

*kishorī ju ke, ratanāre dou naina*

*sarasa surati-rasa-sarasa prema-rasa, chuvata manahūñ dina raina  
ati rasa bhare nainahūñ te ati, sarasa rasīle saina  
ghāyala karata raina dina mohana, naina saina ati paina  
tadapi vikala pala pala dekhana kahañ, binu dekhe nahim chaina  
so 'kripālu' sukha kauna bhane jaba, bolati madhure baina*

**Meaning** - Kishorī Jī's eyes are extremely reddish. It appears as if the nectar of the most intimate kind of divine love, *premānanda*, (which surpasses even *brahmānanda*, the highest bliss of *gyānīs*) in its lusciousness, oozes from them day and night. Even more love-laden than Her eyes are Her ogles, which injure Shyāmasundara unceasingly. The unique thing is that Shyāmasundara still craves every moment to see these sharp side-glances. His heart refuses to experience even momentary peace without seeing them. **Jagadguru Shrī Kripālu Jī** says, "That bliss is absolutely indescribable when Kishorī Jī starts talking in Her immoderately sweet voice."