

CAVITRI Paul Verlaine
(Maha-Baratta)

In order to save her husband, Çavitrî made a vow
To stand for three whole days and three whole nights,
Upright, without moving her legs, bust or eyelids.
Stiff as a post, as Vyāça describes her.

Neither Çurya, your cruel rays, nor the languor
That Tchandra comes to spread on the peaks at midnight
Managed to weaken, in their sublime efforts,
The thought and the flesh of this big-hearted woman.

— May Oblivion, that dark and dreary murderer, surround us,
Or the bitter darts of Envy take us as their target,
Just like Çavitrî, let's remain impassive,
But, like her, in our souls, have a noble intention.