

## Prayers of Queen Kuntī

Oh Krishna! As the river Ganges forever flows to the sea let my mind,  
my being be constantly drawn to Thee.

Oh most gentle, Oh original personality, Master of the senses, seated  
in the hearts of all that be, existing both within and without, seeing  
all, but seen by none. Unto You I offer all of my respects.

Oh Krishna! Oh Soul of the Universe, beyond the range of our  
perception covered by the curtain of misconception we are  
bewildered by Your movements. Though You work You are inactive,  
though You take birth You are unborn, and though You descend  
amongst men, sages, animals and aquatics You are the  
transcendent reality. And although You are unknown, above all  
that be, You reveal yourself to the surrendered souls who worship You  
in the core of their hearts. Unto You I offer all my respects.

Oh Krishna, Oh eternal Master and Friend once when You were a  
small child Your Mother Yasoda took a rope to bind You, Your  
perturbed eyes filled with tears and though fear personified is afraid  
of You at that moment You were afraid. How can I understand  
these things?

Oh my Lord, I offer all to You, Oh Lord Who's glance is as cool as a  
lotus, Who protected us from a great fire, from a poison cake, from  
cannibals, from the vicious assembly of the Kurus, from suffering in  
exile, from a fierce battle and from a devastating weapon, You  
befriended us and stayed with us and guided us through all  
tribulations. I offer myself and whatever I have unto You.

My Lord Your loving kindness and mercy often come clothed in  
strange guises enveloped in a shroud of tribulation, yet our journey  
through life is made easy by these hardships You provide.

Oh Lord, let us not falsely claim that this world is our home. Let us  
not ever forget that this place is full of danger. But let the calamities  
come again and again that we may remember You and meet with  
You again and again. For by remembering You we no longer meet  
with repeated birth and death.

*O Krishna, those who always hear Your glories, who always repeat Your glories, who always see You in all things, and who always take pleasure in Your pastimes certainly find shelter at Your Lotus Feet.*

*My Lord You can be easily approached, but only by those who are exhausted by sensual pleasure unimpressed with opulence, unimpressed with fame and wealth, with prestigious birth, with scholarship. Only by those who are finished with idle talk, finished with mundane beauty, finished with all forms of religiosity.*

*My Lord I am not afraid to be abandoned by luck or good fortune, by friends or relatives. I am not afraid to be handled roughly. I am not afraid to wander the streets homeless like a beggar. I am not afraid to be cast away, condemned, quarantined or exiled. Oh most gentle, most holy, most merciful Master help me, prepare me. Do whatever is necessary to render fit this unworthy soul for entrance into your eternal abode.*