Shiva Manasika Puja

शिवमानसिकपूजा

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O Shambhu, accompanied by Parvati, indeed unfitting words have been said about you by me. Towards expiation of this sin, somehow please accept the worship offered (by me).

How can I meditate upon you (perform DhyAnam), who are beyond the range of the intellect? O foremost among Devas, from which place can one invoke you (perform AvAhanam), you being all-pervading.

O Shiva, how large a seat must be set for you, who are seated all around? Whence can water for feet (PAdyam) or as a respectful offering (Arghyam) be given to you whose hands and feet are everywhere.

O Bhagavan! O Bhava! How can Achamanam (water to sip) be possible for you whose faces are everywhere? How can Madhuparka (milk and honey) be given to you, who favours the enemy of Madhu (Vishnu, the slayer of the demon Madhu).
What is the necessity of a bath, done with water, to one who is eternally pure? O Lord of the Devas, there is no use of a garment to you who wears only the directions.

O one who has the most auspicious one (Parvati) in your form! In all your limbs, snakes shine forth as ornaments. What sanctity can come through the sacred thread to you, who are beyond the Varnas and Ashramas?

O Lord! Are not perfumes redundant to you whose body is fragrant? Can I worship you with Pushkara (lotus) flowers, when you are the giver of Pushkara (abundant, complete) fruits?

O lord of all! You are the chief wealth of Rishis who value tranquility, so how can you be incensed (worshipped with incense)? How can even a flaming lamp burn bright before the self-effulgent one?

O Lord! Even ambrosial food, what does it mean to one who is always content? TO you, who is always pleasant-faced (or red-lipped), this betel leaf offering is duplication indeed.

O Lord of Uma! Whatever is effected by me, may all this be an
offering (to you). I shall perform Neerajanam (waving of lamps) with all my instruments (mind, body and speech) to the one who is manifest as diverse objects.

O Shambhu, best among Gods (or one wearing flowers on your head), what use does this handful of flowers have for you? O effulgent one! Of what use is an umbrella to one whose head is the sky, or a fan or fly-whisk to one who has conquered fatigue?

O Lord! How can dance be performed before you, the great dancer? O destroyer of the Tripuras! What music can be rendered before the primary teacher of the (Sama) Veda that is the source of all music.

O lord of everything! Who indeed can have the ability to play an instrument to you, the bearer of the Damaru (hand-held drum)? What rules of circumambulation can be followed towards you, who are all-pervading and immeasurable?

O Shankara! How can prostrations be offered to you, who are present all-around? How can my praises expound you, who are beyond the domain of words?
pure consciousness. Salutations to the radiance that is limitless in mercy and in glory

May this white radiance be in the path of my vision, that which wears the moon (enemy of the lotus) as crest-jewel, that which bears the Ganga (purifier of the sons of Sagara) on the head and that which has compassion overflowing from the eyes.

I seek refuge in the embodiment of consciousness, who has the Meru, the support of the earth, as a bow, has Brahma who is adept at creating this world, as charioteer and has Vishnu who is skillful at protecting the world, as an arrow and is the saviour of the world.

This (my) mind has been swallowed by some compassionate one devoid of all impurities, whose neck rivals the blue-lily, and half of whose body is Parvati (whose breasts are like ancestors to the chief mountains.)

Salutations to that object that has garments that has an abode with the peak of the silvery hill Kailasa, has bracelets with snakes, and that has a woman (Parvati) in half the body.

Not once do I consider any god apart from the one whose eyes
are diligent in making the lotus and lily bloom and close (i.e. whose eyes are the sun and the moon), and who wears the snake Patanjali (author of the Mahabhasya) as his anklet.

Beginning with Brahma, we are all the servants of the radiance that has pale red matted locks, that has blue-hued throat surface and that has a white form.

May my mind rejoice in the great brilliance that robs Manmatha’s pride, has lotus feet that were generous in granting eternal life to Markandeya (the son of the Rishi Mrikandu), and has side glances overflowing with the flood of compassion.

May devotion arise in me towards the supreme being who is the joy of the worlds, who sports with Parvati, who has a heart softened with love, and who takes on the task of protecting those who supplicate.

At this very time, may that incomprehensible object, that relegates the dark cloud with its throat’s brilliance, that has a wife in half the body, and that has a sparking (eye in the) forehead, be in front of me.

May my words of salutations be towards that resplendent one.
who has matted locks on his head, who is blue as a cloud in the throat region, and who is white in his entire body.

Enough of those inferior gods upon this earth, who do not have a lovely deer in their hands, who do not have a bull as vehicle, who do not bear Ganga on their heads, and who did not destroy Manmatha.

O ocean of mercy! Apart from you, to whom will I narrate my state? Who would have such a heart or such power? Who has the strength to deliver from distress?

O one wearing the crescent moon! I beseech you for some object which is not new. O Lord! Give me my own blissful nature (which I am unaware of).

O Lord! May my improper words not be held in your heart, those spoken due to childishness, or lack of devotion or agitation due to distress, or being enveloped by delusion.

O great god! If it is true that you are superior to all else in the universe, and the Vedas, Agamas and Puranas are accurate, and you have compassion for your devotees, then I shall surely, speedily have all my desires fulfilled.