

# **Krishna in the Kaurava court**

Shri Krishna came to Hastinapur.

He brought the message from the other side:

“If you want to do justice, then give half the kingdom.

Otherwise, give just five villages.

We will gladly accept that only.

We will not raise our swords over relatives.”

But Duryodhan could not give even that.

He could not take the blessings of the society.

Rather, he wanted to capture Shri Krishna.

He tried what was impossible.

Shri Krishna roared.

He stood up spreading his full form.

The ground trembled.

He said angrily,

“Capture me with chains.

Yes, Duryodhan, tie me up.

Look here, the entire sky is within me.

The entire world is contained within me.

Himalaya is my shining crown.

The ground is my chest.

My arms are around the world encircling it.

The mountains of north and south are my legs.

All the burning stars are within my mouth.

If you have eyes, then see this strange sight.

See the entire universe within me.

“See the ground, the sea and the underground.

See the past and future times.

See the creation of the world.

See the Mahabharata war.

The ground is filled with dead bodies.

Locate where are you in it.

“See my hairs spread all over the sky.  
See the underground beneath my feet.  
See past, present and future inside my fist.  
See this formidable (frightening) form of mine.  
All are born from me only.  
They come to me back again.

“Fire comes out of my tongue.  
Wind blows from my breath.  
Wherever I look, everything blossoms there.  
When I close my eyes, death spreads in all directions.

“Do you want to tie me up?  
How long a chain did you bring?

“You did not take good advice.  
You did not recognize the value of friendship.  
Then, I will go back now.  
I tell you the final decision.

“Now, there will be no talks.  
There will be war.  
It will be final victory or death.  
Stars will collide.  
Fire will rain.  
Death will open its mouth.

“Duryodhan!

It will be such a war, as will not happen again.

Brothers will attack brothers.

Poisonous arrows will shoot like raindrops.

Vultures and jackals will rejoice.

Human fortunes will break.

“Finally, you will fall to the ground.

But, you will be responsible for the violence.”

[From “Rashmi Rathi” by Ramdhari Singh ‘Dinkar’]