



Brahmanabhih : The Wooden Idol of Sri Jagannatha

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ABSTRACT

Brahmanabhih is the collection of twenty (20) poems based on different themes including some philosophical aspects of life. In this collection some poems are divided into *Guchhaka*. Which are very much symbolic and mystic in character taking the help of the symbol of Brahma of wooden idol of Sri Jagannatha. The title of song appears to be highly philosophical, but after going through the contents and style of representation of the poem. A reader is astonished to find erotic description of higher aesthetic value.

INTRODUCTION

The existence of various chakras as describes in the yogic texts is described in *Brahmanābhi* in a very charming manner. The *Brahmanābhih* a collection of poems that manifests that life force remains in the naval of wooden God. The vibration of the lord is inside the wooden frame. The inside naval portion in the from of nābhibrahma is there which enlivens God. When the Brahma is taken out and placed in another set of image, the left out log in buried like dead body and the other set lives like God. So the God patiently tolerates all the pains and keeps himself composed in the naval portion. Man similarly tolerates all the torture of the world like a log of wood and pulsates in side in the inner most portion of the heart.

THE WOODEN IDOL OF SRI JAGANNATHA.

Brahma is a naval parts which is the central force of the whole world. It is doesn't appear the vibration of this inside. It is not visible like a man who tolerates his pain and sorrow. But he outside he means normal, but inside he is vibrating. Similarly in the mind is roaming in the flower garden. Mind is always calm and quite in flower garden. And the moon light night but immediately in that mind. Everything becomes silent due to the cyclone. And rain of hells terms then mind asks where shall I go? What shall I do?

Always remembering the enjoyment the happiness of enjoyment or quietness. And before remembering everything is forgotten. The pre-love is forgotten . and not leaving or forgetting the sweet moments.

He says that is entertaining and their is no such moha or dashing. and not moha by the attraction of the body. I have spent thousands of night on your jar like breast. Yet, i have it is life a moment forgotten. Neither my mind is disturb by others private part. Ever thought and remembering and forgetting. After death again i get my life. That's my heart become soft and mind intellectual development. I am proceeding in the never ending journey but i am not going to the end not i am tried. In the space the rati the love play and it is very much continuously love-plays going on. In that great milk way of this sky mind is very much satisfied and that is the milk-clay of high way. In this smoky way and brown path everything is silent peace and everything is independent.

The thinking of past giving Samadhi of future, as a result of which the present is missing ? Who is that the king of dancer? Who is dancing in the ever never ending vibration culmination and the turn of die. In the sun deems and the flow of river and the row of streets, all the form of sun looks very much beauty. In the consideration of existents. Everything is consider and in this dieses, shadow and sorrow and the body is attracted in the dance of illusion. Nobody speaks what is truth.

The scarlet eye of mahisasura is expanded to the goddess. And that who is the Mahisasura? And who that feel is being create by the passion of love and sex. In multiplicity of the demons what to do in the burning-ground. In the smoke light devi is to generated light.

O the Brahman of naval, you are moving in the naval to your heart and make heart collimated. You have acquired timeless from time memorial in the object or in the lifeless. From muladhara to swadhistan then to manipura then from manahata. When your climb over cut the brahmarandhra, bisudhachakra and like a couple of swan. You are enjoying unifying in sahasralachakra. In the susumna is a golden pipe. Your climb over in the golden pipe susumna. O prince! Why are don't found of Pingala nadi moon and sun both of them are waiting for each other. And now how the darkness is the pingalanadi.

What is that the wild fire in inside. In the picture of romance of swan and the picture of stone image making friendship with living Brahma not with lifeless (Jada). You are friend like shiva and shakti related with each other.

In the den of naval the Brahman becomes an in over. And mind is taken away and the heart is murmuring and also thinking. Navibrahma the hole the Navibrahma that is the undermining up routing each dark of navibrahma. But you have become sorrow. The sound of cuckoo and the sound of peacock and their all remembering in the naval demon. They are looking at the Divine stages of heaven. And in the vain like wet hair, everything becomes hazy and foggy.

The naval Brahman it is vibrating of moment. And in the wooden body of their is matter less, coldness vibration. Everything is all the vibrating consciousness is being untended. How to speak of the cyclone. In the air of wind of desolation in the high tides of waves and the sound of ocean. And in the crying of earth, it is not vibrating. Even its a root of air is not vibrated. His intellect is bring generated like lomni. In the air of kalmabrukshya or the tree of the besides the reward the burn and being flow away by the wind. The tamala which is very much dark tree and the soft tendril creepers that is goose-flesh like cuteness. In mind which is very much freckle, there is everything external spot is going on. Rasarajsekharra the king of erotic sentiment is now sleeping on the connecting face with face. There is no such tiredness in the love spot even he moves in the endless space and on her breast. He falls down wild flying and the being circular round by the winds being cut. His consciousness like a bird is crying and expanding this love in his heart.

A flower bucket is being smelling even frigid mind is smelling the fragrance in the top of the tree. What astonish their ever ones to touch it runs away thousands of miles and forgets whether is a distension of life. Again and again that the wine like smell is falling on his nose and he become blind and the conscious being rural.

That is the sunset life in the western coast is new. He forgotten there is snow fall on the top of the mountain. The ice and that trembles my heart old age in the yellow leaf. That is generating the yellow is which from forest to forest. The golden line is now wither. The ray of sun is now vanished. Like boat is shouting that Islamic lady he had deep love with someone. On the crown of the cuckoo sound is now the stop. The cuckoo is not rhyme. The night is expressing is emotions and the night is crying where the street is very much thin. Their is neither any direction nor any affection neither advice. The jarandhakara hole is darkness is crying. In the deep dark of the caves of mountain. Their rises the open. Its most dazzling caves. The subtlety of thread available which is very much dazzling beautiful and contrary. And in the top of the shoulder the cloth is down. The emotion of rusty and revering the desire. The

simpleness is very much civil and the eastern sky is senses where is my earth? Where is my feeling on the earth? Where is my past experiences? Where is my past memory? Now everything is forgotten. Everything is out of moment. The emotion of the heart, now everything is forgotten. The primary creation of purva-raga and the pre-emotion. The crying of the stars eastern quieten is vanished.

Ignorant advertising promoting his own study. Ignorant gets knowledge. The great person to their greatness and honouring enkind. The governor is very much praised for giving to the prise. Again in lokkika achara in this people towards. In this democracy which is regulated by well. The president award is given. The congratulation to Rastrapala of the governor is fruitless. The moon light is lost. Everywhere in the top of lamp. The congratulation to rather without any clay of Ganga. The glorification of the sun by can the night is day? The blessed as become blessing less. When the rays that is become dazzling.

Vibration is lost in vibration. Chain is for chain. Where is the life? Life is for life.

While the foolish love closing the eyes, eye attending the lapse in the heart of bottom. The mad elephant rooted. The spider has seven coloured web expanding in the darken in the mire of pain. Doesn't feel the piercing of sun ray nor he touches the spiders net.

Every day he is vomiting the white fibre of net. Creation is his work because that is virtue of life.

Again consuming the net fibre new stages are being made. But the net of colours kill the insects. If there is no net then all the net of samskars caught and arrest the spider but he caught. Any way he create net in every day. Who cuts and vomits the net simultaneously, weaving net spider is tired. Other innocent insects are in the subtle pains. Roots of throwing these he shown which is the expansion of pleasure. Darken is lost in the dark. All the animals are vanished in the Stirrlen Sea.

Everyday holds atomic body of Raktavija. Who appears in the night angry and covered the demon gets the form of raktavija.

In the bank of river in the brink of Palm tree, two points of black spot becomes growing to become sea. In the darken burning the ray of fire nor becomes star in the smoky milk way. Searching of minerals by digging by spade in vain. Snake is sleeping big hole and expanding the ring and hood vomiting venom on in appropriate place. In the brink of river and forest the fire of internal in samitre everything is being set fire. In the brink of palm tree the bind is unrest and trembling in pain. By the heat of fire burnt and destroyed both the wings. Swing by the wild wind, the young owl is shouting. Crying the vilva fruit forest in far off thrones creepers, in the grave yard is empty in the past spread of Yamuna river bank plays lord Krishna. Life is swimming in the rain is sorry in the blue tamala dark creeper covered on the back salmali tree is giving pain.

Who is to give shelter in the fire, they are reached in the matsyanyaye again nor sorrow in business like work. It is a matter of sorrow that humanity is left far away. The machique culture / civilization is making a lough laughter. Expanding the friendship of wealthy and muscular way.

There is along poem entitled as siva is projected to give expression to the pre-carious situations in the life of people. Who are neglected by society and even ignored by family. Siva symbolises a man neglected even by his wife. Siva also symbolises the people who work for the well being of others and suffer for that. There is down trodden section in the society who take straight solution to their problems. Siva represents them. He smears ashes on body and eats vilvalenves to assuages the burning of poison. That he had during the churning of ocean.

Siva is a poem which is similar to Sri Aurobindo's god's labour. Here the poet describes how god tolerates many difficulties for us. In the time of "Samudra Manthan" lord Siva came forward to rescue the world to drink the poison. But nobody was brothered about the risk. On the other hand gods and demons enjoyed the nectar and wine respectively.

Lord Siva is a social worker who is neglected by the so-called guirdians of society. Even though he was pushed to life and death situation. In sithilandhakarakah the pain and pleasure are two parts of life, like two sides of coin. Sorrowness comes after happiness and happiness is followed by the former.

Man searches happiness but can't find anywhere. He suffers more and more sorrowness.

The person who represents in darkness. Twenty two small poems are there. Heart is not empty, when it is not emptied, when there is no thoughts of force their putting in the face of disparate hunters face. That means everything is completely depression and hopelessness.

The path is flavoured with the fragrance of tila flower. The many days he has been roaming and roaming. And now he is attached in the blueness of the blue satire. But at the time of awakening and he is sleeping forever.

The life is going in very much calculated way. But the newly married lady wearing blue blouse and blue afron. And all the see the beautiful face of her beloved. If your is open, everything is beautiful.

The poet write the poetry with the beautiful songs. The holy place in your body is only remembered and the nectar of your tasty lips. Even, if everything is accomplice yet my mind is crying and being defeated. I am uttering day and night in every moment but there is no simplicity in my work. What shall i do in my mind, everything is being satire. How can i say difficulties of my mind and pain of my mind. This is inexpressible my pain of mind. And it never leaves me.

The mercy in the ocean of sorrow and in the proudly nature. It also dissolved. Ever if well known path is again satire and trembling. Even the vehicles which has trouble travelled in all the difficult path of the mountains. It is travelling in known way.

When ever you go by any vehicles you have to provide money or spend money and everywhere are thieves. And those it used to take the money of the passengers and they earth to money.

Even it there is people are many number railways and shopping train or in vessels or in any vehicles there is ruses, but in that run everything happens to be empty and eternal peaceful.

I am reminding again in the moon light face of the beautiful lady. And with the hand full of flower. She is a singing the melodious songs with the hand full of flower. Those though white red with white moon. And that is like the bee of erotic sentiments. And the ocean of poetic sentiment and experiences.

Even the we are doing pranayam yet day by day. The smoke of the machines factories are coming outside like pranayama. And making dark turning of the flowers and leafs of the tree. Everything has become modified and in that modification all is only recognised in a difficult way. People have forgotten the real picture of this.

In the endless ocean and full of lotus flowers and again we find that is a night mad. The poet creates domain in his poetry and others do not know the beauty of the poem.

Water is full in that pond and many fragrance of many kadamba flower also abounded. And the swan now and then various used to spoken melodious voice. The continuous rain the whole world is becoming gold. In this compound in each moment we are again and again in sorrow. Even it is full of aesthetic experience in this country utkal and kalinga. It is full of earth and architect. But in the earth of rain, the tail of peacock is drying. And there is no wind, so the windless trees of leafs are praying the voice of cuckoo. O rainfall! O rainfall! There is no rain no cloud there is no question of going a swan to manasa sarobara / manasa lake also the crane has no penance on the way of manasarobara.

Goddess laxmi is also being hit the souls of mother earth. In that heat lord jagannatha suffering from fever in fifteen days. And the ruin in now youthful comes like Kadamba trees full of flowers. And in the after that in Nilachala in Puri, Lord Jagannatha remain asleep in rainy season. Even the rainy season both side of Gangais full of dust but the vanivihar the kadamba flower plenty due to rain. Like the body of Lord Krishna. It is beautiful, because of your absence we are very much these reboots. We are remembering in that. We have been to Brahmavarta to Balmiki place of beautiful places of the university campus of vanivihar. With very much passionately people are calling – O water! O water! O cloud! But only lightening and thunder boat come and the water is completely doesn't water disappears.

We can found the poetic imagination of all these poems. When there is no shop in the market what is the used of the money. Like a boat is useless whereas river has no water. Nandana vana is also full of mud and the Sundara vana is beautiful. We are only the drugs of clears? We used to see them? What is the contradiction?

When the nandanavana has no mud sundaravana has mud but on the other hand we find nandanavana is full of modern. Sundaravana has mud. In this time even in the moment everything all the intellective of lost and everything is become vanished. This whole world is nipple of the blood. In your vision a point becomes whole of this earthen. Why moon is so beautiful even if there is so many stars. This sky is a place of very vast pot of left out drinking club and place of liquor. And the bhumandala is full of garland flower like red in patala flower. When there is revolution on the mind, the dress become dark and his supped even the beautiful place a mandap and everything a laden of beauty. But he has become sanyasi. Everything is that sunya. Where there is chintamani and when you get in the valuable stone. Your mind is energising for deep thinking. And where that is being gym. Your mind is vast there. What will do that the merchant? The market is there far of place. And that is do the business persons.

CONCLUSION

This poetry is on the influence of “Gods Labour” a poem written by Sri Aurobindo. Similarly the long poem Siva has taken the spirit of a saviour by drinking the poison from the churning ocean. But while feeling scorching thirst and choking heart by poison, He is in almost painful situation, at that time gods were happy in drinking nectar and demons in drinking wine. He moves from Himalaya to other hills in cold. His dance in the pleasure lost out of pain. His loneliness reminds Byrons Gladiator. The poet is very much influenced by the lonely bull fighter, wounded and rolls in the stadium out of pain. Other poems of this collection in similarly very pathetic in themes.

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