

Night turned to morning. Encircling Lañkā there arose a
monstrous roar, proclaiming boldly victory for Rāma.

He left his golden throne and, morose, sat upon the ground,
alas, that Rāvaṇa, ruler of the Rākṣasas. Then
it was he heard terrifying sounds, the likes of crashing
ocean waves. Surprised, that finest charioteer inquired,
glancing toward Sāraṇa, "Speak plainly, O wise and best of
counselors, for what reason does the hostile throng shout, they
who through the night were miserable with sorrow. Quickly tell
10 me. Has that unfair fighter, stupid Saumitri, once again
revived? Who knows why the clan of gods, benign, would do such
a thing. That Rāma, who chained the ever-moving currents,
by whose force of *māyā* stones float on the water's surface,
who survives though slain in combat twice—is there anything
within this world of which he is incapable? Tell me,
I must hear, O best of ministers, what has happened now?"

Hands cupped in deference, that best of ministers replied
with regret. "Who comprehends gods' *māyā* in this world of
māyā, Indra among kings? Gandhamādana, sovereign
20 among mountains and a god by nature, came himself last
night bearing a panacea and resuscitated
Lakṣmaṇa, O king. That is why their legions shout for joy.
As at winter's end a snake possesses twice the vigor,

likewise champion Saumitri shows a renewed spirit—now
 intoxicated by the wine of valor. And so too,
 with Sugrīva, the southerners are enlivened, like a
 herd of elephants, my lord—one hears—with its lordly bull."

Disheartened, that finest charioteer, Lañkā's sovereign,
 sighing spoke, "Who can reverse the will of Fate? When vanquished,
 30 even immortals die, but that foe whom I had slain in
 face-to-face combat, did he revive again through divine
 might? O Sāraṇa, by my bad luck, even Kṛtānta
 has forgotten his prime duty. If once the lion sinks
 his teeth into the deer, does he ever let him flee? But
 what is the point of useless grieving? I knew then all was
 lost—when that sun, pride of Rākṣasas, set in darkness, when
 my brother Kumbhakarṇa, the utter likeness of the
 trident-bearing Śambhu, died in war, as has now our prince,
 victor over Vāsava, a second Śaktidhara
 40 in this world.¹ For what purpose do I cling to my own life?
 Shall I yet again regain them both upon this earth? Go,
 my Sāraṇa, to the skilled charioteer Rāghava.
 Tell that champion: 'Rāvaṇa, the wealth of Rākṣasas, O
 great-armed one, begs this of you—stay with your army in this
 land for seven days, forgoing all hostilities, O
 charioteer. My sovereign wishes to perform his son's

cremation rites properly. Observe the warriors' code of
 ethics, Raghu monarch. A warrior always proffers due
 respect to brave opposing warriors. By your strength of arms,
 50 O hero, golden Laṅkā, bearer of brave warriors, is
 now warriorless. You are to be praised among the warrior
 brotherhood. You grasped the bow at an auspicious moment,
 gem of men. Kind Fate has shown you favor; and, by divine
 authority, the king of Rākṣasas now finds himself
 in jeopardy. Good warrior, grant today a foeman's wish.'
 Hasten now, best of ministers, to the camp of Rāma."

With praises to the Indra of the Rākṣasas, that most
 excellent of counselors, his entourage in tow, set
 forth. Without a word, the warders opened wide the gateway
 60 loudly. In measured steps that minister of Rākṣasas
 moved out somberly toward the ever roaring ocean's shore.

Inside his tent sat his lordship, jewel of the Raghu
 clan, submerged within a sea of bliss. In front of him stood
 Saumitri, monarch among charioteers, like a tree
 now free of snow with new sap flowing, or like the moon in
 full phase in a joyous sky, or like a lotus, at night's
 end, full blown. And on his right, the Rākṣasa ally, that
 hero Vibhīṣaṇa, with all the generals—those most
 difficult to overcome in war—as though the Indra

70 of the gods were flanked by warriors from among the god clan.

Promptly, a courier relayed this news in brief:

"A minister from the clan of Rākṣasas, Sāraṇa,
my lord, renowned throughout the world, is at the entrance to
our camp, accompanied by his retinue—what is your
order, gem of men, please tell this thrall of yours." The best of
Raghus declared, "Bring at once, courier, with courtesy
that most excellent of counselors to this place. For who
does not know that in combat messengers must not be slain?"

Sāraṇa then stepped inside the tent and spoke (praising those
80 two royal feet), "Rāvaṇa, the wealth of Rākṣasas, O
great-armed one, begs this of you, 'Stay with your army in this
land for seven days, foregoing all hostilities, O
charioteer. My sovereign wishes to perform his son's
cremation rites properly. Observe the warriors' code of
ethics, Raghu monarch. A warrior always proffers due
respect to brave opposing warriors. By your strength of arms,
O hero, golden Laṅkā, bearer of brave warriors, is
now warriorless. You are to be praised among the warrior
brotherhood. You seized the bow at an auspicious moment,
90 gem of men. Kind Fate has shown you favor; and by divine
authority the king of Rākṣasas now finds himself
in jeopardy. Good warrior, grant today a foeman's wish."

The Raghu lord replied, "The greatest of my enemies,
 O Sāraṇa, is your master. Nonetheless, by his grief,
 I tell you truly, I am most aggrieved. Whose heart would not
 be consumed at seeing Rāhu devour the sun? The kingly
 banyan tree who, in forests, burns beneath the sun's fierce rays,
 he too at such a death is ashen faced. In times of woe
 one's own and an outsider are alike to me, O best
 100 of ministers. Return to golden Laṅkā. I and my
 forces shall not take up arms for seven days. Tell the lord
 of Rākṣasas, O learned one, persons firm in acting
 in accord with *dharma* do not ever strike another
 follower of *dharma*." The hero, speaking thus, fell mute.

Head bowed, the minister of Rākṣasas replied, "You are
 the finest of the clan of men, jewel of the Raghus;
 in learning, intelligence, and might of arms you have no
 equal in the world. This action of yours is quite fitting,
 hear me out, magnanimous one. Do good men ever do
 110 improper deeds? Just as hero Naikaṣeya is the
 ruler of the Rākṣasas, so you, O Rāghava, are
 sovereign among men. At some star-crossed moment—excuse my
 emotions, charioteer, I beg before your feet!—but,
 at some star-crossed moment, the two of you encounter one
 another as though bitter foes. Who can alter edicts

made by Fate? That same Fate, O great-armed one, who created
 Pavana as hostile to the sea, who made the Indra
 among beasts the foe of Indras among elephants, the
 Indra of the birds antagonistic to the serpents.

120 It is through deceit wrought by His *māyā* that Rāghava
 is the enemy of Rāvaṇa—whom else can we blame?"

On securing such a favor, he sped home in great haste
 to where the lord of Rākṣasas sat quiet, his vestments
 moist from outpourings of tears, ah me, grief stricken. Meanwhile,
 the sovereign among men gave his chiefs the order. Gaily
 each cast off his battle garb and, in his own tent, rested.

Where sat Vaidehī in the Aśoka grove—as, alas,
 sat chaste Kamalā beneath unfathomed seas, apart from
 her husband—to there came Saramā, Rājalakṣmī of
 130 the Rākṣasa clan, clad in wifely Rākṣasa attire.

With praises to those lotus feet, that gentlewoman sat
 before her. Maithilī, speaking in honeyed tones, queried,
 "Please tell me, moon-faced one, why have this city's residents
 wept and wailed these past two days? I listened fearfully to
 war cries from the battlefield all yesterday; forests shook—
 as though from earthquakes—underneath those warriors' distant foot-
 falls; in the sky I noticed arrows, leaping like fire's flame
 tips; at the close of day, the Rākṣasa forces backtracked

to their city to triumphal shouts while musicians played
 140 a stirring air. Who won? Who lost? I implore you, tell me,
 please, Saramā. My agitated heart, alas, dearest,
 feels no solace. Here I know not whom to query. I get
 no answer when I ask the sentry women. And, O friend,
 hideous Trijaṭā, that red-eyed one, sharp sword in hand,
 looking ever so like Cāmuṇḍā, came to cut me up
 last night, blind with rage. But these sentry matrons held her back;
 and that is why, my sleek-haired one, this hapless thing yet lives.
 My heart yet flutters when I call to mind that fell one."

Chaste Saramā replied with sweetest speech, "It is your good
 150 fortune, lucky one, that Indrajit has lost his life in
 combat. Hence Laṅkā mourns so, day and night. Finally, my
 lady, that heroic king of Karbūras is weakened.
 Mandodarī whimpers; the women of the Rākṣasa
 clan are overwhelmed with grief; joyless are the Rākṣasa
 charioteers. On the strength of your virtue, lotus-eyed,
 your brother-in-law, skilled charioteer Lakṣmaṇa, did
 in combat that of which the gods were unable—he slew
 him who had bested Vāsava—invincible worldwide."

She of the pleasing tongue responded, "You are to my ears
 160 Suvacanī incarnate, always, in this city, my
 dearest, O Rākṣasa wife. Praise Saumitri, a lion

of Indras among warriors. At a very auspicious
 moment did my mother-in-law, Sumitrā, conceive, O
 friend, a son like him within her womb. Now at last, perhaps
 Fortune, in its mercy, has thrown open wide my prison
 doors. Rāvaṇa, most nefarious of charioteers,
 now stands alone in Laṅkā. Let us see what happens—let
 us see what further grief is written on my forehead.² But
 listen well. Gradually the wailing sounds intensify,
 170 friend." Said Saramā-Suvacanī, "The Indra among
 Karbūras, by treaty with the Indra of the Raghu
 clan, is taking to the ocean's shore for funeral rites
 his son, chaste one. For seven days and nights, in this land of
 Rākṣasas none shall bear arms in hostility—this pledge
 the gem of men made at Rāvaṇa's request—an ocean
 of compassion is that Indra among Rāghavas, your
 highness. Pretty Pramīlā, the Daitya woman—her heart
 splits in two, O faithful wife, when she contemplates all this
 —pretty Pramīlā, who to the funeral pyre will give
 180 her body, she, a chaste wife seeking for her husband—O
 you who are devoted ever to your husband—she will
 enter the godly city of divines today. Did not
 chaste Rati die along with her life's lord when Kandarpa,
 my gentle woman, burned to death in Hara's anger's fire?"

That Rākṣasa wife, already wet from the water of
 her tears, sobbed, overflowing with anguish. Then she who is,
 as Sītā, compassion incarnate on the surface of
 the earth, she who by another's sorrows is herself made
 sad, spoke—eyes suffused with liquid as she told her friend, "I
 190 was born at an ill-omened time, Saramā Rākṣasī.

The lamp of joy, companion, I extinguish always in
 whatever house I enter, I who am the essence of
 inauspiciousness. Fortune has inscribed this wretched luck.
 My husband, finest among men, just see, is banished to
 the forest. And a forest exile, O dear girl who bears
 auspicious markings, is my husband's brother, high-minded
 Lakṣmaṇa. Confidante, over sorrow for his son my
 father-in-law gave up his life. Ayodhyā city is
 now dark, my dear. The kingly throne sits vacant. Jaṭāyu
 200 succumbed by strength of fearsome arms from monstrous forces while
 defending to the death the honor of this humble slave.

Now over there—that Vāsavajit, because of me, the
 luckless one, he too is dead and all of those Rākṣasa
 charioteers—who can even count their number? Now will
 die that youthful female Dānava, incomparable in
 beauty in this world. At the start of spring, ah me, such a
 bloom is made to wither!" "Your fault," responded Saramā,

wiping back her tears, "whatever are you saying, pretty
 one? Who was it stripped away and bore you, golden creeper,
 210 here, first having tricked the king among the mango trees? Who
 plucked the lotus of the Raghu's fancy and brought her to
 this land of Rākṣasas? By the fruits of his own deed is
 Lañkā's ruler ruined. What more can this humble servant
 say?" Most doleful, Saramā wept. At the sorrow of the
 clan of Rākṣasas, Rāghava's beloved wailed in that
 Aśoka grove, saddened from the sadness felt by others.

The western gates swung open with the noise of thunder. Out
 came thousands of Rākṣasas, hands clenching golden staves from
 which fluttered silken banners. In file they walked on either
 220 side of the royal way. Silent were those standard bearers.
 Ahead of all there went the kettledrums upon the backs
 of elephants, drums which filled the land with solemn booming;
 on foot came soldiers, row by row; then horse columns and the
 elephants; charioteers in their chariots, driven
 at a measured pace; and the instruments of music made
 their mournful sounds. As far as one could see, that joyless throng
 of Rākṣasas proceeded toward the sea. Their glittering
 gold armor overwhelmed the eye. Their golden banner-staves
 shone with sunbeams' brilliance. On their heads were diadems;
 230 on belts hung scabbards; hands held spears; from eyes, alas, ran tears.

Out came the warrior-women (Pramīlā's maidservants), in
 valor just like Bhīmā, beautiful as Vidyādhari,
 clothed in battle dress—Nṛmuṇḍamālinīs mounted upon
 black horses—sullen faces, ah yes, like Night without her
 Moon. Teary streams flowed unchecked, dampening their uniforms,
 dampening their mounts, dampening the earth herself. Some sobbed
 openly; other women cried in silence; some gazed toward
 the Raghu army angrily, eyes filled with fire, as a
 tigress (once ensnared) stares at the nearby hunting party.

240 Aha, where is that laughter, light of lightning? Where are those
 darting sidelong glances which are capable of piercing
 all in passion's combat? Amidst the women sentries pranced
 Vaḍabā, unsaddled, empty of her beauty, as a
 stalk without its bloom. Female servants all about waved their
 fly-whisks to and fro; there walked with them a train of ladies
 weeping all along the way; a tumult rose into the
 sky. Pramīlā's heroic garb shone resplendent, loosely
 draped upon the back of Vaḍabā—sword, armor, quiver,
 bow, and diadem, aha, studded with such priceless gems.

250 A jeweled waistband, her coat of mail interlaced with gold—
 both of them now lackluster; for the waistband, yes, recalled
 her thin waistline, while the coat of mail remembered her high
 pair of lovely breasts, like peaks of mountains. Slave girls scattered

cowry shells, parched rice, gold coins, and the like; songstresses sang
woefully; Rākṣasīs beat their comely bosoms, weeping.

Out came chariots moving slowly, among them was that
best of chariots, rich hued, lightning's sparkle on its wheels,
flags, the colors found in Indra's bow, on its pinnacles—
but this day it was devoid of splendor, like the empty
splendor of an idol's frame without its life-like painted
image, at the end of an immersion ceremony.³

The Rākṣasa charioteers let out an awful wail,
beside themselves, pounding chests at times with tremendous blows.

Inside the chariot blazed the fearsome bow, quiver, shield,
falchion, conch, discus, mace and other weapons; a fine
coat of armor; a crown like concentrated sunshine; and
all the rest of the heroic accouterments. Singers
sang their songs of pathos, bemoaning the Rākṣasas' plight.

Some strew gold coins, as trees cast off their flowers when they writhe
in violent storms. Water bearers sprinkled scented water,
keeping down dusty billows which had ceased to tolerate
the footsteps' burden. Toward the seashore moved that chariot.

Upon the cushion of a gold palanquin, bloom-strewn, sat
pretty Pramīlā beside the body—as Rati in
the mortal world accompanies disembodied Kāma.

A vermilion dot upon her forehead, round her neck a

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garland, bangles ringed her lotus-stalk-like limbs; ornaments
 of many sorts adorned this wifely Rākṣasa. Females
 wielding fly-whisks wept and waved their fine fans up and down, while
 280 others, crying, flung flowers hither and yon. With sadness
 now uncontrolled, these Rākṣasa womenfolk wailed aloud.
 Where, alas, was that light which ever glowed upon her moon-
 like face? Where, ah me, that charming smile which always shone so
 beautifully upon those nectared lips, as the maker-
 of-the-day's rays on those *bimba*-like red lips of yours, O
 lotus? Vowed to silence, that moon-faced one turned heart and head
 toward husband, as though her lord were present now. When the king
 of trees withers, so too wastes away the vine, that lovely
 bride who chooses for herself her bridegroom. A prodigious
 290 throng of charioteers filed out on either side, in hand
 bared swords off which flashed sunbeams, as luster from their golden
 armor stunned the eyes. And all about, those learned in the
 Vedas recited scripture aloud; the *hotrī* priest, while
 carrying the sacred fire, recited the great *mantra*;
 sundry ornaments and articles of clothing, sandal
 paste, musk, saffron, flowers, and vermilion were transported
 by the Rākṣasa wives on golden platters; gold jars held
 sacred Ganges water. Everywhere were lamps of gold which
 glowed. Huge *dhāka* drums reverberated, smaller *dhola*

300 drums resounded, and *kārās*, tumbler-shaped percussions, barked,
 small cup-like cymbals clanged, *mṛdaṅga* drums and hollowed gourds
 were played; dish-round gongs and conch shells blared while those among the
 Rākṣasis not widowed, moist with tears, called out *ululu*—
 ah, an auspicious sound on that most inauspicious day.

Out stepped the king of Rākṣasas, Rāvaṇa, dressed in white,
 white shawl and garland of *dhuturā* round his neck, as though
 about the throat of Dhūrjaṭi himself. On all four sides
 but at a distance stood his ministers, heads bowed. Silent
 was that sovereign of the Karbūras, eyes full of tears, and
 310 silent his counselors and those best of Rākṣasas who
 wielded some authority. Bringing up the rear, weeping,
 were residents who lived within that Rākṣasa city—
 the children, women, and old men. That city, empty now,
 grew dark as Gokula without Śyāma. Slowly, toward the
 sea they moved, awash in tears. Sounds of mourning filled the land.

His lordship spoke to Aṅgada in mellow tones, "Go with
 a thousand charioteers, O prince and hero, and in
 friendly fashion accompany the Rākṣasa legion
 to the ocean's shore. Go cautiously, good warrior. My heart
 320 is agitated by the misery felt by Rākṣasas.

At such times of crisis, I do not distinguish others
 from my own, O prince. Since, on seeing champion Lakṣmaṇa,

the ruler of the Karbūras, remembering what has
 taken place, might anger, you, prince, go instead. Crown-jewel
 among kings, your father bested Rākṣasas in combat;
 kindly, courteous one, perform this act to honor him."

330 With ten hundred charioteers went the gracious warrior
 Aṅgada, heading seaward. And in the sky the god clan
 gathered—the sovereign of the divines on Airāvata,
 along with his fine-figured woman, the ever youthful
 Śacī, and peacock-bannered Skanda with his peacock flag,
 a general and the enemy of Tāraka. In
 a multicolored chariot arrived charioteer
 Citraratha; upon a deer there came the monarch of
 the winds; Kṛtānta rode his monstrous water buffalo;⁴
 in his own Puṣpaka he drove—the Yakṣa, sovereign of
 Alakā; Night's husband came, that peaceful fount of nectar
 who pales before the power of the sun; the smiling twins,
 Aśvini's sons, were there, and many other gods. Godly
 340 dancing girls appeared, and the Gandharvas and Apsarās,
 Kinnaras and Kinnarīs. Artfully the instruments
 of heaven sounded through the skies. Gods and sages came from
 curiosity, as did other residents on high.

They reached the seashore whereat Rākṣasas quickly built a
 proper pyre. Bearers brought sweet scented sandalwood and ghee

in quantities. With sacred Mandākinī water, those
 Rākṣasas washed carefully the corpse, then dressed it in fine
 silken garments, and placed it on the pyre. Solemnly, their
purohit recited *mantras*. Having bathed her body
 350 in that sacred place of pilgrimage, the ocean, the most
 chaste of faithful wives, that pretty Pramīlā, divested
 herself of ornaments and jewels, bestowing them on
 all those present. With obeisance to her revered elders,
 that one of honeyed speech addressed the group of Daitya maids
 saying sweetly, "O companions, after all this time my
 life today comes to an end in this arena of the
 living. Return, all of you, to our Daitya homeland. Speak
 politely at my father's feet, Vāsantī, all the news.
 And to my mother." Alas, the tears began to stream. That
 360 chaste wife kept silent—the Dānava women sobbed out loud.

Then a moment later, holding back her grief, that pretty
 one spoke up, "Tell my mother, that which Fortune wrote upon
 the forehead of this humble servant finally today
 has come to pass. To whose hands my parents gave this humble
 slave, it is with him, my dear, I go this day—within our
 world what refuge is there for a wife without her husband?
 What more shall I say, my friend? Do not forget her, dearest
 ones—this is Pramīlā's most earnest plea to all of you."

That purest wife then mounted the pyre (as though onto a
 370 floral throne) and sat with peace of mind at her husband's feet,
 a garland of full-blown blossoms wrapped around her chignon.
 The Rākṣasa musicians played, and aloud those versed in
 texts recited from the Vedas. The women Rākṣasa
 gave out auspicious calls of *ululu* which, when joined with
 ululations, rose into the skies. Flowers showered all
 around. The Rākṣasa maidens, as was proper, proffered
 sundry ornaments and articles of clothing, sandal
 paste, musk, saffron, vermilion and so forth. The Rākṣasas
 carefully arranged on all four sides sharp arrows smeared with
 380 ghee, arrows used for killing beasts, just as is done the ninth
 day during Durgā Pūjā in households of the Śākta
 devotees, O Śakti, before your altar's pedestal.

The monarch of the Rākṣasas stepped forward, then spoke with
 anguish, "It was my hope, Meghanāda, that I would close
 these eyes of mine for the final time with you before me—
 transferring to you, son, the responsibility for
 this kingdom, I would set out on my greatest journey. But
 Fate—how shall I ever comprehend His *līlā*? That joy
 eluded me. It was my hope to soothe my eyes, dear lad,
 390 by seeing you upon the Rākṣasas' regal throne, on
 your left my daughter-in-law, the Lakṣmī of this clan of

Rākṣasas, as consort. Futile were those hopes. For due to
 fruits of a previous birth I observe you both today
 upon the throne of Time.⁵ That sun, the pride of Karbūras,
 is forever swallowed up by Rāhu. Did I serve with
 care Śiva just to gain but these ends? How shall I ever
 turn back now—ah, who can tell me how I might return to
 Laṅkā and our empty home? By what feigned consolation
 shall I console your mother— who can tell me that? 'Where are
 400 my son and daughter-in-law?'—queen Mandodarī, when she
 asks me, 'For what pleasures did you leave them at the seashore,
 sovereign of the Rākṣasas?'—what shall I say to make her
 understand? Alas, what can I say? Son. Preeminent
 of warriors. Victorious in battle always. Little
 Mother, Lakṣmī of the Rākṣasas. For what transgression
 did Fate write this cruel pain upon the monarch's forehead?"

At his Kailāsa home, Śūlī was beside himself. His
 matted hair tilted to one side upon his head; with a
 vicious roar his serpents hissed; from his forehead flames leapt forth;
 410 the Tripathagā poured down her frightful crashing waves, like
 swiftly flowing streams through mountain caverns. Mount Kailāsa
 shook violently. In panic the universe quaked. Fearful,
 faithful Abhayā, hands cupped humbly, addressed Maheśa,

"For what reason are you angry, lord? Tell me, your servant,

please. He died in war, that Rākṣasa, by Fate's decree. Do
not blame the Raghu warrior. If you wrongly harm him, lord,
first burn me to ashes." And at that, Mother hugged his feet.

With feeling, raising Satī, Dhūrjaṭi replied, "My heart
breaks, Nagendra's daughter, from the Rākṣasas' woe. You know
420 how I love the champion Naikaṣeya. But, for your sake,
Kṣemaṅkarī, I forgive that Rāma and his brother."

To Agni, god of fire, Trisūli commanded sadly,
"Sanctify them by your touch, you who are most pure, and bring
at once to this auspicious home that Rākṣasa and wife."

In the form of lightning streaks, Agni ran to earth. Then at
once the pyre burst ablaze. All, startled, looked upon that
fiery chariot. There on a seat of gold within the
chariot sat the warrior, vanquisher of Vāsava,
in celestial form. On his left, pretty Pramīlā whose
430 splendor of unending youth shone from her graceful figure
and on whose honeyed lips, a smile of everlasting joy.

With great speed that best of chariots climbed its skyward path
as the god clan in concert rained down flowers, and the
universe filled with blissful sounds. The Rākṣasas put out
those brilliant flames in streams of pure milk. With utmost care they
gathered up the ashes and immersed them in the ocean.

Having washed that cremation site using water from the

Jāhnavī, Rākṣasa craftsmen by the thousands built with
golden bricks a temple on the spot where stood the pyre—
440 that temple's lofty spire, cleaving clouds, rose to the sky.

After bathing in waters of the sea, those Rākṣasas
now headed back toward Laṅkā, wet still with water of their
grief—it was as if they had immersed the image of the
goddess on the lunar tenth day of the Durgā Pūjā.
Then Laṅkā wept in sorrow seven days and seven nights.

Thus ends canto number nine,
called "funeral rites,"
in the poem

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The Slaying of Meghanāda