

Eight Prayers to Lord Damodara

1. Damodar steals butter. His earrings dance and shine.
Running from mother in Gokula pastime.
Though You're all blissful, all knowing, ever-new,
Greatest of controllers, Yasoda controls You.
2. She shows You the stick and binds You by the waist.
Rubbing Your frightened eyes, tears roll down Your face.
Your breathing comes quickly, Your pearl necklace shakes.
Ropes of love keep You in Yasoda's embrace.
3. Relishing Your childhood activities like this,
Plunging Your devotees in oceans of bliss,
Though many revere You, by love You're subdued,
Again and again Lord, I bow down before You.
4. Although You give freedom, I don't ask to be free.
Nor do I want what You could offer me.
I only request Your sweet childhood pastimes,
ever be enacted in my heart and my mind.
5. Curls encircle Your face of blackish-blue.
Kisses make Your cheeks like red bimba fruits.
May this sublime vision be all that I see,
Other treasures have no value to me.
6. Damodar! O Visnu! O Lord beyond compare!
Be pleased on a soul sunk in oceans despair.
Uplift and protect me with glances sublime.
Shower Your compassion like rain from the sky.
7. The sons of Kuvera cursed to stand as trees.
You gave them the chance to become devotees.
My Lord will you offer this blessing to me?
Never to merge with Your identity.
8. Although in Your belly the universe is found,
Yasoda's brilliant rope has that same belly bound.
I bow to that rope and Sri Radha, most dear,
And those divine pastimes in which You appear.

Set to English verse by Kalakantha das