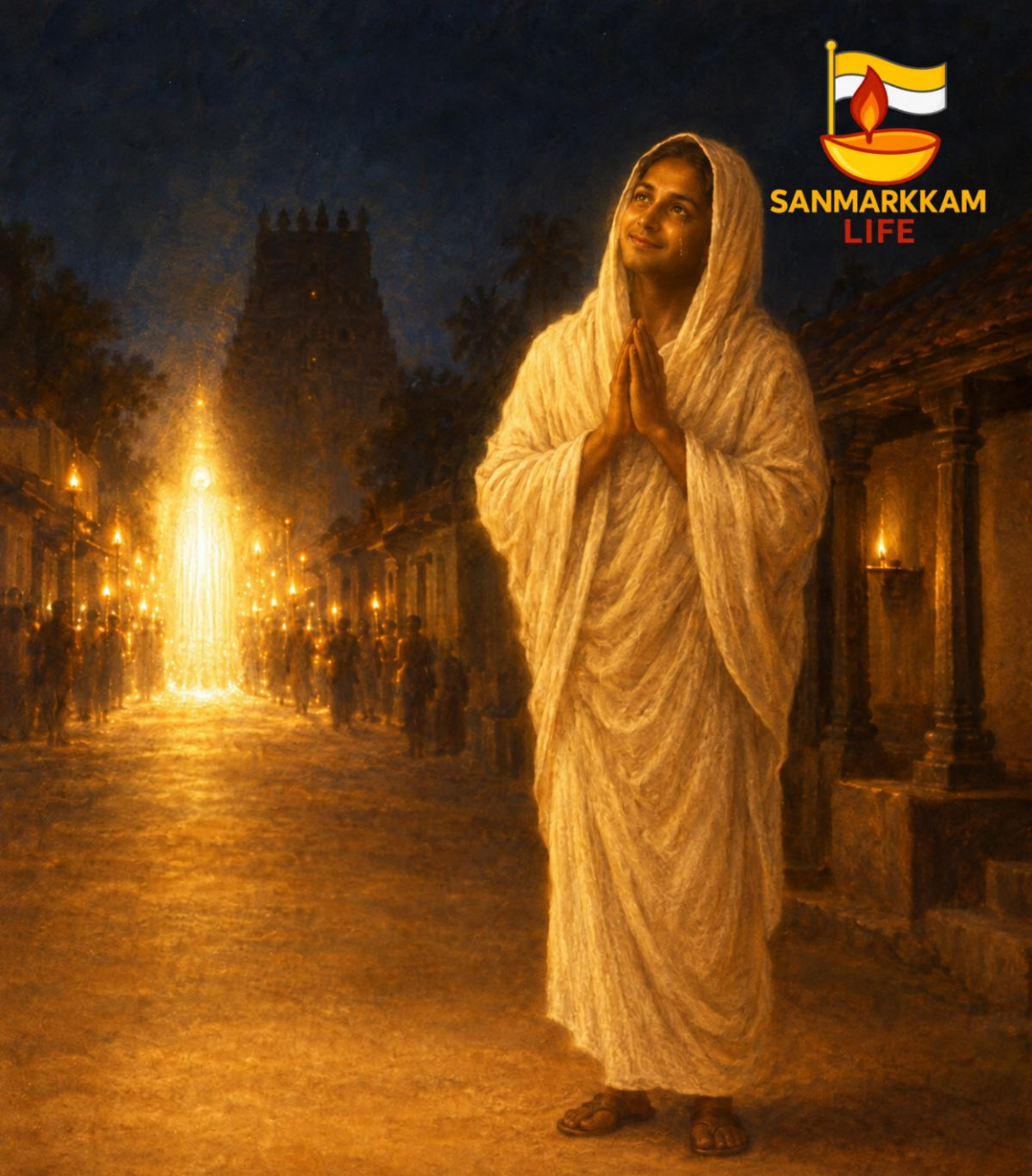




SANMARKKAM
LIFE



SONGS OF GRACE · BOOK III

Thiru Arutpa · Moondraam Thirumurai

திருவருட்பா - மூன்றாம் திருமுறை

Ramalinga Adigal (Vallalar)

Edition 0.9 · Review Draft

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Songs of Grace - Book III written by
Ramalinga Adigal (Vallalar)

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Edition 0.9 (Review Draft), October 2026. This edition is still being checked before its final release; corrections are welcome at international@sanmarkkamlife.org. Every printing, download and recording carries a version and date. A copy without one is not ours.

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ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Ramalinga Adigal (1823–1874), lovingly known as Vallalar, was a Tamil poet, mystic, and spiritual teacher from southern India. Born in Chidambaram and raised in Chennai, he showed a profound sensitivity to the suffering of others from childhood. He fed the hungry without condition, grieved at the sight of a withering plant, and rejected meat eating because the pain of any living creatures was, to him, his own pain.

His central teaching was *Jeeva Karunyam* (active compassion for all living beings) as the only genuine foundation of spiritual life. Alongside this, he taught *Anma Neya Orumaipadu* (the Unity of Souls): that every living being shares the same spiritual essence and is owed the same dignity. Without these two, he said, no scripture, no ritual, and no devotion leads anywhere spiritually real.

He rejected caste, religious division, and sectarian hierarchy as barriers to a single recognition: that the same divine light, *Arutperunjothi*, dwells in every soul without exception.

At Vadalur in Tamil Nadu, he gave these teachings a living form. He established the Sathya Dharma Salai, a free dining hall where anyone could receive a meal without distinction of caste, religion, or social standing. This was a revolutionary form of charity at that time. Vallalar taught that the hunger of any living creature is the hunger of the Divine itself, and that no act of worship carries more weight than feeding another being. The doors were open to all; no one was turned away.

In 1872 he consecrated the Sathya Nāṇa Sabai at Vadalur, a hall of light built not for any religion but as a dwelling place for the grace that sustains all life, its sacred flame tended to this day.

On January 30, 1874, Vallalar entered a small room at Mettukuppam, a village near Vadalur, asked his disciples to lock it from the outside, and told them he would not be coming out. When the room was eventually opened, it was empty. No trace of his body was found.

Those who follow his path understand this not as a death but as the fulfillment of his teaching on deathlessness: that through the transforming grace of *Arutperunjothi*, the physical body itself can pass beyond the reach of death.

SONGS OF GRACE - BOOK III - THIRU ARUTPA - MOONDRAAM THIRUMURAI - திருவருட்பா - மூன்றாம் திருமுறை - INTRODUCTION

The Third Thirumurai gathers nineteen songs by Ramalinga Adigal, Vallalar, all sung to one Lord in one place: Siva as Thyagar, the Lord of Otriyur, the holy temple town by the sea at the northern edge of Chennai. Here Vallalar does not sing as a servant before his master. He sings as a young woman in love.

She sees the Lord's procession pass through the streets and stands wholly overcome by longing. Her bangles slip, her garment falls, she forgets her mother, her companions and herself. She sends a crane and parrots as messengers. She asks a fortune-teller and an astrologer whether he will come. She laments that since the day she garlanded him he has not once come to embrace her, and she wonders whether his brief visit was a dream. Her foster-mother mocks the groom: the very name of his town, Otri, means a pledge; he begs for his food, wears snakes and skulls, and lives in the cremation ground. She answers that whatever is said of him, she will never cease to love him, even in a dream. And her mother marvels: what penance did you do, my daughter, that you were united with him and your body grew cool?

The heroine is the soul, and the beloved is God. In this old Tamil way of singing, love itself becomes the path. The soul stops caring what the world says, what the family wants, even what it was, and longs only for union. Vallalar sings this longing for Siva at Otriyur; in his later songs the same longing reaches ArutPerunJothi, the Vast Grace Light, who is the one God of all.

The love that seeks God here is the love his teaching asks us to give every living being: Jeevakarunyam.

Each verse is given in four layers: the original Tamil, an ISO 15919 transliteration, a translation and a short commentary. Where the Tamil names the poem's theme (turai), who speaks and to whom, an editor's note under the title gives it. A glossary explains the Tamil terms. Nothing has been softened.

SONGS OF GRACE - BOOK III - THIRU ARUTPA - MOONDRAAM THIRUMURAI - திருவருட்பா - மூன்றாம் திருமுறை

001. THE BLESSING OF THE DIVINE PROCESSION - TIRU ULĀP PĒRU - திரு உலாப் பேறு

*Editor's note: theme (turai): the heroine speaks to her companion
(talaivi pāṅkiyoṣu kiḷattal, தலைவி பாங்கியொடு கிளத்தல்).*

1

சீரார் வளஞ்சேர் ஒற்றிநகர்த் தியாகப் பெருமான் பவனிதனை
ஊரா ருடன்சென் றெனதுநெஞ்சம் உவகை ஓங்கப்
பார்த்தனன்காண்
வாரார் முலைகண் மலைகளென வளர்ந்த வளைகள்
தளர்ந்தனவால்
ஏரார் குழலாய் என்னடிநான் இச்சை மயமாய் நின்றதுவே.

cīrār vaḷaṅcēr orṛinakart tiyākap perumāṇ pavaṇitaṇai ūrā
ruṭaṇcen reṇatuneṅcam uvakai ōṅkap pārttaṇaṅkāṇ vārār
mulaikaṇ malaikaḷeṇa vaḷarnta vaḷaikaḷ taḷarntaṇavāl ērār
kuḷalāy eṇṇaṭiṇāṇ iccai mayamāy niṇratuvē.

TRANSLATION – I went with the townspeople and watched
the procession of the great Lord Thyagar in flourishing
Otriyur, my heart swelling with joy. My bound breasts grew
like mountains, and my bangles slipped away. O friend with
lovely hair, what is this? I stood wholly overcome by
longing.

COMMENTARY – The soul's sudden encounter with the
divine is a physical and emotional shock. Vallalar uses the

classic Tamil poetic tradition of a young woman falling in love with a passing king to describe this overpowering response to God. As the divine presence passes by, the worldly attachments that used to fit securely, much like her bangles, simply slip away. The soul is left with nothing but pure longing.

2

சீர்த்தேன் பொழிலார் ஒற்றிநகர்த் தியாகப் பெருமான்
பவனிவரப்
பார்த்தேன் கண்கள் இமைத்திலகாண் பைம்பொன் வளைகள்
அமைத்திலகாண்
தார்த்தேன் குழலும் சரிந்தனகாண் தானை இடையிற்
பிரிந்தனகாண்
ஈர்த்தேன் குழலாய் என்னடிநான் இச்சை மயமாய் நின்றதுவே.

*cīrttēṇ poḷilār orṛinakart tiyākap perumāṇ pavaṇivaraṇ
pārttēṇ kaṇkaḷ imaittilakāṇ paimpoṇ vaḷaikāḷ amaittilakāṇ
tārttēṇ kuḷalum carintaṇakāṇ tāṇai itaiyir pirintaṇakāṇ īrttēṇ
kuḷalāy enṇaṇināṇ iccai mayamāy niṇratuvē.*

TRANSLATION – As the great Lord Thyagar of Otriyur, rich in honeyed groves, came in procession, I watched, and my eyes did not blink. My pure gold bangles slipped off. My hair, adorned with honeyed garlands, came undone. The garment slipped from my waist. O friend with beautiful hair, what is this? I stood wholly overcome by longing.

COMMENTARY – Encountering the divine shatters ordinary self-control. The heroine loses track of her body, her clothing, and her social dignity as she is captivated by the sight of God. Worldly concerns fall away the moment the soul truly sees divine beauty.

3

சீதப் புனல்கூழ் வயல்ஒற்றித் தியாகப் பெருமான் திருமாட

வீதிப் பவனி வரக்கண்டேன் மென்பூந் துகில்வீழ்ந்
ததுகாணேன்

போதிற் றெனவும் உணர்ந்திலேன் பொன்ன னார்பின்
போதுகிலேன்

ஈதற் புதமே என்னடிநான் இச்சை மயமாய் நின்றதுவே.

*cītap puṇalcūl vayalorrit tiyākap perumāṇ tirumāṭa vītip
pavaṇi varakkaṇṭēṇ menpūn tukilvīlṇ tatukāṇṭēṇ pōtir
reṇavum uṇarntilēṇ poṇṇa nārpiṇ pōtukilēṇ itar putamē
eṇṇaṭināṇ iccai mayamāy niṇratuvē.*

TRANSLATION – I saw the great Lord Thyagar of Otriyur, surrounded by fields of cool water, come in procession along the streets of sacred mansions. I did not notice my soft fine garment slipping away. I did not realize that time had passed. I could not walk behind the golden women. What a wonder this is. O friend, what is this? I stood wholly overcome by longing.

COMMENTARY – God's presence suspends time and removes the desire to follow the crowd. The heroine can no longer walk in step with the other women of the town. She is caught up in a state of wonder that breaks her ties to ordinary life.

4

தென்னார் சோலைத் திருஒற்றித் தியாகப் பெருமான்
பவனிவரப்

பொன்னார் வீதி தனிற்பார்த்தேன் புளகம் போர்த்தேன்
மயல்பூத்தேன்

மின்னார் பலர்க்கும் முன்னாக மேவி அவன்றன் எழில்வேட்டு
என்னார் அணங்கே என்னடிநான் இச்சை மயமாய் நின்றதுவே.

*teṇṇār cōlait tiru-orrit tiyākap perumāṇ pavaṇivarap poṇṇār
vīti taṇirpārttēṇ puḷakam pōrttēṇ mayalpūttēṇ miṇṇār
palarakkum muṇṇāka mēvi avaṇraṇ eḷilvēṭṭu eṇṇār aṇaṅkē
eṇṇaṭināṇ iccai mayamāy niṇratuvē.*

TRANSLATION – As the great Lord Thyagar of sacred Otriyur with its lovely groves came in procession, I watched from the golden street. I thrilled with goosebumps, and infatuation blossomed within me. Stepping ahead of the many radiant women, I longed for his beauty. O beautiful friend, what is this? I stood wholly overcome by longing.

COMMENTARY – Love for God makes the soul bold. Rather than hanging back, the heroine pushes past the other women in her eagerness to see the Lord's beauty. Spiritual longing overrides social modesty and drives the soul to seek the divine directly.

5

சீலக் குணத்தோர் புகழ்ஒற்றித் தியாகப் பெருமான்
பவனிஇராக்

காலத் தடைந்து கண்டேன்என் கண்கள் இரண்டோ ஆயிரமோ
ஞாலத் தவர்கள் அலர்தூற்ற நற்றூ சிடையில் நழுவிவிழ
ஏலக் குழலாய் என்னடிநான் இச்சை மயமாய் நின்றதுவே.

*cīlak kuṇattōr pukaḷorrit tiyākap perumāṇ pavaṇi-irāk kālat
taṭaintu kaṇṭēṇēṇ kaṇkaḷ iraṇṭō āyiramō ṇālat tavarkaḷ
alartūrra narrū ciṭaiyil naḷuvivīḷa ēlak kuḷalāy eṇṇaṭinān
iccai mayamāy niṇratuvē.*

TRANSLATION – I approached and saw the nighttime procession of the great Lord Thyagar of Otriyur, praised by the virtuous. Do I have two eyes, or a thousand? While the people of the world gossiped, the fine garment slipped from my waist and fell. O friend with fragrant hair, what is this? I stood wholly overcome by longing.

COMMENTARY – Two eyes are not enough to take in the vastness of the divine. The heroine longs for a thousand eyes to see the Lord properly. The townspeople whisper and judge her loss of control, yet she pays them no attention. Her entire being is focused completely on God.

6

சேயை அருளுந் திருஒற்றித் தியாகப் பெருமான் வீதிதனில்
தூய பவனி வரக்கண்டேன் சூழ்ந்த மகளிர் தமைக்கானேன்
தாயை மறந்தேன் அன்றியும்என் தனையும் மறந்தேன்
தனிப்பட்டேன்

ஏயென் தோழி என்னடிநான் இச்சை மயமாய் நின்றதுவே.

*cēyai aruḷun tiru-orrit tiyākap perumāṇ vītitaṇil tūya pavani
varakkaṇṭēṇ cūlnta makaḷir tamaikkāṇēṇ tāyai marantēṇ
anriyumeṇ tanaiyum marantēṇ taṇippaṭṭēṇ ēyen tōḷi
eṇṇaṭināṇ iccai mayamāy niṇratuvē.*

TRANSLATION – I saw the great Lord Thyagar of sacred Otriyur, who grants a child, coming in pure procession along the street. I lost sight of the women gathered around me. I forgot my mother. I even forgot myself. I was left completely alone. O friend, what is this? I stood wholly overcome by longing.

COMMENTARY – The vision of God sweeps away all worldly attachments. The speaker represents the soul, who entirely forgets her social ties, her family, and even her own ego when she sees the divine. She is left with nothing but pure, all-consuming love.

7

திங்கள் உலவும் பொழில்ஒற்றித் தியாகப் பெருமான் திருவீதி
அங்கண் களிக்கப் பவனிவந்தான் அதுபோய்க் கண்டேன்
தாயரெலாம்
தங்கள் குலத்துக் கடாதென்றார் தம்மை விடுத்தேன் தனியாகி
எங்கண் அனையாய் என்னடிநான் இச்சை மயமாய்
நின்றதுவே.

*tiṅkaḷ ulavum poḷilorrit tiyākap perumāṇ tiruvīti aṅkaṇ
kaḷikkap pavaṇivantāṇ atupōyḱ kaṇṭēṇ tāyarelām taṅkaḷ
kulattuk kaṭātenrār tammai viṭuttēṇ taṇiyāki eṅkaṇ aṇaiyāy
eṇṇaṭināṇ iccai mayamāy niṇratuvē.*

TRANSLATION – The great Lord Thyagar of Otriyur, a place with groves where the moon wanders, came in procession along the sacred street, delighting all eyes. I went and watched it. The mothers all declared it improper for our lineage. I left them and stood alone. O friend as dear as my own eyes, what is this? I stood wholly overcome by longing.

COMMENTARY – True devotion shatters social boundaries and rules. When the elders tell the girl her love is improper for their lineage, she abandons them to stand alone with her feelings. To meet God, the soul leaves behind the claims of family and birth.

8

தேசார் மணிசூழ் ஒற்றிநகர்த் தியாகப் பெருமான் பவனிவரக்
கூசா தோடிக் கண்டரையில் கூறை இழுந்தேன் கைவளைகள்
வீசா நின்றேன் தாயரெலாம் வீட்டுக் கடங்காப் பெண்ணெவ
ஏசா நிற்க என்னடிநான் இச்சை மயமாய் நின்றதுவே.

*tēcār maṇicūḷ orṛinakart tiyākap perumāṇ pavaṇivarak kūcā
tōṭik kaṇṭaraiyil kūrai ilantēṇ kaivaḷaikaḷ vīcā niṇṛēṇ
tāyarelām viṭṭuk kaṭaṅkāp peṇṇavē ēcā nīrka eṇṇaṭināṇ
iccai mayamāy niṇṛatuvē.*

TRANSLATION – The great Lord Thyagar of Otriyur, a city surrounded by radiant gems, came in procession. Running without hesitation to see him, I lost the garment from my waist. I cast away my bangles. While all the mothers scolded me, calling me an uncontrollable girl unfit for the home, what is this? I stood wholly overcome by longing.

COMMENTARY – The soul willingly bears social disgrace to reach God. In Tamil poetic tradition, a woman losing her bangles and garments symbolizes letting go of worldly shame and self-control due to overwhelming love. The speaker ignores the scolding of her elders, choosing divine longing over fitting into society.

9

தேடார்க் கரியான் ஒற்றிநகர்த் தியாகப் பெருமான் பவனிவரத்
தோடார் பணைத்தோட் பெண்களொடும் சூழ்ந்து மகிழ்ந்து
கண்டதன்றி

வாடாக் காதல் கொண்டறியேன் வளையும் துகிலும்
சேர்ந்ததுடன்

ஏடார் கோதை என்னடிநான் இச்சை மயமாய் நின்றதுவே.

*tēṭārk kariyāṇ orṛinakart tiyākap perumāṇ pavaṇivarat
tōṭār paṇaittōṭ peṇkaḷoṭum cūḷntu makilntu kaṇṭatanṇi vāṭāk
kātal koṇṭariyēṇ vaḷaiyum tukilum cērntatuṭaṇ ēṭār kōtai
eṇṇaṭināṇ iccai mayamāy niṇratuvē.*

TRANSLATION – The great Lord Thyagar of Otriyur, rare to those who do not seek him, came in procession. I had only watched him joyfully among the women with lovely broad shoulders, never knowing such unfading love before. But suddenly, losing my bangles and my garments, O friend with a garland of petals, what is this? I stood wholly overcome by longing.

COMMENTARY – Divine love strikes suddenly and completely changes the soul. The speaker previously watched the procession as a joyful, ordinary event with her friends. Now, an unexpected and unfading passion takes over entirely, stripping away her former life and leaving her consumed by devotion.

10

திருமாற் கரியான் ஒற்றிநகர்த் தியாகப் பெருமான் பவனிவரப்
பெருமான் மனமு நானும்முன்னும் பின்னும் சென்று
கண்டேமால்

பொருமா நின்றேன் தாயரெலாம் போஎன் றீர்க்கப்
போதுகிலேன்

இருண்மாண் குழலாய் என்னடிநான் இச்சைமயமாய்
நின்றதுவே.

*tirumār kariyāṇ orṛinakart tiyākap perumāṇ pavaṇivarap
perumāṇ maṇamu nāṇummuṇṇum piṇṇum cenru kaṇṭēmāl
porumā niṇrēṇ tāyarelām pō-eṇ rīrkkap pōtukilēṇ iruṇmāṇ
kuḷalāy eṇṇaṭināṇ iccaimayamāy niṇratuvē.*

TRANSLATION – The great Lord Thyagar of Otriyur, elusive even to Thirumal, came in procession. The Lord's mind and I moved before and behind him to watch. I stood warring with my emotions. All the mothers dragged me away, telling me to leave, but I would not go. O friend with glorious dark hair, what is this? I stood wholly overcome by longing.

COMMENTARY – The awakened soul refuses to be pulled back into ordinary worldly life. Thirumal is the god Vishnu, mentioned here to show that the Lord's true nature is difficult for even the greatest deities to grasp. Even when society tries to drag her away, the soul stands firm in its consuming love for God.

002. THE CRANE AND THE PARROTS SENT AS MESSENGERS - NĀRAIYUM KĪLIYUM NĀṬṬURU TŪTU - நாரையும் கிளியும் நாட்டுறு தூது

Editor's note: theme (turai): the heroine's grief, laid upon the birds sent as messengers (talaivi paravaimēl vaittup paṇḍuḷeytal, தலைவி புறவைமேல் வைத்துப் பைபுளெய்தல்).

1

கண்ணன் நெடுநாள் மண்ணிடந்தும் காணக் கிடையாக்
கழலுடையார்
நண்ணும் ஒற்றி நகரார்க்கு நாராய் சென்று நவிற்றாயோ
அண்ணல் உமது பவனிகண்ட அன்று முதலாய் இன்றளவும்
உண்ணும் உணவோ டுறக்கமுநீத் துற்றாள் என்றிவ்
வொருமொழியே.

*kaṇṇaṇ neṭunāl maṇṇiṭantum kāṇak kiṭaiyāk kalaluṭaiyār
naṇṇum orri nakarārkkū nārāy ceṇru navirṛāyō aṇṇal umatu
pavaṇikaṇṭa aṇru mutalāy iṇṛaḷavum uṇṇum uṇavō
ṭurakkamunī turrāl eṇriv vorumoliyē.*

TRANSLATION – O crane, will you go and deliver a message to the Lord of Otri, whose ankleted feet Krishna could not see even after digging the earth for a long time? Tell Him this single word: "O Lord, from the day she saw your procession until today, she has abandoned food and sleep."

COMMENTARY – The soul's longing for God is so absolute that all ordinary physical needs fall away. The verse recalls a traditional story where the deity Krishna took the form of a boar and dug deep into the earth, yet still could not find the bottom of Lord Siva's feet. The young woman here asks a crane to tell the Lord of Otri, a sacred town, that she has given up food and sleep entirely since she first saw Him.

2

மன்னுங் கருணை வழிவிழியார் மதுர மொழியார் ஒற்றிநகர்த்
துன்னும் அவர்தந் திருமுன்போய்ச் சுகங்காள் நின்று
சொல்லீரோ

மின்னுந் தேவர்திருமுடிமேல் விளங்குஞ் சடையைக்
கண்டவள்தன்

மின்னுஞ் சடையை அவிழ்த்தொன்றும் பேசாள் எம்மைப்
பிரிந்தென்றே.

*maṇṇuṅ karuṇai vaḷivīḷiyār matura molīyār orṛinakart
tuṇṇum avartan tirumuṇṇōyc cukāṅkāḷ niṇṇu collīrō miṇṇun
tēvar tirumuṭimēl viḷaṅkuṇ caṭaiyaik kaṇṭavaḷṭaṇ piṇṇuṇ
caṭaiyai avīḷṭtonṇum pēcāl emmaip pirintenṇē.*

TRANSLATION – O parrots, will you go before the holy presence of the Lord who resides in Otri city, whose eyes overflow with enduring grace and whose words are sweet? Tell Him: "Ever since she saw the matted hair shining on the holy crown of the radiant Lord, she has untied her braided hair, speaks nothing, and has parted from us."

COMMENTARY – Worldly beauty and social customs lose their meaning when the soul is captivated by the divine. The young woman sees the radiant matted hair of the Lord and immediately stops caring for her own appearance. She lets her braided hair fall loose, retreats into complete silence, and separates herself from her friends to dwell entirely on God.

3

வடிக்குந் தமிழ்த்தீந் தேன்னன்ன வசனம் புகல்வார் ஒற்றிதனில்
நடிக்குந் தியாகர் திருமுன்போய் நாராய் நின்று நவிற்றாயோ
பிடிக்குங் கிடையா நடைஉடைய பெண்க ளெல்லாம்
பிச்சினன

நொடிக்கும் படிக்கு மிகுங்காம நோயால் வருந்தி நோவதுவே.

*vaṭikkun tamilttīn tēṇṇa vacaṇam pukalvār orṛitaṇil
naṭikkun tiyākar tirumunpōy nārāy niṇṇu navirrāyō piṭikkun
kiṭaiyā naṭai-uṭaiya peṇka lellām picci-eṇa noṭikkum paṭikku
mikuṅkāma nōyāl varunti nōvatuvē.*

TRANSLATION – O crane, will you go and stand before the holy presence of the dancing Lord Thyagar in Otri, who speaks words like pure sweet Tamil honey? Tell Him: "She suffers and aches with intense lovesickness, while all the women with a gait rivaling a female elephant call her mad."

COMMENTARY – Society often views intense spiritual devotion as a form of madness. The young woman is consumed by an overwhelming love for Lord Thyagar, the dancing form of the divine in the town of Otri. While ordinary people mock her behavior, her suffering is purely the pain of separation from the Lord whose words are as sweet as honey.

4

மாய மொழியார்க் கறிவரியார் வண்கை உடையார்
மறைமணக்கும்

தூய மொழியார் ஒற்றியிற்போய்ச் சுகங்காள் நின்று
சொல்லீரோ

நேய மொழியாள் பந்தாடாள் நில்லாள் வாச நீராடாள்

ஏய மொழியாள் பாலனமும் ஏலாள் உம்மை எண்ணிஎன்றே.

*māya moliyārka karivariyār vaṅkai uṭaiyār maṛaimaṇakkum
tūya moliyār orṛiyirpōyc cukaṅkāḷ niṇṇu collirō nēya moliyāl
pantāṭāḷ nillāl vāca nīrāṭāḷ ēya moliyāl pālaṇamum ēlāḷ
ummai eṇṇi-eṇṇē.*

TRANSLATION – O parrots, will you go to Otri and stand before the Lord, who is unknowable to those who speak deceitful words, who has a generous hand, and whose pure words carry the fragrance of the Vedas? Tell Him: "The girl of affectionate words no longer plays with her ball, cannot stand still, and refuses to bathe in fragrant water. She

speaks no fitting words and rejects even milk, thinking only of You."

COMMENTARY – True devotion requires absolute honesty, and the divine remains hidden from those who speak with deceit. The young woman's total focus on God makes her abandon all her usual comforts and joyful pastimes. She rejects play, fragrant baths, and even the nourishment of milk because her mind is entirely fixed on the Lord.

5

ஒல்லார் புரமுன் றெரிசெய்தார் ஒற்றி அமர்ந்தார் எல்லார்க்கும்
நல்லார் வல்லார் அவர்முன்போய் நாராய் நின்று நவிற்றுதியே
அல்லார் குழலாள் கண்ணீராம் ஆற்றில் அலைந்தாள்
அணங்கனையார்
பல்லார் சூழ்ந்து பழிதுற்றப் படுத்தாள் விடுத்தாள்
பாயல்என்றே.

*ollār puramūṇ ṛericeytār orṛi amarntār ellārkkum nallār
vallār avarmuṇṇōy nārāy niṇru navirṛutiye allār kuḷalāl
kaṇṇīrām ārril alaintāl aṇaṅkaṇaiyār pallār cūḷntu
paḷitūrrap paṭuttāl viṭuttāl pāyaleṇṛē.*

TRANSLATION – O crane, go and stand before the Lord who burned the three cities of His foes, who resides in Otri, and who is good and capable for everyone. Tell Him: "The girl with hair dark as night thrashes in a river of tears. Many beautiful women surround her and cast blame. She has fallen and abandoned her bed."

COMMENTARY – The journey of the soul often involves deep suffering and public misunderstanding before it reaches union with God. The verse refers to the traditional story of the Lord destroying three flying cities of demons, showing His ultimate power to overcome obstacles. In her desperate yearning for this capable Lord, the young woman drowns in her own tears and abandons her bed, enduring the harsh judgment of those around her.

6

ஓவா நிலையார் பொற்சிலையார் ஒற்றி நகரார்
உண்மைசொலும்

தூவாய் மொழியார் அவர்முன்போய்ச் சுகங்காள் நின்று
சொல்லீரோ

பூவார் முடியாள் பூமுடியாள் போவாள் வருவாள்
பொருந்துகிலாள்

ஆவா என்பாள் மகளிரொடும் ஆடாள் தேடாள் அனம்என்றே.

*ōvā nilaiyār porcilaiyār orri nakarār uṇmaicolum tūvāy
moliyār avarmuṇṇōyc cukaṅkāḷ niṇru collirō pūvār muṭiyāḷ
pūmuṭiyāḷ pōvāḷ varuvāḷ poruntukilāḷ āvā eṇpāḷ makaḷiroṭum
āṭāḷ tēṭāḷ aṇamenrē.*

TRANSLATION – O parrots, will you go before Him and speak? He is the Lord of Otri city who holds the golden mountain bow and remains in an unchanging state, speaking words of pure truth. Tell Him: "She whose hair was once full of flowers refuses to wear them now. She paces back and forth and finds no rest. She cries out in sorrow, ignoring her companions and refusing all food."

COMMENTARY – The soul takes the voice of a young woman deeply in love, asking parrots to carry her message to God. Intense longing for the divine completely overrides all ordinary desires. This spiritual love makes the heroine utterly restless: she abandons food, avoids her companions, and loses the simple joy of wearing flowers in her hair.

7

வட்ட மதிபோல் அழகொழுகும் வதன விடங்கர் ஒற்றிதனில்
நட்ட நவில்வார் அவர்முன்போய் நாராய் நின்று நவிற்றாயோ
கட்ட அவிழ்ந்த குழல்முடியாள் கடுகி விழுந்த
கலைபுனையாள்

முட்ட விலங்கு முலையினையும் மூடாள் மதனை
முனிந்தென்றே.

*vaṭṭa matipōl alakoḷukum vataṇa viṭaṅkar orṟitaṇil naṭṭa
navilvār avarmunpōy nārāy niṇru navirṟāyō kaṭṭa avilṇta
kuḷalmuṭiyāḷ kaṭuki viḷunta kalaipunaṭiyāḷ muṭṭa vilāṅku
mulaiyiṇaiyum mūṭāḷ mataṇai muṇintenṟē.*

TRANSLATION – O crane, will you go and speak before Him who dances in Otri, the beautiful one whose face radiates beauty like the full round moon? Tell Him: "She does not tie up her unfastened hair. She does not pull up her slipping garment. She refuses to cover her swelling breasts, harboring deep anger against the god of love."

COMMENTARY – The heroine now addresses her sorrow to a passing crane. Her divine homesickness is so fierce that she loses all sense of physical modesty and social convention. She ignores her unkempt hair and slipping clothes, turning her anger instead toward the god of love for intensifying her agony.

8

வேலை விடத்தை மிடற்றணிந்த வெண்ணீர் றழகர்
விண்ணளவும்

சோலை மருவும் ஒற்றியிற்போய்ச் சுகங்காள் அவர்முன்
சொல்லீரோ

மாலை மனத்தாள் கற்பகப்பூ மாலை தரினும் வாங்குகிலாள்
காலை அறியாள் பகல்அறியாள் கங்குல் அறியாள்
கனிந்தென்றே.

*vēlai viṭattai miṭarraṇinta veṇṇīr ṟaḷakar viṇṇaḷavum cōlai
maruvum orṟiyirpōy cukaṅkāḷ avarmuṇ collirō mālai
maṇattāḷ karpakappū mālai tariṇum vāṅkukilāḷ kālai ariyāḷ
pakalariyāḷ kaṅkul ariyāḷ kaṇintenṟē.*

TRANSLATION – O parrots, will you go to Otri with its sky-high groves and speak before the beautiful Lord? He is adorned with white ash and wears the ocean's poison on His throat. Tell Him: "Her mind is swept up in longing. She will

not accept even a garland of celestial flowers. Melting in love, she loses all sense of morning, day, and night."

COMMENTARY – The Lord drank the ocean's poison to save all living beings, yet the heroine suffers bitterly from His absence. Her devotion is absolute and exclusive. She refuses even the greatest heavenly rewards, like celestial garlands, because nothing but God Himself will satisfy her. Melting in this love, she loses all awareness of time passing.

9

மாண்காத் தளிர்க்கும் ஒற்றியினார் வான மகளிர்
மங்கலப்பொன்

நாண்காத் தளித்தார் அவர்முன்போய் நாராய் நின்று
நவிற்றுதியோ

பூண்காத் தளியாள் புலம்பிநின்றாள் புரண்டாள் அயன்மால்
ஆதியராம்

சேண்காத் தளிப்போர் தேற்றுகினும் தேறாள் மனது
திறன்னேறே.

*māṅkāṭ taḷirkkum orriyiṇār vāṇa makaḷir maṅkalappoṇ
nāṅkāṭ taḷittār avarmunpōy nārāy niṇṇu navirruṭiyō pūṅkāṭ
taḷiyāḷ pulampiniṇṛāḷ puraṇṭāḷ ayaṇmāl āṭiyarām cēṅkāṭ
taḷippōr tērrukiṇum tērāḷ maṇatu tiraṇeṇṛē.*

TRANSLATION – O crane, will you go and speak before the Lord of flourishing Otri? He preserved the golden marriage strings of the celestial women. Tell Him: "She neglects her ornaments. She stands weeping and falls rolling on the ground. Even if the guardians of the distant heavens like Brahma and Vishnu try to console her, her resolute mind refuses all comfort."

COMMENTARY – By drinking the deadly poison, the Lord saved the lives of the celestial gods and thereby protected the marriage vows of their wives. The heroine seeks the attention of this ultimate protector. Her mind is so firmly

fixed on Him that she rejects comfort from anyone else, even high gods like Brahma and Vishnu.

10

தேச பூத்த வடிவழகர் திருவாழ் ஒற்றித் தேவர்புலித்
தூசு பூத்த கீளுடையார் சுகங்காள் அவர்முன் சொல்லீரோ
மாசு பூத்த மணிபோல வருந்தா நின்றாள் மங்கையர்வாய்
ஏசு பூத்த அலர்க்கொடியாய் இளைத்தாள் உம்மை
எண்ணிஎன்றே.

*tēcu pūtta vaṭivaḷakar tiruvāḷ orrit tēvarpulit tūcu pūtta
kīḷuṭaiyār cukāṅkāḷ avarmuṇ collirō mācu pūtta maṇipōla
varuntā niṇṇrāḷ maṅkaiyarvāy ēcu pūtta alarkkoṭiyāy ḷaittāḷ
ummai eṇṇi-eṇṇē.*

TRANSLATION – O parrots, will you speak before the Lord of Otri where divine grace abounds? He has a radiant, beautiful form and wears a tiger skin over His loincloth. Tell Him: "She suffers like a gem covered in dust. She has grown frail thinking of You, becoming a target for the blooming gossip of other women."

COMMENTARY – A precious gem covered in dust loses its natural brilliance, just as the soul dims when it feels separated from divine grace. The heroine is physically wasting away from the pain of this separation. Her single-minded devotion looks like madness to the outside world, making her the easy target of local gossip.

003. THE GARLAND OF LAMENT - IRAṆKAṆ MĀLAI - இரங்கன் மாலை

Editor's note: theme (turai): the heroine laments (talaivi iraṅkal, தலைவி இரங்கல்).

1

நன்று புரிவார் திருவொற்றி நாதர் எனது நாயகனார்
மன்றுள் அமர்வார் மால்விடைமேல் வருவார் அவரை
மாலையிட்ட

அன்று முதலாய் இன்றளவும் அந்தோ சற்றும்
அணைந்தறியேன்

குன்று நிகர்பூண் முலையாய்என் குறையை எவர்க்குக்
கூறுவனே.

*nanru purivār tiruvorri nātar eṇatu nāyakaṇār maṇṇuḷ
amarvār mālviṭaimēl varuvār avarai mālaiyiṭṭa aṇru
mutalāy iṇṇalavum antō carṇum aṇaintariyēṇ kuṇru nikarpūṇ
mulaiyāyēṇ kuraiyai evarkkuk kūruvaṇē.*

TRANSLATION – The Lord of holy Otriyur who does good is my master. He abides in the hall and comes riding on the great bull. From the day I garlanded him until today, alas, I have not known his embrace at all. O friend with jewel-adorned breasts resembling hills, to whom shall I tell my grievance?

COMMENTARY – The soul longs deeply for God, acting like a newlywed bride waiting for her husband. She has placed the marriage garland on Lord Siva at the shrine of Otriyur to signify her complete devotion. Yet she suffers because she has not yet felt the direct, living experience of his grace.

2

தகைசேர் ஒற்றித் தலத்தமர்ந்தார் தரியார் புரங்கள் தழலாக்க

நகைசேர்ந் தவரை மாலையிட்ட நாளே முதல்தீந்
நாள்அளவும்

பகைசேர் மதன்பூச் சூடல்அன்றிப் பதப்பூச் சூடப்
பார்த்தறியேன்

சூகைசேர் இருட்பூங் குழலாய்என் குறையை எவர்க்குக்
கூறுவனே.

*takaicēr orrit talattamarntār tariyār puraṇkaḷ taḷalākka
nakaicērn tavarai mālaiyiṭṭa nālē mutalin nālalavum
pakaicēr matanpūc cūṭalanṇip patappūc cūṭap pārṭṭariyēn
kukaicēr iruṭpūn kuḷalāyēn kuraiyai evarkkuk kūruvaṇē.*

TRANSLATION – He abides in the excellent shrine of Otriyur. From the day I garlanded him who smiled to turn the cities of his foes to ashes until today, I have only borne the flower arrows of the hostile god of love. I have not known the adornment of the flowers of his feet. O friend with beautiful hair dark as a cave, to whom shall I tell my grievance?

COMMENTARY – The bride expects protection, but she only suffers the painful arrows of Kama, the Hindu god of romantic desire. Siva once burned down the three demonic cities of his enemies with a mere smile, yet he leaves his devoted bride to wait in misery. She longs for the spiritual comfort of his feet rather than the worldly torment of desire.

3

தோடார் குழையார் ஒற்றியினார் தூயர்க் கலது சுகம்அருள
நாடார் அவர்க்கு மாலையிட்ட நாளே முதல்தீந் நாள்அளவும்
சூடா மலர்போல் இருந்ததல்லால் சுகமோர் அணுவுந்
துய்த்தறியேன்

கோடா ஒக்குங் கொடியேஎன் குறையை எவர்க்குக்
கூறுவனே.

*tōṭār kuḷaiyār orriyiṇār tūyark kalatu cukamaruḷa nāṭār
avarkku mālaiyiṭṭa nālē mutalin nālalavum cūṭa malarpōl*

*iruntatallāl cukamōr aṇuvun tuyttariyēṇ kōṭā olkun koṭiyē-eṇ
kuraiyai evarkkuk kūruvaṇē.*

TRANSLATION – He wears the petal-like ear ornament and dwells in Otriyur. He does not seek to grant bliss to any but the pure. From the day I garlanded him until today, I have remained like an unworn flower. I have not enjoyed even an atom of bliss. O friend who sways like a flawless creeper, to whom shall I tell my grievance?

COMMENTARY – The bride knows that the Lord only grants true spiritual bliss to those who are perfectly pure in heart. Because she still feels unworthy, she compares herself to a flower that has been picked but left completely unworn and unappreciated. She has given herself to God, but feels she has not received even a fraction of his joy in return.

4

அண்டர் எவர்க்கும் அறிவொண்ணார் அணியார் ஒற்றி யார்நீல
கண்டர் அவர்க்கு மாலையிட்ட கடனே அன்றி மற்றவரால்
பண்டம் அறியேன் பலன்அறியேன் பரிவோ டணையப்
பார்த்தறியேன்
கொண்டன் மணக்குங் கோதாய்என் குறையை எவர்க்குக்
கூறுவனே.

*aṇṭar evarkkum aṇivonṇār aṇiyār orri yārñīla kaṇṭar
avarkku mālaiyiṭṭa kaṇṇē aṇṇi maravarāl paṇṭam aṇiyēṇ
palaṇariyēṇ parivō ṭaṇaiyap pārṭtariyēṇ koṇṭaṇ maṇakkun
kōṭāyēṇ kuraiyai evarkkuk kūruvaṇē.*

TRANSLATION – He is unknowable to all the celestials. He dwells in beautiful Otriyur and has a blue neck. Aside from the act of garlanding him, I know no substance or benefit from him. I have never seen him embrace me with affection. O friend with hair fragrant like a raincloud, to whom shall I tell my grievance?

COMMENTARY – The bride states that her chosen Lord is so vast that even the heavenly gods cannot comprehend him. She calls him the blue-necked Lord, a traditional name for Siva because he swallowed a lethal cosmic poison to save the universe. Despite her formal commitment to this great being, she feels empty because she has not yet experienced his true affection.

5

பாடல் கமழும் பதம்உடையார் பணைசேர் ஒற்றிப்
பதிஉடையார்

வாடல் எனவே மாலையிட்ட மாண்பே அன்றி மற்றவரால்
ஆடல் அளிகுழ் குழலாய்தன் ஆணை ஒன்றும் அறியனடி
கூடல் பெறவே வருந்துகின்றேன் குறையை எவர்க்குக்
கூறுவனே.

*pāṭal kamaḷum patamuṭaiyār paṇaicēr orriṭṭi pati-uṭaiyār
vāṭal eṇavē mālaiyiṭṭa māṇpē aṇṇi marṛavarāl āṭal aḷicūḷ
kuḷalāyunt āṇai oṇṇum aṇṇaṇaṭi kūṭal peravē varuntukinṇē
kuraiyai evarkkuk kūruvaṇē.*

TRANSLATION – He possesses feet made fragrant by songs and dwells in Otriyur surrounded by fertile fields. Aside from the glorious act of garlanding him so that I would not wither, I swear upon you, O friend with hair swarmed by dancing bees, I have known nothing else from him. I suffer in longing for our union. To whom shall I tell my grievance?

COMMENTARY – The act of giving the marriage garland was a desperate plea for spiritual survival, done simply so the soul would not wither away. Formal devotion is only the beginning of the path. The true goal is actual union with the divine, and the soul suffers deeply until that union arrives.

6

துடிசேர் கரத்தார் ஒற்றியில்வாழ் சோதி வெண்ணீர்
றழுகர்அவர்

கடிசேர்ந் தென்னை மாலையிட்ட கடனே அன்றி மற்றவரால்
பிடிசேர் நடைநேர் பெண்களைப்போல் பின்னை யாதும்
பெற்றறியேன்
கொடிநேர் இடையாய் என்னடிஎன் குறையை எவர்க்குக்
கூறுவனே.

*tuṭicēr karattār orriyilvāl cōti veṇṇīr ṛaḷakaravar kaṭicērn
tenṇai mālaiyiṭṭa kaṭaṇē anṛi marravarāl piṭicēr naṭainēr
peṇkaḷaippōl pinṇai yātum perrariyēṇ koṭinēr iṭaiyāy enṇaṭi-
eṇ kuraiyai evarkkuk kūruvaṇē.*

TRANSLATION – He holds a small drum in his hand. He is the beautiful Lord adorned in white ash and radiant Jothi living in Otriyur. Other than placing a garland around my neck in marriage, I have received nothing else from him like other women whose gait resembles a female elephant. O friend with a creeper-like waist, what is this? To whom shall I tell my grievance?

COMMENTARY – The spiritual seeker feels that the divine bond remains incomplete. The poem casts the soul as a newlywed bride speaking to her companion about the Lord, who appears as Jothi (the divine light). He has claimed her with a marriage garland, representing an initial spiritual awakening. However, she has not yet received the full blessing of total union that other devoted souls seem to enjoy.

7

ஒற்றி நகர்வாம் உத்தமனார் உயர்மால் விடையார்
உடையார்தாம்
பற்றி என்னை மாலையிட்ட பரிசே அன்றிப் பகைதெரிந்து
வெற்றி மதனன் வீறடங்க மேவி அணைந்தார் அல்லரடி
குற்றம் அணுவும் செய்தறியேன் குறையை எவர்க்குக்
கூறுவனே.

*orri nakarvāl uttamaṇār uyarmāl viṭaiyār uṭaiyārtām parri
enṇai mālaiyiṭṭa paricē anṛip pakaiterintu verri mataṇaṇ*

*vīraṭaṅka mēvi aṇaintār allarati kuṛram aṇuvum ceytariyēṇ
kuṛaiyai evarkkuk kūruvaṇē.*

TRANSLATION – The Supreme Lord lives in the city of Otriyur. He rides the tall, majestic bull. Other than taking hold of me and offering the gift of a garland, he did not approach and embrace me to quell the pride of victorious Cupid. O friend, I have not committed even the slightest fault. To whom shall I tell my grievance?

COMMENTARY – The bride insists she has done nothing to deserve this separation. In this poetic tradition, Cupid represents worldly desire and the physical suffering of longing. She expected the Lord's embrace, representing direct spiritual communion, to finally silence these inner struggles. Instead, she is left bewildered by his distance.

8

வானும் புவியும் புகழ்ஒற்றி வாணர் மலர்க்கை மழுவினொடு
மானும் உடையார் என்றனக்கு மாலை யிட்ட தொன்றல்லால்
நானும் அவருங் கூடியொரு நாளும் கலந்த தில்லையடி
கோனுந் தியவேற் கண்ணாய்என் குறையை எவர்க்குக்
கூறுவனே.

*vāṇum puviyum pukaḷorri vāṇar malarkkai maḷuviṇoṭu
māṇum uṭaiyār eṇṇaṇakku mālai yiṭṭa toṇṇallāl nāṇum
avaruṇ kūṭiyoru nāḷum kalanta tillaiyaṭi kōṇun tiyavēr
kaṇṇāyēṇ kuṛaiyai evarkkuk kūruvaṇē.*

TRANSLATION – Heaven and earth praise the Lord who resides in Otriyur. He holds a battle-axe and a deer in his flower-like hands. Other than placing a marriage garland on me, he and I have never united even for a single day. O friend with eyes like sharp spears, to whom shall I tell my grievance?

COMMENTARY – The traditional images of the Lord holding a battle-axe and a wild deer show his power and grace, but

they offer no comfort to the lonely soul. The bride points out the stark contrast between the Lord's universal fame and her own private disappointment. She has committed her life to him, but the actual lived experience of divine union has never happened.

9

தெறித்து மணிகள் அலைசிறக்கும் திருவாழ் ஒற்றித்
தேவர்எனை
வறித்திங் கெளியேன் வருந்தாமல் மாலை யிட்ட நாள்அலது
மறித்தும் ஒருநாள் வந்தென்னை மருவி அணைய நானறியேன்
குறித்திங் குழன்றேன் மாதேஎன் குறையை எவர்க்குக்
கூறுவனே.

*terittu maṇikaḷ alaiciṛakkum tiruvāḷ orrit tēvareṇai varittin
keḷiyēṇ varuntāmal mālai yiṭṭa nāḷalatu marittum orunāḷ
vanteṇṇai maruvi aṇaiya nāṇariyēṇ kurittin kuḷaṇṇēṇ mātē-eṇ
kuraiyai evarkkuk kūruvaṇē.*

TRANSLATION – The Lord of divine Otriyur, where waves scatter precious gems, garlanded me so that I, a poor girl, would not suffer here in vain. Other than that day, I do not know of him returning to embrace me. O friend, I languish here thinking of this. To whom shall I tell my grievance?

COMMENTARY – The initial touch of grace was meant to save the soul from worldly suffering. The Lord claimed her to ease her distress, yet his subsequent absence has created an entirely new kind of pain. She finds herself trapped in a cycle of overthinking, languishing over a promise of intimacy that remains unfulfilled.

10

மின்னோ டொக்கும் வேணியினார் விமலர் ஒற்றி
வாணர்எனைத்

தென்னோ டொக்க மாலையிட்டுச் சென்றார் பின்பு
சேர்ந்தறியார்

என்னோ டொத்த பெண்களெலாம் ஏசி நகைக்க

இடருழந்தேன்

கொன்னோ டொத்த கண்ணாய்என் குறையை எவர்க்குக்
கூறுவனே.

*miṇṇō ṭokkum vēṇiyiṇār vimalar orri vāṇareṇait teṇṇō ṭokka
mālaiyiṭṭuc ceṇṇār piṇpu cērntariyār eṇṇō ṭotta peṇkaḷelām
ēci nakaikka iṭaruḷantēṇ koṇṇō ṭotta kaṇṇāyeṇ kuraiyai
evarkkuk kūruvaṇē.*

TRANSLATION – The pure Lord of Otriyur has matted hair that gleams like lightning. He beautifully placed a garland on me and departed. He never joined me afterward. I suffer in distress as all the women around me mock and laugh. O friend with striking eyes, to whom shall I tell my grievance?

COMMENTARY – The spiritual path often brings social alienation when the seeker's inner experience does not match their outward devotion. The bride suffers public embarrassment as her peers laugh at her unconsummated marriage. She has given her life to a radiant God, but without the visible fruit of that union, she is left exposed to the mockery of the world.

11

உடுத்தும் அதளார் ஒற்றியினார் உலகம் புகழும் உத்தமனார்
தொடுத்திங் கெனக்கு மாலையிட்ட சுகமே அன்றி
என்னுடனே

படுத்தும் அறியார் எனக்குரிய பரிவிற் பொருள்ஓர் எள்ளளவும்
கொடுத்தும் அறியார் மாதேஎன் குறையை எவர்க்குக்
கூறுவனே.

*uṭuttum ataḷār orriyiṇār ulakam pukaḷum uttamaṇār toṭuttiṇ
keṇakku mālaiyiṭṭa cukamē aṇṇi eṇṇuṭaṇē paṭuttum ariyār
eṇakkuriya parivir poruḷōr eḷḷaḷavum koṭuttum ariyār mātē-
eṇ kuraiyai evarkkuk kūruvaṇē.*

TRANSLATION – He wears an animal hide. He belongs to Otriyur. He is the supreme one praised by the world. Other than the joy of his placing a woven garland upon me here, he has never lain with me. He has not given me even a sesame seed's measure of the affectionate wealth meant for me. O lady, to whom shall I tell my grievance?

COMMENTARY – Vallalar writes in the traditional voice of a bride speaking to her friend. This longing bride is the soul, and her beloved is God. The placing of the garland means the Lord has claimed her as his own. Yet she suffers because he has not granted her the final spiritual union or the grace she feels is rightfully hers.

12

உழைஒன் றணிகைத் தலம் உடையார் ஒற்றி உடையார்
என்றனக்கு

மழைஒன் றலர்பூ மாலையிட்டார் மறித்தும் வந்தார் அல்லரடி
பிழைஒன் றறியேன் பெண்களெலாம் பேசி நகைக்கப்
பெற்றேன்காண்

குழைஒன் றியகண் மாதேஎன் குறையை எவர்க்குக் கூறுவனே.

*uḷai-oṇ ṛaṇikait talamuṭaiyār orri uṭaiyār eṇṛaṇakku maḷai-
oṇ ṛalarpū mālaiyiṭṭār marittum vantār allaraṭi pīlai-oṇ
ṛariyēṇ peṇkaḷelām pēci nakaikkap perrēṇkāṇ kuḷai-oṇ
ṛiyakaṇ mātē-eṇ kuṛaiyai evarkkuk kūruvaṇē.*

TRANSLATION – He holds a deer in his beautiful hand. He is the Lord of Otriyur. He placed a garland of cool blossoming flowers upon me, but he never returned. I know of no fault on my part. All the women gossip and laugh at me. O lady whose long eyes reach your earrings, to whom shall I tell my grievance?

COMMENTARY – The bride complains that the world mocks her unfulfilled devotion. The Lord holds a leaping deer in his hand, a traditional mark of his divine form, yet he stays

away from her. She knows of no fault that justifies this painful separation.

13

ஏடார் பொழில்குழ் ஒற்றியினார் என்கண் அனையார்
என்தலைவர்
பீடார் மாலை இட்டதன்றிப் பின்னோர் சுகமும் பெற்றறியேன்
வாடாக் காத்தப் பெண்களெலாம் வலது பேச நின்றனடி
கோடார் கொங்கை மாதேஎன் குறையை எவர்க்குக் கூறுவனே.

*ēṭār poḻilcūḷ orriyiṇār eṇkaṇ aṇaiyār eṇtalaivar piṭār mālai
iṭṭatanrip pinṇōr cukamum perrariyēn vāṭāk kātar
peṇkaḷelām valatu pēca niṇṇaṇaṭi kōṭār koṇkai mātē-eṇ
kuṇaiyai evarkkuk kūruvaṇē.*

TRANSLATION – He belongs to Otriyur surrounded by groves full of petals. He is as dear as my own eyes. He is my Lord. Other than his placing the glorious garland upon me, I have experienced no further joy. All the women of unfading love stand gossiping about me. O lady with firm breasts, to whom shall I tell my grievance?

COMMENTARY – The initial joy of being chosen by the divine has given way to the pain of waiting. Even though the Lord is as precious to her as her own eyesight, the soul feels trapped in a state of suspense, wounded by the gossip of those around her.

14

கஞ்சன் அறியார் ஒற்றியினார் கண்மூன் றுடையார்
கனவினிலும்
வஞ்சம் அறியார் என்றனக்கு மாலைஇட்ட தொன்றல்லால்
மஞ்சம் அதனில் என்னோடு மருவி இருக்க நான்அறியேன்
கொஞ்சம் மதிநேர் நுதலாய்என் குறையை எவர்க்குக்
கூறுவனே.

*kañcaṇ ariyār orriyīṇār kaṇmūṇ ruṭaiyār kaṇaviṇilum
vañcam ariyār enṇaṇakku mālai-iṭṭa tonṇallāl mañcam ataṇil
eṇṇōṭu maruvi irukka nāṇariyēṇ koñcam matinēr nutalāyeṇ
kuraiyai evarkkuk kūruvaṇē.*

TRANSLATION – Brahma cannot comprehend him. He belongs to Otriyur. He has three eyes. He knows no deceit even in his dreams. Other than his placing a garland upon me, I have never known union with him on a bed. O lady with a forehead like the crescent moon, to whom shall I tell my grievance?

COMMENTARY – The bride knows her beloved is so great that even the creator god Brahma cannot comprehend him. She says he is entirely incapable of deceit, meaning she trusts his promise completely. Still, waiting for the deep, final union leaves her restless and asking for help.

15

ஆலம் இருந்த களத்தழகர் அணிசேர் ஒற்றி ஆலயத்தார்
சால எனக்கு மாலையிட்ட தன்மை ஒன்றே அல்லாது
கால நிரம்ப அவர்புயத்தைக் கட்டி அணைந்த தில்லையடி
கோல மதிவாண் முகத்தாய்என் குறையை எவர்க்குக்
கூறுவனே.

*ālam irunta kaḷattalakar aṇicēr orri ālayattār cāla eṇakku
mālaiyiṭṭa taṇmai oṇṇē allātu kāla nirampa avarpuyattaik
kaṭṭi aṇainta tillaiyaṭi kōla mativāṇ mukattāyeṇ kuraiyai
evarkkuk kūruvaṇē.*

TRANSLATION – He is the handsome Lord who holds poison in his throat. He resides in the beautiful temple of Otriyur. Other than his placing a garland upon me, I have never held and embraced his shoulders for a full measure of time. O lady with a bright face like the beautiful moon, to whom shall I tell my grievance?

COMMENTARY – The Lord is praised for holding poison in his throat to save the world, a well-known sign of his immense compassion. Vallalar uses the bride's desire for a physical embrace to describe the soul's craving for an unbroken, lasting experience of that divine grace.

16

நெய்தல் பணைகூழ் ஒற்றியினார் நிருத்தம் பயில்வார்
மால்அயனும்
எய்தற் கரியார் மாலையிட்டார் எனக்கென்றுரைக்கும்
பெருமைஅல்லால்
உய்தற் கடையேன் மனையின்கண் ஒருநா ளேனும் உற்றறியார்
கொய்தற் கரிதாங் கொடியேஎன் குறையை எவர்க்குக்
கூறுவனே.

*neytal paṇaicūḷ orriyiṇār niruttam payilvār mālayaṇum
eytar kariyār mālaiyiṭṭār eṇakkeṇ ruraikkum perumai-allāl
uytar kaṭiyēṇ maṇaiyiṇkaṇ orunā ḷeṇum urraiyār koytar
karitāṇ koṭiyē-eṇ kuraiyai evarkkuk kūruvaṇē.*

TRANSLATION – He of Otriyur, surrounded by coastal fields, performs the cosmic dance. He is hard for Vishnu and Brahma to reach. Other than my pride in declaring he garlanded me, he has not come to this lowly one's house for even a single day to save me. O friend beautiful as an unreachable vine, to whom shall I tell my grievance?

COMMENTARY – The soul, speaking as a young bride, feels a deep contradiction in her spiritual life. She carries the prestige of being chosen by the Lord, a divine being unreachable even to great gods like Vishnu and Brahma. Yet this pride feels empty because he has never actually entered her home to give her the true experience of his presence. She suffers the agonizing gap between a spiritual promise and its fulfillment.

17

போர்க்கும் உரியார் மால்பிரமன் போகி முதலாம் புங்கவர்கள்
யார்க்கும் அரியார் எனக்கெளியர் ஆகி என்னை
மாலையிட்டார்
ஈர்க்கும் புகுதா முலைமதத்தை இன்னுந் தவிர்த்தார் அல்லரடி
கூர்க்கும் நெடுவேற் கண்ணாய்என் குறையை எவர்க்குக்
கூறுவனே.

*pōrkkum uriyār mālpiraman pōki mutalām puṅkavarkaḷ
yārkkum ariyār eṇakkeḷiyar āki eṇṇai mālaiyiṭṭār īrkkum
pukutā mūlaimatattai iṇṇun tavirttār allaraṭi kūrkkum
neṭuvēr kaṇṇāyeṇ kuraiyai evarkkuk kūruvaṇē.*

TRANSLATION – He who wages the cosmic battle is rare to all gods including Vishnu, Brahma, and Indra. Yet he became accessible to me and garlanded me. Still, he has not relieved the swelling pride of my tightly set breasts. O friend with eyes like long sharp spears, to whom shall I tell my grievance?

COMMENTARY – The divine is often described as a fierce cosmic power, yet he became gentle and accessible just for her. Despite this initial act of grace, he leaves her aching with unfulfilled longing. Her physical maturity, described here in intimate terms, represents a soul fully ripe for divine union but left waiting in suspense.

18

இறையார் ஒற்றி யூரினிடெ இருந்தார் இனியார் என்கணவர்
மறையார் எனக்கு மாலையிட்டார் மருவார் என்னை
வஞ்சனையோ
பொறையார் இரக்கம் மிகவுடையார் பொய்ஒன் றுரையார்
பொய்யலடி
குறையா மதிவாண் முகத்தாய்என் குறையை எவர்க்குக்
கூறுவனே.

*iraiyār orri yūriṇṭai iruntār iṇiyār eṇkaṇavar maṛaiyār
eṇakku mālaiyiṭṭār maruvār eṇṇai vaṇcaṇaiyō poraiyār
irakkam mikavuṭaiyār poyon ruraiyār poyyalaṭi kuraiyā
mativāṇ mukattāyeṇ kuraiyai evarkkuk kūruvaṇē.*

TRANSLATION – The Lord resides in Otriyur. My sweet husband, the master of the Vedas, garlanded me. He does not embrace me. Is this a deception? He has great patience and immense compassion. He does not speak a single lie, and this is the truth, O friend. O friend with a luminous face like the unblemished full moon, to whom shall I tell my grievance?

COMMENTARY – The soul wrestles with doubt during the long wait for the divine. When the Lord remains distant, the bride briefly wonders if his promise was a cruel trick. She immediately corrects herself, remembering that his true nature is pure truth, immense patience, and limitless compassion.

19

உடுப்பார் கறித்தோல் ஒற்றினனும் ஊரார் என்னை
உடையவனார்

மடுப்பார் இன்ப மாலையிட்டார் மருவார் எனது
பிழைஉரைத்துக்

கெடுப்பார் இல்லை என்சொலினும் கேளார் எனது
கேள்வர்அவர்

கொடுப்பார் என்றோ மாதேஎன் குறையை எவர்க்குக்
கூறுவனே.

*uṭuppār karittōl orri-eṇum ūrār eṇṇai uṭaiyavaṇār maṭuppār
iṇpa mālaiyiṭṭār maruvār eṇatu pīlai-uraittuk keṭuppār illai
eṇcolīṇum kēlār eṇatu kēlvaravar koṭuppār eṇrō mātē-eṇ
kuraiyai evarkkuk kūruvaṇē.*

TRANSLATION – He wears an elephant skin. He of Otriyur is my master. He gave me sweet joy and garlanded me, but he does not embrace me. There is no one to ruin this by

speaking of my faults to him. Yet whatever I say, my husband does not listen. Will he ever give himself to me? O lady, to whom shall I tell my grievance?

COMMENTARY – The Lord is described wearing an elephant skin, a traditional image of the god Siva showing his power over wild nature. The bride knows no one has spoken ill of her to make him stay away. Her grief comes from the fact that her master simply will not listen to her pleas, leaving her wondering if he will ever truly give himself to her.

20

எருதில் வருவார் ஒற்றியுளார் என்நா யகனார் எனக்கினியார்
வருதி எனவே மாலையிட்டார் வந்தால் ஒன்றும் வாய்திறவார்
கருதி அவர்தங் கட்டளையைக் கடந்து நடந்தேன் அல்லவடி
குருகுண் கரத்தாய் என்னடிஎன் குறையை எவர்க்குக்
கூறுவனே.

*erutil varuvār orriyulār ennā yakanār eṇakkiṇiyār varuti
eṇavē mālaiyiṭṭār vantāl oṇrum vāytiravār karuti avartaṇ
kaṭṭalaiyaik kaṭantu naṭantēṇ allavaṭi kurukun karattāy
eṇṇaṭi-eṇ kuṛaiyai evarkkuk kūruvaṇē.*

TRANSLATION – He who comes riding a bull resides in Otriyur. My Lord is sweet to me. He said "Come" and garlanded me, but when he arrives, he does not open his mouth to say a word. I have never knowingly transgressed his commands. O friend wearing bangles on your wrists, what is this? To whom will I tell my grievance?

COMMENTARY – The Lord invites the soul to draw near, only to greet her with complete silence. The bride knows she has perfectly obeyed all his commands, making his silent distance even more painful. Her deep confusion shows that the soul desires intimate communion with the divine, a closeness that goes far beyond simple obedience.

21

மாவென் றுரித்தார் மாலையிட்ட மணாளர் என்றே
வந்தடைந்தால்

வாவென் றுரையார் போஎன்னார் மௌனஞ் சாதித்
திருந்தனர்காண்

ஆவென் றலறிக் கண்ணீர்விட் டமுதால் துயரம் ஆறுமடி
கோவென் றிருவேல் கொண்டாய்என் குறையை எவர்க்குக்
கூறுவனே.

*māven rurittār mālaiyiṭṭa maṇālar enrē vantaṭaintāl vāven
ruraiyār pō-enṇār maṇaṇ cātīr tiruntaṇarkāṇ āven ralarik
kaṇṇīrviṭ ṭaḷutāl tuyaram ārumaṭi kōven riruvēl koṭāyen
kuraiyai evarkkuk kūruvaṇē.*

TRANSLATION – When I approached him with the thought that he is the husband who flayed the mighty beast and garlanded me, he does not say come, and he does not say go. See, he maintains absolute silence. O friend, if I cry out and weep shedding tears, my sorrow subsides. O friend whose eyes are like twin royal spears, to whom shall I tell my grievance?

COMMENTARY – The soul feels caught in God's total silence, receiving neither a welcome nor a rejection. Longing for the divine can be intensely painful, and here the speaker finds that crying out in tears is the only way to ease her heavy sorrow.

22

நாட்டும் புகழார் திருஒற்றி நகர்வாழ் சிவனார் நன்மையெலாம்
காட்டும் படிக்கு மாலையிட்ட கணவர் எனஓர் காசளவில்
கேட்டும் அறியேன் தந்தறியார் கேட்டால் என்ன விளையுமடி
கோட்டு மணிப்பூண் முலையாய்என் குறையை எவர்க்குக்
கூறுவனே.

*nāṭṭum pukaḷār tiru-orri nakarvāl civaṇār naṇmaiyeḷām
kāṭṭum paṭikku mālaiyiṭṭa kaṇavar eṇa-ōr kāṇaḷavil kēṭṭum*

*ariyēṇ tantariyār kēṭṭāl eṇṇa vīlaiyumaṭi kōṭṭu maṇippūṇ
mulaiyāyēṇ kuraiyai evarkkuk kūruvaṇē.*

TRANSLATION – Lord Siva lives in the universally praised city of holy Otri. I considered him the husband who garlanded me to reveal all goodness. I have never heard of him giving even a single coin, and he knows not how to give. If I ask him, what will happen, O friend? O friend whose breasts wear curved jewel-studded ornaments, to whom shall I tell my grievance?

COMMENTARY – The divine lover has claimed the soul but seems to offer no worldly support or reassurance in return. The speaker wonders what good will come from begging for help from a Lord who appears entirely unaccustomed to giving material gifts.

23

வெற்பை வளைத்தார் திருஒற்றி மேவி அமர்ந்தார் அவர்எனது
கற்பை அழித்தார் மாலையிட்டுக் கணவர் ஆனார்
என்பதல்லால்
சிற்ப மணிமே டையில்என்னைச் சேர்ந்தார் என்ப தில்லையடி
கொற்பை அரவின் இடையாய்என் குறையை எவர்க்குக்
கூறுவனே.

*verpai valaittār tiru-orri mēvi amarntār avareṇatu karpai
aṭittār mālaiyiṭṭuk kaṇavar āṇār eṇṇpatallāl ciṛpa maṇimē
ṭaiyileṇṇaic cērntār eṇṇa tillaiyaṭi korpai araviṇ ṭaiyāyēṇ
kuraiyai evarkkuk kūruvaṇē.*

TRANSLATION – He bent the mountain into a bow and happily resides in holy Otri. Other than the fact that he ruined my chastity and became my garlanded husband, he has never joined me on the sculpted jewel-studded balcony, O friend. O friend with a waist like a beautiful dancing snake, to whom shall I tell my grievance?

COMMENTARY – God has completely conquered the soul, yet he continues to withhold the joy of full spiritual union. The speaker laments that her divine husband took away her independence without actually arriving to share her life. The reference to bending the mountain recalls the ancient story of Lord Siva using the mighty Mount Meru as a bow.

24

என்ன கொடுத்தும் கிடைப்பரியார் எழிலார் ஒற்றி
நாதர்எனைச்
சின்ன வயதில் மாலையிட்டுச் சென்றார் சென்ற
திறன்அல்லால்
இன்னும் மருவ வந்திலர்காண் யாதோ அவர்தம் எண்ணமது
கொன்னுண் வடிவேற் கண்ணாய்என் குறையை எவர்க்குக்
கூறுவனே.

*eṇṇa koṭuttum kiṭaippiariyār elilār orri nātareṇaic ciṇṇa
vayatil mālaiyiṭṭuc cenṛār cenṛa tiṇallāl iṇṇum maruva
vantilarkāṇ yātō avartam eṇṇamatu koṇṇuṇ vaṭivēṛ
kaṇṇāyeṇ kuraiyai evarkkuk kūruvaṇē.*

TRANSLATION – The Lord of beautiful Otri is difficult to attain no matter what one gives. He garlanded me at a young age and left. Other than leaving, see, he has not yet returned to embrace me. What could be his intention? O friend with eyes like deadly sharp spears, to whom shall I tell my grievance?

COMMENTARY – The soul remembers being chosen by God very early in life, only to be left waiting for his return. This waiting brings a deep sense of confusion, leaving the speaker to wonder why the divine would claim her heart and then stay away.

25

கரும்பின் இனியார் கண்ணுதலார் கடிசேர் ஒற்றிக் காவலனார்

இரும்பின் மனத்தேன் தனைமாலை இட்டார் இட்ட
அன்றலது

திரும்பி ஒருகால் வந்தென்னைச் சேர்ந்து மகிழ்ந்த தில்லையடி
குரும்பை அனைய முலையாய்என் குறையை எவர்க்குக்
கூறுவனே.

*karumpiṇ iṇiyār kaṇṇutalār kaṭicēr orrik kāvalaṇār irumpiṇ
maṇattēṇ taṇaimālai iṭṭār iṭṭa aṇṇalatu tirumpi orukāl
vanteṇṇai cērntu makilnta tillaiyaṭi kurumpai aṇaiya
mulaiyāyeṇ kuraiyai evarkkuk kūruvaṇē.*

TRANSLATION – He is sweeter than sugarcane. He has an eye on his forehead and protects fragrant Otri. He garlanded me, a woman with a heart of iron. Other than that day he garlanded me, he has never returned even once to join me and rejoice, O friend. O friend with breasts like tender coconuts, to whom shall I tell my grievance?

COMMENTARY – Despite the sweetness of God, the speaker feels burdened by what she calls her own hard, iron-like heart. She mourns that divine grace touched her once but has not returned to bring her lasting joy. The eye on the forehead is the traditional mark of Lord Siva, representing supreme spiritual vision.

26

தீது தவிர்ப்பார் திருவொற்றித் தியாகர் அழியாத் திறத்தார்அவர்
மாது மகிழ்தி எனஎன்னை மாலை யிட்டார் மாலையிட்ட
போது கண்ட திருமுகத்தைப் போற்றி மறித்தும் கண்டறியேன்
கோது கண்டேன் மாதேஎன் குறையை எவர்க்குக் கூறுவனே.

*tītu tavirppār tiruvorrit tiyākar aḷiyāt tirattāravār mātu
makilṭi eṇa-eṇṇai mālai yiṭṭār mālaiyiṭṭa pōtu kaṇṭa
tirumukattaip pōrri marittum kaṇṭariyēṇ kōtu kaṇṭēṇ mātē-
eṇ kuraiyai evarkkuk kūruvaṇē.*

TRANSLATION – Lord Thyagar of holy Otriyur removes all evils and possesses an immortal nature. Saying "Rejoice,

lady," He garlanded me. I praised His holy face when He placed the garland, but I have never seen it again. I found only sorrow. O friend, to whom shall I tell my grievance?

COMMENTARY – The soul receives a sudden, joyful glimpse of God's grace, symbolized here by the gift of a wedding garland. The heroine saw the Lord's face in that brief moment of divine acceptance, but his sudden disappearance leaves her in deep sorrow. The spiritual path often begins with an initial flash of light that quickly vanishes, forcing the soul to actively seek it out.

27

வென்றிக் கொடிமேல் விடைஉயர்த்தார் மேலார் ஒற்றி
யூரர்என்பால்
சென்றிக் குளிர்பூ மாலையிட்டார் சேர்ந்தார் அல்லர்
யான்அவரை
அன்றிப் பிறரை நாடினனோ அம்மா ஒன்றும் அறியனடி
குன்றிற் றுயர்கொண் டமும்எனது குறையை எவர்க்குக்
கூறுவனே.

*venṛik koṭimēl viṭai-uyarttār mēlār orṛi yūrarenpāl cenṛik
kuḷirpū mālaiyiṭṭār cērntār allar yāṇavarai anṛip piṛarai
nāṭiṇaṇō ammā onṛum ariyaṇaṭi kunṛir ruyarkoṇ ṭalumenatu
kuraiyai evarkkuk kūruvaṇē.*

TRANSLATION – The Supreme Lord of Otriyur flies the bull on His victorious flag. He came to me and placed this cool flower garland around my neck, but He did not unite with me. Did I seek anyone other than Him? Oh, I know nothing at all. I weep with sorrow as huge as a mountain. To whom shall I tell my grievance?

COMMENTARY – The heroine insists on her absolute loyalty. She has never sought any worldly or spiritual goal other than the Lord himself. Even with this single-minded devotion, she is left waiting for true union. Her mountain of sorrow reflects the intense agony of a soul that has

dedicated itself entirely to God but still feels utterly abandoned.

28

தோளா மணிநேர் வடிவழகர் சோலை சூழ்ந்த ஒற்றியினார்
மாளா நிலையர் என்றனக்கு மாலை இட்டார் மருவிலர்காண்
கேளாய் மாதே என்னிடையே கெடுதி இருந்த
தெனினும்அதைக்
கோளார் உரைப்பார் என்னடிஎன் குறையை எவர்க்குக்
கூறுவனே.

*tōlā maṇinēr vaṭivaḷakar cōlai cūḷnta orriyīnār māḷā nilaiyar
eṇṇaṇakku mālai iṭṭār maruvilarkāṇ kēḷāy mātē eṇṇītaiyē
keṭuti irunta teṇiṇumataik kōḷār uraippār eṇṇaṭi-eṇ kuraiyai
evarkkuk kūruvaṇē.*

TRANSLATION – The Lord of Otriyur is surrounded by groves and has a beautiful form like a flawless gem. He exists in an immortal state. He garlanded me, but look, He did not embrace me. Listen, O friend. Even if there was some flaw in me, who are the tale-bearers who told Him about it? To whom shall I tell my grievance?

COMMENTARY – Left in waiting, the soul begins to doubt its own worthiness. The heroine wonders if hidden flaws have caused the Lord to pull away, imagining that someone must have whispered her faults into his ear. This captures a natural moment in spiritual longing. When grace is delayed, the mind obsessively searches for its own secret mistakes to explain the silence.

29

வாடா திருந்தேன் மழைபொழியும் மலர்க்கா வனஞ்சூழ்
ஒற்றியினார்
ஏடார் அணிபூ மாலைஎனக் கிட்டார் அவர்க்கு
மாலையிட்டேன்

தேடா திருந்தேன் அல்லடியான் தேடி அருகிற்
சேர்ந்தும்எனைக்

கூடா திருந்தார் என்னடிஎன் குறையை எவர்க்குக் கூறுவனே.

*vāṭā tiruntēṇ mālaiṇṇiyum malarkkā vaṇaṇcūl orriyīṇār
ēṭār aṇipū mālai-eṇak kiṭṭār avarkku mālaiyiṭṭēṇ tēṭā
tiruntēṇ allaiyāṇ tēṭi arukir cērntumeṇaik kūṭā tiruntār
eṇṇaṭi-eṇ kuraiyai evarkkuk kūruvaṇē.*

TRANSLATION – I remained unfading. The Lord of Otriyur, surrounded by forest groves showered by rain, placed a beautiful garland of thick petals on me, and I garlanded Him in return. I did not fail to seek Him. I searched for Him and drew near Him, yet He did not unite with me. What is this? To whom shall I tell my grievance?

COMMENTARY – The exchange of garlands shows that a mutual promise was made between the soul and the divine. The heroine did everything she could, actively searching for the Lord and drawing as close as human effort allows. Yet she finds that final spiritual union cannot be forced by her own actions. It remains a pure gift that God alone controls.

30

நலத்திற் சிறந்த ஒற்றிநகர் நண்ணும் எனது நாயகனார்
வலத்திற் சிறந்தார் மாலையிட்டு மறித்தும் மருவார் வாராரேல்
நிலத்திற் சிறந்த உறவினர்கள் நிந்தித் தையோ எனைத்தமது
குலத்திற் சேரார் என்னடிஎன் குறையை எவர்க்குக் கூறுவனே.

*nalattir ciṇanta orrinakar naṇṇum eṇatu nāyakaṇār valattir
ciṇantār mālaiyiṭṭu maṇittum maruvār vārārēl nilattir
ciṇanta uṇaviṇarkaḷ nintit taiyō eṇaittamatu kulattir cērār
eṇṇaṭi-eṇ kuraiyai evarkkuk kūruvaṇē.*

TRANSLATION – My Lord resides in the most excellent city of Otriyur. He excels in might. He garlanded me but does not embrace me again. If He does not return, alas, my prominent relatives in this land will despise me. They will

banish me from their clan. What is this? To whom shall I tell my grievance?

COMMENTARY – The spiritual journey often brings conflict with society. The heroine fears the mockery of her relatives, who represent a conventional world that judges what it cannot understand. Once a soul has publicly committed to God, turning back is impossible. Lingering half-accepted and half-abandoned leaves the seeker totally vulnerable to the world's harsh judgment.

31

ஈர்ந்தேன் அளிகுழ் ஒற்றிஉளார் என்கண் மணியார் என்கணவர்
வார்ந்தேன் சடையார் மாலையிடும் வாழாதலைந்து
மனமெலிந்து

சோர்ந்தேன் பதைத்துத் துயர்க்கடலைச் சூழ்ந்தேன் இன்னும்
துடிக்கின்றேன்

கூர்ந்தேன் குழலாய் என்னடிஎன் குறையை எவர்க்குக்
கூறுவனே.

*īrntēṇ alicūḷ orri-uḷār eṇkaṇ maṇiyār eṇkaṇavar vārntēṇ
caṭaiyār mālaiyiṭṭum vālā talaintu maṇamelintu cōrntēṇ
pataittut tuyarkkaṭalaic cūḷntēṇ iṇṇum tuṭikkiṇrēṇ kūrntēṇ
kūḷalāy eṇṇaṭi-eṇ kūraiya evarkkuk kūruvaṇē.*

TRANSLATION – He resides in Otriyur, where bees swarm the cool nectar. He is the pupil of my eye and my husband. He has long matted hair. Even after garlanding him, I have not lived a life with him. I wandered with a frail heart and grew exhausted. Trembling in agony, I fell into an ocean of sorrow. I am still suffering. O friend with lovely tresses, what is this? To whom will I tell my grievance?

COMMENTARY – The soul speaks as a grieving bride confiding in her friend. She has given herself completely to God, symbolized by the marriage garland, yet she still feels terribly separated from him. God is described as the Lord of Otriyur (a sacred temple town in Chennai) with the matted

hair of an ascetic. Despite this spiritual marriage, the soul feels abandoned in an ocean of sorrow, exhausted and trembling. This intense longing for union with the divine becomes a crushing heartbreak, leaving her searching for anyone who can understand her pain.

004. THE WONDER OF THE DIVINE PROCESSION - TIRU ULĀ VIYAPPU - திரு உலா வியப்பு

1

வெள்ளச் சடையார் விடையார்செவ் வேலார் நூலார்
மேலார்தம்
உள்ளத் துறைவார் நிறைவார்நல் ஒற்றித் தியாகப் பெருமானர்
வள்ளற் குணத்தார் திருப்பவனி வந்தார் என்றார்
அம்மொழியை
விள்ளற் குள்ளே மனம்என்னை விட்டங் கவர்முன்
சென்றதுவே.

*vellac caṭaiyār viṭaiyārceṇ vēlār nūlār mēlārtam ullat
turaivār niraivārṇal orrit tiyākap perumāṇar vaḷḷar kuṇattār
tiruppavaṇi vantār eṇṇār ammoḷiyai viḷḷar kuḷḷe maṇameṇṇai
viṭṭaṇ kavarmuṇ ceṇṇratuvē.*

TRANSLATION – He bears the flood in his matted hair. He rides the bull. He holds the beautiful spear. He wears the sacred thread. He dwells in and entirely fills the hearts of the exalted ones. He is the great Lord Thyagar of good Otriyur. He possesses a bountiful nature. "He has come in his holy procession," they said. Before those words could even be spoken, my mind left me and rushed ahead to stand before him.

COMMENTARY – The devotee's mind instantly leaves her physical body to meet the Lord the moment she hears he is coming. The verse pictures the divine using classic images of Siva: the river Ganges in his matted hair, the sacred bull he rides, and his boundless grace. Devotion here is faster than speech itself.

2

அந்தார் அணியும் செஞ்சடையார் அடையார் புரமுன்
றவைஅனலின்

உந்தா நின்ற வெண்ணகையார் ஒற்றித் தியாகர் பவனிஇங்கு
வந்தார் என்றார் அந்தோநான் மகிழ்ந்து காண வருமுன்னம்
மந்தா கினிபோல் மனம்என்னை வஞ்சித் தவர்முன்
சென்றதுவே.

*antār aṇiyum ceñcāṭaiyār aṭaiyār puramūṇ ravai-aṇalin
untā niṇra veṇṇakaiyār orrit tiyākar pavaṇi-iṅku vantār
eṇṇār antōnāṇ makilntu kāṇa varumuṇṇam mantā kiṇipōl
maṇameṇṇai vañcit tavarmuṇ ceṇratuvē.*

TRANSLATION – He wears lovely garlands in his red matted hair. He laughed with a radiant white smile that drove the three cities of his foes into fire. He is Lord Thyagar of Otriyur. "He has come here in procession," they said. Alas, before I could joyously arrive to see him, my mind deceived me and rushed ahead to stand before him like the torrential Ganges river.

COMMENTARY – The mind rushes toward the divine with the unstoppable force of a torrential river. The verse recalls ancient mythology where Siva destroyed the three flying cities of the demons with a single radiant smile. This captures the sheer speed and overwhelming power of spiritual longing.

3

பொன்னேர் சடையார் கீள்உடையார் பூவை தனைஓர்
புடைஉடையார்

தென்னேர் பொழில்குழ் ஒற்றியூர்த் திகழுந் தியாகர்
திருப்பவனி

இன்னே வந்தார் என்றார்நான் எழுந்தேன் நான்அங்
கெழுவதற்கு

முன்னே மனம்என் தனைவிடுத்து முந்தி அவர்முன்
சென்றதுவே.

*ponṇēr caṭaiyār kīḷṭaiyār pūvai taṇai-ōr puṭai-uṭaiyār
teṇṇēr poḷilcūḷ orriyūrt tikaḷun tiyākar tiruppavaṇi iṇṇē
vantār eṇṇārṇāṇ eḷuntēṇ nāṇaṇ keḷuvataṟku munṇē maṇamen
taṇaiviṭuttu muntī avarmuṇ ceṇṇratuvē.*

TRANSLATION – He has matted hair like gold. He wears a loincloth. He keeps the Goddess on one side of his body. He is the radiant Lord Thyagar of Otriyur surrounded by beautiful groves. "He has come just now in his holy procession," they said. I stood up. Before I could even rise, my mind abandoned me and hurried ahead to stand before him.

COMMENTARY – The spiritual pull of the divine is so strong that the inner self abandons the physical body before it can even stand up. The verse describes God holding the Goddess on one half of his body, representing the perfect union of the divine masculine and feminine. The soul's desire for this divine presence outpaces any physical movement.

4

காண இனியார் என்இரண்டு கண்கள் அனையார்
கடல்விடத்தை

ஊணின் நுகர்ந்தார் உயர்ந்தார்நல் ஒற்றித் தியாகப்
பெருமானார்

மாண வீதி வருகின்றார் என்றார் காண வருமுன்னான்
நாண எனைவிட் டென்மனந்தான் நயந்தங் கவர்முன்
சென்றதுவே.

*kāṇa iṇiyār eṇṇiraṇṭu kaṇkaḷ aṇaiyār kaṭalviṭattai ūṇiṇ
nukarntār uyarntārṇal orrit tiyākap perumāṇār māṇa vīti
varukiṇṇār eṇṇār kāṇa varumuṇṇāṇ nāṇa eṇaiviṭ
teṇmaṇantāṇ nayantaṇ kavarmuṇ ceṇṇratuvē.*

TRANSLATION – He is sweet to behold. He is as precious as my own two eyes. He consumed the ocean's poison as his food. He is the supreme one, the great Lord Thyagar of good Otriyur. "He is coming grandly down the street," they said. Before I could arrive to see him, putting me to shame, my mind left me and eagerly rushed ahead to stand before him.

COMMENTARY – The longing for God completely bypasses ordinary self-control and social expectations. The poem refers to the story where Siva drank the ocean's deadly poison to save the world, proving his deep compassion. The devotee feels a sense of shame because her own mind has abandoned her to run to him, exposing her intense and uncontainable love for all to see.

5

செழுந்தெண் கடற்றெள் அமுதனையார் தியாகர் எனும்ஓர்
திருப்பெயரார்

கொழுந்தண் பொழில்குழ் ஒற்றியினார் கோலப் பவனி
என்றார்நான்

எழுந்திங் கவிழ்ந்த கலைபுனைந்தங் கேகு முன்னர்
எனைவிடுத்தே

அழுந்து நெஞ்சம் விழுந்துகூத் தாடி அவர்முன் சென்றதுவே.

*ceḷunteṇ kaṭarṛeḷ amutaṇaiyār tiyākar eṇumōr tiruppeyarār
koḷuntaṇ poḷilcūḷ orriyiṇār kōlap pavaṇi eṇṛārṇāṇ eḷuntin
kaviḷnta kalaipunaṇaintaṇ kēku muṇṇar eṇaiṇiṭuttē aḷuntu
neṇcam vḷuntukūt tāṭi avarmuṇ ceṇratuvē.*

TRANSLATION – He is like the clear nectar of the rich and lucid ocean. He bears the sacred name Thyagar. He dwells in Otriyur surrounded by lush cool groves. "He is coming in a magnificent procession," they said. I stood up. Before I could fasten my slipping garment and go there, my mesmerized heart abandoned me and danced all the way to stand before him.

COMMENTARY – True devotion acts like a joyful intoxication. The devotee cannot even pause to adjust her slipping clothes before her heart runs off dancing toward the Lord. The name Thyagar means one who makes the ultimate sacrifice. Encountering this generous divine love makes the soul abandon all physical dignity in pure joy.

6

சால மாலும் மேலும்இடந் தாலும் அறியாத் தழல்உருவார்
சேலும் புனலும் சூழ்ஒற்றித் திகழுந் தியாகப் பெருமானார்
பாலுந் தேனுங் கலந்ததெனப் பவனி வந்தார் என்றனர்யான்
மேலுங் கேட்கு முன்னமனம் விட்டங் கவர்முன் சென்றதுவே.

*cāla mālum mēlumiṭan tālum aṛiyāt talaluruṇār cēlum
punalum cūlorrit tikaḷun tiyākap perumāṇār pālun tēṇun
kalantateṇap pavaṇi vantār eṇṇaṇaryāṇ mēluṇ kēṭku
munṇamaṇam viṭṭaṇ kavarmuṇ cenratuvē.*

TRANSLATION – They said the great Lord Thyagar, who shines in Otriyur surrounded by waters swimming with carp and who holds the fiery form that Vishnu and Brahma could not know despite searching above and below, came in procession like milk mixed with honey. Before I could hear anything more, my mind left me and went to stand before Him.

COMMENTARY – The moment the speaker hears that God is passing by, her mind abandons her body to go to Him. She describes Lord Siva as an endless pillar of fire that the other gods, Vishnu and Brahma, could not measure. The divine is incredibly vast and powerful, yet sweet and inviting like a mixture of milk and honey. The soul feels an urgent, helpless pull toward that sweetness.

7

பின்தாழ் சடையார் தியாகர்எனப் பேசும் அருமைப்
பெருமானார்

மன்றார் நடத்தார் ஒற்றிதனில் வந்தார் பவனி என்றார்நான்
நன்றாத் துகிலைத் திருத்துமுனம் நலஞ்சேர் கொன்றை
நளிர்ப்பூவின்

மென்தார் வாங்க மனம்என்னை விட்டங் கவர்முன்
சென்றதுவே.

*pintāl caṭaiyār tiyākareṇap pēcum arumaip perumāṇār
maṇṇār naṭattār orṟitaṇil vantār pavani eṇṟārṇāṇ naṇṟāt
tukilait tiruttumuṇam nalañcēr koṇrai naḷirppūviṇ meṇṭār
vāṅka maṇameṇṇai viṭṭaṇ kavarmuṇ ceṇratuṇē.*

TRANSLATION – They said the rare Lord known as Thyagar, whose matted hair hangs down his back and who dances in the hall, came in procession in Otriyur. Before I could properly adjust my dress, my mind left me and went to stand before Him to obtain His soft garland of cool and beautiful konrai flowers.

COMMENTARY – The desire to reach God is so sudden and overwhelming that the speaker loses all ordinary social awareness. Before she can even straighten her clothing, her mind has already rushed out to the street. She longs to receive His garland of *konrai* flowers, a bright yellow blossom sacred to Lord Siva. This represents the soul's desperate craving for a direct sign of divine grace.

8

கண்ணார் நுதலார் மணிகண்டர் கனக வரையாங் கனசிலையார்
பெண்ணார் பாகர் தியாகர்எனப் பேசும் அருமைப்
பெருமானார்

தண்ணார் பொழில்சூழ் ஒற்றிதனில் சார்ந்தார் பவனி
என்றனர்நான்

நண்ணா முன்னம் என்மனந்தான் நாடி அவர்முன் சென்றதுவே.

*kaṇṇār nutalār maṇikaṇṭar kaṇaka varaiyāṇ kaṇacilaiyār
peṇṇār pākār tiyākareṇap pēcum arumaip perumāṇār
taṇṇār poḷilcūḷ orṟitaṇil cārntār pavaṇi eṇṟaṇarnāṇ naṇṇā
muṇṇam eṇmaṇantāṇ nāṭi avarmuṇ ceṇṟatuvē.*

TRANSLATION – They said the rare Lord known as Thyagar, who has an eye on His forehead, a sapphire throat, the golden mountain as His strong bow, and the Goddess as half His body, arrived in procession in Otriyur surrounded by cool groves. Before I could approach, my mind sought Him out and went to stand before Him.

COMMENTARY – The speaker lists the immense features of Lord Siva: His third eye of wisdom, the throat turned blue from swallowing poison to save the world, and a body shared equally with the Goddess. He is so powerful that He holds a golden mountain as His bow. Hearing of this majesty, the human mind cannot wait for the physical body to catch up. It simply flies ahead on its own to stand in the divine presence.

9

ஈமப் புறங்காட் டெரியாடும் எழிலார் தில்லை இனிதமர்வார்
சேமப் புலவர் தொழும்ஒற்றித் திகழுந் தியாகப் பெருமானார்
வாமப் பாவை யொடும்பவனி வந்தார் என்றார்
அதுகாண்பான்

காமப் பறவை போல்என்மனம் கடுகி அவர்முன் சென்றதுவே.

*īmap puṛaṅkāṭ ṭeriyāṭum eḷilār tillai iṇitamavār cēmap
pulavar toḷumorṟit tikaḷun tiyākap perumāṇār vāmap pāvai
yoṭumpavaṇi vantār eṇṟār atukāṇpāṇ kāmap paṛavai
pōḷeṇmaṇam kaṭuki avarmuṇ ceṇṟatuvē.*

TRANSLATION – They said the great Lord Thyagar, who dances in the fire of the cremation ground, joyfully abides in beautiful Thillai, and shines in Otriyur worshipped by steadfast poets, came in procession with the beautiful

Goddess. To see this, my mind rushed like a bird of longing and went to stand before Him.

COMMENTARY – God bridges the absolute extremes of existence. He is both the fierce dancer in the ashes of the cremation ground and the beautiful Lord enshrined in the great temple at Thillai (Chidambaram). Hearing that He is coming with the Goddess, the speaker's mind rushes toward Him like a bird flying toward its mate. The soul's longing for the divine is as fierce and instinctive as romantic love.

10

சூலப்படையார் பூதங்கள் சுற்றும் படையார் துதிப்பவர்தம்
சீலப் பதியார் திருஓற்றித் திகழுந் தியாகப் பெருமானார்
நீலக் களத்தார் திருப்பவனி நேர்ந்தார் என்றார் அதுகாண்பான்
சாலப் பசித்தார் போல்மனந்தான் தாவி அவர்முன்
சென்றதுவே.

*cūlappaṭaiyār pūtaṅkaḷ curṟum paṭaiyār tutippavartam cīlap
paṭiyār tiru-orṟit tikaḷun tiyākap perumāṇār nīlak kaḷattār
tiruppavaṇi nērntār eṇṟār atukāṇpāṇ cālap pacittār
pōlmaṇantāṇ tāvi avarmuṇ ceṇṟatuṇē.*

TRANSLATION – They said the great blue-throated Lord Thyagar, who wields a trident, commands an army of spirits, acts as the virtuous refuge for those who praise Him, and shines in holy Otriyur, appeared in a divine procession. To see this, my mind leapt like a starving person and went to stand before Him.

COMMENTARY – Spiritual craving is a literal hunger. The mind leaps toward God exactly like a starving person lunging for food. Lord Siva is described here as a fierce figure carrying a trident and surrounded by an army of spirits, yet He is also the absolute safest refuge for those who love Him. The intense feeling of physical starvation shows how desperately the soul needs divine grace simply to survive.

005. WONDERFUL WORDS OF PLAYFUL CONVERSE - SALLĀPA VIYANMOLI - சல்லாப வியன்மொழி

1

காது நடந்த கண்மடவாள் கடிமா மனைக்குக் கால்வருந்தத்
தூது நடந்த பெரியவரசிற் சுகத்தா ரொற்றித் தொன்னகரார்
வாது நடந்தான் செய்கின்றோர் மாது நடந்து வாவென்றார்
போது நடந்த தென்றேனெப் போது நடந்த தென்றாரே.

*kātu naṭanta kaṇmaṭavāḷ kaṭimā maṇaikkuk kālvaruntat
tūtu naṭanta periyavarcir cukattā roṭṭit tonṇakarār vātu
naṭantāṇ ceykiṇṇōr mātu naṭantu vāveṇṇār pōtu naṭanta
teṇṇēṇep pōtu naṭanta teṇṇārē.*

TRANSLATION – The Great One walked as a messenger until his feet ached to the grand house of the woman whose eyes stretch to her ears. He is the Lord of supreme bliss, the resident of ancient Otriyur. He said, "O woman who constantly argues, walk here and come to me." I said, "The hour has passed." He replied, "When did the hour pass?"

COMMENTARY – The Lord who once walked as a messenger to reunite a devoted saint with his wife now comes to tease the heroine. She tells him it is too late, using a Tamil phrase that literally means the time has walked away. He playfully turns her words around, asking exactly when time learned to walk.

2

கச்சை யிடுவார் படவரவைக் கண்மூன் றுடையார் வாமத்திற்
பச்சை யிடுவா ரொற்றியுள்ளார் பரிந்தென் மனையிற்
பலிக்குற்றார்
இச்சை யிடுவா ருண்டியென்றா ருண்டே னென்றே
னெனக்கின்று

பிச்சை யிடுவா யென்றார்நான் பிச்சை யடுவே னென்றேனே.

*kaccai yiṭuvār paṭavaravaik kaṇmūṇ ruṭaiyār vāmattir
paccai yiṭuvā roṭṭiyuḷḷār parinteṇ maṇaiyir palikkurrār iccai
yiṭuvā ruṇṭiyenrā ruṇṭē neṇrē neṇakkiṇru piccai yiṭuvā
yenrārnāṇ piccai yaṭuvē neṇrēṇē.*

TRANSLATION – He wears a hooded snake as a belt. He has three eyes. He places the green-hued Goddess on his left side. The Lord of Otriyur came affectionately to my house for alms. He asked, "Did you eat the food you desire?" I said, "I have eaten." He said, "Give me alms today." I said, "I will cook alms for you."

COMMENTARY – The heroine and the disguised Lord trade witty remarks over a request for food. He asks her for alms, using the Tamil word *piccai*, which can mean either food given to a beggar or a state of madness. She playfully replies that she will cook *piccai* for him, hinting that he is the one driven by divine madness.

3

கருதற் கரியார் கரியார்முன் காணக் கிடையாக் கழலடியார்
மருதத் துறைவார் திருவொற்றி வாண ரின்றென்
மனைக்குற்றார்

தருதற் கென்பா லின்றுவந்தி ரென்றே னதுநீ தானென்றார்
வருதற் குரியீர் வாருமென்றேன் வந்தே னென்று மறைந்தாரே.

*karutaṭ kariyār kariyārmuṇ kāṇak kiṭaiyāk kaḷalaṭiyār
marutat tuṭaivār tiruvorri vāṇa riṇṇeṇ maṇaikkurrār tarutar
keṇpā liṇruvantī reṇrē natuṇi tāṇeṇrār varutar kuriyir
vārumenrēṇ vantē neṇru maṇaintārē.*

TRANSLATION – He is hard to comprehend. His ankleted feet could not be seen by Vishnu in the past. He resides in Marudham. The Lord of Otriyur came to my house today. I asked, "Have you come today so that I might give to you?" He replied, "That which you must give is yourself." I said,

"You who have the right to come, come in." He said, "I have come," and vanished.

COMMENTARY – The true gift the Lord seeks is the complete surrender of the soul. When he comes to her door, she asks what she is meant to give, and he plainly tells her he wants her very self. The moment she yields and invites him in, he answers that he has already arrived and vanishes from physical sight.

4

கல்லை வளைக்கும் பெருமானார் கழிசூழ் தொற்றிக் கடிநகரார்
எல்லை வளைக்குந் தில்லையுள்ளா ரென்றன் மனைக்குப்
பலிக்குற்றார்

அல்லை வளைக்குங் குழலன்ன மன்பி னுதவா விடிலோபம்
இல்லை வளைக்கு மென்றார்நா னில்லை வளைக்கு
மென்றேனே.

*kallai vaḷaikkum perumāṇār kaḷicū ḷorrik kaṭinakarār ellai
vaḷaikkun tillaiyullā reṇraṇ maṇaikkup palikkurrār allai
vaḷaikkun kuḷalaṇṇa maṇpi nūtavā viṭilōpam illai vaḷaikkū
meṇṇārṇā ṇillai vaḷaikkū meṇṇēṇē.*

TRANSLATION – The great Lord bent the mountain into a bow. He is the Lord of the secure city of Otriyur surrounded by backwaters. He resides in Thillai which encompasses the world's boundaries. He came to my house for alms. He said, "O swan with tresses that curl like the dark night, if you do not give with love, will not greed encompass you?" I said, "No, it will encompass you."

COMMENTARY – The Lord warns the heroine that failing to give with love will leave her trapped by greed. She answers with a clever pun on the word *illai*, which means no or absence. She turns his warning around, playfully telling the supreme Lord that if she refuses him, he is the one who will be left with nothing.

5

வெற்றி யிருந்த மழுப்படையார் விடையார் மேரு
வில்லுடையார்
பெற்றி யிருந்த மனத்தர்தமுட் பிறங்குந் தியாகப் பெருமானார்
சுற்றி யிருந்த பெண்களெல்லாஞ் சொல்லி நகைக்க
வருகணைந்தார்
ஓற்றி யிருமென் றுரைத்தேனோ னொற்றி யிருந்தே
னென்றாரே.

*verri yirunta maḷuppaṭaiyār viṭaiyār mēru villuṭaiyār perri
yirunta maṇattartamuṭ piṇṅkun tiyākap perumāṇār curri
yirunta peṇkaḷellāñ colli nakaikka varukaṇaintār orri
yirumenṇ ruraittēṇō norri yiruntē nenrārē.*

TRANSLATION – He holds the victorious battle-axe. He rides the bull. He wields Mount Meru as a bow. He is the great Lord Thyagar who shines within the minds of the great. He approached me while all the women surrounding me chattered and laughed. I said, "Stand apart." He replied, "I stood in Otriyur."

COMMENTARY – Feeling shy in front of her laughing friends, the heroine tells the Lord to stand apart. She uses the phrase *orri irum*, meaning stand aside. He instantly turns her words into a pun on his sacred town of Otriyur, smiling as he replies that he has always stood there.

6

விண்டங் கமரர் துயர்தவிர்க்கும் வேற்கை மகனை
விரும்பிநின்றோர்
வண்டங் கிசைக்கும் பொழிலொற்றி வதிவா ரென்றன்
மனையடைந்தார்
தண்டங் கழற்கு நிகரானீர் தண்டங் கழற்கென்
றேன்மொழியாற்
கண்டங் கறுத்தா யென்றார்நீர் கண்டங் கறுத்தீ ரென்றேனே.

*viṇṭaṇ kamarar tuyartavirkkum vērkai makaṇai
virumpiniṇrōr vaṇṭaṇ kicaikkum poḷilorri vativā reṇraṇ
maṇaiyaṭaintār taṇṭaṇ kaḷarḱu nikarāṇir taṇṭaṇ kaḷarḱeṇ
rēṇmolīyār kaṇṭaṇ karuttā yeṇrārṇir kaṇṭaṇ karuttī reṇrēṇē.*

TRANSLATION – He who loves his spear-wielding son who removed the sorrow of the celestials, who dwells in Otriyur where bees hum in the groves, reached my house. I asked, "You who possess the staff and the anklet, what are the staff and the anklet for?" He replied with his words, "Seeing them there, you grew angry." I replied, "It is you who have a blackened neck."

COMMENTARY – The heroine and the Lord engage in a playful game of words. When she questions him about his ascetic staff and anklet, he twists her words to accuse her of sudden anger. She turns the accusation back on him, reminding him that he is the one with the famously black neck, stained by cosmic poison.

7

விற்கண் டாத நுதன்மடவாள் வேட்ட நடன வித்தகனார்
சொற்கண் டாத புகழொற்றித் தூய நின்றென் மனைபுகுந்தார்
நிற்கண் டார்கண் மயலடைவா ரென்றார் நீர்தா
நிகழ்த்தியசொற்
கற்கண் டாமென் றுரைத்தேனான் கற்கண் டாமென்
றுரைத்தாரே.

*viṛkaṇ ṭāta nutaṇmaṭavāḷ vēṭṭa naṭaṇa vittakaṇār coṛkaṇ
ṭāta pukaḷorrit tūya riṇreṇ maṇaipukuntār niṛkaṇ ṭārkaṇ
mayalaṭaivā reṇrār nīrtā nikaḷttiyacoṛ kaṛkaṇ ṭāmeṇ
ruraittēṇāṇ kaṛkaṇ ṭāmeṇ ruraittārē.*

TRANSLATION – The master of dance desired by the lady whose forehead shames a bow, the pure one of Otriyur whose fame goes beyond words, entered my house today. He said, "Those who see you will become infatuated." I said,

"The words you have just spoken are sweet rock candy." He replied, "They are stones that you see."

COMMENTARY – The Lord visits the heroine and praises her beauty, sparking another exchange of witty puns. She calls his flattering words as sweet as rock candy (*karkaṇṭu*). He playfully splits her Tamil word in two, claiming she is actually accusing his words of being as hard as the stones she sees before her.

8

விடையார் கொடிமே லுயர்த்தருளும் வேத கீதப் பெருமானார்
உடையா ரொற்றி யூரமர்ந்தா ருவந்தென் மனையி
லின்றடைந்தார்

இடையா வைய மென்றார்நா னிடைதா னைய மென்றேனாற்
கடையா ரளியா ரென்றார்கட் கடையா ரளியா ரென்றேனே.

*viṭaiyār koṭimē luyarttaruḷum vēta kītap perumāṇār uṭaiyā
rorri yūramarntā ruvantēṇ maṇaiyi liṇṇṟaṭaintār iṭaiyā vaiya
menṇārṇā ṇiṭaitā ṇaiya menṇēṇār kaṭaiyā raḷiyā renṇārkaṭ
kaṭaiyā raḷiyā renṇēṇē.*

TRANSLATION – The great Lord of Vedic songs who raises high the bull flag, the Master who resides in Otriyur, joyfully reached my house today. He said, "Your waist is a mere doubt." I said, "The waist is indeed a doubt." He said, "Those at the gate are seeking grace." I replied, "The corners of your eyes are brimming with grace."

COMMENTARY – In classical Tamil poetry, a beautiful waist is praised as being so thin that onlookers doubt it even exists. The Lord teases the heroine with this poetic convention, and their banter quickly shifts to the topic of grace. When he says beggars wait at the gate for her kindness, she redirects the praise, telling him that true grace overflows from the corners of his own eyes.

9

நாடொன் றியசீர்த் திருவொற்றி நகரத் தமர்ந்த நாயகனார்
ஈடொன் றில்லா ரென்மனையுற் றிருந்தார் பூவுண்
டெழில்கொண்ட
மாதொன் றெங்கே யென்றேனுன் மனத்தி லென்றார்
மகிழ்ந்தமர்வெண்
காடொன் றுடையீ ரென்றேன்செங் காடொன் றுடையே
னென்றாரே.

*nāṭon riyacīrt tiruvorri nakarat tamarnta nāyakanār iṭon
rillā reṇmaṇaiyur riruntār pūvuṇ ṭeḷilkoṇṭa māṭon reṅkē
yeṇrēṇuṇ maṇatti leṇrār makīṇtamarveṇ kāṭon ruṭaiyī
reṇrēṇceṇ kāṭon ruṭaiyē neṇrārē.*

TRANSLATION – The Lord who dwells in the renowned city of Otriyur, the peerless one, came and stayed in my house. I asked, "Where is the beautiful bull that ate the flower?" He said, "In your mind." I said, "You possess a white forest where you joyfully dwell." He replied, "I possess a red forest."

COMMENTARY – The heroine asks the Lord about his divine mount, the sacred bull. He answers that the bull is actually within her own mind, pointing inward to her own soul. Their dialogue then touches on his mythical dwelling places: she mentions his home in the white forest, and he replies that he lives in the red forest, referring to the cremation grounds where he dances.

10

சொல்லா லியன்ற தொடைபுனைவார் தூயா ரொற்றித்
தொன்னகரார்
அல்லா லியன்ற மனத்தார்பா லணுகா ரென்றென்
மனைபுகுந்தார்
வல்லா லியன்ற முலையென்றார் வல்லார் நீரென்
றேனுன்சொற்

கல்லா லியன்ற தென்றார்முன் கல்லா லியன்ற தென்றேனே.

*collā liyaṇṇa toṭaipuṇaiṽār tūyā roṟṟit toṇṇakarār allā
liyaṇṇa maṇattārpā laṇukā reṇṇeṇ maṇaipukuntār vallā
liyaṇṇa mulaiyeṇṇār vallār nīreṇ ṛēṇuṇcoṛ kallā liyaṇṇa
teṇṇārmuṇ kallā liyaṇṇa teṇṇē.*

TRANSLATION – He who wears garlands fashioned from words, the pure one of ancient Otriyur who does not approach those with dark hearts, entered my house. He said, "Your breasts are formed with strength." I said, "You are a capable one." He said, "Your words are made of stone." I replied, "You are the one who anciently sat beneath the stone banyan tree."

COMMENTARY – The Lord playfully accuses the heroine of speaking hard, stony words. She deflects his teasing by reminding him of his own history with stones. She addresses him as the ancient teacher who sits in silent meditation beneath the great stone banyan tree, a classic form of the divine known for absolute stillness.

006. WORDS OF JOY - INPAK KILAVI - இன்பக் கிளவி

1

தில்லை வளத்தார் அம்பலத்தார் திருவேட் களத்தார்
செவ்வணத்தார்
கல்லை வளைத்தார் என்றன்மனக் கல்லைக் குழைத்தார்
கங்கணத்தால்
எல்லை வளைத்தார் தியாகர்தமை எழிலார் ஒற்றி எனும்நகரில்
ஒல்லை வளைத்துக் கண்டேன்நான் ஒன்றும் உரையா
திருந்தாரே.

*tillai vaḷattār ampalattār tiruvēṭ kaḷattār cevvaṇattār kallai
vaḷaittār eṇṇaṇmaṇak kallaik kuḷaittār kaṅkaṇattāl ellai
vaḷaittār tiyākartamai eḷilār orri eṇumnakaril ollai vaḷaittuk
kaṇṭēnnān oṇṇum uraiyā tiruntārē.*

TRANSLATION – He belongs to prosperous Thillai. He dances in the Hall. He resides in Thiruvetkalam. He is the red-hued One. He bent the mountain into a bow. He melted the stone of my heart. He drew the boundary with His serpent bracelet. In the beautiful city of Otri, I quickly embraced Lord Thyagar and looked at Him. He stood there saying absolutely nothing.

COMMENTARY – The young woman describes a fleeting, intimate encounter with the divine. She remembers God's legendary acts of power, like bending a mountain into a bow, but she marvels most at how he melted the stone of her own heart. When she finally pulls him close in a sudden embrace, he stands completely silent, leaving her awestruck and wanting more.

2

இருந்தார் திருவா ருரகத்தில் எண்ணாக் கொடியார் இதயத்தில்

பொருந்தார் கொன்றைப் பொலன்பூந்தார் புனைந்தார்
தம்மைப் புகழ்ந்தார்கண்

விருந்தார் திருந்தார் புரமுன்தீ விளைத்தார் ஒற்றி
நகர்கிளைத்தார்

தருந்தார் காம மருந்தார்இத் தரணி இடத்தே தருவாரே.

*iruntār tiruvā rūrakattil eṇṇāk koṭiyār itayattil poruntār
konraip polanpūntār puṇaintār tammaip pukaḷntārkaṇ
viruntār tiruntār puramuṇṭi vīḷaittār orri nakarkīḷaittār
taruntār kāma maruntārit taraṇi iṭattē taruvārē.*

TRANSLATION – He resides in Thiruvarur. He does not dwell in the hearts of the cruel. He wears the golden konrai garland. He offers Himself as a feast to those who praise Him. Long ago, He set fire to the cities of the wicked. He flourishes in the city of Otri. Will He give me the medicine of love upon this earth?

COMMENTARY – Vallalar says God cannot be found in the hearts of the cruel, but he gives himself entirely to those who praise him with love. The young woman recalls his legendary deeds and his golden *konrai* (Indian laburnum) flowers, wondering if he will ever give her the cure for her desperate lovesickness.

3

தருவார் தருவார் செல்வமுதல் தருவார் ஒற்றித் தலம்அமர்வார்
மருவார் தமது மனமருவார் மருவார் கொன்றை
மலர்புனைவார்

திருவார் புயனும் மலரோனும் தேடும் தியாகப் பெருமானார்
வருவார் வருவார் எனநின்று வழிபார்த் திருந்தேன் வந்திலரே.

*taruvār taruvār celvamutal taruvār orrit talamamarvār
maruvār tamatu maṇamaruvār maruvār konrai
malarpuṇaiṇvār tiruvār puyaṇum malarōṇum tēṭum tiyākap
perumaṇār varuvār varuvār eṇaniṇru vaḷipārt tiruntēn
vantilarē.*

TRANSLATION – He will give it, He will give it, He will give the ultimate wealth. He resides in the shrine of Otri. He does not enter the minds of those who shun Him. He wears fragrant konrai flowers. He is Lord Thyagar, whom the broad-shouldered Vishnu and the lotus-born Brahma endlessly seek. I stood watching the path thinking, "He will come, He will come." But He did not come.

COMMENTARY – She assures herself that God will bring her the greatest spiritual wealth. Even the mighty creator and preserver gods, Brahma and Vishnu, spend their time endlessly searching for him. Despite her complete faith, she is left standing on the path watching for him, feeling the sharp pain of his failure to arrive.

4

வந்தார் அல்லர் மாதேநீ வருந்தேல் என்று மார்பிலங்கும்
தந்தார் அல்லல் தவிர்ந்தோங்கத் தந்தார் அல்லர் தயை
உடையார்
சந்தார் சோலை வளர்ஒற்றித் தலத்தார் தியாகப் பெருமானார்
பந்தார் முலையார்க் கவர்கொடுக்கும் பரிசே தொன்றும்
பார்த்திலமே.

*vantār allar mātēnī varuntēl eṇṇu mārpilankum tantār allal
tavirntōṅkat tantār allar tayai uṭaiyār cantār cōlai vaḷarorṛit
talattār tiyākap perumāṇār pantār mulaiyār
kavarkoṭukkum paricē tonṇum pārttilamē.*

TRANSLATION – He did not come. He did not say, "O lady, do not grieve." He did not give the garland shining on His chest to dispel my sorrow and uplift me. Yet they say He is compassionate. He is Lord Thyagar of Otri, a shrine growing with sandalwood groves. I have seen absolutely nothing of the gifts He gives to women with rounded breasts.

COMMENTARY – Her longing now turns into playful frustration and doubt. She complains that a truly

compassionate Lord would have come to wipe away her tears and offer his garland as a sign of love. Since he did none of this, she questions whether his famous mercy is real at all.

5

இலமே செறித்தார் தாயர்இனி என்செய் குவதென் றிருந்தேற்கு
நலமே தருவார் போல்வந்தென் நலமே கொண்டு
நழுவினர்காண்
உலமே அனைய திருத்தோளார் ஒற்றித் தியாகப் பெருமானார்
வலமே வலம்என்அ வலம்அவலம் மாதே இனிஎன்
வழுத்துவதே.

*ilamē cerittār tāyariṇi eṇcey kuvateṇ ṛiruntērku nalamē
taruvār pōlvanteṇ nalamē koṇṭu ṇaḷuviṇarkāṇ ulamē aṇaiya
tiruttōḷār orṛit tiyākap perumāṇār valamē valameṇa
valamavalam mātē iṇi-eṇ vaḷuttuvatē.*

TRANSLATION – My mothers confined me to the house. I sat there wondering what I should do now. He came as if to bestow goodness upon me, but He stole my virtue and slipped away. He is Lord Thyagar of Otri, possessing divine shoulders like stone pillars. His victory is absolute victory. My misery is absolute misery. O friend, what is left to say?

COMMENTARY – Confined to her home by her elders, the young woman feels utterly helpless. She says God tricked her by arriving like a savior, only to steal her heart and slip away in secret. She is left to tell her friend that the Lord has won a total victory, while she has been left in absolute ruin.

6

வழுத்தார் புரத்தை எரித்தார்நல் வலத்தார் நடன மலரடியார்
செழுத்தார் மார்பர் திருஒற்றித் திகழுந் தியாகப் பெருமானார்
கழுத்தார் விடத்தார் தமதழகைக் கண்டு கனிந்து பெருங்காமம்
பழுத்தார் தம்மைக் கலந்திடநற் பதத்தார் என்றும் பார்த்திலரே.

*vaḷuttār purattai erittārnal valattār naṭaṇa malaratiyār
celuttār mārpar tiru-orṛit tikaḷun tiyākap perumāṇār
kaḷuttār viṭattār tamataḷakaik kaṇṭu kaṇintu peruṅkāmam
paḷuttār tammaik kalantiṭanaṇ patattār eṇrum pārttilarē.*

TRANSLATION – He burned the cities of those who did not worship him. He possesses dancing lotus feet and wears a lush garland on his chest. He is the great Lord Thyagar who shines in Otriyur. He holds poison in his throat. Seeing his beauty, I melted and ripened with great lust. Yet, the Lord with good feet never once looked at me to unite with me.

COMMENTARY – The speaker takes on the voice of a young woman deeply in love with God. She praises his immense power and beauty, but feels the sharp pain of being completely ignored by the one she desperately wants to reach.

7

பாரா திருந்தார் தமதுமுகம் பார்த்து வருந்தும் பாவைதனைச்
சேரா திருந்தார் திருஒற்றித் திகழுந் தியாகப் பெருமானார்
வாரா திருந்தார் இன்னும்இவள் வருத்தங் கேட்டும்
மாவைதனைத்

தாரா திருந்தார் சலமகளைத் தாழ்ந்த சடையில் தரித்தாரே.

*pārā tiruntār tamatumukam pārttu varuntum pāvaitaṇaic
cērā tiruntār tiru-orṛit tikaḷun tiyākap perumāṇār vārā
tiruntār iṇṇumivaḷ varuttan kēṭṭum mālaitaṇait tārā tiruntār
calamakaḷait tāḷnta caṭaiyil tarittārē.*

TRANSLATION – He does not look at the maiden who suffers while gazing at his face. He does not embrace her. He is the great Lord Thyagar who shines in Otriyur. He still has not come. Even after hearing her sorrow, he does not give her his garland. Instead, he wears the water maiden in his hanging matted hair.

COMMENTARY – The voice shifts to an onlooker observing the young woman's grief. The Lord seems entirely indifferent to her tears, choosing to keep the water maiden, the river goddess Ganga, in his hair rather than offering this suffering girl a simple garland of acceptance.

8

சடையில் தரித்தார் ஒருத்தினைத் தழுவி மகிழ்மற்
றொருபெண்ணைப்

புடையில் தரித்தார் மகளேநீ போனால் எங்கே தரிப்பாரோ

கடையில் தரித்த விடம்அதனைக் களத்தில் தரித்தார்

கறித்தோலை

இடையில் தரித்தார் ஒற்றியூர் இருந்தார் இருந்தார்

என்னுளத்தே.

*caṭaiyil tarittār oruttitaṇait taḷuvi maḱilmar ṛorupenṇaip
puṭaiyil tarittār maḱalēṇi pōṇāl enḱē tarippārō kaṭaiyil
taritta viṭamataṇaik kaḷattil tarittār karittōlai iṭaiyil tarittār
orriyūr iruntār iruntār eṇṇuḷattē.*

TRANSLATION – He wears one woman in his matted hair. Joyfully embracing another woman, he keeps her by his side. O daughter, if you go to him, where will he keep you? He holds poison in his throat and wears an elephant hide around his waist. He resides in Otriyur, and he also resides in my heart.

COMMENTARY – A companion playfully warns the maiden about the Lord's crowded life and fierce habits. He already keeps one goddess in his hair and another at his side, while wearing a rough elephant skin and carrying deadly poison. Yet the final line reveals the deeper truth: despite these warnings, God has already taken up residence inside the maiden's own heart.

9

உளத்தே இருந்தார் திருஒற்றி யூரில் இருந்தார் உவர்விடத்தைக்

களத்தே வதிந்தார் அவர்என்றன் கண்ணுள் வதிந்தார்
கடல்அமுதாம்

இளத்தே மொழியாய் ஆதலினால் இமையேன் இமைத்தல்
இயல்பன்றே

வளத்தே மனத்தும் புகுகின்றார் வருந்தேன் சற்றும்
வருந்தேனே.

*uḷattē iruntār tiru-orri yūril iruntār uvarviṭattaik kaḷattē
vatintār avareṇṇaṇ kaṇṇuḷ vatintār kaṭalamutām iḷattē
moliyāy ātaliṇāl imaiyēṇ imaittal iyaḷpaṇṇrē vaḷattē
maṇattum pukukiṇṇār varuntēṇ carṇum varuntēṇē.*

TRANSLATION – He dwells in my heart and he dwells in
Otriyur. He holds the ocean's poison in his throat, and he
resides in my very eyes. O friend with speech sweet as
young ocean nectar. Because he is in my eyes, I do not
blink, and blinking is no longer my nature. He enters my
fertile mind. I do not suffer. I do not suffer in the least.

COMMENTARY – The maiden answers her companion by
explaining how completely the Lord fills her being. Because
God now lives directly inside her eyes, she refuses to blink,
fearing she might lose sight of him for even a fraction of a
second. With her mind and heart fully occupied by the
Divine, all her earlier sorrow simply vanishes.

10

வருந்தேன் மகளீர் எனைஒவ்வார் வளஞ்சேர் ஒற்றி
மன்னவனார்

தருந்தேன் அமுதம் உண்டென்றும் சலிய வாழ்வில்
தருக்கிமகிழ்த்

திருந்தேன் மணாளர் எனைப்பிரியார் என்றும் புணர்ச்சிக்
கேதுவிதாம்

மருந்தேன் மையற் பெருநோயை மறந்தேன் அவரை
மறந்திலனே.

*varuntēṇ makaḷīr eṇai-ovvār vaḷaṇcēṇ orri maṇṇavaṇār
taruntēṇ amutam uṇṇeṇṇum caliya vāḷvil tarukkimakilṇ*

*tiruntēṇ maṇāḷar eṇaippiriyār eṇṇum puṇarccik kētuvitām
maruntēṇ maiyar perunōyai marantēṇ avarai marantilaṇē.*

TRANSLATION – I do not suffer. Other women cannot equal me. I drank the honeyed nectar given by the king of fertile Otriyur, and I remain proudly joyous in an unfailing life forever. My husband will never part from me. I consumed the medicine that causes this eternal union. I forgot the great disease of lust, but I have never forgotten him.

COMMENTARY – The intense physical yearning of the earlier verses finally transforms into perfect spiritual peace. By tasting the nectar of divine grace, the maiden is permanently cured of her painful, worldly desires. She achieves an unbroken and eternal union with God, completely forgetting her past suffering while holding onto the Lord forever.

007. JOYOUS PRAISE - INPAP PUKALCHSI - இன்பப் புகழ்ச்சி

1

மாடொன் றுடையார் உணவின்றி மண்ணுன் டதுகாண்
மலரோன்றன்

ஓடொன் றுடையார் ஒற்றிவைத்தார் ஊரை மகிழ்வோ
டுவந்தாலங்

காடொன் றுடையார் கண்டமட்டுங் கறுத்தார் பூத
கணத்தோடும்

ஈடொன் றுடையார் மகளேநீ ஏதுக் கவரை விழைந்தனையே.

*māṭoṇ ruṭaiyār uṇaviṇṇi maṇṇuṇ ṭatukāṇ malarōṇṇaṇ ṭoṇ
ruṭaiyār orrivaittār ūrai makilvō ṭuvantālaṇ kāṭoṇ ruṭaiyār
kaṇṭamaṭṭuṇ kaṇuttār pūta kaṇattōṭuṇ iṭoṇ ruṭaiyār
makalēṇi ētuk kavaraṇi vīlaintaṇaiyē.*

TRANSLATION – He possesses a bull, yet see how he ate
earth when lacking food. He holds the skull of the flower-
born god. Joyously coming to the town of Otriyur, he
possesses a forest. His neck alone is black. He finds his
match only with the host of goblins. O daughter, why did
you desire him?

COMMENTARY – The divine is often described in terms of
majesty, but here God is pictured as a bizarre, destitute
wanderer. A mother asks her daughter why she loves a deity
who eats dirt, carries a severed skull, lives in a wild forest,
and keeps company with goblins. These traditional legends
of Lord Siva are used to show that God's true nature defies
worldly standards of wealth, beauty, and status.

2

பித்தர் எனும்பேர் பிறங்கநின்றார் பேயோ டாடிப்
பவுறிகொண்டார்

பத்தர் தமக்குப் பணிசெய்வார் பணியே பணியாப் பரிவுற்றார்

சித்தர் திருவாழ் ஒற்றியினார் தியாகர் என்றுன் கலைகவர்ந்த
எத்தர் அன்றோ மகளேநீ ஏதுக் கவரை விழைந்தனையே.

*pittar eṇumpēr piṛaṅkaṇiṇṛār pēyō ṭāṭip pavurikoṇṭār pattar
tamakkup paṇiceyvār paṇiyē paṇiyāp parivurrār cittar
tiruvāl orriyiṇār tiyākar eṇruṇ kalaikavarnta ettar aṇṛō
makaḷēṇi ētuk kavaraṇi vīlaintaṇaiyē.*

TRANSLATION – He stands renowned by the name
Madman. He spins in dance with ghouls. He serves his
devotees and lovingly considers their service as his own
duty. He is the mystic of holy Otriyur. Is he not the deceiver
who, calling himself Thyagar, stole your garments? O
daughter, why did you desire him?

COMMENTARY – God acts like a madman who dances with
ghosts, completely overturning ordinary social behavior.
Yet this same wild deity treats the work of his devotees as
his own personal duty out of deep love. The mother calls
him a deceiver who has stolen her daughter's garments, a
poetic way of saying the young woman has lost all her
worldly modesty and reputation in the grip of divine love.

3

கடுத்தாழ் களத்தார் கரித்தோலார் கண்ணால் மதனைக்
கரிசெய்தார்

உடுத்தார் முன்ஓர் மண்ணோட்டை ஒளித்தே தொண்ட
னொடும்வழக்குத்

தொடுத்தார் பாம்பும் புலியும்மெச்சித் துதிக்க ஒருகால்
அம்பலத்தில்

எடுத்தார் அன்றோ மகளேநீ ஏதுக் கவரை விழைந்தனையே.

*kaṭuttāl kaḷattār karittōlār kaṇṇāl mataṇaik kariceytār
uṭuttār muṇōr maṇṇōṭṭai oḷittē toṇṭa ṇoṭumvalakkut toṭuttār
pāmpum puliyummeccit tutikka orukāl ampalattil eṭuttār
aṇṛō makaḷēṇi ētuk kavaraṇi vīlaintaṇaiyē.*

TRANSLATION – His neck holds poison. He wears an elephant skin. With his eye he reduced the god of love to charcoal. He formerly hid an earthen bowl and started a dispute with a devotee. Did he not lift one foot in the hall of space so the snake and the tiger could praise him in admiration? O daughter, why did you desire him?

COMMENTARY – The mother continues her bewildered questioning by listing God's fierce and contradictory acts. He drinks poison, wears a rough elephant skin, and burns the god of desire to ashes with a single glance. At the same time, he is the supreme dancer who lifts his foot in the cosmic hall of space, adored by great sages who take the forms of a snake and a tiger.

4

உரப்பார் மிசையில் பூசூட ஓட்டார் சடைமேல்
ஒருபெண்ணைக்
கரப்பார் மலர்தூ வியமதனைக் கண்ணால் சுட்டார்
கல்எறிந்தோன்
வரப்பார் மிசைக்கண் வாழ்ந்திருக்க வைத்தார் பலிக்கு
மனைதொறும்போய்
இரப்பார் அன்றோ மகளேநீ ஏதுக் கவரை விழைந்தனையே.
urappār micaiyil pūccūṭa oṭṭār caṭaimēl orupeṇṇaik
karappār malartū viyamataṇaik kaṇṇāl cuṭṭār kalerintōṇ
varappār micaikkaṇ vāḷntirukka vaittār palikku
maṇaitorumpōy irappār aṇrō makaḷēṇi ētuk kavaraṇi
viḷaintaṇaiyē.

TRANSLATION – He does not permit flowers to be worn, yet he hides a woman on his matted hair. He burned with his eye the god of love who scattered flowers. He granted the one who threw a stone at him to live in an exalted realm. Does he not go from house to house begging for alms? O daughter, why did you desire him?

COMMENTARY – Divine grace works in ways that seem entirely backwards to the human mind. The mother notes that God burned the beautiful god of love who offered him flowers, yet he gave heavenly liberation to a devotee who threw a stone at him in rough adoration. He is a supreme being who chooses to wander from door to door begging for alms, abandoning all conventional dignity.

5

கருதும் அவரை வெளிக்கிழுப்பார் காணா தெல்லாங்
காட்டிநிற்பார்

மருதில் உறைவார் ஒற்றிதனில் வதிவார் புரத்தை
மலைவில்லால்

பொருது முடிப்பார் போல்நகைப்பார் பூவுண் டுறங்கும்
புதுவெள்ளை

எருதில் வருவார் மகளேநீ ஏதுக் கவரை விழைந்தனையே.

*karutum avarai velikkiluppār kāṇā tellāṅ kāṭṭinirpār marutil
uraivār orṛitaṇil vativār purattai malaivillāl porutu
muṭippār pōlnakaippār pūvuṇ ṭuraṅkum putuvellai erutil
varuvār makaḷēṇī ētuk kavaraṅ viḷaintaṇaiyē.*

TRANSLATION – He draws out into the open those who contemplate him. He stands revealing all that is unseen. He resides in Maruthur. He dwells in Otriyur. Standing as though ready to destroy the flying cities in battle with a mountain as his bow, he merely laughed. He arrives on a strange white bull that eats flowers and sleeps. O daughter, why did you desire him?

COMMENTARY – The immense power of the divine requires no physical effort to achieve its ends. According to legend, God prepared a massive mountain as a bow to destroy three demonic flying cities, but in the end he simply burned them to ashes with a smile. He is the mysterious presence who reveals the unseen truth to those who seek him, arriving quietly on a simple white bull.

6

ஆக்கம் இல்லார் வறுமையிலார் அருவம் இல்லார்
உருவமிலார்

தூக்கம் இல்லார் சுகம்இல்லார் துன்பம் இல்லார் தோன்றுமல
வீக்கம் இல்லார் குடும்பமது விருத்தி யாக வேண்டுமெனும்
ஏக்கம் இல்லார் மகளேநீ ஏதுக் கவரை விழைந்தனையே.

*ākkam illār vaṛumaiyilār aruvam illār uruvamilār tūkkam
illār cukamillār tuṇṇam illār tōṇṇumala vīkkam illār
kuṭuṇṇamatu virutti yāka vēṇṇumeṇum ēkkam illār
makaḷēṇī ētuk kavaraṇi vīlaintaṇaiyē.*

TRANSLATION – He has no wealth and he has no poverty. He has no formlessness and he has no form. He has no sleep. He has no pleasure and he has no sorrow. He has no swelling of arising impurities. He has no longing for his family to prosper. O daughter, why did you desire him?

COMMENTARY – The mother lists all the ways this Lord exists entirely outside human norms. He is untouched by the worldly dualities of wealth and poverty, joy and sorrow, and he has no family ambition. She wonders why her daughter would fall in love with someone so completely detached from ordinary life.

7

ஊரும் இல்லார் ஒற்றிவைத்தார் உறவொன் றில்லார்
பகைஇல்லார்

பேரும் இல்லார் எவ்விடத்தும் பிறவார் இறவார் பேச்சில்லார்
நேரும் இல்லார் தாய்தந்தை நேயர் தம்மோ டுடன்பிறந்தோர்
யாரும் இல்லார் மகளேநீ ஏதுக் கவரை விழைந்தனையே.

*ūrum illār orṛivaittār uravoṇ ṛillār pakai-illār pērum illār
evuṭattum pīravār īravār pēccillār nērum illār tāyṭantai
nēyar tammō ṭuṭaṇṇirantōr yārum illār makaḷēṇī ētuk
kavaraṇi vīlaintaṇaiyē.*

TRANSLATION – He has no town, but he resides in Otriyur. He has no relatives and he has no enemies. He has no name. He neither takes birth nor dies anywhere. He has no speech. He has no equal. He has no mother, no father, no friends, and no siblings. O daughter, why did you desire him?

COMMENTARY – The mother points out that this Lord is effectively an orphan and a vagabond. He has no parents, no siblings, no hometown, and not even a proper name. In describing his absolute lack of earthly ties, she is actually describing the eternal, unborn, and nameless nature of the divine.

8

தங்கு மருப்பார் கண்மணியைத் தரிப்பார் என்பின்
தார்புனைவார்

துங்கும் அருட்கார் முகில்அனையார் சொல்லும் நமது
சொற்கேட்டே

இங்கும் இருப்பார் அங்கிருப்பார் எல்லாம் இயல்பில்
தாம்உணர்ந்தே

எங்கும் இருப்பார் மகளேநீ ஏதுக் கவரை விழைந்தனையே.

*tan̄ku maruppār kaṇmaṇiyait tarippār eṇpiṇ tārpuṇaiṇvār
tuṇkum aruṭkār mukilaṇaiyār collum namatu cor̄kēṭṭē iṇkum
iruppār aṇkiruppār ellām iyalpil tāmuṇarntē eṇkum iruppār
makaḷēṇi ētuk kavaraṇi vīlaintaṇaiyē.*

TRANSLATION – He wears a boar's tusk. He wears rudraksha beads. He wears a garland of bones. He is like a towering dark cloud of grace. Hearing the words we speak, he is present here and he is present there. Knowing everything naturally by himself, he is present everywhere. O daughter, why did you desire him?

COMMENTARY – The mother is bewildered by the Lord's wild appearance and his mysterious presence. He wears unsettling ornaments like a boar's tusk and a garland of

bones, yet he acts like a dark raincloud showering grace. He seems to be everywhere at once, listening and knowing all things, making him an impossible husband to pin down.

9

துத்திப் படத்தார் சடைத்தலையார் தொலையாப் பலிதேர்
தொன்மையினார்

முத்திக் குடையார் மண்டிப்பார் மொத்துண் டுழல்வார்
மொய்கழற்காம்

புத்திக் குரிய பத்தர்கள்தம் பொருளை உடலை யாவையுமே எத்திப் பறிப்பார் மகளேநீ ஏதுக் கவரை விழைந்தனையே.

*tutti paṭattār caṭaittalaiyār tolaiyāp palitēr toṇmaiṇṇār
muttik kuṭaiyār maṇeṭuppār mottuṇ tuḷalvār moykaḷarḱām
puttik kuriya pattarkaḷtam poruḷai uṭalai yāvaiyumē ettip
parippār makaḷēnī ētuk kavaraṭi viḷaintaṇaiyē.*

TRANSLATION – He wears a spotted and hooded snake. He has matted hair. He follows the ancient practice of seeking endless alms. He rules with the umbrella of liberation. He carried earth as a laborer and took a beating. Through deceit, he snatches away the wealth, bodies, and everything else from the devotees whose minds are devoted to his ankleted feet. O daughter, why did you desire him?

COMMENTARY – The mother recalls stories of the Lord acting as a lowly laborer who was beaten with a cane. She warns her daughter that he is a trickster who completely strips his devotees of their wealth, their bodies, and everything they own. To the mother this looks like robbery, while to the devotee it is the highest grace of removing the ego to grant liberation.

10

மாறித் திரிவார் மனம் அடையார் வணங்கும் அடியார்
மனந்தோறும்

வீறித் திரிவார் வெறுவெளியின் மேவா நிற்பார் விறகுவிலை
கூறித் திரிவார் குதிரையின்மேற் கொள்வார் பசுவிற்
கோல்வளையோ

டேறித் திரிவார் மகளேநீ ஏதுக் கவரை விழைந்தனையே.

*mārit tirivār maṇamaṭaiyār vaṇaṅkum aṭiyār maṇantōrum
vīrit tirivār veruveḷiyiṇ mēvā nīrpār viṭakuvilai kūrit tirivār
kutiraiyiṇmēr kolvār pacuviṭ kōlvaḷaiyō ṭērit tirivār makaḷēnī
ētuk kavaraī vīlaintaṇaiyē.*

TRANSLATION – He wanders about changing his forms. He cannot be grasped by the mind. He roams majestically in the minds of the devotees who bow to him. He abides in the vast empty space. He wanders about shouting the price of firewood. He rides atop a horse. He wanders mounted on a bull alongside the goddess wearing beautiful bangles. O daughter, why did you desire him?

COMMENTARY – The mother sees a chaotic figure who constantly changes shape and takes on bizarre roles, like a firewood seller or a man riding a horse. She cannot understand a God who wanders through empty space and the minds of his followers doing whatever he pleases. All these deeds refer to traditional stories of the Lord's sacred play on earth, which the daughter sees as divine majesty and the mother sees as madness.

008. THE NATURE OF THE DIVINE PROCESSION - TIRU ULĀT TIRAM - திரு உலாத் திறம்

1

தேனார் கமலத் தடஞ்சூழும் திருவாழ் ஒற்றித் தியாகர்அவர்
வானார் அமரர் முனிவர்தொழ மண்ணோர் வணங்க
வரும்பவனி
தானார் வங்கொண் டகமலரத் தாழ்ந்து சூழ்ந்து கண்டலது
கானார் அலங்கற் பெண்ணேநான் கண்கள் உறக்கங்
கொள்ளேனே.

*tēṇār kamalat taṭaṇcūlum tiruvāḷ orrit tiyākaravar vāṇār
amarar muṇivartola maṇṇōr vaṇaṇka varumpavaṇi tāṇār
vaṇkoṇ ṭakamalarat tāḷntu cūḷntu kaṇṭalatu kāṇār alaṅkar
peṇṇēnāṇ kaṅkaḷ urakkaṇ koḷḷēṇē.*

TRANSLATION – Lord Thyagar of holy Otriyur, surrounded by tanks of honey-filled lotuses, comes in procession. The heavenly gods and sages worship Him and the people of the earth bow down. Unless I see Him, bowing low and walking around Him with deep longing and a blossoming heart, O friend wearing a fragrant forest garland, my eyes will not close in sleep.

COMMENTARY – The soul's longing for the divine overrides every basic physical need. The speaker declares she will refuse sleep entirely until she can bow before the Lord with a fully open heart. The sight of God is an experience of deep internal blossoming.

2

திருமால் வணங்கும் ஒற்றிநகர் செழிக்கும் செல்வத்
தியாகர்அவர்

கருமால் அகற்றுந் தொண்டர்குழாம் கண்டு களிக்க
வரும்பவனி
மருமாண் புடைய மனமகிழ்ந்து மலர்க்கை கூப்பிக் கண்டலது
பெருமான் வடுக்கண் பெண்ணேநான் பெற்றா ளோடும்
பேசேனே.

*tirumāl vaṇaṇikum orṛinakar celikkum celvat tiyākaravar
karumāl akarrun toṇṭarkulām kaṇṭu kaḷikka varumpavaṇi
marumāṇ puṭaiya maṇamakilntu malarkkai kūppik
kaṇṭalatu perumāṇ vaṭukkaṇ peṇṇēnāṇ perrā ḷōṭum pēcēṇē.*

TRANSLATION – Lord Thyagar, the great treasure who brings prosperity to the city of Otri worshipped by Thirumal, comes in procession. He comes for the gathering of devotees who have banished dark illusion to see and rejoice. Unless I see Him, rejoicing in my fragrant heart and joining my lotus hands in reverence, O friend with large mango-shaped eyes, I will not speak even to the mother who bore me.

COMMENTARY – The connection to God takes precedence over even the closest family bonds. The young woman vows to remain silent, refusing to speak to her own mother until she offers her reverence to the Lord. His presence holds the power to banish the dark illusions of the mind.

3

சேல்ஆர் தடஞ்சூழ் ஒற்றிநகர் சேருஞ் செல்வத் தியாகர்அவர்
ஆல்ஆர் களமேல் விளங்குமுகம் அழகு ததும்ப வரும்பவனி
நால்ஆ ரணஞ்சூழ் வீதியிடை நாடிப் புருந்து கண்டலது
பால்ஆர் குதலைப் பெண்ணேநான் பாயிற் படுக்கை
பொருந்தேனே.

*cēlār taṭaṇcūḷ orṛinakar cēruṇ celvat tiyākaravar ālār
kaḷamēḷ viḷaṇkumukam aḷaku tatumpa varumpavaṇi nālā
raṇaṇcūḷ vītiyiṭai nāṭip pukuntu kaṇṭalatu pālār kutalaip
peṇṇēnāṇ pāyir paṭukkai poruntēṇē.*

TRANSLATION – Lord Thyagar, the treasure abiding in the city of Otri surrounded by tanks teeming with carp, comes in procession. His face shines with overflowing beauty above His dark poison-stained neck. Unless I seek Him out on the streets echoing with the four Vedas and see Him, O friend whose babbling speech is sweet as milk, I will not lie down on my bed.

COMMENTARY – Divine beauty captivates the mind so fully that rest becomes impossible. The Lord appears with a dark, poison-stained neck, a traditional reference to His ultimate compassion in swallowing poison to save the world. Drawn by this compassionate beauty, the speaker refuses to lie down until she finds Him.

4

செல்வந் துறமும் பொழில்ஒற்றித் தெய்வத் தலங்கொள்
தியாகர்அவர்

வில்வந் திகழும் செஞ்சடைமின் விழுங்கி விளங்க
வரும்பவனி

சொல்வந் தோங்கக் கண்டுநின்று தொழுது துதித்த பின்அலது
அல்வந் தளகப் பெண்ணேநான் அவிழ்ந்த குழலும்
முடியேனே.

*celvan turalum polilorrit teyvat talankol tiyākaravar vilvan
tikaḷum ceñcaṭaimiṇ vīluṅki vīlaṅka varumpavaṇi colvan
tōṅkak kaṇṭuṇiṇru toḷutu tutitta piṇalatu alvan taḷakap
peṇṇēnāṇ avīṇta kuḷalum muṭiyēṇē.*

TRANSLATION – Lord Thyagar of the divine shrine in Otri, bordered by groves of surpassing wealth, comes in procession. The vilva leaves on His red matted hair gleam, swallowing the light of lightning. Unless I stand and see Him, bowing and praising Him with mounting words of devotion, O friend with dark tresses, I will not tie up my unloosed hair.

COMMENTARY – Unbound hair is a traditional sign of deep distress and longing. The maiden leaves her hair untied to show that her life is completely undone without the sight of the Lord. Only after she stands before Him in devotion will she return to her ordinary state and bind her hair again.

5

சேவார் கொடியார் ஒற்றிநகர் திகழுஞ் செல்வத் தியாகர்அவர்
பூவார் கொன்றைப் புயங்கன்மனம் புணரப் புணர வரும்பவனி
ஓவாக் களிப்போ டகங்குளிர உடலங் குளிரக் கண்டலது
பாவார் குதலைப் பெண்ணேநான் பறிந்து நீரும் பருகேனே.

*cēvār koṭiyār orṛinakar tikaḷuñ celvat tiyākaravar pūvār
koṇraip puyankaḷmaṇam puṇarap puṇara varumpavaṇi ōvāk
kaḷippō ṭakaṅkuḷira uṭalaṅ kuḷirak kaṇṭalatu pāvār kutalaip
peṇṇēnāṇ parintu nīrum parukēṇē.*

TRANSLATION – Lord Thyagar, the shining treasure of Otri city who holds the bull banner, comes in procession. His shoulders adorned with blossoming konrai flowers repeatedly unite with my mind. Unless I see Him with unceasing joy, bringing coolness to my heart and coolness to my body, O friend whose prattle is like sweet poetry, I will not even care to drink water.

COMMENTARY – The experience of the divine brings a profound, cooling peace to both body and mind. The young woman feels the blossoms on the Lord's shoulders uniting directly with her own thoughts. Consumed by this spiritual thirst, she refuses even a drop of water until she is satisfied by His joyous presence.

6

சிற்றம் பலத்தார் ஒற்றிநகர் திகழுஞ் செல்வத் தியாகர்அவர்
உற்றங் குவந்தோர் வினைகளெலாம் ஓட நாடி வரும்பவனி
சுற்றுங் கண்கள் களிகூரத் தொழுது கண்ட பின்அலது

முற்றுங் கனிவாய்ப் பெண்ணேநான் முடிக்கோர் மலரும்
முடியேனே.

*cirram palattār orrinakar tikaḷuñ celvat tiyākaravar urrañ
kuvantōr viṇaikaḷelām ōṭa nāṭi varumpavaṇi curruṇ kaṇkaḷ
kaḷikūrat toḷutu kaṇṭa piṇalatu murruṇ kaṇivāyp peṇṇēnāṇ
muṭikkōr malarum muṭiyēṇē.*

TRANSLATION – The Lord of the small hall is the wealthy Lord Thyagar who shines in Otriyur city. His procession comes seeking to drive away all the karmas of those who joyfully reach out to him there. O girl with perfectly ripe fruit-like lips, unless I worship and see that procession with my eyes gazing in great joy, I will not wear a single flower in my hair.

COMMENTARY – The soul's longing for God is so intense that all ordinary pleasures lose their appeal. Speaking in the voice of a young woman addressing her friend, Vallalar says she refuses even to wear a flower in her hair until she witnesses the Lord's procession. He explains that this divine presence drives away karma, the accumulated weight of past actions. Worldly beauty means nothing until the soul receives this spiritual clearing.

7

சிந்தைக் கினியார் ஒற்றிநகர் திகழுஞ் செல்வத் தியாகர்அவர்
சந்தத் தடந்தோள் கண்டவர்கள் தம்மை விழுங்க வரும்பவனி
முந்தப் புகுந்து புளகமுடன் மூடிக் குளிரக் கண்டலது
கந்தக் குழல்வாய்ப் பெண்ணேநான் கண்ணீர் ஒழியக்
காணேனே.

*cintaik kiṇiyār orrinakar tikaḷuñ celvat tiyākaravar cantat
taṭantōḷ kaṇṭavarkaḷ tammai viḷuṅka varumpavaṇi muntap
pukuntu puḷakamuṭaṇ mūṭik kuḷirak kaṇṭalatu kantak
kuḷalvāyp peṇṇēnāṇ kaṇṇīr oḷiyak kāṇēṇē.*

TRANSLATION – The wealthy Lord Thyagar, sweet to the mind, shines in Otriyur city. His procession comes to utterly consume those who see his beautiful broad shoulders. O girl with fragrant hair, unless I push to the front, break out in thrilling goosebumps, and see him until my body cools in bliss, my tears will never cease.

COMMENTARY – Experiencing the divine is an overwhelming physical and emotional event. The young woman feels she must push to the very front of the crowd to be completely consumed by the sight of God. Vallalar describes a profound bodily response to grace: thrilling goosebumps and a deep, cooling sense of bliss. Without this direct, transformative encounter, the soul is left in endless tears.

8

தென்னஞ் சோலை வளர்ஒற்றி யூர்வாழ் செல்வத் தியாகர்அவர்
பின்னுஞ் சடைமேல் பிறைவிளங்கிப் பிறங்கா நிற்க
வரும்பவனி
மன்னுங் கரங்கள் தலைகுவித்து வணங்கி வாழ்த்திக்
கண்டலது
துன்னுந் துவர்வாய்ப் பெண்ணேநான் சோறெள் ளளவும்
உண்ணேனே.

*teṇṇaṅ cōlai vaḷarorṛi yūrvāḷ celvat tiyākaravar piṇṇuṅ
caṭaimēḷ piṛaiṇṇiḷaṅkip piṛaṅkā niṛka varumpavaṇi maṇṇuṅ
karaṅkaḷ talaikuvittu vaṇaṅki vāḷttik kaṇṭalatu tuṇṇuṅ
tuvarvāyṇ peṇṇēṇāṇ cōre! ḷaḷavum uṇṇēṇē.*

TRANSLATION – The wealthy Lord Thyagar lives in Otriyur, surrounded by flourishing southern groves. His procession comes with the crescent moon shining brilliantly on his braided matted hair. O girl with coral-red lips, unless I see it and praise him with my hands joined above my head in worship, I will not eat even a sesame seed's worth of rice.

COMMENTARY – The basic need for food vanishes in the face of spiritual hunger. The speaker declares she will not eat a single grain of rice until she can raise her hands above her head in complete worship of the Lord. Raising the hands in this way is a gesture of total surrender. The vision of God, adorned with the crescent moon, takes priority over the body's survival.

9

சிந்தா குலந்தீர்த் தருள்ஒற்றி யூர்வாழ் செல்வத் தியாகர்அவர்
வந்தார் கண்டார் அவர்மனத்தை வாங்கிப் போக வரும்பவனி
நந்தா மகிழ்வு தலைசிறப்ப நாடி ஓடிக் கண்டலது
பந்தார் மலர்க்கைப் பெண்ணேநான் பாடல் ஆடல்
பயிலேனே.

*cintā kulantīrt taruḷorri yūrvāḷ celvat tiyākaravar vantār
kaṇṭār avarmaṇattai vāṅkip pōka varumpavaṇi nantā
makīḷvu talaicirappa nāṭi oṭik kaṇṭalatu pantār malarkkaip
peṇṇēnāṇ pāṭal āṭal payilēṇē.*

TRANSLATION – The wealthy Lord Thyagar lives in Otriyur, granting his grace and dispelling all mental distress. His procession comes to capture and carry away the hearts of those who come to see him. O girl with flower-like hands holding a ball, unless I run to seek him and see him with unceasing supreme joy, I will not practice my singing or dancing.

COMMENTARY – Encountering God brings absolute joy and cures all mental anguish. The procession is described as a force that captures the hearts of the onlookers and carries them away entirely. The young woman abandons her joyful pastimes of singing and dancing because worldly arts cannot compete with this divine bliss. She must run to see him before she can find peace.

10

செக்கர்ச் சடையார் ஒற்றிநகர்ச் சேருஞ் செல்வத் தியாகர்அவர்
மிக்கற் புதவாண் முகத்தினகை விளங்க விரும்பி வரும்பவனி
மக்கட் பிறவி எடுத்தபயன் வசிக்க வணங்கிக் கண்டலது
நக்கற் கியைந்த பெண்ணேநான் ஞாலத் தெவையும்
நயவேனே.

*cekkarc caṭaiyār orṛinakarc cēruñ celvat tiyākaravar mikkar
putavāṇ mukattiṇakai viḷaṅka virumpi varumpavaṇi makkaṭ
pīraṇi eṭuttapayaṇ vacikka vaṇaṅkik kaṇṭalatu nakkār
kiyainta peṇṇēṇāṇ ṇālat tevaiyum nayaṇē.*

TRANSLATION – The Lord with reddened matted hair is the wealthy Lord Thyagar who dwells in Otriyur city. His procession comes eagerly, a smile shining on his exceedingly wonderful, radiant face. O girl with a beautiful smile, unless I worship and see him to fulfill the very purpose of taking a human birth, I will not desire anything else in this world.

COMMENTARY – The ultimate purpose of taking a human birth is to witness and worship the divine. Once the young woman sees the radiant, smiling face of God, she loses all desire for anything else the world has to offer. Vallalar teaches that the human body is a rare opportunity granted specifically for spiritual realization. Every other worldly pursuit fades away when the soul recognizes its true goal.

009. WORDS OF WONDER - VIYAPPU

MOLI - வியப்பு மொழி

Editor's note: theme (turai): the mother admires her daughter's fortune (narrāy nayattal, நற்றாய் நயத்தல்).

1

மாதர் மணியே மகளேநீ வாய்த்த தவந்தான் யாதறியேன்
வேதர் அனந்தர் மால்அனந்தர் மேவி வணங்கக் காண்பரியார்
நாதர் நடன நாயகனார் நல்லோர் உளத்துள் நண்ணுகின்றோர்
கோதர் அறியாத் தியாகர்தமைக் கூடி உடலம் குளிர்ந்தனையே.

*mātar maṇiyē makaḷēni vāyitta tavantān yātarīyēṇ vētar
aṇantar mālaṇantar mēvi vaṇaṅkak kāṇpariyār nātar
naṭaṇa nāyakaṇār nallōr uḷattuḷ naṇṇukiṇṇōr kōtar aṇiyāt
tiyākartamaik kūṭi uḷalam kuḷirntaṇaiyē.*

TRANSLATION – Gem among women, my daughter, I do not know what penance you performed. Endless Brahmas and endless Vishnus draw near to worship him but find him hard to see. He is the Lord, the master of the dance, who draws near the hearts of good people. You have united with Thyagar, who remains unknown to the flawed, and your body has found cooling peace.

COMMENTARY – The highest creator and preserver deities cannot grasp the supreme Lord, yet he makes himself intimately known to people with pure hearts. The mother marvels that her daughter has achieved this ultimate divine union. Experiencing God is a physical transformation as much as a spiritual one. The intense heat of worldly suffering vanishes, replaced by a profound, calming coolness in the physical body itself.

2

திருவில் தோன்றும் மகளேநீ செய்த தவந்தான் யார்அறிவார்

மருவில் தோன்றும் கொன்றையந்தார் மார்பர் ஒற்றி மாநகரார்
கருவில் தோன்றும் எங்கள்உயிர் காக்க நினைத்த
கருணையினார்

குருவிற் றோன்றும் தியாகர்தமைக் கூடி உடலம்
குளிர்ந்தனையே.

*tiruvil tōṇrum makaḷēnī ceyta tavantāṇ yārariṇār maruvil
tōṇrum konraiyaṇtār māṇpar orri māṇakarār karuvil tōṇrum
eṇkaḷuyir kākka niṇaitta karuṇaiyiṇār kuruvir rōṇrum
tiyākartamaik kūṭi uṭalam kuḷirntaṇaiyē.*

TRANSLATION – My beautiful daughter, who knows the penance you performed? He wears a beautiful garland of fragrant konrai flowers on his chest and dwells in the great city of Otriyur. He possesses the compassion that resolved to protect our lives from the moment we appear in the womb. You have united with Thyagar, who manifests as the guru, and your body has found cooling peace.

COMMENTARY – God's compassion begins the moment a living being takes form in the womb. He appears both as the ultimate protector of life and as the intimate guiding teacher (*guru*). The mother is awestruck that her child has merged with this endless source of grace.

3

என்னா ருயிர்போல் மகளேநீ என்ன தவந்தான்
இயற்றினையோ

பொன்னார் புயனும் மலரோனும் போற்றி வணங்கும்
பொற்பதத்தார்

தென்னார் ஒற்றித் திருநகரார் தியாகர் எனும்ஓர் திருப்பெயரார்
கொன்னார் சூலப் படையவரைக் கூடி உடலம்
குளிர்ந்தனையே.

*eṇṇā ruyirpōl makaḷēnī eṇṇa tavantāṇ iyarriṇaiyō poṇṇār
puyāṇum malarōṇum pōrri vaṇaṇkum porpatattār teṇṇār
orrit tirunakarār tiyākar eṇumōr tiruppeyarār koṇṇār cūlap
paṭaiyavaraik kūṭi uṭalam kuḷirntaṇaiyē.*

TRANSLATION – My daughter, dear as my own precious life, what penance did you perform? He has golden feet praised and worshiped by golden-hued Vishnu and Brahma seated on the lotus. He dwells in the beautiful holy city of Otriyur and bears the sacred name Thyagar. You have united with him, who wields the fearsome trident, and your body has found cooling peace.

COMMENTARY – Thyagar is the specific name for the supreme Lord presiding over the temple in the holy city of Otriyur. The mother wonders what kind of intense spiritual practice could bring a human soul into the embrace of the ruler of the universe. It is a mystery to her how a being so vast that the greatest gods bow to him can unite so completely with an individual soul.

4

சேலை நிகர்கண் மகளேநீ செய்த தவந்தான் செப்பரிதால்
மாலை அயனை வானவரை வருத்தும் படிக்கு மதித்தெழுந்த
வேலை விடத்தை மிடற்றணிந்தார் வீட்டு நெறியாம்
அரசியற்செங்
கோலை அளித்தார் அவர்தம்மைக் கூடி உடலம்
குளிர்ந்தனையே.

*cēlai nikarkaṇ makaḷēnī ceyta tavantāṇ cepparitāl mālai
ayaṇai vāṇavarai varuttum paṭikku matitteḷunta vēlai
viṭattai miṭarraṇintār viṭṭu neriyām araciyaṛceṇ kōlai aḷittār
avartammaik kūṭi uḷalam kuḷirntaṇaiyē.*

TRANSLATION – My daughter with eyes like fish, the penance you performed is hard to describe. When the ocean poison rose up threatening to torment Vishnu, Brahma, and the celestials, he adorned his throat with it. He granted the royal scepter of the path to liberation. You have united with him, and your body has found cooling peace.

COMMENTARY – Vallalar recalls the ancient story of the churning of the cosmic ocean, where a lethal poison

emerged that threatened all existence. God swallowed the poison to save the world, holding it safely in his throat. By taking on suffering to protect all living beings, he perfectly demonstrates the compassionate path to ultimate freedom.

5

தேனேர் குதலை மகளேநீ செய்த தவந்தான் எத்தவமோ
மானேர் கரத்தார் மழவிடைமேல் வருவார் மருவார்
கொன்றையினார்
பானேர் நீற்றர் பசுபதியார் பவள வண்ணர் பல்கடைமேல்
கோனேர் பிறையார் அவர்தம்மைக் கூடி உடலம்
குளிர்ந்தனையே.

*tēṇēr kutalai makaḷēnī ceyta tavantāṇ ettavamō māṇēr
karattār maḷaviṭaimēl varuvār maruvār koṇraiṇiṇār pāṇēr
nīrrar pacupatiyār pavaḷa vaṇṇar palcaṭaimēl kōṇēr pīraiṇār
avartammaik kūṭi uṭalam kuḷirntaṇaiyē.*

TRANSLATION – My daughter whose gentle words are sweet as honey, what kind of penance did you perform? He holds a deer in his hand and rides upon a young bull. He wears fragrant konrai flowers and sacred ash white as milk. He is the Lord of souls. He is coral-hued and wears the curved crescent moon upon his many strands of matted hair. You have united with him, and your body has found cooling peace.

COMMENTARY – The imagery here is traditionally associated with Lord Siva: holding a gentle deer, riding a bull, and wearing white sacred ash and the crescent moon. By listing these familiar holy signs, the mother shows her absolute wonder. The supreme Lord of all souls has stepped down from his vast cosmic role to enter into an intimate, cooling union with a human being.

6

வில்லார் நுதலாய் மகளேநீ மேலை நாட்செய் தவம்எதுவோ

கல்லார் உள்ளம் கலவாதார் காமன் எரியக் கண்விழித்தார்
வில்லார் விசையற் கருள்புரிந்தார் விளங்கும் ஒற்றி
மேவிநின்றார்
கொல்லா நெறியார் அவர்தம்மைக் கூடி உடலம்
குளிர்ந்தனையே.

*villār nutalāy makaḷēnī mēlai nāṭcey tavametuvō kallār
uḷlam kalavātār kāmaṇ eriyak kaṇvīḷittār villār vicaiyar
karuḷpurintār vīḷaṅkum orṛi mēvininṛār kollā neṛiyār
avartammaik kūṭi uṭalam kuḷirntaṇaiyē.*

TRANSLATION – O daughter with a bow-like forehead, what penance did you perform in days past? He does not enter stony hearts. He opened His eye to burn the god of love. He bestowed grace upon bow-wielding Arjuna. He abides in shining Otriyur. He embodies the path of non-killing. You united with Him, and your body has found cooling peace.

COMMENTARY – The poem speaks in the voice of a mother amazed that her daughter has united with the divine. She wonders what past spiritual discipline earned such grace. The mother recounts famous stories of the Lord destroying the god of desire and blessing warriors, but the most important trait given here is compassion. God is described as the very embodiment of the path of non-killing.

7

அஞ்சொற் கிளியே மகளேநீ அரிய தவமே தாற்றினையோ
வெஞ்சொற் புகலார் வஞ்சர்தமை மேவார் பூவார்
கொன்றையினார்
கஞ்சற் கரியார் திருஒற்றிக் காவல் உடையார் இன்மொழியால்
கொஞ்சத் தருவார் அவர்தம்மைக் கூடி உடலம்
குளிர்ந்தனையே.

*añcor kiḷiyē makaḷēnī ariya tavamē tāṛṛinaiyō veñcor
pukalār vañcartamai mēvār pūvār koṇṛaiyiṇār kañcar
kariyār tiru-orṛik kāval uṭaiyār inmoḷiyāl koñcat taruvār
avartammaik kūṭi uṭalam kuḷirntaṇaiyē.*

TRANSLATION – O daughter, my parrot of beautiful words, what rare penance did you perform? He never speaks harsh words. He never approaches deceitful people. He wears blossoming konrai flowers. He remains difficult for Brahma to comprehend. He stands as the guardian of holy Otriyur. He offers Himself with endearing sweet words. You united with Him, and your body has found cooling peace.

COMMENTARY – The mother continues to marvel at the rare grace her daughter has received. She describes a God who is completely gentle, speaking no harsh words and keeping away from deceit. Even the traditional creator god Brahma cannot comprehend Him, yet He gives Himself freely through endearing, sweet words to a pure soul.

8

பூவாய் வாட்கண் மகளேநீ புரிந்த தவந்தான் எத்தவமோ
சேவாய் விடங்கப் பெருமானார் திருமால் அறியாச் சேவடியார்
காவாய்ந் தோங்கும் திருஒற்றிக் காவல் உடையார்
எவ்வெளர்க்கும்
கோவாய் நின்றார் அவர்தம்மைக் கூடி உடலம்
குளிர்ந்தனையே.

*pūvāy vāṭkaṇ makalēnī purinta tavantāṇ ettavamō cēvāy
viṭaṅkap perumāṇār tirumāl ariyāc cēvaṭiyār kāvāy
tōṅkum tiru-orrik kāval uṭaiyār evvaurkkum kōvāy niṇṇār
avartammaik kūṭi uṭalam kuḷirntaṇaiyē.*

TRANSLATION – O daughter with a flower-like mouth and sword-like eyes, what penance did you perform? The great beautiful Lord rides a bull. Vishnu cannot comprehend His red feet. He is the guardian of holy Otriyur, flourishing with fine groves. He stands as the King for all beings. You united with Him, and your body has found cooling peace.

COMMENTARY – The soul's union brings a deep physical and spiritual cooling, a profound relief from the heat of worldly existence. The mother contrasts her daughter's

intimate access with the limits of the traditional deities. The great god Vishnu himself cannot fathom the Lord's feet, yet this supreme King of all beings has made Himself entirely available to the devoted girl.

9

மலைநேர் முலையாய் மகளேநீ மதிக்கும் தவமே
தாற்றினையோ
தலைநேர் அலங்கல் தாழ்சடையார் சாதி அறியாச் சங்கரனார்
இலைநேர் தலைமுன் றொளிர்படையார் எல்லாம் உடையார்
எருக்கின்மலர்க்
குலைநேர் சடையார் அவர்தம்மைக் கூடி உடலம்
குளிர்த்தனையே.

*malainēr mulaiyāy makaḷēnī matikkum tavamē tārrinaiyō
talainēr alaṅkal tāḷcaṭaiyār cāti ariyāc caṅkaraṇār ilainēr
talaimuṇ roḷirpaṭaiyār ellām uṭaiyār erukkiṇmalark kulainēr
caṭaiyār avartammaik kūṭi uṭalam kuḷirntanaiyē.*

TRANSLATION – O daughter with mountain-like breasts, did you perform some esteemed penance? He wears a prominent garland of skulls on His hanging matted hair. He is Lord Sankara who recognizes no caste. He wields a shining trident with three leaf-like blades. He is the master of all. He wears clusters of erukku flowers in His matted hair. You united with Him, and your body has found cooling peace.

COMMENTARY – The mother describes the Lord using fierce ancient symbols, picturing Him with a trident and a garland of skulls. Yet among these ascetic images sits a plain truth about human equality. God is explicitly called the one who recognizes no caste. Social divisions mean absolutely nothing to the master of all beings.

10

மயிலின் இயல்சேர் மகளேநீ மகிழ்ந்து புரிந்த தெத்தவமோ

வெயிலின் இயல்சேர் மேனியினார் வெண்ணீறுடையார்
வெள்விடையார்
பயிலின் மொழியாள் பாங்குடையார் பணைகூழ் ஒற்றிப்
பதிஅமர்ந்தார்
குயிலிற் குலவி அவர்தம்மைக் கூடி உடலம் குளிர்த்தனையே.
*mayilṇ iyalcēr makaḷēnī makilntu purinta tettavamō veyilṇ
iyalcēr mēṇiyinār veṇṇī ruṭaiyār velvṭaiyār payilṇ molīyā!
pāṇkuṭaiyār paṇaicūḷ orṛip pati-amarntār kuyilṛ kulavi
avartammaik kūṭi uṭalam kuḷirntanaiyē.*

TRANSLATION – O daughter with the grace of a peacock, what penance did you joyfully perform? His body radiates like sunlight. He wears white ash. He rides a white bull. He keeps the Goddess of sweet words by His side. He dwells in the city of Otriyur surrounded by fertile fields. Cooing like a cuckoo, you united with Him, and your body has found cooling peace.

COMMENTARY – The divine presence is described as radiant sunlight, bright and overwhelming. Despite this blazing light, the soul's union with God is not consuming or destructive. The daughter coos with joy like a bird, finding deep comfort and a cooling peace in His radiant presence.

**010. THE LAMENT OF LONGING FOR A
UNION NOT YET GRANTED - PUṆARĀ
VIRAKU PORUNTURU VĒṬKAIYIN
IRAṆKAL - புணரா விரகு பொருந்துறு
வேட்கையின் இரங்கல்**

1

உள்ளார் புறத்தார் ஒற்றினும் ஊரார் ஒப்பென்
றொன்றுமிலார்
வள்ளால் என்று மறைதுதிக்க வருவார் இன்னும் வந்திலரே
எள்ளா திருந்த பெண்களெலாம் இகழா நின்றார்
இனியமொழித்
தெள்ளார் அமுதே என்னடிநான் செய்வ தொன்றும்
தெரிந்திலனே.

*uḷlār purattār orri-eṇum ūrār oppen roṇṇumilār vaḷḷāl eṇru
maraitutikka varuvār iṇṇum vantilarē eḷḷā tirunta
peṇkaḷelām ikaḷā niṇṇār iṇiyamolit tellār amutē eṇṇaṭināṇ
ceyva toṇṇum terintilaṇē.*

TRANSLATION – He dwells within and without. He belongs to the town called Otri. He has no equal. Praised by the Vedas as the bountiful Lord, He answers them, yet He has not come to me. All the women who once refrained from mocking now stand ridiculing me. O friend with sweet words like clear nectar, I do not know what to do at all.

COMMENTARY – The soul waits in agony for the divine presence. The Lord responds to the ancient scriptures (the *Vedas*), yet he leaves this devoted soul waiting in silence. This delay turns the heroine into an object of public ridicule among her neighbors. Stripped of her dignity and desperate for union, she turns to her close friend in complete helplessness.

2

மாலே றுடைத்தாங் கொடிஉடையார் வளஞ்சேர் ஒற்றி
மாநகரார்
பாலே றணிநீற் றழகர்அவர் பாவி யேனைப் பரிந்திலரே
கோலே றுண்ட மதன்கரும்பைக் குனித்தான் அம்புங்
கோத்தனன்காண்
சேலே றுண்கண் என்னடிநான் செய்வ தொன்றும்
தெரிந்திலனே.

*mālē ruṭaittāṇ koṭi-uṭaiyār vaḷaṅcēr orri mānakarār pālē
raṇinīr ṛaḷakaravar pāvi yēṇaip parintilarē kōlē ruṇṭa
mataṇkarumpaik kuṇittāṇ ampuṇ kōttaṇaṅkāṇ cēlē ruṇkaṇ
eṇṇaṭināṇ ceyva toṇrum terintilaṇē.*

TRANSLATION – He holds the banner of the great bull. He belongs to the prosperous great city of Otri. That beautiful Lord adorned with milk-white holy ash has shown no pity for this sinner. Look, the god of love has bent his sugarcane bow and strung his arrows. O friend with beautiful carp-like eyes, I do not know what to do at all.

COMMENTARY – The feeling of separation from God physically hurts the longing soul. In ancient Indian poetry, the god of love uses a bow made of sugarcane to shoot arrows that stir up painful desire. The heroine feels these arrows piercing her while the beautiful, ash-smeared Lord ignores her suffering.

3

பொய்யர் உளத்துப் புகுந்தறியார் போத னொடுமால்
காண்பரிதாம்
ஐயர் திருவாழ் ஒற்றிநகர் அமர்ந்தார் இன்னும் அணைந்திலரே
வைய மடவார் நகைக்கின்றார் மாரன் கணையால்
திகைக்கின்றேன்
செய்ய முகத்தாய் என்னடிநான் செய்வ தொன்றும்
தெரிந்திலனே.

poyyar uḷattup pukuntariyār pōta noṭumāl kāṇparitām aiyar tiruvāl orṛinakar amarntār iṇṇum aṇaintilarē vaiya maṭavār nakaikkiṇṇār māraṇ kaṇaiyāl tikaikkiṇṇē ceyya mukattāy eṇṇaṭināṇ ceyva toṇrum terintilaṇē.

TRANSLATION – He never enters the hearts of deceitful people. He is difficult to see even for Brahma and Vishnu. Our Lord who resides in the holy and wealthy city of Otri has not embraced me yet. The women of this world mock me. I stand bewildered by the arrows of the god of love. O friend with a glowing face, I do not know what to do at all.

COMMENTARY – The Supreme Divine remains entirely hidden from the deceitful, and he is invisible even to great cosmic deities like Brahma the creator and Vishnu the preserver. Knowing how difficult God is to reach makes the heroine's failure to attain him feel even more absolute. She is left trapped between the mockery of her peers and the piercing torment of her own unmet devotion.

4

நந்திப் பரியார் திருஒற்றி நாதர் அயன்மால் நாடுகினும்
சந்திப் பரியார் என்அருமைத் தலைவர் இன்னுஞ் சார்ந்திலரே
அந்திப் பொழுதோ வந்ததினி அந்தோ மதியம்
அனல்சொரியும்
சிந்திப் புடையேன் என்னடிநான் செய்வ தொன்றும்
தெரிந்திலனே.

nantip pariyār tiru-orṛi nātar ayaṇmāl nāṭukiṇum cantip pariyār eṇarumait talaivar iṇṇuñ cārntilarē antip poḷutō vantatiṇi antō matiyam aṇalcoriyum cintip puṭaiyēṇ eṇṇaṭināṇ ceyva toṇrum terintilaṇē.

TRANSLATION – He rides the mount of Nandi. He is the Lord of holy Otri, difficult to encounter even when sought by Brahma and Vishnu. My precious Lord has not approached me yet. The evening twilight has now arrived.

Alas, the moon showers fire upon me. I am filled with anxious thoughts. O friend, I do not know what to do at all.

COMMENTARY – The arrival of evening intensifies the pain of spiritual separation. For a soul burning with lovesick devotion, the ordinarily soothing light of the moon feels like a shower of fire. The heroine's physical environment turns hostile because her precious Lord has still not come to meet her.

5

என்ஆ ருயிர்க்கோர் துணையானார் என்ஆண் டவனார்
என்னுடையார்

பொன்னார் ஒற்றி நகர்அமர்ந்தார் புணர்வான் இன்னும்
போந்திலரே

ஒன்னார் எனவே தாயும்எனை ஒறுத்தாள் நானும்
உயிர்பொறுத்தேன்

தென்னார் குழலாய் என்னடிநான் செய்வ தொன்றும்
தெரிந்திலனே.

*eṇā ruyirkkōr tuṇaiyāṇār eṇāṇ ṭavanār eṇṇuṭaiyār poṇṇār
orri nakaramarntār puṇarvāṇ iṇṇum pōntilarē oṇṇār eṇavē
tāyumeṇai oruttāl nāṇum uyirporuttēṇ teṇṇār kuḷalāy
eṇṇaṭināṇ ceyva toṇrum terintilaṇē.*

TRANSLATION – He became the unparalleled companion to my precious life. He is my Master and my Lord. He dwells in the golden city of Otri, yet He has not come to unite with me. Even my mother punishes me as if I were an enemy, and yet I endure and cling to life. O friend with beautiful tresses, I do not know what to do at all.

COMMENTARY – True devotion often isolates a person from their closest earthly relationships. The heroine's own mother treats her like an enemy because of her unconventional, all-consuming obsession with the Lord. Despite the sheer agony of this social rejection and God's

absence, she forces herself to stay alive purely for the chance of ultimate union.

6

மாணி உயிர்காத் தந்தகனை மறுத்தார் ஒற்றி மாநகரார்
காணி உடையார் உலகுடையார் கனிவாய் இன்னுங்
கலந்திலரே
பேணி வாழாப் பெண்ணேவே பெண்க ளெல்லாம்
பேசுகின்றார்
சேணின் நிழிந்தாய் என்னடிநான் செய்வ தொன்றும்
தெரிந்திலனே.

*māṇi uyirkāṭ tantakaṇai maruttār orri mānakarār kāṇi
uṭaiyār ulakuṭaiyār kaṇivāy iṇṇuṇ kalantilarē pēṇi vāḷāp
peṇenavē peṇka ḷellām pēcukinrār cēṇin riḷintāy ennaṭinān
ceyva tonrum terintilaṇē.*

TRANSLATION – The Lord of the great city of Otri protected the young student's life and repelled the god of death. He owns the lands and the entire world. Yet He has not united with my sweet lips. All the women speak of me as a woman who lives without cherishing her honor. O friend who descended from the heavens, I do not know what to do at all.

COMMENTARY – The soul feels completely abandoned by God despite His immense power and grace. The poem recalls the ancient story where the Lord saved a young devotee, Markandeya, from the god of death. While God owns the entire world and has the power to conquer death itself, the speaker remains waiting for His loving presence. Meanwhile, ordinary people misunderstand her intense spiritual longing and gossip about her ruined reputation, leaving her desperately asking her friend for help.

7

வன்சொற் புகலார் ஓர்உயிரும் வருந்த நினையார் மனமகிழ

இன்சொற் புகல்வார் ஒற்றியுளார் என்நா யகனார் வந்திலரே
புன்சொற் செவிகள் புகத்துயரம் பொறுத்து முடியேன்
புலம்பிநின்றேன்
தென்சொற் கிளியே என்னடிநான் செய்வ தொன்றும்
தெரிந்திலனே.

*vaṇcor pukalār ōruyirum varunta niṇaiyār maṇamakila
iṇcor pukalvār orriyuḷār ennā yakaṇār vantilarē puṇcor
cevikaḷ pukattuyaram poruttu muṭiyēṇ pulampiniṇrēṇ teṇcor
kiḷiyē eṇṇaṭināṇ ceyva tonrum terintilaṇē.*

TRANSLATION – He does not speak harsh words. He never intends for any life to suffer. My Lord who dwells in Otri speaks sweet words to gladden the heart, but He has not come. Base words enter my ears, and unable to bear the sorrow, I stand weeping. O parrot-like friend speaking the sweet southern tongue, I do not know what to do at all.

COMMENTARY – God's true nature is absolute gentleness and compassion. He never wants a single living being to suffer, and His words only bring joy to the heart. This perfect kindness contrasts sharply with the cruel gossip of the townspeople, whose harsh judgments deeply wound the waiting soul. The speaker cries out for the divine presence because only His sweet comfort can silence the world's meaningless noise.

8

எட்டிக் கனியும் மாங்கனிபோல் இனிக்க உரைக்கும்
இன்சொலினார்
தட்டிற் பொருந்தார் ஒற்றியில்வாழ் தலைவர் இன்னும்
சார்ந்திலரே
மட்டிற் பொலியும் மலர்க்கணைசெல் வழியே பழிசெல்
வழிஅன்றோ
தெட்டிற் பொலியும் விழியாய்நான் செய்வ தொன்றும்
தெரிந்திலனே.

*eṭṭik kaṇiyum māṇkaṇipōl iṇikka uraikkum iṇcolinār taṭṭir
poruntār orriyilvāl talaivar iṇṇum cārntilarē maṭṭir poliyum
malarkkaṇaiceḷ vaḷiyē paḷiceḷ vaḷi-aṇṇō teṭṭir poliyum
viliyāynāṇ ceyva tonrum terintilaṇē.*

TRANSLATION – He speaks sweet words that make even the bitter etti fruit taste as sweet as a mango. He is beyond measure. The Lord who lives in Otri has not yet joined me. The path taken by the honey-filled flower arrows of love is surely the path of scandal. O friend with mischievous eyes, I do not know what to do at all.

COMMENTARY – The divine presence has the power to transform the bitterest experiences of life into pure sweetness. Like a bitter etti fruit suddenly tasting as delicious as a ripe mango, God's grace completely changes how the soul experiences reality. Yet, the longing for this connection is deeply painful and opens the devotee to public shame. The speaker feels the sharp arrows of love and the sting of social scandal at the same time, crying out for guidance.

9

காலை மலர்ந்த கமலம்போல் கவின்செய் முகத்தார்
கண்ணுதலார்

சோலை மலர்ந்த ஒற்றியினார் சோகந் தீர்க்க வந்திலரே

மாலை மலர்ந்த மையல்நோய் வசந்தம் அதனால்
வளர்ந்ததையோ

சேலை விழியாய் என்னடிநான் செய்வ தொன்றும்
தெரிந்திலனே.

*kālai malarnta kamalampōl kaṇincey mukattār kaṇnutaḷār
cōlai malarnta orriyiṇār cōkan tīrkka vantilarē mālai
malarnta maiyalnōy vacantam ataṇāl vaḷarntataiyō cēlai
viliyāy eṇṇaṭināṇ ceyva tonrum terintilaṇē.*

TRANSLATION – He has a beautiful face like a lotus blooming in the morning, and He bears an eye on His

forehead. The Lord of Otri, surrounded by blooming groves, has not come to end my sorrow. Alas, the disease of infatuation that blossomed in the evening has only grown worse with the spring season. O friend with eyes like carp, I do not know what to do at all.

COMMENTARY – The divine face is as bright and beautiful as a lotus opening to the morning sun. The speaker describes the Lord with an eye on His forehead, a traditional mark of supreme knowledge and spiritual sight. Remembering His beauty only makes the pain of separation worse as time passes. The romantic mood of the evening and the lively spring season, which usually bring joy to the world, only deepen the soul's lovesickness when God is absent.

10

உலகம் உடையார் என்னுடைய உள்ளம் உடையார்
ஒற்றியினார்
அலகில் புகழார் எந்தலைவர் அந்தோ இன்னும்
அணைந்திலரே
கலகம் உடையார் மாதர்எலாம் கல்நெஞ் சுடையார்
தூதர்எலாம்
திலக முகத்தாய் என்னடிநான் செய்வ தொன்றும்
தெரிந்திலனே.

*ulakam uṭaiyār eṇṇuṭaiya uḷḷam uṭaiyār orriyiṇār alakil
pukaḷār eṇṭalaivar antō iṇṇum aṇaintilarē kalakam uṭaiyār
mātarelām kalneñ cuṭaiyār tūtarelām tilaka mukattāy
eṇṇaṭināñ ceyva toṇṇum terintilaṇē.*

TRANSLATION – He owns the world and He owns my heart. The Lord of Otri possesses boundless fame, but alas, He has not yet embraced me. All the women are full of gossip, and all the messengers have hearts of stone. O friend with a tilak on your face, I do not know what to do at all.

COMMENTARY – The speaker recognizes that God is the true master of the entire universe and the sole owner of her heart. Despite His infinite glory, she feels deeply isolated because He has not yet come to claim her. Everyone around her is entirely unhelpful: the local women spread rumors, and those she sends to carry her messages lack the empathy to understand her pain. Left with a breaking heart in a cold world, she throws herself completely on her friend's counsel.

11

மாலும் அறியான் அயன்அறியான் மறையும் அறியா
வானவர்எக்
காலும் அறியார் ஒற்றிநிற்குங் கள்வர் அவரைக் கண்டிலனே
கோலும் மகளிர் அலர்ஒன்றோ கோடா கோடி என்பதல்லால்
சேலுண் விழியாய் என்னடிநான் செய்வ தொன்றும்
தெரிந்திலனே.

*mālum ariyāṇ ayaṇariyāṇ maraiyum ariyā vāṇavarek kālum
ariyār orrinirkuṇ kaḷvar avaraik kaṇṭilaṇē kōlum makaḷir
alaronrō kōṭā kōṭi eṇpatallāl cēluṇ viḷiyāy eṇṇaṭināṇ ceyva
tonrum terintilaṇē.*

TRANSLATION – Vishnu does not know Him. Brahma does not know Him. The Vedas do not know Him. The celestials never know Him. I have not seen that thief who stands in Otriyur. The gossiping women spread countless millions of scandals. O friend with eyes like carp, I do not know what to do at all.

COMMENTARY – The ultimate divine cannot be grasped even by the supreme creator gods or the *Vedas* (ancient Hindu scriptures). Yet to this longing soul, the Lord of Otriyur is simply a thief who has stolen her heart and vanished. While He hides from her, she is left to endure the relentless gossip of her neighbors. She is entirely at a loss about how to bear this separation.

12

உந்து மருத்தோ டைம்பூதம் ஆனார் ஒற்றி யூர்அமர்ந்தார்
இந்து மிருத்தும் சடைத்தலையார் என்பால் இன்னும்
எய்திலரே

சந்து பொறுத்து வார்அறியேன் தமிழ ளாகத் தளர்கின்றேன்
சிந்துற் பவத்தாய் என்னடிநான் செய்வ தொன்றும்
தெரிந்திலனே.

*untu maruttō ṭaimpūtam āṇār orri yūramarntār intu
miruttum caṭaittalaiyār eṇpāl iṇṇum eytilarē cantu poruttu
vārariyēṇ tamiya ḷakat taḷarkinrēṇ cintuṇ pavattāy eṇṇaiṇāṇ
ceyva toṇṇum terintilaṇē.*

TRANSLATION – He became the stirring wind and the five elements. He resides in Otriyur. He wears the moon on His matted hair. He has not yet reached me. I know no one who will bear a message and bring peace. I languish all alone. O friend born of the sea, I do not know what to do at all.

COMMENTARY – The Lord is the very fabric of the universe, shaping the five natural elements like wind and earth. Even though He is so vast, He dwells locally in the town of Otriyur with the moon resting in His matted hair. The speaker feels entirely isolated because she cannot find a single messenger to carry her desperate plea to Him. Without someone to bridge the gap, she is left languishing alone.

13

ஆடல் அழகர் அம்பலத்தார் ஐயா றுடையார் அன்பர்களோ(டு)
ஊடல் அறியார் ஒற்றியினார் உவகை ஓங்க உற்றிலரே
வாடல் எனவே எனைத்தேற்று வாரை அறியேன்
வாய்ந்தவரைத்
தேடல் அறியேன் என்னடிநான் செய்வ தொன்றும்
தெரிந்திலனே.

*āṭal aḷakar ampalattār aiṇā ruṭaiyār anparkaḷō(tu) ūṭal
ariyār orriyīṇār uvakai ōṇka urrilarē vāṭal eṇavē eṇaittērru
vārai ariyēṇ vāyntavarait tēṭal ariyēṇ eṇṇaṭināṇ ceyva
toṇrum terintilaṇē.*

TRANSLATION – The beautiful Dancer of the Hall, the Lord of Aiyaru, He of Otriyur never quarrels with His devotees. Yet He has not come to make my joy swell. I know no one to comfort me by saying, do not wither. I do not know how to search for my perfect Lord. O friend, I do not know what to do at all.

COMMENTARY – The Lord is famous for being gently devoted to His followers, never turning away or quarreling with those who love Him. Despite this nature, He has still not come to fill her life with joy. She feels utterly stranded, lacking both the comfort of friends to keep her spirits up and the knowledge of how to seek Him out herself.

14

தொழுது வணங்கும் சுந்தரர்க்குத் தூது நடந்த சுந்தரனார்
அழுது வணங்கும் அவர்க்குமிக அருள்ஓற் றியினார்
அணைந்திலரே

பொழுது வணங்கும் இருண்மலைப் பொழுது முடுகிப்
புகுந்ததுகாண்

செழுமை விழியாய் என்னடிநான் செய்வ தொன்றும்
தெரிந்திலனே.

*toḷutu vaṇaṅkum cuntararkkut tūtu naṭanta cuntaraṇār aḷutu
vaṇaṅkum avarkkumika aruḷor riṇiṇār aṇaintilarē poḷutu
vaṇaṅkum iruṇmālaip poḷutu muṭukip pukuntatukāṇ ceḷumai
viḷiyāy eṇṇaṭināṇ ceyva toṇrum terintilaṇē.*

TRANSLATION – The beautiful Lord walked as a messenger for Sundarar who worshipped and bowed to Him. The Lord of Otriyur grants immense grace to those who weep and bow to Him, yet He has not embraced me. Look, the dark

evening hour of the setting sun has hastened and arrived. O friend with splendid eyes, I do not know what to do at all.

COMMENTARY – God is so responsive to true devotion that He once acted as a humble messenger for *Sundarar* (a famous saint of the past). The speaker knows the Lord gives immense grace to anyone who weeps for Him, making His absence in her own life feel deeply painful. As evening falls and darkness gathers, her feelings of loneliness and despair grow even sharper.

15

பாவம் அறுப்பார் பழிஅறுப்பார் பவமும் அறுப்பார்
அவம்அறுப்பார்

கோவம் அறுப்பார் ஒற்றியில்என் கொழுநர் இன்னும்
கூடிலரே

தூவ மதன்ஐங் கணைமாதர் தூறு தூவத் துயர்கின்றேன்
தேவ மடவாய் என்னடிநான் செய்வ தொன்றும் தெரிந்திலனே.

*pāvam aruppār paḷi-aruppār pavamum aruppār
avamaruppār kōvam aruppār orriyilēṇ koḷunar iṇṇum
kūṭilarē tūva mataṇaiṇ kaṇaimātar tūru tūvat tuyarkinṇēṇ
tēva maṭavāy eṇṇaṭināṇ ceyva tonṇum terintilanē.*

TRANSLATION – He severs sin. He severs blame. He severs the cycle of birth. He severs futility. He severs anger. My husband in Otriyur has not yet joined me. As the god of love showers his five arrows and the women shower their gossip, I suffer. O divine young friend, I do not know what to do at all.

COMMENTARY – The Lord cuts away every human affliction, ending the cycle of rebirth, dissolving anger, and washing away all blame. Yet He remains painfully apart from the longing soul who considers Him her true husband. Left waiting, she suffers under the relentless arrows of the god of love and the cruel gossip of the town. She is

completely helpless in the face of her intense spiritual longing.

16

உயிர்க்குள் உயிராய் உறைகின்றோர் ஒற்றி நகரார் பற்றிலரைச்
செயிர்க்குள் அழுத்தார் மணிகண்டத் தேவர் இன்னும்
சேர்ந்திலரே
வெயிற்கு மெலிந்த செந்தளிர்போல் வேளம் பதனால்
மெலிகின்றேன்
செயற்கை மடவாய் என்னடிநான் செய்வ தொன்றும்
தெரிந்திலனே.

*uyirkkuḷ uyirāy uraikinṛōr orri nakarār parṛilaraic ceyirkkuḷ
aḷuttār maṇikaṇṭat tēvar iṇṇum cērntilarē veyirku melinta
centaḷirpōl vēḷam pataṇāl melikinṛēṇ ceyarkai maṭavāy
eṇṇaṭināṇ ceyva toṇṛum terintilaṇē.*

TRANSLATION – He who dwells as the life within life, the Lord of Otri city, the Lord with a sapphire throat who does not plunge the unattached into suffering, has not yet come to me. Like a red tender shoot wilting in the sun's heat, I am wilting by the arrows of Kama. O beautifully adorned friend, I do not know what to do at all.

COMMENTARY – The soul's longing for God is compared to a young woman waiting desperately for her lover. She calls the Lord the life within life, showing that God is the deepest presence inside her own being. Because she feels separated from Him, she burns with a pain that she likens to the arrows of Kama, the god of love, leaving her wilting like a delicate plant in the hot sun.

17

ஊனம் அடையார் ஒற்றியினார் உரைப்பார் உள்ளத்
துறைகின்றோர்
கானம் உடையார் நாடுடையார் கனிவாய் இன்னும்
கலந்திலரே

மானம் உடையார் எம்முறவோர் வாழா மைக்கே
வருந்துகின்றார்

தீனம் அடையாய் என்னடிநான் செய்வ தொன்றும்
தெரிந்திலனே.

*ūṇam aṭaiyār orriyiṇār uraippār uḷḷat turaikiṇṛōr kāṇam
uṭaiyār nāṭuṭaiyār kaṇivāy iṇṇum kalantilarē māṇam
uṭaiyār emmuṇavōr vāḷā maikkē varuntukiṇṛār tiṇam
aṭaiyāy eṇṇaṭināṇ ceyva tonṛum terintilanē.*

TRANSLATION – He who is free of flaws, the Lord of Otri,
He who dwells in the hearts of those who chant His praise,
the Lord of the forest and the country, has not yet united
His sweet lips with mine. My honorable relatives grieve over
my languishing state. O friend free of weakness, I do not
know what to do at all.

COMMENTARY – This spiritual lovesickness is visible to
everyone around her. Her family worries about her failing
health and worldly future as she wastes away. Her only
concern, however, is that the Lord, who willingly makes His
home in the hearts of those who praise Him, has still not
come to embrace her.

18

மலையை வளைத்தார் மால்விடைமேல் வந்தார் வந்தென்
வளையினொடு

கலையை வளைத்தார் ஒற்றியில்என் கணவர் என்னைக்
கலந்திலரே

சிலையை வளைத்தான் மதன்அம்பு தெரிந்தான் விடுக்கச்
சினைக்கின்றான்

திலக நுதலாய் என்னடிநான் செய்வ தொன்றும் தெரிந்திலனே.

*malaiyai vaḷaittār mālvitaimēl vantār vanteṇ vaḷaiyiṇoṭu
kalaiyai vaḷaittār orriyilen kaṇavar eṇṇaik kalantilarē
cilaiyai vaḷaittāṇ matanampu terintāṇ viṭukkac ciṇaikkiṇṛāṇ
tilaka nutalāy eṇṇaṭināṇ ceyva tonṛum terintilanē.*

TRANSLATION – He who bent the mountain into a bow, who came riding on the great bull, who came and took away my bangles and my garments, my husband of Otri has not united with me. Kama has bent his bow, chosen his arrow, and stands furiously ready to shoot. O friend with a mark on your forehead, I do not know what to do at all.

COMMENTARY – In classical Tamil poetry, a woman pining for her lover grows so thin that her bangles slip right off her wrists. The heroine here feels stripped of her defenses and her dignity by the Lord's absence. She remembers how He once bent a massive mountain into a bow to defeat His enemies, yet she feels entirely helpless as Kama aims his arrows of desire directly at her.

19

பிரமன் தலையில் பலிகொள்ளும் பித்தர் அருமைப்
பெருமானார்

உரமன் னியசீர் ஒற்றிநகர் உள்ளார் இன்னும் உற்றிலரே
அரமன் னியவேற் படையன்றோ அம்மா அயலார்
அலர்மொழிதான்

திரமன் னுகிலேன் என்னடிநான் செய்வ தொன்றும்
தெரிந்திலனே.

*piramaṇ talaiyil palikoḷḷum pittar arumaip perumāṇār
uramaṇ ṇiyacīr orrinakar uḷḷār iṇṇum urrilarē aramaṇ
ṇiyavēr paṭaiyaṇṇō amma ayalār alarmoliṭāṇ tiramaṇ
nukilēṇ eṇṇaṭināṇ ceyva tonrum terintilaṇē.*

TRANSLATION – The mad Lord who accepts alms in Brahma's skull, the rare and great Lord, He who resides in the gloriously enduring city of Otri, has not yet come to me. Alas, the gossip of the neighbors is like a sharply filed spear. I cannot remain steady. O friend, I do not know what to do at all.

COMMENTARY – Ordinary society rarely understands a soul's intense devotion to the divine. The neighbors gossip

about her obsessive behavior, and their harsh words pierce her like a sharpened spear. They mock her for loving a "mad" God who wanders begging with a skull, making it a terrible struggle for her to keep her mind steady.

20

பவள நிறத்தார் திருஒற்றிப் பதியில் அமர்ந்தார் பரசிவனார்
தவள நிறநீற் றணிஅழகர் தமியேன் தன்னைச் சார்ந்திலரே
துவளும் இடைதான் இறமுலைகள் துள்ளா நின்ற
தென்னளவோ
திவளும் இழையாய் என்னடிநான் செய்வ தொன்றும்
தெரிந்திலனே.

*pavaḷa niṟattār tiru-orriṭṭi patiyil amarntār paracivaṇār
tavaḷa niṟanīṟ raṇi-aḷakar tamiyēṇ taṇṇaiḷ cārntilarē
tuvaḷum iṭaitāṇ iṟamulaikaḷ tuḷḷā niṇṇa teṇṇaḷavō tivaḷum
iḷaiyāy eṇṇaṭināṇ ceyva tonṇum terintilaṇē.*

TRANSLATION – The coral-hued Lord who resides in the holy city of Otri, the supreme Lord Siva, the beautiful Lord adorned with pure white ash, has not approached lonely me. My swaying waist might break as my breasts leap and tremble. O friend wearing gleaming jewels, I do not know what to do at all.

COMMENTARY – The pain of separation from God takes a heavy physical toll on the devotee. Her mind is entirely filled with the striking visual contrast of the Lord, His red coral-like skin covered in bright white holy ash. Meanwhile, her own body trembles and struggles to bear the overwhelming weight of this spiritual longing.

21

வண்டார் கொன்றை வளர்சடையார் மதிக்க எழுந்த
வல்விடத்தை
உண்டார் ஒற்றி யூர்அமர்ந்தார் உடையார் என்பால் உற்றிலரே

கண்டார் கண்ட படிபேசக் கலங்கிப் புலம்பல் அல்லாது
செண்டார் முலையாய் என்னடிநான் செய்வ தொன்றும்
தெரிந்திலனே.

*vaṇṭār koṇrai vaḷarcaṭaiyār matikka eḷunta valviṭattai uṇṭār
orri yūramarntār uṭaiyār eṇpāl urrilarē kaṇṭār kaṇṭa
paṭipēcak kalāṅkip pulampal allātu ceṇṭār mulaiyāy
eṇṇaṭināṇ ceyva tonrum terintilaṇē.*

TRANSLATION – The Lord with growing matted hair adorned with bee-filled konrai flowers consumed the fierce poison that arose to everyone's dismay. He resides in Otriyur. My Master has not come to me. As onlookers speak whatever they please, I am confused and can only lament. O friend with breasts like flower balls, I do not know what to do at all.

COMMENTARY – The soul aches for God while the ordinary world looks on with misunderstanding and gossip. The Lord showed ultimate compassion by drinking a deadly poison to save the universe. Yet he leaves his devoted soul waiting in confusion and despair.

22

உணவை இழந்தும் தேவர்எலாம் உணரா ஒருவர் ஒற்றியில்என்
கணவர் அடியேன் கண்அகலாக் கள்வர் இன்னும் கலந்திலரே
குணவர் எனினும் தாய்முதலோர் கூறா தெல்லாம் கூறுகின்றார்
திணிகொள் முலையாய் என்னடிநான் செய்வ தொன்றும்
தெரிந்திலனே.

*uṇavai ḷantum tēvarelām uṇarā oruvar orriyilēṇ kaṇavar
aṭiyēṇ kaṇakalāk kaḷvar iṇṇum kalantilarē kuṇavar eṇiṇum
tāymutalōr kūrā tellām kūrukiṇṇār tiṇikoḷ mulaiyāy
eṇṇaṭināṇ ceyva tonrum terintilaṇē.*

TRANSLATION – All the devas forfeit their food but still cannot realize the One. My husband in Otriyur, the thief who never leaves my eyes, has not yet united with me. Even

though my mother and the elders possess good character, they speak unspeakable things. O friend with firm breasts, I do not know what to do at all.

COMMENTARY – Even celestial beings (*devas*) who undergo severe fasting cannot grasp the Divine. God instead comes as a thief to capture the heart of the devoted soul. Worldly elders misunderstand this profound spiritual longing and judge it as scandalous behavior.

23

வாக்குக் கடங்காப் புகழுடையார் வல்லார் ஒற்றி மாநகரார்
நோக்குக் கடங்கா அழகுடையார் நோக்கி என்னை
அணைந்திலரே
ஊக்க மிகும்ஆர் கலிஒலிஎன் உயிர்மேல் மாறேற்
றுரப்பொலிகாண்
தேக்கங் குழலாய் என்னடிநான் செய்வ தொன்றும்
தெரிந்திலனே.

*vākkuk kaṭaṅkāp pukaḷuṭaiyār vallār orri māṇakarār nōkkuk
kaṭaṅkā alaḷuṭaiyār nōkki eṇṇai aṇaintilarē ūkka mikumār
kali-oli-eṇ uyirmēl mārēr rurappolikāṇ tēkkaṅ kuḷalāy
eṇṇaiṇāṇ ceyva toṇṇum terintilaṇē.*

TRANSLATION – His fame defies words. He is the capable Lord of the great city of Otriyur. His beauty defies vision. He has not looked upon me and embraced me. The roar of the surging ocean rises like a hostile noise against my very life. O friend with fragrant tresses, I do not know what to do at all.

COMMENTARY – God is entirely beyond the reach of human language and ordinary sight. When the soul is separated from the Divine, the natural world feels hostile and overwhelming. Even the sound of the ocean becomes an unbearable reminder of her isolation.

24

தரையிற் கீறிச் சலந்தரனைச் சாய்த்தார் அந்தச் சக்கரமால்
வரையற் களித்தார் திருஒற்றி வாணர் இன்னும் வந்திலரே
கரையிற் புணர்ந்த நாரைகளைக் கண்டேன் கண்ட வுடன்காதல்
திரையிற் புணர்ந்தேன் என்னடிநான் செய்வ தொன்றும்
தெரிந்திலனே.

*taraiyir kīric calantarāṇaīc cāyttār antac cakkaramāl
varaiyar kaḷittār tiru-orri vāṇar iṇṇum vantilarē karaiyir
puṇarnta nāraikaḷaik kaṇṭēṇ kaṇṭa vuṭaṇkātal tiraiyir
puṇarntēṇ eṇṇaṭināṇ ceyva tonṇum terintilaṇē.*

TRANSLATION – He drew a line on the earth to destroy Jalandhara and gave that discus to the great Vishnu. The resident Lord of Otriyur has not yet come. I saw herons uniting on the shore, and the moment I saw them, I was engulfed by waves of passion. O friend, I do not know what to do at all.

COMMENTARY – The Lord possesses supreme power, destroying demons and gifting divine weapons to other gods. The devotee's focus is instead drawn to the simple sight of birds uniting on the shore. Witnessing the harmony of nature sharpens the soul's painful yearning for union with God.

25

பெற்றம் இவரும் பெருமானார் பிரமன் அறியாப்
பேர்ஒளியாய்
உற்ற சிவனார் திருஒற்றி யூர்வாழ் வுடையார் உற்றிலரே
எற்றென்றுரைப்பேன் செவிலி அவன் ஏறாமட்டும்
ஏறுகின்றான்
செற்றம் ஒழியாள் என்னடிநான் செய்வ தொன்றும்
தெரிந்திலனே.

*perram ivarum perumāṇār piramaṇ ariyāp pēroḷiyāy urra
civaṇār tiru-orri yūrvāḷ vuṭaiyār urrilarē erreṇ ruraippēṇ*

*cevoli aval ēṛāmaṭṭum ērukiṇṛāḷ cerraṁ oḷiyāḷ enṇaṭinān
ceyva tonṛum terintilaṇē.*

TRANSLATION – The great Lord who rides the bull became the great Jothi unknown to Brahma. Lord Siva who resides in Otriyur has not come to me. What can I say? My foster mother's anger mounts higher and higher, and she never abandons her wrath. O friend, I do not know what to do at all.

COMMENTARY – God revealed himself as a vast, brilliant light (*Jothi*) that even the creator god Brahma could not comprehend. While the soul seeks this transcendent light, she must endure the relentless anger of her earthly guardians. The worldly mind often reacts with wrath when a person abandons conventional life for total devotion.

26

போக முடையார் பெரும்பற்றப் புலியூர் உடையார் போதசிவ
யோக முடையார் வளர்ஒற்றி யூர்வாழ் வுடையார் உற்றிலரே
சோகம் உடையேன் சிறிதேனும் துயிலோ அணையா
குயில்ஒழியா
தேகம் அயர்ந்தேன் என்னடிநான் செய்வ தொன்றும்
தெரிந்திலனே.

*pōka muṭaiyār perumparrap puliyūr uṭaiyār pōtaciva yōka
muṭaiyār vaḷarorṛi yūrvāḷ vuṭaiyār urṛilarē cōkam uṭaiyēn
cīṛitēnum tuyilō aṇaiyā kuyiloliyā tēkam ayaṛntēn enṇaṭinān
ceyva tonṛum terintilaṇē.*

TRANSLATION – He holds supreme bliss. He is the Lord of Perumbatrappuliyur. He is the master of Siva's yoga of pure awareness. He dwells in flourishing Otriyur. Yet He has not arrived. I am filled with sorrow. Sleep does not embrace me even a little. The cuckoo does not stop its calling. My body is exhausted. O friend, I do not know what to do at all.

COMMENTARY – In this traditional poetic form, the soul speaks as a lovesick woman waiting for her divine lover. She knows the Lord holds ultimate bliss, but her separation from him brings deep physical and mental exhaustion. The sleeplessness and the tormenting call of the cuckoo bird are classic symbols of the soul's desperate waiting for God's grace.

27

தாமப் புயனார் சங்கரனார் தாயில் இனியார் தற்பரனார்
ஓமப் புகைவான் உறும்ஒற்றி யூர்வாழ் வுடையார் உற்றிலரே
காமப் பயலோ கணைஎடுத்தான் கண்ட மகளீர்
பழிதொடுத்தார்
சேமக் குயிலே என்னடிநான் செய்வ தொன்றும் தெரிந்திலனே.

*tāmap puyaṇār caṅkaraṇār tāyil iṇiyār tarparaṇār ōmap
pukaivāṇ urumorri yūrvāl vuṭaiyār urrilarē kāmap payalō
kaṇai-eṭuttāṇ kaṇṭa makaḷīr paḷitoṭuttār cēmak kuyilē
eṇṇaṭiṇāṇ ceyva tonrum terintilaṇē.*

TRANSLATION – He wears garlands on his shoulders. He is Sankara, sweeter than a mother, the Supreme Being. He dwells in Otriyur where smoke from sacrificial fires reaches the sky. Yet He has not arrived. That mischievous boy Kama has taken up his arrows. The women who see me hurl blame. O friend sweet as a cuckoo, I do not know what to do at all.

COMMENTARY – The soul compares God to a mother, finding the divine presence to be the ultimate source of sweetness and care. Yet the delay in attaining grace leaves the seeker feeling vulnerable and exposed. Kama (the god of love and desire) represents the sharp sting of worldly distraction, while the gossiping women reflect the harsh judgment of ordinary society toward intense spiritual devotion.

28

ஆரூர் உடையார் அம்பலத்தார் ஆலங் காட்டார் அரசிலியார்
ஊரூர் புகழும் திருஒற்றி யூரார் இன்னும் உற்றிலரே
வாரூர் முலைகள் இடைவருத்த மனநொந் தயர்வ தன்றிஇனிச்
சீரூர் அணங்கே என்னடிநான் செய்வ தொன்றும்
தெரிந்திலனே.

*ārūr uṭaiyār ampalattār ālaṅ kāṭṭār araciliyār ūrūr pukaḷum
tiru-orri yūrār iṇṇum urrilarē vārūr mulaikaḷ iṭaivarutta
maṇanon tayarva taṇṇi-ṇiṇ cīrūr aṇankē eṇṇaiṇāṇ ceyva
toṇṇum terintilaṇē.*

TRANSLATION – He is the Lord of Arur, the Lord of the Hall, the Lord of Alankadu, the Lord of Aracil. He is the Lord of holy Otriyur praised by every town. He has not yet arrived. My tightly bound breasts distress my waist. I suffer with a broken heart. Apart from this languishing, O beautiful friend, I do not know what to do at all.

COMMENTARY – The maiden lists the famous holy towns where God is celebrated by all, contrasting his universal glory with her own private misery. The intense physical distress described here is a traditional poetic way to express the crushing weight of spiritual longing. The seeker feels that their very body is breaking under the strain of waiting for the divine.

29

காலங் கடந்தார் மால்அயன்தன் கருத்துங் கடந்தார்
கதிகடந்தார்
ஞாலங் கடந்த திருஒற்றி நாதர் இன்னும் நண்ணிலரே
சாலங் கடந்த மனந்துணையாய்த் தனியே நின்று
வருந்தல்அல்லால்
சீலங் கடந்தேன் என்னடிநான் செய்வ தொன்றும்
தெரிந்திலனே.

*kālaṅ kaṭantār mālayaṇṭaṅ karuttuṅ kaṭantār katikaṭantār
ñālaṅ kaṭanta tiru-orṛi nātar iṇṇum naṇṇilarē cālaṅ kaṭanta
maṇantuṇaiyāyt taṇiyē niṇṇu varuntalallāl cīlaṅ kaṭantēṇ
eṇṇaṭiṇāṇ ceyva toṇṇum terintilaṇē.*

TRANSLATION – He transcends time. He transcends the thoughts of Vishnu and Brahma. He transcends all destinies. The Lord of holy Otriyur transcends the world. He has not yet drawn near. With only my mind that has moved past illusion as my companion, I stand alone and suffer. I have overstepped the bounds of modesty. O friend, I do not know what to do at all.

COMMENTARY – The divine is utterly beyond the limits of time, the physical world, and even creator and preserver deities like Brahma and Vishnu. To reach for something so vast, the soul must abandon worldly shame and conventional modesty. Stepping outside ordinary social expectations, the spiritual seeker is left standing completely alone with an awakened mind.

30

சங்கக் குழையார் சடைமுடியார் சதுரர் மறையின்
தலைநடிப்பார்

செங்கட் பணியார் திருஒற்றித் தேவர் இன்னும் சேர்ந்திலரே
மங்கைப் பருவம் மணமில்லா மலர்போல் ஒழிய
வாடுகின்றேன்

திங்கள் முகத்தாய் என்னடிநான் செய்வ தொன்றும்
தெரிந்திலனே.

*caṅkak kuḷaiyār caṭaimuṭiyār caturar maṇaiyiṅ
talainaṭippār ceṅkaṭ paṇiyār tiru-orṛit tēvar iṇṇum cērntilarē
maṅkaip paruvam maṇamillā malarpōl oliya vāṭukiṇṇēṇ
tiṅkaḷ mukattāy eṇṇaṭiṇāṇ ceyva toṇṇum terintilaṇē.*

TRANSLATION – He wears earrings of conch shell. He bears a crown of matted hair. He is the skillful Lord who dances at the summit of the Vedas. He wears a red-eyed serpent.

The Lord of holy Otriyur has not yet come to me. Like a flower without fragrance, my youth as a maiden is wasting away and I wither. O friend with a moon-like face, I do not know what to do at all.

COMMENTARY – The image of God dancing at the summit of the Vedas (the ancient scriptures) shows that the divine is the ultimate truth they point toward. However, knowing this profound truth does not ease the soul's immediate pain. Without direct union with God, the soul feels its time on earth is passing empty and unfulfilled, wasting away like a scentless flower.

011. DIVINING THE SIGNS - KURĪ ĀRĀYCHSI - குறி ஆராய்ச்சி

1

நந்தி மகிழ்வாய்த் தரிசிக்க நடனம் புரியும் நாயகனார்
அந்தி நிறத்தார் திருஒற்றி அமர்ந்தார் என்னை அணைவாரோ
புந்தி இலள்ளன் றணையாரோ யாதுந் தெரியேன்
புலம்புகின்றேன்
சிந்தை மகிழ்க் குறமடவாய் தெறிந்தோர் குறிதான்
செப்புவையே.

*nanti makilvāyt taricikka ṇaṭaṇam puriyum nāyakaṇār anti
nirattār tiru-orri amarntār eṇṇai aṇaivārō punti ilaḷeṇ
ṛaṇaiyārō yātun teriyēṇ pulampukinrēṇ cintai makilak
kuṛamaṭavāy terintōr kuṛitāṇ ceppuvaiyē.*

TRANSLATION – The Lord who dances for Nandi to joyfully witness, the One colored like the twilight sky, who abides in holy Otri, will He embrace me? Or will He not embrace me, thinking I lack intelligence? I know nothing and I lament. O young Kurava woman, to make my heart rejoice, read the signs and tell me clearly.

COMMENTARY – The soul's desire for God often brings a deep sense of unworthiness. The heroine fears that the Lord, who dances for the great sacred bull Nandi, might find her too ignorant to love. She begs the fortune-teller to give her a single sign of hope.

2

தரும விடையார் சங்கரனார் தகைசேர் ஒற்றித் தனிநகரார்
ஒருமை அளிப்பார் தியாகர்எனை உடையார் இன்று
வருவாரோ
மருவ நாளை வருவாரோ வாரா தென்னை மறப்பாரோ

கருமம் அறிந்த குறமடவாய் கணித்தோர் குறிதான்
கண்டுரையே.

*taruma viṭaiyār caṅkaraṇār takaicēr orrit taṇinakarār
orumai aḷippār tiyākareṇai uṭaiyār iṇru varuvārō maruva
nālai varuvārō vārā teṇṇai maṇappārō karumam aṇinta
kuramaṭavāy kaṇittōr kuritāṇ kaṇṭuraiyē.*

TRANSLATION – He who rides the bull of dharma, Sankara, the Lord of the incomparable and exalted city of Otri, He who grants oneness, Lord Thyagar who owns me, will He come today? Will He come tomorrow to embrace me, or will He not come and forget me? O young Kurava woman who knows these deeds, calculate the signs and speak.

COMMENTARY – The waiting soul is caught in the anxiety of time. God is invoked as Sankara, a name for Siva, and Thyagar, the Lord of sacrifice, as the heroine asks if the divine embrace will happen now, later, or never. She asks the fortune-teller to calculate the exact timing of grace.

3

ஆழி விடையார் அருளுடையார் அளவிட் டறியா
அழகுடையார்

ஊழி வறினும் அழியாத ஒற்றித் தலம்வாழ் உத்தமனார்
வாழி என்பால் வருவாரோ வறியேன் வருந்த வாராரோ
தோழி அனைய குறமடவாய் துணிந்தோர் குறிநீ
சொல்லுவையே.

*āli viṭaiyār aruḷuṭaiyār aḷaviṭ ṭariyā aḷakuṭaiyār ūli varinūm
aḷiyāta orrit talamvāḷ uttamaṇār vāli eṇpāl varuvārō variyēṇ
varunta vārārō tōli aṇaiya kuramaṭavāy tuṇintōr kurinī
colluvaiyē.*

TRANSLATION – He who rides the sea-like bull, the Lord of Grace, He who possesses immeasurable beauty, the supreme Lord who lives in the shrine of Otri which remains indestructible even when the aeon ends, may you prosper. Will He come to me? Or will He not come, leaving this

destitute woman to suffer? O young Kurava woman who is like a friend to me, discern a sign and tell me.

COMMENTARY – The holy city of Otri is described as surviving the end of the world, highlighting the eternal nature of the divine. Against this vastness, the human soul feels small and entirely destitute. The heroine reaches out to the fortune-teller as a friend, seeking any reassurance that God will end her painful waiting.

4

அணியார் அடியார்க் கயன்முதலாம் அமரர்க் கெல்லாம்
அரியர்என்பாம்

பணியார் ஒற்றிப் பதிஉடையார் பரிந்தென் முகந்தான்
பார்ப்பாரோ

தணியாக் காதல் தவிர்ப்பாரோ சார்ந்து வரவு தாழ்ப்பாரோ
குணியா எழில்சேர் குறமடவாய் குறிதான் ஒன்றும்
கூறுவையே.

*aṇiyār aṭiyārka kayanmutalām amararka kellām ariyarenpām
paṇiyār orriṭṭi pati-utaiyār parinteṇ mukantaṇ pārppārō
taṇiyāk kātal tavirppārō cārntu varavu tālppārō kuṇiyā
eḷilcēr kuṛamaṭavāy kuṛitāṇ oṇṇum kūruvaiyē.*

TRANSLATION – We say He is rare to Brahma and all the celestials, yet near to His devotees. The Lord who wears the serpent, who owns the city of Otri, will He look upon my face with compassion? Will He quench my unquenchable love? Or will He delay His coming to join me? O young Kurava woman of incalculable beauty, tell me a sign.

COMMENTARY – God is often described as completely inaccessible to even the highest deities like the creator god Brahma, yet intimately close to true devotees. The heroine wonders if this promised closeness will finally quench her burning love, or if she must endure a longer delay.

5

பொன்னார் புயத்துப் போர்விடையார் புல்லர் மனத்துட்
போகாதார்
ஒன்னார் புரந்தீ உறநகைத்தார் ஒற்றி எனும்ஓர் ஊர்அமர்ந்தார்
என்னா யகனார் எனைமருவல் இன்றோ நாளை
யோஅறியேன்
மின்னார் மருங்குல் குறமடவாய் விரைந்தோர் குறிநீ
விளம்புவையே.

*ponṇār puyattup pōrviṭaiyār pullar maṇattuṭ pōkāṭār oṇṇār
puranti uranakaittār orri eṇumōr ūamarntār eṇṇā yakaṇār
eṇaimaruval iṇrō nālai yō-aṇiyēṇ miṇṇār maruṇkul
kuramaṭavāy viraintōr kurinī viḷampuvaivē.*

TRANSLATION – He of golden shoulders who rides the battle-ready bull, He who does not enter the minds of the base, He who laughed so fire consumed the cities of His foes, He who abides in the singular town called Otri, my Lord, will He embrace me today or tomorrow? I do not know. O young Kurava woman with a waist like lightning, quickly reveal a sign.

COMMENTARY – Vallalar recalls the story in which Siva destroyed the three flying cities of the demons simply by laughing. This immense, terrifying power contrasts sharply with the gentle, intimate love the heroine seeks. She urgently needs to know when this powerful Lord will finally claim her as His own.

6

பாலிற் றெளிந்த திருநீற்றர் பாவ நாசர் பண்டரங்கர்
ஆலிற் றெளிய நால்வர்களுக் கருளுந் தெருளர் ஒற்றியினார்
மாலிற் றெளியா நெஞ்சகத்தேன் மருவிக் கலக்க வருவாரோ
சேலிற் றெளிகட் குறப்பாவாய் தெரிந்தோர் குறிநீ செப்புகவே.

*pālir reḷinta tirunīrṛar pāva nācar paṇṭaraṅkar ālir reḷiya
nālvarkaḷuk karuḷun teruḷar orriyīṇār māliṛ reḷiyā*

*neñcakattēṇ maruvik kalakka varuvārō cēlir reḷikaṭ
kurappāvāy terintōr kurinī ceppukavē.*

TRANSLATION – He wears sacred ash whiter than milk. He destroys sins. The dancer Pandaranga, the wise Lord of Otriyur clearly bestowed grace to the four sages under the banyan tree. Will He come to embrace and unite with me, whose heart remains clouded by infatuation? O Kurava girl with clear eyes like carp fish, divine a sign and tell me clearly.

COMMENTARY – The Lord of Otriyur is the supreme teacher who sat under a banyan tree and granted perfect clarity to four great sages. The speaker feels her own heart is still cloudy with worldly attachments and infatuation. She asks the fortune-teller if the divine will still choose to unite with someone so confused. This captures the soul's deep longing and its fear of unworthiness before God's pure grace.

7

நிருத்தம் பயின்றார் நித்தியனார் நேச மனத்தர் நீலகண்டர்
ஒருத்தர் திருவாழ் ஒற்றியினார் உம்பர் அறியா என்கணவர்
பொருத்தம் அறிந்தே புணர்வாரோ பொருத்தம் பாரா
தணைவாரோ
வருத்தந் தவிரக் குறப்பாவாய் மகிழ்ந்தோர் குறிதான்
வழுத்துவையே.

*niruttam payiṇṇār nittiyaṇār nēca maṇattar nīlakaṇṭar
oruttar tīruvāḷ orriyiṇṇār umpar aṇiyā eṇkaṇavar poruttam
aṇintē puṇarvārō poruttam pārā taṇaiṇvārō varuttan tavirak
kurappāvāy makīṇtōr kuritāṇ vaḷuttuvaṇiyē.*

TRANSLATION – He performs the cosmic dance. He is eternal. He has a loving heart. The blue-throated Lord, the incomparable One of divine Otriyur is my husband, unknown even to the celestials. Will He unite with me after checking our compatibility, or will He embrace me without

looking for compatibility? O Kurava girl, to dispel my sorrow, happily divine a sign and declare it.

COMMENTARY – In human marriages, families carefully check astrological charts for compatibility before a couple can unite. The speaker wonders if the eternal Lord, whose blue throat shows he once swallowed poison to save the world, will judge her fitness before accepting her. She hopes his love is unconditional and that he will embrace her without looking for perfect alignment.

8

கமலன் திருமால் ஆதியர்கள் கனவி னிடத்துங் காண்பரியார்
விமலர் திருவாழ் ஒற்றியிடை மேவும் பெருமை வித்தகனார்
அமலர் அவர்தாம் என்மனைக்கின் றணைகு வாரோ
அணையாரோ
தமல மகன்ற குறப்பாவாய் தனித்தோர் குறிதான்
சாற்றுவையே.

*kamalaṇ tirumāl ātiyarkaḷ kaṇavi ṇiṭattuṅ kāṇpariyār
vimalar tiruvāl orriyīṭai mēvum perumai vittakaṇār amalar
avartām eṇmaṇaikkiṇ ṛaṇaiku vārō aṇaiyārō tamala
maṇṇa kurappāvāy taṇittōr kuṛitāṇ cāruvaiyē.*

TRANSLATION – He is hard to see even in a dream by Brahma, Vishnu, and other gods. He is the pure, great, and wise Lord residing in divine Otriyur. Will that immaculate Lord come to my house today and embrace me, or will He not? O flawless Kurava girl, divine an exclusive sign and declare it.

COMMENTARY – Traditional stories say that even the highest gods like Brahma and Vishnu could not find the top or bottom of Siva's fiery form. Yet the speaker, representing the devoted soul, dares to hope this same unreachable Lord will visit her simple home today. The passage shows that deep love invites the divine much more effectively than status or celestial power.

9

வன்னி இதழி மலர்ச்சடையார் வன்னி எனஓர் வடிவுடையார்
உன்னி உருகும் அவர்க்கெனியார் ஒற்றி நகர்வாழ் உத்தமனார்
கன்னி அழித்தார் தமைநானுங் கலப்பேன் கொல்லோ
கலவேனோ
துன்னி மலைவாழ் குறமடவாய் துணிந்தோர் குறிநீ
சொல்லுவையே.

*vanni itaḷi malarccaṭaiyār vanni eṇa-ōr vaṭivuṭaiyār unṇi
urukum avarkkeḷiyār orri nakarvāḷ uttamaṇār kaṇṇi aḷittār
tamaṇāṇuṇ kalappēṇ kollō kalavēṇō tuṇṇi malaivāḷ
kuṛamaṭavāy tuṇintōr kuṛinī colluvaiyē.*

TRANSLATION – He wears vanni leaves and kondrai flowers in His matted hair. He has a form of fire. He is easily attained by those who melt thinking of Him. The supreme Lord living in the city of Otri took away my maidenhood. Will I unite with Him, or will I not? O young Kurava woman living in the dense mountains, divine a certain sign and tell me.

COMMENTARY – The Lord is a blazing pillar of fire, but he is easily reached by anyone whose heart melts with love for him. The speaker says he has already taken her maidenhood, meaning he has entirely stolen her heart and detached her from ordinary worldly life. Now she anxiously asks the fortune-teller if this spiritual romance will end in complete union.

10

கற்றைச் சடைமேல் கங்கைதனைக் கலந்தார் கொன்றைக்
கண்ணியினார்
பொற்றைப் பெருவிற் படைஉடையார் பொழில்கூழ் ஒற்றிப்
புண்ணியனார்
இற்றைக் கடியேன் பள்ளியறைக் கெய்து வாரோ எய்தாரோ

சுற்றுங் கருங்கட் குறமடவாய் சூழ்ந்தோர் குறிநீ
சொல்லுவையே.

*karraic caṭaimēl kaṅkaitaṇaik kalantār koṇṇaik kaṇṇiyiṇār
porraip peruvir paṭai-uṭaiyār polilcūl orrip punṇiyaṇār irraik
kaṭiyēṇ paḷḷiyaraik keytu vārō eytārō curruṇ karuṅkaṭ
kuramaṭavāy cūlntōr kuṇinī colluvaiyē.*

TRANSLATION – He holds the Ganges in His thick matted hair. He wears a garland of kondrai flowers. He holds a great mountain as a bow. He is the holy Lord of Otri surrounded by groves. Will He reach this humble devotee's bedchamber today, or will He not? O young Kurava woman with roving dark eyes, consider a sign and tell me.

COMMENTARY – The imagery here points to immense divine power. The Lord holds the rushing river Ganges in his hair and once used a massive mountain as a weapon. The speaker contrasts this cosmic might with the absolute intimacy of her own bedchamber. She longs to know if this immense God will step into the quiet, personal space of her heart today.

11

அரவக் கழலார் கருங்களத்தார் அஞ்சைக் களத்தார் அரிபிரமர்
பரவப் படுவார் திருஒற்றிப் பதியில் அமர்ந்தார் பாசுபதர்
இரவு வருமுன் வருவாரோ என்னை அணைதற் கிசைவாரோ
குரவ மணக்குங் குறமடவாய் குறிநீ ஒன்று கூறுவையே.

*aravak kaḷalār karuṅkaḷattār aṅcaik kaḷattār aripiramar
paravap paṭuvār tiru-orrip patiyil amarntār pācupatar
iravu varumuṇ varuvārō eṇṇai aṇaitar kicaiṭvārō kurava
maṇakkuṇ kuramaṭavāy kuṇinī oṇṇu kūṟuvaiyē.*

TRANSLATION – O young Kurava woman fragrant with kuravam flowers, read my fortune. He wears snake anklets, has a dark throat, and belongs to Anjaikkalam. Praised by Vishnu and Brahma, the Lord of souls resides in the holy

city of Otri. Will he come before night falls? Will he consent to embrace me?

COMMENTARY – The heroine turns to a traditional fortune-teller to learn her fate. She speaks to a young woman of the Kurava hill tribe, fragrant with native *kuravam* flowers, asking for a sign. The Lord she longs for resides in Otriyur. He is Pasupati (the Lord of souls), wearing snake anklets and bearing a dark throat, praised even by the great gods Vishnu and Brahma. The heroine simply wants to know if he will arrive before night falls and consent to embrace her.

012. THE WONDER OF THE VISION - KĀṬSI ARPŪTAM - காட்சி அற்புதம்

Editor's note: theme (turai): the heroine laments (talaivi iraṅkal, தலைவி இரங்கல்).

1

பூணா அணிபூண் புயமுடையார் பொன்னம் பலத்தார்
பொங்குவிடம்

ஊணா உவந்தார் திருஒற்றி யூர்வாழ் வுடையார்
உண்மைசொலி

நீணால் இருந்தார் அவர்இங்கே நின்றார் மீட்டும் நின்றிடவே
காணா தயர்ந்தேன் என்னடிநான் கனவோ நனவோ
கண்டதுவே.

*pūṇā aṇipūṇ puyamuṭaiyār poṇṇam palattār poṇkuviṭam
ūṇā uvantār tiru-orri yūrvāl vuṭaiyār uṇmaicoli nīṇāl iruntār
avarinkē niṇṇār miṭṭum niṇṇiṭavē kāṇā tayarntēṇ eṇṇaṭināṇ
kaṇavō naṇavō kaṇṭatuvē.*

TRANSLATION – He has shoulders adorned with ornaments that need no wearing. He belongs to the Golden Hall. He joyfully took the surging poison as food. He dwells in holy Otriyur. Speaking the truth, he stayed a long time. He stood here, and then I could see him no more. I grew weary. O friend, what is this I saw, a dream or waking reality?

COMMENTARY – The divine vision appears clearly, speaks deeply to the soul, and then abruptly disappears. This captures the shock of a spiritual experience so sudden and overwhelming that the mind struggles to process it. The speaker is left asking her friend if the encounter was a dream or a waking reality.

2

ஓட்டில் இரந்துண் டொற்றியிடை உற்றார் உலகத்
துயிரைஎலாம்

ஆட்டி நடிப்பார் ஆலயத்தின் அருகே எளிய ளாம்எனவே
ஏட்டில் அடங்காக் கையறவால் இருந்தேன் இருந்த
என்முன்உருக்

காட்டி மறைத்தார் என்னடிநான் கனவோ நனவோ
கண்டதுவே.

*ōṭṭil irantuṇ ṭorriyitai urrār ulakat tuyirai-elām āṭṭi naṭippār
ālayattin arukē eḷiya lāmeṇavē ēṭṭil aṭaṅkāḱ kaiyaravāl
iruntēṇ irunta eṇmuṇuruk kāṭṭi maraittār eṇṇaṭināṇ kaṇavō
naṇavō kaṇatuvē.*

TRANSLATION – He begs and eats from a skull bowl and resides in Otriyur. He directs all the souls of the world in their dance. Near the temple, I sat like a helpless woman in a sorrow that cannot be contained on written pages. He revealed his form before me as I sat there and then hid himself. O friend, what is this I saw, a dream or waking reality?

COMMENTARY – The soul is seated in an agony of longing that is too vast to be written down. Just at that moment of total helplessness, God reveals himself, only to instantly withdraw. This fleeting glimpse deepens her yearning, blurring the line between the physical world and the inner landscape of the mind.

3

ஈதல் ஒழியா வண்கையினார் எல்லாம் வல்ல சித்தர்அவர்
ஓதல் ஒழியா ஒற்றியில்என் உள்ளம் உவக்க உலகம்எலாம்
ஆதல் ஒழியா எழில்உருக்கொண் டடைந்தார் கண்டேன்
உடன்காணேன்

காதல் ஒழியா தென்னடிநான் கனவோ நனவோ கண்டதுவே.

*ītal oḷiyā vaṅkaḷiṇār ellām valla cittaravar ōtal oḷiyā
orriyileṇ uḷlam uvakka ulakamelām ātal oḷiyā eḷilurukkoṇ
ṭaṭaintār kaṇṭēṇ uṭaṅkāṇēṇ kātal oḷiyā tennaṭināṇ kaṇavō
naṇavō kaṇṭatuvē.*

TRANSLATION – His generous hands never cease to give. He is the all-powerful Siddhar. In Otriyur of endless chanting, he arrived to the delight of my heart, taking a beautiful form that endlessly brings forth all the worlds. I saw him, and instantly he was gone from my sight. My love does not fade. O friend, what is this I saw, a dream or waking reality?

COMMENTARY – The Lord appears as an all-powerful mystic (*Siddhar*) whose beauty gives birth to all the worlds. Seeing him brings instant joy, but his immediate disappearance leaves the soul reeling. Even though the vision is gone in a flash, the deep love it awakened remains perfectly intact.

4

தொண்டு புரிவோர் தங்களுக்கோர் துணைவர் ஆவார்
சூழ்ந்துவரி

வண்டு புரியுங் கொன்றைமலர் மாலை அழகர் வல்விடத்தை
உண்டு புரியுங் கருணையினார் ஒற்றி யூர் ஒண்பதத்தைக்
கண்டுங் கானேன் என்னடிநான் கனவோ நனவோ
கண்டதுவே.

*tonṭu purivōr taṅkaḷukkōr tuṇaivar āvār cūḷntuvari vaṇṭu
puriyuṇ koṇṭraimalar mālai aḷakar valviṭattai uṇṭu puriyuṇ
karuṇaiyṇār orri yūrar oṇpatattaik kaṇṭuṇ kāṇēṇ enṇaṭināṇ
kaṇavō naṇavō kaṇṭatuvē.*

TRANSLATION – He is the true companion to those who serve him. He is the beautiful one wearing a garland of konrai flowers surrounded by striped bees. He is the compassionate one who consumed the fierce poison. I saw the bright feet of the Lord of Otriyur, and yet I saw them not. O friend, what is this I saw, a dream or waking reality?

COMMENTARY – God is described as the true companion to those who serve him, known for his immense compassion in swallowing poison to save the world. The speaker says she saw his bright feet and yet did not see them. This contradiction expresses the confusing and ungraspable nature of a sudden divine encounter.

5

அடியர் வருந்த உடன்வருந்தும் ஆண்டை அவர்தாம்
அன்றயனும்
நெடிய மாலுங் காணாத நிமல உருவோ டென்னதிரே
வடியல் அறியா அருள்காட்டி மறைத்தார் மருண்டேன்
மங்கைநல்லார்
கடிய அயர்ந்தேன் என்னடிநான் கனவோ நனவோ
கண்டதுவே.

*aṭiyar varunta uṭaṇvaruntum āṇṭai avartām aṇṛayaṇum
neṭiya māluṅ kāṇāta nimala uruvō ṭeṇetirē vaṭiyal aṇṛiyā
arulkāṭṭi maraittār maruṇṭēṇ maṅkainallār kaṭiya ayaṛntēṇ
eṇṇaṭināṇ kaṇavō naṇavō kaṇṭatuvē.*

TRANSLATION – He is the Master who suffers the moment his devotees suffer. Taking his pure form unseen by Brahma and tall Vishnu on that day, he stood before me. He revealed his unfading grace and then vanished. I became bewildered. Among these good women, I grew severely weary. O friend, what is this I saw, a dream or waking reality?

COMMENTARY – The divine Master is so completely united with his devotees that he feels their pain the exact moment they suffer. He shows a pure form of unfading grace that the greatest gods of tradition could never see. When he vanishes just as quickly, the soul is left completely exhausted by the intensity of the experience.

6

கொற்றம் உடையார் திருஒற்றிக் கோயில் உடையார் என்னதிரே
பொற்றை மணித்தோட் புயங்காட்டிப் போனார் என்னைப்
புலம்பவைத்துக்

குற்றம் அறியேன் மனநடுக்கங் கொண்டேன் உடலங்
குழைகின்றேன்

கற்றிண் முலையாய் என்னடிநான் கனவோ நனவோ
கண்டதுவே.

*korram uṭaiyār tiru-orrik kōyiluṭaiyār eṇetirē porrai maṇittōt
puyāṅkāṭṭip pōṇār eṇṇaip pulampavaittuk kurram ariyēṇ
maṇanaṭukkan koṇṭēṇ uṭalan kuḷaikinrēṇ karriṇ mulaiyāy
eṇṇaṭināṇ kaṇavō naṇavō kaṇṭatuvē.*

TRANSLATION – The victorious Lord who owns the temple of sacred Otriyur appeared before me. He showed his jeweled, mountain-like shoulders and departed, leaving me to lament. I know of no fault I committed. My heart trembles. My body swoons. O friend with firm breasts, what is this I saw, a dream or waking reality?

COMMENTARY – A sudden glimpse of the divine can be as disorienting as it is beautiful. The poem speaks in the traditional voice of a young woman confiding in her friend about a fleeting vision of God. The Lord reveals his majestic form for just a moment and then disappears, leaving her completely bewildered. The shock of this brief encounter leaves her physically weakened and questioning her own senses.

7

ஆல நிழற்கீழ் அன்றமர்ந்தார் ஆதி நடுவீறாகிநின்றார்
நீல மிடற்றார் திருஒற்றி நியமத் தெதிரே நீற்றுருவக்
கோல நிகழக் கண்டேன்பின் குறிக்கக் காணேன் கூட்டுவிக்கும்
காலம் அறியேன் என்னடிநான் கனவோ நனவோ கண்டதுவே.

*āla niḷarkīl anṛamarntār āti naṭuvī rākininṛār nīla miṭarṛār
tiru-orri niyamat tetirē nīruruvak kōla nikaḷak kaṇṭēṇṇi
kurikkak kāṇēṇ kūṭṭuvikkum kālam ariyēṇ eṇṇaṭināṇ kaṇavō
naṇavō kaṇṭatuvē.*

TRANSLATION – He once sat beneath the banyan tree. He stands as the beginning, middle, and end. He has a blue throat. I saw his beautiful form adorned with sacred ash manifest right before me in the sacred street of Otriyur. When I looked for him a moment later, I could not see him. I do not know when the time will come to unite with him. O friend, what is this I saw, a dream or waking reality?

COMMENTARY – The soul recognizes God through familiar signs, but recognition alone cannot hold his presence. The speaker lists ancient markers of the divine: the blue throat from swallowing poison to save the world, and the sacred ash of purification. The sudden vanishing of this familiar Lord leaves her longing for a permanent union. She is left unsure of when or how that ultimate time of joining will come.

8

சலங்கா தலிக்கும் தாழ்சடையார் தாமே தமக்குத் தாதையனார்
நிலங்கா தலிக்கும் திருஒற்றி நியமத் தெதிரே நின்றனர்காண்
விலங்கா தவரைத் தரிசித்தேன் மீட்டுங் காணேன்
மெய்மறந்தேன்

கலங்கா நின்றேன் என்னடிநான் கனவோ நனவோ
கண்டதுவே.

*calankā talikkum tālcaṭaiyār tāmē tamakkut tātaiyaṇār
nilankā talikkum tiru-orri niyamat tetirē niṇṇaṇarkāṇ vilankā
tavarait taricittēṇ miṭṭuṇ kāṇēṇ meymarantēṇ kalaṅkā niṇṇēṇ
eṇṇaṭināṇ kaṇavō naṇavō kaṇṭatuvē.*

TRANSLATION – He has long matted hair that embraces the river water. He is his own father. Look, he stood right before me in the street of sacred Otriyur, a place loved by

the whole world. I beheld him without looking away. When I looked again, I could not see him. I forgot my own body and stand bewildered. O friend, what is this I saw, a dream or waking reality?

COMMENTARY – God is the uncreated source of all things, owing his existence to no one. When this infinite reality appears briefly in a familiar village street, the experience is staggering. The sheer intensity of seeing him causes the speaker to forget her own physical body entirely. Once the vision fades, she is left stranded between the material world and the spiritual reality she just witnessed.

9

நிரந்தார் கங்கை நீள்சடையார் நெற்றி விழியார் நித்தியனார்
சிரந்தார் ஆகப் புயத்தணிவார் திருவாழ் ஒற்றித் தியாகர்அவர்
பரந்தார் கோயிற் கெதிர்நிற்கப் பார்த்தேன் மீட்டும்
பார்ப்பதன்முன்
கரந்தார் கலுழ்ந்தேன் என்னடிநான் கனவோ நனவோ
கண்டதுவே.

*nirantār kaṅkai nīlcaṭaiyār nerri viḷiyār nittiyaṇār cirantār
ākap puyattaṇivār tiruvāḷ orrit tiyākaravar parantār kōyir
ketirnirkap pārttēṇ mīṭṭum pārppataṇmuṇ karantār
kaluḷntēṇ eṇṇaṭināṇ kaṇavō naṇavō kaṇṭatuvē.*

TRANSLATION – He has long matted hair where the river spreads. He has an eye on his forehead. He is the eternal Lord who wears a garland of skulls across his chest and shoulders. He is Lord Thyagar of wealthy Otriyur. I saw the all-pervasive Lord standing before the temple. Before I could look again, he vanished, and I wept. O friend, what is this I saw, a dream or waking reality?

COMMENTARY – Even in his most fierce and awe-inspiring forms, the presence of God completely captivates the soul. He appears here as the ultimate conqueror of death, wearing a garland of skulls and bearing a third eye of

absolute knowledge. His sudden disappearance brings immediate tears. The briefness of the encounter breaks her heart, leaving her unable to tell waking life from a dream.

10

அளித்தார் உலகை அம்பலத்தில் ஆடி வினையால்
ஆட்டிநின்றார்
தளித்தார் சோலை ஒற்றியிடைத் தமது வடிவம் காட்டியுடன்
ஒளித்தார் நானும் மனம்மயங்கி உழலா நின்றேன்
ஒண்தொடிக்கைக்
கனித்தார் குழலாய் என்னடிநான் கனவோ நனவோ
கண்டதுவே.

*aḷittār ulakai ampalattil āṭi viṇaiyāl āṭṭiṇṇār taḷittār cōlai
orriyitait tamatu vaṭivam kāṭṭiyuṭaṇ oḷittār nāṇum
maṇammayāṅki ulalā ṇiṇṇēṇ oṇṭōikkaik kaḷittār kuḷalāy
eṇṇaṭiṇāṇ kaṇavō naṇavō kaṇṭatuvē.*

TRANSLATION – He protects the world. He dances in the open space and makes beings act according to their karma. Here in Otriyur, surrounded by cool groves, he showed me his form and immediately hid himself. My mind swoons and I wander in distress. O friend with bright bangles and beautiful hair, what is this I saw, a dream or waking reality?

COMMENTARY – The same cosmic power that rules the universe engages in a deeply personal game of hide-and-seek with the individual soul. The Lord dances in open space and drives the actions of all beings according to their karma (the natural law of cause and effect). By revealing himself and then instantly hiding, he strips away the speaker's peace of mind. This divine play creates an intense spiritual longing, forcing the soul to wander in search of the reality it just saw.

013. THE LAMENT OF UNBEARABLE LOVE - ĀRRĀK KĀTALIṆ IRAṆKAL -

ஆற்றாக் காதலின் இரங்கல்

1

மந்தா கினிவான் மதிமத்தம் மருவும் சடையார் மாசடையார்
நுந்தா விளக்கின் சுடர்அனையார் நோவ நுதலார் கண்ணுதலார்
உந்தா ஒலிக்கும் ஓதமலி ஒற்றி யூரில் உற்றெனக்குத்
தந்தார் மையல் என்னோஎன் சகியே இனிநான் சகியேனே.

*mantā kiṇivāṇ matimattam maruvum caṭaiyār mācaṭaiyār
nuntā viḷakkiṇ cuṭaraṇaiyār nōva nutalār kaṇṇutalār untā
olikkum ōtamali orri yūril urreṇakkut tantār maiyal eṇṇō-eṇ
cakiyē iṇināṇ cakiyēṇē.*

TRANSLATION – He wears the river Ganges, the sky's crescent moon, and the datura flower in his great matted hair. He is like the flame of an undying lamp. He possesses an eye on his forehead that causes pain. Residing in Otriyur abounding with roaring ocean waves, he came and gave me this infatuation. What is this? My friend, I can bear it no longer.

COMMENTARY – The soul's yearning for the divine is so intense that it feels like physical infatuation. The speaker pictures God with his traditional symbols: the Ganges river, the crescent moon, and the third eye of fire. She asks her friend why the Lord of the coastal town of Otriyur has given her this overwhelming love only to leave her suffering.

2

பூமேல் அவனும் மால்அவனும் போற்றி வழுத்தும்
பூங்கழலார்
சேமேல் வருவார் திருஒற்றித் தியாகர் அவர்தம்
திருப்புயத்தைத்

தேமேல் அலங்கல் முலைஅழுந்தச் சேர்ந்தால் அன்றிச்
சித்தசன்கைத்

தாமேல் அழற்பூத் தாழாதென் சகியே இனிநான் சகியேனே.

*pūmēl avaṇum mālavaṇum pōrri vaḷuttum pūṅkaḷalār cēmēl
varuvār tiru-orrit tiyākar avartam tiruppuyattait tēmēl
alaṅkal mulai-aḷuntac cērntāl aṇṇic cittacaṅkait tāmēl
aḷarpūt tāḷāteṇ cakiyē inināṇ cakiyēṇē.*

TRANSLATION – He possesses beautiful feet praised and worshipped by Brahma on the lotus and by Vishnu. He comes riding on a bull. He is Lord Thyagar of holy Otriyur. Unless I embrace his sacred shoulders so my breasts adorned with sweet garlands press hard against them, the fiery flower arrows from Kama's hand will not subside. My friend, I can bear it no longer.

COMMENTARY – To heal the pain of separation, the speaker longs for a direct, intimate embrace with the divine. She says the fiery flower arrows of Kama, the god of love, will only stop tormenting her when she holds Lord Thyagar close. Even though he is the supreme ruler praised by other gods, she seeks him entirely as her personal lover.

3

கருணைக் கொருநேர் இல்லாதார் கல்லைக் கரைக்கும்
கழலடியார்

அருணைப் பதியார் ஆமாத்தார் அமர்ந்தார் திருவா
வடுதுறையார்

இருணச் சியமா மணிகண்டர் எழிலார் ஒற்றி இறைவர்இந்தத்
தருணத் தின்னும் சேர்ந்திலர்என் சகியே இனிநான் சகியேனே.

*karuṇaik korunēr illātār kallaik karaikkum kaḷalaṭiyār
aruṇaiṭ patiyār āmāttār amarntār tiruvā vaṭuturaiyār
irunac ciyamā maṇikaṇṭar eḷilār orri iṇaivarintat taruṇat
tiṇṇum cērntilareṇ cakiyē inināṇ cakiyēṇē.*

TRANSLATION – He is unequalled in compassion. His ankleted feet can melt even stone. He is the Lord of Arunai, he resides in Amathur, and he is the Lord of Thiruavaduthurai. He has a dark sapphire throat. He is the beautiful Lord of Otriyur. At this very moment he still has not joined me. My friend, I can bear it no longer.

COMMENTARY – The speaker feels a sharp contrast between God's boundless compassion and his current absence. She praises him as the one whose grace can melt a heart of stone, listing the various holy towns where he is worshipped. Still, she wonders why this Lord of infinite mercy has not yet arrived to comfort her at her lowest moment.

4

ஆரா அமுதாய் அன்புடையோர் அகத்துள் இனிக்கும்
அற்புதனார்
தீரா வினையும் தீர்த்தருளும் தெய்வ மருந்தார் சிற்சபையார்
பாரார் புகழும் திருஒற்றிப் பரமர் தமது தோள் அணையத்
தாரார் இன்னும் என்செய்கேன் சகியே இனிநான் சகியேனே.

*ārā amutāy aṇṇuṭaiyōr akattuḷ iṇikkum arpuṭaṇār tīrā
viṇaiyum tīrttaruḷum teyva maruntār cīrcapaiyār pārār
pukaḷum tiru-orriṇṇ paramar tamatu tōḷ aṇaiyat tārār iṇṇum
eṇceykeṇ cakiyē iṇināṇ cakiyēṇē.*

TRANSLATION – He is the wondrous one who sweetens the hearts of his lovers like insatiable nectar. He is the divine medicine who dispels incurable karma. He is the Lord of the Hall of Consciousness. He is the supreme Lord of holy Otriyur praised by the world. He still does not offer his shoulders for me to embrace. What shall I do? My friend, I can bear it no longer.

COMMENTARY – God is the ultimate medicine that cures the endless cycle of karma, bringing sweet joy to those who love him. The speaker calls him insatiable nectar, meaning

the soul can never get enough of his presence. She is helpless and confused because this healing Lord continues to withhold the embrace she so desperately needs.

5

துதிசெய் அடியர் தம்பசிக்குச் சோறும் இரப்பார் துய்யர் ஒரு
நதிசெய் சடையார் திருஒற்றி நண்ணும் எனது நாயகனார்
மதிசெய் துயரும் மதன்வலியும் மாற்ற இன்னும் வந்திலரே
சதிசெய் தனரோ என்னடி என் சகியே இனிநான் சகியேனே.

*tuticey aṭiyar tampacikkuc cōrum irappār tuyyaroru naticey
caṭaiyār tiru-orri naṇṇum eṇatu nāyakaṇār maticey tuyarum
matanvaliyum mārra iṇṇum vantilarē caticey taṇarō eṇṇaṭi-
eṇ cakiyē iṇināṇ cakiyēṇē.*

TRANSLATION – He begs for rice to satisfy the hunger of his praising devotees. He is the pure one. He wears a river in his matted hair. He is my Lord residing in holy Otriyur. He still has not come to banish the sorrow caused by the moon and the cruel force of Kama. Has he deceived me? Tell me! My friend, I can bear it no longer.

COMMENTARY – In a beautiful image of absolute care, God himself is seen begging for rice to feed his hungry devotees. Vallalar teaches that Jeevakarunyam (compassion for all living beings) is the very foundation of spiritual life. Yet the speaker feels abandoned by this same compassionate Lord, wondering if he has deceived her while she suffers the agonizing pangs of unrequited love.

6

எங்கள் காழிக் கவுணியரை எழிலார் சிவிகை எற்றிவைத்தோர்
திங்கள் அணியும் செஞ்சடையார் தியாகர் திருவாழ்
ஒற்றியினார்
அங்கள் அணிபூந் தார்ப்புயத்தில் அணைத்தார் அல்லர்
எனைமடவார்

தங்கள் அலரோ தாழாதென் சகியே இனிநான் சகியேனே.

*eṇkaḷ kāḷik kavuṇiyarai eḷilār civikai eṇṇivaittōr tiṇkaḷ aṇiyum
ceṇṇataiyār tiyākar tiruvāl orriyīṇār aṇkaḷ aṇipūn
tārppuyattil aṇaittār allar eṇaimaṭavār taṇkaḷ alarō tālāteṇ
cakiyē iṇināṇ cakiyēṇē.*

TRANSLATION – He placed our Kavuniyar of Kazhi upon a beautiful palanquin. He wears the crescent moon on his red matted hair. Lord Thyagar of flourishing Otriyur has not embraced me to his shoulder adorned with a beautiful flower garland. The gossip of these women does not subside. My friend, I can bear it no longer.

COMMENTARY – The soul longs for God like a woman separated from her lover. She remembers how the Lord generously rewarded past saints, gifting a beautiful palanquin to the famous child poet Sambandar. She wonders why this same generous Lord ignores her devotion now. Left waiting, she suffers the painful gossip of townspeople who mock her intense spiritual longing.

7

காவி மணந்த கருங்களத்தார் கருத்தர் எனது கண்அனையார்
ஆவி அனையார் தாய்அனையார் அணிசேர் ஒற்றி
ஆண்தகையார்

பூவின் அலங்கல் புயத்தில்எனைப் புல்லார் அந்திப்
பொழுதில்மதி

தாவி வருமே என்செயுமோ சகியே இனிநான் சகியேனே.

*kāvi maṇanta karuṇkaḷattār karuttar eṇatu kaṇaṇaiyār āvi
aṇaiyār tāyaṇaiyār aṇicēr orri āṇṭakaiyār pūviṇ alaṇkaḷ
puyattileṇaiṇ pullār antip polutilmati tāvi varumē eṇceyumō
cakiyē iṇināṇ cakiyēṇē.*

TRANSLATION – He has a dark throat resembling the dark lily. He is the Supreme Lord, like my very eyes. He is like my life. He is like my mother. The noble Lord of beautiful

Otriyur does not embrace me to his shoulder adorned with flower garlands. In the evening, the moon leaps forth. What will it do to me? My friend, I can bear it no longer.

COMMENTARY – God is as precious to the soul as its own eyes, life, and mother. Yet feeling disconnected from the divine brings deep agony. In traditional Tamil poetry, the cool evening moon becomes a source of unbearable heat and pain for lovers separated from each other. The soul feels this exact torment while waiting for God's grace.

8

மலஞ்சா திக்கும் மக்கள்தமை மருவார் மருவார்
மதில்அழித்தார்
வலஞ்சா திக்கும் பாரிடத்தார் மாலும் அறியா மலர்ப்பதத்தார்
நிலஞ்சா திக்கும் ஒற்றியினார் நினையார் என்னை
அணையாமல்
சலஞ்சா தித்தார் என்னடிஎன் சகியே இனிநான் சகியேனே.

*malañcā tikkum makkaḷtamai maruvār maruvār matilaḷittār
valañcā tikkum pāriṭattār mālum ariyā malarppatattār
nilañcā tikkum orriyiṇār niṇaiyār eṇṇai aṇaiyāmal calañcā
tittār eṇṇaṭi-eṇ cakiyē iṇināṇ cakiyēṇē.*

TRANSLATION – He does not associate with people entrenched in impurity. He destroyed the fortresses of his foes. He is surrounded by conquering hosts of ghouls. He has lotus feet unknown even to Thirumal. The Lord of Otriyur, which sustains the earth, does not think of me. He obstinately refuses to embrace me. What is this? My friend, I can bear it no longer.

COMMENTARY – God remains distant from minds caught in worldly impurities. The soul looks at the Lord's absolute purity and supreme majesty, wondering if her own hidden flaws are the reason for His silence. Her sorrow grows into frustration as she feels He is stubbornly keeping His distance, leaving her unable to endure the separation.

9

நாக அணியார் நக்கர்எனும் நாமம்உடையார் நாரணன்ஓர்
பாகம் உடையார் மலைமகள்ஓர் பாங்கர் உடையார்
பசுபதியார்

யோகம் உடையார் ஒற்றியுளார் உற்றார் அல்லர் உறுமோக
தாகம் ஒழியா தென்செய்கேன் சகியே இனிநான் சகியேனே.

*nāka aṇiyār nakkareṇum nāmamuṭaiyār nāraṇaṇōr pākam
uṭaiyār malaimakaḷōr pāṅkar uṭaiyār pacupatiyār yōkam
uṭaiyār orriyulār urrār allar uṛumōka tākam oliyā teṇceykēn
cakiyē inināṇ cakiyēṇē.*

TRANSLATION – He wears the serpent as an ornament. He bears the name Nakkar. He holds Narayanan on one side. He holds the Mountain's daughter by his side. He is Pasupati, the Lord of souls. He is the master of yoga who dwells in Otriyur. He has not come to me. My intense thirst of longing does not fade. What shall I do? My friend, I can bear it no longer.

COMMENTARY – The verse pictures God containing all cosmic forces, holding the deities Narayanan (Vishnu) and the Mountain's daughter (Parvati) as halves of His own body. Seeing this infinite completeness makes the soul's isolation feel even sharper. Knowing the Lord is the master of all souls, her intense spiritual thirst remains painfully unquenched until He arrives.

10

தீர்ந்தார் தலையே கலனாகச் செறித்து நடிக்கும் திருக்கூத்தர்
தேர்ந்தார் தம்மைப் பித்தடையச் செய்வார் ஒற்றித்
தியாகர்அவர்

சேர்ந்தார் அல்லர் இன்னும்எனைத் தேடி வரும்அத் தீமதியம்
சார்ந்தால் அதுதான் என்செயுமோ சகியே இனிநான்
சகியேனே.

*tīrntār talaiyē kalanākac cerittu naṭikkum tīrukkūttar tērntār
tammaip pittaṭaiyac ceyvār orṟit tiyākaravar cērntār allar
iṇṇumeṇait tēṭi varumat tīmatiyam cārntāl atutāṇ eṇceyumō
cakiyē iṇināṇ cakiyēṇē.*

TRANSLATION – The holy dancer dances using the skulls of the dead as his begging bowl. He causes those who have realized him to become mad with love. He is Lord Thyagar of Otriyur. He still has not joined me. That cruel moon comes seeking me. If it reaches me, what will it do? My friend, I can bear it no longer.

COMMENTARY – Experiencing the divine transforms people completely, making true devotees appear mad with love to the outside world. The soul desires exactly this overwhelming, consuming madness of divine union. Left waiting alone as night falls, even the normally gentle moonlight feels like a cruel punishment to the isolated lover.

11

ஆயும் படிவத் தந்தணனாய் ஆரு ரன்தன் அணிமுடிமேல்
தோயும் கமலத் திருவடிகள் சூட்டும் அதிகைத் தொன்னகரார்
ஏயும் பெருமை ஒற்றியுளார் இன்னும் அணையார்
எனைஅளித்த
தாயும் தமரும் நொடிக்கின்றார் சகியே இனிநான் சகியேனே.

*āyum paṭivat tantaṇāy ārū raṇtaṇ aṇimuṭimēl tōyum
kamalat tiruvaṭikaḷ cūṭṭum atikait tonṇakarār ēyum perumai
orriyulār iṇṇum aṇaiyār eṇai-aḷitta tāyum tamarum
noṭikkiṇṇār cakiyē iṇināṇ cakiyēṇē.*

TRANSLATION – The Lord of the ancient city of Atikai took the form of a distinguished Brahmin and placed His sacred lotus feet upon the adorned head of Aruran. He resides in Otriyur of fitting greatness. He still has not embraced me. The mother who bore me and my relatives all scold me. My friend, I can bear it no longer.

COMMENTARY – The speaker feels abandoned by God and mocked by her family for her intense devotion. She reminds her friend how the Lord once took a human form to bless the saint Sundarar (referred to here as Aruran) by placing His sacred feet on his head. Knowing God has shown such profound grace to others makes His absence in her own life even harder to bear. With her mother and relatives constantly scolding her and her divine lover staying away, her wait has become entirely unbearable.

014. THE SPLENDOR OF THE DIVINE FORM - TIRUKKŌLACH SIRAPPU - திருக்கோலச் சிறப்பு

Editor's note: theme (turai): the heroine marvels (talaivi viyattal, தலைவி வியத்தல்).

1

பொன்னென் றொளிரும் புரிசடையார் புனைநூல் இடையார்
புடைஉடையார்
மன்னென் றுலகம் புகழ்ஒற்றி வாணர் பவனி வரக்கண்டேன்
மின்னென் றிலங்கு மாதரெலாம் வேட்கை அடைய
விளங்கிநின்ற(து)
இன்னென் றறியேன் அவரழகை என்னென் றுரைப்ப
தேந்திழையே.

*ponnen roḷirum puricāṭaiyār punainūl ṭaiyār puṭai-uṭaiyār
maṇṇen rulaḱam pukaḷorri vāṇar pavaṇi varakkaṇṭēṇ miṇṇen
rilaṅku mātarelām vēṭkai ṭaiya viḷaṅkiniṇra(tu) inṇen
rariyēṇ avaraḷakai enṇen ruraippa tēntiḷaiyē.*

TRANSLATION – I saw the Lord of Otri, praised by the world as King, coming in procession. His twisted matted hair shines like gold. He wears a sacred thread upon His waist and garments around Him. All the women, radiant as lightning, stood completely consumed by desire. I do not know what this is. O friend adorned with choice jewels, how can I describe His beauty?

COMMENTARY – The speaker watches the Lord of Otriyur pass by in a temple procession. His divine form is so physically radiant that it leaves everyone who sees it stunned and filled with deep longing. She confesses to her friend that words are useless to describe such beauty.

2

அள்ளிக் கொடுக்கும் கருணையினார் அணிசேர் ஒற்றி
ஆலயத்தார்

வள்ளிக் குவந்தோன் தனைஈன்ற வள்ளல் பவனி
வரக்கண்டேன்

துள்ளிக் குதித்தென் மனம்அவரைச் சூழ்ந்த தின்னும்
வந்ததிலை

எள்ளிக் கணியா அவரழகை என்னென் றுரைப்ப
தேந்திழையே.

*aḷḷik koṭukkum karuṇaiyiṇār aṇicēr orri ālayattār vaḷḷik
kuvantōṇ taṇai-ṇṇra vaḷḷal pavaṇi varakkaṇṭēṇ tuḷḷik kutitten
maṇamavaraic cūḷnta tinṇum vantatilai eḷḷik kaṇiyā
avaralakai eṇṇeṇ ruraippa tēntilaiyē.*

TRANSLATION – I saw the supreme benefactor coming in procession. He is the Lord of the beautiful temple in Otri, possessing compassion that gives abundantly. He is the father of the Lord who rejoiced in Valli. My heart leapt and bounded, surrounded Him, and has not yet returned. O friend adorned with choice jewels, how can I describe His matchless beauty?

COMMENTARY – God's boundless compassion acts as an irresistible force that captures the soul. The speaker describes the sheer magnetic pull of this divine presence. Her heart leaps out to follow the Lord as He passes, and it completely refuses to return to her.

3

அனத்துப் படிவம் கொண்டயனும் அளவா முடியார் வடியாத
வனத்துச் சடையார் திருஒற்றி வாணர் பவனி வரக்கண்டேன்
மனத்துக் கடங்கா தாகில்அதை வாய்கொண் டுரைக்க
வசமாமோ

இனத்துக் குவப்பாம் அவரழகை என்னென் றுரைப்ப
தேந்திழையே.

*aṇattup paṭivam koṇṭayanum aḷavā muṭiyār vaṭiyāta
vaṇattuc caṭaiyār tiru-orri vāṇar pavaṇi varakkaṇṭēṇ
maṇattuk kaṭaṅkā tākilatai vāykoṇ ṭuraikka vacamāmō
iṇattuk kuvappām avaraḷakai eṇṇēṇ ruraippa tēntilaiyē.*

TRANSLATION – I saw the Lord of holy Otri coming in procession. Brahma took the form of a swan but could not measure His crown. He has untamed, forest-like matted hair. If His beauty cannot be contained in the mind, is it possible to speak of it with the mouth? O friend adorned with choice jewels, how can I describe His beauty, which brings such joy to His devotees?

COMMENTARY – The poem recalls the ancient story where the creator god Brahma took the form of a swan to find the top of the Lord's head but failed because God is infinite. The speaker reasons that if the mind itself cannot comprehend the limits of this divine beauty, the human voice has no hope of speaking about it.

4

கொழுதி அளிதேன் உழுதுண்ணும் கொன்றைச் சடையார்
கூடலுடை

வழுதி மருகர் திருஒற்றி வாணர் பவனி வரக்கண்டேன்
பழுதில் அவனாந் திருமாலும் படைக்குங் கமலப்
பண்ணவனும்

எழுதி முடியா அவரழகை என்னென்றுரைப்ப தேந்திழையே.

*koḷuti aḷitēṇ ulutuṇṇum koṇraic caṭaiyār kūṭaluṭai vaḷuti
marukar tiru-orri vāṇar pavaṇi varakkaṇṭēṇ paḷutil avaṇān
tirumālum paṭaikkun kamalap paṇṇavanum eḷuti muṭiyā
avaralakai eṇṇēṇ ruraippa tēntilaiyē.*

TRANSLATION – I saw the Lord of holy Otri coming in procession. He is the son-in-law of the Pandyan king of Madurai. He wears konrai flowers in His matted hair, where bees burrow and feast on the honey. Flawless Vishnu and the lotus-seated creator Brahma cannot fully capture His

beauty in a painting. O friend adorned with choice jewels, how can I describe it?

COMMENTARY – The Lord wears golden *konrai* (Indian laburnum) flowers in His hair, swarming with bees drawn to their nectar. The speaker says that even the greatest gods would fail if they tried to capture His vibrant form in a painting. His beauty is simply too alive for any static image to contain.

5

புன்னை இதழிப் பொலிசடையார் போக யோகம்
புரிந்துடையார்

மன்னும் விடையார் திருஒற்றி வாணர் பவனி வரக்கண்டேன்
உன்னும் உடலம் குளிர்ந்தோங்க உவகை பெருக உற்றுநின்ற
என்னை விழுங்கும் அவரழகை என்னென்றுரைப்ப
தேந்திழையே.

*punṇai itaḷip policaṭaiyār pōka yōkam purintuṭaiyār
maṇṇum viṭaiyār tiru-orri vāṇar pavaṇi varakkāṇṭēṇ unṇum
uṭalam kuḷirntōṅka uvakai peruka urruṇiṇra eṇṇai viḷuṅkum
avaralakai eṇṇeṇ ruraippa tēṇṭilaiyē.*

TRANSLATION – I saw the Lord of holy Otri coming in procession. His radiant matted hair is adorned with punnai and konrai flowers. He perfectly embodies both worldly experience and supreme asceticism, and He rides the eternal bull. As I thought of Him, my body grew cool and my joy swelled. His beauty completely swallowed me. O friend adorned with choice jewels, how can I describe it?

COMMENTARY – The Lord represents a perfect balance of opposites, living out both worldly experience and absolute spiritual discipline. The vision of God does not just attract the speaker, it entirely swallows her identity. Simply thinking of Him causes her physical body to cool in a rush of pure spiritual joy.

6

சொல்லுள் நிறைந்த பொருளானார் துய்யர் உளத்தே
துன்னிநின்றார்
மல்லல் வயற்கூழ் திருஒற்றி வாணர் பவனி வரக்கண்டேன்
கல்லும் மரமும் ஆனந்தக் கண்ணீர் கொண்டு கண்டதெனில்
எல்லை யில்லா அவரழகை என்னென் றுரைப்ப
தேந்திழையே.

*colluḷ niraṇṭa poruḷāṇār tuyyar ulattē tunṇiniṇṇār mallal
vayarṇcūḷ tiru-orri vāṇar pavaṇi varakkaṇṭēṇ kallum
maramum āṇantak kaṇṇīr koṇṭu kaṇṭatenil ellai yillā
avaralakai eṇṇēṇ ruraippa tēntiḷaiyē.*

TRANSLATION – He is the meaning that fills the word. He stands close within the hearts of the pure. I saw the Lord of Otriyur, surrounded by fertile fields, coming in procession. If even stones and trees shed tears of bliss upon seeing Him, O friend adorned with choice jewels, how can I describe His boundless beauty?

COMMENTARY – The Lord's presence is so overwhelming that it brings emotion even to lifeless stones and trees. The young woman realizes that God is the true meaning hidden inside every spoken word, living intimately in pure hearts. If objects without senses melt in blissful tears at His sight, human language cannot possibly capture His boundless beauty.

7

நீர்க்கும் மதிக்கும் நிலையாக நீண்ட சடையார் நின்றுநறா
ஆர்க்கும் பொழில்சூழ் திருஒற்றி வாணர் பவனி
வரக்கண்டேன்
பார்க்கும் அரிக்கும் பங்கயற்கும் பன்மா தவர்க்கும்
பண்ணவர்க்கும்
யார்க்கும் அடங்கா அவரழகை என்னென் றுரைப்ப
தேந்திழையே.

*nīrkkum matikkum nilaiyāka nīṇṭa caṭaiyār ninṇunaṛā
ārkkum poiḷcūḷ tiru-orri vāṇar pavaṇi varakkaṇṭēṇ pārkkum
arikkum paṇkayaṛkum paṇmā tavarkkum paṇṇavarkkum
yārkkum aṭaṇkā avaraḷakai eṇṇeṇ ruraippa tēṇṭilaiyē.*

TRANSLATION – He has long matted hair that serves as a resting place for the river and the moon. I saw the Lord of Otriyur, surrounded by groves abundant with honey, coming in procession. O friend adorned with choice jewels, how can I describe His beauty? It cannot be contained by anyone at all, neither Vishnu the protector, nor lotus-born Brahma, nor the many great ascetics, nor the celestials.

COMMENTARY – Vallalar draws on the traditional image of Siva carrying the Ganges river and the crescent moon in His matted hair. The young woman observes that the Lord's beauty entirely escapes the understanding of the greatest beings in the cosmos. The highest gods, the most accomplished sages, and the heavenly beings are completely unable to contain or measure His divine glory.

8

கலக அமணக் கைதவரைக் கழுவி லேற்றுங் கழுமலத்தோன்
வலகை குவித்துப் பாடும்ஒற்றி வாணர் பவனி வரக்கண்டேன்
உலக நிகழ்வைக் காணென்னன் உள்ளம் ஒன்றே அறியுமடி
இலகும் அவர்தந் திருஅழகை என்னென் றுரைப்ப
தேந்திழையே.

*kalaka amanak kaitavaraik kaḷuvi lēṇṇuṇ kaḷumalattōṇ
valakai kuvittup pāṭumorri vāṇar pavaṇi varakkaṇṭēṇ ulaka
nikaḷvaik kaṇṇēṇeṇ uḷḷam oṇṇē aṇṇiyumaṭi ilakum avartan tiru-
aḷakai eṇṇeṇ ruraippa tēṇṭilaiyē.*

TRANSLATION – I saw the Lord of Otriyur coming in procession. He is the one praised with folded hands by the saint of Kazhumalam, who mounted the deceitful and quarrelsome Jains on the stakes. I no longer see the events of this world. Only my heart knows this state. O friend

adorned with choice jewels, how can I describe His shining divine beauty?

COMMENTARY – The sight of the divine procession completely erases the young woman's awareness of the ordinary world. She recalls a famous legend where the child saint of Kazhumalam defeated rival monks to defend the faith, honoring the Lord's supreme power. Yet for her, the spiritual experience is entirely inward. Her eyes are blind to everyday events, leaving her heart alone to silently absorb a beauty she cannot explain.

9

கண்ணன் அறியாக் கழற்பதத்தார் கண்ணார் நெற்றிக்
கடவுள்அருள்
வண்ணம் உடையார் திருஒற்றி வாணர் பவனி வரக்கண்டேன்
நண்ண இமையார் எனஇமையா நாட்டம் அடைந்து நின்றனடி
எண்ண முடியா அவரழகை என்னென் றுரைப்ப
தேந்திழையே.

*kaṇṇaṇ ariyāk kaḷarpatattār kaṇṇār nerrik kaṭavularuḷ
vaṇṇam uṭaiyār tiru-orri vāṇar pavani varakkaṇṭēṇ naṇṇa
imaiyār eṇa-imaiyā nāṭṭam aṭaintu niṇṇaṇaṭi eṇṇa muṭiyā
avaralakai eṇṇeṇ ruraippa tēṇṭilaiyē.*

TRANSLATION – Vishnu cannot comprehend His ankleted feet. He is the God with an eye on His forehead, possessing a form of pure grace. I saw the Lord of Otriyur coming in procession. I stood with an unblinking gaze just like the celestials. O friend adorned with choice jewels, how can I describe His unimaginable beauty?

COMMENTARY – Heavenly beings are traditionally said to have eyes that never blink. The young woman finds herself adopting this exact immortal gaze so she will not miss a single fraction of a second of the Lord's presence. He appears as a form of pure grace, so vast that even the greatest gods cannot find the bottom of His feet. She is

frozen in total devotion, entirely consumed by a beauty the mind cannot even picture.

10

மாழை மணித்தோள் எட்டுடையார் மழுமான் ஏந்தும்
மலர்க்கரத்தார்

வாழை வளஞ்சூழ் ஒற்றியூர் வாணர் பவனி வரக்கண்டேன்
யாழை மலைக்கும் மொழிமடவார் யாரும் மயங்கிக்
கலைஅவிழ்ந்தார்

ஏழை யேன்நான் அவரழகை என்னென்றுரைப்ப
தேந்திழையே.

*mālai maṇittōḷ eṭṭuṭaiyār maḷumāṇ ēntum malarkkarattār
vālai vaḷaṇcūḷ orriyūr vāṇar pavaṇi varakkaṇṭēṇ yālai
malaikkum moḷimaṭavār yārum mayañkik kalai-aviḷntār ēlai
yēṇṇāṇ avaraḷakai enṇeṇ ruraippa tēntilaiyē.*

TRANSLATION – He has eight beautiful shoulders adorned with gems. His lotus hands hold a battle-axe and a deer. I saw the Lord of Otriyur, surrounded by fertile banana groves, coming in procession. All the young women, whose voices rival the lute, swooned and their garments slipped away. O friend adorned with choice jewels, how can a poor girl like me describe His beauty?

COMMENTARY – In traditional Tamil poetry, women swooning and their garments slipping away represents the total surrender of worldly pride and ego before the divine. The young woman watches as everyone around her loses their ordinary senses at the sight of the Lord with His eight radiant shoulders. Caught up in this overwhelming wave of devotion, she asks how a simple person like herself could ever find the words to describe such an intense spiritual experience.

015. CONSULTING THE ASTROLOGER - SŌTIṬAM NĀṬAL - சோதிடம் நாடல்

Editor's note: theme (turai): the heroine's overflowing love (talaivi kalimiku katal, தலைவி கழிமிகு காதல்).

1

பொன்னஞ் சிலையால் புரம்எறித்தார் பொழில்சூழ் ஒற்றிப்
புண்ணியனார்
முன்னஞ் சருந்தும் முக்கணனார் மூவர் அறியா முதல்வர்அவர்
இன்னஞ் சிலநாள் சென்றிடுமோ இலதேல் இன்று வருவாரோ
உன்னஞ் சிறந்தீர் சோதிடம்பார்த் துரைப்பீர் புரிநூல் உத்தமரே.

*ponṇaṇ cilaiyāl puramerittār polilcūḷ orrip puṇṇiyanār
muṇṇaṇ caruntum mukkaṇaṇār mūvar ariyā mutalvaravar
iṇṇaṇ cilanāl ceṇṇiṭumō ilatēl iṇru varuvārō unṇaṇ ciṇantīr
cōtiṭampārt turaippīr purinūḷ uttamarē.*

TRANSLATION – He burned the cities with the golden bow. He is the virtuous Lord of Otriyur surrounded by groves. He is the three-eyed Lord who consumed the poison long ago. He is the primal Lord unknown to the three gods. Will a few more days pass, or will He come today? O you who excel in deep thought, consult the stars and tell me, O excellent one wearing the sacred thread.

COMMENTARY – The soul speaks as a woman deeply in love, asking an astrologer to tell her exactly when God will arrive. She wonders if she must wait a few more days or if He will come today. She remembers His ancient acts of grace, like consuming deadly poison to save the world, to remind herself of His supreme compassion.

2

பெற்றி அறியாப் பிரமனுக்கும் பெரிய மாற்கும் பெறஅறியார்

புற்றின் அரவார் கச்சைஉடைப் புனிதர் என்னைப்
புணரும்இடம்

தெற்றி மணிக்கால் விளங்குதில்லைச் சிற்றம் பலமோ
அன்றிஇந்த

ஒற்றி நகரோ சோதிடம்பார்த் துரைப்பீர் புரிநூல் உத்தமரே.

*perri ariyāp piramaṇukkum periyā mārkuṁ pera-ariyār
purriṇ aravār kaccai-utaip puṇitar eṇṇaip puṇarumiṭam terri
maṇikkāl viḷaṅkutilai ciṇṇam palamō aṇṇi-inta orri nakarō
cōtiṭampārt turaippīr purinūl uttamare.*

TRANSLATION – He remains unattainable to Brahma who does not know His true nature and to the great Vishnu. He is the pure Lord who wears an anthill-dwelling snake as a belt. Where will He unite with me? Will it be in the Little Hall of Thillai shining with bejeweled pillars on its raised platform, or will it be in this city of Otriyur? Consult the stars and tell me, O excellent one wearing the sacred thread.

COMMENTARY – The heroine asks the astrologer to predict the exact place where her spiritual marriage will happen. She wonders if her union with the Lord will take place in Thillai, the sacred hall of Chidambaram, or right here in the city of Otriyur. She describes God as a being completely beyond the understanding of the traditional creator and preserver gods.

3

அளித்து மூன்று பிள்ளைகளால் அகிலம் நடக்க ஆட்டுவிப்பார்
தெளித்து நதியைச் சடைஇருத்தும் தேவர் திருவாழ்
ஒற்றியுளார்

களித்து மாலை கொடுப்பாரோ கள்ளி எனவே விடுப்பாரோ
ஒளித்தொன்றுரையீர் சோதிடம்பார்த் துரைப்பீர் புரிநூல்
உத்தமரே.

*aḷittu mūṇṇu piḷḷaikaḷāl akilam naṭakka āṭṭuvippār telittu
natiyaic caṭai-iruttum tēvar tiruvāl orriyulār kaḷittu mālai*

koṭuppārō kaḷḷi eṇavē viṭuppārō oḷitton ruraiyīr cōtiṭampārt turaippīr purinūl uttamarē.

TRANSLATION – He graciously orchestrates the functioning of the universe through His three sons. He is the Lord who contains the clear river in His matted hair and dwells in holy Otriyur. Will He joyfully give me His garland, or will He abandon me as a deceitful woman? Tell me without hiding anything. Consult the stars and tell me, O excellent one wearing the sacred thread.

COMMENTARY – Here the devotee expresses a sudden fear of rejection. She begs the astrologer to be completely honest about whether the Lord will joyfully offer her a marriage garland or abandon her as a fraud. She acknowledges God's supreme power as the one who drives the entire universe by guiding the actions of the lesser gods.

4

எண்தோள் இலங்கும் நீற்றணிய ரியார்க்கும் இறைவர்
எனைஉடையார்

வண்டோ லிடும்பூங் கொன்றைஅணி மாலை மார்பர்
வஞ்சமிலார்

தண்தோய் பொழில்கூழ் ஒற்றியினார் தமக்கும் எனக்கும்
மணப்பொருத்தம்

உண்டோ இலையோ சோதிடம்பார்த் துரைப்பீர் புரிநூல்
உத்தமரே.

*eṇṭō! ilaṅkum nīrṇaṇiya riyārkkum īraivar eṇai-uṭaiyār vaṇṭō
liṭumpūṇ koṇṇrai-aṇi mālai mārpar vaṇcamilār taṇṭōy poḷilcūl
orriyiṇār tamakkum eṇakkum maṇapporuttam uṇṭō ilaiyō
cōtiṭampārt turaippīr purinūl uttamarē.*

TRANSLATION – He wears shining sacred ash on His eight shoulders. He is the Lord of all and my Master. He wears a garland of beautiful konrai flowers swarming with bees on His chest. He is without deceit. He dwells in Otriyur surrounded by cool groves. Is there a marital match

between Him and me or not? Consult the stars and tell me, O excellent one wearing the sacred thread.

COMMENTARY – The heroine asks the astrologer to check the star charts to see if she and the Lord are a good match for marriage. In traditional astrology, the birth stars of a bride and groom are compared to ensure a successful union. She applies this everyday human custom to her relationship with God, longing to know if her soul is truly compatible with the supreme Master.

5

தவர்தாம் வணங்கும் தாளுடையார் தாய்போல் அடியர்
தமைப்புரப்பார்

பவர்தாம் அறியாப் பண்புடையார் பணைசூழ் ஒற்றிப்
பதிஅமர்ந்தார்

அவர்தாம் மீண்டுந் றணைவாரோ அன்றி நான்போய்
அணைவேனோ

உவர்தாம் அகற்றும் சோதிடம்பார்த் துரைப்பீர் புரிநூல்
உத்தமரே.

*tavartām vaṇaṅkum tāluṭaiyār tāypōl aṭiyar
tamaippurappār pavartām ariyāp paṇputaiyār paṇaicūl
orriṭ pati-amarntār avartām miṇṭur raṇaivārō aṇṇi nānpōy
aṇaivēṇō uvartām akarṛum cōtiṭampārt turaippīr purinūl
uttamarē.*

TRANSLATION – His feet are worshiped by sages. He protects His devotees like a mother. He possesses qualities unknown to those caught in worldly birth. He resides in the city of Otriyur surrounded by fields. Will He return and embrace me, or will I go and embrace Him? You who dispel distress, consult the stars and tell me, O excellent one wearing the sacred thread.

COMMENTARY – The heroine asks who will make the final move to bring them together. She wants to know if God will return to embrace her, or if she must travel to find Him. She

describes the Lord as a mother who protects those who love Him, hoping that this maternal compassion will bring Him to her side.

6

பைத்த அரவப் பணிஅணிவார் பணைகூழ் ஒற்றிப்
பதிமகிழ்வார்

மைத்த மிடற்றார் அவர்தமக்கு மாலை இடவே நான்உளத்தில்
வைத்த கருத்து முடிந்திடுமோ வறிதே முடியா தமிழ்நிடுமோ
உய்த்த மதியால் சோதிடம்பார்த் துரைப்பீர் புரிநூல் உத்தமரே.

*paitta aravap paṇi-aṇivār paṇaicūl orrip patimakilvār
maitta miṭarrār avartamakku mālai iṭavē nāṇuḷattil vaitta
karuttu muṭintiṭumō varitē muṭiyā taḷintiṭumō uytta matiyāl
cōtiṭampārt turaippīr purinūl uttamare.*

TRANSLATION – He wears the hooded snake as an ornament and rejoices in Otriyur surrounded by fields. He has a dark throat. Will the intention I hold in my heart to place a garland on Him be fulfilled? Or will it fail and perish in vain? Use your focused intellect to consult the stars and tell me, O excellent one wearing the sacred thread.

COMMENTARY – The speaker desperately wants to know if her spiritual longing will be fulfilled. In the poetry of the region, offering a garland is the traditional act of marriage. She asks the astrologer to read the stars and tell her if she will finally unite with the Lord, or if her hopes will amount to nothing.

7

தக்க விதியின் மகத்தோடும் தலையும் அழித்தார் தண்அளியார்
மிக்க வளஞ்சேர் திருவொற்றி மேவும் பரமர் வினையேன்தன்
துக்கம் அகலச் சுகம்அளிக்கும் தொடர்பும் உண்டோ
இலையோதான்
ஒக்க அறிந்தீர் சோதிடம்பார்த் துரைப்பீர் புரிநூல் உத்தமரே.

*takka vitiyiṇ makattōṭum talaiyum aḷittār taṇaiyār mikka
vaḷaṅcēr tiruvorri mēvum paramar viṇaiyēntaṇ tukkam
akalac cukamaḷikkum toṭarpum uṇṭō ilaiyōtāṇ okka aṇintīr
cōtiṭampārt turaippīr purinūḷ uttamarē.*

TRANSLATION – He destroyed the sacrifice of Daksha and severed the head of Brahma. He possesses cool grace. He is the supreme Lord who dwells in highly fertile Otriyur. Is there a bond destined to remove my karmic sorrow and grant me bliss, or is there not? You know all these things. Consult the stars and tell me, O excellent one wearing the sacred thread.

COMMENTARY – The speaker wonders if she is truly destined to find lasting peace. She lists fierce stories from ancient mythology, like the Lord destroying a cosmic sacrifice and humbling other gods, to highlight His absolute power. She then asks the astrologer if this powerful Lord will wipe away the sorrows of her past actions and grant her divine joy.

8

வெண்மை நீற்றர் வெள்ளேற்றர் வேத கீதர் மெய் உவப்பார்
வண்மை உடையார் ஒற்றியினார் மருவ மருவி மனமகிழ்ந்து
வண்மை அகலா தருட்கடல்நீ ராடு வேனோ ஆடேனோ
உண்மை அறிந்தீர் சோதிடம்பார்த் துரைப்பீர் புரிநூல்
உத்தமரே.

*veṇmai nīrṛar veḷḷērrar vēta kītar meyuvaṇṇār vaṇmai
uṭaiyār orriyiṇār maruva maruvi maṇamakīḷntu vaṇmai
akalā taruṭkaṭalnī rāṭu vēṇō āṭēṇō uṇmai aṇintīr cōtiṭampārt
turaippīr purinūḷ uttamarē.*

TRANSLATION – He wears white ash, rides a white bull, sings the Vedas, and delights in truth. He is generous and belongs to Otriyur. Will I embrace Him, rejoice in my heart, and bathe in the sea of grace without my purity

diminishing, or will I not? You know the truth. Consult the stars and tell me, O excellent one wearing the sacred thread.

COMMENTARY – The soul longs to plunge entirely into the ocean of divine grace. The speaker describes the traditional image of the Lord covered in sacred white ash and riding a white bull. She asks the astrologer if she will finally embrace Him and feel her heart fill with joy while keeping her spiritual purity intact.

9

ஆர்த்து மலிநீர் வயல்ஒற்றி அமர்ந்தார் மதியோ டரவைமுடிச்
சேர்த்து நடிப்பார் அவர்தமைநான் தேடி வலியச் சென்றிடினும்
பார்த்தும் பாரா திருப்பாரோ பரிந்து வாஎன் றுரைப்பாரோ
ஓர்த்து மதிப்பீர் சோதிடம்பார்த் துரைப்பீர் புரிநூல் உத்தமரே.

*ārttu malinīr vayalorri amarntār matiyō ṭaravaimuṭic cērttu
naṭippār avartamaināṇ tēti valiyac cenṛiṭinum pārṭtum pārā
tiruppārō parintu vā-eṇ ruraippārō ōrttu matippīr
cōtiṭampārt turaippīr purinūl uttamarē.*

TRANSLATION – He dwells in Otriyur amid fields filled with roaring waters. He dances, gathering the moon and the snake in His matted hair. Even if I seek Him and approach Him boldly, will He look at me but act as if He does not see? Or will He affectionately tell me to come? Evaluate this carefully. Consult the stars and tell me, O excellent one wearing the sacred thread.

COMMENTARY – The speaker is anxious about the possibility of divine rejection. She asks the astrologer what will happen if she throws away her hesitation and approaches the Lord directly. She wants to know if He will look right through her and ignore her, or if He will warmly invite her to come closer.

அள்ள மிகும்பேர் அழகுடையார் ஆனை உரியார் அரிக்கரியார்
வெள்ள மிகும்பொன் வேணியினார் வியன்சேர் ஒற்றி விகிர்தர்
அவர்

கள்ள முடனே புணர்வாரோ காத லுடனே கலப்பாரோ
உள்ளம் அறியேன் சோதிடம்பார்த் துரைப்பீர் புரிநூல்
உத்தமரே.

*alla mikumpēr alakuṭaiyār āṇai uriyār arikkariyār vella
mikumpon vēṇiyiṇār viyaṇcēr orri vikirtar avar kaḷla muṭaṇē
puṇarvārō kāta luṭaṇē kalappārō ullam ariyēṇ cōtiṭampārt
turaippīr purinūl uttamarē.*

TRANSLATION – He possesses great, overwhelming beauty. He wears the elephant skin and remains rare even to Vishnu. He carries the mighty flood in His golden matted hair. He is the distinctive Lord of expansive Otriyur. Will He unite with me through secret deception? Or will He mingle with me in true love? I do not know His heart. Consult the stars and tell me, O excellent one wearing the sacred thread.

COMMENTARY – The speaker is unsure if the Lord's intentions are genuine or playfully elusive. She describes His wild and overwhelming beauty, noting that He wears an elephant skin and carries a flood of water in His hair. Unable to read His heart, she asks the astrologer if the Lord will toy with her feelings through tricks, or if He will meet her with true and open love.

016. THE MAJESTY OF DIVINE GRACE - TIRUARUṬ PERUMITAM - திருஅருட் பெருமிதம்

Editor's note: theme (turai): the foster-mother reproaches the heroine (cevili kaḷaral, செவிலி கழறல்). Verse 4: the 1896 printed edition reads viṭaṅkoṇ mayal (விடங்கொண் மயல், “an infatuation that is poison”) for iṭaṅkoḷ mayal (இடங்கொள் மயல்).

1

விடையார் விடங்கப் பெருமானார் வெள்ளச் சடையார்
வெண்ணகையால்
அடையார் புரங்கள் எரித்தழித்தார் அவரே இந்த
அகிலமெலாம்
உடையார் என்று நினைத்தனைஊர் ஒற்றி அவர்க்கென்
றுணர்ந்திலையோ
இடையா மயல்கொண் டெதுபெறுவாய் ஏழை அடிநீ
என்மகளே.

viṭaiyār viṭaṅkap perumāṇār vellac caṭaiyār veṇṇakaiyāl
aṭaiyār puraṅkaḷ erittalittār avarē inta akilamelām uṭaiyār
eṇru niṇaittaṇai-ūr orri avarkkeṇ ruṇarntilaiyō iṭaiyā
mayalkoṇ ṭetuperuvāy ēlai aṭinī eṇmakalē.

TRANSLATION – The great Lord Vidangar rides a bull. He holds the flood in his matted hair. He burned and destroyed the cities of his foes with a pure white smile. You thought he possesses this entire universe. Do you not realize his very town is named Otriyur? What will you gain by harboring this ceaseless infatuation, my poor daughter?

COMMENTARY – The foster mother uses a pun on the town's name, Otriyur, which can imply being mortgaged or given away. She asks why the girl wants a god who destroyed cities with a smile but seems to own no property of his own. This highlights the paradox of the divine: the

absolute ruler of the universe is completely detached from worldly possessions.

2

கருவாழ் வகற்றும் கண்ணுதலார் கண்ணன் அயனும்
காண்பரியார்

திருவாழ் ஒற்றித் தேவர்எனும் செல்வர் அவரே செல்வமதில்
பெருவாழ் வுடையார் எனநினைத்தாய் பிச்சை எடுத்த
தறிந்திலையோ

இருவா மயல்கொண் டெதுபெறுவாய் ஏழை அடிநீ
என்மகளே.

karuvāḷ vakarṛum kaṇṇutalār kaṇṇaṇ ayaṇum kāṇpariyār
tiruvāḷ orṛit tēvareṇum celvar avarē celvamatil peruvāḷ
vuṭaiyār eṇaniṇaittāy piccai eṭutta taṛintilaiyō iruvā
mayalkoṇ ṭetuperuvāy ēlai aṭiṇi eṇmakaḷē.

TRANSLATION – The Lord with an eye on his forehead ends the cycle of rebirth. He is rarely seen even by Krishna and Brahma. You thought the wealthy Lord of holy Otriyur lives a life of immense prosperity. Do you not know he begged for alms? What will you gain by harboring this dark infatuation, my poor daughter?

COMMENTARY – Ordinary worldly logic sees poverty as a flaw. The mother warns her daughter that this god is a wandering beggar who lives on alms. To the devoted soul, however, this humble mendicant is greater than the highest creator gods.

3

மட்டுக் கடங்கா வண்கையினார் வளஞ்சேர் ஒற்றி
வாணர்அவர்

பட்டுத் துகிலே திசைகளெலாம் படர்ந்த தென்னப்
பரிந்தனையோ

கட்டத் துகிலும் கிடையாது கந்தை உடுத்த தறிந்திலையோ

இட்டுப் புணர்ந்திங் கெதுபெறுவாய் ஏழை அடிநீ என்மகளே.
maṭṭuk kaṭaṅkā vaṅkaiyiṇār vaḷaṇcēr orri vāṇaravar paṭṭut
tukilē ticaikaḷelām paṭarnta teṇṇap parintaṇaiyō kaṭṭat
tukilum kiṭaiyātu kantai uṭutta taṇtilaiyō iṭṭup puṇarntin
ketuperuvāy ēlai aṭinī eṇmakalē.

TRANSLATION – He possesses boundlessly generous hands. He dwells in fertile Otriyur. You loved him, thinking his fine silk garments spread across all directions. Do you not know he cannot even obtain a cloth to tie around his waist and wears only rags? What will you gain by desiring to unite with him here, my poor daughter?

COMMENTARY – The young woman imagines a majestic lord draped in fine, spreading silks. The mother bursts this romantic illusion by pointing out he cannot even afford a waistcloth and wears only torn rags. True spiritual love ignores these superficial ideas of wealth and comfort.

4

நடங்கொள் கமலச் சேவடியார் நலஞ்சேர் ஒற்றி நாதர்அவர்
தடங்கொள் மார்பின் மணிப்பணியைத் தரிப்பார் நமக்கென்
றெண்ணினையால்
படங்கொள் பாம்பே பாம்பென்றால் படையும் நடுங்கும்
பார்த்திலையோ
இடங்கொள் மயல்கொண் டெதுபெறுவாய் ஏழை அடிநீ
என்மகளே.

naṭaṅkoḷ kamalac cēvaṭiyār nalaṇcēr orri nātaravar taṭaṅkoḷ
mārpīṇ maṇippaniyait tarippār namakkeṇ ṛeṇṇinaiyāl
paṭaṅkoḷ pāmpē pāmpenrāl paṭaiyum naṭuṅkum pārttilaiyō
iṭaṅkoḷ mayalkoṇ ṭetuperuvāy ēlai aṭinī eṇmakalē.

TRANSLATION – He dances on red lotus feet. He is the Lord of flourishing Otriyur. You thought he wears gem-studded ornaments on his broad chest just for us. Have you not seen that his ornament is a hooded snake, and the very word

'snake' makes an entire army tremble? What will you gain by harboring this vast infatuation, my poor daughter?

COMMENTARY – A suitor usually brings fine jewels, but this god wears a terrifying, venomous snake across his broad chest. The mother tries to frighten the girl away by noting that even vast armies tremble at the mere mention of snakes. For the devoted soul, however, even the most dangerous and frightening aspects of the divine are embraced with complete love.

5

திருக்கண் நுதலால் திருமகனைத் தீர்த்தார் ஒற்றித் தேவர்அவர்
எருக்க மலரே சூடுவரநீ எழில்மல் லிகைஎன்
றெண்ணினையால்
உருக்கும் நெருப்பே அவர்உருவம் உனக்கும் அவர்க்கும்
உறவாமோ
இருக்க மயல்கொண் டெதுபெறுவாய் ஏழை அடிநீ
என்மகளே.

*tirukkan nugalāl tirumakanait tīrttār orṟit tēvaravar erukka
malarē cūṭuvarnī eḷimal likai-eṇ ṟeṇṇinaiyāl urukkum
neruppē avaruruvam uṇakkum avarkkum uṟavāmō irukka
mayalkoṇ ṭetuperuvāy ēlai aṭinī eṇmakaḷē.*

TRANSLATION – The Lord of Otriyur destroyed the beautiful youth with the sacred eye on his forehead. He wears only the crown flower. You thought he wore beautiful jasmine. His very form is a melting fire. Can there be any union between you and him? What will you gain by harboring this infatuation, my poor daughter?

COMMENTARY – The mother makes a final plea by describing his overwhelming, terrifying power. He destroyed the god of desire with a fiery glance, wears wild crown flowers instead of sweet jasmine, and has a form like melting fire. She asks how a fragile mortal can ever unite

with a burning, absolute presence that consumes all worldly attachments.

6

மேலை வினையைத் தவிர்த்தருளும் விடையார் ஒற்றி
விகிர்தர்அவர்

மாலை கொடுப்பார் உணங்குதலை மாலை அதுதான்
வாங்குவையே

ஆல மிடற்றார் காபாலி ஆகித் திரிவார் அணைவிலரே
ஏல மயல்கொண் டென்பெறுவாய் ஏழை அடிநீ என்மகளே.

*mēlai viṇaiyait tavirttaruḷum viṭaiyār orri vikirtaravar mālai
koṭuppār uṇaṅkutalai mālai atutāṇ vāṅkuvaiyē āla miṭarrār
kāpāli ākit tirivār aṇaivilarē ēla mayalkoṇ ṭeṇperuvāy ēlai
aṭinī eṇmakalē.*

TRANSLATION – He is the unconventional Lord of Otriyur who rides the bull and dispels our accumulated past karma. If he gives you a garland, it will be a garland of dried skulls. Will you accept that? He has a poison-darkened throat. He wanders as a beggar carrying a skull. He will not embrace anyone. By harboring this infatuation, what will you gain, my poor daughter?

COMMENTARY – The mother tries to talk her daughter out of this divine love by pointing out the Lord's frightening habits. He wears dead skulls, holds poison in his throat, and wanders as a beggar who refuses physical affection. She asks what good can come from loving someone so wild.

7

மாகம் பயிலும் பொழிற்பணைகொள் வளஞ்சேர் ஒற்றி
வாணர்அவர்

யோகம் பயில்வார் மோகமிலார் என்னே உனக்கிங்
கிணங்குவரே

ஆகம் பயில்வாள் மலையாளேல் அவளோ ஒன்றும்
அறிந்திலள்காண்

ஏக மயல்கொண் டெதுபெறுவாய் ஏழை அடிநீ என்மகளே.

*mākam payilun polirpaṇaikol valañcēr orri vānaravar
yōkam payivār mōkamilār eññē unakkiṇ kiṇaṅkuvarē ākam
payilvāl malaiyālēl avalō oṇrum arintilaḷkāṇ ēka mayalkoṇ
tētupeṛuvāy ēlai atini eṇmakalē.*

TRANSLATION – He is the resident of fertile Otriyur, filled with groves and fields that touch the sky. He practices yoga. He is devoid of lust. How will he agree to unite with you here? If you look at the mountain-daughter who shares his body, she is innocent and knows nothing. By holding onto this singular infatuation, what will you gain, my poor daughter?

COMMENTARY – To further discourage the girl, the mother points out that the Lord is a strict ascetic completely free of worldly desire. She notes that even the mountain goddess who already shares his body knows nothing of ordinary romance. She asks how someone so detached could ever return a young girl's passion.

8

விண்பார் புகழும் திருவொற்றி மேவும் புனிதர் விடந்தரினும்
உண்பார் இன்னும் உனக்கதுதான் உடன்பா டாமோ
உளமுருகித்

தண்பார் என்பார் தமையெல்லாம் சார்வார் அதுஉன்
சம்மதமோ

எண்பார் மயல்கொண் டெதுபெறுவாய் ஏழை அடிநீ
என்மகனே.

*vinpār pukaḷum tiruvorri mēvum puṇitar viṭantariṇum uṇpār
iṇṇum uṇakkatutāṇ uṭaṇpā tāmō uḷamurukit taṇpār eṇpār
tamaiyellām cārvār atu-uṇ cammatamō eṇpār mayalkoṇ
tetuperuvāy ēlai atinī enmakalē.*

TRANSLATION – He is the pure one dwelling in Otriyur, praised by heaven and earth. Even if someone gives him poison, he will drink it! Will you agree to that? He will approach all those who melt in their hearts and ask him to cast his cool glance of grace. Will you consent to that? By holding onto this intense infatuation, what will you gain, my poor daughter?

COMMENTARY – The mother warns that the Lord's compassion is so open that it makes him a difficult husband. He willingly drinks poison, and he gives himself to absolutely anyone whose heart melts for him. She asks the girl if she is truly prepared to share him with all of humanity.

9

நீடி வளங்கொள் ஒற்றியில்வாழ் நிமலர் உலகத் துயிர்தோறும்
ஒடி ஒளிப்பார் அவர்நீயும் ஒக்க ஓட உன்வசமோ
நாடி நடிப்பார் நீயும்உடன் நடித்தால் உலகர் நகையாரோ
ஈடில் மயல்கொண் டெதுபெறுவாய் ஏழை அடிநீ என்மகளே.

*nīṭi vaḷaṅkoḷ orriyilvāḷ nimalar ulakat tuyirtōrum ōṭi oḷippār
avaraiyūm okka ōṭa uṇvacamō nāṭi naṭippār nīyumuṭaṇ
naṭittāl ulakar nakaiyārō iṭil mayalkoṇ tetupeṇuvāy ēlai aṭinī
eṇmakaḷē.*

TRANSLATION – He is the pure one living in vast, fertile Otriyur. He runs and hides within every living being in the world. Is it within your ability to run along with him? He seeks out places to dance. If you dance along with him, will the people of the world not laugh? By holding onto this matchless infatuation, what will you gain, my poor daughter?

COMMENTARY – God is present inside every living creature, moving and hiding throughout creation. The mother asks how a mortal girl could possibly keep up with him. The

Lord also dances wildly wherever he goes, and if the girl joins him, society will only mock her.

10

உள்ளி உருகும் அவர்க்கருளும் ஒற்றி நகர்வாழ் உத்தமர்க்கு
வெள்ளி மலையும் பொன்மலையும் வீடென்றுரைப்பார்
ஆனாலும்
கள்ளி நெருங்கிப் புறங்கொள்குடு காடே இடங்காண்
கண்டறிநீ
எள்ளில் மயல்கொண் டெதுபெறுவாய் ஏழை அடிநீ
என்மகளே.

*uḷḷi urukum avarkkaruḷum orri nakarvāḷ uttamarkku veḷḷi
malaiyum poṇmalaiyum vīṭeṇ ruraippār āṇālum kaḷḷi
nerunkip purāṇkoḷcuṭu kāṭē iṭaṅkāṇ kaṇṭarini eḷḷil mayalkoṇ
ṭetuperuvāy ēlai aṭini eṇmakalē.*

TRANSLATION – He is the noble one living in the city of Otriyur, granting grace to those who think of him and melt. People say the silver mountain and the golden mountain are his homes. Even so, his true place is the cremation ground on the outskirts, overgrown with spurge bushes. See and understand this! By holding onto this mocked infatuation, what will you gain, my poor daughter?

COMMENTARY – The old stories say the Lord lives on grand silver and golden mountains. The mother tells her daughter the harsh truth: his actual home is the desolate, thorny cremation ground where the dead are burned. She begs the girl to see this reality and abandon a love that others will only ridicule.

017. THE UNBLEMISHED GREATNESS OF LOVE - KĀTAR SIRAPPUK KATUVĀ MĀṆPU - காதற் சிறப்புக் கதுவா மாண்பு

*Editor's note: theme (turai): the heroine answers the reproach
(talaivi kaḷar ṛetirmaruttal, தலைவி கழற் றெதிர்மறுத்தல்).*

1

உலகம் உடையார் தம்ஊரை ஒற்றி வைத்தார் என்றாலும்
அலகில் புகழார் காபாலி ஆகத் திரிந்தார் என்றாலும்
திலகம் அனையார் புறங்காட்டில் சேர்ந்து நடித்தார் என்றாலும்
கலக விழியாய் நான்அவர்மேல் காதல் ஒழியேன் கனவினுமே.

ulakam uṭaiyār tamūrai orri vaittār eṇṛālum alakil pukaḷār
kāpāli ākat tirintār eṇṛālum tilakam aṇaiyār purāṇkāṭṭil
cērntu naṭittār eṇṛālum kalaka viḷiyāy nāṇavarmēl katal
oliyeṇ kaṇaviṇumē.

TRANSLATION – Even if they say the Lord of the world
mortgaged his own town, even if they say the one of
boundless fame wandered holding a skull, even if they say
the most eminent one danced in the cremation ground, O
friend with piercing eyes, I will never cease my love for him
even in a dream.

COMMENTARY – The companion points out that the divine
Lord lives like a homeless beggar, wandering with a skull
for a begging bowl and dancing in graveyards. The heroine
replies that these strange tales do not matter. Her love for
the divine remains absolute and unshaken, even in her
dreams.

2

பெருமை உடையார் மனைதொறும்போய்ப் பிச்சை எடுத்தார்
ஆனாலும்
அருமை மணியார் அம்பலத்தில் ஆடித் திரிந்தார் ஆனாலும்

ஒருமை உடையார் கோவணமே உடையாய் உடுத்தார்
ஆனாலும்
கருமை விழியாய் நான்அவர்மேல் காதல் ஒழியேன்
கனவினுமே.

*perumai uṭaiyār maṇaitorumpōy piccai eṭuttār āṇālum
arumai maṇiyār ampalattil āṭit tirintār āṇālum orumai
uṭaiyār kōvaṇamē uṭaiyāy uṭuttār āṇālum karumai viḷiyāy
nāṇavarmēl kātal oḷiyēṇ kaṇaviṇumē.*

TRANSLATION – Even if the great Lord went begging from house to house, even if the rare gem-like Lord danced and wandered in the hall, even if the supreme one wore a mere loin cloth as his garment, O friend with dark eyes, I will never cease my love for him even in a dream.

COMMENTARY – To ordinary eyes, a god who begs for food and wears only a scrap of cloth seems entirely lacking in majesty. The heroine sees past this outward poverty. She loves the supreme Lord for his true nature, untouched by how he might appear to the world.

3

எல்லாம் உடையார் மண்கூலிக் கெடுத்துப் பிழைத்தார்
ஆனாலும்
கொல்லா நலத்தார் யானையின்தோல் கொன்று தறித்தார்
ஆனாலும்
வல்லார் விசையன் வில்அடியால் வடுப்பட் டுவந்தார்
ஆனாலும்
கல்லாம் முலையாய் நான்அவர்மேல் காதல் ஒழியேன்
கனவினுமே.

*ellām uṭaiyār maṅkūlik keṭuttup pīlāittār āṇālum kollā
nalattār yāṇaiyiṉtōl koṇṇu tarittār āṇālum vallār vīcaiyan
vīḷaiyāl vaṭuppaṭ ṭuvantār āṇālum kallām mūlaiyāy
nāṇavarmēl kātal oḷiyēṇ kaṇaviṇumē.*

TRANSLATION – Even if the Lord of all carried earth for wages to survive, even if the embodiment of harmless

goodness killed an elephant and wore its skin, even if the mighty one gladly took a scar from the strike of Vijayan's bow, O friend with firm breasts, I will never cease my love for him even in a dream.

COMMENTARY – Traditional myths are full of contradictions, showing the all-powerful Lord working as a common laborer or the peaceful God engaging in violent battles. The heroine acknowledges these confusing stories. However, her deep spiritual connection bypasses these myths entirely, resting firmly on unyielding love.

4

என்னை உடையார் ஒருவேடன் எச்சில் உவந்தார் என்றாலும்
அன்னை அனையார் ஒருமகனை அறுக்க உரைத்தார்
என்றாலும்
துன்னும் இறையார் தொண்டனுக்குத் தூதர் ஆனார் என்றாலும்
கன்னி இதுகேள் நான்அவர்மேல் காதல் ஒழியேன்
கனவினுமே.

*eṇṇai uṭaiyār oruvēṭaṇ eccil uvantār eṇṇālum aṇṇai aṇaiyār
orumakaṇai aṇukka uraittār eṇṇālum tuṇṇum iraiyār
toṇṭaṇukkut tūtar āṇār eṇṇālum kaṇṇi itukēḷ nāṇavarmēḷ
kātal oliyēṇ kaṇaviṇumē.*

TRANSLATION – Even if my Lord happily accepted tasted food from a hunter, even if the mother-like Lord commanded parents to cut up their only son, even if the closely abiding Lord became a messenger for his devotee, listen to this, young girl: I will never cease my love for him even in a dream.

COMMENTARY – God is often described making extreme demands of his devotees, asking them to break strict rules of purity or perform shocking acts of sacrifice. The companion uses these extreme stories from mythology to question the Lord's character. The heroine dismisses these

doubts, knowing that divine grace cannot be judged by human social standards.

5

என்றும் இறவார் மிடற்றில்விடம் இருக்க அமைத்தார்
என்றாலும்

ஒன்று நிலையார் நிலையில்லா தோடி உழல்வார் என்றாலும்
நன்று புரிவார் தருமன்உயிர் நலிய உதைத்தார் என்றாலும்
கன்றுண் கரத்தாய் நான்அவர்மேல் காதல் ஒழியேன்
கனவினுமே.

*enrum iravār miṭarrilviṭam irukka amaittār enrālum onru
nilaiyār nilaiyillā tōṭi ulalvār enrālum naṇru purivār
tarumaṇuyir naliya utaittār enrālum kaṇruṇ karattāy
nāṇavarmēl kātal oliyēṇ kaṇaviṇumē.*

TRANSLATION – Even if the immortal Lord held poison in his throat, even if the steadfast one wanders about restlessly without a fixed home, even if the doer of good kicked the god of death to his doom, O friend with tender hands, I will never cease my love for him even in a dream.

COMMENTARY – The myths say God swallowed deadly poison to save the world, yet he wanders like a homeless vagabond. He is deeply peaceful, yet he violently kicked the god of death. The heroine accepts every paradox about the divine without hesitation, bound to him by a love that defies all logic.

6

என்கண் அனையார் மலைமகளை இச்சித் தணைந்தார்
ஆனாலும்

வன்கண் அடையார் தீக்கண்ணால் மதனை எரித்தார் ஆனாலும்
புன்கண் அறுப்பார் புன்னகையால் புரத்தை அழித்தார்
ஆனாலும்

கன்னல் மொழியாய் நான்அவர்மேல் காதல் ஒழியேன்
கனவினுமே.

*eṇkaṇ aṇaiyār malaimakaḷai iccit taṇaintār āṇālum vaṇkaṇ
aṭaiyār tikkannāl mataṇai erittār āṇālum punkaṇ aruppār
punnakaiyāl purattai aḷittār āṇālum kannal moliyāy
nāṇavarmēl katal oḷiyēṇ kaṇaviṇumē.*

TRANSLATION – He is like my very eyes. Though He desired and embraced the daughter of the mountain, though He is free of cruelty yet burnt the god of love with His fiery eye, and though He destroys our sorrow yet destroyed the three cities with a mere smile, O friend with words sweet as sugarcane, I will never cease my love for him even in a dream.

COMMENTARY – The soul loves God unconditionally, accepting all the startling paradoxes of his nature. The heroine knows he burnt the god of love and destroyed three cities with a mere smile, actions that look violent to the world. Yet she calls him her very eyes, recognizing that his fierce deeds are actually acts of grace meant to destroy human sorrow.

7

வாழ்வை அளிப்பார் மாடேறி மகிழ்ந்து திரிவார் என்றாலும்
தாழ்வை மறுப்பார் பூதகணத் தானை உடையார் என்றாலும்
ஊழ்வை அறுப்பார் பேய்க்கூட்டத் தொக்க நடிப்பார்
என்றாலும்

காழ்கொள் முலையாய் நான்அவர்மேல் காதல் ஒழியேன்
கனவினுமே.

*vāḷvai aḷippār māṭēri makizhntu tirivār eṇrālum tāḷvai
maruppār pūtakanat tāṇai uṭaiyār eṇrālum ūḷvai aruppār
pēykkūṭtat tokka naṭippār eṇrālum kāḷkoḷ mulaiyāy
nāṇavarmēl katal oḷiyēṇ kaṇaviṇumē.*

TRANSLATION – Though He grants a good life yet wanders joyfully riding a bull, though He dispels degradation yet

commands an army of ghosts, and though He cuts the bonds of fate yet dances together with a host of ghouls, O friend with firm breasts, I will never cease my love for him even in a dream.

COMMENTARY – The divine life turns worldly values upside down. The heroine points out that the Lord grants the highest blessings, yet he chooses to wander on a bull and dance with ghosts in the cremation ground. She loves him because his grace reaches into the darkest, most degraded places to cut the bonds of human fate.

8

விமலை இடத்தார் இன்பதுன்பம் வேண்டா நலத்தார்
ஆனாலும்
அமலம் உடையார் தீவண்ணர் ஆமென் றுரைப்பார் ஆனாலும்
நமலம் அறுப்பார் பித்தர்எனும் நாமம் உடையார் ஆனாலும்
கமலை அனையாய் நான்அவர்மேல் காதல் ஒழியேன்
கனவினுமே.

*vimalai iṭattār inpatunpam vēṇṭā nalattār āṇālum amalam
uṭaiyār tivaṇṇar āmeṇ ṛuraippār āṇālum namalam aruppār
pittareṇum nāmam uṭaiyār āṇālum kamalai aṇaiyāy
nāṇavarmēl kātal oliyēṇ kaṇaviṇumē.*

TRANSLATION – Though He keeps the pure Goddess on His left side and possesses the goodness of desiring neither pleasure nor pain, though He is pure yet people say He is the color of fire, and though He removes our impurities yet bears the name of a madman, O friend resembling Lakshmi, I will never cease my love for him even in a dream.

COMMENTARY – God is entirely free from human dualities like pleasure and pain. The world calls the Lord a madman because his pure, fiery nature makes no sense to ordinary logic. The heroine embraces this divine madness, knowing that it is exactly this untamed grace that removes all inner impurities.

9

மான்கொள் கரத்தார் தலைமாலை மார்பில் அணிந்தார்
என்றாலும்

ஆன்கொள் விடங்கர் சுடலைஎரி அடலை விழைந்தார்
என்றாலும்

வான்கொள் சடையார் வழுத்துமது மத்தர் ஆனார் என்றாலும்
கான்கொள் குழலாய் நான்அவர்மேல் காதல் ஒழியேன்
கனவினுமே.

*māṅkoḷ karattār talaimālai mārpil aṇintār eṇṇālum āṅkoḷ
viṭaṅkar cuṭalai-eri aṭalai vīlaintār eṇṇālum vāṅkoḷ caṭaiyār
vaḷuttumatu mattar āṇār eṇṇālum kāṅkoḷ kuḷalāy
nāṇavarmēl katal oḷiyēṇ kaṇaviṇumē.*

TRANSLATION – Though He holds a deer in His hand and wears a garland of skulls on His chest, though He is a beautiful Lord who rides a bull yet desires the ash from the cremation ground fire, and though He holds the celestial river in His matted hair yet is praised as a madman wearing datura flowers, O friend with fragrant tresses, I will never cease my love for him even in a dream.

COMMENTARY – The soul's love for God does not require him to be safe or conventional. The Lord wears garlands of skulls, smears himself with ashes from the cremation pyre, and decorates himself with poisonous datura flowers. The heroine finds perfect beauty in these unsettling symbols because they represent the destruction of the ego and the end of worldly attachments.

10

போர்மால் விடையார் உலகமெலாம் போக்குந் தொழிலர்
ஆனாலும்

ஆர்வாழ் சடையார் தமைஅடைந்தோர் ஆசை அழிப்பார்
ஆனாலும்

தார்வாழ் புயத்தார் மாவிரதர் தவஞா னியரே ஆனாலும்

கார்வாழ் குழலாய் நான்அவர்மேல் காதல் ஒழியேன்
கனவினுமே.

*pōrmāl viṭaiyār ulakamelām pōkkun toḷilar āṇālum ārvāl
caṭaiyār tamai-aṭaintōr ācai aḷippār āṇālum tārvāl puyattār
māviratar tavañā ṇiyarē āṇālum kārvāl kuḷalāy nāṇavarmēl
kātal oḷiyēṇ kaṇaviṇumē.*

TRANSLATION – Though He rides a fierce battle-ready bull and performs the deed of dissolving all the worlds, though He wears aathi flowers in His matted hair and destroys the desires of those who reach Him, and though His shoulders bear garlands and He is a great ascetic and a sage of penance, O friend with dark cloud-like tresses, I will never cease my love for him even in a dream.

COMMENTARY – To love God is to surrender to the very force that dissolves the universe and destroys all personal desires. The heroine knows her Lord is a fierce ascetic whose cosmic role is to bring all things to an end. She welcomes this absolute destruction, realizing that losing her worldly desires is the only way to be united with him completely.

11

கோதே மருவார் மால்அயனும் குறியா நெறியார் என்றாலும்
சாதே மகிழ்வார் அடியாரைத் தம்போல் நினைப்பார்
என்றாலும்

மாதே வருக்கும் மாதேவர் மௌன யோகி என்றாலும்
காதேர் குழையாய் நான்அவர்மேல் காதல் ஒழியேன்
கனவினுமே.

*kōtē maruvār mālayaṇum kuṇiyā neriyār eṇṇālum cātē
makīlvār aṭiyārait tampōl ṇiṇaippār eṇṇālum mātē
varukkum mātēvar mauṇa yōki eṇṇālum kātēr kuḷaiyāy
nāṇavarmēl kātal oḷiyēṇ kaṇaviṇumē.*

TRANSLATION – O friend with beautiful earrings! Even if He embraces no flaws, even if His path cannot be conceived

by Vishnu and Brahma, even if He rejoices in the virtuous and considers His devotees equal to Himself, even if He is the supreme Lord to all great gods, and even if He is a silent yogi, I will never cease my love for him even in a dream.

COMMENTARY – The speaker addresses her friend to declare her unwavering devotion. She lists the Lord's supreme qualities: He is beyond the reach of the great creator and preserver gods, and He is the ultimate silent ascetic. A silent yogi might seem too distant for romantic love. Yet she insists that her deep affection for Him will never fade, even in her dreams.

12

உடையார் உலகிற் காசென்பார்க் கொன்றும் உதவார்
ஆனாலும்
அடையார்க் கரியார் வேண்டார்க்கே அருள்வார் வலிய
ஆனாலும்
படையார் கரத்தர் பழிக்கஞ்சாப் பாசு பதரே ஆனாலும்
கடையா அமுதே நான்அவர்மேல் காதல் ஒழியேன்
கனவினுமே.

*uṭaiyār ulakiṛ kācenpārk koṇṇum utavār āṇālum aṭaiyārk
kariyār vēṇṭārkkē aruḷvār valiya āṇālum paṭaiyār karattar
paḷikkañcāp pācu patarē āṇālum kaṭaiyā amutē nāṇavarmēl
kātal oḷiyēṇ kaṇaviṇumē.*

TRANSLATION – O unchurned ambrosia! Even if He possesses all things yet gives nothing to those in the world who beg for a coin, even if He remains rare to those who do not approach Him yet forcefully grants grace to the desireless, and even if He holds a weapon in His hand as the Lord of creatures who fears no blame, I will never cease my love for him even in a dream.

COMMENTARY – The Lord acts in ways that confuse ordinary people. He owns the entire universe but will not give a single coin to those who beg for worldly wealth. He

gives his grace forcefully to those who desire nothing, while remaining hidden from those who do not truly seek him. He cares nothing for public opinion or blame. Despite his fierce and unpredictable nature, the speaker loves him completely.

018. UNBEARABLE LONGING - ĀRRĀ VIRAKAM - ஆற்றா விரகம்

*Editor's note: theme (turai): the heroine speaks to her friend
(tōḷiyotu kūral, தோழியொடு கூறல்).*

1

ஓணம் உடையான் தொழுதேத்தும் ஒற்றி நகர்வாழ்
உத்தமர்பால்

மாண வலியச் சென்றென்னை மருவி அணைவீர் என்றேநான்
நாணம் விடுத்து நவின்றாலும் நாமார் நீயார் என்பாரேல்
ஏன விழியாய் என்செய்வேன் என்னை மடவார் இகழாரோ.

ōṇam uṭaiyāṇ toḷutēttum orri nakarvāl uttamarpāl māṇa
valiyac ceṇṇēṇnai maruvi aṇaiṽir eṇṇēṇāṇ nāṇam viṭuttu
naviṇṇālum nāmār nīyār eṇṇārēl ēṇa vīḷiyāy eṇceyṽēṇ eṇṇai
maṭavār ikaḷārō.

TRANSLATION – Even if I go resolutely to the supreme Lord living in Otri city, who is worshipped by Vishnu, and cast aside my modesty to say, "Embrace me and hold me," what if He replies, "Who are we, and who are you?" O friend with deer-like eyes, what will I do? Will not the women mock me?

COMMENTARY – The soul is ready to cast aside all worldly pride and conventional modesty to seek God directly. Speaking as a young woman deeply in love, the speaker fears the ultimate rejection. The terror is not just what society will say, but the devastating possibility that God might look at her and pretend not to know her.

2

காதம் மணக்குங் கடிமலர்ப்பூங் காவார் ஒற்றிக் கண்டுதலார்
போதம் மணக்கும் புனிதர்அவர் பொன்னம் புயத்தைப்
புணரேனேல்

சீதம் மணக்குங் குழலாய்என் சிந்தை மயங்கித் தியங்குமடி
ஏதம் மணக்கும் என்செய்வேன் என்னை மடவார் இகழாரோ.

*kātam maṇakkun kaṭimalarppūn kāvār orrik kaṇnutaḷār
pōtam maṇakkum puṇitaravar poṇṇam puyattaip puṇarēṇēl
cītam maṇakkun kuḷalāyeṇ cintai mayāṅkit tiyaṅkumaṭi ētam
maṇakkum eṇceyuṇē eṇṇai maṭavār ikaḷārō.*

TRANSLATION – The Lord with the eye on His forehead resides in Otri, surrounded by groves with fragrant blossoms smelling for leagues. He is the pure one redolent with wisdom. If I do not embrace His golden shoulders, O friend with cool fragrant hair, my mind will be confused and bewildered. Harm will surround me. What will I do? Will not the women mock me?

COMMENTARY – Separation from the divine brings absolute mental confusion. The speaker looks at the fragrant, beautiful world around her and feels only the danger of spiritual ruin if she cannot unite with God. Without the anchor of divine wisdom, the human mind simply falls apart.

3

பண்ணார் மொழியார் உருக்காட்டும் பணைகூழ் ஒற்றிப்
பதியினர்என்

கண்ணார் மணிபோன் றென்உயிரில் கலந்து வாழும்
கள்வர்அவர்

நண்ணார் இன்னும் திருஅனையாய் நான்சென் றிடினும்
நலம்அருள

எண்ணார் ஆயின் என்செய்வேன் என்னை மடவார் இகழாரோ.

*paṇṇār moliyār urukkāṭṭum paṇaiciḷ orrip patiyeṇareṇ
kaṇṇār maṇipōṇ reṇuyiril kalantu vāḷum kaḷvaravar naṇṇār
iṇṇum tiru-aṇaiyāy nānceṇ riṭiṇum nalamaruḷa eṇṇār āyiṇ
eṇceyuṇē eṇṇai maṭavār ikaḷārō.*

TRANSLATION – The Lord of Otri city is surrounded by fields where women with musical voices reveal their beauty. He is the thief who lives mingled in my life like the pupil of my eye. He still does not approach me, O friend like Lakshmi. Even if I go to Him, if He does not think to grant me joy, what will I do? Will not the women mock me?

COMMENTARY – God is intimately close, living within the soul like the pupil inside an eye. Yet to the agonizing speaker, He feels entirely absent and distant. This tension between God's deep inner presence and His outward silence causes unbearable pain.

4

ஊர்என் றுடையீர் ஒற்றிதனை உலக முடையீர் என்னைஅணை
வீர்என் றவர்முன் பலர்அறிய வெட்கம் விடுத்துக் கேட்டாலும்
சேர்என் றுரைத்தால் அன்றிஅவர் சிரித்துத் திருவாய்
மலர்ந்தெனைநீ
யார்என் றுரைத்தால் என்செய்வேன் என்னை மடவார்
இகழாரோ.

*ūreṇ ruṭaiyīr orṟitaṇai ulaka muṭaiyīr eṇṇai-aṇai vīreṇ
ravarmuṇ palārariya veṭkam viṭuttuk kēṭṭālum cēreṇ
ruraittāl aṇṟi-avar cirittut tiruvāy malarnteṇaiṇi yāreṇ
ruraittāl eṇceyvēṇ eṇṇai maṭavār ikaḷārō.*

TRANSLATION – "You hold Otri as Your city, and You hold the world. Embrace me." Even if I cast aside shame and ask Him this in front of many people, what if He does not tell me to join Him? What if He smiles, opens His sacred lips, and asks me, "Who are you?" What will I do? Will not the women mock me?

COMMENTARY – True devotion often requires stepping outside of social norms and risking public ridicule. The soul imagines boldly demanding God's love in front of a crowd. The deepest fear remains that God might simply smile and

ask who she is, leaving her completely exposed to the mocking world.

5

சோமன் நிலவுந் தூய்ச்சடையார் சொல்லிற் கலந்த
சுவையானார்

சேமம் நிலவுந் திருஒற்றித் தேவர் இன்னும் சேர்ந்திலர்நான்
தாமம் அருள்வீர் என்கினும்இத் தருணத் திசையா
தென்பாரேல்

ஏம முலையாய் என்செய்வேன் என்னை மடவார் இகழாரோ.

*cōmaṇ nilavun tūyccaṭaiyār collir kalanta cuvaiyāṇār
cēmam nilavun tiru-orrit tēvar iṇṇum cērntilarnāṇ tāmam
aruḷvīr eṇkiṇumit taruṇat ticaiyā teṇpārēl ēma mulaiyāy
eṇceyvēṇ enṇai maṭavār ikaḷārō.*

TRANSLATION – He has pure matted hair where the moon shines. He has become the sweetness mingled in words. The Lord of sacred Otri, where safety prevails, has not yet joined me. Even if I say, "Grant me Your garland," what if He says, "I will not consent at this time"? O friend with golden breasts, what will I do? Will not the women mock me?

COMMENTARY – God is the very sweetness found in language and the ultimate source of safety. Even so, the divine timing is entirely His own. The soul constantly worries that God might delay their union simply because the moment is not yet right.

6

வில்லை மலையாய்க் கைக்கொண்டார் விடஞ்சூழ் கண்டர்
விரிபொழில்சூழ்

தில்லை நகரார் ஒற்றியுளார் சேர்ந்தார் அல்லர் நான்அவர்பால்
ஒல்லை அடைந்து நின்றாலும் உன்னை அணைதல்
ஒருபோதும்

இல்லை எனிலோ என்செய்கேன் என்னை மடவார்
இகழாரோ.

*villai malaiyāyk kaikkōṭār viṭaṅcūl kaṇṭar viripoḷilcūl tillai
nakarār orriyulār cērntār allar nāṇavarṇāḷ ollai aṭaintu
niṇṇālum unṇai aṇaital oruṇṇōtum illai eṇilō eṇceykeṇ eṇṇai
maṭavār ikaḷārō.*

TRANSLATION – He holds the mountain as a bow. He has a throat ringed with poison. He belongs to the city of Thillai surrounded by wide groves, and he resides in Otriyur. He has not come to me. Even if I swiftly approach him and stand before him, if he tells me he will never embrace me, what will I do? Will not the women mock me?

COMMENTARY – The soul speaks as a young woman deeply in love, terrified of being rejected by the Divine. She recalls his immense power, holding the toxic poison of the world in his throat and wielding a whole mountain as a weapon. Knowing his supreme greatness, she worries that if she rushes to him, he might simply refuse her. The mockery of the village women represents the shame of a spiritual seeker who feels abandoned by God.

7

திருந்தால் அமர்ந்தார் திருப்புலியூர்ச் சிற்றம் பலத்தில்
திருநடம்செய்

மருந்தார் ஒற்றி வாணர்இன்னும் வந்தார் அல்லர்
நான்போய்என்

அருந்தாழ் வகல அருள்வீரென் றாலும் ஒன்றும் அறியார்போல்
இருந்தால் அம்மா என்செய்வேன் என்னை மடவார்
இகழாரோ.

*tiruntāl amarntār tiruppuliyūrc ciṇṇam palattil tirunaṭamcey
maruntār orri vāṇariṇṇum vantār allar nāṇpōyeṇ aruntāl
vakala aruḷvīreṇ ṛālum aṇṇum aṇiyārpōl iruntāl ammā
eṇceyveṇ eṇṇai maṭavār ikaḷārō.*

TRANSLATION – He sits under the sacred banyan tree. He is the healing nectar who performs the sacred dance in the small hall of holy Puliur. The Lord of Otriyur still has not come. Even if I go and beg him to grant his grace to remove my deep suffering, if he sits there as if he knows nothing, O mother, what will I do? Will not the women mock me?

COMMENTARY – The Lord appears here both as the silent teacher sitting under a banyan tree and as the healing dancer in the sacred hall of Puliur (another name for Chidambaram). The speaker dreads that he might remain completely untouched by her deep suffering. She fears that pleading with him will do no good if he simply sits in absolute silence, ignoring her pain and leaving her open to public shame.

8

அசையா தமர்ந்தும் அண்டமெலாம் அசையப் புலியூர்
அம்பலத்தே

நசையா நடிக்கும் நாதர்ஒற்றி நாட்டார் இன்னும்
நண்ணிலர்நான்

இசையால் சென்றிங் கென்னைஅணை வீரஎன் றுரைப்பேன்
எனில்அதற்கும்

இசையார் ஆகில் என்செய்கேன் என்னை மடவார் இகழாரோ.

*acaiyā tamarntum aṇṭamelām acaiyap puliyūr ampalattē
nacaiyā naṭikkum nātarorri nāṭṭār iṇṇum naṇṇilarnāṇ
icaiyāl ceṇṇiṇ kenṇai-aṇai vīreṇ ruraippēṇ eṇilatarkum
icaiyār ākil eñceykeṇ eṇṇai maṭavār ikaḷārō.*

TRANSLATION – Though he sits unmoving, he makes all the universes move. He is the Lord who dances joyously in the hall of Puliur. The Lord of the Otri land has still not approached me. If I approach him with sweet words and say, "Please embrace me here," and he refuses to agree to that, what will I do? Will not the women mock me?

COMMENTARY – The poem describes a profound mystery of the Divine: he sits completely still, yet his very presence causes all the universes to move. The soul wonders how to approach such an overwhelming force. She worries that even if she speaks to him with the sweetest, most musical words, he might remain entirely unmoved by her devotion.

9

மாற்கா தலிக்கும் மலர்அடியார் மாசந் நிலங்கும்
மணிஅனையார்

சேற்கா தலிக்கும் வயல்வளஞ்சூழ் திருவாழ் ஒற்றித்
தேவர்அவர்

பாற்கா தலித்துச் சென்றாலும் பாவி அடிநீ யான்அணைதந்
கேற்காய் என்றால் என்செய்வேன் என்னை மடவார்
இகழாரோ.

*mārkā talikkum malaraiyār mācar rilaṅkum maṇi-aṇaiyār
cērkā talikkum vayalvaḷaṅcūḷ tiruvāḷ orrit tēvaravar pārkā
talittu cenrālum pāvi aṭiṇi yāṇaṇaitar kērkāy enrāl enceyveṇ
eṇṇai maṭavār ikaḷārō.*

TRANSLATION – Vishnu deeply loves his lotus feet. He is like a flawless, shining gem. He is the God of divine Otriyur, surrounded by fertile fields where carp love to swim. Even if I go to him with immense love, if he says, "You sinner, you are unfit for my embrace," what will I do? Will not the women mock me?

COMMENTARY – The anxiety of the soul deepens into a feeling of complete unworthiness. Great gods like Vishnu worship the Lord's feet with absolute devotion. Comparing herself to that flawless perfection, the speaker fears the Lord will look at her, call her a sinner, and declare her entirely unfit to receive his grace.

மாழை மலையைச் சிலையாக வளைத்தார் அன்பர்
தமைவருத்தும்

ஊழை அழிப்பார் திருஒற்றி ஊரார் இன்னும் உற்றிலர்என்
பாழை அகற்ற நான்செலினும் பாரா திருந்தால்
பைங்கொடியே

ஏழை அடிநான் என்செய்வேன் என்னை மடவார் இகழாரோ.

*māḷai malaiyaic cilaiyāka vaḷaittār aṇpar tamaivaruttum
ūḷai aḷippār tiru-orri ūrār iṇṇum urrilaren pālai akarra
nāṇceliṇum pārā tiruntāl painkoṭiyē ēḷai aṭināṇ eṇceyvēṇ
eṇṇai maṭavār ikaḷārō.*

TRANSLATION – He bent the golden mountain into a bow. He destroys the karma that torments his devotees. The Lord of holy Otriyur still has not arrived. Even if I go to him to beg him to remove my emptiness, if he refuses to look at me, O vine-like friend, what will this poor woman do? Will not the women mock me?

COMMENTARY – The Divine has the power to destroy karma, the accumulated burden of past actions that torments living beings. The speaker desperately wants him to clear away the terrible emptiness inside her. Her greatest fear is not that he lacks the power to help, but that he will simply refuse to look in her direction.

019. THE GLORY OF LOVE - KĀTAL MĀṬSI - காதல் மாட்சி

1

திடனான் மறையார் திருஒற்றித் தியாகர் அவர்தம் பவனிதனை
மடனா மகன்று காணவந்தால் மலர்க்கை வளைக
ளினைக்கவர்ந்து
படனா கணியர் நமைத்திரும்பிப் பாரா தோடு கின்றார்நாம்
உடனா ஓடி னாலும் அவர் ஓட்டம் பிடிக்க ஒண்ணாதே.

*tiṭaṇāṇ maraiyār tiru-orrit tiyākar avartam pavaṇitaṇai
maṭaṇā makaṇṇu kāṇavantāl malarakkai vaḷaika
ḷiṇaikkavarntu paṭaṇā kaṇiyar namaittirumpip pārā tōṭu
kiṇṇārṇām uṭaṇā ōṭi ṇālumavar ōṭṭam piṭikka oṇṇātē.*

TRANSLATION – Lord Thyagar of Otriyur is praised by the firm four Vedas. When we dispel our ignorance and come to see his procession, the Lord wearing the hooded serpent steals the bangles from our flower-like hands. He runs away without turning back to look at us. Even if we run right alongside him, we cannot catch his pace.

COMMENTARY – The spiritual journey begins with the soul actively seeking God and stepping out of ignorance to witness his presence. In Tamil love poetry, slipping bangles are a classic sign of a woman pining for her lover. Vallalar uses this image to show how the soul is immediately altered and consumed by divine love the moment it encounters the Lord. Yet God remains fiercely elusive and moves faster than the soul's own efforts can match.

2

தக்க வளஞ்சேர் ஒற்றியில்வாழ் தம்பி ரானார் பவனிதனைத்
துக்கம் அகன்று காணவந்தால் துகிலைக் கவர்ந்து
துணிவுகொண்டே

பக்க மருவும் நமைத்திரும்பிப் பாரா தோடு கின்றார்நாம்
ஒக்க ஓடி னாலும்அவர் ஓட்டம் பிடிக்க ஒண்ணாதே.

*takka vaḷaṇcēr orriyilvāl tampi rāṇār pavaṇitaṇait tukkam
akanru kāṇavantāl tukilaik kavartu tuṇivukoṇṭē pakka
maruvum namaittirumpip pārā tōṭu kiṇrārṇām okka oṭi
ṇālumavar oṭṭam piṭikka oṇṇātē.*

TRANSLATION – Our Lord lives in the fittingly fertile city of Otriyur. When we leave our sorrow behind and come to see his procession, he boldly steals our garments. He runs away without turning back to look at us who stand right beside him. Even if we run equally fast, we cannot catch his pace.

COMMENTARY – The Lord strips away the worldly protections we use to cover ourselves. Taking the woman's garments symbolizes the soul being stripped of all earthly ego and material identity in the presence of the divine. The soul tries its hardest to keep up with this swift transformation, but human effort alone is never enough to catch God. He takes everything we cling to and still races ahead.

3

தாயாய் அளிக்குந் திருஒற்றித் தலத்தார் தமது பவனிதனை
மாயா நலத்தில் காணவந்தால் மருவும் நமது மனங்கவர்ந்து
பாயா விரைவில் நமைத்திரும்பிப் பாரா தோடு கின்றார்நாம்
ஓயா தோடி னாலும்அவர் ஓட்டம் பிடிக்க ஒண்ணாதே.

*tāyāy aḷikkun tiru-orrit talattār tamatu pavaṇitaṇai māyā
nalattil kāṇavantāl maruvum namatu maṇaṅkavarntu pāyā
viraivil namaittirumpip pārā tōṭu kiṇrārṇām oṭyā tōṭi
ṇālumavar oṭṭam piṭikka oṇṇātē.*

TRANSLATION – The Lord of Otriyur nurtures us like a mother. When we come in pure goodness to see his procession, he steals our devoted heart. He runs away with

bounding speed without turning back to look at us. Even if we run without resting, we cannot catch his pace.

COMMENTARY – Vallalar describes God as a nurturing mother who also acts like a thief by stealing the devotee's very heart. This shows that true spiritual love requires a complete surrender of the inner self. Once the heart is given over to the divine, the soul is left breathlessly chasing after God. The mind can no longer rest in the world because its center has been carried away by grace.

4

நிலவார் சடையார் திருஒற்றி நிருத்தர் பவனி தனைக்காண
நலவா தரவின் வந்துநின்றால் நங்காய் எனது நாண்கவர்ந்து
பலவா தரவால் நமைத்திரும்பிப் பாரா தோடு கின்றார்நாம்
உலவா தோடி னாலும்அவர் ஓட்டம் பிடிக்க ஒண்ணாதே.

*nilavār caṭaiyār tiru-orri niruttar pavaṇi taṇaikkāṇa nalavā
taraviṇ vantuniṇṛāl naṅkāy eṇatu nāṅkavarntu palavā
taravāl namaittirumpip pārā tōṭu kiṇṛārnām ulavā tōṭi
ṇālumavar oṭṭam piṭikka oṇṇātē.*

TRANSLATION – The dancing Lord of Otriyur wears the crescent moon in his matted hair. When we come and stand with good desire to see his procession, O friend, he steals my modesty. Despite our many desires, he runs away without turning back to look at us. Even if we run relentlessly, we cannot catch his pace.

COMMENTARY – The soul loses its fear of social judgment when confronted by the overwhelming beauty of God. Modesty here represents the boundaries of conventional behavior and the desire to look acceptable to society. The dancing Lord shatters these boundaries completely, leaving the soul exposed and longing. No matter how fiercely the devotee chases after this experience, the ultimate union remains entirely under God's control.

5

நாடார் வளங்கொள் ஒற்றிநகர் நாதர் பவனி தனைக்காண
நீடா சையினால் வந்துவந்து நின்றால் நமது நிறைகவர்ந்து
பாடார் வலராம் நமைத்திரும்பிப் பாரா தோடு கின்றார்நாம்
ஓடா தோடி னாலும்அவர் ஓட்டம் பிடிக்க ஒண்ணாதே.

*nāṭār vaḷaṅkoḷ orrinakar nātar pavaṇi taṇaikkāṇa nīṭā
caiyiṇāl vantuvantu niṇṇāl namatu niṇaikavarntu pāṭār
valarām namaittirumpiṇ pārā tōṭu kiṇṇārṇām ōṭā tōṭi
nālumavar oṭṭam piṭikka oṇṇātē.*

TRANSLATION – The Lord resides in the city of Otriyur with abundant wealth sought by all. When we come again and again and stand with deep longing to see his procession, he steals our chastity. Though we stand strong singing his praise, he runs away without turning back to look at us. Even if we run unceasingly, we cannot catch his pace.

COMMENTARY – The deepest longing for God ultimately dissolves our final defenses and self-control. In the language of ancient love poetry, stealing the heroine's chastity represents the total, irreversible capture of her deepest self. The soul sings and stands firm, but God takes away everything that anchors it to the ordinary world. Vallalar shows that divine love is a consuming force that we can never command, only surrender to as it runs endlessly ahead of us.

6

அழியா வளத்தார் திருஒற்றி ஐயர் பவனி தனைக்காண
இழியா மகிழ்வி னொடும்வந்தால் என்னே பெண்ணே
எழில்கவர்ந்து

பழியா எழிலின் நமைத்திரும்பிப் பாரா தோடு கின்றார்நாம்
ஒழியா தோடி னாலும்அவர் ஓட்டம் பிடிக்க ஒண்ணாதே.

*aḷiyā vaḷattār tiru-orri aiyaṇ pavaṇi taṇaikkāṇa iḷiyā makilvi
noṭumvantāl eṇṇē peṇṇē eḷilkavarntu paḷiyā eḷilin*

*namaittirumpip pārā tōṭu kiṇṛārṇām oḷiyā tōṭi ṇālumavar
ōṭṭam piṭikka oṇṇātē.*

TRANSLATION – O friend, I came with unceasing joy to see the procession of the Lord of sacred Otriyur who possesses imperishable wealth. What is this! He stole my beauty and runs away without looking back at us of blameless beauty. Even if we run without stopping, we cannot catch his pace.

COMMENTARY – The speaker comes out to watch the temple procession with great joy, but the sight of the Lord takes a sudden toll on her. In Tamil poetry, a young woman falling in love with the passing deity often loses her physical beauty or grows pale from longing. The Lord steals her charm and speeds away, leaving her captivated and entirely unable to catch up with him.

7

திரையார் ஓதை ஒற்றியில்வாழ் தியாக ரவர்தம் பவனிதனைக்
கரையா மகிழ்விற் காணவந்தால் கற்பின் நலத்தைக்
கவர்ந்துகொண்டு

பரையா தரிக்க நமைத்திரும்பிப் பாரா தோடு கின்றார்நாம்
உரையா தோடி னாலும்அவர் ஓட்டம் பிடிக்க ஒண்ணாதே.

*tiraiyār ōtai orṛiyilvāl tiyāka ravartam pavanitanaik karaiyā
makilvīr kāṇavantāl karpiṇ nalattaik kavartukoṇṭu paraiyā
tarikka namaittirumpip pārā tōṭu kiṇṛārṇām uraiyā tōṭi
ṇālumavar ōṭṭam piṭikka oṇṇātē.*

TRANSLATION – I came with boundless joy to see the procession of Thyagar who dwells in Otriyur amidst roaring waves. He seized the virtue of my chastity and runs away without looking back at us while the supreme goddess supports him. Even if we run in total silence, we cannot catch his pace.

COMMENTARY – The Lord steals the speaker's modesty and traditional virtue, supported by the supreme goddess at his

side. In the language of devotion, losing one's chastity means abandoning all worldly attachments and social expectations to surrender completely to God. The soul chases after him in total silence, entirely overwhelmed by this sudden theft.

8

கடுக்கா தலித்தார் திருஒற்றிக் காளை அவர்தம் பவனிதனை
விடுக்கா மகிழ்விற் காணவந்தால் விரியும் நமது
வினைகவர்ந்து
படுக்கா மதிப்பின் நமைத்திரும்பிப் பாரா தோடு கின்றார்நாம்
உடுக்கா தோடி னாலும்அவர் ஓட்டம் பிடிக்க ஒண்ணாதே.

*kaṭukkā talittār tiru-orriṭik kālai avartam pavaṇitaṇai viṭukkā
makilvīr kāṇavantāl viriyum namatu viṇaikavarntu paṭukkā
matippin namaittirumpip pārā tōṭu kiṇṛārṇām uṭukkā tōṭi
nālumavar oṭṭam piṭikka oṇṇātē.*

TRANSLATION – I came with unyielding joy to see the procession of the youthful Lord of sacred Otriyur who loves the konrai flowers. He stole our expanding karma and runs away without looking back at us of undiminished worth. Even if we run without putting on our clothes, we cannot catch his pace.

COMMENTARY – The nature of the Lord's theft becomes clearly spiritual here. He takes away her accumulating karma, the sum of past actions that binds the soul to the cycle of birth and death. By stealing her karma, he frees her from her deepest burdens, yet he runs away so swiftly that she still cannot reach him. Stripped bare of her past, the soul continues its breathless chase after divine grace.

9

தில்லை உடையார் திருஒற்றித் தியாகர் அவர் பவனிதனைக்
கல்லை உருக்கிக் காணவந்தால் கரணம் நமது கரந்திரவி

பல்லை இறுத்தார் நமைத்திரும்பிப் பாரா தோடு கின்றார்நாம்
ஒல்லை ஓடி னாலும்அவர் ஓட்டம் பிடிக்க ஒண்ணாதே.

*tillai uṭaiyār tiru-orrit tiyākar avar pavaṇitaṇaik kallai
urukkik kāṇavantāl karaṇam namatu karantiravi pallai
iruttār namaittirumpip pārā tōṭu kiṇṛārṇām ollai ṭṭi
ṇālumavar oṭṭam piṭikka oṇṇātē.*

TRANSLATION – I came with a heart melting like stone to see the procession of Thyagar of sacred Otriyur who possesses Thillai. He who broke the teeth of the sun stole our inner faculties and runs away without looking back at us. Even if we run swiftly, we cannot catch his pace.

COMMENTARY – The Lord now takes the speaker's inner faculties, which are her mind, intellect, and sense of individual self. Without these, she can no longer think or act independently. The verse mentions a traditional story where the Lord broke the teeth of the sun god, showing his absolute supremacy over all other powers. Even with her heart melting and her mind taken from her, the soul learns that it cannot force God to stay.

10

மடையார் வாளை வயல்ஒற்றி வள்ளல் பவனி தனைக்காண
அடையா மகிழ்வி னொடும்வந்தால் அம்மா நமது
விடயமெலாம்

படையாற் கவர்ந்து நமைத்திரும்பிப் பாரா தோடு கின்றார்நாம்
உடையா தோடி னாலும்அவர் ஓட்டம் பிடிக்க ஒண்ணாதே.

*maṭaiyār vālai vayalorri vaḷḷal pavaṇi taṇaikkāṇa aṭaiyā
makilvi ṇoṭumvantāl ammā namatu viṭayamelām paṭaiyār
kavarntu namaittirumpip pārā tōṭu kiṇṛārṇām uṭaiyā tōṭi
ṇālumavar oṭṭam piṭikka oṇṇātē.*

TRANSLATION – I came with boundless joy to see the procession of the benefactor of Otriyur surrounded by fields where scabbard fish leap in the sluices. Ah! He forcefully

seized all our sensory attachments and runs away without looking back at us. Even if we run without faltering, we cannot catch his pace.

COMMENTARY – Finally, the Lord seizes all her sensory attachments, severing her ties to the physical world of sights, sounds, and pleasures. He forcefully takes away everything that distracts the soul. Through this continuous theft of her beauty, virtue, karma, mind, and senses, the Lord strips away every layer of her worldly existence. The soul is left completely bare, running tirelessly after a divine presence that still stays just out of reach.

GLOSSARY

Tamil terms and names used in this book, in the transliteration of the book. Where the English text uses a familiar spelling (Siva, Otriyur, Thyagar, Jeevakarunyam), that spelling is given at the start of the definition.

aiyāru (ஐயாறு): Aiyaru. A sacred temple town in Tamil Nadu, traditionally called Thiruvaiyaru. Vallalar invokes such holy geography to ground the infinite Lord in approachable local forms.

ālankāṭu (ஆலங்காடு): Alankadu. A sacred temple town famous for the cosmic dance of Siva. Vallalar recites such holy places to emphasize God's vast public glory.

amaṇar (அமணர்): Jains. Vallalar recalls the old stories of the Saiva saints and the Jain monks. In his later songs he says that the Grace Light taught him from the beginning that caste, creed and religion are false.

añcaikkalam (அஞ்சைக்களம்): Anjaikkalam. A historic temple town dedicated to Siva. Vallalar references this shrine to emphasize the universal presence of the divine across various sacred geographies.

aruṇai (அருணை): Arunai. The holy town of Tiruvannamalai. Vallalar invokes this sacred site to praise the boundless compassion of the Lord who manifests there to melt hearts of stone.

ārūraṇ (ஆரூரன்): Aruran. An alternate name for the revered saint Sundarar. Vallalar cites God's physical appearance to this saint as proof of divine compassion.

atikai (அதிகை): Atikai. An ancient and sacred temple town. Vallalar mentions this holy site to ground his poetry in

the rich history of divine miracles, emphasizing that God has always responded to devoted souls.

calantaran (சலந்தரன்): Jalandhara. A powerful mythological demon destroyed by Siva. Vallalar references this destruction to highlight the supreme cosmic power of the Lord.

campantar (சம்பந்தர்): Sambandar. A revered child saint of the Saiva tradition. Vallalar references him to highlight the Lord's historic generosity and grace toward true devotees.

caṅkaran (சங்கரன்): Sankara. A title for Siva indicating the giver of peace and joy. Vallalar pairs this name with maternal sweetness to highlight the unconditional care of the divine.

citamparam (சிதம்பரம்): Chidambaram. The sacred temple town, also called Thillai or Puliur, where Siva performs his cosmic dance. Vallalar uses it to mean both the physical temple and the vast inner space of spiritual consciousness.

cittacan (சித்தசன்): Kama. The mythological god of physical desire and romantic love. Vallalar uses the imagery of his fiery flower arrows to symbolize the intense pain the soul feels when separated from God.

cittar (சித்தர்): Siddhar. A mystic or perfected being. Vallalar applies this term to the divine presence in Otriyur to emphasize God's absolute mastery over all spiritual and mystical forces.

civan (சிவன்): Siva. The supreme God. In his early poetry Vallalar approaches the absolute divine through this traditional form, later expanding this vision into the universal formless Grace-Light.

cōti (சோதி): Jothi. Radiant light. For Vallalar, God is ultimately formless and is worshipped purely as the infinite supreme light, representing the absolute truth and the highest manifestation of divine grace.

cuntarar (சுந்தரர்): Sundarar. A revered ancient Tamil saint. Vallalar recalls how God once acted as a humble messenger for this saint to demonstrate the immense power of true devotion.

jīvakāruṇyam (ஜீவகாருண்யம்): Jeevakarunyam. Compassion for all living beings. For Vallalar, this is the mandatory foundation of spiritual life and the only way to receive divine grace.

kaṅkai (கங்கை): Ganges. The celestial river. Vallalar mentions the mighty river contained in Siva's matted hair to highlight raw cosmic power.

kaṇṇan (கண்ணன்): Kannan, a name of Vishnu (Krishna). In the old story Vishnu became a boar and dug through the earth for ages, yet could not find Siva's feet: God is not reached by effort alone.

kaṛkaṇṭu (கற்கண்டு): Sweet rock candy. Vallalar employs witty wordplay with this term to contrast sweet worldly speech with the hard reality of unyielding stones.

kavuniyar (கவுணியர்): Kavuniyar. The ancient lineage of the child saint Sambandar. Vallalar references him to highlight the Lord's historic generosity and grace toward true devotees.

kaḷumalam (கழுமலம்): Kazhumalam. The birthplace of the child saint Sambandar. Vallalar recalls this famous town to connect his own experience of divine beauty with an ancient tradition of absolute devotion.

kolai (கொலை): Murder. Vallalar means the murder of any living being, not only of humans, and condemns it absolutely as a barrier to spiritual life.

konrai (கொன்றை): The bright yellow konrai blossom sacred to Siva. In these verses it represents the physical token of divine grace that the human soul desperately craves.

kuru (குரு): Guru. A spiritual teacher or guide. Vallalar emphasizes that the supreme Lord of the universe manifests directly as an intimate, personal teacher to the devoted soul.

kuravar (குறவர்): Kurava. A traditional mountain community of hunters and fortune-tellers. Vallalar uses the figure of a young Kurava fortune-teller as a literary device to voice the soul's urgent need for reassurance.

kuravam (குரவம்): A native fragrant flower associated with mountain landscapes and traditional fortune-tellers. Vallalar uses this scent to ground the soul's mystical longing in familiar imagery.

malaimakal (மலைமகள்): Parvati. The daughter of the mountain. In Vallalar's poetry she represents the divine feminine grace existing as an inseparable half of the Supreme Being.

māṇi (மாணி): A young celibate student; here the boy Markandeya, whom the Lord saved from death. True devotion moves God to protect the soul from death itself.

mēru (மேரு): Meru. A massive mythical golden mountain. Vallalar refers to the ancient story of Siva using this mountain as a bow to emphasize the absolute power of the Lord.

nakkar (நக்கர்): Nakkar. The naked one. Vallalar uses this title to describe the Lord's absolute purity, completely

unburdened by worldly illusions or material attachments.

nanti (நந்தி): Nandi. The sacred bull mount of Siva. Vallalar invokes this traditional symbol to identify the supreme Lord who sometimes remains painfully distant from his devoted follower.

nāraṇaṇ (நாரணன்): Narayanan. The preserver deity Vishnu. Vallalar includes him to emphasize that the ultimate divine reality encompasses all cosmic forces.

orriyūr (ஒற்றியூர்): Otriyur, also called Otri: the holy temple town by the sea at the northern edge of Chennai. Vallalar worshipped there in his early years; every poem in this book is set there. The word otri also means a pledge or mortgage, a pun the verses play on.

pacupati (பசுபதி): Pasupati. The supreme Lord of all living beings. Vallalar uses this traditional name to highlight God's role as the compassionate caretaker and ultimate master of every individual soul.

paṇṭaraṅkar (பண்டரங்கர்): Pandarangaṅgar. A specific manifestation of the divine cosmic dancer. Vallalar invokes this dancing form to highlight God's dynamic action in clearing the soul's worldly confusion.

piccai (பிச்சை): Alms given to a beggar. Vallalar employs it as a pun in these verses, as the word can also mean divine madness.

piraman (பிரமன்): Brahma. The creator god in Hindu tradition. Vallalar mentions him to show that even the highest orthodox deities cannot easily reach the supreme truth that favors the humble soul.

pōki (பேரிதி): Indra. The king of the celestial gods. Vallalar lists such powerful rulers to emphasize that true divine

intimacy is granted to a longing human heart over mighty cosmic beings.

pulai (புலை): Base or lowly. Vallalar frequently uses this word to express his own humility and profound sense of unworthiness before God.

puliyūr (புலியூர்): Puliur. Another name for the holy city of Chidambaram. Vallalar invokes this location as the sacred stage where the Divine performs the cosmic dance of grace.

tillai (தில்லை): Thillai. The sacred temple town of Chidambaram. Vallalar references this place as the ultimate stage where God performs the cosmic dance of creation and spiritual liberation.

tirumāl (திருமால்): Thirumal. The Tamil name for Vishnu. Vallalar uses this convention to emphasize the absolute, transcendent nature of the ultimate divine reality, which sits beyond the reach of lesser deities.

tiruvārūr (திருவாரூர்): Thiruvavarur. An ancient temple town in Tamil Nadu dedicated to Siva, also known as Arur. Vallalar references this sacred city to invoke God as the supreme giver who grants ultimate spiritual wealth.

tiyākap perumān (தியாகப் பெருமான்): Thyagar, Thyagaraja: the great Lord who gives, Siva as worshipped at Otriyur. He is the beloved of every poem in this book.

vallal (வள்ளல்): The bountiful one, who gives without measure. Vallalar uses it for God's boundless giving; his own title, Vallalar, comes from it.

valli (வள்ளி): Valli. The indigenous tribal consort of Lord Murugan. Vallalar references her to highlight how the supreme divine actively seeks out humble human souls to offer grace.

vētam (வேதம்): Vedas. The ancient sacred scriptures.

Vallalar teaches that reciting them cannot replace the direct physical and spiritual experience of God achieved through profound love.

vicaian (விசையன்): Arjuna. The heroic warrior. Vallalar recalls the myth where Arjuna strikes a disguised Siva with a bow to emphasize that the Lord willingly accepts physical blows to test and bless his followers.

viṭaṅkar (விடங்கர்): Vidangar. The beautiful Lord. Vallalar uses this name specifically for the presiding deity of Otriur, highlighting the paradox of a supreme god who deliberately lives as a detached ascetic.

viṭṇu (விஷ்ணு): Vishnu. The preserver god in Hindu tradition. Vallalar notes that even great gods like Vishnu praise the Lord to highlight the supreme nature of the ultimate divine light.

ABOUT SANMARKKAM LIFE



Sanmarkkam Life is a nonprofit born to bring the teachings of Ramalinga Adigal, lovingly known as Vallalar, to every corner of the world.

We believe his wisdom should be available to every fellow human being without any barrier whatsoever.

WHAT WE DO:

- Offer Translations and commentaries of his works of *Thiru Arutpa* and *Urainaidai*, plus our other publications.
- Feed plant-based food to the needy
- Offer Sanmarkkam based items on our Emporium. Free and donation based.
- Educational social media content and articles
- Discourses, seminars and workshops
- Offer tools like KarunAI to make the wisdom more accessible

We are a living community of souls united by *Anma neya orumaipadu* (the unity of souls) and *Jeevakarunyam* (active

compassion toward all life) Those are the foundation principles that Vallalar placed beneath all genuine spiritual life.

We have country representatives active across the globe, offering seminars, free meals, and local community presence.

Everything we offer is given freely to everyone, regardless of anything. With no barriers and no discrimination.

WHY OUR WORK MATTERS

We live in a world overwhelmed by problems:

- Wars
- Poverty
- Aging
- Disease
- Death
- Animal suffering
- Environmental destruction
- Inequality and injustice
- And many more

In front of all of these, where should we even begin?

The teachings of Suddha Sanmarkkam offer a simple answer: At the very root, the cause of those is the absence of this soul unity and active compassion to all life.

But when those two core values flourish, everything changes for the better. Those who practice this heal themselves and their surroundings on all levels.

A NEW EARTH

When we feel we are all part of one single family, the divisions that cause so much pain simply melt away:

- **Wars will end:** War is only possible when we believe "us" are more important than "them." When we feel Oneness, there is no "them." Harming another country would feel like hurting our own family. Borders and nations will become past memories as we unite as one humanity.
 - **Hunger will vanish:** In a world filled with compassion, it would be unthinkable to let someone starve. Food and clean water would be seen as a basic right for every living being, human and animal, and shared freely with joy.
 - **Poverty and inequality will Disappear:** Greed comes from the fear of not having enough and the primordial dark desire coming from the Ego. But in a world of Oneness, we feel secure in our connection. The joy of giving replaces the fear of lacking. Wealth and resources will naturally flow to where they are needed, ensuring everyone has a dignified and comfortable life.
 - **Divisive religions and caste fades:** The ignorance from sectarianism and superstition from religious organizations disappear.
 - **Animal Suffering Will Cease:** We will finally see animals not as objects to be used, but as soul brothers and sisters in our great family. Factory farms and slaughterhouses will disappear, replaced by sanctuaries and a deep respect for all creatures. Animals will be seen as Souls and the humans compassionate job will be to help them to acquire a human body so that they can attain Liberation.
-

- **A Planet Healed and Restored:** When we see the Earth as our own living body, we will naturally become its loving caretakers.
 - **Global Warming Will Subside:** The planet's fever or global warming is a direct result of treating it poorly and disrespectfully. When we feel our Oneness with nature, we will stop poisoning our rivers and skies. We will stop the animal agriculture greatly contributing to global warming. We will work in harmony with the Earth, and its natural balance will be restored.
 - **The Environment Will Flourish:** Deforestation and pollution come from a mindset of taking without giving back. A compassionate humanity will act as gardeners of the planet, planting trees, cleaning our oceans, and preserving the beautiful biodiversity of life.
-

A NEW HUMANITY

As the world around us heals, our own bodies and minds will also transform:

- **Sickness will fade:** Many of our illnesses are caused by stress, unhealthy food, and inner conflict. In a peaceful world with pure food, a balanced lifestyle, these causes will be removed. A heart full of compassion is the greatest medicine, bringing harmony to the body and mind.
- **The pain of aging will be overcome:** As we align with the timeless nature of our souls, the process of aging will slow down. According to Vallalar, the human body has the potential to become an ever youthful radiant, healthy, and even deathless form.
- **Painful Desires Will Dissolve:** The constant chase for more money, more things, and more validation is the

source of much of our unhappiness. When we feel the inner joy of Oneness, this frantic chasing stops. We find peace not in getting more, but in being connected to everything.

- **No more inequality and discrimination by birth:**
Children will no longer be born into situations of hardship or inequality. A world of compassion will ensure that every single soul that comes to this Earth is welcomed into a safe, loving, and supportive environment.
- **The Arch-enemy of Death loses the battle:**
Sanmarkkam brings humanity together in **defeating the true enemy: Death**. No matter whether rich or poor, black or white - all humans are subject to this final malady. Death has been casting immense suffering to humanity since the beginning of times. According to Vallalar by practicing Absolute Compassion towards all Life, it is possible to finally defeat this arch-enemy and finally celebrate Life and live blissfully.

According to Vallalar. spreading Suddha Sanmarkkam is not one good cause among many. It is the supreme medicine: the one that addresses every disease.

In short, ***by spreading Suddha Sanmarkkam, you invite a utopian Heaven on Earth.***

HOW YOU CAN MAKE A DIFFERENCE

The most impactful thing you can do is practice what you have just read. They say: *“Be the change you want to see in the world.”* Start extending compassion towards all Life and be an instrument of Grace.

Beyond that, share this book with someone who is searching. Countless people are looking for a path that is historically grounded, spiritually complete, and genuinely open to them. And most have never heard of Vallalar.

You can change a life for the better with a single conversation or a shared file.

JOIN AS VOLUNTEER

If you feel called to participate in our mission, consider volunteering with us. We welcome people from every background: writers, translators, designers, organizers or those who simply want to help. Apply at <https://sanmarkkamlife.org/volunteer>

SUPPORT OUR MISSION

This book was given to you freely. Every translation, every emporium item, every meal, every piece of educational content we produce runs entirely on the generosity of people who found value in this work. A small contribution goes directly toward keeping this light moving:

\$1 Provides a meal to someone in need.

\$5 Gets an emporium item to someone in need.

\$15 Pays for one of the online tools we use.

\$30 Funds our infrastructure for a few days

\$50 Sponsors a local seminar or free meal service in a community.

\$100 Helps carry this light into a new country.

If this work has touched you, feel free to donate at <https://sanmarkkamlife.org/donate>, and/or simply pass this book to someone who is searching. Both help.

CONTINUE YOUR JOURNEY

The Suddha Sanmarkkam Path is a lifelong journey. This is just the beginning and we have so much more to offer to you for free:

- **Thiru Arutpa:** The Sacred Songs of Grace from Vallalar
- **Urainaidai :** Vallalar's own prose works.
- **Sanmarkkam Emporium:** Donation-based items
- **KarunAI:** Your personal guide for the path
- **TamiLearn:** The tamil learning App
- **Videos & Articles:** Educational digital content
- And much more!

Everything else we offer is waiting for you at <https://sanmarkkamlife.org/start>.

JOIN THE COMMUNITY

To join the Sanmarkkam Life Family community in your language, visit <https://sanmarkkamlife.org/community>.

Arut Perum Jothi · Arut Perum Jothi Thanipperum Karuṇai · Arut Perum Jothi

May all living beings live happily in absolute compassion forever.
– Vallalar

Nineteen songs of the soul in love with God Ramalinga Adigal (1823–1874)

In the Third Thirumurai, Vallalar sings as a young woman in love with the Lord of Otriyur. She sees his procession pass through the streets and loses herself: her bangles slip, she forgets her mother and her own name, and she longs only for his embrace.

She sends birds as messengers, asks the fortune-teller when he will come, and answers every mocking word about him with one vow: she will never cease to love him, even in a dream. The heroine is the soul; the beloved is God.

All 235 verses are given in Tamil, with transliteration, translation and a short commentary, and a glossary.

அருட்பெருஞ்ஜோதி அருட்பெருஞ்ஜோதி
தனிப்பெருங்கருணை அருட்பெருஞ்ஜோதி



SANMARKKAM
LIFE

sanmarkkamlife.org

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