May that Effulgence of Tripurasundari, who is in non-dual relation with Śiva protect us. She is seated on the Blissful seat supported by the five protectors of the world, Brahmā etc. In Her hands, are held the bow, arrow, noose and the goad.

I salute forever that Divine consort of Śiva (Purārī) seated on that venerable seat of yoga in a subtle form in the innermost recess for deep behind the five sheaths, the outer gross body etc., that are seen as the head, wings, tail, body and so on.
O Bhavâni, Thou rest in Thyself and be wholly free after completing Thy sport (of creation etc.) in this Universe in the form of Brahmâ and others. I praise that Blissful form of Thee that stands transcendent beyond the means of knowledge, the knower and the object of knowledge.

O Devi, just for sport Thou divide the One Consciousness into two entities, Śiva and soul. Thou give soulness to Śiva and possibly Śivahood to the soul (the soul, however, being allowed to remain a soul in case of spiritual immaturity).
O Mother, some people manipulate the Mūlādhāra, stabilise the vital air in the heart (the centre of Anāhāta) negotiate the mind in the centre between the eyebrows and get back. Ultimately they reach Thee in the form of Truth-Consciousness-Bliss and attain Śivahood.

In spite of the physical body being the source of suffering, in spite of the enemy, children, wife and wealth being the source of fear, it is astonishing that none is averse to this worldly life! How indeed can any one attain true knowledge without Thy grace?
A person has no longer any attachment to his body, wealth, children and wife on being made aware of the Truth by a really great preceptor. Such a person engages himself in deep meditation when a flash of light crosses his mind, blissful in nature. That indeed is truly thyself.

Sages assess the nature of the Universe in diverse ways. One holds that it is unreal, another that it is real, yet another that it is partly real and partly unreal, still another holds that it is but an evolute of prakṛti, and another that it is mere intellect. But we, to be sure, understand it as Thy-self and hence clinging to Thee.
The fivefold ‘kala’ viz., nirṛtti, pratiṣṭhā, vidyā, śānti and śāntyatītā and the subsequent twentyfive tattvas serve only Thee, O Supreme Devi, the aspect that is non-different from Śiva.

(10)

अगायेद्व संसारक्त्र निम्नः  
कल्रादिभारण खिन्यं नितान्तः।  
महामोहपाशौथव्रत्न निरान्मां  
समुद्रतुष्मन्त्र तपैवेत्र शक्ता॥ 

O Divine Mother, Thou alone art capable of redeeming me who is bound by the bonds such as the powerful delusion for a long period and extremely broken by the weight of mundane life in the company of wife and others; and thus I remain submerged in the fathomless depth of marshy land of the cycle of transmigratory existence.

(11)

समास्थ्य मूलं गतो-ब्रह्मचरे  
भवद्विष्वचक्रेश्वरीयामभजः।  
महासिद्धसंयातकल्पुत्रामभा-  
नवायाम्बतनादनुपासे च योगी॥ 

O Divine Mother, the yogin worships the manifestations of ‘Nāda’ that are like the celestial tree that grants the great ‘siddhis’ and which identify themselves with the abodes of the goddess presiding
over the various divine centres of Thee beginning with mūlādāhāra and culminating in the Brahmācakra.

(12)

गणेशग्रहिन्य नक्षत्रप्रक्ष्टतः
तथा योगिणीराशिपेरिन्त्रमूः ।
महाकालमात्रामामामृत्य लोकं
विधते कृति वा स्थिति वा महेशि ॥

O Maheśvari, Thou in whom Ganeśas, planets, stars, yogins, zodiac and Pithadevatās are found inseparable, assume the role of Mahākāla and protect the Universe by creating and sustaining it.

(13)

लस्तारहारामतिस्वच्छेदलं
वहन्ती करे पुस्तकं चाक्षमालामूः ।
शरणबन्धकोटिग्रामामासुरां त्यां
सकुञ्जाचारवन्नभारतीविभम्मः स्यात् ॥

One who meditates even once, the Holy Mother shining with the lustre equal to that of a hundred autumnal moons, wearing a bright sparkling necklace and extremely pure garment, holding in her hands a book and a string of rosary, will become dear to the Goddess of Learning.
Those who reflect on Thee with the face that is lustrous like a thousand rising suns, who by her effulgence reddens the countless Brahmāṇdas, and who holds in her hands, bow, arrow, chord and goad will stupefy even the god of Love.

One who meditates, in his heart, on Thee, whose face is reddened with the gem-studded ear ornament, who wears a green garment, whose jewels are illumined by the lustre of her own body that is sparkling like molten gold, will no longer be associated with the fleeting goddess of Fortune.
This verse is not translated as it is esoteric in character intended to be initiated to the competent few by a genuine, śakta preceptor. ‘Mantrarāja’ is the Devi mantra with fifteen aksaras. In the Yantrarāja Śrīcakra Śiva is ‘bindu’ and ‘Devi’ is trikoṇa. Attention is invited to relevant ‘Tāntric texts’ which prescribe several modes of upāsanā and use of mantras.

Others who pursue various paths get depressed in spirits; they then meditate on Thy ‘bindu traya’ and get immersed in the ocean of extraordinary bliss. They never encounter again birth in the mother’s womb.
O Consort of Śiva, even those who worship Brahmā and others who are but drops in the ocean of Thy noble qualities and who derive their authority by the mere sportive looks of Thee, cross the ocean of the circle of birth and death. This indeed is a great honour to Thee.

(19)

कदा वा भवत्तादपौऽतेन तूर्णा
भवाम्बधिमुच्यतीय पूर्णंतरकः।
निमज्जन्ते मेनु दुराश्वाविषाल्योऽ
समालोक्य लोकं कथं पुर्वदासे॥

When shall Thou take me expeditiously across this ocean of mundane existence with Thy feet as boat so that my mind will be filled with Thee? How can Thou remain unconcerned in regard to this humble soul that Thou see before Thy eyes drowning in the ocean of unseemly avarice?

(20)

कदा वा हृषीकाणि साम्यं भजेयुः।
कदा वा न शान्तुर्मित्रं भवानि॥
कदा वा दुराश्वाविषाल्योऽविलोप:
कदा वा मनों से समूलं विन्दुयेतु॥

When shall my sense organs attain the state of equipoise? When shall I cease to look upon another as either a foe or a friend? When shall I be rid of the
disease of wicked avarice? When shall my mind completely cease to function (in the manner it does)?

(21)

O Devi Gauri, I yearn to offer my word of obeisance to Thy pair of lustrous lotuslike feet that shine like radiance of a lamp placed on the row of gleaming crowns of the Creator and other gods.

(22)

I reflect on the Divine Mother who bears on her tresses the disc of the moon, wears on her bosom excellent necklace, holds in her hands the sweet (sugar-cane) bow and an arrow (of flowers) around which bees hover and whose eyes swirl excitedly. She is the sole object of love of the victor of Cupid (Siva).
I pray that my nose smell only Thy (flowery) arrows, tongue taste only Thy (sugar-cane) bow, eyes perceive only Thy form that is purple like 'Japā' flower, skin feel only Thy camphor, ears hear only Thy qualities and mind be engaged only about Thee.

I adore the Holy Mother who is an adept in the cosmic acts, who excels the parrot in her speech, who wears necklaces on her bosom, who is the vast ocean of compassion, who is beyond the shores of the ocean of transmigratory existence, who is far away from the power of sins, who is the very essence of the Vedas and who is the dear consort of Śiva.
(25)

My mind sticks fast to Thee, O Mother, who is the essence so to say of the ocean of ambrosia, the stream of supreme knowledge and bliss and who is on the left side of the foe of Cupid (Śiva). She is seen in the golden hall supported by gem-studded pillars made of ‘śāla’ trees, in the midst of fully blossomed ‘nīpa’ trees situated in the island of precious gems.

(26)

The Holy Mother is pleasing with her tremulous glances and a row of fragrant flowery arrows; the Universe is her magic work; she is on the yonder shore of the ocean of misery; she has her abode in the heart of sages; she is saluted by the guardian deities; her heart throbs with love; her sportive acts are sweet like nectar.
(27)

This magic show of the world is put up, O Mother by Thee; Thyself art moving with the sense organs (of souls) among the various objects of experience; Thou alone art the doer and enjoyer. Neither merit nor sin cling to me, neither bondage nor release is there for me.

(28)

Without realising the truth about either me or Thee I have, out of sheer exuberance of love towards Thee said something of no consequence; O Mother, this audacity of this young lad may amuse you. Be pleased, however, to accept this prattling of praise of this humble self.

चातुर्यम्