Rādhā, your treasury of loveliness glows
With a great store of beauty displayed by your body.
What o'er woman can compare?
The vermilion or your forehead, the pearls in the part
of your hair, and your alluring coiffure
Make your moonlike face seem a target for the rage
of strong, intransigent Rāhu.
Earrings shaped like forehead-marks swing from your ears
and cast their reflection on your cheeks in such a way
As to make it seem a pair of suns in full array
had come to give succor to your moon
As it struggles with an eneay bent on opposing
a lamp with a flame that shines too bright.
Where is the poet who would say about your breasts,
"These are like pomegranate fruits"?
The two are not the same. The fruit retreats in shame
for these don't break apart: they've broken Hari's heart.
The thin row of hairs on the three folds of your belly
glistens with proud beauty, as if it formed the spot
Where the Creator decided to support your narrow waist
by resting it on a solid staff.
Every element shimmers with glittering jewels—
how can I describe the scene?
Your body is aroused, uneasy in love's power,
knowing you'll encounter Sūr's Lord.