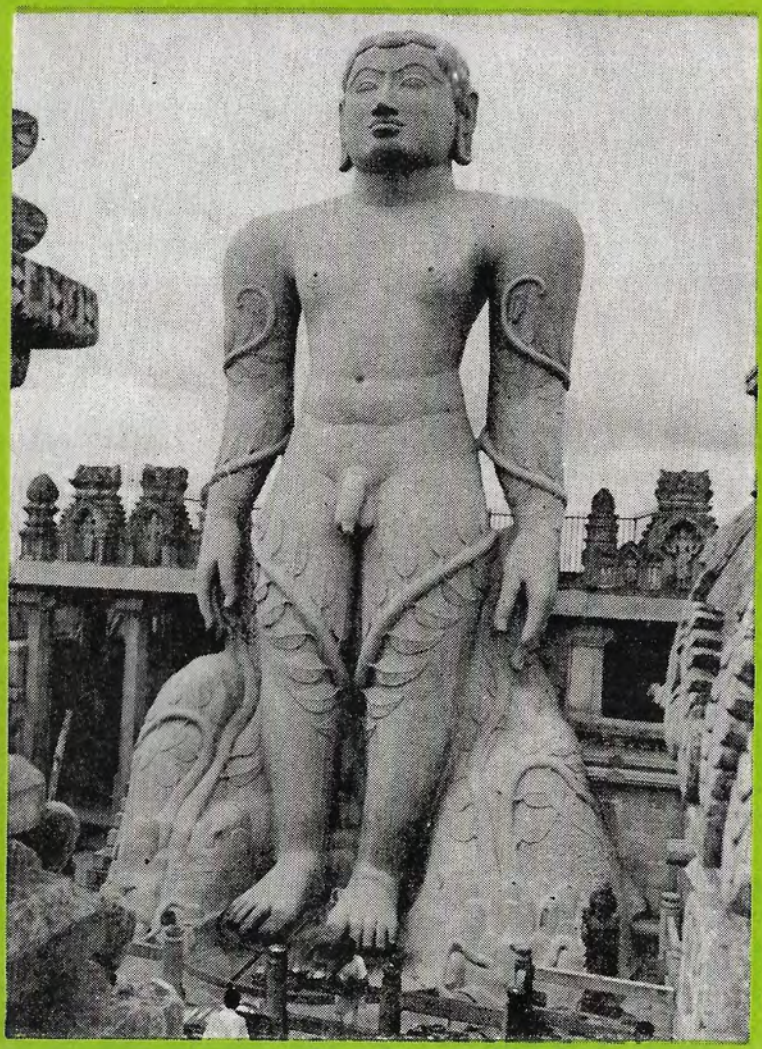


An Anthology of Kannada Poems on

GOMMATESHWARA

Compiled by

Dr. T. V. Venkatachala Sastry

Rendered into English by

Venugopala Soraba

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TO
SRI GOMMATESHWARA SWAMI
GLORIFIED AT

SHRAVANABELAGOLA KARKALA VENURU
BASTI HOSAKOTE BASTI TIPPURU
AND DHARMASTHALA

ARE THESE POEMS INSCRIBED

Celebrated poets of the past
And poets of modern days have praised Gommata Jina,
With devotion and effort: even then,
Have they succeeded, in praising a particle
Of this treasure of virtue ?

Oh, lord through what penance
Were you able to achieve
The incomparable beauty of yours,
The symmetry of your elevated body
And the reverence you gained from the whole world ?

You conquered with felicity:
Fury through compassion,
Honour by sacrificing arrogance,
Illusion and accumulated desire
Through contentment.

Common people are caught by carnal desire,
Which issues forth from enjoyment:
Thereby veritably are they deprived of joy;
Yoga is pleasure; detachment and sacrifice are joy,
You ascertain through your very stance.

Innocent, with the budding smile,
A child standing naked and open to the sky
You bridge the earth and sky;
Even as the directions face one another,
You, with the wavy curls,
Stand with your greatness, out-doing all else.

WIthout an iota of doubt, you wipe out
The sins of those that take refuge at your feet;
This anthology of verses I offer you,
Accept this as a small gift.

- Dr. T.V. Venkatachala Sastry

BENEDICTION

We are happy that along with the enlarged second edition of the Kannada anthology "Kannada Kavigalu Kanda Gommateshwara", its English version is also being published by the Gomateshwar Bhagavan Bahubali Mahamastakabhisheka Mahotsava Samiti (1993). Our whole hearted blessings to Prof. Venugopala Soraba, the noted poet and critic, who has ably translated these poems, into English in a short time. Through these translations, it is hoped that devotees of Bahubali will come to know the attitude of ancient and modern Kannada poets to the life and teachings of Bahubali, in and outside Karnataka, who are familiar with the English language. We also hope that this translation will become popular.

19th December 1993
Mahamastakabhisheka
Mahotsava Samiti

Swasti Charukeerthy Bhattarak Swamiji
Shravanabelagola Math.

INTRODUCTION

Jinasenacharya's PURVA PURANA, carries an eleborate description of Bahubali, otherwise known as Gommatesha. Jinasenacharya's delineation of Bahubali follows the description of the fact that Vrishabha swamy the first thirthankara had the following children: by his first wife Yashaswati, Bharata and other sons as also a daughter Brahmi; by his second wife, Sunanda, a son called Bahubali and a daughter Saundari. His delineation of Bahubali's character is breath-taking. It signifies the gigantic personality of Bahubali, which is both appealing and awe inspiring.

His evolution to saint-hood begins with what is known as Senanayaka Bhava or birth. In the series of births that followed, Bahubali's is the eighth. Through the long passage of births, every saint will have to pass through travails and tribulations.

When Sunandadevi carried Bahubali in her womb, she had the desire to see fights of war heros, wrestlers' contests etc etc. That speaks for his physical prowess. But he was not simply the embodiment of mere physical prowess. Along with this, he was charming with his symmetrical body. Damsels were simply enamoured of his voluptuosness. And he was taught by his father in the arts of Kamashastra, Stree-Purusha Lakshana Shastra, Ayurveda, archery, horse and elephant science and the study of jewels. All these should convince any person of the nature of Bahubali, which was also sophisticated. But though these attributions, could qualify him to be considered as a jewel among men, his worthy and acknowledged achievements belong to a field which falls outside the pale of these temporal and earthly trappings.

Jinasenacharya has depicted this particular aspect of Bahubali's life with tact and dexterity. It begins with a reference to the Parinishkramana and Kevala Jnana Kalayana celebrations of Vrishabhadeva. Bharata attends these celebrations, accompanied by

his own brotherrs and his step brother Bahubali. This is ample demonstration of his equal treatment to all the brothers.

The problem started with the appearance of the Chakrarathna in the armoury of emperor Bharata. As a sequel to its appearence. Bharata had to carry out an expedition, subduing all those who resisted the onward movement of the Chakra. Though no such situation arose outside, within the family circle, a perplexing situation arose. Bahubali stood defiant as also his own siblings. But between Bahubali and his own brothers, there was a marked difference. Bharata's premier chose to give a piece of ill adivce at this juncture. He averred: Your brothers are the enemies within. And thereby created a tumult in the mind of Bharata. How did the premier come to interpret the behaviour of both the brothers and Bahubali as tantamout to the questioning of Bharata's authority? How did Bharata come to grasp his minister's advice that the kingdom and ancestral property are the monopoly of the king only and not of his brothers? Their contention to own their property as a result that he did not honour their right to rule and property? This made him furious, and he vowed to teach them a lesson with the rod. In spite of that he thought otherwise, mildly, though not openly. An undercurrent of pity for Bahubali passed through him; and he was not unwilling to his brothres, their share of kingdom. This streak of thinking in Bharata is a silver lining in his otherwise dark mind at the moment. But that was only a passing phase.

The question of Bahubali filled his whole mind. He thought: If Bahubali, who is unrelenting and difficult to approach, will not submit, conquering the whole world amounts to nothing. But at the behest of his minister, he turned away from Bahubali and sent emissaries to his brothers. They politely took to penance, after making a statement. They said, "We are not self- indulgent. We obey the words of the Guru and none else. Bharata need not give us any thing and in return, we owe nothing to him."

They were not prompted by the feelings, that all of them were children of the same parents. Nor was it cowardice that goaded them to act like that. They had taken the right decision at the right moment. They had deflected from the mundane and taken upon themselves the other-worldly path. Why Bahubali did not take to this line of thinking?

A brother could ignore his own brothers. But he could not behave likewise in the case of Bahubali, who happened to be full of youthful verve, strong of shoulders, learned, orderly, and gentlemanly. The behaviour of such a man remained an enigma for Bharata. Here one question shoots up: When both of them ruled righteously, in the land divided between them on equal terms, where was the need for the Chakraratna to give its seal of approval on Bahubali? This is a question which needs to be answered according to one's own understanding of human behaviour.

Bharata was convinced of Bahubali's virtues. Only through such a person he had to learn the meaninglessness of the victories achieved through the worldly abilities. He had also to understand the greatness of the spiritual strength. It is, perhaps, because of this that Bahubali did not resort to penance instantly like his brothers. But when the two encountered, Bahubali was overcome with arrogance. He told his brother: "Master, it is after such a length of time, that the emperor thinks we are worthy of his remembrance." He added, "Is the right arm of Bharata, which has not completed winning over the strong, still in tact? "In making this point, he was suggesting that Bharata had ignored him, Bahubali, "strong of arms." Bharata's spokesman, on the other hand not only stated, on the need for Bahubali to accept Bharata's supremacy, but also averred that it was binding on the part of Bahubali to accept Bharata's writ. Bahubali could not swallow this. He was critical of Bharata who was hankering for the younger brother's property bestowed by father rightfully. He remarked sarcastically that whatever Bharata had conquered was only as a result of the might of the Chakraratna and that there was no

personal effort on the part of Bharata. He thundered that he could not be defeated by holding out threats. He was equally entitled to kingship, as much as Bharata. He made it clear that being one who honoured self-respect more than any thing else, he would not accept the supremacy or overlordship of any others. Like this, having ridiculed Bharata's ambition, false civility and insolence, Bahubali resolved for a fight with Bharata and sent word to that effect with Bharata's spokesman. Perhaps it was Fate's design to make mockery of any one who thought of himself as invincible. To attack that invincibility and to show that there were those who could be a measure more than such persons, the contes became inevitable.

In one way it was an unequal fight. While Bharatna was armed with all the weapons, Bahubali stood all alone, without any arms. Common people were filled with suspicion and derision. They did not want this battle to take place, because it was going to be disastrous. Even the ministers wanted to avoid this dangerous encounter, which was going to be a star war. These appeals did not go in vain. Both the brothers agreed to fight without causing large scale deaths. The encounter between the two was to be on equal terms. A battle involving trial of strength by staring at mutually, was to be followed by a bout of throwing water. Finally, it would be a fight based on the strength of arms or shoulders. These are known as fighting in keeping with righteousness.

The battle ensued; Bharata lost to his brother. In the battle of arms, Bahubali took Bharata and hailed him up like a wheel, turning him. But out of respect for his brother, the emperor, he did not throw him down. Bharata and his people were made to eat the humble pie. Enraged by this, Bharata set the Chakra (missile) on his brother. But the Chakra did not do any harm to Bahubali; instead it stood beside him. Bharata became downcast, as a result of this. Bahubali, on the other hand gave thought to his brother's plight, caused out of hankering for power and pelf. He came to the conclusion, that he must cast away all such desires. Then he told his brother: "Out of illusion

have you been prompted to take up this misadventure. The Chakra was unable to do any thing, to my adamantine body. But as you are aspiring to rule the country, I leave it to you. On the other hand, I undertake to do penance. Pardon me for my irreverence and weakness for self - indulgence. Bharata also realised that what he had done was a big mistake, and he regretted for his action. These things reflect the maturity of their conduct.

Bahubali handed his administrative responsibility to his son Mahabali. Then he went to Adinatha and received Jain ordination from him. And he took to severe penance, as a result of which not only his body became emaciated, even the sorrowful action (Karma), became dried up. After conquering worldly action through suffering, fury through detachment, arrogance by sacrificing egotism, illusion and greed through right conduct and joy, he attained Shukladhyanayoga, which is veritably undithered meditation. But even at this State, he thought of Bharata being subjected to a sea of troubles, owing to himself. As a result he could not realise Kevala Jnana wholly. He attained Brahmahood only after Bharata had done him his due respect. Finally he reached over to Kailas, the seat of Vrishabhanathaswamy.

In short, this is how Jinasenacharya has dealt with the Bahubali episode. He has brought to bear, how Bharata had to undergo much suffering due to a small mistake of trying to appropriate the land gifted by his father to Bahubali. He has also depicted the character of Bahubali in an appealing way.

Kannada poets down the centuries, have followed the trend set by Jinasenacharya. A great poet like Pampa, adds a new charm to the particular incident in which the encounter between the two brothers takes place. The very appearence of the Chakraratna in the armoury is explained by the minister as auguring the fact that there are the enemies. And he cites those enemies among the emperor's younger brothers. Their contention being that they were equally

entitled to rule the land bequeathed to them by father and that they need not submit to the elder brother. Among these Bahubali was the most fierce and unrelenting. By this, Bharata became more obdurate. It became his express intention that he must subdue Bahubali. The emissary, he sent to Bahubali stated: "This earthly empire is not meant for my own enjoyment. It is meant for each one of us. You must conduct yourself in such a way that there is no difference between father and elder brother. "They compounded this message of the emperor, saying, "Obey the master's words; and prostrate at the lotus feet of the master." These words of the messenger infuriated the younger brothers. They reacted: "In the past, we honoured him as father and teacher. Now that he discriminates against us, in terms of the ruler and the ruled, we do not want to honour him. Why should we accept slavery under him, when father has bequeathed his kingdom to us on his own. This would be like receiving cold and stale rice after we have given a measure of our own rice for cooking." And they proceeded to do penance. On the other hand Bahubali's reaction was satirical and scornful. He expressed his feelings very sharply; "Brother feels, as if he has established victory over me as well. Did that expedition go on without any hindrance? Is his right arm safe?"

The emissary enlisted the adventures of his master, with all civility. But Bahubali, taunted him by saying all those conquests had taken place, by virtue of the Chakraratna. He declared war against his brother if his brother forced him allegiance, against his willingness.

This firm decision of Bahubali disturbed Bharata greatly. The words spoken by his ambassador to have amiable relationship with the younger brother, did not have the expected impact. At this stage, the ministers cleverly advised Bharata to avoid large scale warfare and bloodshed. They wanted the duel to be in terms of staring, to be followed by fight with water and finally physical fight. Bharata agreed to this, thinking his brother had been afraid of his prowess.

In physical fitness, Bharata was not equal to Bahubali. Not that he was ignorant of this. But he had agreed for a physical showdown, on the advice of the ministers on both sides. However he was humbled by Bahubali. in the three fold fight. What was most humiliating to him was that in puysical fight, Bahubali had lifted him up and could have easily plastered him to the ground. Instead, Bahubali brought him down, gracefully. This stirred the feelings of Bharata so much, that he weilded the Chakraratna against Bahubali, against the covenants, agreed upon, by both the parties. The Chakraratna did not harm Bahubali, the virtuous. It stood beside him. By this, Bharata was once again humiliated. People averred that Bharata's action had been faulty. Bharata could not hold his head high, any longer.

Bahubali declared: "Hankering after land and wealth is very bad. It brings misunderstanding between brothers and parents and children. If my brother needs it so much, let him enjoy himself. I don't need it." He also consoled his brother, stating: "Let the beautiful damsel called Rajyalakshmi, that pleasantly moves on the foils of the heroes dwell in your bosom. I offer the land given by father as well, to you. Hankering after the land and damsel that belong to you, would tarnish my reputation. I committed a blunder unwittingly. I clear myself of that by conducting penance. Don't be obdurate. Forget this act of mine, which was conducted with excess of pride." These words that issued forth from the bottom of the heart of Bahubali, melted the heart of Bharata. His anger subsided. He spoke with all the affection: "Chum, you are the lord of humanity. If you take to penance, for whom shall I parade all my pelf and power?" There were tears in his eyes. But Bahubali stuck to his decision.

The austerities that Bahubali undertook were very severe. Poisonous snakes that climbed the creepers, hissed fire. Bahubali remained unperturbed. One thing that really counted against him was the feeling that the land on which he stood had been bequeathed to his brother. But Bharata pleaded with him" My brother of high

self-esteem, this land belongs to you. It is mine because you offered it to me. Why do you come to think, it is mine? You think of yourself and nothing else." Bahubali's mind became clarified and free from all foibles. Kevala Jnana arose in him.

Pampa's handling of the whole episode, is remarkable for the study of human nature and the insights he displays in situations connected with war and such things. But he never deviates from the original in essentials.

It may not be out of place to take a look at the character of Bahubali at this stage. Bahubali was born the son of the king. He also enjoyed being a king. He was so handsome that others could be easily envious of him. He was an expert in the art of warfare and many other arts. His domestic life was happy. Apart from being heroic, he had high self-esteem. Though a little challenging in his outlook, he did not envy the others. He did not simply fall on others, without any reason.

Such a gem of a man, had to pick a quarrel once, when his brother wanted to submit everyone. This is some thing, neither expected nor desired. It was his right to enjoy the kingdom, gifted to him, by father. He was proud of it and was contented. But as a result, of the pressure brought about by his elder brother, he did not want to lose his self-respect. He did not want to be under the suzerainity of his brother. He considered it as derogatory for him. He became enraged. "What, if it be a brother? Slavery is slavery. I cannot honour him as my father. Now that he is my rival, I must defeat him in a trial of strength.: The other brothers did not follow his example. They straight away went to do penance. This shows, the marked difference between Bahubali, with the challenging attitude and others, who lacked it.

In all the three bouts of the righteous battle in which, the two were locked, Bharata, the elder was defeated. Individually, Physically Bharata was weak. Bahubali could have easily written off Bharata. But Bahubali, though looked fierce from the outside, was

soft at heart. He thought that he had committed a mistake in falling upon his brother, thoughtlessly. He should not have dishonoured his brother. The lure of wealth and land was bad. Thinking like that he began to expiate. He begged pardon of his brother, without hurting him. This shows his greatness. So at the height of his achievement sacrificing his own family he embraced austerity. This thorny path was of his own choosing, and he carried on severe penance. This renunciation marks the rejection of all pleasures, when one had it at his finger tips. He could not easily attain Kevala Jnana, because his conscience pricked him, that he had hurt the feelings of his brother. But then, Bharata clarified Bahubali, about the facts, on the advice of Adinatha. Then only he got Kevala Jnana. Herein, we find that the message Gommata puts across is quite palpable: To reject enjoyment, in the midst of pleasures; to aspire for amicability between brothers, in spite of differences that may crop up in the domestic sphere; to seek spiritual profit, ensuing out of the fight for earthly glory and enjoyment.

Succinctly, this is what Gommatesha has to offer to the whole world.

After Pampa, Chavumdaraya and Hastimalla dealt with the episode briefly. Chavmdaraya in his Trishashtilakshana Purana, which is in prose, summarises the Adi Purana of Pampa. Hastimalla, does likewise, but his prose is simple. From the twelfth to the eighteenth century, many short poems came to be written on the same theme. Amoung these, the poems of Boppana Pandit, Madhurachandra, Padmarasa, Chadurachandrama and Ananta Kavi may be mentioned. The theme has also been exploited by minstrels, balled singers and by the Yakshagana troupes. In modern times, many poets have sung the glory of Gommatesha. Among them stalwarts like M. Govinda Pai, D.V.G., Kuvempu, Pu.Thi.Na., Masti Venkatesha Iyengar (Srinivasa), G.P. Rajarathnam, G.S. Shivarudrappa, Channaveera Kanavi have reacted to the episode of the duel between Bharata and Bahubali, at a tangent. Their main

concern is the inimitable beauty of the statue of Gommateshwara at Shravanbelagola.

This anthology provides a wide spectrum, covering a wide range of poets, from the twelth century to modern times. A point to be noted here is that only independent poems have been used in this anthology. Extracts from the epics of poets like Pampa, do not find a place here, for the simple reason, that the way they deal with the character of Bahubali would be incomplete, in extracts taken to suit the purpose of this anthology.

Secondly the poems, here have been arranged in conformity with the metrical forms in which the poems have been written. Hence poets like Govinda Pai and D.V.G. are placed with the poets of olden days, Kuvempu and Pu. Thi. Na., almost contemporaneous with the former, have been placed later. It is interesting to note that along with old metres like Kanda and Vritta, the sonnet and ode, taken from the West, also find a place in this selection. Another interesting feature is the inclusion of the folk songs, which provide a new out look, which is hardly to be traced even among modern poets.

Thus it is hoped this anthology is a fitting contribution which also serves to highlight the immortal beauty of Gommateshwara, that too, as embodied in the statue at Shravanabelagola, which was sculpted more than a thousand years ago. This statue has earned the sobriquet Gommata because it was erected by Chavundaraya, otherwise known as Gommata.

With this brief introduction, I do not want to stand between the readers and the poems as such.

T.V. Venkatachala Sastry

Acknowledgements

I offer my pranams to Swasthisri Charukeerthi Bhatta Charya Swamiji who has been mainly responsible for the publication of this anthology of poems on Gommateshwara.

My heartfelt thanks are due to the members of the Mahamastabhisheka Samiti (1990) of Karkala, without where whose munificence the first edition of this book would not have seen the light of day. The second edition is coming out with the blessings of the Mahamastakabhisheka Samiti (1993) of Shravanabelagola. The committee also desired to bring out Engilsh and Hindi translations of the anthology at the time of the Celebrations in December 1993. The translations are being released simultaneously with the second edition of the original Kannada. This was possible as a result of the ardent effort put forth by the translators within the stipulated time. I thank the celebrations committee, the translators and the printers also, in making this project, a grand success.

Dr. T.V. Venkatachala Sastry
Compiler

TRANSLATOR'S NOTE

These poems offer a rich variety of the poems on Gommateshwara in Kannada. I have tried to be faithful to the original poems, as far as possible. This is an attempt to project Kannada poems in English, true to their verve and cadence, I submit. This is a humble contribution, in this age of translations.

I offer my pranams to Swasti Charukeerthy Bhattarak Swamiji, for providing me with an opportunity to translate these beautiful poems. I thank Dr. T.V. Venkatachala Sastry for the faith he has reposed in me in assigning this work of translation to me.

I owe a special debt to gratitude to Mr. Sridhar Rajarathnam, who sent me a copy of Boppana Pandit's Gommatajina Stuti on request. This book edited by his celebrated father, late G.P. Rajarathnam a devout scholar, with elaborate notes and glossory helped me immensely in translating that celebrated ancient poem. Otherwise, the book would be incomplete.

Finally I thank the Gomateshwar Bhagavan Bahubali Mahamastakabhisheka Mahotsava Samiti (1993), for making this publication possible.

Venugopala Soraba

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An anthology of Kannada Poems on

GOMMATESHWARA

1. IN PRAISE OF GOMMATAJINA

I praise Gommatajina, worshipped by kings of men and Nagas,
Gods
Demons and Satyrs; who has conquered Cupid by burning him in
the fire
Called Yoga, and who is the destiny of those given to yoga,
The one who is immeasurable;

When Bharata was unable to fight scruplously and failed
To win over Bahubali with physical prowess unscrupolously
He became reticent; Wielding the disc, and when it became
tarnished,
Bahubali gave the land conquered, to the elder brother, who felt
Ashamed, unable to conquer; He stood in penance for one year and
Destroyed the *Karma*. Who else is there as towering as Bahubali,
The son of Puru, in honour ?

Bharata, son of Purudeva and the emperor conquered all the kings
In the eight directions and on the out-skirts of Paudana,
(where Bahubali Conducted penance,)
and out of his own delight, erected a statue,
As long as the length of five hundred and twenty five bows.

After the passage of a long period, the most deadly creature,
In the whole world, called hen-serpents, with the hen's body and
The serpent's hood were born; these, invisible
To the commoners, were seen by the snake charmers
and a few others.

Thus the statue was beyond the reach and invisible; But the sound
Of the drums of gods could be heard, which the words
Fail to describe. Nay, even the mode of godly worship be seen.
Those who look into these bulging nail-mirrors of
Kukkuteshwara, will get to know their past lives.
Every one on this earth knows of this glory of our lord.

Having come to hear the illustrious glory of that statue,
Chavunda's mother desired to visit the place; but the elders
Advised her against going, as it was a long way off
And the road was intractable.
Then it was planned by Chavunda to erect a statue of Bahubali.

This Gommata is none other than the one next to the king,
The moon of the Ganga clan who is well wrought in the Jaina
Principles of *Samyak* knowledge, vision, glory, character,
Charity and resolve; and is praised by the whole world.
Being a peer of the *Manus*, he wrought of the statue of this
divinity.

No image simply because it is unusually tall, becomes beautiful;
That image does not gain glory, because it is tall and beautiful.
If then, loftiness and increasing glory are vested in one,
Then that enriched beauty of Gammata is worthy of
worship of the whole world.

To trace the form of Gammata, is beyond the capacity of *Maya*.
To view it, is not in the capacity of the one superior in heaven;
The king of serpents in incapable of praising it; then is it in
The capacity of others to describe the form of Kukkutesha of south,
Which inspires awe, and which is like its own soul and peerless.

The birds even forgetfully do not fly high; at both the armpits
The sanguine shadow that smells sweet like Kashmiri saffron
Spreads all round. This miracle has been witnessed by the people
Of all the three worlds. Then who is competent to
describe the constant beauty of this wealthy immage?

The world of Nagas, the basement; the earth, the floor;
The directions, the walls; the heaven, the roof;
The cluster of chariots, are the line of pinnacles;
The current of stars, the bejewelled ceiling atop;
While all this has been aptly wrought, the three worlds
That reveal in the words of Jina, has been the abode
of Sri Gammatesha.

Is he of incomparable beauty ? He is Cupid;
Is he supreme in shoulder strength ? He vanquished the emperor.
Is he benevolent ? Apart from winning the empire, he
Returned the whole empire to his brother.
Is he overwhelming in self-esteem ?
His scruples prick him
For tresspassing the land bequeathed to his elder brother.
Is he learned to the extreme ?
He has destroyed the actions that obstruct salvation.
Thus underline the praise-worthy character of Bahubali.

Let Gommata Jina, who is esteemed and sublime of honour,
Grant us with the resolve of self honour.
Let Gommata Jina, who is Cupid,
Grant us with all auspicious weals.
Let Sri Gommatesha Jina,
Who wiped out the arrogance of the emperor completely
Grant us the ability of shoulder
So that we depend upon ourselves.

Let Sri Gommateshwara, who released himself from
the cares of kingdom
By sacrificing the land, he conqured, to the vanquished brother,
Grant us the strength to sever the desires.
Let Sri Gommatesha, who attained the land of salvation
Grant us deliverance.

On Lord Gommateshwara's elevated, beautiful and radiant head,
Who is also spreading the enticing white sheen
And conquering the directions with the fragrance of his body,
There was the rain of Sumeru flowers, seen by all;
This is glory that is no exaggeration to that Lord.

Sing of this unusual glory of worship
Which is some thing seen by any one and every one
And not beyond any one.
The women, children and aged as well,
Witness the shower of flowers, and hail it;
The rain of the sacred flowers for a whole day
Brought great joy to the earthly creatures.

At the statue of Lord Gommata of Belagola,
As if out of devotion, to serve the feet of this great god,
Will not the glittering galaxy of stars fall on his feet ?
When the thrilled hundreds of thousands of people
Were witness,
Fell the shower of flowers beyond the clouds,
The rain of flowers sumptuously.

It looked as though, this rain of flowers was brought about
When he had conquered Bharata, the first emperor
In physical fight, and when he had won over sin, the great enemy,
And had mastered the Ultimate knowledge;
The shower of flowers made by gods, looked like this.

Why do you aimlessly, suffer, worshipping those
Who are like extinguished lamps
Thinking they are gods,
In the wilderness called family bonds ?
Think of Gommata, who is god incarnate and thereby
Relieve yourself of the travails of birth, old age and such things.

Behind, standing atop the big hill, Gommata deva seems
To proclaim to reach out the whole world: murder, speaking
Untruth, stealing and enjoying another's wife, and amassing
Of wealth are evils, and if these acts are done, there is
Certain taint on this earth as well as the other world.

Gommatadeva, who else is there as merciless as you ?
Out of unconcern, you have rendered us,
The Spring season, the bow and arrow of buds
An array of orphans, taking an oath
That you would undertake penance, unshaken !
We wonder, what greater things have you to achieve,
Than what you have already possessed ?
Does not the wailing of the damsels like this in your apartments
Reach your ears ?

Earth and the creeper bodied damsels, enquire with tears,
Why do you cast us off?
And embrace him fiercly: as if to force them to state like that
With the ant hills and the creepers holding on to his body
In the posture of penance, Gommateshwara, stands.
He is worthy of worship by the king of snakes,
The king of gods and saints revered.

Your brother implored you,
Desperate and with tearful eyes, stating:
"Brother, all the younger brothers, resorted to penance;
Chum, if you also resort to penance,
This splendour of worldly possessions does not befit me;
Therefore, please withhold."
But lending a deaf ear, you initiated yourself (into penance).
Gommatadeva, your resolve, sets the ideal for those
seeking salvation.

"Don't be offended with the feeling
That your feet rest on my soil; because
This land is neither yours nor mine.
If one broods on that, it is a different thing.
According to the teachings of Adideva,
It is binding on the part of each individual
To have purity of sight, character and virility."
By these words of your elder brother,
You purged yourself of all the mental foibles Gommatadeva.

To their followers they show the slippery path;
They allow themselves the fulfillment of carnal desires:
These are the instructors who preach one thing
And practise otherwise.
Gommata, you are to be hailed for being a teacher-
Because you are doing penance
That gives immeasurable pleasure to yourself and unto the
others as well.

With your mind held firm in your soul,
The army of *Ghati* actions were in disarray,
And the glorified *Kevala* knowledge with
Sanctified vision, knowledge and virility dawned on you,
And further you conquered *Aghati* actions.
Thereby, Gommatadeva, you attained salvation
Which breeds bliss immortal.

Gratified are they, who worship your lotus with feet
fragrant wild flowers,
Who view your image with ecstacy, circumambulate
In accordance with their conscience
And sing in your honour with love, Gommatadeva.
Blessed are they that attain their destiny
Who know how to worship you and why,
Like Shakra, the god of gods.

In favour of the empire of salvation
You resigned
Though invested with the empire of carnal desires,
Bahubali, known as the weilder of the flower-arrows;
Though invested with an empire
And though the disc-missile, burning like Sun-god
With fire rays
Intended to fight with your supreme shoulder pins
You resigned
Leaving beside both the glory of carnal desires
And the might of your powerful shoulders.
When you, the mightiest could undertake such ordination
We, the humble, will necessarily undertake such ordination.

The poet Boppana, known as the ornament of noble men,
Sang the glory of Gommata affectionately:
With the view that he will wipe off
All the sins committed by body, mind and word.

Those of nobility, who are imbibed
With pure vision, knowledge and character
You are always to me the ornament of substance

And hence I call myself the ornament of the noble men
And not boastfully with the feeling
I am the ornament to the noble men.

This edict in praise of (Gommata) Jina,
Was specially inscribed by the ornament of noble men
Who is learned in Jinagama,
Who has conquered sins through Jinagama,
Who is praised by good poets
And is known world wide.

Balachandra Munindra, preceptor of Boppana,
Is an emperor of the Jina philosophy
He is ripe in his mind
And wears the spiritual radiance
Like a moon.

In keeping with the instructions of that Muni
This edict of Gommatajinendra, known world wide,
In the words spoken by Boppana, superior to all Kannada poets,
Were inscribed wonderfully
And lovingly by Devanan son of Kavadamayya.
Such a celebrated edict was installed by
Bagadage Rudran, with due regards.

Boppana Pandit

2. SRI GUMMATADHEESHA QUINTET

I saw him that brings joy to the *Bhavyas,*
I saw him that is revered by the world,
I saw him that destroys all Karma,
I saw him that finds bliss in himself,
I saw him that smahes the arrogance of Cupid,
I saw him that radiates in penance,
I saw Gommatadheesha in sheer joy, till my eyes pleased.

I saw the image of Spiritual Energy, fully bloomed in peace,
I saw him that is nascent in eternal pleasure and comfort,
I saw him that is enriched with Samyak knowledge,
serene and spotless,
I saw Gummatadheesha in sheer joy, till my eyes pleased.

I saw anon, with joy, as if it were blessings to my eyes,
I saw anon with love, that wonder sprouting, lovingly,
I saw with increase, in fulfilment of my sight,
I saw Gummatadheesha in sheer joy, till my eyes pleased.

I saw him that cut off death and is free from ugly travails of life,
I saw the abode of genuine merits,
I saw the auspicious moon that raises the sea of great kindness,
I saw him that is adored by praise, he who is endowed
with equanimity.
I saw Gummatadhesha in sheer joy, till my eyes pleased.

I saw him that is pedestal to the welfare of the universe, the valiant,
I saw him on whose feet, kings and gods prostrate, the illustrious,
I saw him who is consort to the bride called constant
deliverance, the lord,
I saw Gummatadheesha in sheer joy, till my eyes pleased.

- Anonymous

3. IN PRAISE OF GOMMATA

My twin eyes like a pair of bees fall at your lotus feet;
Lovingly in the pool of your navel flutter like tiny fish,
Then rising to your moon-like face like a pair of active Chakravak
Dance; what a treasure your bodily frame has been, Gommata

Never becomes benumbed in rain, nor it becomes hard in severe
sun;
Taking ups and downs with equanimity on the path to
penance, wins
Thereby the lady of salvation with the body subjected
to austerities;
She is never to be missed, you seem to be teaching the
whole world,
Know it from the image of firmness, its abilities; fools
cannot realise it, Gommatesha

- Madhura

4. IN PRAISE OF SRI GOMMATA JINA

Hail to Sri Jina Gommata; I praise Gommata; Who beats Gommata
In detachment ? Who is Gommata's peer ? Salvation
Became Gommata, Through Gommata ? Gommata's radiance,
Is glorious; Lord of the Western sea, atop Sahya hill,
save me, Gommata!

What are you brooding upon ? Cast a glance at us, who
Are wailing with our faces turned to earth!
You have been called Saviour, won't you save us?
Lift us from this sea of Tumult, so that
We always follow the path of three jewels,
Lord of the Western sea, Gommata!

Purudeva is the father, Sunanda, the mother,
Icchadevi, your Spouse, the emperor, your brother;
Sundari, the sister

Your son Mahabali is strong of arms, befitting his name;
Though well-versed in the art of love-making, why do
you stand there alone really Gommata!

Did Bharata win all others over,
Except you, with the desire to conquer ?
Did he succeed even a pin, by challenging you,
Known as Cupid of the period, at Paudana ?
In you, did the honour
Of the disc become enervated?
Isn't the fruit of thirst, sorrow, Gommata?

Then did the battle as between two hunters go on three fold?
The three worlds were awed ?
Did the sea bound, quiver? Did darkness cover the world?
Though you conquered the emperor, you did not plaster
Him to the earth; what belonged to you, you set it on a platter
for him Gommata

The essence of the whole world you passed on to the emperor
And you felt the dross left behind is no life, Gommata,
Like the autumn moon cast out of the eclipse, you
Copulated with Deliverance called Brahmi.

The gods sound their horns, the apsaras dance,
The music of the stars in the sky roars, the benediction
Of the saints, anon, the winds blow on earth; in unison
A rain of flowers showered; gods, demons and Nagas
hailed you, Gommata!

It never happened till now! Not seen till now!
Not to be seen in future.
It is a wonder like the sun seen during the night!
Did detachment turn out to be indulgence ?
Like the snake that sheds skin, he is! stating thus
they shook their heads, Gommata!

From there you went to Ashtapada, and received Jina initiation
And stood in the posture of an image and spent an year;
And in luminous meditation you looked as a peak on another hill
And gave yourself to the gods beholding from above,
while the shadow receded here, Gommata!

In order that your memory be green with Bharata
Who was hurt at Paudana as care began to suffer you,
Instantly like a jewel you shot up to the sky like the
rainy cloud: what elevation it is!
What excellence in beauty: is it your dream or reality, Gommata.

As time passed on, because of a host of hen-serpents,
A shade of crystal-sheen covered, and you were called
Kukkuteshwara; then sorrounded by a thick forest, veiled
From our eyes, you were worshipped by goddesses-
where is that spot, Gommata ?

Leaving behind Paudana of those days, at the behest
Of the Ganga minister Chamunda, did you come to the tall hill
Of Belagola, pleased? When Veerapandya of Karkala
implored you
Did you choose to come to Aravetta? At Venur in response to
Timmarasu? Gratified are these like the three jewels, Gommata.

This is not a stone image - Can the stone laugh ? Can it curl ?
Could it be wrapped and unwrapped ? Can it crumple and cringe ?
The shoulder that turns the whole world tiny; the legs like palms ?
Where is the rounded stone ? You are
everybody's amazement, Gommata.

Did the dream flower into stone ? Did the personal devotion
Take shape and serve the devotee ? Did Jaina lore take the male
Form ? Did mother earth give birth to the bonny child?
Was the lamp post set up by religion ?
The on-lookers wonder, without batting the eye lid, Gommata.

The Cupid of those days, you became Gommata, for all times
By name; Your sacrifice, Gommata! This yoga, on
earth, Gommata!

The stone image of yours, what triple-virtues, Gommata!
You are a peer to yourself! who else is there equal to
you, Gommata.

What loftiness ? The loftiness of the misty peak is charming.
Though naked, Nature is beautiful only through nudity,
Talking of silence, only silence during midnight is charming.
Are n't you more beautiful, the acme of all charms, Gommata.

The gargantuan form, exceeding half a century of the bows'
Height and our liliputtian form, the two are irreconcilable:
Hence reducing yourself to a hundredth part, feasible to our eyes
You became a dwarf, out of compassion for us, oh Gommata.

What creeper this, does it blossom during all the seasons?
Why do these hen-snakes, palpable to touch, don't hiss?
How do the termites make a living ? Out of pity for these,
The lotus never closes in the evening: Is it your power
or Nature's ordeal ? Tell us Gommata.

The elder brother hankered to be the conquerer of the whole world
What of that who is conquered by others? He is a true conqueror
Who conquers self: Conquering self you gave up the emperor's
Throne; was he able to take it with himself? Does gold rust?
Out of contempt, did you turn into a stone ? Gommata.

Is there enmity in this world, other than desires ? Is hell
Different from violence ? The status got sans kindness is marred.
Whoever threshes desire is the conquerer of all enemies. Whoever
Fights the eight-actions and the sensual acts, becomes Jina,
As if to prove all these words of virtue, you have taken
to the stony form Gommata

In Kailas, you stood for one year, in Yogic form: Can any body
Keep a count of the years you have been standing here?
Are you not satisfied ? Why do you become tired, standing
Like this ? Could n't you take rest for a while. My lord Gommata?

Without being dried up in sun and getting benumbed by cold,
Without being drenched by rain, you are worshippedby the damsels

Of directions, with stars as the holy grain and moon and sun
As the auspicious bond and thunder as drums and lightning
For waving of lamps; the maiden of Eternity is preying
Upon you; Why don't you open your eyes and see, Gommata.

You are the four-faced, Brahma with one face, with
two eyes you are Shiva
Triyambaka, with two shoulders, you are the
four-shouldered (Vishnu), with
The bowl and saffron cloth sacrificed you are Amitabha, you are
The one with all the virtues in one image and in the mortal form
You are the only one who descended on this earth, Gommata.

The earth is your foot wear, the sky is the canopy raised on head,
The directions are the garments, your heart is the pity-bowl
Living with the tenets of Left (Vamaniti), you crushed the
carnal desires.
Yours is the triumph of religiosity, that spreads over
the three fold Time, Gommata.

Your eyes are door to religion! the mouth is the maw of truth!
The nose is a dagger to sensual desires! Smile, the Ganga! Peace
Is the heavenly forehead! Your breast is a sea of pity. Your arms
Are the peak of heroism. Your head, a wood of knowledge.
Your feet
Are the seat of Salvation, how shall I praise you, Gommata!

Generations of men come and go, but you have been standing
To day, as on that day! Stand along for ages to come!
King of Kannada-Taulava, twin lands, bring all bounty
To these lands, with compassion, the lord of the
Western Sea, Gommata

I learn that life, a dream, is all a vacuum through affection,
Awakening, I plead: the creeper of life becomes enlivening
Through sacrifice; through agony that senses are a mirage,
I recede; what this effort to know life? it is the dream of a
dumb, Gommata.

Bound by the carnal desires I am impoverished, I am a prisoner,
Out of insolance I am dumb, a slave to envy, I am subservient
To Cupid, I am enthralled by fury, out of enticement, my eyes
Are messengers to miserliness.
Save me that takes resort in you, Gommata.

When you are there to offer, what prevents me from begging,
The poor receiver that I am ? Does not moon make the
water lily bloom?
Sun, the lotus ? Whatever be the number ? What, if they join in
Greater numbers ? You are there to protect us from
woes, Gommata.

This universe is born of pity; out of compassion it is protected.
Its destruction is peace's limit: then what punishment? What
The baton ? All these are due to *Karma*. Prepare me for salvation
So that, conquering these I rise high, like fresh sprout
from a rotten fruit, Gommata.

By killing the lot of *Karma*, I don't seek salvation. Is it an
Ever burning lamp that burns as long as Karma is in action?
Through pressure can the unripe, be rendered ripe ? Even
as I carry on
My *Karma* without intervention, at the tail end of all action,
You save me from this *Karma*, Gommata.

Bless me, who is crouching, that I may serve all living
beings with love,
Bless me with tolerance, that I may look on joy and sorrow with
Equanimity; grant me that I reject the evil and work
with detachment;
Grant me resolute devotion and restraint; what else
shall I plead for, Gommata.

Let my mind worship you like a flower that blooms at the
feet, wavers
At the thigh, and oscillates at the navel, stretches at palm and
Adores your bosom and goes round the neck, becomes
a Champak at the nose,

Becomes cooled at your face, bathes in your eyes, and
curves at your brows, Gommata.

I do obeisance to the son of Adideva, one who vanquished
the emperor,
Of Paudana, of the ultimate body and eternally young,
one who conquered
Cupid, the lord of eternal salvation-damsel, of black
form, Lord Bahubali
At Belgula, Karkala and Venur, I salute you Gommata,
with deep devotion.

Grant among us all, genuine brotherhood and virility;
Grant among men, love for the motherland and
adherence to morals;
Grant among women, unsullied devotion to their
consorts and truth;
Grant among children the radiance of self,
Sri Gommatadheeshwara.

- M. Govinda Pai

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5. GOMATESHWARA

You are the only one restrained who though being a human,
Though having been a king, on this earth, tearing across
The pale of action, initiate all those who aspire
Into continence, displaying your virtues from your great height
Sri Gommateshwara.

It is proper that life is a must, and in the act of living
One must live pompously and achieve grace, and in achieving this,
One must fight the enemy; though the precepts are thus

Accepted, the greatest is the subduing of will power,
Sri Gommatadheeshwara.

Dispensing of the desire to indulge, you are happy and
Brightly contented, though you have conquered emotions;
Are well disposed and though are ascetic, there is none else
Who is compassionate to people, the gratified,
Sri Gommatadheeshawara

In this universal hub, Nature who rules the bodily manifested
Has given top most place to man, it is true; let it be: But then
Who is there to cut across the maze held by this great mother
Illusion: It is only you who came out successfully,
Sri Gommatadheeshwara.

A mother to please her sons, plays with, and chastises them; when
They cry, she finds joy: but when the son defeats his
Mother in her design, she feels over comforted : Like-wise
By rejecting illusion, you brought contentment to the
universal mother Sri Gommatadheeshwara.

He is valiant though trained in arts, he is strong of arms,
Praised by silence, though has the prowess, he is famed for
His serenity, he is known for his lustrous physique, and
In spite of being beautiful is beyond thirst: that is how
The worlds have been praising you, Sri Gommatadheeshwara.

Though born on this earth, the mighty among the mountains
Rise high though envelopped by cloud and attacked on breast
You remain un-ruffled; with sun light becoming glorified,
Through the supreme height you demonstrate the acme
of personality, Sri Gommatadheeshwara.

Chavumdaraya, famous for his incandecent valour and fame, also
Became a shining example by spreading the message of your life,
The revered, and the praised among the men; you have revealed
The highest aspiration that nature could afford to, in
your life, Sri Gommatadheeshwara.

- D.V.G.

6. GOMATESHWARA OF KARKALA

At Karkala atop the lofty hill, standing rich in a rocky frame,
And being praised by people, with sanctified fame,
A form of permanance in South Kannada's history of yore;
They are blessed that behold you, Gomateshwara, of Karkala.

Like stone, unperturbed you stand on the silver hill
Unattacked by rain and wind; nailed to the spot, with
Eyes half closed, naked and silent, meditating on Self:
That symmetrical shape of yours, is sculpted in stone,
Karkala Gomateshwara.

When Bharata in arrogance of being possessed with Chakra,
And of possessing the land for six thousand years in glory
Came to fight you, the Cupid, you displayed your strength of arms,
Befitting your name; and through pure learning attained
deliverance, Sri Gomatadheeshwara.

We cannot enjoy this life, knowing it is worth while, nor
Knowing it is insubstantial; do we withhold from the desire
To enjoy, we the sinners? Who is there, having enjoyed
life full well
Declared it insubstantial and attained bliss beyond this life,
Sri Gomatadheeshwara!

We cannot indulge in life's sensualities, being in love with it,
Nor can we enter life with restraint being ascetic like you, we
Who are indulgent among those who are self-indulgent, oh, Cupid,
You are the one restrained among those who are detached,
Gomatadheeshwara!

Leaving beside this life on earth, sans any joys, burning
All acts of sin, you set ablaze the flame of severe austerities:
Beholding this act of great wonder, the four faced
(Brahma) is dumb - founded,

In front of you taking shelter in the solid four faced temple,
Gomatadheeshwara.

- K. Shambhu Sharma

7. GOMMATA JINA

Hail, is there anything to equal your austerities,
And your detachment;
Is there anything equal to your resolve, fortitude
And great sacrifice on this earth;
Being a king, considering all things as a blade of grass,
Leaving behind the pleasures of kingship,
You stand here atop the hill,
What a great sacrificer, have you been, Gommata!

Being unmindful of the thunderbolt and lightning,
Bravely you face the torrential rain, and stand
Unshaken by the severe wind blowing!
What might does hold you in this ablong rock?
What do I know, Gommata?

By subjecting the body to severities,
By reducing the great hill of desires to dust,
Conquering the god of death and enemy of sins by thundering,
To one who attained the land of Bliss,
Are these ordeals, a trial?
Why delay, protect this poor man, by your goodness, Gommata.

- Jaina Mahile, Nellikaru

8. HYMNS IN PRAISE OF SRI GOMATESHWARA

First you conquered the land; and
When the Chakra weapon issued forth from the elder brother
You stared at it, without batting the
Despising, eye lid, and wore the halo, the image of virtue,
Bahubalisha.

When the damsel of victory, on the battle field,
Embraced you dancing, without being indulgent,
Viewing her as a strumpet,
Deserted the land, you the virtuous, Bahubalisha.

All were awaiting at Paudanapura your arrival:
And you were there in great zeal,
Having won over Cupid;
But anon you took to austerities
Honouring father's word.

Mighty of shoulders, saluted by the three worlds,
You are a wealth of wonderment
In radiance, and in enticing beauty;
Viewing all such like a hill of glass, you disowned.

You never reverted, listening to Bharata,
Or when your consort stood thwarting
Or even when the celebrated mother stood wailing,
Did you retract your path?

Leaving behind the wealth, greatly held by the world,
Not caring for the wife's sorrow,
Exposing yourself to the day's heat,
And offering yourself to diverse trials,
Throwing off all grace,
You have been seeking the damsel of deliverance,
Learned in the Vedas.

Your enriched head is sky-kissing
While your eyes are budding:
Of whom are you thinking in your mind ?
You remain unshaken while the creepers bind you,
And the smile-snakes climb over you,
Oh, learned, tell me, what have you been thinking of, in this world?

Are you thinking of the affluence of the family,
Or have you been thinking of how to rule the people,
Or have you been declaring that man's wealth is just like a firefly?
You, the sublime, why are you reticent, like this?
Why do you subject your frame to such severities,
You the Spirit-bodied, kindly let me know, Bahubali, lord of Jinas

Ere taking to penance, why did you demonstrate
Your anger-incited actions? Have you delinked
From all your kin, for the sake of the unearthly pleasure?
Does one forget those that helped?
Would any one bear all such tortures?
What hymns are you repeating, tell me, Bahubali, lord of Jinas.

Mother comes to you calling, you see,
Your suffering darling comes to you, see;
Your son, the lotus-eyed is seeking you.
Oh, lord, open your eyes, and grant protection
To those that implore you,
Teach us against the tenet of illusion, Bahubali, lord of Jinas.

The smile on your face : does it answer to my request?
Oh, Lord, praised by the deserving,
Darkness receds at the glow of your smile.
We are suffering severely on this earth,
Unable to realise the way of Truth;
By looking at you have we come to trace the path of elevation.

Your smile, we know is true;
I cannot bear the travails of this earthly life:
Earthly splendour is dreamy wealth, only vain-glory;
Renouncing this snake-poison, you attained deliverance
That is womb of glory, with much tolerance,
Bahubalisha, the lord of Yogis.

Chavundaraya is gratified, he is honoured in this world,
He is elevated, and vowed to the righteous path;
Worshipping at the feet of Nemichandra, the sage,
He gained the name of Gommata, the beloved,
Achieving fame like the mist.

Bahubali became Gomatesha, through Chavunda,
The devotee and the adventurer.
The image of Belgola is enticing the whole world.
You sing in praise of Bhujabali,
If you are ambitious of attaining deliverance,
So that friendship is elevated
And you conquer the earthly acts,
Along with the attained (*Siddhas*).

- K.S. Dharanendraiah

9. HYMNS IN PRAISE OF GOMATESHWARA OF SHRAVANABELAGOLA

Lord Gommatesha, a mine of beauty,
Son of Lord Adinatha,
Anon, stands on the hill,
At Belagola, in tranquility and peace.

Standing thus, he views the world and is surprised
Why people strive to carry on the bodily affairs?
How do they find pleasure in these,
He avers and laughs, Cupid like.

Being tired of this earthly business,
Doing penance, achieving deliverance,
He stands atop the pedastal of this world
To teach this truth.

Leaving behind the earthly affairs,
Being aloof, you stand
Suppressing the whole earth.
To reach that height, oh, lord of the world,
You stand now, your posture pointing to that goal it seems.

Though you established victory over the emperor,
And thereby yourself became an emperor,

Without taking the throne of the emperor,
The one with the might of shoulders,
You stand in penance, the sacrificer.

Your eyes are the sun and moon,
Your magnanimous body is the firmament
While the apertures in your body, are the stars,
Are you not, you yourself the milky way?

The treasure of penance, the source of tenets,
The sacred, free from flaw, the restrained and truthful
Your meditation has been fruitful,
You are the consort of the deliverance-damsel, Gommata.

Oh, lord, you have embodied yourself in a universal shape,
To encapsulate the whole world.
Does not the world expect from you
The weal, welfare and peace of mind?

For viewers who take a view of you, there is bliss:
They are also endowed with faith, Gommata,
For them there is detachment;
Your viewers are showered with peace and welfare.

Those who view you let them be blessed with
Verity, sacrifice and restraint
And genuine self knowledge
Through the ideal set by you.

Conquering the eight actions (*Karmas*)
Holding aloft the righteousness
He entered redemption.
The one with unsullied mind, the follower of Sri Jina principle;
You are of magnanimous entity, Gommata.

Is it peace on earth, in which is embodied eternal serenity?
Is it the interminable treasure, the home of meditation
and real greatness?
Enshrined on this hill stands, the hidden wealth and unsullied
purity aloft:

Are all these summed up in meditaton? Gommata
shows like that beautifully.

Cupid in his stately form
The foe of Cupid, he who bestows all that is sought after,
This image of pleasing form,
I salute you Sri Gomatadeva, with all humility.

- Kammathahalli Jeevanna Vidwan

10. HYMN TO GOMMATA

Lord Gommateshwara you stand entwined in creepers,
With eyes large as jasmine, our beautiful lord,
Though a wrestler, you are an image of Peace,
Strong as the stone, you are worshipped by the world.

How charming you are
What a sacrificer
Happy you had been
To give away the land.

Detached you are, charitable you are, the lord worshipped by gods,
Shimmering with love, bestowing deliverance, the one
who led a fitting life,
Even for one seeking redemption, life of distress is a happy life:
Thus illustrating, your life is a life, full of heady discussion.

Belagola is a stacking house
Of nature's creation
With contentment and joy
You carry on penance of your choosing.

We will live in unity:
You protect us with love.
The fount of love, Gomata,
Ejecting love all around!

- Seshadri

11. GOMMATESHA

Son of Purudeva, a sea of virtues, a crescent,
A jewel of radiance, the foe of darkness, one with sacred body,
One worshipped by gods and kings, the great soul,
one divested of births,
The rich lord, I salute Jina Gommatesha.

Graceful with great altitude, well formed, the king of images,
The artist with grace, the pliant ocean, one with tranquill form,
Bereft of desires, virtue bringing, peace adorned,
Craving before you, we worship, Jina Gommatesha.

- S.P. Padmanna

12. THE SONG ON THE WAY TO BELAGOLA

Hail to lord, hail to Arahanta Nemi

The scroll of ten measures in (our) hands,
We raise this song head high

The almanac, six measures in (our) hands
We sing this song head high

A book twenty measures in our hands
I read out the song, till the end
Till we have a look at the head of Belagola

The letter forty measures in our hands
I read that song till the end
Till we have a look at the head of Belagola

If I am able to recite twentyone songs faultlessly
I offer an ablution in milk

If I am able to sing sixty one songs out of rote
I offer an ablution of ghee

It is a sin, if I don't sing to the seekers,
Listening to it and thinking of Jina,
If the veil to the eyes closes, that's the lost sin

Belagola is a distance of sixty one leagues
As one passes on foot

What is the fruit of going to god
Leaving behind one's wife and kids

As you pace the sixty one league length
With your kids all along

Those that are in menses and are nearer the period
Do'not start; be at mother's house

Don't stand beneath the trees for fear of scorching sun
If you stand, it would be sinful

Don't stand beneath the tree, because you cannot lift your feet,
If you stand, it would be sinful

When the lord of Swadi goes
The chariot drawn by deers shakes

Don't feel tired, don't feel exhausted
Come damsels, we shall tread our path
To Belagola and have a look

Let us behold Gommata and offer him
Milk and fruit, damsels,
Let us have a look at the lord and pace back

Don't feel tired, don't feel exhausted
Come let us tread our path
And pace back after seeing Belagola

It is a sin not to invite those who are willing
Calling them and remembering Jina,
Casting a look at Belagola's head, let us retrace our path

It is a sin if you dont declare your going
Telling all and remembering Jina
Casting a look at Belagola's head, let us retrace our path

Those who have ornaments, forget about that,
Hand over your jewels to others, and
Casting a look at Belagola's head, let us retrace our path

Those who have ornaments, forget about that
Hand over your jewels to others, and
Casting a look at the lord of Belagola, let us retrace our path

Those who have kids, forget about them
Leave them in charge of others, and
Casting a look at Belagola's head, let us retrace our path

Those who have wives, forget about them
Leave them in charge of others, and
Casting a look at Belagola's head, let us retrace our path

Divested of wives, you under a rite
The rite of not eating sweet cakes and milk, and
Casting a look at Belagola's head, let us retrace our path

Women in the retinue, you undertake an oath
The oath not to eat things fried in oil, and
Casting a look at Belagola's head, let us retrace our path

Going to Guthi land, they brought the coir rope
And raised a scaffolding sky high for Gommata
From that scaffolding they bathe the lord

Going to Goa land, they brought the gunny rope
They built a scaffolding sky high, for Gommata
From that scaffolding they bathe the lord

Going to Gerasoppa, they brought the coir rope
And built a scaffolding sky high to lord
From that scaffolding are they bathing the lord

Even as they start bathing lord Gomateshwara,
We look ahead for fulfilling our vowes

The milk offered by *Gullakai Ajji*, is creamy
Where they found it, there they bathed
If flows down like a brooke

All that flows down like a brooke, and
Have washed the sandal trees

The milk offered by *Gullakai Ajji*
If you buy it and instantly bathe
The water flows like a stream

The water that flows down like a stream
Wash the peepul trees

Stating that the ghee-ablution is not appealing
They bathe in milk, to the lord,
The milk flows in a stream

Stating that the fruit-wash is not becoming
They bathed the lord in tender coconut juice
The juice flows in a stream

The juice flows in a stream before the lord
That flows into the coconut grove

The milk flows from the lord, in a stream
That flows into the plantain garden

- Anonymous

13. THE SONG OF GOMATESHA

Dont feel proud, oh, you, man,
Bend before Gomatesha's feet and praise him
The god of gods in devotion, the mighty shouldered in strength,

In detachment is he Swarnabhadra Swamy;
In skill, he is fearless; in glory Bharata,
In talk is he veritable Uragendra!

He is Gautama Varishena in his knowledge,
He is Lalitanga in being unsuspicious
In affection he is Vajrakumar, while on the path
Unsullied on earth, he is Vishnu Muni!

He is Dharmaja in truthfulness, in wealth, Kubera
In blessing is he like Sugreeva
For the combating warriors, is he Partha, the valiant,
To whom could he be compared separately among kings ?

In fame, he is Karna, in form he is Cupid,
In ethics, an ocean of learning,
In love he is Haladhara, in speech, Brihaspati
In charity is he Shreyamsa!

In devotion and skill and strength and glory
In speech, excelling beauty and
In your Famous sacrifice, whom do you resemble, fool?
Worship Gomata, who is rid of Pride, oh man.

- Anonymous

14. GOMATESHWARA OF KARKALA

On the tall hill, like a poem in stone
The image of Gomata is sculpted: its sheer
Artistic skills never fail to enslave the minds of the onlookers,
My mind like a bee bowing at the lotus feet,
Caught like a fish in the navel-pool, then
Shoots at the moon-face,like the *Chakora* and regales in joy

Does peace embody in art and shed a special
Sheen, detachment taking shpae, leaving behind
The family trails and go atop the hill : it creats such an illusion!
This image of tranquility, exposing itself
To cold, wind, rain and sun, stands;
Gomateshwara, the ocean of sacrifice : his devotee is blessed.

The twin arms reach out to the knees,
The face-disc displays the radiance of sun
The divine image that is there with silence writ large,
Throwing away the carnal desire, inimical

To penance, and disowning the sensual joys,
Seeking nakedness, what great hero this Gomata is, on this earth;

The Cluster of clouds are the curls thrown to sky
Think: the heavenly river is the cloth disbanded
And thrown and the sun and moon are the ornaments :
Such Gommata
Is dispensing detachedenss to the world at all
Times. Can the fools come to realise
The endless miracles? Men who worship you excel gods on
this earth.

The cataract that flows from your mighty body,
During the ablution, resembles a slender lightning;
The milk poured from golden pitchers pleases like a
rivulet of moon shine.

The water from the ablution resembles rain
Poured by the clouds : the pearls issuing forth
Thereby, viewed by gods, looks like flowers thrown in splendour.

The water poured during head bath remains without
Being dried up : it has taken the shape of
A pool named after Rama, and it is filled all the time like the sea
Gold and silver are the flowers and the white
Limbs; the emerald is the green weed : these are as they
Seem to my mind, in what way shall I sing in praise of
the great head bath ?

The milk poured descending to the lotus feet,
Fills up, so that no land is visible around,
While Gomata's image looks like *Mandara* to churn the milky sea:
To such an image of great magnitude,
Do I offer obesience, in devotion, anon;
Who else is there to save me, like you, Gomatesha of Karkala.

- Sodankuru Tirumaleshwara Bhatta

15. GOMMATESHWARA

I shall describe in detail, why
Gomateshwara stands at Karkala,
Shravana Belagole and the great city Venur.

In the past Ayodhya was ruled
By king Nabhi in grandeur;
Thereafter his son Vrishabha Jina Tirthankara the first
Ruled supreme; Then he had one
Hundred sons, Bharata being
The eldest; he rared them with all the love and care.

The two senior most, he called,
When having looked after with
Love his subjects for a long period, and gave them
The reins of administration; he
With resignation, traversed to
The forest, taking all the other sons, for penance.

King Bharata, the eldest son of
Vrishabha ruled over Ayodhya; illustrious
Bahubali, the younger became the crown prince,
Administered from Paudanapura.
Both of them being on par,
They were valiant and ruled gracefully, lovingly.

King Bharata, thought himself
Supreme, having become celebrated;
But Bahubali looked upon his elder as peer.
Bharata considered it as a short-coming.
Unable to know the mind of his brother
He was distressed in his mind for the conduct of Bahubali.

This self englamoration blunted
The minds of both kingly brothers
And as time passed, how shall I describe what happened:
A disc appeared one fine day
In the armoury of the emperor
And Bharata set himself ready to launch his campaign.

There and then Bharata set forth
On the campaign with a formidable army

The valiant of proven worth in all the directions.
He conquered the three worlds
Breaking those impregnable and
Put forth brave fight; while the castigated, submitted, cowering!

Like this as he was returning
After a successful campaign
With the power of the disc, a wonder did happen :
The disc remained immovable
At the entrance to Paudanapura
Defiantly; Bharata was unable to trace the cause.

The ministers advised : "Your brother
Should come to you and submit himself
And pay tribute by acceptting your victory over himself,
Till then the disc will not move further;
And your illustrious name becomes
Clouded; think deeply about the matter, great king."

Then he ordered his servants to go and
Give Bahubali the message, he must come
And fall at my feet; the servants did act likewise.
Bahubali averred : Being my elder,
I bow to him, but not in acceptance
Of his victory over me; nor do I pay any tribute.

The servants delivered the message to the king
They repeated the words of the peerless
Brother, mighty of shoulders; and those words of cavail
Enraged the king : he called for a battle
His peerless brother, in quest of fame. The news
Spread far and wide over all the kingdom instantly.

Thinking the trial of strength between the two
Would be bloody, the minister brooded;
After going through in depth, came out with non-violent
Modes of fighting. First, a battle of looks;
The next was the fight with water, and
Finally the need to resort to the bout of lifting physically.

With the least effort did Bahubali win
All the three bouts; infuriated, the elder
Attacked him with the disc, it became clear to Bhujabali,
How the hankering after land renders

A human being into a malevalent person;
He thought at length on the weaknesses of the flesh.

If I donot submit at the elder's feet,
He will deliver blows to me like a tiger
In his ire; and all this for the land's desire! He thought
Instantly shall I ward off the pleasures
And taking up severe austerities, will
I be gratified, if I treasure the virtues of this universe?

He went towards the hill and climbing
The hill, stood aloft in penance;
He spent a millenium in magnanimous penance;
In joy, then did he reach salvation:
That Bhujabali, the valiant, is even
To this day, worshipped with devotion and love, by all.

- Bhaskara Bandari Majibylu

16. BAHUBALI : AN INSPIRATION TO ART

1

In varied abodes of this land
You 've found an upright pose;
Bahubali, like a gold dream blooms in memory.
The art of sculpture has risen
To the height of his glory;
Contentment has embodied itself, alive.

2

On the southern front
He stands radiantly,
On the hill top exuding his fame.
The face, enshrining
Inspiration to the world,
Has posed his stance, conquering with might.

3

Behold at Shravan Belagola,
And at Karkala and Venur
And at Kollapur open your eyes and see,
Bahubali is in glory
Founded on the unshaken Truth;
He stands showing to all, the artist's skill.

4

The way he spreads the fame
Of his mighty soul :
It is milk and honey that spread around!
Like the wind that enjoys
The sweet smell in the sandal trees
In a grove and waves about in pleasure.

5

Here is the son of Vrishabha,
The younger brother of Bharata
Filled with self-respect, and radiant with feelings.
His sacrifice is boundless,
Peace of mind is bliss,
He is pure inspiration to the artist folk.

6

Beautiful of spirit and might -
In truth, is he mighty of shoulders;
In him arose, the whirl of achievement.
Atop the hill pedastal
Smiling afresh, anon
Is this the way that Truth-spirit-bliss blossoms?

7

Bharata became vanquished
In his fight with Bahubali:
Their names are the rise and fall of India's breath,

The remembrance of these brethern
Brings the might of arms to India;
For mother country, they are the twin jewel lamps.

- Dr. D.S. Karki

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17. GOMATESHWARA

Sri Gomateshwara, you stand alone
With indecipherable silence:
How many ages did you spend like this ?
What tolerance is it? What peace
In love with your heart granted eternity,
So that you overcome the travails of time?
With your head in sky, and feet on this earth
You have bridged here and hereafter!
This world listens to the thunder of your silence;
The eye of the world is set to the flash of your eyes;
The thunderbolt of your breast is knocking with wonder;
The showers of your compassion bring bliss to this world.

Yogisha, what is the meaning of the smile
That emanates from your tranquil face?
Is it the eternal smile on the face of *Siddha purushas*?
Or the reflection of the *Brahmananda*?
Or is it the sarcasm expressed at the foolishness
Of this earth, of your siblings ?
What greatness is ours, who cajole you,
Who have attained the height of detachment!
As the wheel of Time passes on at your feet,
You stand unperturbed, unshaken you are Gomatesha,
Grant us a little of this firmness to us so that
We are able to bear the confusion on this earth with a smile.

Empires flourished and fell; emperors,
The insatiate, stretched on the earth;
In an ocean of blood, the crown and throne
Were dipped and floated in fury.
The earth was shaken, out of sheer envy
By the sound of the clashing swords.
The voice of peace drowned; the world is
Filled with the craving for more and more.
Always the ears are filled with war cry;
Your eyes are witnessing always the river of blood;
Time and space are motionless as in a picture;
Even then, you have remained peaceful, Gomatesha!

Are you a secret agent ? an angel ? a preacher?
A witness? A sentinel of the other world?
The door-keeper of *Vaikuntha* ? An image of
Nudity ? Or the appearence of fearlessness?
Or *Bhaivara* come to earth, in disguise?
Or are you the true form of peace and bliss?
Or are you the sacred light of our veritable soul?
Tell me, who are you, oh Gomatesha!
Oh, monk divine, did you taking this ordeal of silence
To intimate the truth that nakedness is incommunicable,
Looking at the blitz-kreig of the visioneries
Are unyielding and dry, and are only prattling?

You are eternal witness to the atrocities
Inflicted upon, *Bharati*, by outsiders.
You are witness in *Brahma's* court, for the deceitful way
In which her jewels were plundered.
You are witness to mother *Bharati*, for the Muslim army
That tourtured her, sword in right and Koran in left hand,
And to those who, with greed for money holding Satan
In heart, covered by Christ outside,

Came to India for trade, crossing the seas,
Of those who faigned to be by satanic ways Christian!
And having seen the blood from the forehead of *Bharati*
You have been witness to it, washing her feet.

It is said: he who is *Aruhant*, is child-like.
Humility is always the sign of greatness.
Your titanic form never touches our minds,
Though whispering to sun, moon and stars,
You stand embracing the clouds; Though
The master, you pose like a particle!
Though a collosal in form, you give us the feel
Of a veritable Rama! appealing to the mind,
You are teasing those worshippers of you
Who, cannot feed the poor and who are hungry
Under the attack of famine;
But choose to worship you with ghee and milk-rivers.

Taunting Time and defeating the creation
You stand mocking destruction.
In the hearts of those who look on you, you instil
Yourself and fill it with fearlessness.
You, the great sentinel, grant us the disconcern
Issuing out of your unaboded concern.
Your masterhood envelopping the other world and
Reaching beyond the earth is sucking
The joy and sorrow of vacuity.
Hail to the righteous image of the charming Karnataka.
Hail to the sculptors, pure fame of Karnataka;
Hail to Yogishwara, who has attained the unhoused state!
Hail, all hail to Sri Gommatedheeshwara!

Oh the great sculptor, is it the image created by you,
To belittle the wonder of the creator?
Did you, the master sculptor, out of challenge make this
The converging point of all universal feelings?
You conceived the image; prayed to Brahman:

Sculpted with tolerance: this is attainment;
As you finished sculpting Gommata's image
You realised the great Brahman :
What meditation can excel your fantasy?
How could your work be inferior to any spiritual gain?
You, the master sculptor, whose gain could equal yours?
You are the one, realised in life, yours is *Brahma-yoga.*

- Kuvempu

18. GOMATESHWARA

Rendering stone malleable, answering the call of the sculptor
You came to this earth, voluptuous of devotion,
Setting aside the tap-tap-tap sound of sculpting,
Dwelt on top of the hill, as though the full moon
Had been wrought in an image that exhumes the beauty of a lake-
To intimate the world the great wonder of God supreme,
You stand as Gommateshwara.

Shramana of purity, of open eyes, you bound
The sky and the land viewing at one stretch;
And you have strapped nature to your waist,
Even as peace is dancing at your feet.
Teaching the secret of life, turning the affable words
Into a white radiating smile, sapping
The pulp of tolerance you have spent centuries, smiling.

Preceptor: how can I forget you at any time?
Grant me at least a bit of your forbearance, in solid form!
Grant me a little of that sanctified look!
Teach us that knowledge by which we learn your teachings!

- G.P. Rajarathnam

19. IN PRAISE OF GOMATESHWARA

In what way shall I praise your charming form?
Sri Goamfesha, who have conqurered Cupid

The radiance of your body is the bright moonlight
The enticing image of yours, is the world's paean
The beauty of your Yoga, is inspiration to Cupid
The enticing image of yours, is the world's paean

This bonny face and the expressive look of these eyes
This brow, these curls, the shape of these ears,
And the cadence of these creepers are appealing to gods:
What other god has all these glories, except you?

You are in glory at the world famous Belagola
I cannot sing your glory; the kind prophet,
The valiant that stands in firm meditation,
How do I sing your enchanting person?

- Anonymous

20. SHRAVANABELAGOLA

Belagola, so near, I came
I came seeing so close
Reaching I see Jina's feet
I pray, absolve me of my sins

I see the forest, so ornamented
I see the buzzing of the bees
I see the hall of cupid's enemy
I see the auspicious icon

I see the moon - faced image
I see the direction - gaurdians, pure
I see the lotus feet in joy
I see the unsullied sages

The brother of Adi Chakresha
Fought and won against his brother
Undertook penance with sheer resolve
He is the beloved of Adinatha

Though the antills at the feet
Climbed to the shoulders
Not giving up the penance
He embraced the damsel of salvation

All around, there are seventy two
Icons of Jina; He is adorned at south Kashi.
Daily I worship Sri Bahubali
Circumambulating thrice from a distance.

- Ed: A. Santiraja Shastri

21. SRI GOMMATESHARA'S LULLABY

Lullaby to the child of Puruparamesha
Lullaby to the joy of Sunanda, the mother,
Lullaby to the lotus feet, revered by the world
Lullaby to the one who is a cluster of all virtues

Lullaby to the lord of Lakshmi of the human clan
Lullaby to the one, the pleasure of the eyes of maidens
Lullaby to the one of immaculate history, the serene,
Lullaby to one who is peerless

As the bells tinkle on the feet
As the ears shine like trellis work
And as a garland of pearls adores the breast,
The maids waved the cradle, singing like this.

As the waist dangled, the golden pot - breasts shook,
As the peering look lighted all the directions
As the bees perched on the jasmines worn,
The maidens waved the child in the cradle.

The younger brother of Adi Chakresha, of Cupid-form
On earth the wish fulfilling tree
The solar-disc of divine effulgence
One with lotus feet worshipped by gods.

One with fascinating body, the head-jewel among kids
The adventurous, enriched with all the luminous grace
Child Bahubalisha, the benevolent,
I crave at your feet, who wipes out the travails of the virtuous.

The one steadfast like the *Meru* mountain
One with the depth of the ocean
A treasure of compassion, hero of the worlds,
One with tender blue frame.

- Ed: A. Shanthiraja Shastri

22. THE SONG OF BEATING STICKS ON SRI GOMATA JINA SWAMY

Whosoever rejects me, you don't reject me,
Gomatesha, Gomatesha
Gomata Jina Swamy, Gomatesha, Gomatesha

There is a valley of hard rocks
Gomatesha Gomata Jinaswamy
At the back there is desert and dryland
Gomatesha Gomatesha
Gomata Jinaswamy, Gomatesha Gomatesha

I took shelter, thinking they were my kin
Gomatesha Gomata Jinaswamy
No compassion did they show; you save me
Gomatesha Gomatesha

I came into this world, all alone
Gomatesha Gomata Jinaswamy
When I go back, all alone, I go
Gomatesha Gomatesha

Tears in eyes, my hands are tied
Gomatesha Gomata Jinaswamy
I crave at your feet, oh my beloved,
Gomatesha Gomatesha

There is no joy till I feel small
Gomatesha Gomata Jinaswamy
The colour fades and the body withers
Gomatesha Gomatesha

Sinking my body to a baton's length
Gomatesha Gomata Jinaswamy
I lament and cringe, but no one is pained
Gomatesha Gomatesha

Men who were modest, became allured
Gomatesha Gomata Jinaswamy
It is the sheen of gold that lured them
Gomatesha Gomatesha

I folded my hands before all and sundry
Gomatesha Gomata Jinaswamy
Only I became shameless, poverty did not leave me
Gomatesha Gomatesha

In the guise of serving the others, Oh, Lord
Gomatesha Gomata Jinaswamy
I forget you and I am a sinner
Gomatesha Gomatesha

Help me cast off desires and cast off allurement
Gomatesha Gomata Jinaswamy
One with a hundred names, bless me with good things
Gomatesha Gomatesha
Gomata Jinaswamy
Gomatesha Gomatesha

- K.S. Dharendraiah

23. A SONG IN PRAISE OF BAHUBALI SWAMY

Such beauty in no other God, do I find
In none, other than Bahubali, son of Sripathi

Viewed from beauty, the first of Cupids
Given to defend, he is son of *Bomma*
In charity, he has sacrificed the world
Who is there to equal Sri Bahubali?

As King, he is brother to emperor Bharata
As teacher, he is son of Purudeva.
As elder, he is worshipped by the king of gods
He presides over Belagola, Sri Bahubali.

In beauty, he is beauty among beauties
In elevation, he is at the world's summit
In honour he is worshipped by the whole world
The one supreme dwells at the Vindhya hill.

- K.S. Dharendraiah

24. A SONG IN PRAISE Of BAHUBALI SWAMY

Lord supreme, Lord Bahubalisha
You have displayed your glory in this Bharat land

You spread Arhat religion,
You have attained eternal peace, Lord

You showed light to people on earth
Washed off the evil, and saved them, Lord

In the beginning, with love on earth
You gave away ambrosia in the form of teaching, Lord

People of varied faith you have turned devotees
Gommata Swamy, the lord of deliverance

When the westerners visit you, showing them
The spiritual path, you win their hearts in love

When emperor Bharata prayed you in distress, mutely
You took to severe austerities, Lord

You have deserted oh Lord, the wealth of the fools
You have held by hand the goddess of deliverance
The lord of gods, sacred and serene, Lord

The lord of three worlds, one who conqured Time
The dangling lord of wealth-goddess, protect the humble, Lord

Giving yourself to penance, you fasted
You conquered sin and desires, Lord

You went into the *Sumanasa* seat
Suppressing *Karma* with the speed of wind
You have sown knowledge on this earth, Lord

The lord of Chamundaraya's affection
The one who fulfils the wishes, Gomata, Lord

In the year of Eswara, relieve us of pain
You protect your slave, Dharaniga, Lord

- K.S. Dharendraiah

25. ON GOMMATA JINA AND SHRAVANA BELAGOLA

His feet turned black with the dirt of the votaries,
The innocent body of a cupid, with Fate's desire arrested
The bosom swelling, as if it brought the fleshy whiteness;
The peerless forehead with front locks and wiry throat

He is, of lips pliant and sweet like a child's smile that entices in
The onlookers an anxiety to kiss, endowing the smile
And the ambrosia of kindness; as if denuded of all the outward
Bonds, his eyes only a little flowering, and as if

Embodying the intellectual joy that raises within, he stands
On the stairacase from earth to heaven, eyes half open
And striking a friendly relation with the pliant smile
Stretching his pleasure to the others, with sympathy:
That's he who has raised his self-standard, the sacred
Gommata Jina.
At his feet the life of the village is sinking every minute.

- Pu. Thi. Narasimhachar

26. GOMMATESHA

A top of Earth's susceptibilities; the hill-top raised at the centre;
The blue bowl that raises beyond the steps of birth and death.
The king that stands atop the hill that is slippery.
The whole plain is a monastery, piercing across the horizon

A trumpet of light, (the war drum is silent),
Grasp it, it fills handful, leave it, it fills the world:
Could human form attain to this image? Step by step
It is Aruhanta, that has tread the path of fire.

He stands unsupported, opening up the inner bud of self
Washing in rain, putting on the wind, in the open field,
(Our arrogance is set within the four walls of the house.)
The call of the swan at the white pond, the bottom-tumult cleaned.
To the chisel of joy and detachment, the rock of bosom
Chipps out: In my mind I see the broken image.

- Chennaveera Kanavi

27. BAHUBALI GOMATESHA OF KARKALA

The image of elevated beauty, the bliss of emotional
Intergrity, is set in glory: it fills the eyes.
On its face it bears the emblem of genuinity,
Restraining the ephemeral pleasures and sorrows;
And embodies the unshaken detachment and yoga.
That effusion dances brightly. Does Bahubali of yore, and
His body's richness (of the state of detachment)-
The art of sculpture, bring out in the rocky-poem of Karkala?

Oh, artist-saint in stone: it is only the realisation
Of the boundless ability of yours that has been wrought
In this poem of hard-rock, this way. The stone has been
Done into a poem, thro' emotion by the dexterity of your hand,
Burgeoning. This has been your great epic:
It has been shaped in the language of heart's silence

- Ammembala Shankaranarayana

28. SRI GOMATESHWARA

Have they set in invocation, churning the nine
Feelings and procuring the butter of peace:
This image of Calm-Truth and Beauty in one,
The dazzling white frame, integral and pure:

The snakes are moving at your feet, issuing from
The ant hills; the creepers climb the thighs:
The birds have nested at the pate; standing,
What severe penance have you been performing:

Elevated, oh, Lord, you are in every way:
The victorious, conquering Bharata, the king:
The great donor, who returned all lands to him :
The saint who reached salvation, in advance of Adi Jina:

Who does not stand with folded hands, before you,
In reverence mixed with awe, oh, Gommata, the Yogi?

-Bhujendra Mahishavadi

29. GOMMATESHWARA

At last we have arrived at your presence:
Hunger, thirst and weariness have sped away,
By raising your image, with hands reaching thighs,
We call you, aged? The face of a bonny child:
Spreading great grace, standing in Yoga posture.
We never get tired of viewing it repeatedly.
He stands thrashing the mad pride and ambition
To attain the earthly pleasures, a divine image:

As one goes on climbing, pace by pace by pace,
Though one becomes exhausted all through,
What price, for the joy one derives, at the top?
The art of a skilled artist, the wealth of the Ganga kings!
Those who contemplate of the duality of Bharata
And Bahubali, and on weal and sacrifice, do they
become dumb-founded?

- N.S. Gadagkar

30. A STRAIN OF SANCTITY

Many on this earth are self-indulgent, alone;
The detachment of some is spurred by paucity;
Some take to the path of sacrifice, because
They lack vitality. Yours is a different path,
Bahubali : Anon, casting the damsel of land
Away, while she would be enthroned in your bosom,
You wrought your mind in sobriety; the damsel
Of detachedness enamoured you: your soul bloomed ;

You stand sky high, un-clad in mind and body,
Bahubali, a warrior of non-violence,
Even to this day, the lesson you taught
Is needed to negate hatred and war.
Let not the wealth raising from the spindle
Of the warriors' foils like becs hanker us.
That is the only way to the world's redeem !

- C.P.K.

31. BAHUBALI

With budding smile, Bahubali, lushful and enticing,
Kevali you are, conquering all desiress, set in Self-Yoga;
While all else except the wealth of mind lost taste,
You rendered all the worldly lust, into worthless thing.
You, the lover of deliverance, won her by remaining naked
In and out: you've held aloft the public mind with love
Gomataswamy, blossomed in earth's love, the Virtuous !
You be the load star for those wedded to earthly life ;
You shed off the joys of earthly life, like the evening's
Charm; what glory emanates in morning rises to sky; like wise
You stand on Vindhya hill! Being a silent witness
You laugh at the pettiness of human beings, it seems!
You who revolted against tradition, we have made you
A tradition and sung your honour, with no alternative to seek.

- Raagau

32. IN THE PRESENCE OF GOMMATESHWARA OF SHRAVANABELAGOLA

In Sri Gomateshwara's sublime presence
As if someone had held suddenly and
Gagged the mouth, words faint, the gravity
Of silence prepondering. The flood of
Reverence and honour, beating the mind,
Overflows at the heart. Like the creeper
That bows to the ground, at its own weight,
My soul falls at the feet of the mighty,

In all humility. My eyes glued to the face
In meditation, my sight is benumbed. As
One stands at the raising hill that pierces
The clouds and reaches the sky, the evening
Closes by; when one stands and gazes at
The boundless sea, all alone, the eye-ball
Oozes like a balloon and bursts; again
As one looks at the measureless star-studded sky
In the dark, rocky and unfathomable night,
And views the expanding universe: Like wise
Am I enchanted, overcome with the charged
Feeling of sublimity. The being called I
Drowned in ambrosia, is becoming dead;

This is collosal art, godly colossal art;
The art that in stone, in inert matter
Has wrought this palpable nakedness into
A colossal image. That which lays the seal
Of sublimity on what is eternally serene
Is noble and colossal art. Oh you, who
Laugh at nakedness, laugh here, if you have
The courage. For pettiness, for meanness,
A total kick. Sustenance for sublimity and
Nobility. The child's innocene, the serenity.
And bliss of one contemplative mind, stubbornness
Of the diamond, tenderness of the flower,
The enigma of truth and the ineffableness of
Brahma have all converged in this superb
Image of nudity. Here the mouth becomes
Gagged. The word is struck with the thunder-bolt of silence;

Arahanta, teacher; Oh, Gomateshwara,
You do not fight shy of nakedness; are n't
Afraid of nudity. You donot deceive
Yourself, by resorting to cover up pettiness

With the false raiments of civility, and
Parading with glitter. Why all that falsity
To you, who are above our pettiness, in all things,
Being huge as the cosmos? The wrapping of
Secrecy is needed for a book of evil, of wickedness
And meanness. Is it needed for magnanimity,
Vast as the sky? And does it satisfy?
Real worth need not cower under nakedness.
Raiment is needed for the emaciated; not for
The really mighty. Only the inferior lack
Honour sans cloth: drag the king and strip
Him of his clothes and the crown. Then only
Would it be known whether it is cloth or
The individual that is honoured. Who is the king-
Is it the attire or the person. How many are
There amongst us, who really being naked,
Are worthy of the honour of the whole earth?
All those who glorify their greatness through
Saffron to pontiff-hood, gold to kingship,
Coat of mail to war-heroism, the holy thread
To Brahminism, sacred ash to Shiva devotion,
Aplomb lines on forehead to Vishnu devotion,
Let all of them learn from you the greatness of
Nakedness. Giving up saffron, Rudrakshi beads,
The various types of head-gears, and the darkness
Of the sanctum sanctorum you have fallen in love
With sheer nakedness of Truth, oh my preceptor,
Obeisance to you,
That stands on the field of solemnity beyond beauty,
That connects the earth to the sky. Grant unto me,
Divine unmindfulness and *Brahma* sublimity of yours,
That is measureless. Grant me blessings that
Never fade and are shining eternally, Sri Gomatesha!

- Kuvempu

33. GOMATESHWARA

How long have you been doing austerieties?
Hey, Gomateshwara; your penance is severe.
You stand closing your eyes in firm meditation.
What ambition you have, I don't know.
Are you spreading the message of peace to the world?
Is your peace, attained thro' peace all around?
Or, does your peace, bring peace all around ?
In the company of the gentle, gentleness grows.
Even Rama's sea, must have learnt the lessons
Of peace through you, tell me.
Why don't you open your eyes, oh, God? Is it because
During Kali age, Peace has been sacrifice ?
Will you not show me the mercy of looking at
Your heavenly beauty with love, that is
Dense and enchanting moon light which can
Transform, this black rocky hill, the seat
Of your presence into a white hill?
The great Yoga practitioner, does not
Dawning fresh melliflous song ensuing
From the throats of *Koels*, become
Heartening to you? The moon light,
The sun rays, the milky way, the rain bow,
The firefly, the lightning, the thunder,
And the thunder-bolt, the rain and wind,
The mist and cold, the force of Time's disc :
None of these things have been successful
In shaking your solidity and your firm
Meditation. oh, Gomateshwara !
Nature Dame that casts a spell on the poet,
Has become bashful looking at your
Other-worldly meditation; She has come
To blame her own beauty. Open your eyes,

Open your eyes oh, Gomateshwara;
To see the smiles of damsels *Sandhya*
And *Usharani*, and to be contented,
Open your eyes, open your eyes;
Why this penance?? Why not show mercy?
Alas, I forget, you are a great practioner of Yoga;
Would it be nice for him to cast his look, for one like you
At another's spouse?

- H. Vittala Shenoy

34. AN ODE ON THE GREAT HEAD BATH OF SRI GOMATA

1

This, our parched land, is calling you.
Arise, Sri Gomataswami;
Arise, oh, arise, from the indolent sleep;
Arise, oh, arise, breaking the stony sleep of centuries ;
Arise, for our sake, from the sleep of *Nirvana*,
From the divine contentment of integrity ;
Oh come and arise as the mighty spritual image of our hearts;
Oh come to us like the sun to the darkness of our past indulgence;
Oh come to us as the moon to the water lily buds of our aspirations
Oh, come and bless us;
Oh redeem us;
Let the restoration of our spirit merge with the
restoration of your image,
Oh come and bless us;

2

Your restoration?
Don't laugh, great teacher, it is our earthly foolishness;

How can you become worn out, when you are afresh every day?
To one who is perfect in every way, what does restoration, mean?
Nay, not like that;
It is not your restoration:
These our lives which had become bankrupt, are now
being restored;
Our sullied lives are being bathed in your great head bath;
The virtuous bath of milk, ghee and curd that signifies
Knowledge, devotion and detachment!

3

Pampa, the premier poet of Kannada, in his Adi Purana,
Has sung your spiritual glory,
The gravity of your courage, charity, friendliness and sacrifice.
The warrior-poet Chavundesha, who heard it,
While searching for an image in keeping with that sublimity,
While searching for a form in keeping with the vast experience,
One evening, while returning to the camp, the day's duty finished,
He beheld the eminence of the rock,
That hill peak of the Shravan, raising against the evening sky,
Collossal, solid and mysterious like the one reaching the sky;
Astraddle on Yoga quickened by emotional ingenuity, he
stood dumb-founded:
He did behold, did behold, behold, behold;
He beheld as if piercing the rock and invoking it.
Then Gomatesha became incarnated as if a vision realised;
The land all around was reduced by the mighty form that filled.
That vision was turned to an image by the sculptor.
It became an eye to Karnataka, as he shaped it,
The huge rock of magnanimity, by the learned sculptor!

4

Bharata, the emperor, your elder brother,
Though victorious, was still hankering for success!
He wanted to inscribe on the range of Vrishabhagiri
The intimate trophy of the victor Vishwa Vishwambhara;

Whereat he finds no place for his blazon,
As the blazons of the past emperors filled the range;
He who had conquered the whole world, becoming a victim
To the lure of fame, a servant to selfishness,
Became ridiculous before Fate and by wiping one of those
blazons,
Inscribed the following, his own blazon of victory;
The blazon that is mundane and knows no permanance:
"Peace be in the name of his regime
Who receives prostations from all the earthly kings;
Whose fame spreads in all parts of the world:
He who has extended the family clan,
The eldest son of Adideva,
The wonder of the world,
The moon in the *Ikshawku* firmament,
The lord of the Chakra-jewel,
The master of the nine treasures,
He who recives obeisance from the gods,
The grand son of the illustrious Nabhiraja;
He, in whose fight for victory
The whole earth was brimming with *Iravatha*
And other non-descript elephants and
The dust rising thereof filled the ocean;
In the marching of whose army
The mountains and frontier forests were razed;
Under the prowess of whose arm
The land bound by sea, was raised;
He, whose glory is sung by celestial damsels,
Valiantly and with arrogance, in the mountain range;
He who ruled the earthly sphere bound by the six continents:
He, Bharateshwara got this blazon inscribed
In this Vrishabhadri, his glory sung by gods; and
Instilled it so that it exists so long as the earth exists."

5

'As long as the earth exists.'
What craze and what challenge, for gaining lure of power and
arrogance?
The same evil still causes turmoil in our lives.
Even to day, the reigns of administration
Are held by the same fury, hatred and the passion of ego, is it not?
Have they not taken upon themselves the role of *Shakuni*
In the blood-shed tragedy?
Oh, revered Bahubali,
Oh, the valiant fighter for the righteous non-violence,
With your effulgent spirit you conquered,
So that the world, without the exception of Bharatha
Could fall at your feet,
Conquered the evils of that fury, that hatred, that ego,
But the messengers of the dark evil spirits,
Manifested in *Bharatha* and confronted you;
On the pinnacle of the earthly desires
You erected the pillar of victory of Sacrifice, is it?
So the whole world prostrates at your feet.
Listen to me, my teacher, the wish-fulfilling tree of Peace,
The words of wisdom that you spoke to your elder brother,
Which veritably exist as long as the earth, aye, even beyond that:
The blazon of victory charactered in diamond letters eternally
On the minds of all human beings, on the Vrishabhagiri
of their minds:

"This Chakra at your command
Is unable to conquer the mountain of a body of mine.
Why do you remain taciturn?
Can a diamond assail a hill of diamonds?

This damsel of kingdom who is frail-minded like a bee
That gyrates in the spindle wrought by warriors' foils,
Be enshrined for ever in your bosom;

I bestow upon you, the earthly kingdom, father gifted me.
What purpose is there in my hankering for that lass and that land
Except that my name becomes sullied?

Without meaning much dis-respect for you,
What evil came up, I will wipe out the fault,
Give up your unbecoming demand
And forget my malicious act."

6

The ultimate target for the lives of men lies
In the reaching of internal attainment
Which embodies itself in deliverance of the self facade
Of *Sat-Chit-Ananda*
You have attained the Unassailed Auspicious pedestal
And are worthy of the salutations of the world;
Your worship is for us, the spiritual exercise;
Before that actionless action
All other actions are like the Vindhyas before the Himalayas;
Oh, the perennial source of inspiration for the clan of sages,
Oh, the collossal image of a teacher, eternal,
Set in our hearts and lead them from the abyss of selfish-darkness
To the effulgent light;
Save our spirits, from this curse of littleness. so that
they become majestic!
Gaurd us, uniting this Karnataka of yours;
Let our mouths be gratified by speaking your Kannada!
Let not our mother be a slave to the lure of other tongues.
Let your Bharatha land, raise to your height;
Let the earth's milky aspiration become fulfilled
Through India's peaceful breast;
Let the eternal supra-mind achieve success incarnating
In the earthly mind's pod;
Through the integral attainment, let this earth be blessed with
Milky deliverance;

Through the rivers and brookes taking birth in this
Virtuous Head-bath,
Let our earthly weal live for ever!*

- Kuvempu

*Written on the occasion of the first head both of Sri. Gomateshwara at Gomatagiri about 15 miles from Mysore, on its restoration, after it had been in a neglacted condition for a long period.

35. BAHUBALI, THE COLOSSAL

Oh Bahubali, the colossal
In the whole universe, I am told,
There is no other statue, as yours!

Where else can one find, a statue like yours,
Where in one solid stone the figure is sculpted
Which is symmetrical in form and beauty?

Your sublimity is not merely physical,
You are sublime to the inner eye as well!
You are really the illustrious!

In courage you are the Himalayas!
In fortitude, you vanquished
The emperor, lord of six continents!

In sacrifice, you are the nude saint:
You sacrificed the wealth and glory
And all its allurements!

In penance, you foretook your father:
You, the bridegroom that wed
The bride of deliverance!

Who is there to equal you,
In essence and truthfulness,

Blessed in joys and worthy in Yoga,
Those in whom all virtues commingle.

Who is there that has fought against
Many opposing forces, and crushed
Those several forces contradictory to each other?

Who is there like you that crossed
The land of past and present virtues
Unconnected and set in the border land?

You are unattached as much as attached!
Being victorious, embraced defeat, the large hearted!

Though first among the cupids,
Who is there so unattached as you?
Though you are the mischievous boy,
Who is there like you, given to HATA yoga?

On the Vindhya hill in South India,
You stand north - ward.
What are you seeing, beyond north?

In the farthest point, in north India
Your father sits looking south-wards,
Vrishabhanatha at the Kailas mount.
Does he sit looking at you?
Is your look glued to him?

Nay, in between, there is Ayodhya,
The capital of India.
There is Bharata, the emperor, your brother.
Are the two of you, father and son looking at him?
Are you wishing all the good for his kingdom?

Time passed; Bharata became one with the soil.
His empire became destroyed and is gone.
So many kings and their kingdoms,
Arose and fell, and bacame one with the dust.

Still, you continue to view them.
Your father became one with the mist.
Still you continue to view that way.
You have been gaurding the whole of India.

Strength, right conduct, truth and non-violence:
That is the principle which runs the Indian's life.
If we traverse on this path, there is freedom for India.
If we sacrifice that principle, we are lost for ever.
The message of your life, has taught us this principle.

India's strength lies in its spirituality.
Bereft of it, how do we get our freedom?
We lost that and lost our freedom.
The *Mlechchas* began to rule us.
We realised that principle and won back our freedom.
And we are enjoying the pleasure of liberty.

Though eaons have passed, you have not passed off.
The mighty of shoulders, your grace remains unknown.
We derive strength and value through you.
In your presence we live and realise the other world.

Father, we have brought ambrosia and bathe you.
Turn your children deathless!
And defend the fame of India!

Om Victory, victory to you, lord!
Om, Victory, let life attain victory!
Om Shanthih. Shantih, All embracing!
Om Shantih, Shantih, the Integral!

- Bhujendra Mahishawadi

36. BAHUBALI OF PAMPA

1

Millions of obeisance to Bahubali of Pampa,
One, bold of religion.

Arhant of Adi Pampa, teacher of the whole land!
Heaven of palatable stuff, the voice of the folk
From where did it rise, from whom did it sprout?
Break up your pride; know your physical body.
On the pedastal of Diamond, you rose and reached
The peak point of the body's release, you are the one
With an immortal body!
A hundred thousand obeisance!
Gommata of Belagola,
Lord of hundred thousand people!

2

You are the overlord of the heritage of Man,
A crew of sculptors finding you in *Siddha Shila*
Have become gratified, sacred, at every step!
We, of the six continents fall at your feet!
You stand aloft throwing the disc of victory,
Rejecting kingdom that leads to war between siblings,
Crossing beyond the bounds of insolance!
Lord of a hundred thousand people
Gomata of Belagola
A hundred thousand salutations to you!

3

Give thè call : Hara, Hara Mahadev,
Pray, Victory to Lord Jina!
Pray: Hail, Shiva, Jina Lord!

Run on your way to the ablutions of Gomata!
Shramanas, refugees and servants, tread!
Pray to Bahubali, sing in his glory!
This is the day of days, sing day and night!

4

Gomateshwara, worshipped by *Jinasri*
Bhavyajeevi Shreyansa, worshipped by people.
Salutations, bringer of good to Jina, success to you.
Salutations, bringer of good to Jina, and good to people.
Let life on earth, at the top of world, feel gratified!

- O. De. Shi.

37. GOMATESHWARA

The spirit became frozen
The mind became frozen
The bliss solidified:

Becoming mixed up
They are pleasing
The onlookers.

Greatness, and glow,
Beauty in kindness and strength
Were added to these;

The tact that fought evil
And those skills
That navigate;

All these adding up
Have bloomed along
The stone, you see.

The fortitude and honour
Which were dreamt of
Or could not even be:

We find all that here,
What art it is!
Is it wax or stone?

Wax or stone? Neither,
It is illusion.
What wonder, oh, sculptor!

You attained it;
Not many can;
Can they, like you?

Is life worthy of
The locks, the breast?
You, who carve these?

That mean art
Is it art or sculpture?
The inner beauty

That fights within for ages,
If it could be drawn out
And glorify the rock;

If the rock were taught
To state this is Art,
Then, only it is Art.

Teacher Gomata,
The home of love,
The great abode of rituals

You seem to be offering,
Smiling gracefully,
The king of kings, the elder;

Enough of this misery,
Be done with travails
Take this heaven;

Take this heaven,
That is hidden in yourself;
It is tiny, it is hidden-

Open it up, oh you, men at large
You wake it up:
You seem to be telling.

Enter my bosom;
And teach me the lesson
Of how to seek beauty;

You teach me love
You, who are detached,
And are the learned.

-Srinivasa

38. GOMATESHWARA

On the Vindhya hill of Shravanabelagola,
You Gomateshwara, the sage, reticent, stand
Above the whole world; it is wallowing in the abyss of *Karma*
But you stand erect in the posture of Yoga.

All around, the earth and sky are filled in peace
While all around the halo of your spirit spreads!
Jina Muni that you are, you stand with *Kevala* knowledge!
Sri Gomatesha, Spirit of Truth and Peace!

Hudrends of centuries have passed off, oh Sage,
Since you took Jina order and cast off enjoyment;
You stand on this hill top, in Yoga posture,
When is it going to end? What do we know?
Bound by *Karma*, are we; you are immaculate.
You who have no peer, the cupid on this earth,
You stand in *Kevala* knowledge, Oh, Jina-sage,
Sri Gomatesha, the Spirit of Truth and Peace!

Born of Sri Sunandadevi's womb, the junior consort
Of Adinatheshwara, you came to be known as Bahubali
On this earth; along with you, your sister
Soundari was brought up; Yashaswati, your granny, and
Bharatesha, your elder brother, Brahmila, your
Younger sister and Vrishabhasena, the brothers.
An Image of Peace, the Sage in godly form;
Sri Gomatesha, Spirit of Truth and Peace!

Bharatesha led an invasion, far and wide over the earth,
With arrogance, of being the overlord of the six continents!
While the Sri Chakra advanced fearlessly,
The kings, fell at its feet, seking refuge!
Bharatesha, traversing to the Kailasa hill
Got inscribed the victory of land on stone!
Sri Chakra, thereafter traced its path to Saketha;
What followed next, is well known to you, oh sage,
Sri Gomatesha, Spirit of Truth and Peace!

Sri Chakra did not enter the town, Saketha:
Bharatesha was baffled, given to think, some thing

Went wrong; learnt that Bahubali had not surrendered.
Hence, he led an assault on Paudanapura!
Then, when you encountered brother Bharatha,
The angels stood whimpering and cast down
Their look, who could be your peer?
Sri Gomatesha, the Spirit of Truth and Peace!

In the battle, the valiant warrior was vanquished,
The angels, the satyrs and demi-gods and men
And all the army sang invoking all good.
Can any body stand equal to Bahubali, the hero!
The praised! Taking the elder brother in embrace,
You gifted the land with love, pressing him.
Leaving beside enjoyments, you took to Yoga!
Sri Gomatesha, the Spirit of Truth and Peace!

Where you took to penance, the ant hills grew up!
The wild creeper with tendrils spreading
Has climbed on to your body, through thigh and waist.
You carried penance, without break, a gain!
Rain and sun and the cold cannot assail you!
Whatever the ailments, you stand aplomb,
While the *Bhavyas* dance and sing around you!
Sri Gomatesha, the Spirit of Truth and Peace!

You look a stone image for the unintiated,
Nay, no stone, no stone, You are Aruhanta on earth!
To please the virtuous people are you here in this form,
Whereever one turns to, there is deep silence!
In the hearts of the religious, the Jina's word resounds,
There is a forest, for one who keeps his eyes open!
The sight of *Samavasarana*, for those who visualise,
Sri Gomatesha, the Spirit of Truth and Peace!

The twenty Tirthankaras are in vicinity, with
The enchanting Brahma's column in front!
An attractine flight of steps, along the hill,
Wherein the Jina divinities fan about the devout!
As peace spreads fountain-like in your inner space,
You look northward to Paudanapura, your place;
You hail the pride of the Kannada folk, all around!
Sri Gomatesha, the Spirit of Truth and Peace!

Once in a period of twelve long years
People bathe you in milk and water!
Knowing it is all a child's play
You stand smiling, your eyes wide open!
What do the common people know of the worship
Rendered by dame Nature; the poet knows all!
With an open mind, I recount that worship!
Sri Gomatesha, Spirit of Truth and Peace!

When nature is burgeoning with fresh sprouts,
Dame Nature offers salutations with flowers!
She offers the tender coconut and fans the cool air,
During summer; while during the rainy season
She offers ablutions to you with the dense clouds,
Setting the rainbow for the back drop; as winter
Comes with devotion, she garlands you with
Jasmines as pure and serene as the white clouds.
Sri Gomatesha, the Spirit of Truth and Peace!

Mother Earth pays obeisance, by day and night
With the ever burning lamps, sun and moon,
In joy: with the dawn-red *Chandana* breathing in
The cool breeze, at day break, with bees
Buzzing like jingling bells, forming
Bouquets of flowers of varied hues and perfumes!
Sri Gomatesha, the Spirit of Truth and Peace!

Rachamalla's premier Chamundaraya was blessed by you:
On the hill top, you are enshrined in an icon!
Hence the poet calls upon you to house yourself
A sublime image in the heart of Karnataka:
Burning away the carnal desires of love and lure
Trampling meanness, you hold high the loftiness
Of character! I salute you, *Aruhant the Kevali*!
Sri Gomatesh, the Spirit of Truth and Peace!

A sage's image adorning the heart of Karnataka,
Far and wide, your renown is spreading!
You are housed in each of us, but we are not in you!
You know each one of us, but we hardly know you!
Why strings of pearls! you are Jina, the direction clad!
Bless this land of *Kannadas*, as long as the earth,
The sky and sun and moon exist, oh, Sri Bahubali!

- O.N. Lingannaih

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39. SRI GOMMATESHA

The nude saint, that stands atop the hill !
This posture in meditation to attain salvation,
To clear the clouds of worldly desires,
This is real pleasure! For this, the sacrifice
Of all bodily enjoyments. When you carry such message
Have they stood you, in stone here, anon?
Have the virtuous acts of several past births
Taken shape in a learned artist, flowered so fine?
Genuine company, genuine acts, genuine desires
Genuine devotion: when each becomes genuine,

And when the deathless sheen transcending
Death, birth and all the ailments, glows,
You are indeed, the saint, gratified, who have
Spread the message of sacrifice, that is
Worthy of emulation to the whole earth,
Knowing full well, the enjoyments at different levels.

In the conflict that goes on endlessly
Between humanity and beastliness, one may enjoy
Thro' animal force, empire, army and
The white umbrellas of congregations!
You are the only heroic Yogi, to have
Seen God through meditation and found bliss!
By sacrificing the pleasures of desire and luck,
You have attained eternity, the saint!

The image of great radiance and tranquillity,
Have you become reticent, in order, that the stars
And the full moon shining in detached clear heart
Delve into the depths of the hearts of several lives
On earth? Is it the mark of greatness in man,
To exploit, in too many ways, his own brothern
And friends? Do you call down the domestic life?

You have been calm, knowing past and the antecedents
Of Indian culture! An image of godliness, sublime and serene!
On the sea beach, the child plays creating
Varied pictures laughingly, running along.
But all that is lost, when a wave breaks up!
Likewise seats of religion and bejewelled thrones
Are wiped out. But then those kingly religions in which
Compassion runs in and out are the only immortal things:
You seem to be stating smilinigly.

- Adibai Ramanna Setty

40. LIKE MYSELF

Only recently, you know, Bahubali's bath took place!
Then, on the hill, a small child asked its grandpa:
"Who is this, grandpa! stands here, and gazes.
What is he doing atop the Chandragiri hill?"
"This is Bahubali, child, an image of courage.
His glory has flooded all the world over!
He gazes at those that climb and descend the hill.
He keeps count of those that stand and push."
"Why is it that he came to this far off hill top,
Is he not afraid of being lonely, cut off from people?"
"Fear? No, child, he is an image of fearlessness.
His brother Bharata, king of kings, came here in insolence.
And fighting with pelf, met his miserable defeat.
And giving Bharata back, the kingdom, he had won
Bahubali said: You lost and won. I only won to lose.
The hill, sky-high has been calling me all along.
What is here, that life cannot attend to?
The only answer to life and death is penance and enlightenment."
Even as he did penance, standing atop the hill,
To see the resplendent path beyond life and death,
Sun came, shadow came, wind blew unruffling.
Once it was a blanket of green, once it was yellow, that spread.
Once the Sun, then the Moon, each went in orbit
And saluted him that stands like a column of light.
"Today, why did so many throng here, grandpa,
And why did they cry, "Bahubali" "Bahubali"?
"Child, to day he is bathed in milk here!
For those tired on the path, he is the subject of meditation.
Smiling with a child's milky smile, he stands, the attained,
Smiling with his beautiful face, that lofty saint."
"Grandpa.
Even mother stands me like this, soaked in oil,

Before she gives me an oil bath; Bahubali
Like me is awaiting for the first mug of water
With his eyes kept wide open, you see."

Gommatesha burst out in laughter, looking at the child's innocense.

- S.R. Ekkundi

41. GOMATESHA

It is as if
Divine boastfulness became embodied;
Love, Pity, Truth and Beauty
Had taken a sublime form;

It is as if
The charity of sky
And the depth of sea
Were sculpted in solid shape:

For me, you are an epic poem,
The glorious Gomatesha of Belagola,
The naked Yogisha, who are a chaste blessing.

You are being worshipped
By earth and sky
Eternally.

- G.S. Shivarudrappa

42. GOMATESHA

The sculptured beauty of the black land
The breath of the artist's heart,
The emotion that took shape
Is floating today, in fame

Untamed by storm and rain
Untouched by sun and cold
The Yogi's meditation
Brought to you great attainment

Overcome by the power of penance
The snake falls at your feet, bending,
The creeper sprouts and climbs the breast,
Emotionally in great joy.

The fount of feeling is oozing
In the eyes of Bahubali,
Devotion comes running
In the image adorning

On the hill by the white lake
In the heart of mother Bharata
The ascetic stands radiantly
In our black country

In every body's heart
There is Lord Gomatesha,
Peace is spreading on all sides,
Splendour showing in pride.

The sculptured beauty of black soil
The breath of the artist's heart
The emotion that took shape
Is floating today in fame.

- Balu B. Upadhye

43. GOMMATA

Is Gommatesha, a mystery?
Did he peel off his bark -
Is there any thing other than bark
To protect one's own honour?
In his very pendent position,
His flight goes beyond the universe!

Gommatesha is he himself a riddle?
If not, is he only a rind?
He sought a haven of peace,
Beyond contentment:
Light kindled, sight sprouting
And opened up a spring!

For Gomata, the sky, a dome is the back drop!
The one word fructified into life's back drop!
Let selfishness and prejudice turn to dust,
Let them mix up with the dust -
Friendship and love have burgeoned up
On lovely lips and in the eyes!

The legend that Gomata is Cupid -
Did it end with time's progress?
What joy there, is in his embedment,
If one is not a Cupid?
The blossoming bud lays on a siege;
There you've the river of bliss!

- Venugopala Soraba

44. GOMATESHA AT THE TRIPLE PILGRIM CENTRES

Headman among the heroic,
One of immaculate life,
Dispensing the devotees' requests
He has been called a god.

He stands in glory
Atop a tall peak
Like the sages without sitting,
He stands in severe austerities.

Awakening the visitors
He looks strong of mind
He is peerless among men
Sacrificing the worldly desires.

Attracting the minds
That run away, towards him,
Raising waves of emotion
Clad himself in thorough nudeness
Gomata is worshipped by singing Jaina tenets.

At the three places,
Belagola, Karkala and Venur
He has been spreading
The past glory of Karnataka
And delights one and all.

- K.N. Bhat

45. THE NUDE ON CHANDRAGIRI HILL

"Where were you brother, did you forget me?
But I didn't choose to forget you,"
When the deep voice patted my ear
Climbing the first step, I faltered.

"Why are you dazed and shocked, my brother,
Like the irreligious, why lack self-knowledge?"
Who is it that says that I lack self-knowledge?
How I have become a thorough muff?

Casting my pleading look in all directions
Feeling I had been in a frenzy
I moved on the hill of the black rocks
Gasping for breath, I continued!

As I went on and on, I felt, as if I had been here,
Sometime back in the past;
As if I had trod the same rock, and had been sitting-
I felt memory scraping me!

Even as I tried to forget, it came back to me and I thought
I had undergone the same in the past life!
Vague pictures forming in mind, all along
I was orphaned, and I became mad!

"Oh, child, why lose balance, no place for fear;
Come to me, and all fear leaves you,"
Like the resounding waves thrown by the sea,
The word spread up and down all again.

Ascending the peak, entering the open door
I beheld the Image before me,
The fore locks falling down, with a smile in the face
He said: 'I and you are twins'.

These words made me realise, who he happened to be.
I kicked the earth below, aside,
I grew up and growing up I drew him forcibly.
We became one and the sky swung!

"At last I found you, and never shall I leave you,
Pardon me that forget you, Gomatesha.
I searched in vain for you, where you were not,
Don't leave me, your younger brother, Gomatesha!"

The embrace loosening, Bahubali turned to stone
I had fallen on rock and was wailing.
The priest who had brought a little cold water
Applied it to my pate and lifted me up!

- Shivaramu

46. THE SUBLIME IMAGE OF GOMMATESHA

I take refuge in your gracious feet,
Gommatesha, the colossal.
The resplendent, having burnt Cupid,
He dwells at the hill top.

This land of mysterious acts has been
Glorious in your kindness
The Belagola hill became famous on earth
Reaching peerless glory!

The world has become nought
Not treading the path of heaven
Enough of this, oh Gomatesha,
Why have you been reticent?

A charming colossus, your silence
Kisses the heavenly heights
The form of the noble conduct
Makes the heavenly sphere radiant.

Standing on the lotus pedestal,
The ascendence of labour, shown;
You exhibit unsullied chronicle of *Kamadeva*,
In all its resplendence!

The creepers and the ant hills are all round
But in your mind you raised gracefully,
The rich harvest of the raised head
Has showered grace all around.

Atop Belagola hill, supreme on this earth
The bold warrior, oh,
Defend us, the earthly poor,
Through the prowess of Yoga.

In the northerly direction you stretched
Your look afloat,
Blessed the people with jewels and wealth
And Blessed them lovingly.

Let everybody learn the path of righteousness
By emulating you
Your precept of enjoyment through detachment,
The complex jewel honoured.

The charming wealth of the three worlds
In its enticing form
Stands atop the hill, showing
Its sublime form.

Let the path of truth and righteousness
Prevail for all times,
Let the world be turned to heaven
With the blessings of the truthful.

- S.P. Padmanna

47. GOMATESHWARA AT KARKALA

As the Sahyadri range of hills kisses the sky,
And seem to compete among themselves, in haste,
As the peaks raise sky high,
And the wind that carries the sweet scent
Of the wild flowers' offering
Blows coolly
And the blue sky at the top, and
The green earth at the bottom
Are flourishing till the sight is lost,

I stand overjoyed, wholly unaware of myself
Being baffled at sublimity of the lushy forest.

I beheld, without batting my eye lid,
As the full moon rose up from beyond the hilly range
In ecstacy, saying : Today it's full moon night;
How lucky have I been.

The very next moment there was the great emanation
In the East. The whole sky was bathed in light.
The yellow rays from the full moon were emerging.
Darkness was escaping like a thief.

Being swung in the cradle of moonlight
I was looking at the full moon, being overjoyed,
In all attention. Weaving words in my mind,
I stood there, so that, that enticing picture
Was not wiped away from my mind. I was losing
Myself in that emotional ecstacy.

Friends by my side, awakened me from my trance.
They whispered: Come, let us go, for seing
That other scene. Then I started, to see Gomata-
To see the presence of the emperor of detachment!

As I stood looking at the image of Gomata
Of Karkala, memory flew to Shravanabelagola.
Another image began to unfurl on the mind's
Screen, slowly. What sweet memory! The stream of joy
Was flowing in spate. The mind was thrilled
In the realisation of that great experience!

Gomata of Karkala, before the naked eye!
In the mind's eye, the image of Sharavanabelagola!
Both are immersed in severe austerities!

Both have conqured the senses! Emperors in detachment!
Even then, one difference marks them both:
That's what my mind came to assess.

My mind was hankered with the question:
Why is it, that, the pleasantness in the face
Of Belgola's Gomata, is not etched in the face of Gomata
Of Karkala, that mind - arresting smile's allurement,
Why it is not there, that pleasantness which
Opens up the mind like a flower?

Here it is the uncrowned monarch in the realm of
Detachment, who stands with gravity.
For his austerities, thinking this is
The apt place, he stands here, on the Karkala hill.

As I was viewing that great sculpture in amazement,
The full moon had raised sky high.
He was offering ablution to Gomata
With his pitchers full of moonlight.

That night, which I spent at Karkala
Is a great night in my life.
I can never forget, the divine experience,
I had that night, never in my life.
The sacred memory of that thrilling joy
Remains evergreen in my mind!

- Tivikrama

48. I PROSTRATE AT THE JINA PAADA OF BAHUBALI, THE BEAUTIFUL

Bahubali, who has a supreme place in this universe
By winnowing the spirit from the deadly dross
And reached the eternal peace, oh divinity!
I prostrate at his feet, the Lord of the Universe!

Son of Adinatha, Sunanda's off spring,
Emperor of the earth, brother to Bharata,
Though won victory over his brother,
He rejected to rule over the land,
I prostrate at his feet, the Lord of the Universe!

He achieved deliverance at the aeon's beginning
He is the first *Manmatha* of this aeon, and
Who, during this age appears in his highest image, before,
Him I prosptrate the *Sayujya* Bahubali.

The Gomata image that appeared before Chavundaraya,
You stand atop Vindhyagiri at the divine rich Belagola,
Virtue incarnate, the tenderly formed beauty-
At divine Bahubali's feet, I prostrate.

The image, a vision of Kalala Devi,
Who blessed *Gulukai* granny's devotion!
The sky clad teacher, who won over ignoble acts
I fall at the divine Bahubali's feet.

You stand unattacked by the rain, cold and sun
Though creepers have climbed over your frame
Unaffected by the movement of the snakes,
The mighty God, at his Jina feet I prostrate !

The master of *Shramans*, beauty, real and well shaped
The face that beams endurance and equality to all
Boundless joy and peace, the self's good will,
Lord of genuine good, I fall at Bahubali's feet!

Fresh and immaculate, though a thousand years old.
A shape that never grows dim, through the luminous form
You show the right path to the whole world
Lord Bahubali, I fall at the Jina's feet!

Your true tranquil look and your attractive form
Your budding smile, your detached beauty
Your silent discourse are the path to well being,
Hounored with praise Bahubali, I prostrate at his your feet!

Your vision is bringing weal at all times,
Your worship brings joy and peace for all,
Falling at your feet, makes life purposeful,
At the shapely feet of Bahubali, I prostrate.

- C. Ramachandra Syadwadi

49. IN GOMATA'S PRESENCE

Trampling the hill of selfishness,
You who climbed the peak of deliverance,
And stripped off all bonds,
To you, I salute,
The one who attained the Ultimate!

Pleasure is not the sole object in life to achieve,
There lies beyond, the path to attaiment;

That joy is different and needs long-drawn penance,
And needs firm resolution, sacrificing all.

You vanquished the monarch, and humbled his pride
Leaving what is accessible, you aspired for the not easily found!
Breaking across the shackles brought by wealth
And by allurements, indeed you are the Gomata!

The gift of great sacrifice, greater peace,
The sheen of bright smile, that ensues from these.
While I pay my obeisence, the earth under feet
Caves in, the sublime image of Yoga, serene!

Here the intellet is overthrown by emotion,
Puts clothing in shame, succumbs to silence
Eternity teases the ephemeral, calling close by and
Embraces itself to the Image, in sheer surrender !

- S.P. Padmaprasad

50. BAHUBALI: A TREASURE OF DETACHMENT

It is a wonder how you stand crushing
Under your feet the hill of life's desires
Unmasking your inner-self you grew up to the skies
How did you grow to excel your sacrifice?

The heart of the spiritual space's inscape
The divine lamp that overflows with light
Silence of the unbound field, you, the immaculate-
You are an image of Yoga that stands for aeons!

Bahubali, the great teacher; at your sacred feet
I offer my heart-felt endless devotion.
Your soul has attained deliverance through
The heightened sacrifies and the ladder of Yoga.

Your virtuous memory, the mountain of gold
Melted and flowed as Jina rivulet, here
Shooting from the mind's field, passing across the heart land
Life is all greenery wrought dexterously!

With your ideal which equated detachment and desire
You are younger to Bharata, the elder !
What attainments do you foresee to reach and stand
In yoga posture, the sun of sacrifice !

- S.D. Inchala

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51. GOMMATESHWARA

At the peak of the highest mountain range
Gommatesha stands, the supreme image;
At the eastern horizan damsel Usha, smiles white,
The blooming smile on the big lips of Gommata spreads.

The darling child of Adi Tirthankara he
Suppressed the insolence of emperor Bharata,
Who was returning, victorious of the six continents:
Here you stand in penance, to found the victory of Jina.

The image of Gommateshwara at Shravana Belagola -
The image par excellence in stone, spreads the message
Of India's aspiration for religion and the heights of Spiritual vision
Through penance; the attainment of the state of Aruhant,
And the movement towards deliverance.
You preach people it is not being beyond
The reach of common people.

- Dr. Sadananda Nayak

52. YOGI IN STONE

1

Come Pilgrims, let us more on the way to Belagola
Bahubali, the yogi has attained salvation, here.
The travails of earth are lost instantly
If you bow in devotion, bending your head.

2

The Forest of Belagola, with hills and valleys-
It is a charming place with overwhelming wealth,
Come here and look with your inner eye open
This is the land where stone has flowered into art.

3

The beautiful statue on Indragiri,
His fame has spread world wide
People are filled with devotion
It is a divine lamp which reflects devotion.

4

The king of Yogis, that wears the crown of learning
With the radiance of Sun and the self
In brightness here is veritably the *Parabrahma*!
He has ascended the hill of deliverance, with a owe.

5

Like moon he shines, an image of righteousness on Indragiri
The flame of Jina filling the heart of Bhujabali
If fragrance solidifies, he is known for *Ratnatraya*
The lamp of fame soberly filling the heart.

6

All hail to my lord; at the great head bath,
I offer a hundred salutations.
Bringer of welfare to the whole of mankind, oh, Lord
Grant us the sandal paste of your heart.

- Bhujabali Hipparagi

53. GOMMATESHWARA

What peace, what silence have bound you like this?
The whole world, aghast, stands in delight.
Tired you are not, the Yogi that stands still,
For how long you lose sleep doing austerity.

Ramarajya has come to stay, the kingdoms shrinking-
Peace and kindness have replaced internecine fight,
In presence of your Yoga posture, even god's creation is degraded
Your stance has made the *Brahma* missile withdraw
thunderously.

In the past, the kings looted the mother's wealth
When gold was flowing like a river, they stole the gold,
Mother is undergoing envy, who lived a life of honour
Losing her rich face, now is she lusterless.

Did the mother who gave birth to a bold son, become so miserable
She has been living with the turmoil in her heart,
Terminate your penance, we are tired of your Yoga posture
"You stand as a witness to the mother, in heaven."

Open your eyes, and see if the world has its grace?
The world has lost its rich visage and has become dull.
Bring back that glory, bring back that religion
Let once again the world's visage beam with the lustre.

Bring unto mother, the godly world and the wish fulfilling heifer
Let mother's womb become enriched with your learning
Terminate your penance and open your eyes, and bless
These people all around, with the blessings of amity.

- Anandakumara

54. GOMATA, A TREASURE OF MIND

In a sky that is skyless
Excelling the heights and width
Becoming a hill over the hill
Stands Gomata, the unclad!

A filial link between earth and sky
The pulse to all that lives on earth
Cream of greatness, vastness dense
Stands Gomata, the great.

Having fallen a prey to six senses
Through carnal medium lured to love
Cloyed, and being the friendly seat (to seekers)
Stands the divine Gomata.

Guiding the path of our arrival
Being the replica of the worldly sacrifice,
Being the sum total of past, present and future
Stands the modern Gomata.

Killing pain with religiosity
Standing by joy with dexterity
Removing darkness with deep knowledge
Stands a treasure of mind, Gomata.

- Basavanta Ba Badigera

55. THE MESSAGE OF THE GREAT SAGE

Oh, Lord Gomata,
I came in search of you,
It is not so easy to seek you,
In order to see you, we have to ascend the hill,
The instant I saw you the mind became a flower.

Looking at you, I became gratified
Singing in your honour, I prayed
Your memory alone solaces me,
Your feet have entered into my living.

I requested at your feet endlessly
I did not know, you were n't giving any thing
You who have sacrificed everything
There is no other, who has sacrificed like you.

You have been standing for a millennium
You give the message to fight life and death
Though you preach by demonstration, it is not understood
Life is being wasted aimlessly, alas!

- Leela Vasanthakumar

56. GOMMATA OF MY DREAM

He stands sky high, raising above selfishness
That shows the physical valour and the desire
To flourish and flaunt-
The legs never becoming aweary,
But defeating Time itself
Rivetting his eyes in a new horizon -

When milk is showered, filled
In a thousand and eight pitchers
On the high pate of Beauty and Truth, deathless-
Without a drop being left
In the palms of the open, it fills up,
Calling the dark children from far and near
As if they are fed all white.

As if the cloud floating in the sky
Suddenly appeared and rained heavily
Washing you from the grease on your body-
One hill laughing mightily at the other hill
I saw a dream.

- Chennaveera Kanavi

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As if the cloud floating in the sky
Suddenly appeared and rained heavily
Washing you from the grease on your body-
One hill laughing mightily at the other hill
I saw a dream.

- Chennaveera Kanavi

"Let the transient goddess of earthly splendour
be enshrined in your bosom for ever:
Who is like the bee
That gyrates in the spindle wrought by warriors' foils!
That earthly kingdom gifted by father to me, I am bestowing upon
you.
What purpose is there in this?
Would not my name become sullied, when I hanker for the land
and the less
That you have fallen for?"

Is that enough of honour ? Any greater appreciation needed?
To realize this much, it requires a century.
The space around the mind-sanctoram became, too small -
The world became stunned, right at the entrance!
The *Kevala* knowledge turned into light
Climbing the Vindhya hill-openness, stood naked
Trying to ruminate on its own!
Seasons failed
Months became tarnished!
Namo Arhantanam
Namo Gommatanam

Sa. Shi. Marulayya

59. GOMMATA

When I saw your sublime image on the Belagola hill
My pettiness, being put to shame, was trying to find a hole;
My mischievous laughter at your nakedness
Fell silently and died.
My clothes stripping off themselves,
I became an atom.

Your eyes are an ocean of mercy:
Piercing into my heart, they shook my existence.
That smile slowly blossoming into moonlight
I was turned to a black spot.

I gazed at your heroic stature;
I was dumb - founded at the silky smile
Which echoes beyond the sky
And spreads noiselessly.

Even when you got atop the *Gowrishankar* of success
You became a monument to detachment.
Raising up in the winds, you wear the stars.
Remembering that mystery of yours
The wind of my world stopped
The innumerable worries turned into zero
My breath was srangled.

Without degrees of comparison
Beyond taste and sound
As the dream of an unperturbed world arose,
The soil on which I stand, taunts me.

The dazzling light amazes me,
The darkness envelopping on all sides
The heaped clothes covering my body
I am turned to pure soil:
Then, feeling ashamed at seeing you
I run into my hole, hastily.

- Su. Rudramurthy Sastri.

60. GOMMATESHWARA

Look here, it is Chandragiri,
There it is Vindhyagiri:
In between, a mirror-lake!
That is Shravanabelagola!
Climb, up, up
Ascend a hundred steps
It is the open yard done in one monolith!!
Beware, beware, oh mind,
Swing all along
As least now, throw away the pain.

Lord, in front!
He climbed the top most peak!
Lonliness, beyond worldly cares!
One, spirit-mind-bliss rolled into one!
Peace, Peace beyond understanding!
Rise, up up, ascend the steep rock!
Wipe off the sweat!
The distance covered is long enough.
What remains is an arm's length!
You choose to remember your household,
And, that your town?
The temple is visible.
Salute a hundred times... ... ...

The wind has been blowing
There is cool breeze:
The breeze that is comforting.
Did the very green personify itself?

The creepers with flowers and white lotuses are smiling,
Pilgrim, look at the lake that overflows
With the flowers!
It is as if the moon and stars have come down, beneath!!

What wonder it is to behold?
In what comfort, have I been delving?
You stand laughing, Gomateshwara,
The sacrificer, a peak of tranquillity!
That is how you have grown to such great height!
Did Peace and Milk become a pool?
Did the wish fulfilling tree bear a flower?
The hall of *Ananda-Yoga* come down to earth
Lord of lords, it is your wonder-play... ...?

What do you look for, Gomateshwara,
Climbing the top and viewing the world around?
Are you regaling at the selfishness and hatred?
Are you closing your eyes, inspite of seeing
Envy and contempt?

All around we hear of discrimination
All around the word of rumour spreads
A tune, that has neither beginning nor end,
Are all of us caught by some epidemic?!!

Raving and ranting, a river of madness flows.
Are you insensitive to this world's pulse?
You stand seeing, as if you don't see!
Why this taciturnity, Lord of the Universe ... ...

Bring down to this world, your brand of Peace,
Will not your charm, bring light to darkness?
Your smile is moonlight to this world!
When the breeze blows let there be grace all around!!

- Sangamesha Hosamani

61. VISION OF GOMMATA

The son of Manu,
The sixteenth Manu, himself!
The noblest king among kings.
Even then, what?
He became deprived, swallowing his own words:
Set the disc wheeling about
The victorious,
On his own brother.

But what happened?
Action became blunted,
Righteousness had an upperhand,
The emperor was shamed overtly.
The face became shrunken.
The younger in his joy, found sorrow doubled.

Could not the son of PURU Paramesha
Be redeemed of the craving for land?
That's how Bahubali thought of it
And pined grievously;
Once you had conquedred,
What had become of yours
You gave back to Manu, vanquished.
As if you were a Manu yourself
At the height of worldly victory
For the hereafter, for the Ultimate seat.
You threw away your clothes
Became naked:
In order to bare your mind
You went away to the Himalayas of austerities
Throwing to winds the craze for wife and children.

What was seen naked
At the beginning of a milennium

In one year,
Now herein the *Kali* age,
Atop the Vindhya hill of ours,
You have turned into a magnet, at its peak.

Gomateshwara, the lord of my mind
You have over the deathless years
Like magic, on the Indra hill
Given a vision
That lasts till the sun and moon exist.

Brother, you don't claim my land
And I don't claim yours
Don't submit to assault:
If you succumb it would be like death, lord of my mind,
This is your vision Lord, Gommata.

No body is free of craving,
The one who leaves off craving is supreme,
Lord of my mind,
This is your vision, Lord Gommata.

Brother, there has been no peace,
Through war; now or in future,
Mankind will achieve peace,
Only when this war frenzy and blood shed
Are lost, then only there will be peace beyond understanding.
The lord of my mind,
This is your vision, Lord Gommata.

One who is housed, needs honour
He must have the love of land,
For one who is unhoused why think of honour?

You could n't attain *Kevala Jnana*
Just because you felt
The soil on which you stood

Belonged to your elder brother!
The knowledge
That this and the other land
Was there in the past
Is there at the present
And is going to be in future
It belongs to neither you nor I
It belongs to nobody at any time
This knowledge brought you to the *Kevala Jnana*
Lord of my mind
This is your vision, Lord Gommata!

- M.A. Jayachandra

62. GOMMATA : A PUZZLE

Gommta,
You are a wonder
And, at the same time, a riddle!

Even for a petty cause
Without coming to terms,
You set the whole world aghast,
By hanging on to principle!
Throwing away all things at your back
You set out,
Creating one more mystery!

Why have you become a riddle, you know?
Over the ages this land has witnessed
Revolutions, mirages (of revolts),
The river of blood that ran,

Rapes, and freedom misappropriated,
Bhagpath, Bhagalpur and et al
These have not been successful
In disturbing your divine unconcern
And has not wiped out your auspicious smile!
But how did this miracle happen?
The inability to decipher this has been a riddle.

- Kavya Jeevi

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63. TO GOMMATA

Gommata, that stands aloft on the Vindhya hill,
The directions clothe you; sky is the canopy;
It is a grand ablution, when the clouds rain;
The storm that blows, is the fan;
In the dark night the stars are the lamps;
Peace is the offering: Your lonliness is
World's wonder; here all talk is silence.

The sculptor brought to shape in this mighty rock
At the hill top, your gargantuan sublimity-
The child-like face with curls; the budding smile on your lips!
The flash of penance overflows in your eyes
The creeper with tender buds encircling your legs
Flash beauty in you, instantly.

The sculptor's chisel has brought to light
Your kindness, your compassion, your magnanimity
Your detachment and your sacrifice-
With peace, fortitude, tolerence and genuine spirit.

Jinendra - in front of your nakedness that shoots
Involuntarily, all my sense of shame and arrogance
Crumble down, like fear of worldly life that peels off
Before the might of the Spirit. I salute you,
World Teacher, who have been preaching
Kindness to animals, with utmost detachment.

- M.G. Ganganapalli

64. BAHUBALI

Oh, Bahubali, the attained;
A giant image of budding smile!

This, your nakedness
Is a storehouse of detachment
This, your stance
Is success at great altitude:
A human's acievement
Makes the demons bashful, doesn't it?

We shudder at the cold and wind
Rain and burning sun,
Thunder and lightning-
You have stood, crushing
At your feet
The earthly desires and cravings !

My mind offers obeisance
At your steadfastness
And your sacrifice!

Don't you offer me a ray
From the lamp of your unwavering stance ?

- Durgasuthe

65. GOMMATA'S FEET

The feet of the lord of peace,
The feet that shelter all,
The feet of Gommata
That stands on the universal plain

The feet of one victorious over cupid,
The feet of one overcome with desires,
The feet of one of equality and strength,
The feet of the Jain precepts,
The feet of the strength of truth,
The feet of virtuous acts,
The feet of purity of mercy,
The feet of Gommata, the kind hearted.

The feet transcending heaven and hell,
The feet of the land of the redeemed,
The feet served by those unselfish,
The feet of pure austerities,
The feet that opens the door to self-realization.
The feet of Gommata that spread the golden rays of Knowledge.

The feet that receive the ablution milk of bright decisions,
The feet that protects the peace of the world,
The feet that redeems the billions of living creatures,
The feet of love and brotherhood,
The feet of Gommata, the feet of the world's prosperity.

The feet that relentlessly call upon, to reach the top,
The feet that adorn the Vindhya hill peak,
The feet placed high in the Jina temple of the world,
The feet of Gommata, the feet of the people's prosperity.

- M.G. Ganganapalli

66. THE KID ATOP THE HILL

A child one thousand years old
Standing atop a tall hill
Laughs, naked!
Though I trod at your feet
And dived deep in your silent sublime love
I never became pure, child-like like you.
My mind did not become uncovered.
I did not visualize the openness.
I am wrapped in a hundred coverings.
You are beauty, unenvironed!
You are an image of butter-white, unsullied.
I am a blade of grass, tainted.
You are the beauty, with curled locks,
Your face turned towards heaven,
Extracting yourself from
The fount of a spiral of births.
I am one who is waylaid
Caught in the whirl of problems
Day in and day out, being exhausted.
Though, maybe, there is nothing else in me,
I have that in me, which makes me praise
Those like you, given to find
Bliss in themselves.
Tough I may not aspire to become like you,
Once in a way, my memory
Climbs the hill top,
And for a moment beholds all around.
Oh beauty of Belagola, could you teach me
How to look at the world like you
And laugh like you?

- Amrita Someshwara

67. WHY DON'T YOU SPEAK, WHY THIS SILENCE, FATHER?

I stand, at the main door, oh father,
To all your good virtues and all your beauty
I am to pray at your door, hands folded
Father, Gommatesha, Lord of the Vindhya hill. Lord Bahubali!

I don't need any thing; don't grant me anything.
Don't laugh at me, I am not mad.
I come loving you, lift me up my father?
A lovely baby prattles much.
Then, don't you listen to me a little, oh, father?

I have been lucky, father, I am greatly lucky.
Puru Paramesha, I belong to your clan.
I am born a human being, accrued out of kindness and virtue.
I have the discretion to know which is good, which bad.
In addition, I am not mystified, because,
The whole world bears the seal Jainendra, Is it not?
In my solitude, Oh, Bahubaleesha, I implore you,
Enlighten me on the secret of righteousness which is multifoliate,
Oh father why you don't speak, why this silence?

In this family of mine I have been greatly lucky.
I am endowed with land and wealth and all the enjoyments
The family that is filled with all its joys,
My husband that acts according to my wish and the in laws;
In addition, knowledge that comes in handy
And all the pleasures of senses and wealth, I enjoy.

I am lucky, father! I am lucky greatly,
I am not mad. I pray to you, without any inhibitions,
Don't throw me away; Still, you are dumb?

Are you not the son of Vrishabhendra?
Are you not the darling of Sunanda Devi?
Having been the king of Paudanapura,
You guided the subject people, oh, my father

In how many words shall I describe your greatness?
You have the ability to match the flower of sacrifice
To the parless creeper called righteousness, oh father!
Don't you save me and lead me on the path of righteousness,
At the pedastal of Truth?

It is not for one or two years,
Over a millenium you have been standing gloriously.
I have not only heard about you,
But seen with my naked eyes, your mystery.
Defeating Bharatesha at the battle,
Found detachment in life. You opened the door
To deliverance, the father of the worlds.
You have been the defender of the rule of Jaina precepts.
To be initiated in this sacred religion
That is what I seek in you
Through many lives to come let me be protected
By the righteousness in you!

- P. Jayalakshmi Abhayakumar

68. GOMATA'S MESSAGE

Karkala's Gomata stands aplomb,
Whither is his sight?
He is Jina, that has conqured
Death and pain and the bonds of desire,
Walk with your head bowed.

Through length and breadth, is it a rocky hill?
Is there scope for echoes and re-echoes?
On the west, waves flood in one after another
Incomparable, they rush!

Who sculpted? Who installed? Who knows?
This is an image in pitch black.
Whether there be moon, or there be darkness,
He never grumbles for a moment.

The dog barks, the crow cries,
All in vain, no change of mood.
In scorching sun and heavy rain,
His physique remains unassailed.

Kids collapsed, babies died;
His stance remains unattacked.
The sense of negation that pierces
Through the blue sky, is interminable.

What message is there for those smouldering
Without any thing to eat?
It is: To the attacks of life, remain like
The black rock, don't waste away.

- Uppunda Chandrashekhara Holla

69. THE MORNING SONG : AWAKE, ARISE

Awake, arise, awake, arise
Oh, *Bhavya*, you gaze the twin lotus feet
Of the Lord of Belagola

The darkness recedes, and the lustful are bewildered
The cool breeze sweeps
The lotus clan are happy with love
The cocks crow in unison, rising their heads

While the lily sleeps, and the koel calls
As the redeeming rays fill the fields
As the bees buzz, the stars sink suddenly and
As the burning god rises to the eastern hill

The flowers are opening, the birds are singing
The *Chakra* couples become voluptuous
The conchs are sounded in Jina temples pleading
Gommata the only refuge to arise instantly.

The learned are singing the morning song,
Oh Cupid, the *Bhavyas* are rendering the song
The *rishis* are reciting varied lores, singing,
Bhvya, you wake up; don't sleep in indolence.

The lord of the clan known as Panditacharya,
The one who is supreme in the universe
The one who stands on top of Belagola hill,
Sri Gommatesha's lotus feet,
Bhavya, take refuge in them and be happy.

- Source : Lochana 3-1, June 1985
Ed. by Mahendra (Author : Unknown)

