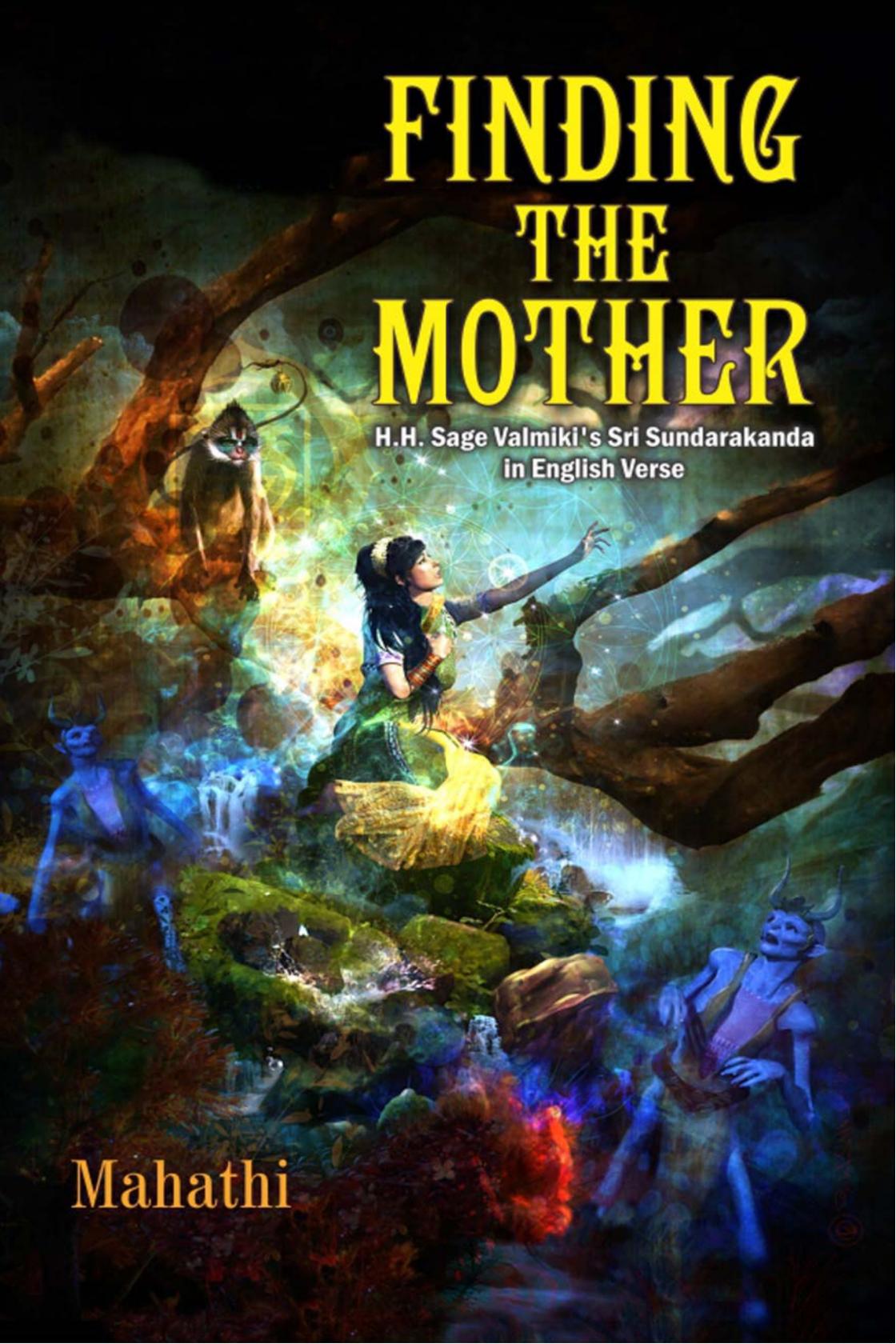


FINDING THE MOTHER

H.H. Sage Valmiki's Sri Sundarakanda
in English Verse

Mahathi



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Finding the Mother

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Let doleful hearts of those who muse
ov'r Sita Ma's firm adherence
to chastity and great virtues
imbibe good thoughts and dharmic sense.

Let Lakhshmana's arrows and bow
and Hanuman's courage and deeds
safeguard the good and godly love
and blind the leers of demonic creeds.

Sugreev's prowess, amity and tact
and Jambavan's wisdom and ken
let give us strength to well discern
and walk through littered life-mosaic.

Let devotion and pious wisdom
prevail in all humans. Let all
follow the righteous path of Ram
and make this earth, a heaven tall.

BLESSINGS



H.H.Swami Tejomayananda Saraswati

Dear Sathya, I welcome you at the outset, for your pious endeavour to translate Sundarakanda, a part of Valmiki *Ramayan* in the title “Finding the Mother”. I congratulate your idea and it has my warm and cordial approval as well as my very best wishes for its all-round acceptance and appreciation. May the choicest blessings of Worshipful Puruhottama Rama and His Holiness Sage Valmiki be upon you and your sacred project. As I have learned, translating such a mammoth task is no simple feat.

The struggle of trying to find something anew or soothing notions there in literary interaction with every single verse is, no doubt, incredibly profound to plough the textual terrain before you, to which, from the core of my heart I can say, I have no wealth of experience to produce commentary on it, and it is virtually little significant so far. I admire the outcome of such a historic perseverance of rare combination of erudite pastiche and pastoral

10 • Finding the Mother

sensitivity. Your input into verses as a whole is no doubt priceless, and I think, I am most grateful to dedicate a few words in respect to such a grand, inspiring theological craft.

With my fervent good wishes and once again wishing Goddess Mother's and Lord Hanuman's blessings on you and on your work. May your tribe increase to a notable extent! Hariom."

H.H.Swami Tejomayananda Saraswati

Satyananda Asbaram, Rajnandgaon

CONTENTS

Blessings	
<i>H.H.Swami Tejomayananda Saraswati</i>	9
Foreword	
<i>Prof. I.V. Chalapatbi Rao</i>	11
Prolusion	15
Acknowledgements	23

PART I. SRI SUNDARA KANDA

1. Leap Over the Ocean	31
2. The Grand City of Lanka	43
3. Lankini	47
4. Hanuman into Ravan's Boudoirs	53
5. Moonlit Night and Search Inside the Boudoirs	57
6. Thus Continues the Search	61
7. Description of Ravan's Boudoirs and Pushpaka Flight	65
8. Ravan's Palace and Pushpaka Flight	69
9. Hanuman Espying Ravan's Boudoirs	71
10. Mandodari: Mistaken Identity	77
11. She is Not Sita! : The Search Continues!	83

26 • Finding the Mother

12. Hanuman's Doubts, Fears, Hopes and Prayer	87
13. Ashoka Park	91
14. A Search in Pleasant Ashoka Park	99
15. At Last! There She's! Mother Sita!	103
16. The Brave Ape Lord Laments for Sita	107
17. At Last Sita was Found	111
18. Enter Ravan	113
19. Ravan's Leers	115
20. Ravan's Allures to Sita Ma	117
21. Sita's Good Advice to Ravana	121
22. Ravana's Threats	125
23. Threats and Cajoles from Demon Women	129
24. Sita's Refusal and Demons' Threats	131
25. Sita's Lamentations	135
26. Suicide Attempt	137
27. Trijata's Dream	143
28. My Last Resort: Suicide	149
29. Good Omens	153
30. Hanuman's Dilemma	155
31. Sri Rama Katha	159
32. Sita's Musings	163
33. Sita Recounts Her Story to Hanuman	165
34. Hanuman Sings Ram's Virtues	169
35. The Handsome Sri Ram Described	175

36. Ram's Signet	183
37. Hanuman's Proposal	191
38. Sita's Memoirs and Exchange of Keepsakes	197
39. Sita's Message to Ram	205
40. Sita's Message	209
41. Destruction of Ashoka Vanam	213
42. Ravana had a Situation	217
43. Destruction Continues	221
44. Jambumali	223
45. The Death of Seven Warriors	225
46. The Death of Five Commanders	227
47. Akshaya Kumara	233
48. Indrajit	237
49. Ravan's Court	245
50. Hanuman Questioned	249
51. Hanuman's Advice to Ravana	251
52. Vibheeshana, the Virtuous	259
53. Tail Torched	263
54. Lanka on Fire	269
55. What Happened to Sita?	275
56. Mission Complete: Hanuman Returns	281
57. Hanuman Reaches His Friends	285
58. Hanuman Recounts His Tale	289
59. Let Us Seize Lanka!	297

28 • Finding the Mother

60. Angada's Enthusiasm	301
61. Madhu Vanam	303
62. Dadhimukh	307
63. The Speaking News	311
64. Apes Return to Kishkindha	315
65. Hanuman Recounts	319
66. Ram Laments	323
67. Sita's Message	325
68. Sita's Doubts	329

PART II. YUDDHA KANDA

69. The Greatest Prize	335
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PART III. SRI RAMA PATTABHISHEKAM

70. Sri Rama Pattabhishekam	341
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PART I
SRI SUNDARA KANDA



Hanuma Rising to the Skies

CHAPTER 1

LEAP OVER THE OCEAN

1. The deep azure was looking bright and mystical
with vows in countless hues, yet grimly sceptical.
He looked with thoughtful eyes, the path the angels ply
and yelled aloud at friends, "In search of Ma, I'll fly."
Bull like, stretched he, his neck, lifted his head,
the mighty Hanuman, the Son of Winds;
all set to take the path so far none tread;
a chilling challenge none had ever dared.
Over the bouncy emerald green pastures
he sauntered back and forth with wild gestures;
a gust of tempest like, besieging leas;
with arms and bosom firm; bulldozing trees;
as frightened birds took flight to skies in teams
and scampered helter-skelter beasts with screams.
2. The mighty Mount Mahindra was radiant with rocks
in lucent white, opaque, yellow, crimson and blue;
with pines, cedars and sals touching the skies and flocks
of birds carolling mystic tunes of great allure.
3. That's where the protean¹ demigods allay,
the Kinneras ballet, the Yakshas play,
the Gandharvas display their tuneful charms
and saints immerse in meditative calm.

32 • Finding the Mother

4. On that summit of charming ambience
the Son of Winds looked like a jumbo prince;
lofty amongst hundreds of shying cubs;
as rocks looked like pebbles and trees like shrubs.
5. He prayed to the God of Light, Lord Suryadev;
and bowed to Vayudev, the God of Squalls,
invoked the God of Life, Lord Brahmadev
and stood upright with thoughts of hefty hauls.
6. Towards the East he turned again and prayed
his father, Vayudev, the Lord of Winds,
then turned towards the South, with eyes on bays
of farther end but soul to Ram affined.
7. A swelling ocean like on sight of a waxing moon
he soared in size touching the skies with splendid charm
and chanted high and loud the glorious name, “Hey Ram
at Your service, fulfilled will be my life so soon.”
8. He pressed his palms and feet against the ground
of Mount Mahindra hard and firm and lo
that great fixture had shuddered wild and loud
as if it was battered by a thunder blow.
9. Uprooted trees had showered flowers all around
adorning Mount Mahindra like flashy festoons.
Out-flowed from clefts of broken cliffs with sounds
aloud, lavas of fuming hot lagoons
of molten ores, swathing her like gem-crowns.
Hundreds of animals running amok, alas
had soon perished under that crumbling mountain’s rocks.
Oh scared serpents with marks of Swastika on hoods
had spewed blazing venoms charring outcrops and woods.
Those rocks and stones thus poisoned, blew with sounds
“*Phedeel, phedeel*” echoing those surrounds.

The herbs ambrosial, abounding there
 had failed to douse that great, horrendous flare.
 Hermits had feared, that mountain huge was blown
 to pieces by some ghosts and fiends unknown.
 And flew to skies aghast, Vidyadharas
 with their loved ones, abandoning gold urns
 filled with sweet wines and delicious kickshaws²
 as well their swords and shields, frightened and stunned.

11. From skies the sacred saints, the sages pious
 and scared vidyadhara pairs; lascivious
 had viewed the splitting mountain crest with awe
 and heard the Saranas utter hurrahs.
12. “Gigantic Hanuman is set to take a leap
 over the hostile crocodiles’ domain, *the deep*.
 For Ram, his Master and for apes, his loving friends
 a heady whiz indeed towards hazardous ends.”
13. At those divine tidings, the stunned celestials
 had scanned around to find the Son of Winds on Mount
 spreading in size, abounds, like another huge mount
 alighted on Mainaka veiling it in style.
14. Exalted thus in form, with verve and guts,
 the fearless Hanuman, the Son of Gusts
 had tautened ears, ruffled his golden hair
 and quaked his body once and raised his tail.
15. His eyes with great resolve and brawn bulging
 he crouched on ground. Pressing firmly with palms
 and bending legs he heaved up with a swing
 into the skies exuding splendid charm.
16. The mountain crashed under his feet; the winds
 had whirled around, in spiralling dust rings,
 the trees and rocks followed the Son of Winds
 to deep azure like parting kith and kin.

End of Preview.

Rest of the book can be read @
<http://kinige.com/book/Finding+the+Mother>

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