

RAMA'S DRAMA

A Retelling of the Ramayana

by

Laurent Weichberger

Introduction

In 1988 I was very fortunate to be able to travel to India, to the Pilgrim Center for visitors to Meher Baba's Samadhi (tomb). While staying there, I had frequent opportunities to meet and speak with his resident Mandali, or those disciples who lived with the Master, day in and day out. Of all these souls, Meher Baba said that Mehera J. Irani was the purest, and that she was his Radha, his beloved, as He said of Mehera: "She is My very breath without which I cannot live."¹

My first visit to India, during the summer of 1988, happened to be Mehera's last summer before reuniting with her Divine Beloved Avatar Meher Baba, and I was blessed with a visit on her porch in Meherazad. I was about 19 years old, and sat surrounded by only women (as it was Baba's order that no man should touch her physically). I felt funny being the only male, yet I was compelled to stay and see if she would accept my close presence. She did.

At that time, she was involved with watching a daily television show which was being broadcast all over India called *Ramayana* or "Rama's Way." This was a series of shows based on the life of the Avatar, Rama, and his beloved Sita. All of India would crowd around the nearest television set while this show aired, and we could see them all huddled on streets around shops that had a television, as we rode the bus back and forth through Ahmednagar between Meherabad and Meherazad. The Hindus would actually perform their puja before the image of Rama, when he first appeared in each episode on the television. So Mehera came out on her porch, and began to talk to all the women gathered, and myself, about the story of Rama as it was unfolding in the series. Mehera's English was excellent, yet every so often she would have difficulty finding the exact word that she needed. I became deeply interested in the story which she narrated, and was trying to be attentive, by supplying a word when she seemed stuck. Those gathered seemed less interested, and yet Mehera spent the major part of the time with us that day, telling the story and allowing me to help her with chosen words when needed. She seemed to be very happy. I was made to feel very welcome by her despite my being male.

I never saw Mehera again, she never said anything else to me, and all I have from her is this story and the sparkle of Divine Love in her eye. Oh Mehera, please help me to tell the story of Sita and Rama's Love, for it is your story of the Divine Romance. My heart bows deeply to your love for the Divine Beloved, Meher Baba.

This is my version of *Ramayana*, based primarily on William Bucks's novel. The original version was written by Valmiki, who is called the "First Poet," to be sung in rhyming couplets. I have adopted this poetic form in retelling it here as *Rama's Drama*.

Laurent Weichberger
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Notes: 1. See: Mehera, Edited by J. Judson (East Windsor, NJ: Beloved Books, 1989)

Rama's Drama

May I sing purely the story of Lord Rama.
Of his separation from Sita who was kidnapped by Ravana.

For it is the tale of Divine Love in action,
And Mehera's love for Baba inspires this rainbow-refraction.

You see Spirit-Light shines brightly in Ramayana told by Buck,
Heart longs to sing like Valmiki, with God's Grace I'll have such luck.

Let's not waste more time with big names except to say:
This is the story of God & Maya and the perfection of their play.

There is a King Dasaratha, who though old has left no sons,
So he orders his royal holy-man to make a blessing for just one!

This happens thousands of years ago, some time after Noah's ark.
Way back when they asked gods for favors over spiritual fires dark.

The holy brahmana offers sacrifices to Indra, King-god mighty;
Worshipped when in need of something "out'a sighty!"

Indra is called down from heaven, for the King's wish must be granted.
When he doesn't come, they pray -- Narayana soar toward mantras chanted --

He appears standing in the fire, holding forth a bowl of rice,
Made sweet with milk and sugar, as his gift:
"These are seeds of Love Divine, once sown the darkness will soon lift."

The King asks Narayana: "Why didn't Indra come as called?"
"For a quite disgraceful reason," this great-god replies, "He is wounded
And despondent from losing the first battle of his season!"

In the smoke above his head, they see Brahma, Creator of All life,
And sitting before him, Indra is haggard and complaining.
The King-god speaks out brashly, for in heaven all is paining:

"The demon Ravana conquered all the gods! His son alone bested my wits.
If you hadn't saved me, I'd still be caught in that crazy net of Indrajit!

"Now, because of your gift to him, you cursed us into retreating!

You actually told him: No god, angel or heavenly being can give you any beating!

"But who else can match Ravana's strength?! That huge head with fangs!
Ten fast arms, all fiercely flailing!"
Brahma, Highest of the High, has this reply: "Only One knows the answer,
And down to Earth he shall go sailing."

The Creator of All Life is a state of God Almighty.
Narayana is a Name of God who comes as man to set all things a'righty.

Indra goes to find this One beyond the Highest of the High!
At the edge of illusion he begs Narayana: "Take birth as man and hang Ravana high!"

"Look below, and see the bowl of prasad pass to King Dasaratha's three wives to eat,
I have planted seeds, where I shall grow, and not alone, Ravana's head will
Come before my feet."

The first wife is Kausalya, and most fortunate indeed.
She eats prasad and soon gives birth to Ramachandra (like the moon),
The first fruit of Love's Great Seed.

You see, evil runs rampant, all are joining fearless Ravana.
Even holy-men are terrorized, to stop their devotions to Lord Brahma.

In the hill country of fair Kosala, grows Rama and his three brothers.
Remember the prasad was passed 'round all the King's wives and now they're all mothers!

Kaikeyi, the third wife is the second to give birth
Bharata of red hair & skin, with pink eyes a'fire to cleanse the Earth.

Sumitra, the second wife is the last to bare her sons.
Twins, as two sides of a coin, they are as one:

Satrughna, of dark blue skin and black eyes and hair,
Stays at Bharata's side just like a shadow pair.

Lakshman, a work of God-artist carving gold:
Blue eyes framed in gold skin & hair, he loves Rama more than life,
He is Brahma's friend of old.

These four brothers all grow to love Rama the very best.
In him light & love of Truth burn so much brighter than the rest.

These four are the same one, God lives and works in each.

Through their very lives, he shows what no man can ever teach.

Listen to the story of Rama, a man few western folk have come to know.
Now I ask you Baba-Brahma: Help me create with You,
So that some part of Him does show.

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When Prince Rama turns 16, a brahmana comes to the palace at Ayodhya.
The King comes out himself to greet him as one on higha.

For it is a blessing to receive Viswamitra, such a holy guest,
And when the King declares: "Ask anything of me,"
His request none could guess.

But first Viswamitra makes Dasaratha promise to give freely as is offered.
Once it is so promised, Viswamitra tells a story very few have ever heard.

It is a detailed account of ancient beings and the earliest of races...
All of Ravana's genealogy, as back to Brahma Himself it traces.

How Ravana sat with his brothers in worship of Lord Brahma,
And sacrificed almost all of his "self" on bloody palma.

How happy Brahma was with such deep devotion,
He offered Ravana a wish, a pearl from God's Infinite Ocean.

How surprising that Ravana asks for POWER:
- Invulnerability from spiritual beings -
"I want all the gods to cower!"

Viswamitra, speaks the deeds and lusts that Ravana does abound in.
How Earth is ravaged, and of the fear that man does drown in.

As his story ends, all await the brahmana's request at last.
It is clear he seeks help against the rising tide of evil, and fast!

Who or what can be a match for the woe that runs amok?
Viswamitra asks for Rama! Only that will change his luck!

Oh King! What can you do? Your favorite son is to be taken!
Still your promise is your word, and a promise should not be shaken.

"It must be Rama!" And so it is, the Master always appears when the Disciple is ready!
Off to the forest goes Rama, with Lakshman to keep him steady.

The King's order to Rama: "Protect the brahmana from all danger."
The "demons" know Viswamitra is the sharpest of all thorns in the forest
God's Deadly Ranger.

Viswamitra teaches knowledge of mantras, for battling with power.
Demons flee as Rama rises high in an awesome mystic tower.

Just at the sight of Rama and Lakshman scouting on high saddles,
Back to Ravana they run, shaking baby rattles!

Viswamitra is so pleased he brings them to his old friend.
This preparation is all vital for the work to come:
The Beginning of the End.
Janaka's Kingdom in Videha becomes their next adventure.
In the city of Mithila lives Princess Sita, whose un-won love is Rama's venture.

For he has heard the tale of Shiva's bow which none can bend.
To the one who shoots that bow, Janaka's daughter he will send.

Sita is known as half-divine, her birth is quite amazing...
Janaka plows his field and hears a baby crying,
Sprung up amidst the crops he's raising!

Her mother is Earth herself, her father No-one-knows-him.
Sita's beauty is beyond all words any have ever chosen.

Off then to this bow bending challenge walk the Master and his mates...
There comes a time when you cross the line to meet your Fate.

"It's been 14 years and still that bow is unstrung!
High-time it got a workout!!
Bring forth the box with Shiva's bow!!!" The King orders with a shout.

At 16 years Rama pulls back Shiva's bow with no fears,
The bow no man dared even lift!
When it breaks with a S-NnAaPP! How the kingdom does =clap=
For they know well he has earned such a gift:

From her room above, Sita spies the scene from the window.
She loves him already without doubt; to him she is longing to go.

Janaka sends word to Rama's family at once,
The wedding shall be immediately if not sooner.
And Rama's three brothers marry Sita's three cousins!
The Master not only fashions instruments, he is the finest fine-tuner.

Viswamitra leaves then for the forest,
Rama settles down for a while.
After that day, they say Rama couldn't speak for very long without a smile.

For twelve years in Ayodhya, Rama learns royal duties and princely skills.
To have Rama rule Kosala Kingdom is without a doubt their will.

Rama's way is so human; he cares so much for each and all.
He looks for ways to help those in need, he's there to heed their call.

Truly his love is pure, his heart reflecting Dharma.
Everyone is ecstatic that Rama will now be made King to fulfill his Karma.

But it was not yet done, for on the night before his "making,"
Maya couldn't sleep a wink, thoughts of morning had her worried and she -
Couldn't stop shaking!

You won't believe what happens next...
Just witness Maya's power with her muscles flexed!

All the Kingdom's souls joyously await prince Rama's coronation,
Until Maya's agent slips in to the Queen's room, and with her -
Consternation.

It's Queen Kaikeyi's servant Manthara, come to fill her ears with lies.
Fear of false creates sanskaric knots so tight which only Rama can untie!

What's this all about? What is Manthara saying?
"If Rama is King, you will be servant to Queen Kausalya, his mother,
Forever your respects to her paying...

Your son Bharata should be King instead, and Rama sent into exile!
If you let Rama see Bharata on the throne, he will slay him!
You know deep within Rama is so vile!"

With just the suggestion of Bharata's murder,
Mother Kaikeyi's vision becomes as blind.

Then Manthara reminds the Queen of an old promise from the King:
Two wishes that shall bind.

"Use your two wishes my Queen! Send Rama away!
Make Bharata King! Take the glory of the day!"

Power, oh Power, what a tool you can be!
It all depends which side you play on!
When Maya takes hold, it's power-fame-gold she offers,
So her side you will stay on!

Kaikeyi vows she will do now as advised
"Behold, I shall request it of the King come morning!"

She thanks Manthara for warning of dark plots,
So now her son she won't be mourning!

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The new day must dawn and what happens next is true,
Queen Kaikeyi races to Dasaratha and orders him what to do:

"First, make Bharata King today instead of Queen Kausalya's Rama!
Then, banish him to exile in the forest 14 years to live as a brahmana."

"Oh, ask for something else, anything else..."
Begs the king now so unhappy.

"No! Grant me my two wishes NOW..." demands the Queen,
"And make it snappy!"

"So I give it, but I curse you! For betraying me like so,
Oh, I only want to see my Rama now once more, then he will go"

Rama comes at once when called, and kneels before his father.
"I am Rama." says he, but as he comes near feels the distance is farther.

Kaikeyi speaks first to Rama: "Let Bharata rule as King,
Go and live a hermit's life in the forest,
As I have wished now from your King."

"Mother, you need not have used your wishes,
I would gladly have gone, if you had but asked me.

Still, I cannot take one step from here without the King's permission,

Let him unmask me."

Rama looks up to his father, who just stands there weeping,
He asks to leave his princely mask behind, and live a hermit life,
While the royals continue sleeping...

Dasaratha softly speaks: "Son, I am insane! Lock me up!
You rule now in my place!"

Rama replies: "Bharata or I, it is the same, it matters not -
Upon the throne which face."

"I will come once before I leave to say good bye.
Kaikeyi, know this: What my father promises must be so,
And like him I do not lie."

So Rama goes, to Kausalya's side, Lakshman following in a daze.
His mother is furious: "My son is forsaken!"
Lakshman's eyes begin to blaze!

He shouts at Rama: "I'll kill that King our father,
And you eldest brother will have your rule!"
As he starts for the door, Rama grabs Lakshman: "Don't be a fool!"

Mother Kausalya can't be consoled, thoughts are running rampant.
She orders Rama to remain at home, after all, she's also his parent!

Then softer, "Oh, Rama, do what you must do! I won't try to hold you..."
"Dear mother, yes let me go it must be so..."
And Lakshman adds, "I must go with you."

"Brother, be bound then by an oath of God's Dharma:
You will go as my protection.
And Mother, be bound as well by Love's pure Karma:
Stick to your husband, give him all your affection."

Out Rama goes now, to Sita alone, for she also knows somehow...
And tells her how the time apart from her won't last long.

Listen to Sita now, her response to Rama shows how -
True Love feels not separation:
"There is no way for me not to go along!"

"Sita, darling, the forest is rough, you would not like it."
"You, my Beloved Rama, are my only comfort and I'm coming,

Not asking if you like it!"

"To live without you, would be far worse than all trials of hell.
At least we'll be together, in sunshine-air and rainy weather...
14 years later we'll have a story to tell!"

"Please, my Love, do not try to keep me from you,
It's love alone that binds us true."
"Beloved Sita, of course you are right;
We'll be together each night, let nothing keep me from you!"

What then was left for Sita, Rama & Lakshman before leaving -
Fair Ayodhya for the forest?

"Give away all possessions, say all farewells..."
Then by priest Vahishta they are blessed.

Rama says first goodbye to father and makes sure all is in order.
He requests of the King a few things quite important,
Yea, he even gives some orders.

Even then is recognition of Rama's true greatness without doubt,
And if ever he asks for anything, it is firmly, with power,
But he never has to shout.

"Father, take back your curse from Kaikeyi,
Never again to speak against her for this."
"I promise."

"Love well my brother Bharata as he rules Kosala in my stead,
He is my highness."
"I promise."

"Allow Sita to come with me on my journey in exile."
"My son, you are her God, she will always be yours."

"Let Lakshman protect us in our travels every mile."
"Rama, he serves you as God, he longs to free you from all chores."

The danger of a promise: Once made, you must be sure to keep...
Even if it means suffering great pains that make you weep.

Surely Dasaratha knows this or he would never had agreed.
It appears Maya beat him, her plot against Rama shall succeed!

** ** *

Yes, they leave, those three, escorted out of town -
By the royal chariot driver, Sumantra...
The entire populous comes out and follows them,
With "Ram-Ram" as their mantra.

How they love him is beyond conception by a normal western mind.
They cannot bear comforts, not knowing what kind of -
Life their prince will find.

"We must accompany him, his wife, and brother,
To keep them happy in the forest.
We shall live together, a city in exile!
Rama's pleasure will be our rest!"

So selfless is this love, truly it is a "golden age."
But this is such an involved story and this is just one page!

Oh God, I cannot lie, pretending I am 100% yours,
While this battle rages.
I and I and still yet I remains, my soul is waking fully now,
As my heart, like wine, slowly ages...

Some say I am "wise" while others know me as a fool.
In Baba's hands I am really nothing, believe it, just His tool.

What is this or that in life? It is only there for you.
If not for you, it would not exist!
This is the mystery of my existence and of you!

Sumantra drives slowly through the crowded Ayodhya street.
All the people rush to follow, determined souls they are,
To live life at Rama's feet!

And by late evening Elders have caught up to the camp,
Where rest Rama & his companions by Ganga river, cool & damp.

Exile has just begun, yet the Eldest-Elder pleads for their returns...
Rama, with love, asks them to go back, their requests he gently spurns.

They do not obey. More than anything they adore their prince.
They won't leave him. If Rama was in pain you'd see them wince.

Such love is very rare, to me it is tremendously inspiring!
Rama loves them more, he sneaks away while his town's people are retiring.

Sumantra himself quietly pulls the chariot away,
Until they're safely distant and the horses will not neigh.

After a little midnight ride they reach the forest's edge,
Where another separation must occur; and another pledge.

But now Sumantra refuses to leave them! How to abandon his Lord?!
Rama orders: "Dear friend, serve your King, my father,
Cheer him now; re-pledge to him your sword."

So he goes, and as the forest life begins, a head pokes from the leaves.
Guha, Forest King, comes out to greet them with friendship up his sleeves.

Guha Wild-Power-Heart but oh so-o-o-o-o-o-o gentle.
Shiva loves him because his honesty is in a very high percentile!

He was made King of Forest by Dasaratha himself.
Now to Rama he says : "Here I will protect you,
No need for worries about yourself."

So at last they enter woods well loved by birds & beasts & man.
And they talk and walk, and stop, and go again.

Walk 'till it feels right to stop, then see what's there to see.
Perhaps a pretty flower or tree, a babbling brook or bumble-bee.

Everything has a story of its own to tell, and Rama's is a quest.
If I reflect enough of his life your heart can tell the rest.

At last they find a dwelling, and very modestly it stands.
The home of some sage who offers food and helping hands.

"Travel a little deeper and you will find a hill,
Which once gave life to many saints, now you shall have your fill."

On they go and find a place beyond all expectations.
The Hill, lush with fruits, nuts & water. Praise all God's Creations.

Here they make a hermitage and watch Lakshman build.
While the shack is roofed, Rama makes the door, and then a deer is killed.

With "Bless our Abode" the deer is offered to the Hill gods.
Rama refuses to live there without their approving nods.

A house angel comes to stay, singing heaven's anthem,
In Sita-Rama's home, made for Love of God, personified in them.
A few days later, Rama & Lakshman spot an amazing deer.
Horns all gem-covered sparkling rainbow colors perfectly clear.

"Lakshman, Protect Sita! That's my highest order!!!
Go now to her, let nothing come near her, or
I swear on Shiva's Eye I'll have your fur!"

"I will take that deer for Sita." Says Rama and strings his bow.
He approaches through the forest but there's something he doesn't know...

Sita is being fancied by Ravana from afar.
And this ploy with precious deer, has Rama's vision marred.

Sita sees Lakshman come running to protect her,
Then hears Rama's bow string snap... Did it break?
She orders Lakshman: "Go help Beloved Rama!"
Now, whose order to follow? Whose to break?

Sita is hysterical that Rama may be in danger,
And then prepares herself to go out and find him!
Lakshman bites his lip, it bleeds, and tells Sita:
"Wait here, don't you move! Lord, I cannot win!"

And as he leaves her standing there Ravana comes swiftly over to Sita!
He snatches her in twenty arms, and so roughly does he treat her!

Sita screams so loud that Lakshman & Rama both know she's in danger!
They run like bulls through open pasture, and arrive at an empty manger!

A trampled path leads to a clearing where great Pushpaka Chariot waited.
Scraps of Sita's sari lay scattered on the grass and Rama is infuriated!

"Gurrrgle-Gasssp..." what's this, they turn to see Vulture King Jatayu,
Who fought Ravana for Sita's honor, what hell he put that demon through.

He lay waiting on life's edge, knowing Rama would come soon.
He alone saw which way they flew, Jatayu the great, Lord Rama's boon.

Of all birds, he gets great praise for courage beyond measure.
To protect a woman's honor, die for a helpless soul,

Is a priceless treasure.

As he dies he takes the love of the only one he longs for,
Rama's time is beyond imagination, even birds to heaven soared!

Far off south sneaks Ravana, through the humid misty sky,
Toward his palace on Lanka Island, he knows Rama will surely try.

There in the "demon-city" lust flourishes and vice is strong.
At drug filled parties every night, drunken louts sing their foul songs.

For them, humans are an Entree, served after soup -
Made from our favorite pets, they're such an unholy group!

What to do? Who can beat them with a King invincible by gods?!
Rama is just a brahmana now in exile he cannot reach his royal rods!

-- Ayodhya is no longer home, we must find another way --
He walks South then with Lakshman, there's nothing left to say.

So in silence they Journey, and heavy are their hearts.
Until beach they walk on, with Sea 'tween them and Lanka,
Now if it would only part!

They'd walk straight up to Lanka's gates... but not so fast!
This is about Rama, not Moses and we've got to make it last.

An arrow screams from Rama's bow in anger at sea's waves,
But to no avail, it's shot by man into nature refusing to behave.

Lanka, just a speck, way out on the horizon,
A slight ridge above the water, seen only when sun's a risin'.

They turn to look around a bit and see what else is about,
Two monkeys they see, a cool sight-drink in vision drought.

Hanuman is the one, Sugriva is the other.
Hanuman is Sugriva's only friend. Sugriva is the Monkey King's brother.

Rama heard of the monkeys from a sagely soul once in the woods.
Hanuman holds Sita's kerchief tied up with all her jewelry,
A sign for Rama but good.

Rama speaks: "I remember you Hanuman..."

Though this is their first meeting.
To Prince Sugriva, also exiled, he gives a hearty greeting.

Two princes both in exile, each with brothers on the throne,
But for different reasons...
Sugriva's brother Vali, rotten from anger, even keeps Sugriva from his
Beloved wife, which to Rama is now high treason!

Those four become fast friends, catching up on all that's happened.
Hanuman says: "I saw Ravana fly away but couldn't catch him!"

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Oh, the monkey prince Sugriva is urged by dear Lord Rama -
To confront monkey-brother Vali with a challenge! (What melodrama!)

"Vali, Indra's son, abdicate your rule, which has long turned sour."
As fate would have him this bold challenge marks a final hour.

Rama & Lakshman hide behind two trees,
Ferocious Vali comes to fight Sugriva, and nearly brings him to his knees.

While the monkeys wrestle, scratch and bite!
When Rama sends His Grace, it flies faster than a sparrow.
If not for Vali's flower garland, Rama could never have aimed that arrow.

It hits right in the heart, and all the monkeys gather 'round -
To hear their King's last words, yea, his very last sound.

Vali knows his heart is bitter and his rule long overdue to end.
Rama's deed is great and for Sugriva's wife he sends.

Then he calls his son Angada who stands near by,
"Help Rama." says King Vali to his child, and then he dies.

Celebration is an order now as Sugriva becomes Monkey King:
"Animals the World Over: Come t'dance'n eat'n sing!"

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Now after the celebration, Rama's friend the Monkey King Sugriva,

Sends all animals of the forest out searching for Sita.

He assures Rama: "She shall be found, no need to griev'a!
Just be patient until we are sure exactly where he keeps her.

Hanuman, Rama new companion leads scouts down to the South.
Upon the beach they meet a vulture, the brother of Jatayu,
Guess what comes out'a his mouth:

"Sita, she's in Lanka, across the Sea, but not too far.
The island city is her prison. Rama's name her shining star."

This news is a key to unlock Sita's sadness,
Now how to reach the City of Ravan?
Hanuman gives the key a turn and makes the grandest leap to Lanka,
To stop tears falling from eyes of Rama.

Hanuman is Son-of-Wind, and can't be killed, but that's another story,
He is sped by his father, toward Lanka, to give Ram glory.

Landing outside the city wall, he must confront -
Spirit of Lanka itself, who trembles in fear at Hanuman's victory grunt!

No one can stop Hanuman, he is Divinely Inspired!
He can fight 'till Indra abdicates! And still won't grow tired!

So now, what to do? Inside Lanka, a huge city?
Where would Sita be? With Ravan? What a pity!

Straight to the palace bounds Hanuman like a hunter...
No fear is there in his pure faith, and he's the trickiest trick-stunter!

The palace is dark, the moon is high, and everyone sleeps naked,
Sprawling all over Ravan's body...
But Sita is not there, Ravana wouldn't dare!
His respect for her goes deeper than for Brahma, his own Gody!

So out Hanuman slinks, but his eyes never blink,
High, low and in-between he searches for Sita his Queen.

-- She's no where to be found. In the night there's no sound.
I've got no clue, Oh Sita, how to do to find you! --

He sits high on a wall, near the palace so tall,

And wonders how he's far from her and yet so near.

-- There's surely a way to find her before day
Oh Rama, I've just know she's gotta be here! --

The Wind stirs strong and blows leaves along,
Dawn tosses in sleep, and Hanuman's mind impasses...

Then Sita awakens to sit up 'neath a tree and it's lit up,
By the presence of one oh-so-precious.

Hanuman can't believe his good luck, and springs up into her tree.
But looking out down below, that's not all he can see!

Coming early from the palace through the royal fauna,
Ravana struts, honey-smiling, and sits with Sita on his green lawna.

And even Hanuman shudders as Ravan comes near
His last head bows low, to Sita's feet as they glow,
He longs now only to shed a tear.

He is seriously trying to win from Rama, Sita's heart.
He's so sure it can be done if he can keep them apart.

"Sita, you shall remain captive until you voluntarily becomes My Queen!"
"Ravana! You sick-fool! I wouldn't mix my spit with your drool!
Though Rama has not yet come, he'll soon end your dream!"

In a rage and with fury, Ravan leaves in a hurry back to his old wife.
Sita's strength is beyond measure, Rama is the only focus of her life.

Hanuman thinks of what to say from above,
He looks down at her grace - Rama's Dove.

Oh, how sad she looks now in dawn's rosy shadow -
As if wandering soul has just seen the first doe.

"Rama is coming! Lovely Sita, mother of all lovers!"
Sita looks around startled, "An angel? Sent to discover?"

As Hanuman reveals his hiding place in the tree,
Sita jumps and cries for joy, so many tears she cannot see!

"Oh, Friend of Rama, blessed is this day!!!
What news of Him? Please tell, what does my Beloved say?"

"He barely speaks at all, save your name in deep tones and subtle pain...
Rama awaits my return, and now my search is not in vain!

"I'll bring you back myself, let him have you by his side!
Climb upon my shoulders and have a monkey-back ride!"

"Beautiful friend, you are noble and great indeed,
But I cannot go, Rama must perform this deed.

"If he really wants me, let him come and take me back.
If not, I deserve such captivity. Only His Embrace I lack."

"As my Queen, I must return as you so order,
But first I'll start some fights!
Those "demons" will be sorry they ever settled in Lanka,
It's gonna be one-of-those-nights!"

Sita gives him a message for Rama, choice words, higher than the skies.
Hanuman takes her leave at once, with a twinkle in his eyes.

Then begins a rampage through the city, like none other.
Demons dying left and right, even their warriors take cover!

Guess who Ravana sends out to subdue Hanuman with:
"Make sure that monkey's fettered!"
Indrajit, his son, by whom King Indra was bettered!

Sure enough, with just one arrow and the mantra "Capture,"
Hanuman lay bound fast, and he quickly lost his stature!

Oh Well, that's life, eh? But see how things develop.
Demons chain Hanuman for fear that majik will cease to envelop.

"Fools!" curses Indrajit, "because of chains my spell is broken!"
He says no more: When Grace is present She is really outspoken!

TWO

So, Hanuman allows himself to be taken in chains before Ravana King
An encounter of such high caliber, it starts part two of this Crazy-thing!

Hanuman is led bound hand and foot, not bounding like a monkey!

Chains are shackled tight with locks, but who holds the key?

Doors open, and hall leads to huge palace throne,
As stinking demons line the walls.
A squirming, scratching monkey dragged to feet of fearsome demon tall.

"So! A monkey is the best friend of Sita's husband!
What a farce! She will be mine!
Tell Ram to draw our hearts now close together in the sand..."

Hanuman replies: "Ram is Ram, as Brahma is our Lord!
You have an ugly head it's true, and my Lord Ram has a sharp sword!

"Your fangs drip slimy garbage filth gathered all around you.
Sita is Earth's fairest flower; her love's the Sun,
In Ram's will all shall drown like the land of Mu!

"I am raised and taught well by father Wind:
My son, If you slay Ravan, it is no sin!"

"You are foul to me and mine; I speak for the family of nature.
The whole heart of life cries out against you! Her song you can't endure."

"Life!?! She is not real, what care have I for her?
It's Sita love I want and shall soon get.
How can Ram the brahmana stop me, he is about to bite the lure...
My servant will send a boat to him so he won't get wet! Ha!"

"Oh Ravan, not with thoughts nor words will he harvest head from off -
Your dirty neck.
Not with ships full of fiercest armies will he cause
Your soul-ship to wreck.

"When he comes, you will see what it means to have Lord Ram as a foe.
Your soul will quake and split, take the name of Brahma,
And then you'll know:

"There is Love beyond compare in the breast of that one man;
And God behind his stare,
All-Power held back with patience-dam.

"He is waiting now for me, to him I must now go, but this was very good.
Your breath stinks so bad, but still I hope my words were understood.

"Ram-Ram-Ram," he takes the name, becoming smaller until chains drop loose

From our monkey!
Binding have power only until that hour, when the Master becomes your key.

And off, bounding once, twice, three times then he's back to size.
"You fool Ravan!" so quick and out the window before every demons eyes.

They don't even move to stop him, after his rampage display of strength!
Down to Ocean he bounds, takes a deep breath, and leaps again the great
Length.

Now, he comes back down upon the beach like a smiling angel bright,
"Let's go get Ram," and his army follows Sita's guiding light.

They come to Royal Grove, home of honey stores and special drink,
Save for festive occasions.
Hanuman yells "Help Yourselves!" and starts the party -
Of all animal nations!

Back to his Lord, he goes at last to inform him of what's occurring.
There outside the cave where monkeys live, sit Ram, Lakshman and Sugriva,
Despondent with eyes a'blurring.

"Sita is in Lanka, I met her there today. She sends Ram a message which I,
Promised to say:

"Ram darling, is your heart's breath what I hear in the silence?
Is our love the murmur which keeps me longing for your embrace?"

"I remember how you sent your mystic weapon after a crow,
After it scratched me in the forest as we slept...
Do you remember well enough to hold true your promise:
'We'll be together each night...'? As each night I've wept.

"You sent an angel disguised as monkey, with courage from heaven,
His faith in you the highest.
He offered to bring me home. Am I yours?
Or will this Pig-King show all of creation he's also Rama's best?"

"Your name alone keeps me warm at night, beneath the cool night stars.
Your grace-full hands are what I need to come and break these prison bars.

"This is from our wedding day, my last gift from my father.
If our love is True -- 'Let nothing keep me from you...'
Otherwise, don't bother."

Hanuman holds forth a pink paw and there rolling is a pearl,
Which he drops into Rama's hand as he winks at a monkey girl.

"Oh, Hanuman, Sita is in island fortress Lanka,
Where even gods don't dare to enter!
How can we free her? If hell were on earth -
That fortress would be its center!"

"Listen Ram -- We are Monkeys, very quick and strong,
Bears of Earth stand with us now, we are lightning-thunder in war!

"We shall bite demons heads right off their necks!
Bear claws will flip the demon smile, and wash foul bodies through -
The door.

"Now is the time to act! Your fear thoughts walk Sita into the garden of -
Despair, where Ravana waits to be her husband!
You must try everything, my Lord, even an underwater tunnel through sand!"

Then Hanuman speaks softly to his Master, so none else can hear,
Everything comes forth to get Ram up off his seat'a:
"If you don't rise and lead this faithful army,
You are neither worthy of our loyalty nor the love of Sita!

"You are just a lousy beggar, who can't protect his wife!
You are worthless to your race, no meaning for your life!

"Your prayers an empty clamor to a God who turns away his face!
To think she sees love in you! In your hands there is no grace!

"You sit and twirl your hair, in self-pity for your fate!
To think she loves this pitiful prince, once first rate.

"Your cowardice is proof, that Ravan deserves her soft kisses.
You show us your weak spirit, though it's only you her Lord she misses."

Rama weeps long then stands, a hug for Hanuman squeezes out Monkey-breath.
The moon of love rises full to call animals -
From North, South, East and West:

"Tomorrow we shall go, Shiva's path he will show,
And with death the stars will set, as I go to pay my debt.

"Now, rest well and say goodbyes, wipe the tears all from your eyes,
For the demons are god-slayers, and you'll need more than sincere prayers!"

Ram first descends into deep silence, then walks with Lakshman up steep hill,
Looking out toward Lanka island:
"I pray Shiva, please support My Will."

The Destroyer is an aspect of God, which very few truly understand.
Most want God's Mercy and Kindness, but there is more to His Master Plan.

Day dawns bright and vibrant, shedding tears,
From animals prepared to follow Dharma,
Rama-moon reflects the sun at night, lights up the path -
So all can overcome Karma.

Lakshman is the best of brothers, his faith in Rama is unfailing.
He is carried on Angada's shoulders toward Lanka for assailing!

Rama sits upon shoulders of Hanuman;
And by noon every animal has taken a step.
With song and courage and comradery,
The animal army makes a wide road full of pep.

When they reach Bharat's shore, Ram and Lakshman dismount.
With feet now in the water, no way to cross the miles to Lanka
None can count...

Ocean chops and swirls, a rhythmic beat that holds no clue...
How to march on to Lanka, what shall Rama do?

Ram runs out, fists a'flying, beating water into air:
"Ocean! Come, don't hide from me, meet me if you dare!"

Rising high and mighty, with seaweed hair and sea-breeze on breath -
Comes up to shore this ancient god to meet Ram at his behest:

"Oh Ram, why are you angry with me? Your fuming doesn't scald me!
I made your first living form, my drops are endless...
Like Brahma's souls, as only you can see.

"Why summon me to shore sorely trampled by a million animals?
What need you from me? You Shoot existence arrows,
Tipped by Infinite Ocean shells."

"I bow to you, Ocean, primal-element of Earth forms,
And humbly beg your pardon.

Allow passage safely to Lanka, for we mean to war with demons,
This deed must be done."

"Oh Ram, for what purpose does Lord of Hearts bleed Ocean?"

"Know that you separate me from beloved Sita.
You are now either poison or love's sweet potion."

"How to avoid Ram? This much I will do:
Nala the Monkey is child of Viswakarman.
Let him build a bridge, and I promise to float your army on it,
For love of this god's son."

Jai Ram and Sita beloved of Beloved to all,
Held captive on Lanka Island now feels so very small.

-- Is Ram coming? Does He remember,
That to hold each other we are fated?
Oh God, I cannot bear it! Heart is diced and salted,
No more I cannot take it --

Just then from the palace, comes Ravan looking triumphant.
He stands before Sita with ten arms folded, his glistening fangs -
Are the furthest from blunt.

"Sita, I come to inform you I met Rama in battle on the fields by Lanka's
West shores. His armies fought hard, I bring you his head and his bow,
For your safe keeping. He was brave indeed, but I'm invincible and shall -
Outshine the brightest star."

Ravana snaps fingers and his servant brings Ram's head from a jeweled bag.
She screams, "Why?!" as he tosses it to Sita's feet with a hideous laugh.
And Ram's bow, cracked in two, falls beside it. Sita just cries and
Cries...

Suddenly Ravan's mounted generals approach, delivering a heavy load.
"Sire! Rama approaches with animal armies over the sea, it's incredible,
They're building a road!"

Off they ride to prepare for war, Ravana looks back as head and bow -
Fade away into nothing...
Demon Sister Trijata comes and embraces sobbing Sita,
Then sings a little song of comfort to bring.

"Sita, what you saw is not true, merely illusion...
Ravana tries to break you with majik, so your heart he can win.

Oh Sister Sita, cry no longer, hear the truth, Ram has come!
Where His arrow points is victory, Ravana's fortune is on the run!"

Sita wipes eyes with wet hands, looking at ground before her clearly.
Head is gone, blood's dissolved, bow has vanished,
"But I saw it all, really!"

"Ravana has sorcerers for every occasion, and Maya treats them well.
Our race was once bright with love for truth; Brahma was once our Lord,
Before into darkness we fell."

"Oh Ram, at last you have come. Sweet sister take his name.
He's the protector of those who remember him.
But such Love is no game, for the sick or the lame.
Have great strength, and dance to his whim."

Then Wave-of-Love comes from Ram's shore,
Washing over Sita's heart, and she doubts no more.

She knows all there is to know, she passes all trials fair.
Lifted right up to holy-bliss, farthest from Maya's lair.

Lanka city roars loud as her armies rise proud -
To the ramparts preparing for war.
They see out in Ocean, a long bridge is growing in motion -
Toward the city's front door.

So Ravan holds a meeting of warriors and counselors,
Asking what all think.
"It's good they come! More to eat and drink!"

Others fear that Prince Ram should not be fought,
And one: "Return Sita. End this mess that you've wrought!"

This is Vibhishana, the King's brother, who speaks out plainly.
"Only I can say it brother, your doomed-mind now thinks insanely."

"Vibs, I am King now over all Heavens and Earth,
I am He whom no god dares approach!
Even my son is begifted by Brahma himself,
I'll not rest until Ram is poached!"

"Ravanu, You pompous fool, Earth herself is feeding -
Those who march with Ram Brahmana for King Ravan defeating!"

The worst transgression in this world is to steal another soul's mate.
You have doomed our entire race, and now this one man shall unwind fate."

"Whose side are you on! Dear brother, it sounds like your fear,
Is praying for my downfall by that measly prince of deer!

I am in love with Sita, I can not just give her up.
I live only to see her, her flower-face in hands to cup.

She is the fairest flower ever to spring from Earth.
Her love alone can free me, and give my life true worth."

"Your heart, Ravana, is twisted in knots, sticky with honey words.
Your mind has become flighty with gusty air of your "high" deeds.

Listen, My Foul Monarch, or watch me fly to Rama's side -
Like Garuda King of birds.
Unless you surrender this desire for Sita,
Ram will surely bring you to your knees!

"Go then to him! I don't need your coward-doubt, and fear of food.
Get quickly to your Master's side alive, before I change my mood!"

Vibhishana flies away at once, with his own guards still loyal.
To Ram's side he soars and on the bridge they meet, laying sword at -
Master's feet:

"I beg your protection, Ram best of Kings, I am Vibhishana."
"You have it, brother, but why do you need protection by Ram?"

"You come to destroy those who hold your Sita captive.
My brother King Ravana is insane, and I for one will live."

But Monkey-Prince Angada & other animals don't trust this demon.
They mumble and squirm and advise Rama: "Don't even go near him!"

"Know all here, that Ram cannot refuse any soul -
Who comes sincerely for my protection.
Even Ravan himself is safe if he is wholehearted in requesting,
For such is the way of perfection."

"Count Vibhishana as our friend now, and treat him as such.
Any enemy of Ravan is our ally, any friend now is worth much."

By next morning the bridge is finished and they alight -
On Lanka's shores so rocky.
There are many animal warriors, some think quick -- move fast,
Others slow, strong and stocky.

Ram looks up at the palace above and knows all demons are still sleeping.
He looks around at the animals, so dear to heart, and among them brave-
Lakshman, Ram's soul is silently weeping.

Death stands beside him, and he knows most will lose their life,
In fighting for his cause.
For love of his beloved, and for him, what a burden to bear.
Yet animals smile and sharpen their claws.

"No words can express how I feel at this moment,
The war is about to begin.
Only love at its best, can inspire this quest,
And with such love we surely shall win!"

Such a growl-cheer-roar rises, shaking Lanka's doors,
From deep sleep, demons awoke.
Animals are all inspired by Ram, the voice of Earth's only hope.

Demons stumble forth, "It's true, they're here, what now? Fight?
What terrible growls! Die?"
Ravan is dressing, when best generals comes to him ready for war.

"My Lord, let us go now with swiftest troops and kill them quickly,
In time for dinner and a nice mincemeat pie!"
"Go with blessings, and from my cup drink deep of Indra's wine,
Which will make your sword roar!"

Lead general goes out to stop Ram's advance toward Lanka,
Guiding thousands of demons, in a chariot more like a tanka.

Bears and monkeys leap forth, teeth bare and claws tear,
Oh those demons never felt pain like it!
Back they run to warm beds, holding bleeding heads,
But still general comes riding, while the rest hike it.

He kills many with arrows shot from majik bow in all directions at once.
Only Nala, bridge-maker, stands firm, and general thinks
-- Now, who's that dunce? --

"I am Nala! Come closer, I have something to show you..."
He dances for the general as arrows fly forth at all levels toward him.
General's chariot nears, pulled by huge snakes with black sneers,
Then Nala jumps hard onto one foot with a big grin!

Whole-earth shifts, as Viswakarman's son lands,
For she is at his beckon call.
The chariot tumbles from cracks in split Earth,
Snakes slipp away, and general takes a great fall.

One on one, toe to toe, monkey vs. demon,
All watch them fight now face to face.
But Nala has no weapon, so -- think fast --
Don't let him hit you with dread mace!

One bounce more and Nala lands near wheel broken off from chariot.
General takes running swing with mace so heavy he can barely carry it!

KcRAcK!!! Blood flows strong, Nala's left arm just hanging.
StRIchtTT! Smitten hip, twice hit, pain floods! Now Nala you're on!

As general turns and raises weapon for the final rush and blow,
Nala picks up wheel and sends a fierce spin-throw.

Good shot, mate! That wheel ends general's karma!
His life spun out of the body!
Rama, Lakshman and animals cheer, last demons soon disappear:
"Our General even knew Karate!"

Rama, well pleased, calls for the Monkey-Prince Angada,
To take this message to Ravana:
"Your time is up, return Sita, and enjoy your reign in Lanka."

Angada soon returns, white as birch:
"Ravan says: Tell Rama: Sita is no longer yours, she is mine,
You cannot even protect her from me."
"Well done Angada, we must remove that bat from his perch,
But who now will be his refuge, since he's made a mortal enemy?"

Ravana sees his soldiers on Lanka's walls all chattering in fear,
As animal army approaches gnarling-loudly and snarling blood-thirsty.
He goes alone behind the palace to a special one room mansion,
There to wake giant brother Kumbhakarna, big as a hill and oh-so-feisty.

"Karnoo, it's me, your brother, Ravanoo! Wake up bro' I need ya."

For every day awake, he sleeps six months,
This was his one wish grated by Brahma!

"Another day for me? My sleep interrupted! For what!
What can't wait 'till dreams die and tears dry on my pillow?"
"My little brother, you know I would not wake you unless it were most -
Important, we are besieged by Ram, and animal armies follow."
"Rama? Who is Rama that the King of Lanka is afraid?
Why does he seek your death, Ravana, what game is being played?"

"He comes for Sita, my bride to be, and will not be dissuaded.
You see they were once married, she thinks she loves him,
But he is highly over-rated!"

"Give Rama back his wife; you were not correct to steal her.
Why didn't Vibhishana stop you, I'll teach you both your error."

"He tried, and now is gone, surely he did tell me, but I can't hear it.
I love her, I can't deny it, wrong or right, I'm committed to my gambit."

"Well, I would've left you too, but it's beyond that,
Your stubborn will is worse than ever...
I wish I could change you, but I can't,
I shall fight for your life if you won't, it's now or never."

Ravana just hugs his little brother's leg: "I Love Ya!"
Kumbhakarna first steps away to dress for war, the next step takes him over -
The wall and Rama is startled: "Whaaaaaaa..."

Vibhishana replies: "Now that is Kumbhakarna,
My brother and our death!
His spear's tip alone is longer than spire on Ravana's palace!"

The animals jump about in frenzy as Earth tremors under foot.
Where to hide? What war? Oh darkness, where can I be put?

Hanuman comes up to stand by Rama's side.
Lakshman walks ahead to slow the rising tide.
Bear-King Jambavan and Monkey-King Sugriva hold their ground,
As Rama strings his bow again, and frowns.

Another step - and Lakshman lets fly his arrows.
They bounce right off thick-hairy skin.
Step again, and over past him, in front of Rama now he stands,
Makes ready to strike, but up jumps Hanuman!

He claws giant's face, and on his way down is smacked by spear,
The tip brakes right off, and so makes a path that's clear.

Rama sends his arrow then, right to giant's chest.
It sinks in deep, blood gushes out, but heart still has no fear.

Another step, and now Rama takes steps backward,
Aiming crescent-moon arrows which cut deep.
One drops the mighty arm which used to hold a spear,
The other arm drops off at elbow, but still walk giant's feet.

Two arrows notch at once, pointing at huge pelvis... TwAaAangGG!
The giant drops with no more limbs.

The last arrow comes up and turns his face toward God!
His life is ended as head floats to Rama's feet on Grace-Wind.

Rama shakes his head, for killing Kumbhakarna is a shame.
He knows that Karnoo's heart was "good" and he was not to blame.

But loyalty in families is a thing to be respected,
And Rama knows he has more work to win this war as is expected.

Ravana watches as his giant brother is cut down on the field.
He stamps his feet in desperation, now the cards have all been dealt.

-- I am alone now, deserted by one brother, the other is dead -
I should have wished something else from Brahma,
When I sacrificed my heads...

No one is left, my soldiers quiver at the thought of facing Ram,
I must meet my fate to show Sita the love held in my palm --

"Father, I will face Rama, and bring his head to you...
Do not fear, our people need their King, this deed I shall do."

"Indrajit, my son, you are great indeed and your love reaches even higher,
But how can I let you fight my battles? My Kingdom must have a new sire."

"Father, I am your servant, you brought me to this world,
I will bring forth all my weapons won, all my sorcery unfurled..."

Rama will taste defeat at the hands of Indra's captor!
Ravana will marry Sita, ruling gods and men, to live in rapture!"

Ravana then falls down and kisses feet of his only son,
He rises, then the son bows and kisses the ground King stands on.

To a hidden grove walks Indrajit, but jumpy and nervous...
What he faces is great, no doubt, he knows Lord Ram has purpose.

He lights a fire and starts pouring butter in for fuel,
"Oh Brahma, bring forth my gifts so I may win this duel."

In the fire appears a chariot pulled by tigers stripped with green,
Filled with weapons of high majik, things never before seen.

Chariot so horrible to view, wheels squeak with tortured screams,
But worst of all, that war-car flies invisible, to all unseen!

Away he goes into the sky ready to serve out death,
Vibhishana sees clouds darken, and becomes short of breath.

"Rama! It is Indrajit, he comes to battle from the sky!
He can't be seen by men, even I can hardly catch a glimpse,
How can you fight? But you must try!"

Arrows fly in dozens from a point under the majik shroud,
Animals fall dead all around, Rama and Lakshman shoot where arrows come -
From but most hit only clouds.

A flaming axe comes fast at Rama's head with -Death-Death- spitting from -
The flames,
The monkey King Sugriva jumps up in front of Rama,
He dies love's-sacrifice, his claim to fame.

Hanuman jumps high and strong, full of fury, fists a'flailing,
Only to meet a fast flying sword on its way to his neck,
Colored smoke and sparks trailing...

Cut down from the sky falls Hanuman, flesh all torn and bloody...
By now animal army has either been killed or fled battlefield hot and -
Ruddy.

A long barbed spear pegs Uncle Vibhishana hard to Earth.
This is the judgement hour, Rama must seal his worth.

Only Rama, Lakshman and the Bear King Jambavan still stand firm.
The sky grows dark with arrows shot with majik darkly learned.

Jambavan falls hard and with last breath takes Ram's name.
Lakshman shot full of arrows still shoots up around,
'Till Rama drops beside him, then he does the same.

Oh God, Rama dies this day battling for true-love-of-his-life.
Oh Baba, as your son and warrior I battle Maya the same way,
And still I asked you for a wife.

Oh soul, did you expect it to come to this?
Laurent tries to express his love and instead is killed by bliss.

"Being is dying by loving," so says Beloved Baba.
I'm building a temple of my heart for the three of us, my Kaaba.

Jambavan lives, but his heart barely beats now at all.
Only Rama's name keeps his blood flowing through his body tall.

He sees Vibhishana still alive but pinned hard to the ground.
That is all, no one else moves, no breathing, not a sound.

Jambavan calls to Vibhishana: "We fail! God help us! A great sin."
The demon calls back: "What of Hanuman? You must bring him."

"Whaaaat, Rama is dead! We have no hope!"
"Jambavan, while that monkey lives, there is still more rope."

So with his last squeeze of love and heart spill of blood-a-fire-
Jambavan, King of Bears, pulls himself to stand on two feet rising,
Raises claws up even higher...

Hanuman does see him and bounds in that direction,
But Jambavan falls dead, in Ram's embrace to gain perfection.

Indrajit vanquished all Rama's army and Rama too, believe it.
But there is one who can't be killed, that Hanuman won't quit!

Hanuman runs across the field looking over bodies around him.
Trying to find Rama in blood so deep he almost has to swim!

He stops, reaching dead Jambavan who lays pointing to Vibhishana,
Monkeys love no demons but this is a special occasion, not
"Do yo wanna?"

As he approaches the dying demon's dark eyes turn upon him,
"Hanuman, help us, only you can, trust me, our hope is dim.

Go to high Himalaya, where no man treads for fear of Shiva.
There, Hill of East Slopes grows herbs to heal all diseasa...

Fast get all you can gather, we may yet have Rama as King.
Every kind you see we need, jump on now, and healing bring."

So without a doubt or question in mind, but obediently a servant,
Jumps Hanuman to the North and streaks toward the hill like a comet.

So scared are the plants as they see him descend,
That they shy and bow stems as they bend.

And Hanuman seeing their fear of his presence, thinks:
-- Why not bring the whole hill-full of presents?! --

Deep into Earth his furry paws plunge.
He lifts hill on his back and takes a great lunge.

So fast does he fly back to Lanka, with this hill on his back?
That he becomes again like comet and now burns the hill black.

All the herbs came up smoking, and fumes from their leaves -
Waft across the battlefield.
Into Rama's nostrils and over Lakshman, through hurts on all animals,
By that aroma all wounds are healed.

Life comes back with flowers for the Lord of Love Divine.
Animals gather 'round Rama, and Lakshman speaks drunken with this wine:

"We're stronger than before! Oh Rama, we'll serve you once more,
Just lead us into Lanka and we shall rescue Sita with you
we'll break Ravana's head on the marble palace floor!"

"No. No Lakshman, no more animals will die.
This is Ravana's final hour and now I know why..."

"Ok, Rama, I will go ahead and clear the way for you to follow.
As you must fight Ravana, I will not try."

Vibhishana leads them first to Indrajit's hidden spot.
They find him in meditation before a fire stinking an awful lot.

Indrajit turns, amazed that any have found him there.
Uncle gets choice curses, for Lakshman just a stare.

"So you find me praying, is that the holy-way to kill a foe?
I ask Lakshman for the respect of single combat or else go."

"I could kill you now, but by Dharma, I'll give as asked,
Before you leave my sight I'll have you on the ground unmasked."

You see, foul Indrajit spends energy just becoming handsome to our eyes.
His sorcery is strong, and as his arrows shoot each one multiplies...

Sure, they fight. And all Lakshman's skills are tested.
Every asset he's accrued is used, every single moment he has invested.

When they can both see clearly it is an even match,
Then Lakshman draws a long blade of grass,
A special gift you cannot catch.

He pulls that grass back as if an arrow long,
"Kill Indrajit!" he tells it, as he lets that blade fly strong.

A smile on dead lips as the soul blinks its last eye-fulls.
You never saw anyone die so fast, or a soul so quickly pulled!

His head on shoulders fair and lovely,
Hits the ground with hollowed eyes, no nose, just rotten-ugly.

No demon who witnessed this dares tell Ravana his son is dead.
Who has the courage to brave such rage, and loose their head?

"I am Rama. Your son is dead, by Lakshman's hand.
I have come for Sita. Ravana, are things not all as planned?"

You know, when in such situations, there are many ways to react.
Ravana chooses to dance, ten arms move so gracefully, and it's no act.

In silence all watch as King Ravana puts on this performance,
Knowing what comes next, a final joust with horse and lance.

Rama takes three steps back and yells out such a war cry,
That Sita can hear it clearly and knows Rama will not die.

Ravana ends his dance, calling for weapons and armor.

A royal chariot is brought, full of death and foul smelling odor.

"Rama, you have no choice but to obey your Dharma.
I give you myself in combat, it is my final Karma."

Just then a bolt of lightning strikes the Earth between them.
Indra stands in smoke and light, to face Rama, not Ravana,
His back's to him.

With bowed head: "Rama, best of Men, My Lord of Spheres,
Take my chariot into battle against this false one.
May it serve you well, and for the sake of love I pray to You,
This final battle to be won."

Out to the field they rumble, while all animals stand and twitch.
Indra flies to heaven calling all gods down, for they must watch.

THREE

Across a field beyond distance, face off Rama and Ravana.
At last no more resistance, they converge to end the Drama.

Horses pulling chariots full of weapons rumble harshly,
'Till first meeting at the center where both swing out brashly.

Rama holds a sword, made by Viswakarman himself for Indra.
Ravana wields a three headed axe, his vow he won't rescinda.

He promised himself he would marry Ram's beloved Sita.
There is a reason for everything, this mistake he can't repeata.

Ravana's axe reached out for Rama's arm with hunger.
It cuts the armor from his shoulder, from heaven roars a thunder.

Rama places his sword at an angle as they near,
To cut off one of Ravana's arms while he carefully steers.

But Rama has only two arms and one is now bleeding.
Ravana has nine left, and for Rama there's no retreating.

Circling back around, Rama takes another weapon, the horses rear;
Ravana still has his axe and takes up his reins again to steer.

Rama tells the horses to go as fast as lightning flashes -
Before Ravan knows what hit him, Rama strikes with two deep slashes!

One upon Ravana's left shoulder with a mace made of lead,
Crushes bones going to five arms. Ravana's lucky it's not his head!

Strike two is from a sword across hands which hold the reins.
Not only is blood very slippery, but now Ravan is in deep pain.

He reaches for nine weapons slowly, one for each remaining hand,
But can only grasp four and chases Rama to make a stand.

Rama see's him coming, puts down the hammer, this is very tricky.
Blood is slippery at first, no time to waste, then it's sticky.

Ravan's four right arms still hold weapons... Rama grabs his bow,
And tells his horses: "Do not stop, but just go slow."

Heaven's horses listen well, and as Rama's bow is strung,
A godly-chorus chants Ram's name as it's never before been sung.

Then Rama jumps off his chariot, and Ravana inhales deep,
With a huge breath he sends his weapons forth to reap.

Ravana's first hand tries to throw a discus with nine spikes.
But hand is too slick and it flies right at his own horses, yikes!

His second hand holds a javelin with a four fanged mouth as tip.
It flies too quick at Rama, bites his thigh and tries to rip.

The third hand throws an iron ball which flames hot as it goes,
Hitting Rama in the stomach and burning skin beneath his clothes.

Hand four is mysterious and as Ravana speaks a mantra dark,
A swarm off hornets flies out stinging wherever they can park.

Two arrows from Ram fly at once with a mantras to affect them.
Those days with Viswamitra in the forest were all in preparation.

One arrow becomes a dove which flies around Ravana head.
The second grows ever larger and pierces Ravana's foot

Ravan is pinned to Earth, just feathers above a sandal torn to shreds,
His anger peaks to Rage and heart's volcano explodes with soot.

First hand draws a sword shaped like a vampire fang,
To cut his own foot off, so he can find Rama's neck again.

Rama speaks softly and lizards rise from Earth to eat hornets.
While Ravana unrolls a bundle of twisted blades and nets.

Oh Rama what will you do? Brahma-Weapon only kills a fleeing foe.
Ravana is not running, his net is coming, still four hands to go.

Rama pulls back hard and sends an arrow, as Ravan's net falls.
It takes sword hand off at the wrist, now Death to Ravan calls...

Three hands left and just one foot, Ravana's blood is being drained,
He sees Ram remove net, but deeply cut, swooning and very pained.

-- I have no more weapons, and now Rama can use the net! --
Ravana runs to pick up discus, fleeing instantly off the set.

The Brahma-Weapon comes quickly, as Ram's mantra starts...
His arms spread wide and from his brow speeds Deva Yama's Dart.

Target never saw the hit, between back's first bone and head of Ravan,
Who turns mid step, to have final darshan of Lord Ram.

FOUR

After death dart flew and sent Ravan's last head to the ground,
No horses were neighing, on Earth there was no sound.

Then swift out of Lanka, a messenger flies straight -
To bow before Lord Rama, with a letter too late:

"Beloved Rama, If you read this I must be dead.
I could never reveal my true intention, which must at last be said.

Fool that I was, I longed for Infinite Power.
You know I humbled the gods, in fear they all did cower.

One day I saw Sita, and heard she was yours.
Such a prize is more than enough to start wars.

I bow to your love for your Beloved Sita,

I only mourn my lost opportunity to see her face as now she greets ya.

But that alone was not my inspiration,
To kidnap a prince's wife, and cause such separation.

You are Lord Narayana, as Brahma whispered to me:
"All the powers you have Ravana, can never set you free.

Seek your Master Avatara, and bring him your last head -
Then (and only then) will you have it all, when you are really dead.

My Lord Ram, you are the Highest of the High.
How else can I be with you forever, unless by your hand I die?

I surrender to your love, which brought my head to your feet.
Just allow me to burn in your Divine Love's heat."

-- Ravana

Ram holds poem to his chest and raises weary head.
To behold Sita, from where he stands in puddle from all he's bled.

Reunited, but the story is not yet over.
Sita-Ram's luck is many more sided than a clover:

In Kosala Kingdom, they rule long together,
For all are thrilled to see Ram King,
Only when excitement dies, do the subjects -
Think and say an awful thing.

Rama always asks: "How are my people feeling?"
And advisors tell him that which would make normal Kings hit the ceiling.

On this occasion, they are reluctant to share the people's impressions.
Because the gravest consequences come attached to harsh lessons.

"Well," says Ram, "what do you want to share?"
"Sire, it has to do with time Sita spent in Ravana's lair."

"You mean they question Sita's purity?" Rama asks, "Is it true?"
"Yes, My King, they think she was forced to be doing what she oughtn't do."

"Oh God, how can I help them to be free from ill thoughts and happy?
Sita must clean her slate for all to see, but I'll have to set a trap!"

Bring Sumantra, I have an assignment for him now."
Sumantra comes as called, then finds Sita's room, and bows:

"My Queen, Ram thought that you might enjoy a picnic lunch,
By the holy river Ganga, while he finishes a meeting in a crunch.

He promises to join you there, as soon as he is free,
And that I prepare the site, and for you to go with me."

Sita, happy that Ram remembers her while busy in his worky,
Changes clothing for the outing, thinking -- How I love my Rama quirky --

They travel in royal chariot to edge of winding Ganga,
Then lay out the picnic so they can manga.

Across the river, in the forest, sits a hermit in samadhi.
An ant hill is built over him, since he long ago forgot his body.

An angel-god of inspiration, blows into his right nostril,
And awakens from within: "Get up and write with quill!"

-- Who disturbs meditation on Lord Brahma? --
-- Who dares come between us, simply to write down some drama? --

"Get up Valmiki, there is work for you to do."
The yogi hears this loudly in his heart.

-- I refuse to be disturbed for I-Know-Not-Who,
Tell me of one pure soul on Earth, and only then I'll start --

"Sita-Ram!" And loudly as thunder rolls across the plain,
Ant-hill sands begin to shift, and Valmiki knows he back in the game.

"But that was two names! Who are they? And what connection they to me?"
"Sita is the Queen of Love, sailing with her husband, who is Love's Sea.

Go to holy Ganga, and from there make your way."
Valmiki rises and stiffly walks to waters edge, fer sure,
And across sits Sita fair, nay, she radiates divine allure.

And just then Sumantra climbs back into chariot so fast,
Before she knows -- What happened? -- The horses leave in dust blast.

Dusty food and a blanket are all that's left to Sita.
When Valmiki wades across the holy river to meet her.

"My Queen, I have come to comfort you. I have a place for you to rest.
Tell me how you came here, and by your presence I'll be surely blessed.

Sita doesn't speak, she doesn't move, just sits hugging knees and crying.
When Ram doesn't come by dusk, -- How could my Beloved be lying? --

For three days she sits in silence, staring off toward Ayodhya.
If she doesn't go with Valmiki, she knows she soon will die-a.

The secret of her love, she just not share for months.
Until it becomes apparent, she'll be a parent in five months.

Valmiki finds one morning that inspiration with him again,
And visits the river alone, to meditate on Zen.

His hands reach for water, but what he grasps is so much deeper.
A vision of King Ram's life unfolds in heart-ripples of Sita's keeper.

Slowly words come swooning, from drunken lips of Ram's favorite yogi.
A song of Love's pure struggle, to re-unite with the Beloved,
Against Ravan the deadly roguey!

He calls it Ramayana, Lord Ram's Way, the Path of Love and how he lives it.
When Sita gives birth, there are twins, and it's to them Valmiki gives it.

Day by day, verse by verse, he teaches heart's-new-song.
They sing a bit each day to learn whole saga which takes them very long.

Finally, they know it all, from Ram's birth to his last party,
Which Valmiki says has just begun! So come, let's get a starty.

On the road, twin brothers Kusa and Lava, must practice hard.
They intend to sing for Ram their King, with Valmiki, Rama's Bard.

Mother Sita, stays home, in hermits dome,
She can't bear to return (to her Beloved uninvited).
Her children don't even know, it's to their Father they go,
And with Sita, they'd surely be sighted.

When those three arrive on the scene, Valmiki hermit and twin teens,
Then the singing starts in earnest.
People gather 'round, to hear such a sound,
Of pure devotion that burns like a furnace.

When Ram hears the tale: "Bring them in, without bail!"
He jokes, as they come and bow low, "Sing then children, sing loud,
And Valmiki be proud, for your song is inspired by God."

For a whole year do they sing, each day another part brings -
To light some aspect of Love.
Kusa and Lava steal hearts in harmony, but with such a mystery,
No finger-prints because they fit like a glove.

Rama looks closely, but can he tell? Their faces ring like a bell.
But why, whose children have come?

As the song finally ends, a woman appears in the crowd.
For coffee Ram sends, and asks: "Who are you two young men?"

Sita stands tall, to be seen there by all, and says loud:
"Behold Lord, here are your children!"

Only Valmiki's heart vision, could truly span the division,
As we were all three once banished.

Ram gets down from his throne, so they can leave together alone,
But Earth opens, and Sita jumps down into fires and vanished.

"The party is over, all go home now!" Ram speaks out,
"How could any question Sita's purity?" Still somehow they doubt.

Ram can't sleep that night; it's a no-win fight,
And in the morning he tells the kingdom his Final Decision:

"Sita was blameless, and I made a mistake.
Now I must abdicate the throne in her wake.
Obey my brother Bharata as you have once before,
I shall leave my body behind and see Ayodhya no more."

All wait silently to see what Ram will do.
As he walks out the city gates, all follow but one or two.

He arrives at Ganga's shore, right where Sita was left.
He cries at the thought of the pain she endured so bereft.

"Forgive me, Beloved." His last words come forth on rose-breath...
Hold it close and dive deep into river, bringing Real Death.

And many follow, diving after, a few still do today.
That is the story of love for the Beloved, there's nothing else to say.

"I was Rama, I was Krishna.
I was this one, I was that one.
Now I am Meher Baba."

Characters

Ahalya: First woman, who had all beauty
Bharat: Ancient name of India
Bharata: Rama's brother and King during the exile
Brahma: The Creator of All Life
Buck: Author of "divinely inspired" English novel Ramayana
Dasaratha: Rama's father and King of Kosala Kingdom
Guha: Made Forest King by Dasaratha, one of Shiva's favorites
Hanuman: The monkey, son of Wind and Rama's dearest friend
Indra: King of Angel-gods and heaven (New Soul-drop each 26,000 yrs.)
Indrajit: Ravana's son, who captured Indra with Illusion
Jatayu: The Vulture King
Jambavan: The Bear King
Kaikeyi: The 2nd Queen, Bharata's mother, orders Rama's exile
Kausalya: The 1st Queen, Rama's mother
Lakshman: Rama's brother and protector of Sita-Rama in exile
Manthara: The Queen Kaikeyi's bitter old servant
Mehera is Baba's beloved: "The Purest Soul in the Universe."
Meher Baba: See Rama
Nala: The monkey, son of Viswakarma, who built Ram's Bridge
Rama: See Meher Baba
Shiva: The Destroyer, whose third eye opened dissolves life
Sita: Rama's beloved, daughter of Earth, Mother of Lovers
Sumantra: The Royal Charioteer
Sugriva & Vali: The New Monkey King & The rotten Monkey King
Trijata: "demon" with heart, Sita's only friend in Lanka.
Valmiki: The First Poet who composed Ramayana
Vibhishana: Ravana's brother, who defected to work for Rama
Viswakarma: The Architect of the gods, who built Lanka City
Viswamitra: A brahmana and Rama's first Master
Yama: Angel-god of Death