrī Dāmōdarāṣṭakam

By Śrī Satyavrata Muni

1) namamisvaram saccidananda rupam
lasat-kuṇḍalam gokule bhrājamaanam
yaśodā-bhiyolūkhalād dhāvamānam
parāmṛṣṭam atyantato drutya gopyā

2) rudantam muhur netra-yugmam mṛjantam
karāmbhoja-yugmena sātaṅka-netram
muhuh śvāsa-kampa-trirekhāṅka-kaṇṭha-
sthita-graivam dāmōdaram bhakti-baddham

3) itīdrk sva-līlābhir ānanda-kuṇḍe
sva-ghoṣam nimajjantam ākhyāpayantam
tadīyeṣita-jñeṣu bhaktair jitatvam
punaḥ prematas tam śatāvṛtti vande

4) varam deva mokṣam na mokṣāvadhim vā
na canyam vṛṇe ‘ham vareṣād apīha
idam te vapur nātha gopāla-bālam
sadā me manasy āvirāstām kim anyaiḥ

5) idam te mukhāmbhojam atyanta-nīlair
vṛtam kuntalaiḥ snigdha-raktaiś ca gopyā
muhūś cumbitam bimba-raktādharam me
manasy āvirāstām alam lakṣa-lābhaiḥ

6) namo deva dāmōdarānanta viṣṇo
prasīda prabho duḥkha-jālābdhi-magnam
kṛpā-dṛṣṭi-vṛṣṭyāti-dīnam batānu
gṛhāṇeṣa mām ajñam edhy akṣi-dṛśyaḥ

7) kuverātmajau baddha-mūrtyaiva yadvat
tvayā mocitau bhakti-bhājau kṛtau ca
tathā prema-bhaktim svakām me prayaccha
na mokṣe graho me ‘sti dāmōdareha

8) namasthesthu dāmne sphurad-dīpti-dhāmne
tvadīyodarāyātha viśvasya dhāmne
namo rādhikāyai tvadīya-priyāyai
namo ‘nanta-līlāya devāya tubhyam

Eight Prayers to Lord Dāmōdara

**After You steal butter, Your earrings dance and shine
as You flee Your mother in Gokula pastimes.
Though You are all blissful, all knowing, ever-new,
greatest of controllers, Your mother controls You.**

**She shows You the stick and she binds You by the waist.
You shudder and sob and Your neckace of pearls shakes.
As You rub Your frightened eyes, tears roll down Your face.
Ropes of her love bind You in Your mother’s embrace.**

**Relishing Your childhood activities like this,
You plunge Your devotees in pools of complete bliss.
Though many revere You, by love You are subdued.
Again and again, Lord, I bow down before You.**

**Although You give freedom, I don’t ask to be free,
nor do I want anything You could offer me.
I only request that Your sweet childhood pastimes
ever be enacted in my heart and my mind.**

**Curly hair encircles Your face of blackish-blue.
Kisses make Your cheeks look like red bimba fruit.
May this sublime vision be all that I can see.
Any other treasure has no value to me.**

**Damodar! O Vishnu! O Lord beyond compare,
be pleased with a soul sunk in oceans of despair.
Uplift and protect me with glances from Your eyes;
shower Your compassion like rainfall from the sky.**

**Two sons of Kuvera were cursed to stand as trees;
You gave them the chance to become Your devotees.
My Lord, will You offer the same blessing to me?
I don’t want to merge with Your identity.**

**Although in Your belly the universe is found,
Your mother’s effulgent rope has Your belly bound.
I bow to that rope and to Radha, Your most dear,
and those sublime pastimes in which You appear.**

*Translation by Kalakantha das ACBSP
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