***T H E***

***B U T T E R T H I E F***

After stealing butter, your earrings dance and shine, as you flee your Mother in Gokula Pastimes

Though you are all blissful, all knowing, ever new, the greatest of controllers, your Mother controls you

She shows you the stick and binds You by the waist, You shudder and sob and your necklace of pearls shake

As you rub Your frightened eyes, tears roll down Your face, ropes of Love bind you in your Mothers embrace

Relishing Your childhood activities like this, you plunge the Devotees in boundless pools of bliss

Though many revere you, by Love you are subdued, again and again, Lord I bowdown before You

Although You give freedom, I don’t ask to be free, nor do I want anything you could offer me

I only request that Your sweet childhood pastimes be ever enacted in my heart and mind.

Curley hair encircles Your face of blackish-blue, kisses make Your cheeks red as a ripe bimba fruit

May this sublime vision be all that I see, any other treasure has no value to me

Damodar, O’ Visnu, O’ Lord beyond compare, be pleased with a Soul sunk in the oceans of despair

Uplift and protect me with glances from your eyes, shower Your compassion like rainfall from the sky

Two sons of Kuvera were cursed to stand as trees, You gave them a chance to become Your devotees, my Lord will you do the same blessing for me? I don’t want to merge in Your Identity

Although in Your belly the Universe is found, Your Mother’s effulgence has Your belly bound

I bow to that rope and to Radha, Your most dear, and those sublime pastimes in which your appear.

Composed by: Kalakantha Prabhu