

*sakhī! ika, sapano dekhyom rāta*

*vanshī-vaṭa taṭa-taraṇi-tanūjā, haum ikalī rahi jāta  
auchaka lakhyom eka taham dhoṭā, sundara shyāmala gāta  
piyaro paṭa, kaṭi kāchhani kāchhe, mora-mukuṭa bala khāta  
kara muralī, gala-guñjamāla bhala, gati som hansa lajāta  
ati rasa bhare naina ratanāre, kajarāre madamāta  
kaṭi kiṅkini, paga pāyala sohati, mana mohata musakāta  
kham laum kaha sakhi! rūpa-mādhurī, koṭi kāma sakuchāta  
lakhatahim haum sakhi! bhai vasha tāke, baḍī burī yaha bāta  
yaha 'kripālu' kachhu bheda alaukika, jagā nā hota asa nāta*

**Meaning** - (Shrī Vṛishabhānunandini Rādhikā Jī's first meeting with Shrī Shyāmasundara.)

Shrī Rādhikā Jī is confiding to an intimate friend – “Oh *sakhi!* I saw a dream last night. I was walking all alone along the bank of the river Yamunā when I saw an extremely attractive dark-complexioned boy. He was clad in yellow garments. There was a *kāchhanī* tied around His waist and a peacock-feathered crown was swaying gently on His head. He was holding a flute in His hands and a garland made of *guñjā* flowers was adorning His neck. Oh *sakhi!* He was walking in such an intoxicated manner as to put even a swan to shame. His intoxicating eyes were filled with the nectar of love and were naturally of the colour of collyrium. He had a *karadhani* around His waist and anklets were adorning His feet. He was forcibly captivating the heart with His smile. Oh *sakhi!* To what extent can I describe His beauty? The only thing I can say about it is that even the beauty of crores of *Kāmadevas* put together seemed dull before His divine beauty. Merely a glimpse of His made me His slave; but this is very bad!” **Jagadguru Shrī Kripālu Jī** says, “There definitely is some divine secret behind this, for in the material world, no one ever falls in love with another in the state of a dream.”