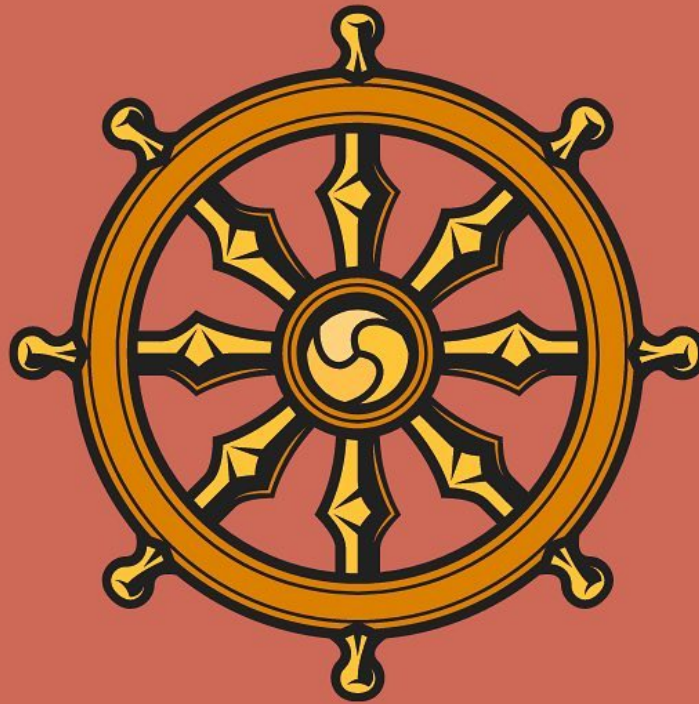


Chapter I



ON THE BATTLEFIELD OF
KURUKSETRA ,

We stand in military
formation

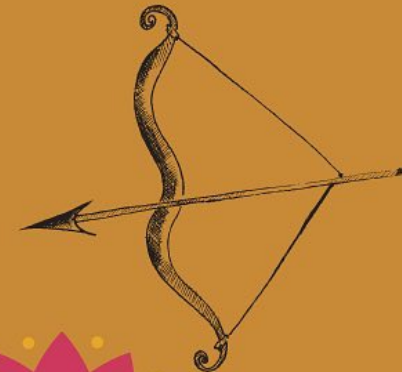


The enemy, heroes of past
conquests, blessed with
weapons of all kind and
experienced in military
science

From our lines, we hear
the sound of their
conchshell

The mighty Grandfather,
wise and old with the
support of all the
Kauravas

It matches the roar of a
lion



Idempotence. Our lines
stand unmoved

We respond by sounding
ours

Pancajanya, Devadatta,
Paundra, Ananta-vijaya, flanked
by others

Vibrate in the sky and shatter
their hearts

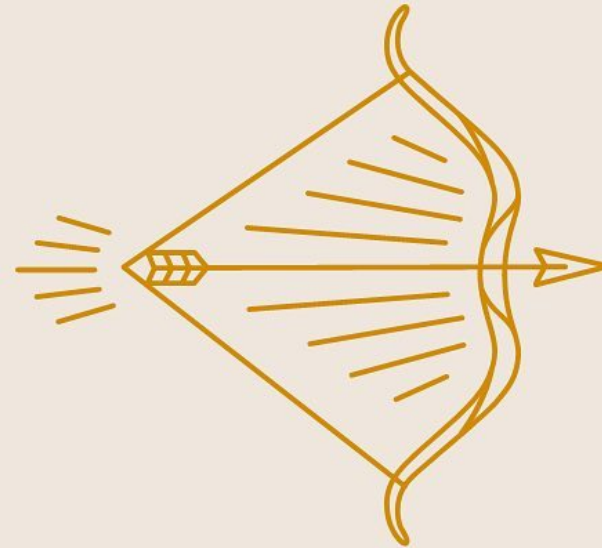
The elders knew beforehand
they were doomed. The Lord was
on our side



My soft heart bellows

O Friend of mine, I am duty
bound but let me fail my heart
once more

Draw my chariot between the two
armies so that my heart can be
crushed once more as I look at the
enemies I must slay, on this land of
worship



Why I desire this pain? Do
I hope for a miraculous
reconciliation or do I want
to cement my pain into
blinded anger for them?

I saw the ones I called
brother, Father,
Grandfather, son and
friend, all in warring spirits

Was the good in them
vacuous? Were they
enemy all along? Did they
forget our ties?

I feel the limbs of my body
quivering, and my mouth drying
up

My whole body is trembling, my
hair is standing on end, my bow
Gandiva is slipping from my
hands, my skin is burning

I am unable to stand here any
longer. I am forgetting myself and
my mind is reeling. I only see
causes of misfortune, O Krishna



To deal death in the name of
righteousness. What is right in
killing the ones I love? They know
not what they do. Do the innocent
deserve suffering?



Better me die unarmed and
unresisting by the sons of
Dhrtarastra



What good will come of this
violence? It leaves sons and
daughters fatherless and wives
without husband? I am fighting to
enjoy a corrupted land where
desecration will be rampant and
happiness, void

They look at me as I cast
aside my bow and arrows and
I sit down in grief