Part- II
Uttar Megh
At Alka city

Megh when you are at Alka city, you will see that you two share much in common. Such as if you have lightning, they have radiant women. You have rainbow; they have royal paintings; you have thunder, they have mridangam; you have lakes of rain, the city has courtyard palace; if you have water, it has shining floor with mani; you are in high sky and it has high towers.

The women of Alka city

The ladies in Alka city wave lotuses playfully, with kunda flowers beautifully decorating their hair, fresh plucked kurubaka on their crowns. Lodhra pollen palely powders cheeks, as earlobes dangle shirisa: Only when you appear O Megh do nipa strings part their hair.
Leisure time

The Kuberaans gather with their beautiful wives on the crystal terraces, sipping wines gathered from the wish-fulfilling tree. They listen to the pushkar drum similar to your rumbling song.

The enticing women

Alkan beauties stir lust among the gods. Their excitement cooled by mandakani’s waters, they rest together at the river’s edge, shaded by green trees playing with their ornaments hidden in gold dust sand.
The shy surrender

Ashamed as lovers grab their garments, loosened by practiced hands pulling them ever closer to them; the girls in futile throw coloured powder to alter the light from the jeweled lamplights, but fail to secure darkness.

The inquisitive clouds

Megh, some cloudlets of yours, lifting by the wind to the upper stories of the palaces entered a room and rained on a painting. Imitating puffs of smoke, they fled through the lattices like thieves in dismay.
In Alka’s night hours, O Megh your escape revealed
cool moonbeams on the canopies that shed drops like moon jewels,
cooling the resting girls now freed from their lovers arms.

The Alkan city dwellers known for their utmost richness pass the time together,
as heavenly kinnaras sing praises to King Kubera in harmony with dancers dancing gracefully.
They daily move in the evenings to enjoy themselves in Vaibhraja Park.
Sunrise reveals the night-trail trodden by the nayikas, marked by the fallen lotus style earbobs, pearls from broken jewelry and crushed flowers rubbed by their fast moving footsteps.

The night trail haste

Beautiful Alkan girls make eyebrow talk and give glances to the men, succeeding where the men fail.

The enchantment manifests
The wish-fulfilling tree

The wish-fulfilling tree in Aika provide the props that beauties require: beautiful colourful costumes in abundance, exquisite flowers open or in buds-suitable as ornaments; tasteful wines and scarlet lack for their lotus feet.

The mandara tree in my house

North of Kubera’s palace my house is found, beside it a full-blossomed mandara tree; bending low to be plucked by the fingers of my loved one for whom the tree is like a child.
The Manas Lake

In my home you will find a pond within the gate, with emerald stairs leads one to golden lotuses with green stems. The wild swan floating there, once see you will not like to go to the Manas Lake.

The hills of pleasure

A pleasure hill rises by a nearby bank, whose peaks are covered by sapphires, surrounded by beautiful golden borders watching you with your lightning flash, I recall that hill and wonder if my wife is enjoying it?
The engrossed trees

There on the mountain stands a blood-red Asoka, full of restless leaves, with pleasant kesara under madhavi’s pleasant shady place covered by kurubakas. One of the trees desires the kick of my beloved’s foot, as the other enjoy staring at her charming elegant face.

The dancing peacocks

Between the ashokas and the kesaras sits a golden branch, whose jeweled base releases green emerald like hue of young bamboo. At sunset, the peacocks’ ready to shake their fan to the clapping of my beloved’s hands to the rhythm of the tinkling bangles.
My absence in my house

You, the mighty one, memorize these details. Remember the conch and lotus designs on the doorway of my house, my own miserable house, in my absence just like the lotus's own brilliance gone faded by the setting of the sun.

Lightening Lights up my house

Reduce your mass from great to small, like a baby elephant rest quietly between the gaps of the hills. Then, flicker your lightening to imitate the glow of fireflies as you look upon my house.
From amongst all women you will recognize her as Brahma's supreme creation. whose lips are like ripe bimba fruits, her waist like a deep navel, white pure teeth and innocent eyes, voluminous hips slowing her movement and her heavy breasts bowing her down.

My second life, they shy one mourns in my absence, passing her life weary with longing to see me, her face becomes pale like a dew drowned lotus.
The endless wait

My beloved’s face rests in her hand, eyes blurred from weeping, hair uncombed, lips discoloured by a drought of sighs. Her face resembles the moon covered by you, O Megh.

Praying in loneliness

Suddenly you will see her, thin from separation- perhaps praying to the Gods or drawing a painting. Is she talking to the caged bird, asking, “Witty one? Remember his face? Weren’t you his favourite?”
The song of melancholy

O Friend, resting wearing her housedress she tries to utter my name in songs
But cannot pluck its strings wet with tears, nor even remember the melody, though she tries to sing it again
and again, forgetting her self-made tune!

Counting days in loneliness

You may see the flowers at the entrance marking the days of my absence.
Is she counting the days that are left, or the days that have passed by?
Thus she spends her lonely hours.
Cheer up my beloved

In the day she passes her time by playing the veena and painting, but at night her sufferings returns.

O Megh, from above the palace you can see her on the floor restless and crying, cheer her up by giving her my message.

If time could move faster

Like the last silver of a fading moon on the eastern horizon, wasted by time. She clings to one side of the bed, weeping imagining how our love and pleasures joined in the middle if the night that passed in an instant.
The vacant stare

Staring at cool moonbeams through her window on the night sky, an untold sadness descends on her. Tears drench her long dark lashes—she looks like a half-open flower on sunless cloudy day.

Waiting for her beloved

Her body carelessly bathed, puffing with her bud-like lip she blows away her tangled locks away falling on her cheeks, dreaming of me. Desire for sleep, yet deprived of its release by absence of her beloved.
Tied with pain of separation

Before the day of separation I plaited her hair, till I don’t come back she’ll not open it due to the pain of our separation. The plait has become so hard that it scratches her hips and she keeps pushing it behind.

Pity my beloved

Reclining on her bed of pain, her ornaments thrown around, my beloved lies submerged in deep despair. Would her pain and sorrow not provoke raindrop tears?

O Megh, you with pillow chest, won’t you take pity on such grief?
Her thoughts of me

My loved one is bursting with thoughts of me as they filled her heart the day we parted. Lucky I am to have a love like her; sad I am beyond speech. Just wait my brother; all that I spoke of soon will be before you.

Spark some life into her

I think her uncombed hair obscuring those sideways glances; her doe-like eyes without kohl have forgotten the dance of eyebrows. But your approach will make those eyelids dance again, trembling like blue lotuses disturbed by tiny fish.
Her pale appearance

She will be fair as the banana stem from inside; there will be no sign of romance on her face and no ornaments on her body.

The dream embrace

Megh, if my dearest rests in her deep sleep, awake her not but sit a while in silence, allowing three solid hours.
If she found me in her dreams, her arm in a knot around my neck.
Speak to my beloved

Your lightening restrained, wake her with moisture-laden breeze as if sprinkled by cool, refreshing jasmine buds. Speak to her, rumbling your thunder voice as she stares through the window filled by you.

The Yaksha’s message

Yaksha’s wife, I am your husband’s cloud friend, I have arrived at your side with your husband’s message with my thundering voice, I am here to give inspiration to all husbands to return to their wives to unbraid their love and their women folks locks.
The welcome

When you say this to her, like Maa Sita beholding Hanuman in the sky, she will look up in the sky to see you. She will welcome you with a pranam and listen to you with care.

The concern

O long-lived cloud, gain praise for yourself. Tell her, "Your husband lives on Ramgiri, still alive—and alone. He sent me to inquire your news, thoughts of well-being his first concern as they are of fates every prey."
The forbidden union

अङ्गेनाङ्गं परतनु तनुना गाढतप्तेन कपुरानमविरतमयेभवेष्यतिानाश्रुद्रोत्कण्ठितेन ।
उष्णोत्कण्ठमुत्कण्ठितेन सङ्कल्पैस्तैर्विशति विधिना वैरिणा रुद्वमार्गः ॥३९॥

Say to her: “your life’s companion lives in faraway lands, forbidden from return until his punishment doesn’t end. He is lean, teary-eyed. Aching with warm sighs, he’s united with you in dejected desire.”

Whisper my message

शब्दाख्येयं यदपि किल ते य: सखिनां पुरस्तात् कर्णे लोल: कथयितुमभूदाननस्पर्शलोभात् ।
सोऽतिक्रान्त: श्रवणविषयं लोचनाभ्यामदृष्ट: त्वामुत्कण्ठाविरचितपदं मन्मुखेनेदमाह ॥४०॥

Say: “Soft words I whispered in your ear when other women were nearby, a trick to brush your face with mine—No ears are present to hear my words of love, nor eyes to see my face. I, Megh bring his words to you.”
Your body exhales the sweetness of Priyangi, shy your doe-like gaze, moon-faced you are, your shining hair brilliant as the peacock’s trail. Frowning lustfully at ripples on a stream, sulky and without compare you are, my passionate one.

I tried to draw your angry face, chalking down a love-quarrel on mountain stone, but trying to include myself at your feet, tears vague my sight. Alas, the cruel god cannot permit our union even in a sketch!
Seeing me with arms out stretched, embracing you in dreams that never cease, the deities of jungle and of stream shed tears that fall like pearls on green branches.

Powerful Himalayan winds blowing through the devadars burst their skin, oozing sweet perfumes of milky resin drifting back to me, that might have touched your face.

—Now all I can embrace is the breeze.
The overwhelming grief

O my mind, left without refuge from loss of you; how to sustain the three phases of the day?
O you with captivating eyes, my desires unsatisfied bring pain; there is no balm to relief me from this pain.

The highs and the lows

Alone in this banish I maintained myself. Thus, let you too be unafraid alone.
Whose happiness is forever, whose sufferings find an end? Like the rim of a wheel, our fate too goes up and then down.
It will end

Sharnga-armed Vishnu sleeps on shesh, and when he wakes my exile ends. Thus my dear close your eyes and muddle through the next four months.

The teasing

Your husband also said, "Do you remember waking one night, arms around my neck, crying aloud your dream? I begged you tell the reasons for your cry. Then, faintly smiling you said, "You cheat! I saw you with another woman in my dream."
O dark-eyed one, now you know I am alive and well. Listen not to the gossips about me, trust me. Some say that love fades in separation, withering on the vine. But I say true love grows deeper in proportion to fulfilment’s lack.

First give support to your inconsolable friend. O Megh then depart at your earliest for Mount Kailash ahead of charging Nandi, Tríloka’s bull. Return her message of love to me, bring sign of love saving my life—a fresh kunda flower about to be plucked from its stem.
A friend’s trust

O Friend, I trust you to do as I requested. I'll not read your shyness as denial. For, silently you cause the rains to fall when the cuckoos cry of thirst. Likewise, do noble men provide help quietly to those demanding for.

Carry my message O Megh

With parting thoughts, I trust your compassion for me, ill-timed, or from sheer friendship—onward go your way, O Megh, giving your monsoon finery everywhere. May you never be a moment away from your lover lightening, as I have been from mine.