

The Flute-Song of Lord Krishna, the Black God-man

At the ambrosial hour of the earliest dawn, a cow-girl, "gopi," lying in her husband's bed heard the flute-song of Krishna, the Black God-man. The ivory-white gopi loosened the embrace of her lightly brown-skinned husband, gently pushing away his leg atop hers. She slipped from the bed and wrapped her six-yard red sari around her body. She ran past the tethered cows, the calf gawking soulfully at her. In the village square, she met a dozen gopis, each attired in a red sari.

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Singing softly, a hymn to "Usha," the god of dawn, they walked slowly to the river bank, the birds

welcoming them as they passed under tree after tree. At the river bank, each gopi unwound her sari, folding it neatly, placed it under the giant deodar tree, in a row, the tallest gopi's sari first. Completely nude, holding hands, they slipped into the river. The flute-song resumed. Where the sound came from? They knew not. Splashing water at each other, the gopis frolicked till they started shaking in the cold water. One by one they clambered to the bank. The tallest gopi, the first to reach the shore, shrieked. Her sari was gone. The whole row of saris had vanished from the shore under the tree.

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Perplexed, they stood under the tree. Always their saris were safe, precisely as they deposited them in the row, tallest gopi's first, shortest last. Speechless, they exchanged sad glances with each other, frightened by the image of their having to make their way back to the village, completely nude.

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Suddenly, the flute song became louder as if coming from the tree-top. Raising their head, they saw the Black God-man sitting on a branch, playing his flute, with bundles of saris tucked in the crotches of the tree branches above his head. This was the first occasion any male had intruded into the customary ladies-only area of the river.

Seeing the Black God-man, the ivory-white gopis shuddered with their rising "kundalini" of sexual energy. Feeling unbearably hot, they, one by one, jumped back in the river. They stood in the river, beseeching the Black God-man to return their saris.

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His teeth flashing like jasmine petals, Krishna, the Black God-man, spoke: "Only after each of you comes, one by one, to the tree, and receives it from my hand." Promptly, the tallest gopi got out of the

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river and stood under the tree, her right hand covering her tawny pubic hair. The Black God-man frowned, saying, "You must join your hands, look East, salute the rising Sun-god. Only then shall I return your sari."

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In this way, the Black God-man inspected the delightful view of the pointed breasts and slender waist of each of the ivory-white gopis.

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The Universe devises new games to play with itself. Eternally.¹

¹ Lord Krishna and Krishna-Rada on Wikipedia: <https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Krishna>, <https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Radha>