

Radha - the crimson and rose  
 withdrawn from the veil  
 For your claim  
 In the thunderless night struck to storm,  
 a most beautiful glow -  
 Where the serpents abound -  
 Holds your love beyond strength.

Radha - transparency's shawl  
 Guides thy right  
 Through the scotch that's a life  
 Where nothing's attained  
 Though we flee  
 Without love,  
 Where the suit from below twists to skirt  
 From the passed - recalled  
 Not to flit but to hold  
 From above torn in arms  
 That surround - a shawl.

Radha - engaged in the storm -  
 How fiery is passion adorned  
 But unburnt  
 As you flee  
 Points the signals await  
 Grasped in light  
 Which man will awaken to love  
 Through the shadows obscured  
 As thy faith  
 Fulfillment for man drafts the storm.



RADHA FLEEING TO HER LOVER ON A NIGHT OF STORM AND DANGER  
 Indian, Rajput, ca. 1800. Museum of Fine Arts, Boston