



Project Madurai

மதுரை தமிழ் இலக்கிய
மின்தொகுப்புத் திட்டம்



மதுரை மீனாட்சியம்மை
பிள்ளைத்தமிழ்
ஆங்கில மொழிபெயர்ப்பு:
கௌசல்யா ஹார்ட்

**maturai mInATciyammai
piLLaittamiz
of kumarakuruparar
English Translation by
Kausalya Hart
In unicode/utf-8 format**

Acknowledgements:

Our Sincere thanks go to Dr. Kausalya Hart and Prof. George Hart of the University of California, Berkeley, CA, USA for providing an e-version of this translation and permission to publish the translation as part of Project Madurai etext collections.

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**maturai mInATci ammai
piLLaittamiz of**

kumarakuruparar
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2011

note : The e-version of the
Tamil verses of this work
(in Tamil Unicode format)
has been published earlier
under PM release #43:
[mInATciammai](#)
[piLLaittamiz.](#)

Kumaraguruparar.

According to scholars
Kumarakuruparar was born
in the city of Shri
Vangundam in the Pandyan
country to Shanmuka
Sikamani Kaviraayar and
Shivakami Ammai in the
Saiva Vellaala caste.

Tradition says that he was
not able to talk until 5 years
old and that through the
prayers of his parents and
the grace of the god
Murugan in Thiruchendur

he began to talk and then composed Kandar Kalivenba. Tradition also says his name was given to him by Murugan himself and therefore we do not know his real name.

When Thirumalai Nayakkar who ruled Madurai (1623-1659) requested him to compose poems on Meenakshi, he composed Madurai Meenakshi Ammai Tamil. The name Meenakshi Ammait Tamil may have been given to this

book because
Kumaraguruparar calls his
goddess “Angayarkkanni,”
“Angayarkkan Amudu” and
the “Madurait Talaivi.”
Among his books,
Meenakshi Ammait Tamil is
the most famous one.
People praise this
composition saying that
Meenakshi herself came and
heard when he recited it in
front of Thirumalai
Nayakkar.

The Dharmapuram Adinam
mutt seems to have been

established already in 16th century at the time of Thirumalai Nayakkar. Kumaraguruparar went to Dharmapuram and became the disciple of Masilamanit Tesikar, who was the fourth head of the mutt. He had been to Dharmapuram mutt many times, and now there are many mutts in Tamil Nadu under his name.

He went to Kasi and composed Kasikkalampakam, which praises the god Viswanathar

in Kasi. The Muslim king was pleased with his his ability to speak Hindustani and, admiring his composition Sakalakalaavalli Maalai, gave him land for establishing Saiva mutts. He also build the Kedaranath Swami temple in the north. There are stories that he met Tulsidas and told him the story of Kampan's Tamil Ramayana and thus influenced Tulsidas to write the his Ramacaritam. Kumaraguruparar does not

mention name of any king
or the name Meenakshi in
his poems, and this makes it
difficult to establish
accurate dates for his life.

Kumaragurubarar's compositions:

Kandarkalivenbaa,
Meenakshiammai
Pillaittamail, Maduraik
Kalambakam, Neethineri
Vilakkam, Thiruvarur
Naanmanimaalai,
Muthukkumaraswami
Pillaitamil, Chidambara

Mummanikkovai,
Chidambara Ceytutkovai.,
Pandaaramummanikkovai,
Kaasikkalamakam,
Sakalakalaavalli Maalai.
There is some dispute
among scholars as to
whether he was the author
of Meenakshi Ammai
Irattaimanimaalai and
Meenaakshi Ammai Kuram,
Sivakaami Ammai
Irattaimani Maalai.

Kumararuguruparar's
Meenakshi Ammai
Pillaittamil is the first

pillaittamil (a work that treats a character as a baby) to be written on a goddess and bears a formal resemblance to Periyazhvar's Tirumozhi. In his poems, Kumaragurubarar does not call the goddess Meenakshi but rather uses such Tamil names as Angayarkanni, Kayarkan Kumari, and Angayarkan Amudu. He praises her as the princess and queen of the Pandyan country and the beloved of the god Shiva. His

descriptions of Madurai city delight those who read them. He praises Madurai, its flourishing fields, its plants, trees, innocent animals and birds. After reading his poem, no one can forget his descriptions of the moon, the clouds, the jackfruit trees, the lovely mother cow, the frightened monkey, the male elephant's love for his mate, fighting in war, Indra's generosity, Ganesha, and the loves of Murugan. It seems he plunges into the

beauty of the land as much as he plunges into the devotion of his goddess. He does not forget the god Shiva and constantly praises him along with the goddess. The poet does not give much historical information about the Pandyan country, but he does describe how it flourishes. Reading the poem, one often feels that his love for Madurai is as much as, or even more than, his love for the goddess.

The name Irattai Mani

Maalai is given because each poem of this work has two parts in different meters, one nericai venpaa and the other kattalaikkalitturai. Its twenty poems praise the goddess who is in Kadambavanam in Madurai and Shiva her beloved. Meenakshi Ammai Kuram describes the life of gypsy families, their village, their mountains, how they predict the future and includes praise of the goddess of Kudal city.

Acknowledgement

I could not have written this translation without the help of my husband George Hart. I would also like to thank Gita Pai, to whom I first taught Kumaragurupar's Meenakshi Pillai Tamil.

The Fish-Eyed Goddess of Madurai

Pillaittamil

Praising the Gods to Protect

the Fish-Eyed Goddess.

1. Praising Ganesha

Let us praise the god
Ganesa
whose ichor floods from his
dark cheeks.

He has a long face, wide
ears, a dark trunk
and shining eyes like the
fire at the end of the earth.
The wind that comes from
his ears
when he fans them
cools the fire on the earth at
the time of dissolution.

With his strong feet he plays
without being tired,
kicking the dust on the
golden Potiya hills,
like Iravadam, the elephant
of Indra.

Let us praise that heroic
god.

O goddess,
the god Shiva decorated
with garlands,
who has a crescent moon on
his Jata,
sheds grace on you.
You are pleased
and your breasts shine like

the rays of the sun
and the cool young moon.

O goddess,
you, the daughter of the
king of Himalayas,
are beautiful as a fragrant
creeper,
and people anoint you
with fragrant pastes in the
temples.

O Abhiramavalli, let us
praise you
so that this book of Sentamil
will be praised by all.

Chapter I. Invoking the
Protection of the Gods for

the Goddess

2. Praising the God Vishnu

O almighty Vishnu,
loving Tamil once you
walked on the fields
embracing beautiful
Lakshmi
who stays on a lotus flower.

As you walked,
honey from your cool tulasi
garland
dripped, spread on the
fields,
mixed with mud and made it

fragrant.

You, your color lovely as a
cloud,
walked folding the
thousand-headed Adisesha
as your mat and carrying
him on your shoulders.

Even though your neck
pained you,
you went behind the Tamil
poet Kanikkannan
because he loves Tamil.
The ancient Vedas became
anxious and followed you
all.

O fish-eyed goddess,
our mother, queen among
women,
you stay with Shiva on a
shining throne
carried by the elephants of
the eight directions,
thirty-two lions that have
bright white manes,
and the sixty four ganas
who are all carried by
Adishesha
who has shining diamonds
on his heads.
May the god Vishnu protect
her. 3. Praising Shiva

Shiva bent the northern
mountain of high peaks
and made it a strong bow in
battle
when he fought with the
three forts, his enemies.

He made the poems of
Sambandar
float above the river Vaikai
when the Jains who pull out
their own hair
competed in composing
poems
with the child Sambandar.

He ordered that devotees
who praise him singing,
“Hara! Hara!”
reach the rich heavens of
Vishnu
and Indra, where karpaga
tree gives whatever one
wants.

Shiva, scholar of excellent
Tamil, accepted my poor
words of Tamilas the words
of sweet nectar.

With his ears ornamented
with white conch earrings,
he enjoyed the music of

Asubatharan and Kambalan.

His thick forest-like Jata,
red as coral
and garlanded with green
arugam grass
shines with the white
crescent moon.

He composed precious
divine songs
for Brahma who stays on a
lotus,
helping Brahma create the
Vedas.

He dances in the famous

silver hall of Madurai.

Let us keep his dancing feet
in our hearts and worship
him.

Praising the Fish-eyed
Goddess

Her hair is fragrant with oil.
Her pearl-like smile shines
like the rays of the moon.
Her eyes look for an
opportunity
to fight with Shiva.

When Shiva looks at the
lovely

young round breasts of the
goddess, his mind grows
weak.

She did the impossible
by drawing a picture of
Shiva in her mind.

Lakshmi, the beautiful
goddess
who lives on a coral-like red
lotus
and Saraswathi, shining like
lightning,
who lives on a pearl-like
white lotus
worship the goddess.

She is the nectar born in the
milky ocean
where fish leap over the
pure waves.

She is a parrot that prattles
sweet words like a baby.
She is as lovely as a swan.
She is as beautiful as a
female elephant that walks
gently.

She, the shining ornamented
goddess,
is the precious daughter of
the Pandyan king

who bears the world on his
mountain-like shoulders.

May the god Shiva protect
her,
the emerald creeper of
Madurai city
where Tamil sweet as honey
flourishes.

4. Praising Siddhi
Vinaayagar

Ganesha has a long trunk
and ichor drips from his two
ears
like waves of an ocean.

He stays in his devotees'
minds,
as if tied to them on a stake.
Let us praise his fame.

O goddess, queen of
Madurai,
are you fresh nectar?
Are you a flourishing
golden creeper?
You were born with three
breasts
in Madurai where all three
parts of Tamil flourish.

Let us worship Ganesha
to protect our fish-eyed

goddess.

5. Praising Murugan

Many gods joining together,
using Meru mountain as a
churning stick
churned the milky ocean
where the dashing waves
roar loudly.

Divine Vishnu,
decorated with a tulasi
garland,
sleeps on Adishesha
whom the gods used
as a rope to churn the ocean.

When the poison came from
the ocean,
Shiva drank it
while the goddess held
and blocked his throat to
save him
and so he became blue-
throated,
he who has the power to
make
the brightness of
the sun and moon dark.

Her fish-like eyes are long
and extend to her ears,
decorated with swinging
earrings

as if they wished to contend
with them.

When Devayanai, daughter
of Indrani
and of Indra the god of gods
who rides on the divine
elephant Iravadam,
grew up wandering in the
Karpaga forest,
she was as beautiful as
Lakshmi
the goddess of wealth
born in the milky ocean.

Beautiful Devayanai is the
wife of Murugan.

Yet, Murugan, Muthu
Kumaran, went
to the cool slope of the hills
where millet grows
and longed to marry Valli,
lovely as a peacock,
the daughter of a gypsy
family
who dances the kuthu
dance.

Let us worship Murugan
to protect our fish-eyed
child.

6. Praising God Brahma

The fish-eyed goddess,

the queen of Kudal city,
born with three breasts,
grew up sweet as nectar
with beautiful hair
swarming with bees.
She wished to marry Shiva,
majestic as a coral hill,
surrounded by Brahma and
Vishnu
who have the colors of
golden and green hills.
Shiva, beautiful as an
emerald hill
stayed with the goddess
ever after marriage.

Vishnu sleeps on the ocean

on Adishesha,
the snake that was used as a
rope to churn
the ocean of milk.

And the nectar that emerged
from it

was drunk by the clouds
and the gods who were like
innocent children.

Brahma, the child of
Vishnu,

born on a lotus that grows
from the navel of Vishnu,
created the world

that Adishesha carries on his
head,

surrounded by the blue

water of the ocean
that holds the nectar.

Let that god Brahma, the
son of Vishnu
who helps his father,
protect the child fish-eyed
goddess.

7. Praising God of Gods Devendran

O goddess, you gave the
shining spear
to Murugan who conquered

the deep, whirling wide dark
ocean

and dried it up.

With his Chendu weapon he
split the Meru mountain.

You raised your fish banner
against Chokkanadar in
battle.

You made the fragrant water
of the Ganges river
that flows on the red Jata of
Shiva

come down and flow to the
fields

so the earth would flourish.

You, a golden creeper,

give your divine grace to the
world.

Indra carrying his weapon
Vajrayudam
in his strong hand,
rides on his dark cloud-like
elephant Iravadam.
It has small eyes,
and a voice like bright
thunder,
and dripping ichor, it drinks
abundant amounts of honey
that the bees with beautiful
wings have left
after swarming around
bunches of flowers in

the fragrant karpaga forest.

O goddess, lovely as a
golden creeper,
may that Indra, god of gods,
protect you.

8. Praising the Goddess Lakshmi

The god Vishnu dark as a
cloud,
sleeps on his snake bed,
Adishesha,
whose body is long
and thousand-headed.

Lakshmi, tender as a creeper

who lives on the chest of
Vishnu,
dazzled by the brightness
and the roughness of
the shining diamonds
of Srivatsam, the ornament
of Vishnu,
is frightened by them and
hides in the cool shadow
of his fertile green tulasi
garland,
thick as a forest.

Brahma, disguised as a
swan,
flew to the top of the sky
where many clouds move,

and, unable to find the head
of Shiva,
became tired.

But the white swan,
Mandahini,
the goddess who has a
thousand faces
flowing with abundant
waves,
stays on the red Jata of
Shiva
who has a black neck.

O goddess,
you had three breasts
when you stood against

the black-necked Shiva in
battle.

May the goddess Lakshmi
protect you.

9. Praising the Goddess of
Art, Saraswathi

O fish-eyed goddess,
you teach sweet prattling
words
to your baby parrots.

You taught the happy
peacock
how to look lovely.

You taught the deer how to

glance shyly.

You taught the young royal

swans

that have crests like

murukkam blossoms

how to walk softly.

You taught your female

friends innocence.

You are the generous

princess of

the Pandyan kingdom.

O goddess Saraswathi,

you live on a lotus blooming

with long shining petals

dripping with honey

and swarming with bees that
hum sweetly.

O goddess of art,
you are lovely as a white
swan
and you know all the poems
of love
in sweet excellent Tamil
composed by Shiva,
and you have given that
knowledge
to all your devotees.

Placing our heads
on your two beautiful feet
we worship you

to protect the princess of
Pandyan country.

10. Praising the Goddess Durga

O fish-eyed goddess,
female elephants could not
compete with your soft walk
and they surround you,
longing to walk like you.

You gave birth to the
elephant god
whose single tusk looks like
the crescent moon.

Shiva ate steamed pittu

and did not do his assigned
work
of carrying sand to block the
flooding of the Vaikai river.
The Pandyan king struck
Shiva with a stick and hurt
him.
But when you embraced
Shiva, his body melted and
he loved you.

Your breasts are decorated
with ornaments
studded with precious
jewels.
You are a young female
elephant

playing in the Kadamba
forests of Madurai.

The goddess Durga with her
trident
defeated the buffalo-headed
Mahisasuran
who has dark curving horns.
Her small waist, like a tudi
drum, is as thin as a vine.
It grew weak, unable to bear
the burden
of her breasts that are like
strong elephants
with small eyes and
dripping with ichor.

She mounts and rides a lion
that has fire-like eyes
and a thick mane.

May the terrifying goddess
Durga, who rides on the
fearful lion,
protect the timid fish-eyed
goddess.

11. Praising the Seven Goddesses

The goddess who wears the
rutting elephant's skin.

The goddess who dammed
the ocean

with stones collected by
monkeys.

The goddess who threw
a lustrous spear and
burned up the ocean.

The goddess who wears
fragrant flower garlands
in her hair.

The goddess who rides on a
strong lion
and fought with thunder.

The wise goddess who
knows all

the extensive sastras.

The goddess who took the
form of a boar
that picked up the seven
worlds on its tusks
and carried them.

Let us worship all the seven
goddesses
that they may protect the
fish-eyed goddess.

The god Vishnu dances
on the head of Kalinga the
snake,
joining the kudakkuthu
dance

and the kuravai dance of the
cattle women
as the humming of bees
sounds like flute music,
and listening to those happy
songs,
the petals of the tulasi
garland of Vishnu open
and spread fragrance
everywhere.

O goddess, you are lovely
as a young elephant
and are the younger sister
of Vishnu, the black-colored
one.

May the seven goddesses

protect

the goddess Gauri, the younger sister of Vishnu, who was raised in Madurai surrounded with strong forts.

12. Praising the Pandyan Country.

The Pandyan kings defeated the Chera and the Chola kings and made them retreat in battle and run away.

Many crowned kings bring tribute and wait

at the door of the Pandyan
palace.

The Pandyan kings are
praised everywhere
in the world and people
proclaim,

“These are the kings of the
world,
and they rule in all
directions.

They are like gods.”

The burning sun feels
jealous
of the bright white moon
because he is the ancestor
of the Pandyan kings.

The great rivers
Kumari, Ponni, Vaikai and
Porunai
flow in the Pandyan country
more happily than the
Ganges in the sky.

The gods who live on
golden Meru mountain
praise the Southern Potihai
hills saying,
“There is nothing equal
to the peaks of Potihai.”

Siddha Saints worship and
praise the goddess saying,

“Even though she is the
mother
of two young gods
she is still a virgin.”

In the Pandyan country,
heavenly women holding
the hands
of beautiful earthly women
dance the kuravai kuthu.

In the Pandyan country,
the royal swan, the vehicle
of Brahma
who lives on a lotus,
makes friends with the

swans
of all the seven oceans.

In the Pandyan country,
Garuda the vehicle of dark
Vishnu,
and the peacock,
vehicle of fair young
Murugan
stay together in one nest and
play.

In the Pandyan country
Iravadam, the elephant of
Indra
that fights ferociously in
battles,

falls into the same hole
where the elephants
of the enemies of the
goddess fall.

In the Pandyan country,
the two shining goddesses
Lakshmi and Saraswathi
who live on two lotuses
stay together on one lotus
that blooms on a golden
pond.

The Pandyan kings
who rule following Manu's
laws
flourish and live happily

with Shiva, their son-in-law.

Under the rule of the fish-
eyed goddess,
no one could tell
the gods from the people.
No one could tell
the golden world of the gods
from the Pandyan country.

May the thirty-three gods,
the two Asvins,
the eight Vasus,
the eleven Rudras,
and the twelve Suns
protect our goddess
born with three breasts,

so our lovely Madurai may
flourish.

Chapter II. The Baby
Goddess Crawls.

13. Pandimaadevi bringing
up the goddess

The queen Pandimaadevi
bathes you, puts fragrant
golden powder on you
and decorates your forehead
with sacred ash.

Combing your hair she
makes a bun
and decorates it with a

garland.

The pearl Chutti ornament
that she puts in your hair
shines with cool light.

She adorns you with
shinning golden earrings
studded with pearls.

She feeds milk lovingly to
you.

The sweet honey-like drops
that fall from your beautiful
mouth shaped like a
kumudam flower
touch her silk sari and wet
it.

She kisses, extols and
caresses you.

O goddess,
you are as beautiful as a
green parrot.

Lift up your head and crawl
and grant us your grace.

You are precious
to the Pandyan king of the
southern land
and Shiva the king
of the majestic golden
Himalayas.

Lift up your head, crawl
and grant us your grace.

14. The Pandyan king, the Proud Father

Seeing you,
your beloved father's heart
brightens like the moon.

He makes signs with his
hands to call you.

Even before he calls you,
you crawl and go quickly
near him.

With your small hands,
you smear the kumkum
paste on
your father's wide chest.

You babble to your mother

with your innocent baby talk
sweet as nectar.

Hearing your speech your
mother's heart fills with joy.

His arms are long and
extend to his knees.

You hold on to his strong
hands

and climb on his mighty
garlanded shoulders
that protect lovely Tamil.

Your body shines like green
emerald.

You have a lustrous coral-
like red mouth,

When you smile, your teeth
are as white as the rays of
the moon.

You are lovely as a
peacock.

Lift up your head, crawl
and grant us your grace.

You are precious
to the Pandyan king of the
southern land
and Shiva the king of
the majestic golden
Himalayas.

Lift up your head, crawl
and show us your grace.

15. The Lovely House of the

Goddess

The walls that surround
your house
are built with mountains as
tall as the
eight Cakkravaala hills.

Meru mountain is planted
as a pillar in the middle of
the hall.

The sky is the roof of your
house.

The sun and moon brighten
your abode with their light.

You collect the worlds that
float
in the deluge at the end of
the world
and pile them as dishes.

O sweet one,
always you cook fresh
sweet nectar-like food
in your home.

Such is the small play house
that you have built.

Shiva, like a madman,
dances on your porch
and again and again

destroys your house.

You, a lovely young child
do not get upset with him,
but again again you build
your play houses
that cover all the ancient
worlds
and play with them.

Lift up your head, crawl
and grant us your grace.

You are precious
to the Pandyan king of the
southern land
and Shiva the king

of the majestic golden
Himalayas.

Lift up your head, crawl
and grant us your grace.

16. The Compassion of the Goddess

The bright rays from
Shiva's
third eye and the cool rays
of
the young moon on his jata
shed bright light on the dark
neck of Shiva,
the handsome one,
and the compassionate

glance
of the goddess makes his
heart happy
and her devotees who
worship her always
plunge into the ocean-like
joy of devotion.

O goddess,
you are compassionate
to all creatures that are
created
in the beautiful wide world
that is a part of you
and you make them flourish.

Your dark beautiful fish-like

eyes

bestow grace as a flood
that rolls and flows
for your devotees.

O goddess,
you are a lovely peacock
with dark eyes.

Lift up your head, crawl
and grant us your grace.

You are precious
to the Pandyan king of
southern land
and Shiva the king of the
majestic golden Himalayas.
Lift up your head, crawl

and grant us your grace.

17. The Three Goddesses and Lovely Madurai

O goddess Karpuravalli,
you stay in the shining
palace
that is more excellent than
the lotus seat of Lakshmi
that drips sweet honey
like a flooding river
and swarms with six legged
bees
that do not stop humming,

more excellent than
the lotus seat of Saraswathi

who has a bright tongue
that in its wisdom gave all
the ancient
wonderful Vedas,

and more excellent than
Shiva's dark Himalaya
where peacocks
lovely as emeralds
wander looking for rain
from the clouds
without blinking their eyes.

The white waterfalls
descend
from the sky,
their water sweet as nectar,

and they pass through
the rabbit on the moon
that shines always in the
heavens.

The baby vaalai fish
with their broad bellies
are afraid of the swift water
of the waterfalls
and leap everywhere
dashing into the lotus buds,
so they open
and the clear honey
from those fragrant
blossoms

flows like a waterfall.

Such is the beauty of
Madurai.

O goddess Maragadavalli,
you are the queen of that
lovely Madurai.

Lift up your head, crawl
and grant us your grace.

You are precious
to the Pandyan king of the
southern land
and Shiva the king of
the majestic golden
Himalayas.

Lift up your head, crawl
and grant us your grace.

18. The Dancing Goddess

O goddess,
as you crawl
the smile on your pretty face
dances like the shining
moon.

As you crawl
the dark bun on your hair
dances with its ornaments.

As you crawl
your bent eyebrows
dance like curving creepers.

As you crawl
the golden cutti ornament
that hangs over your
forehead
dances.

As you crawl,
your fish-like eyes
contending with one another
extend to your ears
and the makara ornaments
that hang on your ears
dance together.

As you crawl,
the anklets on your feet

dance.

The bells on your anklets
dance, singing, “kinkini,
kinkini.”

As you crawl,
your waist thin as a creeper
dances with your dress.

As you crawl,
your belly broad as a banyan
leaf
moves and dances.
Your navel that is hidden
in your belly shines and
dances .

O mother of all worlds,
as you crawl,
all the moving
and unmoving creatures
of all the worlds dance.

Lift up your head, crawl
and grant us your grace.

You are crowned
to make this world flourish.
Lift up your head, crawl
and grant us your grace.
19. The Dancing Goddess

As you crawl,
the three round breasts that

dance
on your beautiful chest
show that you were not born
with two breasts.

You crawl and smile
looking
at the ignorance of those
who calls you saying, “O
mother, come!”

Your green body became
pale
because you gave birth to all
the creatures
of the flourishing world.

As you crawl,
your thin green creeper-like
waist becomes more thin
and your belly bends and
dances.

As you crawl,
the bells of your mekalai
ornament dance
singing the praise of their
beloved god
and your small waist joins
them and dances.

As you crawl,
you are like a green fragrant
creeper

dripping honey from its
flowers
and dancing in the wind.
Lift up your head, crawl
sweetly
and grant us your grace.

You are crowned to make
this world flourish .

Lift up your head, crawl
and grant us your grace.

20. The Dance of the Fish-
eyed Goddess

As you crawl,
the bun tied up on the top of
your head

dances spreading fragrance.

As you crawl,
the shining golden ornament
on your forehead
and the small cutti ornament
on your hair
shine like the sun and the
white moon and dance.

As you crawl,
the small drops of sweat on
your divine forehead dance.

As you crawl,
your divine fragrant body
spreads
emerald-like light in all

eight directions and dances.

As you crawl,
the karuvilai flowers on
your ears spread fragrance
and the kudambai
ornaments
on your ears swing with joy
and dance.

As you crawl,
you smile with your shining
teeth,
your divine face blooms like
a lotus,
and your compassionate
eyes pour

grace on your devotees.
Lift up your head, crawl
and grant us your grace.

You are crowned to make
this world flourish.

Lift up your head, crawl
and grant us your grace.

21. Praising the Fish-eyed
Goddess

O goddess,
you are a majestic mountain
where the sun shines
brightly
and an emerald-green
shadow spreads.

O goddess
you are a lovely creeper,
the sister of Vishnu
who is dark as a cloud
and plays his flute.

O goddess
you are an unrivaled remedy
given by the Himalayas
to cure the sorrow
of your devotees.

O goddess
you know all the divine
Vedas
beyond the understanding

of even the gods
who live in heaven
where arisandanam trees
grow.

O goddess,
you are like fresh sweet
sugarcane
and the eyes on your red
lotus face
that are like kayal fish
give abundant grace
to your devotees.

O goddess,
you are a young innocent

calf
and a young moon that was
raised
in the Pandyan royal line
of the bright white moon.

You are yourself
Lakshmi, the goddess of
prosperity,
Saraswathi, the goddess of
knowledge,
the princess of the
Himalayas,
and the queen of Madurai.

Lift up your head, crawl
and grant us your grace.

You are a young peacock,
raised in Madurai
where pure Tamil
flourishes.

Lift up your head, crawl
and grant us your grace.
22. The Fish-eyed Goddess

O goddess,
you are the beautiful sister
of Vishnu
who, dark as thick cloud,
carries a conch in his strong
hand.

You share a half part of
Shiva
and you are a thin, beautiful
green creeper
that flourishes on the golden
Kailasa hills.

You are our mother!
You give boons, protection
and help to your devotees
who worship you
everywhere in the beautiful
wide world,
saying, “Don’t be afraid.”

Your eyes are as lovely as
the fish

that is on the banner of
Kama
who shoots his arrows
as he wanders all night
that is dark as a rutting
elephant.

You are a shining golden
creeper,
lustrous as lighting.
Lift up your head, crawl
and grant us your grace.

You are a young peacock,
raised in Madurai
where pure Tamil
flourishes.

Lift up your head, crawl
and grant us your grace.
Chapter III. Lullabies for the
Baby Goddess

23. The Mother buffalo and
the Playful Swan
of Lovely Madurai

As the soft breeze blows
gently
mixed with the sweetness of
Tamil
nurtured by the Pandyan
king, in the southern land,
a young buffalo sleeps
in the shadow of a sweet

Mango tree
with tender red shoots.
Its eyes are red and its
mouth is long.
Loving the calf that she just
gave birth to
and knowing that it does not
yet know how to eat grass,
she sheds milk from her
udder that flows abundantly
like a white waterfall.

The blooming fresh golden
lotuses with fragrant petals
sprinkle their golden pollen
on the swans that have
shining crests

and swim in the sweet water
of a pond.

The rays of the moon
brighten
the rolling waves of the
pond,
and their brilliance falls on
the swans' legs,
making them shine like
gold.

You are the queen of
beautiful Tamil Madurai,
taalo taalelo.

You are the gracious fish-

eyed goddess

sweet as nectar.

Show your grace to your
devotees,

taalo taalelo.

24. Farm Girls Cooking

Pearl Rice in Tamil Madurai

The dark beautiful girls of
Madurai

who work in the fields

wear kalaapam ornaments

tied to their saris that flow
like the tails of peacocks.

Building sand houses to
play with,

the lovely farm girls pretend
to enter there to live.

They pretend to start a
shining fire
on the stove that is
decorated
with bright red rubies that
take away the darkness.

Piling up precious corals for
wood,
they pretend to start red fire
in their hot stoves.

Pouring clear sweet honey
instead of water

in a round pot, they pretend
to boil it.

Rinsing pearls in sweet
liquor, they use them as
rice.

After cooking the rice,
the lovely farm girls pour
the water from it,
sit together and pretend to
eat.

Such is the beauty of
Madurai city
surrounded with abundant
cool farms
where the lovely group of

farm girls make their play
rice.

You are the queen of
Madurai
flourishing with green
farms, taalo taalelo.

You are the gracious fish-
eyed goddess sweet as
nectar.

Show your grace to your
devotees, taalo taalelo.

25. The Clouds and the Fish
of Tamil Madurai

An angry vaalai fish

leaps up to the sky,
where the clouds move
like strings of garlands
and float, distended like the
bellies of pregnant women
after filling themselves
with the salty water of the
ocean.

Leaping above the karpaga
forest
that blooms with flowers,
swimming over the clear
waving water
and the long banks of the
Ganges,
touching the rabbit in the

bright white moon
that drips with nectar,
kicking and pushing away
the clusters of shining stars
that spread everywhere,
opening the clouds
to pour their rain on the
earth,
the vaalai fish descends
stirring the water of the
ocean
and plays with an angry
suraa fish
in the fertile fields of
Madurai.

You are the queen of Tamil

Madurai
flourishing with rich fields,
taalo taalelo.

You are the gracious fish-
eyed goddess
sweet as nectar.

Show your grace to your
devotees,
taalo taalelo.

26. The Streets of Madurai

The elephants' ichor that
drips from their cheeks,
the pollen that falls from the
flowers
that decorate the hair of

beautiful women,
and the kumkum paste
that they have smeared on
their bodies
all fall on the streets,
covering them
so the elephants slip and
cannot walk.
Such are the lovely large
streets of Madurai.

The powerful royal chariots
of the kings
stop and move away
from the little play chariots
pulled by the children
whose hair is decorated with

flowers.

Red-eyed young men,
strong as bulls,
carry spears,
and their horses gallop so
swiftly
that their saliva drips down
and makes puddles on the
street
that ripple, foam and bubble
flowing like a great river.
Such are the streets of Tamil
Madurai.

You are the the queen of
Madurai city

flourishing with rich fields,
taalo taalelo.

You are the gracious fish-
eyed goddess
sweet as nectar.

Show your grace to your
devotees,
taalo taalelo.

27. The Frightened Clouds

Humming bees, sleep inside
the flowers
on the ornamented hair
of lithe women on the fields
who are as lovely as
blooming creepers

and have mountain-like
breasts that strain their
waists.

The bees wake up, visit the
flowers
of the tall trees of groves
that touch the sky,
making their pollen fall and
fill up the heavenly Ganges.

The dark clouds are
frightened
by the noise of the monkeys
of the groves
as they shout and leap.
They jump over the rabbit
on the moon, descend,

and come to rest over the
haystacks
piled high as hills on the
paddy fields.

The Mallars drink palm
wine, and, intoxicated,
mistake the dark clouds for
female buffaloes.

They yoke the clouds to
male buffaloes
that fight with their horns
and then they plow the land,
and the frightened clouds
roar loud and thunder over
the fields.

Such is Tamil Madurai city
abundant with its rich paddy
fields.

You, the queen of Madurai,
taalo taalelo.

You are the gracious fish-
eyed goddess
sweet as nectar.

Show your grace to your
devotees,
taalo taalelo.

28. The Fish and Kanikaiyar
of Madurai city

The fish frolic and swim in
water

the dark clouds have poured
down.

They swim through the
swirling whirlpools,
through the small puddles
that the rain has filled,
and leap over the banks,
through the waves that
break on the shores,
through the screwpine
bushes that bloom,
through the mud on the
bank,
over the stacks of paddy,
over the muddy clay on the
banks of the fields,
and through the abundant

water of the ponds.
Such are the flourishing
fields of Madurai.

The Kanikaiyar of Madurai
city,
their curly hair decorated
with beautiful flowers,
their fish-like eyes so long
they extend to their earrings,
stare at the chest of the
young heroes
who ride on chariots,
ornamented with shining
jewels,
and their heroic bows tied
with ropes,

on their round hill-like arms.
Those lovely women
embrace them tightly
as the petals of their
garlands fall
and so avoid quarreling with
them.

Such is the beauty of
Madurai city.
You are the queen of rich
Madurai,
taalo taalelo.

You, a golden creeper, rule
in Madurai
where the Tamil Sangam

flourishes,
taalo taalelo.

29. The War of the Goddess

The commanders of the
army of the goddess,
fighting with the chiefs of
their enemies
from every direction
break their bows,
destroy their chariots and
banners
and shoot unceasing arrows
like pouring rain.

The headless bodies of
warriors

dance with their dead
friends
holding hands in the
ocean of blood flooding the
battlefield.

Your armies are like a
mighty ocean
and fights with its enemies
unceasingly
like the waves that roll over
the ocean.

They fight ferociously with
their elephants and horses
hurling them onto the
battlefield
as if someone were playing

ammaanai balls with
elephants and horses.

O Divine goddess lovely as
Lakshmi,
you shine victoriously
with your ocean army.

You are the queen of rich
Madurai,
taalo taalelo.

You, a golden creeper,
rule in Madurai
where the Tamil Sangam
flourishes,
taalo taalelo.

30. The war of Skanda with Indra, the king of the Gods

Indra, the king of the gods,
who cut off the wings of the
shining clouds,
carries his diamond-hard
weapon,
and rides on his white
elephant Iravadam
that trumpets like thunder
and fights ferociously.
He was defeated by
Murugan,
the son of Shiva,
who hurled his spear,
burning up the ocean,

threw his Chendu weapon,
splitting the mountain
that has high golden peaks,
and flung his valai weapon,
destroying Indra's crown.

When they saw that Indra
and his commanders
who fought on every side
had lost and retreated,
and that his garlanded
crown
and garland of karpaga
flowers swarming with bees
were destroyed,
the gods who were enemies
of Indra rejoiced.

O goddess, lovely as a
peacock,
you bore that divine warrior
as your son
who defeated Indra,
Meru mountain and the
ocean,
taalo taalelo.

You, a golden creeper,
rule in Madurai
where the Tamil Sangam
flourishes,
taalo taalelo.

31. The Excellence of the
Goddess's Rule

O goddess, under your
supreme rule,

the precious Tamil books
composed by ancient
scholars
will never be destroyed.

The earth created by
Brahma
who is seated on a lotus
will never turn upside down
but be stable.

The enemy named poverty
will not rule the flourishing

Tamil country.

All creatures that live in the
world
will never plunge into the
ocean of sins.

Justice under your royal rule
will only save the people,
and never ruin them.

Even the ignorant will never
say,
“The Pandyan kings are
equal to the Cholas.”

O goddess,

you are a blooming creeper
and
you flourish in Madurai
city,
taalo taalelo.

You are a lovely parrot
raised by
Malayadvajan, the Pandyan
king,
taalo taalelo.

32. The Battle of the
Goddess with Shiva and his
Escort

You are a small girl
with dark fragrant hair.

Angry, you decided to
besiege
the walls of the Himalayas,
the abode of Shiva, the pure
one,
and oppose him.

Nandi and other attendants
of Shiva,
thinking in their pride
that they are equal to you in
battle and could defeat you,
fought against you, were
vanquished
and lost their strength, and
their bull banners fell.

You did not lose the battle
like Kama, the clever one,
who rode on his wind-
chariot
when he raised his shark
banner
and opposed Shiva in the
tall Pothiya hills.

You, a golden creeper,
raising your fish banner
won the battle with Shiva,
taalo taaleloo

You are a lovely parrot
raised by

Malayadvajan, the Pandyan
king,
taalo taalelo.

Chapter IV. The Baby
Goddess Claps her Hands

33. The Dance of Shiva

At the dark night at the end
of the earth,
eight-eyed Brahma
who stays on his lotus
flower, soft as a curving bed
and Vishnu who stays on
his snake bed in
Vaikundam,
the highest heaven, are

asleep.

In the middle of that night,
Shiva dances madly
wearing umattai flowers that
drip with honey.

As he dances
the sky, the earth
and the eight mountains
turn over and fall into the
seven oceans.

As he dances,
all the ancient universes,
and Kailasa, king of
mountains,

and the Chakravaala hills
all dance and whirl with
him.

And you clap your hands
and beat the cymbals
to accompany the beats of
his pure,
ever-present dancing,

You, a beautiful creeper,
born and raised with Tamil
in ancient Madurai,
clap your hands and
grant us your grace.

34. The Goddess Falls in

Love with Shiva on the Battlefield

O goddess,
you rode on your shining
chariot
decorated with a golden
lotus ornament,
and opposed Shiva who
carries
golden Meru mountain for
his bow.
Your thin waist that could
not be seen
shrank as you fought,
and your mind fell in love
with him

and he entered into your
heart.

When you saw Shiva on the
battlefield,
your third curving breast
disappeared.

You bowed to him shyly
and were amazed to see
that suddenly you had only
two breasts.

Your heart was filled only
with him.

You looked at him sweetly
with a nectar-like side
glance, and felt shy.

You sighed, and small drops
covered
your sweating forehead.
You looked like a painting
that suddenly came alive
joyfully.

In your shyness, you kept
feeling
the sharp corners of your
bow with your fingers.
Clap your beautiful hands,
and grant us your grace.

You, a beautiful creeper,
born and raised with Tamil

in ancient Madurai,
clap your hands and grant us
your grace.

35. The Goddess Playing with her Friends

You play with your friends
picking up tender leaves and
flowers
in the garden blooming with
fragrant buds.

You join your friends
and pour sand in the pots
and play as if you were
making rice.

You raise lovely baby
peacocks,
young, soft beautiful swans,
white doves and other birds.

As you and your friends
play
you hide your dark eyes on
your face
with your red hands
and it is as if a kaandal
flower
made a lily blossom close
as it flowered in front of a
lotus.

You carry and kiss your

lovely divine parrot
whose words are sweet as
honey.

You play with round golden
balls.

Your hands soft as tender
shoots

have a lovely red color
and are bright as divine
lotuses

opening their flowers.

Clap your beautiful hands,
and grant us your grace.

You, a beautiful creeper,
born

and raised with Tamil in
ancient Madurai,
clap your hands and grant us
your grace.

36. The Bed and Cradle of the Goddess

Your cradle is like Indra's
chariot
that brightens the sky.

Your cradle is like a divine
place that gives peace
in the highest sky.

Your cradle is like a forest
filled with kadamba trees.

Your cradle is like
the Tamil country filled
with cool paddy fields.

Your cradle is like the
lustrous six-legged seat
of handsome Shiva
who gives grace to all with
his third eye.

Your cradle is like
the beautiful bed in the
inner sanctum of Shiva.

As you lie on that beautiful
cradle,

you babble words sweet as
music.

You suck your fingers
tasting and drinking the
honey-like water
from your mouth that is as
lovely
as a kumudam flower.

Your lotus-like fingers
become red,
as you suck them in your
mouth.

Clap your beautiful hands
and grant us your grace.

You, a beautiful creeper,
born and raised with Tamil

in ancient Madurai,
clap your hands and grant us
your grace.

37. The Goddess Raises her Beloved Son Murugan

O goddess,
your grace is like a flood of
nectar,
thrown off by the clear
waves of the dark ocean
as if suddenly it were let
loose.

It streams from your fish-
like shining eyes
to your divine child
Murugan

who burned up the ocean
with its white waves.

O queen of Madurai,
you carry your divine child
Murugan
on your beautiful swinging
thighs and bathe him.

You put oil on his hair,
and decorate his forehead
with sacred ash.

You put conch bracelets on
his arms.

You take milk from your
breast in a conch

and feed him opening his
petal-like soft lips.

You put fragrant powder on
his body.

You make him sleep on
your beautiful lap precious
as gold.

You put him in a small
cradle
studded with large bright
diamonds
and sing him lullabies.

Clap your blooming lotus-
like hands,

and rock the cradle, and
grant us your grace.

You, a beautiful creeper,
born and raised with Tamil
in ancient Madurai,
clap your hands and grant us
your grace.

38. Peys in the Battle

Kings, warriors of the earth,
heroes with swords and
valiant men fought
in a battle in the city of
Parandalai
and the thunder-like sound
of the war

reached the clusters of stars
and shook them.

When the warriors who died
in the battle went to heaven,
they fell in love with
heavenly women,
ornamented with golden
bangles
with mountain-like breasts,
and eyes like arrows
that struck them like
weapons in war.

The peys on the battle field
ate the tasty intestines, the
brains and the fresh meat

of the defeated gods and the
warriors
and the circling vultures in
the sky
came down and ate the fresh
meat with them.

A group of peys holding on
to each other's hands
danced the kuravai dance.

O goddess,
you bent your bow
and almost silently you sent
your long arrows
to vanquish the chieftains
of all directions, making

them ashamed.

Clap your hands and grant
us your grace.

You make the earth goddess
thrive and protect her
under the shadow of your
canopy,

Clap your hands and grant
us your grace.

39. The War of the Goddess
and her Protection

After the Pandyan and the
Chola kings
retreated as they fought with
you,

they joined you and fought
with the gods, who were
your enemies.

Indra's white elephant
Iravadam,
and Yama's vehicle the dark
buffalo
were frightened of you and
hid in the wild ocean.

Varuna, the rain god rode on
his sura fish
to fight with you, but the
sura fish leaped,
spun and fell unable to fight
with you.

You made kings who ruled
cruelly
embrace justice.

You fought with the
Himalayas and the eight
high hills
and made them the
boundary of your country.

By yourself you took over,
ruled and protected all the
lands in the eight directions.

Conquering all the lands
you rule all the northern

shores
as easily as you rule the
shores
of the Kumari river in the
south.

You who are beautiful as a
female elephant,
clap your hands.
You make the earth goddess
thrive
and protect her under the
shadow of your canopy,
Clap your hands and grant
us your grace.

40. The Battle between the
Goddess and Shiva

The fish-eyed goddess shot
her arrows
at kulis, kaalis, dogs, lions
and Bhairavar and they
were defeated
and scattered.

Nandi, the vehicle of Shiva
fought
with the goddess, lost and
ran away.
Seeing how splendid Nandi
was
both from front and back,
the goddess laughed in
delight,

her smile like the rays of the
moon.

She forgot how she once
danced with Shiva
on the highest peaks of
Kailasa
and grew shy because she
fought with him.

She stopped shooting
arrows,
but bent her bow-like
eyebrows
and shot glances with her
lotus-like eyes at Shiva.

O goddess Thadaadagai,
you have attracted Shiva
who bent Meru mountain as
his bow in battle.

O goddess Tadaathagai,
clap your hands.

You make the earth goddess
thrive
and protect her
under the shadow of your
canopy,
Clap your hands
and grant us your grace.

41. The Beauty of the
Goddess and the Himalayas

You give your grace to your
devotees
so that they can cross the
ocean of births
if they melt in their hearts
for your gracious glance
that pours out its abundant
compassion.

O fish-eyed goddess,
you are as beautiful as a doll
and your long eyes
lovelier than the eyes of a
deer
are like killing arrows
and, extending to your

earrings,
they give extra loveliness to
your nose.

You are a peacock
born in the Himalaya hills
where a male monkey that
lives
in a flourishing bamboo
grove
jumps up to the dark clouds
in the sky,
and the nectar that flows
from the young creeping
moon
mixes with the rain
that the clouds pour on the

hills.

Clap your hands.

You are a young elephant
raised in Madurai,
clap your hands.

42. Goddess, the Mother

You showered your grace
and fed
the nectar-like milk from
your breasts
to Sambandar your devotee
in the city of Seerkaazhi,
and you gave him the power
of singing
the Devaram, devotional

Tamil songs
that are divine Vedas.

As a compassionate mother
you raised your son
Murugan
who rides on a peacock
and Ganesa, the elephant-
headed god.

Your prattling baby words
are sweet as honey
and are like the music of a
flute.

Your baby talk is as sweet
as ripen fruits
that shed nectar.

Your words are lovely as a
parrot's.
Clap your hands.

You are a young elephant
raised in Madurai,
clap your hands.

Chapter V. Grant us
Moksha

43. The Greatness of the
Goddess

You are like a divine jewel
for the scholars who
composed

the treasure of ancient
timeless songs
that are so lovely
no one could have even
dreamed of their beauty.

You are a blooming karpaga
tree
that gives the fruit of grace
to the devotees who love
you in their hearts
and who nurture the feeling
of devotion
as if they were watering a
tiny banyan tree.

You are a parrot in the

grove
that prattles like a baby,
and your words were never
written down.

You are the matchless
companion
of Shiva the highest god,
the highest form of all
sounds,
who pervades the empty sky
as the companion of all
lives,
unseen but helping all
devotees and creatures.

You are the omnipresent

one
who originated with Shiva.
Grant us moksha.

O goddess, born with three
breasts,
you are a feast for the three-
eyed god,
the light of all. Grant us
moksha.

44. The Beautiful Goddess

You are the highest flood of
joy
that springs abundantly in
the hearts of your devotees
who melt in everlasting love

for you,
love that they had even in
their previous births
as their hearts filled with
devotion
like ponds being filled with
water.

You are great good fortune
for those like us who are
small.

You are like a sweet young
female elephant
and your fragrant hair is
decorated
with blossoms, dripping

with honey.

You are a creeper blooming
with lovely flowers
and your heavy mountain-
like round breasts
decorated with kumkum
paste
make your thin waist weak.

Your prattling words
are as sweet as the music of
a flute.

Your lotus-like red mouth is
as sweet as a fruit.
Grant us Moksha.

O goddess, born with three
breasts,
You are a feast for the three-
eyed god,
the light of all.
Grant us moksha.

45. The Beauty of the Goddess

Dark clouds lose when they
compete
with your dark hair
decorated with flowers
swarming with bees.

Sugarcane cut into small

pieces
loses when it competes with
your
prattling speech as sweet as
the words of a parrot.

The red lotuses lose when
they compete
with your small golden feet
that touch the crescent
moon on Shiva's jata,

The conch pregnant with
pearls
and the beautiful fertile
kamuku plant
lose when they compete

with your neck.

Long bamboo shoots lose
when they compete
with your beautiful arms
decorated with lovely
drawings.

The two strong tusks of
elephants lose when they
compete
with your round soft breasts.

The pearls that are born in
shells cannot compete
with your divine teeth.

You give your devotees
the pleasures of life on the
earth and in heaven.
Grant us moksha.

O goddess, born with three
breasts,
you are a feast for the three-
eyed god,
the light of all. Grant us
moksha.

46. We Want Only You

O goddess, we do not want
the cindamani jewel
that is in the world of Indra,
the king of gods in the

shining sky
who rides on his rutting
elephant Iravadam
that has four mountain-like
tusks.

O goddess, we do not want
the precious jewels
sanganithi
and padumanithi of Kubera
the king of Alagapuri in the
north.

O goddess, we do not want
the Srivatsam jewel that
shines like the sun,
decorating the chest

of the lord Padmanabhan
who lies on a snake bed
with his wife Lakshmi on a
lotus blossom,
the light of all homes.

Shiva who stays in the
temple
in the city of Thirunelveli
surrounded by bamboo trees
loves to kiss your sweet
fruit-like mouth.

O goddess, born with three
breasts,
you are a feast for the three-
eyed god,

the light of all.
Grant us moksha.

47. Pearls

The pearls that grow
by the shores of the Kumari
river
where waves dash on the
hills
and the banks of the river,

and the pearls from the
shells
that the hard-working pearl-
fishers,
bring to the shores of the
Korkai city,

and the pearl-like rays
of the white moon that fall
on the Porunai river,

and the cool pearls
brought by the waterfalls
that fall on the beautiful
cool
slopes of the Potiyam hills

O goddess, you gather all
these pearls
on the bank of the river,
bathe and play with
innocent women

as your waist, thin as
creeper, suffers.

The fragrant smoke
that perfumes your long
oiled hair
spreads its fragrance
all around the sand bank of
the river
where women play.
Grant us moksha.

You are the feast for the
three-eyed god,
the light for all. Grant us
moksha.

48. The Divine Kudal City

The shining sun god
carrying his cloud-flag,
rides on a decorated chariot
yoked to strong white-
maned horses.

He splits the water of the
sea,
with his bright rays,
removes the thick darkness
of the earth
and brightens the front of
the houses
of Kudal city where Tamil
flourishes.

There, the white saris that

hang on the clotheslines
in the yards of the houses
fly to the sky in the wind,
touch the stars and hide the
rays
of the moon and the lovely
rainbow.

Divine Madurai city
is surrounded with forts
where your victorious flags
fly.

Covered with clouds they
fly shining
as they do on Mount Meru
that you have conquered.
Such is divine Tamil city of

Kudal
and you flourish there,
bringing prosperity.

O goddess,
your divine mouth is as
lovely as coral.
Grant us moksha.

You, a beautiful creeper,
carry a shining fish-banner
in your right hand.
O goddess, your divine
mouth is as lovely as coral.
Grant us moksha.

49. The Fields of Madurai

City

The Kadainyar who have
bodies
as dark as clouds that pour
rain
drink palm wine that foams
up
like the waves of the ocean
and carry in their hands
swords
that look like the crescent
moon.

The soft natured Kadaisiyar
women
beautiful as bright lightning,

wearing dark bangles,
walk behind their husbands
as their thin waists swing.

The varaal fish leaping to
the sky
scares a cluster of stars and
the Kadaiyar women
seeing the fish,
are frightened and run away.

The sugarcane plants in the
fields of Kudal
grow tall and touch the sky
reaching Indra's world,
and Indra's divine elephant
Iravadam

who lives in the karpaga
forest
eats the sweet sugarcane
there.

The flourishing paddy stalks
in the fields of Kudal grow
so tall
they touch the sky
and Kamadenu, Indra's
cow, grazes on them.

Such is the wealth of
Madurai
filled with flourishing paddy
fields

and sugarcane plants.

O goddess,
your divine mouth is as
lovely as coral.
You protect Madurai city.
Grant us Moksha.

You, a beautiful creeper,
carry a shining fish-banner
in your right hand.

Your divine mouth is as
lovely as coral.
Grant us moksha.

50. The Flag and the Wheel
of the Goddess.

O goddess,
your front yard is filled
with a pile of gold given as
tribute
by enemy kings of many
countries
after they retreated fighting
with your army
that blows its conches of
victory
as loud as the waves of the
ocean.

The garlands of enemy
kings from many directions
fall on the floor and mingle

with each other.

The fish-banner of the
mischievous Kama
who wanders around with
his terrible flower arrows
swarming with bees,
and your victorious fish-
banner
fly together in the silver
hills of Kailasa.

As your majestic rule
spreads
over all the lands that are
surrounded
by the rising, sounding

oceans,
it is like the wheels of the
chariot of the sun
going over mountains and
oceans.

O princess of the Pandyan
king,
your scepter takes away the
suffering of all lands.

O goddess,
your divine mouth is as
lovely as coral. Grant us
moksha.

You, a beautiful creeper,
carry a shining fish-banner

in your right hand.

Grant us moksha.

51. The Trees and Drums of Madurai

When a jack fruit that has
grown

on the large trunk of a jack
tree

breaks, its juice as sweet as
honey

flows onto the earth

as if a pot filled with palm
wine had been broken.

O goddess, your Madurai
city

is filled with such fertile

jack fruit trees.

The lovely branches of the
kamugu tree
shake and fall to the ground
when the sura fish leaps and
hits it
from the fields where the
paddy plants
are heavy with paddy.

The rutting elephant
trumpets loudly
drinking from a pond
where the water is filled to
the brim
as if it were an ocean.

The beating of the three
drums
in Madurai protected by you
sound twice as loud
as the thundering of the
clouds.

Such is flourishing Madurai.
You protect it.
You, a lovely parrot raised
in Madurai,
grant us moksha.

You are the precious jewel
of the Pandyan dynasty
that rules the entire world.

Grant us moksha.

52. Praise of the Goddess

In the world surrounded by
ocean,
where the sun rises
and removes deep darkness
and spreads his rays
everywhere,

you, lovely as a young
elephant,
grant your aid with your
kind glances
to the goddess Lakshmi who
lives on a red lotus
thick with petals and

swarming with bees,
and to the goddess
Saraswathi
who stays on a white lotus
blooming with a hundred
petals,
so that they help your good
devotees
who worship you and serve
only you.

O goddess,
your face is beautiful like a
lotus,
your neck shines like a
conch,
your face is cool as the

crescent moon
and your words are as sweet
as honey.

You, a brilliant goddess,
plunge into the ocean of
ancient Tamil.
Grant us moksha.

You are the precious jewel
of the Pandyan dynasty
that rules the entire world.
Grant us moksha.

Chapter VI. The Baby
Goddess Walks.

53. Walking with Lovely

Ringing Anklets

You walk with your small
lovely feet
stepping slowly
as your beautiful anklets
ring
with the kinkini bells
strung on them.

The fragrance from the red
paste
that decorates your toes
spreads into the lovely
crescent-moon-like
ornaments
the heavenly women wear

on their hair
when they bow at your feet
and it spreads into the
young, waxing crescent
moon
that shines on our father
Shiva's Jata.

Swans with beautiful wings
follow the gods and
goddesses
who worship at your lovely
feet
and follow you with them.

The swans follow you
together with the group of

heavenly women.

Is that because they like the
soft sound

of your precious diamond-
studded anklets?

Or they want to learn your
lovely gentle walk?

Do the bells
of your shining waist
ornament ring,

because they feel pity for
your small thin waist?

You live in my lotus heart
because it is a divine temple
for you

and in Kudal where Tamil

flourishes
with its wonderful poems.

You, a beautiful blooming
creeper,
and the queen of Kudal city,
come to us.

O fish-eyed goddess!
you shine in the karpaga and
kadamba forests.

Come to us.

54. Lakshmi, Saraswathi
and Parvathi

Lakshmi decorated with
fragrant garlands,

emerged from the deep
milky ocean
when it was churned by the
gods,
and Saraswathi the goddess,
the scholar of sweet Tamil
literature
who walks softly like a
beautiful female elephant
and whose hair is lovely,
both entered into lotus
blossoms swarming with
bees
and live there.

But you, a precious
diamond creeper

enter and live in the hearts
of your devotees
that are like blooming ponds
of fragrant devotion,
golden temples for Shiva
and you.

On tall flourishing sweet
sugarcane trees
bunches of heavy flowers
bloom
bending the highest
branches as they touch the
sky
and they resemble Kama as
he took endless, timeless
forms, to fight battles of

love
with his flower arrows and
sugarcane bow,
wandering with his wife
Rathi, lovely as a peacock,
whose forehead shines like
the crescent moon.
Such is the beauty of the
groves of Kudal city.

You are beautiful as a
peacock with lovely tail
and you stay in Kudal city
that flourishes with forests
of sugarcane.
Come to us!
O fish-eyed goddess! Queen

of Kudal city!

You shine in the karpaga
and kadamba forests.

Come to us.

55. The Kayal Fish and the
Goddess's War.

A jackfruit tree covered
with thorns
and circled with screwpine
plants
shines as the crescent moon
pours its rays.

A kayal fish leaping through
the juice of the jackfruit,
jumping over the coconut

tree and shaking it,
makes the coconut break,
and the juice pours from it.

The fish-eyed goddess with
her strong army
large as the ocean
conquered not only the
groves of one land
but also the seven worlds,
breaking the walls of the
forts, surrounding the cities.
Then, going to the worlds of
the gods
she fought in all the
directions
making the battlefield

bloody.

Kayal fish leap high
all over the flourishing
paddy fields
encircled by banks
and the fish look like the
divine fish banners
of the goddess that were
raised everywhere,
flying and touching the sky
when she conquered all the
worlds.

Such is the beauty of
Madurai
surrounded with flourishing
paddy fields.

O fish- eyed goddess,
you are the daughter
of the king of Tamil
Madurai.

You shine in the karpaga
and kadamba forests.
Come to us.

56. Ganesa, her Baby
Elephant

Ganesha, the elephant god,
drinks the sweet nectar
that flows from your round
breasts
adorned with diamond
ornaments.

His tusks are white like the
lustrous moon
that pours light as white as a
waterfall.

He broke mountains with
his tusks
decorated with their kimpuri
ornament.

Kumkum and the yellow
pollen
falling from his garlands
make his forehead look like
a golden pot of kumkum.

He takes water from all the

seven oceans
with his large trunk
and fills his ears to use it for
ichor.

He touches the crescent
moon in the sky
with his trunk thinking that
it is his angusa weapon.

The pearl-studded ornament
on his forehead
looks like the blue sky,
shining with stars.

He, a young baby elephant
drips ichor and his eyes are

small.

He is murderous.

You, as a female elephant,
gave birth

to that baby elephant.

Come to us.

O fish-eyed goddess! you
shine in the karpaga
and kadamba forests. Come
to us.

57. The Moon, the Ganges
and Kudal City

The young white moon
on the Jata of Shiva that
drips nectar

becomes red touching
your shining lotus-like feet
decorated with red paste.

The water of the great
Ganges
that flows on the jata of
Shiva
with shining waves dashing
on its banks
becomes red as it mixes
with the red paste
on the feet of the goddess.

You are the green goddess
as lovely as a creeper
and your feet touch the Jata

on Shiva's head.

The fragrant breeze blowing
through the branches
of the tall green kamugu
trees
cools Indrani, the wife of
Indra, king of the gods
when she rides on the back
of Indra's elephant
Iravadam in the wide sky
where the bright stars shine.

Such is Kudal city
where fragrant groves
bloom with lovely flowers
and fragrant breezes blow.

You were raised in that
Kudal city.
O daughter of Pandyan
king,
come to us.

O fish-eyed goddess,
you shine in the karpaga and
kadamba forest.
Come to us.

58. The River Vaikai

The Vaikai river gathers
the jewels heaped in it
by bathing young girls
who have mountain-like

breasts
adorned with garlands and
kumkum paste,
and rises to the sky
and blocks the heavenly
rivers.

Because the heavenly rivers
are blocked,
the sun loses its path
and floats like a lustrous
golden parisil boat.
The joyful white crescent
moon
floats like a paddle boat
and cannot tell where it is
going.

The abundant bright stars
float like small midappu-
boats,
shining like the jewels
swept down by the Vaikai.

The Vaikai crosses the ichor
that flows like a river
from the four-tusked
elephant Iravadam
and the flooding water of
the Ganges
flowing in its path.

The Vaikai river flows
across the bright sky
and the blooming karpaga

forest
and reaches the flourishing
Pandyan land
and its waves dash on its
cool banks.

You are the queen of great
Madurai city
nourished by the Vaikai
river.

You are our precious life.
You, the daughter of
Malayaduvajan, come,
come.

59. The Beauty of the Fields
of Madurai

The six-legged bees,
opening the fresh petals of
the flowers
dripping with pollen
play in the honey-like water
of the falls.

The bees open the beautiful
cool lotus
and the goddess Lakshmi
lives there happily
making it her temple.
Seeing that, the Marudam
land, as if it were a
carpenter,
created for Lakshmi many
lovely lotuses

in the ponds of Kudal city
so that she could live in all
of them if she wished.

Large fragrant groves
are filled with canopy-like
kamuga trees
whose lovely branches
hang with ripened fruits.

The paddy plants
with bunches of many-
colored crops
grow so high that they make
the clouds look
like a cloth studded
with shining jewels.

You are the queen of
Madurai city
flourishing with its colorful
paddy fields
in the Marudam land.
You are our precious life.
You, the daughter of
Malayaduvajan,
come, come.

60. The Beauty of Three Goddesses

The fragrance of oil
and the fragrance of incense
from the divine women's
hair

enter the long trunks of the
elephants
of all the eight directions
and make them dizzy.

The waists of those divine
women
are small and thin.
Their mountain-like breasts
are smeared with sandal
paste.

The gentle breeze that
comes
from the fans that they wave
with their lovely hands
hurts their waists.

The goddess Lakshmi
beautiful as a creeper
and Saraswathi, goddess of
all the arts,
live on lotuses
where bees drink honey and
sleep.

You give your grace to
those goddesses
smiling at them with your
bright moon-like teeth.

O you lovely young deer
with a green body,
dark eyes and a sweet red
mouth, come.

You are our precious life.

You are the daughter of
Malayadvajan,
come, come.

61. Praising the Daughter of Malayadvajan

You yourself are the reward
for the poets who composed
ancient divine everlasting
songs
to adorn you.

You are the fragrant taste of
Tamil,
sweet as a ripened fruit
and flourishing
with its prose, poetry and

drama.

You are the lamp that is
lighted
in the temple-like hearts of
your devotees
who have rooted out all
traces of ego.

You are a young soft female
elephant
that plays in the hills
of the tall-peaked
Himalayas.

The god Shiva, the unique
one,

transcends this earth
surrounded by oceans with
breaking waves.

He has drawn you in his
divine heart
as a living picture
and looks at you always.

You are a lovely vanji
creeper.

Bees drinking sweet honey
swarm around your thick
forest-like hair,
come, come

You are our precious life.
You are the daughter of

Malayadvajan, come, come.
62. Praising the Daughter of
Malayadvajan

You, a lovely young female
elephant, come.

Around your fragrant hair
honey-drinking bees swarm,
come.

You, the abundance of
wisdom, come.

You are an excellent feast
given to the bright three-
eyed god
who wears the crescent
moon on his Jata, come.

You, the origin of all the
three gods,
Brahma, Vishnu and Shiva,
come.

You, the highest joy that has
no origin, come.

You, the meaning
of the ancient Vedas, come.

You are a creeper
ripening with compassion,
come.

You take away the births
of your devotees who

plunge
into the flood of your grace
by showing your sidelong
glance of love.

You, a lovely green parrot
that babbles sweetly like a
baby, come.

You are our precious life,
come.

You the daughter of
Malayadvajan,
come, come, come.

Chapter VII. Calling the
Moon to Play with the Baby
Goddess.

63. The Jealous Moon.

O moon, why won't you
come to play with her?

The books of the arts say
that she is as lovely as a
green parrot
and her words are as sweet
as rock candy
and complain
that you are not as beautiful
as she.

Are you worried about what
the books say?

Is that the reason why you

don't come
to play with her?

Are you unwilling to come
because you know
that she is the wealth of all
arts?

Are you jealous that she
belongs
to the line of the moon
of the Pandyan kings
who wear lovely garlands
swarming with bees?
Is that the reason why you
don't come
to play with her?

Are you angry with her
because our father Shiva
keeps you
as a fragrant cool garland on
his Jata
and her as a part of him?

Are you upset because she
was born
with Lakshmi in the deep
ocean of milk
where you were also born
with Lakshmi,
your dear friend.

She, the princess, calls you

saying, “Come, hurry!”
Even though are not fit to
play with her,
still she calls you.

O moon, come to play with
her.

Shining like a diamond
creeper,
she embraces Shiva
who carries a strong golden
bow.

O moon, come to play with
her.

64. The Blemishes in the
Moon

O moon,
some of the gods received
nectar from the milky
ocean,
squeezed it out, poured and
drank it.

You received what was left
of that nectar
after they had spit it out.

You suffered because the
two fire-spitting snakes
Raagu and Ketu swallowed
you and spat you out.

Your bright white body is
marked by black blemishes

in the shape of a rabbit.

People mock you saying
no one should see you
on the fourth day of the
growing moon.

You are just one of many
stars
that wander through the sky.

Surely there is no refuge for
one
who moves like you other
than this Madurai
that removes all great sins.

The fish-eyed goddess,

beautiful as a female
elephant,
stays on the bank of the
Vaikai river
that flows with its abundant
rising water
that shakes the karpaga
trees.

O moon, come to play with
her.

Shining like a diamond
creeper,
she embraces Shiva who
carries a strong golden bow.
O moon, come to play with
her.

65. The Moon Steals the Goddess's Beauty

O moon,
you steal the beauty of her
shining forehead
and become bright
when you are a crescent
moon.

Women with wide fish-like
eyes
bow to you, putting down
dried cow dung
as they worship the
goddess.

You steal the lustrous
beauty of her face
when you become full,
bright and white,
sprinkling nectar on the
earth.

And that is not all.

With the Ganges that is her
rival,

you stay on the Jata of her
lover Shiva,

yet she forgets her jealousy
and calls you.

How can words do justice to
her great compassion?

She is the princess of the
Pandyan country
protected by Maladuvaja
Pandyan
who rules the whole world
bearing it on his strong
shoulders.

O moon, come to play with
her.

Shining like a diamond
creeper,
she embraces Shiva
who carries a strong golden
bow.

O moon, come to play with
her.

66. The Goddess Saves the Moon as it Seeks Refuge from Raahu.

Even though you shine
everywhere in the sky
and make it bright,
you suffer when your cruel
enemy
the snake Raahu
swallows you and spits you
out.

If you enter
the hot shining world of the
sun for refuge,
your brightness will fail

and you will become dim.

Even though our father

Shiva

holds you in his forest-like
jata,

you cannot close your eyes
and sleep

because you are afraid of
the snake

that encircles Shiva's jata.

The small feet of the

fragrant-haired goddess

who is on Shiva's Jata

might kick you

and injure your stomach.

If you take refuge in our
princess
you will receive this
universe
and everything beyond it.
O moon, come to play with
her.

Shining like a diamond
creeper,
she embraces Shiva
who carries a strong golden
bow.

O moon, come to play with
her.

67. The Fame of the

Goddess

Her boundless fame
transcends all the worlds
and shines like a large
moon.

Taking only a sesame-
seed's measure
of light from her brightness
you shine as the white
moon.

You plunge into the flood-
like compassion
that her glances pour on you
and give your cool light to

the earth.

Only the power that she
gives you
enables you to give cool
light to the earth
and make crops flourish

O moon god of beauty,
you have no power of your
own,
only what she gives you,
and you know that is true.

She is the princess of the
majestic king
who rides on a joyful

elephant.

O moon, come to play with
her.

Shining like a diamond
creeper,
she embraces Shiva
who carries a strong golden
bow.

O moon come to play with
her.

68. The Excellence of the
Pilgrimage to Madurai.

The terrible curse that Indra
the king of gods received,
and the curse put on the

angry elephant Iravadam,
and the fever and the bent
back
of the Pandyan king who
nourished
all three ancient branches of
Tamil—
all these were removed by
pilgrimage to Madurai.
O moon, don't you
understand
the greatness of this place?

The pilgrimage to Madurai,
the kingdom of Shiva,
the place of absolute peace,
gives moksa to devotees.

Look, if you go on this
pilgrimage,
the sin that you have done
against Guru viyaazhan,
the curse that Daksha gave
you,
and your waning and
waxing, becoming old,
getting gray hair and a bent
back,
all these things will be
removed.

She is as sweet as honey
and she gives her loving
grace

to the devotees who worship
her
with their bones melting.
O moon, come to play with
her.

Shining like a diamond
creeper,
she embraces Shiva
who carries a strong golden
bow.

O moon, come to play with
her.

69. The Compassion of the
Goddess for the moon

O moon, you stay on the

Jata of Shiva
who wears the skin
of a rutting elephant.

When beautiful women pick
flowers,
you rub their hands soft as
tender leaves
with your rays and scratch
them.

When those lovely women
decorate
their little feet with red
paste,
their hands hurt
and they become nervous,
thinking that your scratches,

red as if caused by fire, are
boils.

You are the reason they are
scared.

You are the umbrella for
Kama
the son of Narasimha, half
lion and half man,
and you give him shade
even though he has the
same sugarcane bow
and the same five kinds of
flower arrows
and the same fish-banner as
the goddess.

Yet she was not angry with

you
even though you did all
those things,
but calls you to come to
play with her.
O moon, come to play with
her.

Shining like a diamond
creeper,
she embraces Shiva
who carries a strong golden
bow.
O moon, come to play with
her.

70. The Goddess and the
Moon of the Same Lineage

O moon,
you were born in the
Pandyan family
to nourish that ancient
tradition,
pouring sweet nectar-like
brightness with your rays
as white as waterfalls

And she, soft as a tender
shoot,
a princess of the Pandyan
family,
was born to nourish that
tradition.

You see that you were born
in the same family as she,
yet you did not make her
your friend
feeling happy in your mind
and gazing at her joyfully.
You stay in the sky without
coming down
to speak and play with her.

You gave up your food,
nectar and beauty
and wandered with Shiva
who carried a mud pot for
porridge
and went and begged with
him.

Is that why you have a black
mark on your body?

But more than that,
there is another just like you
who shines in the clear sky
in the day.

You swallow the rays of
light that he emits
after he has finished with
them,

and you take that light
and in the deepest darkness
of night

you move shining with it.
How could you humble
yourself so?

She is divine
and her hair is decorated
with flowers
swarming with buzzing
bees.

O moon, come to play with
her.

Shining like a diamond
creeper,
she embraces Shiva
who carries a strong golden
bow.

O moon, come to play with
her.

71. How We Saved You

from her Anger

When the goddess who has
dark cloud-like hair
called you, you did not
come
and she became angry.

We said, “Perhaps the moon
did not come quickly
because he was ashamed
to come before your radiant
face,
and he may have hid
instead.

Or perhaps he was worried
that the snakes Raahu and

Kethu
would follow him and hurt
him.”

We made these excuses for
you
and somehow saved you
from her anger.

But now, if she grows angry
at you again,
there is no way to save you.

The divine apsarasas who
live in the sky
and who wear lovely
garments
decorate the goddess's

beautiful long hair,
wipe the sweat from her
forehead
and then, moon, they call
for you to come,
saying this is a good time
for you to play with her.

O moon, come to play with
the queen of Madurai
surrounded by large forts.

Shining like a diamond
creeper, she embraces Shiva
who carries a strong golden
bow.

O moon, come to play with

her.

72. The moon on the Shiva's Jata

O moon, the goddess rules
from above all the Vedas
that have never been written
down.

Her divine feet abide and
shine in your heart.

Shiva acts out his drama in
this world
with his five-fold actions—
creating, protecting,
destroying, veiling and
giving grace.

Doesn't he place you in his
Jata
together with the river
Ganges
because he thinks
that the feet of the goddess
that shine in his heart also
shine in yours?

If she is pleased with you in
her divine heart,
then there is nothing more
for you to achieve
even if you do the most
excellent tapas.

Listening to the sweet music

that the beautiful women
play on yaazs shaped like
makara fish,
plucking the strings with
their lovely fingers,
the kunguma trees shed
lovely flowers soft as thin
cloth.

The flourishing kongu trees
bloom
with clusters of golden
flowers like bundles of gold.
Such is the beauty of
Madurai
blooming with kunguma
and kongu blossoms.

O moon, come to play
with the beautiful girl of
Madurai.

Shining like a diamond
creeper, she embraces Shiva
who carries a strong golden
bow.

O moon, come to play with
her.

Chapter VIII. The Goddess
Plays Ammaanai balls.

73. The Goddess Throws
the Ammaanai Balls up in
the Sky

O goddess, when you play
ammaanai,
the ammaanai balls
look like balls of food
that people roll in their
hands and give
to fill the huge stomach of a
male elephant
whose cheeks flow with
ichor
like water poured from pots.

O goddess, when you play
ammaanai,
the ammaanai balls
look like as if someone
carried bright pots of nectar

and threw them up in the
sky
to ease the suffering of the
great gods
when they could not obtain
nectar
when they churned the
ocean of milk.

O goddess, when you play
ammaanai
it looks as if a row of balls
studded with precious pearls
were thrown into the sky.

O goddess, when you play
ammaanai,

the balls look like
a cluster of white swans
that wake up and raucously
fly up to the sky
from beautiful fragrant lotus
flowers
that open up and spread
their petals.

You are the queen of
Madurai
where the white waterfalls
of the Vaikai river
look like ground sandal
paste
against the black hills.
Play ammaanai and give us

your grace.

You are a lovely one
who abides in the heart of
the unique Shiva
and shares the left part of
his body.

Play ammaanai and give us
your grace.

74. The Ammaanai Balls
Look like Rice Balls and
Little Deer

O goddess,
when you play ammaanai
the balls look like the bees
with six legs and green eyes

that hover on the white rice
balls
that you threw at your
wedding at your husband
Shiva
who wears the crescent
shinning moon in his long
thick Jata.

O goddess,
when you play ammaanai
the balls look like young
innocent deer
jumping on the cool moon,
as it rises in the sky.

O goddess,

When you and your friends
play ammaanai
the balls jump and you and
your friends look on,
your eyes darting like
leaping fish.

O goddess,
when you play ammaanai,
the young Ganesha plays
butting and attacking a
group of clouds
thinking they are murderous
enemy elephants with cruel
eyes.

O goddess Abhishekavalli!

you carry a bow made of
sugarcane whose stems
have joints
and five arrows of blooming
flowers swarming with
bees.

Play ammaanai and give us
your grace.

You are a lovely one
who abides in the heart of
the unique Shiva
and shares the left part of
his body.

Play ammaanai and give us
your grace.

75. The Ammanai Balls

Change Color

O goddess,
when you play ammaanai
the balls become red
as they are thrown from
your sweet hands
that are like red lotuses
where honey drips.

O goddess,
when you play ammaanai,
the balls become black in
color
when the compassionate
glance
of your sweet nectar-like

dark eyes falls on them.

O goddess,
when you play ammaanai
the balls become white in
color
when they are lit by the
bright smile
on your face that is like the
moon without its black
marks.

O goddess,
the precious pearl balls that
you play with, show
the three gunas, saatvikam,
raajadam and daamadam

as they continuously change
into three colors, red, black
and white.

You are the precious honey
that springs in your
devotees' hearts.

They love you and Shiva
and their bonds melt
as they remain in a state that
is neither waking or
sleeping.

O sweet goddess,
play ammaanai and give us
your grace.

You are a lovely one
who abides in the heart of

the unique Shiva
and shares the left part of
his body.

Play ammaanai and give us
your grace.

76. The jealous sun.

O goddess,
when you throw the pearl
ammaanai balls
from your hands that are as
red as kaanthal flowers
it looks as if the burning red
sun
had grown jealous of the
white moon
and were chasing him

because the moon god
always touches his wives,
the lotuses
in the night with his white
rays.

The sounding waterfall
carries pearls, diamonds and
precious jewels
from the highest mountains
and the river Vaikai with its
rolling waves
throws them up on its
banks.

Iravadam, the rutting four-
tusked elephant

trumpets and runs along the
banks
of the Vaikai river with its
breaking waves.

You are a lovely swan with
beautiful wings
that lives on the banks
of the Vaikai in Madurai.
Play ammaanai and give us
your grace.

You are a lovely one
who abides in the heart of
the unique Shiva
and shares the left part of
his body.

Play ammaanai and give us
your grace.

77. The Goddess Plays Ammaanai with her Friends

Some of your beloved
friends
take the pearl ammaanai
balls
in their beautiful hands
and throw them to you
one after another, to your
left and right.

The thousands of round
balls
that you catch and throw up

in the sky
look like rows of worlds
that you have created.

Disturbed by the balls as
they are thrown up,
bees with lines on their
body
swarm noisily,
stirring up fresh pollen in
the grove
so the pollen rises
and makes the sky dark.

The dark pollen
looks like the dust
that rose on the battlefield

when you fought against the
cities
of Alagapuri, the capital of
Kubera,
and Amaravathi, the capital
of Indra.

O queen of Madurai!
Play ammaanai and give us
your grace.

You are a lovely one
who abides in the heart of
the unique Shiva
and shares the left part of
his body.

Play ammaanai and give us
your grace.

78. The Ganges and Lustrous Madurai

The goddess Lakshmi, your friend, as dear to you as life, challenges you to a game of ammaanai.

She runs everywhere trying to catch the balls.

Seeing you play ammaanai without running here and there,

Shiva, our god, shakes his jata that shines with crescent moon.

The divine Ganges, the
beautiful creeper,
that on the Jata of Shiva,
as she floods and rolls with
white foaming waves
looks as if she is also
playing with pearl
ammaanai balls.

The beautiful hillocks of
Madurai
studded with precious corals
and the patios of the palaces
studded with pearls
shine like the rays of the
white moon.
Seeing the luster of

Madurai,
the carpenter of the gods,
Devadachan, is jealous and
surprised
because he did not make
Madurai
and yet it is so beautiful.

All the elephants that
protect Madurai in the eight
directions equal Iravadam,
the elephant of Indra.
O queen of Madurai! Play
ammaanai and grant us your
grace.

You are a lovely one,

who abides in the heart of
the unique Shiva
and shares the left part of
his body.

Play ammaanai and give us
your grace.

79. The Pearl and Coral
Ammaanai Balls

O goddess,
the ammaanai balls studded
with pearls
spread the fragrance of your
lotus hands.

The bees that swarm around
your hair

are fascinated with your
dark bee-like eyes.

Studded with diamonds, the
ammaanai balls
hear your flute-like voice
as lovely as the calling of a
cuckoo,
and the sweetness of the
sound
makes them melt and drip
small drops of dew.

As you plays with your
beautiful hands,
the ammaanai balls studded
with corals

look as if they had stolen
the brightness
of your soft coral-like
fingers,
as they are thrown up and
fall, moving randomly.

O goddess,
you are a living painting
drawn in the heart of Shiva.
Play with the ammaanai
balls.

You are auspicious
and filled with beauty.
Play with the ammaanai
balls.

80. Pearl and many bright

ammaanai balls.

O goddess,
you are a beautiful creeper
and your hair is filled
with bees that sing
like a yaaz playing the vilari
raga.

The pearl ammaanai balls
that you throw to the sky
form rows and look like
pearl garlands
shining with soft rays
and decorating
the divine chest of Shiva,
the sky.

The many bright ammaanai
balls
studded with many-colored
jewels
look like a rainbow
as they are thrown into the
sky.

O goddess, you are a sweet
fruit.

You give your love
and divine grace to your
devotees
who worship you with the
highest joy,
melting their hearts.

Play with the ammaanai
balls.

You are auspicious
and filled with beauty.
Play with the ammaanai
balls.

81. What People Say when
they See the Ammaanai
Balls

The white pearl ammaanai
balls
that the goddess throws
from her lotus hands
become bright and red.
Those who see the glow of

the balls
stand speechless.

Some say, “Even though
these balls are made of
rubies,
they do not know that
and become more red
because they are thrown
from the lotus hands of the
goddess.”

Some say, “Even though
these balls are made of dark
jewels,
they do not know that
and they steal the darkness

of the glance
of the eyes of the goddess
to become more dark.”

They all say whatever they
feel.

They are like those
who belong to other
religions
and babble
without a feeling of
belonging anywhere.

O goddess,
you, the wife of Shiva,
are the mother of all the
gods

who proudly claim
that they are the origin of all
creatures.

Play with the ammaanai
balls.

You are a beautiful,
auspicious queen.

Play with the ammaanai
balls.

82. The Goddess Sending
Birds as Messengers to
Shiva

O goddess,
your ammaanai balls
made of lustrous emeralds,

dark sapphires
and precious pearls shine
bright.

When the goddess whose
dark hair
is decorated with lovely
flowers
dripping with honey,
throws the matchless balls
to the sky
they go to the three-eyed
lord.

As your hands throw
the emerald, sapphire and
pearl ammaanai balls

into the sky, it looks as if
you are sending
the green parrot
that you keep upraised in
your hand,
lovely dark cuckoo birds,
and white baby swans,
one after another, as
messengers
to Shiva to tell him of the
abundant love
you have for him.

You are the queen of rich
Madurai
where the king swan sleeps
embracing his mate

on the wet fertile mud field.

Play with the ammaanai
balls.

You are a beautiful,
auspicious queen.

Play with the ammaanai
balls.

Chapter IX. The Baby Goddess Bathes

83. The Goddess Plays in the Water

O goddess,

when you bathe,
the sound of the ocean
conches
with high rolling waves
mixes with the tinkling
sound of
the golden conch bangles
that decorate your beautiful
hands.

When you bathe,
your thick lined fish-like
eyes
move like the kayal fish
that frolic in the waves.

When you bathe,

your thick hair swarming
with bees
that drink honey
from the pollen of the
flowers
looks like green moss
floating in the water.

Your great bull elephant
has huge mortar-like feet
small eyes and a large trunk.
When you make him fight
with the elephant Iravadam,
who is white and in rut,
it is as if relatives
were meeting and
embracing each other.

You play with the rutting
elephants
of the eight directions using
them as balls.

O goddess, play,
plunging into the new flood
of water
of the Vaikai river with cool
banks
and grant us your grace.

O goddess,
you are a lovely creeper,
you gave your fish-banner
to Shiva who carries a bull

banner.

Play in the flood of water
and grant us your grace.

84. The Goddess Plunges
into the Vaikai and Plays

O Goddess,
as you plunge into the water
that foams with waves
the white bangles
that decorate your red hands
sing beautifully
as they hit against one
another.

As you plunge into the
water

your bright white teeth
shine like the moon
and they change
your coral lips to a pale
color.

As you plunge into the
water
your eyes dark as kuvalai
blossoms
become red like kuvalai
flowers.

As you plunge into the
water
your curly thick hair
that is like black sand

becomes loose.

As you plunge and play
in the cool beautiful water
with rolling waves,
it looks as if the Ganges
with rising waves
sprayed small drops of
water,
playing happily with Shiva,
the ocean of the highest joy.

When young women from
the fertile fields
bathe in the Vaikai river,
the sandal paste
that decorates their breasts

dissolves, mixes with the
dark mud
and makes it red.

The waves of the Vaikai,
spread the fragrance of
sandal
on the banks of the river.

O goddess, play,
plunging into the new flood
of water
of the Vaikai river with cool
banks
and grant us your grace.

O goddess,

you are a lovely creeper,
you gave your fish-banner
to Shiva who carries a bull
banner.

Play in the flood of water
and grant us your grace.

85. The Emerald Color of
the Goddess

O goddess, you are like a
lovely doll.

Your voice is as sweet as a
singing parrot's.

Because your green body
spreads
its beautiful green color

over the earth,
the soft, flourishing creepers
of coral lose their red color
and look like green emerald
creepers,
the huge white pearls in the
water look like emeralds,
and the swans with lovely
white wings
that wander on the cool
banks of the Vaikai
look like happy peacocks.
Knowing this the four
Vedas proclaim,
“O Goddess, every form on
the earth is yours.”

After mixing with the water
of the divine rivers
Saraswathi, Jamuna and
Ganges,
the new flood of the Vaikai
flows along the earth
spreading the fragrances
of red sandal paste, dark
musk and white camphor
that bathing women
have smeared on their round
breasts
as bees swarm near their
hair
that is fragrant with the
pollen from the flowers they
wear.

O goddess, play, plunging
into the new flood of water
of the Vaikai river with cool
banks and grant us your
grace.

O goddess,
you are a lovely creeper,
you gave your fish-banner
to Shiva who carries a bull
banner.

Play in the flood of water,
and grant us your grace.

86. Sprinkling Yellow
Powders

Six-legged bees with
beautiful wings
sleep on your lovely hair,
decorated with blossoms.

When your beloved friends
fan you,
the cool drops of fragrant
water
mix with kumkum paste,
they flow all over.

They redden the blue sky,
which is the body of Shiva
who bent the mountain as a
bow,
and as the red of the drops
and blue of the sky come

together,
they turn yellow
and it looks as if you were
playing
the game of sprinkling
yellow water
with your beloved Shiva.

An angry elephant caught
in the middle of the wild
flood
flowing from a mountain
waterfall
is entangled by a snake
and looks like Mandara
mountain
when it was used as a

churning stick
encircled by the snake
Adishesha for the rope
when the milk ocean was
churned.

O goddess, play, plunging
into the new flood of water
of the Vaikai river with cool
banks and grant us your
grace.

O goddess, you are a lovely
creeper,
you gave your fish-banner
to Shiva who carries a bull
bannert.

Play in the flood of water
and grant us your grace.

87. The Goddess and her
Friend Saraswathi.

Your friend Saraswathi,
lovely as a creeper,
the goddess of the ancient
Vedas, of the arts
and all the branches of
Tamil,
plunges and plays hiding in
the water.

Wishing to find her
you run after her
and it looks as if you are

running behind a swan
because it stole your lovely
walk
and the pretty sound of your
bright anklets.

The Vaikai river scattering
pearls and diamonds
seems as if it were
gambling,
throwing pearl and diamond
balls
and calling the Ganges
to come and play with her.

O goddess, play,
plunging into the new flood

of water
of the Vaikai river with cool
banks
and grant us your grace.

O goddess,
you are a lovely creeper,
you gave your fish-banner
to Shiva who carries a bull
banner.

Play in the flood of water
and grant us your grace.

88. The Beauty of Madurai
and its Women

As six-legged bees swarm
above

their thick, forest-like hair,
your friends
whose breasts are as lovely
as golden pots
play swimming in the pure
water of the Vaikai
throwing golden yellow
powder all around.

As your beautiful dark bee-
like eyes
gaze at the divine body of
Shiva with love
they grow red with pleasure
and blazing passion,
like the eyes of young men
when they gaze at young

women.

Seeing the passion in the
eyes of young men,
lovely women light incense
so its fragrant smoke can
perfume their soft thick hair
and the smoke that spreads
from it
makes the bunches of
bananas
on the tops of trees in
Madurai
ripen and grow sweet as
honey.

You are the queen of

Madurai
where the fragrance of ripe
bananas spreads
everywhere.
Such is the beauty of
Madurai.

You are the great queen of
Madurai.
Bathe in the new water
and give us your grace.

You are the precious
daughter
of the Pandyan king
of the city on the bank of
Porunai river.

Bathe in the new water
and give us your grace.

89. The Beauty of Madurai

Saraswathi, the goddess of
the arts
who lives on a white lotus,
said to you, “This is the cool
bank
of the river Vaikai where
our lord Shiva
carried sand for Vanthi to
get pittu.”

When you heard this
your heart melted, your eyes
grew red

and you shed a flood of
joyous tears.

O goddess,
if your tears flow in a flood
Shiva may need to stop it
as he did for Vanthi.
Wouldn't that be too much
for him to do?

You shine in Kudal city
flourishing with groves
where honey drips like a
waterfall
and where Indra's elephant,
Iravadam,
whose tusks are as bright as

the crescent moon
plunges in the soft pollen
of blossoms dripping with
honey
in the karpaga garden
and plays with his mates.

Bathe in the new water and
give us your grace.

You are the precious
daughter

of the Pandyan king
of the city on the bank of
Porunai river.

Bathe in the new water
and give us your grace.

90. Shiva Carries Sand to

Get Pittu

O goddess,
you are the wife of Shiva
who carried sand in a basket
on the banks of the Vaikai
where waves of cool water
rise.

If you plunge and bathe
in the pure water by the
banks of the Vaikai
where Vanthi gave white
pittu to Shiva
and where the Pandyan king
hit him,
the fragrant kumkum paste

that adorns your round,
golden breasts
decorated with diamonds
will dissolve and mix with
the sand.

If Shiva wishes to come
and carry that fragrant sand
mixed with your kumkum
paste
as he did for Vanthi,
the Ganges will be jealous
and may not wish to stay on
his jata.

You raised your fish banner
on the golden peak of

Himalayas.

Bathe in the new water
and give us your grace.

You are the precious
daughter
of the Pandyan king
of the city on the bank of
Porunai river.

Bathe in the new water
and give us your grace.

91. Saraswathi and Indrani
Decorate the Goddess

Saraswathi, beautiful as a
creeper, goddess of art,
and Lakshmi, lovely as a

creeper, who stays on a
lotus,
string a fragrant garland for
you.

Indirani, the beautiful wife
of Indra,
puts a dot on your forehead,
and your shining breasts
are decorated with drawings
made of kumkum.

When you plunge into the
water
it is a lovely feast for the
eyes of Shiva, our lord.

Your eyebrows are lovelier
than the sugarcane bow of
Kama
who raises his fish banner
with his beautiful wife
Rathi,
they are lovelier than the
rainbow,
and they all bow to you.

O goddess,
you shine as a golden
creeper.
You are the lovely
daughter of the king of the
Himalayas.

Bathe in the new water and
give us your grace.

You are the precious
daughter
of the Pandyan king
of the city on the bank of
Porunai river.

Bathe in the new water
and give us your grace.

92. The Beauty of Madurai
and the Goddess

O goddess,
you are as beautiful
as a young female elephant
born in the Himalayas

that plunges and bathes
in the white waterfalls
that descend with abundant
water.

You are as lovely as a
female swan
that swims spreading its
wings
on the banks of the river in
Korkai city.

You are like Lakshmi,
the sweet cuckoo bird
who stays on a red lotus
flower
growing in the center of

the sweet ocean of milk.

As you stay on the jata of
Shiva with the Ganges,
you look like a precious red
creeper of coral
growing in the divine
Ganges
with rolling waves.

Madurai is filled with
blooming groves
where male bees, their
bodies lined,
learn flute music from
women who sing,
swarm on their hair dripping

with honey,
and then embrace lovely
female bees
that are drunk on the honey
from the golden karpaga
garden.

Such is the beauty of
Madurai
filled with blooming groves.
You are the queen of
Madurai.
Bathe in the new water of
the Vaikai.

You are the queen of the

land
on the banks of Porunai and
Kumari rivers.

Bathe in the new water of
the Vaikai
and give us your grace.

Chapter X. The Goddess
Plays on a Swing

93. The Lustrous Swing of
the Goddess.

O goddess,
you play on a swing
tied between strong pillars
studded with shining corals
and lustrous diamonds,

hanging from the roof.
The swing is tied with
chains made of precious
pearls
that look like the bright rays
of the cool moon.
When you sit on the seat
made of rubies
and play on the swing,
you appear like the bright
sun
moving through the sky.

You, a lovely creeper,
enter the lotus hearts of your
proud devotees
who bloom and melt

with sweet nectar-like
devotion for you
and plunge into the ocean of
happiness
where ancient songs of
devotion
are always heard.
Play on the golden swing
and
give us your grace.

O goddess, a lovely creeper,
You are as divine and
beautiful
as your beloved Shiva,
whose body you share.
Play on the golden swing

and give us your grace.

94. The Goddess as Divine Doll

O goddess,
when you swing beautifully
on the swing made of white
pearls
wearing shining ornaments
you look like the moon
spreading its soft rays.

When you swing on the
pearl swing
you look like Saraswathi
goddess of ancient,
beautiful song

who stays on a white lotus.

When you swing
you look like the moon
that shines with bright rays
and sprinkles sweet nectar

You are the divine doll
of Madurai surrounded
by golden walls
where the rain clouds
creeping
above the tops of palaces
studded with sapphires
look like the pretty
daughters
of the shining sun

sitting on his lap and
playing.

O goddess, a lovely creeper,
You are as divine and
beautiful
as your beloved Shiva,
whose body you share.
Play on the golden swing
and give us your grace.

95. The asoka tree, Kama
and the palaces of Madurai

O goddess,
you kick and play on the
golden swing
and its light is so bright

that it looks like the
sparkling rays of the sun.

When you pump the swing
with your feet that are as
soft as shoots,
you kick an asoka tree
and it sheds flowers
dripping with honey.
The asoka tree looks like
Kama, the thief,
discovering the disguised
Shiva
enjoying your beauty,
and shooting ceaselessly his
flower arrows
from his sugarcane bow

because he felt this was a
perfect time
to disturb the god.

The crescent moon throwing
his soft bright rays on the
beautiful hillocks
by the palaces studded with
lustrous rubies,
looks like, as if the moon,
wishing
to possess the beauty of
your divine face,
was doing tapas standing on
a red fire.

You are the lovely parrot of

beautiful Madurai.

Play on the golden swing
and give us your grace.

O goddess, a lovely creeper,

You are as divine and

beautiful

as your beloved Shiva,

whose body you share.

Play on the golden swing

and give us your grace.

96. The Joyful Goddess

Swings in Flourishing

Madurai.

The happy heart of Shiva

who wears the Ganges in

his Jata
sways and dances seeing
you swinging on the golden
swing.

Seeing the loving look of
your beloved Shiva,
your heart melts
and you send him sidelong
glances
so he melts with your love.

As you swing
it looks as if you were on a
golden swing
in the divine mind of Shiva
who rides on a red- eyed

bull.

O goddess,
you are the queen of sweet
Madurai
flourishing with blooming
groves
of large jack trees whose
pot-like fruits
are sweet inside
as they ripen on the roots,
and their sweet honey-like
juice
oozes from them and flows
like a waterfall,
running through
all the seven underworlds.

Play on the golden swing
and give us your grace.

O goddess, a lovely creeper,
You are as divine and
beautiful

as your beloved Shiva,
whose body you share.

Play on the golden swing
and give us your grace.

97. Women of Madurai
Drying Their Hair.

O goddess,
as you swing on the divine
golden swing
and your friends sing sweet

nectar-like songs,
Shiva's jata dances to your
music.

The red-eyed king of snakes
Adishesha
who carries the earth shakes
his head
and all the earth, the
underworld,
and creatures living and
non-living
swing together.

In lovely Madurai,
when the women dry
their dark cloud-like hair,

decorated with flowers,
the fragrant smoke from the
pots they use
goes up to the sky
and covers the land of the
sun
making the whole sky dark.

O goddess,
you are a lovely parrot of
Madurai city.
Play on the golden swing
and
give us your grace.

O goddess, a lovely creeper,
You are as divine and

beautiful
as your beloved Shiva,
whose body you share.
Play on the golden swing
and give us your grace.
98. The Goddess and Shiva
on the Battlefield.

When you came onto the
battlefield
riding on a chariot
to fight with Shiva,
he grew angry,
but when he saw your
beauty,
blazing passion arose in the
heart

of that highest god
decorated with fragrant
garlands
and he lost his
determination to fight.

Because of his enormous
passion,
nothing he brought to the
fight
helped him.

His bow, magnificent as a
golden hill,
melted and bent, useless.
Even though the bright
moon on his Jata
gave so much light,

it was of no use.

His white bull Nandi,
with its shining bells
came to the battlefield
but could not help him.

He, with his dark cloud-like
throat,
stood confused and unable
to fight
on the battlefield where red
blood flows.

O goddess,
you stood on the battlefield
with your arrow-like eyes

and dark eyebrows like
bows
and you bent your bow
ready to fight with Shiva.
And the way you started to
fight
made it seem you were
already prepared to marry
him.

O goddess, you are a lovely
bride.

Play on the golden swing
and give us your grace.

O goddess, a lovely creeper,
You are as divine and

beautiful
as your beloved Shiva,
whose body you share.
Play on the golden swing
and give us your grace.
99. The Monkeys of
Madurai.

In the large groves
vigorous monkeys with
deep-set eyes
are frightened when a long
branch
of a jack tree breaks
and hits the large pot-like
jackfruits covered with
thorns,

and they swim in the juice
that floods out.

The hunched-backed female
monkeys
with dark sharp nails on
their dark fingers
scatter and jump into the
sky
frightened by the flood of
juice that flows swiftly.

As the monkeys jump,
the branches they are on
spring up
and tear the body of the
lovely moon,

and the nectar from the
moon descends as a
waterfall.

It was like when Vishnu
adorned with a thulasi
garland swarming with bees
grew into the sky tearing it
and making the heavenly
Ganges flood
and descend as a white
waterfall.

Such is the beauty of
Madurai.

O goddess,
you are the queen of

Madurai.

Play on the golden swing
and give us your grace.

O goddess, a lovely creeper,
You are as divine and
beautiful as your beloved
Shiva,
whose body you share.

Play on the golden swing
and give us your grace.

100. Saraswathi teasing the
goddess.

O goddess,
The bees swarm around
your soft hair,

feel sorry for your small
waist thin as a creeper,
buzz and fly away.

When you swing on the
golden swing,
Lakshmi, the goddess who
stays on a lotus,
seeing a mark shaped like
the crescent moon
made by Shiva when he
embraced your body,
smiled and teased you,
saying,
“Is this a mark of a
valampuri conch?”
You felt shy and bent your

head
that had never bowed to
anyone.

The women perfume their
hair,
with fragrant smoke
because they think the cold
dew will harm their hair
and the pretty male bees,
happily swarming around
their hair,
see the female bees
trembling in the dew
and embrace them.

Such is the beauty of

Madurai flourishing with
paddy fields
where bees swarm.

O goddess, you are the
queen of Madurai.
Play on the golden swing
and give us your grace.

O goddess, a lovely creeper,
You are as divine and
beautiful
as your beloved Shiva,
whose body you share.
Play on the golden swing
and give us your grace.
101. How Shiva Loves You

O goddess,
when the divine apsarasas
see you
on the beautiful swing
studded with precious
diamonds
they sing, praising you.

As Shiva, the god of gods,
enjoys your smile,
he becomes a sahora bird
that drinks the light
of the rays of the moon,

and he becomes one of the
bees

that sing as sweetly as
children
and swarm around
your thick beautiful hair

and he becomes the sweet
parrot
that you raised and now
stays
on your beautiful arms.

Shiva the highest god,
becomes a bird, a bee and a
parrot
showing that
all creatures are only
himself.

A white male elephant
bathes in the waterfall
where water flows swiftly,
mixed with fragrant red
kumkum paste
from the women glistening
like lighting
who bathe there,
and he turns red.
Worried that his gentle,
naive mate
might be distressed by his
red color,
he remains outside the
golden palaces
that fill Kudal city

so his color will be only
golden-gray
that she will not be scared.

O goddess, you are
the queen of lovely Kudal
city,
Play on the golden swing
and give us your grace.

O goddess, a lovely creeper,
You are as divine and
beautiful
as your beloved Shiva,
whose body you share.
Play on the golden swing
and give us your grace.

102. The Beauty of the Goddess

O goddess,
your two divine feet are
decorated
with anklets filled with large
diamond-studded bells
that tinkle softly and it
seems
they are complaining.

Your mekalai waistband
worries and says,
“Her waist will break,
break.”

Your lovely waist is
decorated
with fine silk woven with
golden thread.

A shining golden ornament
circles your lovely belly
and makes it beautiful.

You carry a lovely green
parrot
on your soft right hand.

Your divine breasts shine
decorated with a cloth,
studded with pearl
ornaments.

Your auspicious thali hangs
beautifully on your neck.

Your moon-like face
gives grace to all
and your sweet smile shines
brightly
like the rays of the moon.

Your fish-shaped eyes
have plunged into the
ocean of knowledge and
joy.

Your long eyes touch your

ears
decorated with emerald
rings,
and it seems they would
fight with them.

You bloom with beauty.
O Sundaravalli,
play on the golden swing
and give us your grace.

O goddess, a lovely creeper,
You are as divine and
beautiful
as your beloved Shiva,
whose body you share.
Play on the golden swing

and give us your grace.

Subham.