Sri Sri Madhukeli Valli

"A Vine Of Spring-Pastimes"

By Sri Govardhana Bhatta Gosvami.

Sriila Govardhana Bhatta Gosvami was the grandson of Sri Gadadhara Bhatta Gosvami, a disciple of Sriila Raghunatha Bhatta Gosvami. 'Madhu keli valli' is a book which describes Radha and Krsna's Holi-pastimes, an annual festivity which takes place in Vraja in the six weeks preceding the full moon day of March (Dola Purnima). During Holi the people of Vraja throw colored powder and squirt colored water at each other from syringes, as signs of affection and to remember that same pastime that Radha and Krsna played.

The descendants of Sri Govardhana Bhatta Gosvami are still living in Vrindavana, opposite the Radha Vallabha temple in a beautiful place called New Madan Mohan Temple. The following is only a rough translation of the book. Ed.

Krsna and the cowherd boys danced, taking syringes filled with kunkuma and gulal (colorful substances) in their hands. Their turbans stood on their heads in a crooked way, they wielded reeds and wore silken clothes. Seeing them, the gopis became afraid. The sky was filled with the beautiful sounds of Bheris, Mrdangaas, Vinaas and flutes, that made the birds blossom of bliss and become silent and dizzy. Sri Radhikas face was beautified with Cupids rasika aspects like lowered, smiling eyes, a blossoming nose and restless lips. Madhumangala also danced with raised arms, loudly shouting: Ho ho ho Holi!, making all the gopis and gopas laugh with his crooked turban and his musk-anointed face on his thick neck as he rolled over his shoulders, saying: Don't be afraid of these gopis, O Krsna! You don't know my brahminical power (that can subdue them)! He wielded his rod, made two to three steps forward and then came back to the group of cowherd boys, loudly chastising them on Krsnas indication, saying: O You weakling cowherd boys! Go back home! I will chase the gopis away with my own power! The power of my gaitre mantra enabled Krsna to kill all the demons! Now these gopis want to lure me in their midst to splash me with colored water! O Krsna! You are fortunately the son of the king of Vraja, but in the company of these cowherd-boys You became so proud and naughty! You are laughing when You see me, but, although You have learned all Your clever tricks from me, the crownjewel of all Your friends, You are now giving me sorrow! O Giridhari! I came here to Vrindavana to quarrel with Sri Radhikas, the jewel of all gopis, but unfortunately You humiliated me now in front of them! How can I stay friends with You still? I will go to mother Yasodha, she may give me some radaqli (milk sweet), or I may go to the assembly of Sri Radhikas girlfriends and complain to them, pleasing them with my prayers! O Prince of Vraja, because of Your pride our friendship is now broken!

Saying this, Madhumangala twirled his golden stick around and entered Sri Radhikas assembly in great bliss. There the gopis, headed by Lalita, stopped him, pulled at his clothes
and bound him up on Rādhikā’s order, smearing him in with fragrant colored pastes. Madhumāṅgala was in ecstasy and, eager to see Rādhā-Gokulānanda's pastimes, he told Rādhikā: "Hey Rādhe! Just see! I left the prince of Vraja and I’m taking shelter of You now! O pure stream of mercy! Keep me with You! I am bound up by my friends, although I am a brahmaṇa-boy! This is not proper! It is Your duty to protect the souls that take shelter of You! O Gāndharvīkī! The arrow-like jokes of Your girlfriends hurt me more than the bondage of their ropes! O beloved of the prince of Gokula! O You who are filled with good fortune! O supreme Goddess! O stream of sweetness! O You whose beauty is desired for by all the housewives! Be kind upon me! O Lalitā! Even Kṛṣṇa is afraid of you and folds His hands before You! Let me go! I've lost my faith in Kṛṣṇa! I will bring Mādhava here and He will lament to You and pray for Your mercy after I defeat Him!"

Lalitā said: "O Clever Baōo (a nickname of Madhumāṅgala)! How come You suddenly left Śyāmasundara? He is qualified, friendly, famous, satisfied and good at fluteplaying! It is very sad!" Madhumāṅgala enviously replied: "Hey Lalitē! Are you testing me or so? I know this Śyāma, who enchant you girls with His poisonous flutesong, very well! He destroys the patience of all the chaste girls, He's the crownjewel of womanisers and He's very lusty!"

Hearing these beautiful descriptions of Hari, Śrī Rādhikā bit on Her reddish lips and said: "O hardhearted Baōo! How can you betray this most soft, spotless Mukunda, who is adorned with all qualities and who is more beautiful than Cupid?" Madhumāṅgala said: "Hey Rādhe! You speak the truth! You are the crown-jewel of all young girls! I came to the dust of Your pure lotus feet, that make Śyāma forget to tend His cows, to play His flute, or to keep His yellow cloth on! The bondage of these ropes hurts me, please release me!"

Hearing this, Śrī Rādhikā was immersed in a nectar flood of compassion and released this best of brahmaṇas, telling him: "O holy, intelligent brahmaṇa! Don't be so proud, thinking that you're the greatest! You are devoid of all pious qualities!" Madhumāṅgala said: "I have no control over my own brahminical power! Your girlfriends managed to defeat Śrī Kṛṣṇa only through my power, they are just weak girls themselves!" (He danced and jumped around shouting, making all the gopīs happy).

Govinda Vinodini Rādhikā then became pleased, so Madhumāṅgala said: "Hey Rādhe! I'm hungry! Give me some sweets!" Citrā-sakhī said: "How amazing that this brahmaṇa is hungry! Has he become a beggar because his brahminical power was lost? Why otherwise would the well behaved, humble son of Nanda have abandoned him?" Madhumāṅgala angrily said: "Hey Rādhe! Stop this impudent girl from offending a brahmaṇa! Don't humiliate me! I swear you, I left Hari to join you and to defeat Him! O merciful daughter of Våñabhānu! Stop laughing and give me some fresh, tasty sweets!" Citrā then came out, said: "Come, eat some sweets!" and fearlessly smeared him in with kuikuma. Madhumāṅgala angrily said: "Ohe Citre! It's not your fault! I was so foolish to betray Śrī Hari, and now I have to suffer for it!" and quickly backed off, but Lalitā stopped him with a stick and says: "Where are you going? I thought you were hungry! Quickly eat something!"

Rādhikā stopped Lalitā with a wink of Her eyebrows and made the friend of Her lover eat some sweets. Viśākhī, seeing Śrī Rādhikā adorned with love for Hari, sweetly told Her: "Hey sakhi Rādhe! Why are You suffering so much physically? Your eyes are suddenly filled with tears, Your skin is studded with goose pimples and You are shivering! You're speechless for Your voice is choked! O beautiful One! I see a slight smile on Your lips! Your activities are astonishing! I don't know if You are happy or sad!" Śrī Rādhikā said: "Sakhi! My
mind yearns for that prince of Gokula, whose body is smeared with yellow sandalpaste and who is more beautiful than millions of Cupids! What can I do?" Hearing His flute, that sings Her name only, Rādhikā cast sidelong glances at Hari.

**Part 2:**

While Madhumaṅgala ate ladūs, restless-eyed Sudevē threw kuṅkuma (red powder) over his head and other gopīs, drunk with honeywine, squirted different kinds of colored water over Śyāmasundara's clown-like friend with golden syringes, threw lotus stems and fragrant powder at him. Kusumāśava (Madhumaṅgala), who is always eager to please Hari, ran back to Him and told Him in great distress: "Hey Gopāla! O friend of Subala! Hey Hare! Save me!"

Śrī Kṛṣṇa said: "Subala, don't you hear Baṭu's pitiful cries? Let's rescue him! Don't be afraid of the gopīs! A steady person like you can never be defeated!" Subala was very eager to have his Cātaka-bird-like eyes enjoy the ambrosial vision of the Kṛṣṇa-cloud adorned with strikes of Rādhā-lightning, so he happily and cleverly entered the gopī-group. Śrī Rādhikā said: "O mind! Why are you so anxious? Surely you will attain Hari's blissful līlā! Just see! Your lover's dear friend Subala is entering the assembly of gopīs!" Subala smiled and said: "Hey Vṛndā! Why is our friend Madhuṁgala making all that noise?" Madhumaṅgala said: "O bold Subala! Why did you come here? I have surrendered to Śrī Rādhikā's lotus feet! I don't care for Mādhava and His friends anymore! I just screamed to test Hari's love, but instead of coming Himself, He sent You! Get out of my sight!"

Subala humbly looked down at Śrī Rādhikā's lotus feet and said: "Hey Rādhe! You are praised by all the saints! Listen! Kṛṣṇa sent me here to find out what calamity has befallen Madhumaṅgala! If you are not merciful to me, then Love itself has descended to hell and I don't know what my condition will be then!" Then Tuṅgavidyā, an expert joker, came up to Subala and smeared him in with eyeliner, mostly in the eyes. Subala then told Śrī Rādhikā: "O! Your girlfriends are very learned! I cannot understand then how they can be so indecent!" Rasavaṭī Lalitā smiled and said: "These customs are only seen on auspicious occasions like Holi! The king of lovers knows that!" Vṛndā said: "Hey Rādhe! Release these two friends of Nanda's son! Fix Your mind on Kṛṣṇa, the king of adolescent boys! You are, after all, a very virtuous girl!" Lalitā said: "Rādhe! Vanadevi Vṛndā speaks the truth! Release these two boys!" Kṛṣṇodarī (slender Rādhā) did so and Madhumaṅgala and Subala quickly ran back to Mādhava. Madhumaṅgala said: "O Govinda! Just see how fortunate I was to escape from these girls! Give me some reward!" Subala laughed loudly and says: "Hey Nandanandana! What more can I say? Madhumaṅgala was intoxicated by his own pride and he doesn't count my virtues! He wants to take all the honour for himself! He was screaming loudly even when these little girls beat him with lotus flowers, and it was only on my plea that Śrī Rādhikā had him released! If this Subala had not gone to the assembly of gopīs Madhumaṅgala would have been in great trouble!" Madhumaṅgala says: "This Subala is such a cheater! Look at his eyes! The gopīs forcibly smeared them in with eyeliner! You can see clearly that he was defeated by them! Where was his strength (bala) at that time? He Hare! How was Subala defeated by these weak (abalā) gopīs? Only because of his offenses to a brāhmaṇa like me!"
Meanwhile Hari became eager to see Śrī Rādhikā, so He said: "Bato! Your belly became so fat! Surely the gopīs were feeding you nicely!" Madhumāgala said: "O Kṛṣṇa! Don't be so proud of Your fluteplaying! Now go, perfect Your cleverness in playing and bless Your eyes by seeing them!" Hari's heart melted when He heard this and He began to play His flute with a smile, yearning for His beautiful Rādhikā, who was pierced by Cupid's arrows when She heard it. Her body was studded with goose pimples, She became stunned, lost Her bodily colour and wept, keeping a hand on Her friend Viśākhā's shoulder after drinking the nectar of pure love for Hari. Seeing this, Vṛndā ecstatically pointed at Her, telling Citrā: "Look at Rādhikā's ecstasy after She hears Hari's flutesong!" When Vṛndā saw how happy Govinda was from seeing the beauty of the fruits, flowers, vines and trees in the forest, she said: "Citre! Who can properly praise this flute, that rests on Kṛṣṇa's lips and that destroys the pride of all the gopīs? Which beautiful gopī can remain calm after hearing its sound, which causes their blouses and girdles to fall off and which makes them forget their duties and their husbands and run out of their houses into the forest?"

Then the sounds of drums, flutes and Viśāṣ arose in the sky, giving great joy to Govinda's party. The crown jewel of sakhi, Lalitā, said: "O Rādhe! Why are You getting bewildered? Try to defeat that proud Govinda! I will crush His pride and bring Him here before You! O crown jewel of pure housewives! O moon-faced girl! I can't stand Kṛṣṇa's pride! As long as Your anklebells sing as sweetly as the swans Kṛṣṇa does not know where where His yellow cloth, His stick, His flute, or His peacock feather is gone!"

Śrī Rādhikā, whose beauty defeats innumerable lotus flowers, said: "O sakhi! Quickly go out for victory! Look how proudly Kṛṣṇa dances with His cowherdboy friends! Stop them from making all this noise here in Vṛndāvana! Take jugs filled with yellow flower-scented water with you!" Hearing this, the gopīs loudly and blissfully began to sing, fearlessly approaching the prince of cowherders and filling Vṛndāvana with the sound of their ambrosial songs. Loving Viśākhā humbly and beautifully began to dance, Citrā began to play Vėā in a wonderful way, Sudevē sang and Vṛndā played Mādanga. One gopī took a golden pot with colored water on the head and others came before Śrī Rādhā with flowerbows and arrows, flower balls and syringes, and began to pelt each other with these missiles that caused the piercing sensation of Cupid's shafts in them. Intoxicated by new passions Śrī Rādhikā put Her lotus-hand on one sakhi's shoulder. Seeing that the forest ground became red from the touch of Hari's lotus-footsoles, waves of gentle smiles appeared on Her lotus-face and she told Lalitā: "Dear sakhi! Who is that boy, who shines like a mass of eyeliner, coloring all directions with His blackish lustre and the white glittering of His smile? He astonishes and startles My eyes!" Śrī Rādhikā became shy and happy when she saw Her beloved and she told one sakhi: "Sakhi! Is Hari blinking at Me from behind Subala's back? Does He want to tell Me something?"

Just then, the prince of Vraja made the whole of Vṛndāvana shine like blue lotus flowers with His squinting glances, that are full of deep love for Rādhikā and He told Subala: "Tell Me, O friend, who is this smiling girl who plays with Her dear friends and who gives joy to everyone with Her incomparably beautiful singing and dancing, who reddens the forest-soil with the reflection of Her red moonlike toe-nails and who twirls a play-lotus around in Her hand, shattering My body and mind?" Subala replied: "Hey Śaure (Kṛṣṇa, who shines like the sun)! Your beloved, who is invisible though visible (although You always see Her it is
like You have never seen Her before) has appeared before You! This is not so amazing, for that is the nature of anurāga (constant passion)! Give up Your unconscious state!

Hearing Subala's words, Hari smiled and said: "Aho! The Creator made one herb for Me in the form of Rādhā, to make Me very happy! There is a pretty, young desire-vine that shines beautifully and that is served by spotless Kokila-birds (or: Rādhā is a young desire-vine who sings a sweet as a Kokila-bird). I always sing Rādhā's name in the forest with My flute and I always meditate on Her, stunned and covered with goosepimples of ecstasy! Aho! When Rādhā's name drips into My ears I don't know who I am, where I am, where I came from or what I'm going to do! Other gopīs can make Me happy only as long as I do not remember Her! I swear you, Subala, without Rādhikā My cows, My friends and Śrī Vṛndāvana look like the fearsome fire of destruction to Me! Aho! Has the Creator collected all the sweet things of the world to make My Rādhikā, or has Love taken the form of a Vraja-gopi who enchants and excites Me?" Saying this, Nanda's son was immersed in an ocean of bliss, relishing the sight of Rādhā. Holding on to a Kadamba-tree, He stole the heart of Śrī Rādhā, the jewel of Vṛṣabhānu's family. Then Hari began to cry, His body studded with goosepimples of loving ecstasy.

Madhumāgala said: "O friend Hare! I think You are afraid of all the obstacles to Your meeting with Śrī Rādhikā! Your lotus-eyes are trembling! You don't see me and Your friends, nor Your flute Muralikā, anymore! You can not keep Your clothes together anymore! O brother, look at me! Don't be afraid! Just go to Her!" Ujjvala smiled slightly and said: "O friend! This Baṭu is a coward! Just send him to Your home where some laḍṭas are kept for him! In his company we will all become afraid! And You, O Gokulananda, will also be defeated by the gopīs, if even Madhumāgala was defeated by them! If You, our general, are defeated, then what can we soldiers do other than run away?" Hearing this, Madhumāgala became very angry and told Ujjvala: "O cheater! I'm Krṣṇa's well-wishing friend! You have become so contaminated by quarreling!" Then Hari was anointed with sandalpaste by Rādhikā's lotus-hand to the great joy of all the assembled sakhīs, after which He happily started playing His flute.

**Part 3:**

Śrī Rādhikā hid Herself from Krṣṇa and went out to pick flowers, but Krṣṇa saw Her with His sidelong glances and squirted Śyāma-water on Her from a golden and jeweled syringe. This made Rādhikā's cheeks very beautiful and filled Her with ecstasy. Hari pretended to be angry and said, eager to drink the nectar of Rādhikā's lotuslike mouth and the nectar of quarreling with Her: "Ayi! Don't be indecent! Don't be proud of reaching My flower garden in Vṛndāvana!" The gopīs said: "Aho! Glory to the jewel of girls, Śrī Rādhā, to whom these beautiful vines and trees belong! O Cheater! Quickly go back where You came from, before Lalita gets angry and will chastise You!" Hari said: "Where shall I go? Where shall I go? It's Holi-time, the best month of the year, when all desires are fulfilled! I will do whatever I like! Curses won't help here! Who will listen to your blubbering? I'm no longer afraid of My superiors!" The gopīs replied: "Don't You know that we worship the sungod? We are world-famous for our piety! Our bodies are very pure and we're proud of that! O whimsical boy! Your words won't work here, don't praise Yourself here! O cheater! We have seen Your strength in the forest!" Hari says: "You can give up your crookedness, but not Your
desires! I will fearlessly fulfill them all! Which gopī would be proud now? Everyone wants to have their desires fulfilled!

Śyāmā-sakhī stifled her anklebells, came up to Kṛṣṇa from behind and suddenly smeared Him in with kuṅkuma, while Rādhikā threw a ball of gulāl (colored powder) on His cheeks with jingling bangles. Kṛṣṇa walked up to Her like a mad elephant and smeared Her face in with kuṅkuma. Then He folded His hands and humbly prayed to Her: "Priyē! A fish can not live out of the water! I am under Your control! There is no fault in My behaviour, don't be angry with Me, O fair-faced girl! It does not look nice on Your moonlike face!" Śrī Rādhikā said: "I know Your pitiful prayers! Your sādhu-act will not save You here!", and beat Kṛṣṇa with Her playlotus. Vṛndā said: "O beautiful Rādhe! Smear Hari's khañjana-(restless) eyes in with anjana (eyeliner)!", so Rādhikā did so, but Her fingers began to shiver, so she placed Her other hand on Kṛṣṇa's shoulder. The sakhās drowned in oceans of bliss when they saw Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa touching Each other and they began to dance and played music. Rādhā and Mukunda threw gulāl at Each other and begin to dance with love, sprinkling Each other with colored water and singing as sweet as cuckoos. When the swans in the Yamunā heard this, they forgot their course out of ecstasy. Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa made Their bangles jingle sweetly as they threw lotus-stems and balls of lotus-flowers at Each other. Kṛṣṇa gave great joy to the gopās with His soft smile and His playful eyebrows. The beautifully dressed cowherd boys then made loud sounds and surround the gopās. Some imitated women by lowering their heads and others imitated yogās by opening their hairknots and smearing themselves with ashes, singing and throwing powder and flowerballs.

The gopās, that looked like golden sticks, took their flowerbows- and arrows, on Rādhikā's indication. Lotus-eyed Gändharvīkā, who is a desire-vine for Kṛṣṇa, took lotus flowers and soft balls in Her lotus-hand and helped the beautiful gopās in sprinkling the whole of Vṛndāvana with colored water. The sakhās, like Viśākhā and Citrā, as well as the parrots in the trees all sang: "Jaya Rādhe! Jaya Rādhe! Rādhikā has won! She is the Queen of Vṛndāvana!" Hearing this, Rādhikā humbly blocked Her ears with Her hands, blissfully smiling and gazing at Hari, who became eager to enjoy in a flower garden, being enchanted by Her beautiful face. Kṛṣṇa told His friends: "O gopās! I can not look at the gopās' faces in front of you all! I'm drowning in an ocean of bashfulness! Go home, we'll play more tomorrow! I will meditate on the supreme brahma while looking at their lotus faces with lowered eyes!"

Śrī Kṛṣṇa, the ocean of rasa (spiritual flavours) thought that the time Subala needed to make a bed of flowers for Him and His beloved in the kuñja, that was filled with humming blackbees, took a millennium.....

**Part 4:**

Śrī Rādhikā, who was afflicted by desires and filled with ecstasy after seeing Her beloved, told Viśākhā: "Dear sakhī! How will I see Hari, who is anointed with kunkuma and sandalwood pulp, and whose face is covered with dust, today? Was He pierced by the shaft-like glances of Padmā and Candrāvali, and is He now playing with them, or has He gone home out of embarrassment over His defeat in Holi? Is He playing with Madhumaigala or with some gopī in a kuñja? When will this Kṛṣṇa, who is expert in the art of lovemaking, who is very attached to that art, who likes love-quarrels, who destroys all miseries, whose bangles
jingle when He catches the hand of His beloved, who plays in the kuṇjases on the bank of the Yamunā, who has a crooked heart and who sings like a cuckoo, be merciful to Me and make Me happy? Alas! Without My Prāṇa Vallabhā this Vrṇḍāvana tastes like poison to Me! The merciless, very cool Yamunā is giving so much pain to My heart! These kuṇajas upset Me very much!"

Subala happily told Viśākhā: "Aho Viśākhe! Where are you going? Please revive my friend! Sometimes He stands at the gate of the kuṇja, breathing out deeply, lamenting: "Hā! hā!", and sometimes He becomes very happy, taking a golden Campaka-vine to be Rādhikā! Sometimes He wanders around the kuṣja-cottage, keeping His head in His hands. He becomes very eager when He hears the warbling of the swans, thinking it to be the jingling of Her anklebells and then He looks in that direction!"

Hearing these words of Subala, Viśākhā came into the kuñja and, seeing Kṛṣṇa there, became quiet. Kṛṣṇa happily told her: "Viśākhe! Tell Me truly, where is Rādhikā?" Viśākhā: "I don't know" Hari: "Surely you know, otherwise why are you giggling?" Viśākhā: "What benefit I have from giggling? You are a debauchee!" Kṛṣṇa: "Not true! I have no one else but Rādhikā! Let Me quickly adorn the kuṇja with Her!" Viśākhā: "No gopī can be compared with Rādhikā, who is there like Her? She knows everything! Don't be so proud, thinking that You're the only one who knows something! Actually You don't know anything! Why do You want to meet our sakhi? She's very famous for Her chastity, Her virtue and Her worship of the sungod! Why are You trying to compete with Her?"

Śrī Hari became sad and upset and told Subala: "Friend, have you come here after seeing Vṛṣabhānū- nandini's toenails or not? Didn't you see this girl, whose mind is attached to this pitiable son of Vrajendra, who is the most powerful gopī and who daily goes to Rādhākuṇḍa to meet Me on the pretext of worshiping the sungod? O Viśākhe, why are you giving Me pain, although you are Her friend? Make My fish-like eyes swim in the nectar-lake of Her form! gopī citta cora Hari (Hari, who steals the gopīs' hearts) fell silent and tears of love moistened His yellow cloth. Viśākhā felt sorry for Him and said with tearfilled eyes: 'O Govinda! As long as You don't appear before Her, Rādhikā is feeling great pain, considering one moment to be like an age and the whole of Vṛṇḍāvana to be like burning poison! When She sees a Tamāla-tree She gets goose pimples of ecstasy on Her skin, and She trembles and cries, thinking it to be You! Her face dries up, Her voice falters and She sits motionless like a picture, as if She is merged in You! Look at my anxious sakhi, sitting in a kuṇja, thirsty for the ever-fresh nectar of Your company! He Hare! You've become mad with desire for Rādhikā and vice-versa! O Subala! Dress Kṛṣṇa up like a yogī!" Then she went to Śrī Rādhikā and said: 'sakhi! I did not meet Hari, but there's an amazing yogī wandering around in Vraja that I never saw before! He looks just like Hari and He wanders around with Subala! His smile shines as bright as white lilies and He's just like a bee in the lotuslike hearts of the gopīs! He has a spot of glistening sindūra on His forehead and Rudrākṣa-beads around His neck! His body is smeared with ashes and He wears a deerskin on His shoulders! His eyes shine like red lotus flowers and He has matted locks and a saffron loincloth!' With lowered eyes Campakalatā folded her hands and said full of respect: 'O perfect ascetic! O Svāmīji! Where are you from? Stay here and purify Vraja with a stream of your mercy, O destroyer of miseries!' Citrā offered the Kṛṣṇa-yogī a pure sitting-place, but Kṛṣṇa kicked it away, saying 'hu hu!' and sat down on His deerskin to meditate on the ever-fresh nectar of Śrī Rādhikā's lips. Rādhikā smiled when She saw this beautiful Hari dressed like a
yogī with nodding head, speaking blessed words with a blissful heart, occasionally interrupting Himself by sweetly saying 'bam bam!' with an unaltered mind. Seeing this, Rādhikā swam in a shoreless ocean of bliss.

Just for fun, Viṣākhā, hiding her feelings, asked Hari: "O Yogīrāja! Tell me what's on my mind! Don't stay silent!" The yogī replied: "O fair-teethed girl! Although I should not say it I have to tell you that I’m subdued by your devotion! You are eager to see the pastimes of a young golden girl with a young cloud-colored boy!" Rādhikā slyly said: "O fair-teethed Lalite! What the yogī said was not so amazing! This thought is also on my mind! The most amazing thing is that my heart starts melting! This yogī can not be anyone else but Hari, the Lord of My heart, who is full of new bliss!"

Saying this, Rādhikā smiled and pierced Kṛṣṇa with the arrows of Her glances, making Him very agitated. The sakhīs drowned in an ocean of bliss when they saw the sweet meeting of the Yugala Kiṣora, and said: "Re Viṣākhē! We know your crooked tricks! Quickly make Her the yogini (united girl) of the yogī (the united man). How many penances didn't this girl perform to get the company of this king of yogīs?"

Then yogī put His deerskin on His shoulder and said: "I should not stay with women!" But how could He leave, being surrounded by enchanting, intoxicated gopīs? One gopi wiped the sindūra from His forehead, one took His Rudrākṣa beads, one pulled off His loin-cloth and another one pulled His deerskin from His shoulder and threw it on the floor.

One blooming lotus-eyed gopī threw His hat off, another one sprinkled Him with colored water, one came up to Him from behind and smeared His eyes in with eyeliner and another one smeared His face in with flower pollen. One challenged Kṛṣṇa, making funny faces and saying: "Where is Your strength now?" and another lotus-eyed gopī said: "O biggest cheater of the world! Are You trying to trick us? You can call Your friends or Your parents, won't they help You? Where is Your powerful brāhmaṇa-friend now? They cannot help You! There is only one way out for You: To touch Śrī Rādhikā's lotus feet! She can forgive You! Don't cheat us anymore now!"

The gopīs began to dance and smiled and wielded their sticks just to frighten Kṛṣṇa, Citrā smeared His face with musk and Viṣākhā made different decorations with sindūra on Him. Lalitā held a mirror before Kṛṣṇa’s face and Śaśikalā quickly and without hesitation drew pictures on His body. Kṛṣṇa tried to put His yellow cloth back on again, but failed out of ecstasy, so slender Lalitā helped Him to put it on. Kṛṣṇa said: "Also, bold Girl! All My clothes, except for My underwear, are gone!" and entered a solitary kuṇja with deeply sighing Rādhikā.

Thus Ends A Summary Translation Of Śre Govardhana Bhaṭṭa Gosvāmī’s ‘Madhu Keli Vallī’,
A Vine Of Spring-Pastimes.

Translated by Advaita Dasa in 1989.