

sharp teeth. His brilliance resembled the sun at the time of dissolution. His snort was long and his roar tremendous. His feet were short. His limbs were of diverse colours. His form as the boar was of matchless firmness which assured his eagerness to be victorious, and he went down quickly.

59. For a thousand years his downward course continued. From that time onwards Viṣṇu came to be called “Śvetavārāha” (white Boar) in all the worlds.

60. A Kalpa had elapsed according to human calculation when Viṣṇu thus went down and wandered in his eagerness to come out victorious.

61. The Boar did not find even the smallest trace of the root of the Liṅga. O, destroyer of enemies, I too spent the same time in going up.

62. From a desire to know its top as quickly as possible I exerted myself and was exhausted. Unable to see the top I came down after some time.

63. Similarly, lord Viṣṇu, the lotus-eyed, too became weary. Appearing like the lord of everything in his huge body he too rose up.

64. As soon as he came up, we bowed to Śiva again and again. He stood aside with a gloomy mind as he too was deluded by the illusion of Śiva.

65. We bowed down to Liṅga at His back, sides and in front. He mused within himself “What can this be?”

66. “That form can’t be directly expressed. It is without action and name. Without any sex-distinction it has become a liṅga. It is beyond the path of meditation.

67. Both of us, Hari and I, with the peace of our minds, became eager to perform obeisance.

68. “We do not know Thy true form, what Thou art Thou art, O great lord. Obeisance be to Thee, O Maheśāna. Please hurry up to reveal Thy form to us.”

69. Thus performing obeisance and prayer to quell our earlier pride, O foremost of sages, we spent a hundred autumns therein.