

वाचा वक्तुमशक्यमेव मनसा मन्तुं न वा शक्यते
 स्वानन्दामृतपूरपूरितपरब्रह्माम्बुधेर्वैभवम् ।
 अम्भोराशिविशिर्णवार्षिकाशिलाभावं भजन्मे मनो
 यस्यांशांशलवे विलीनमधुनाऽऽनन्दात्मना निर्वृतम् ॥ ४८३ ॥

*vācā vaktumaśakyameva manasā mantuṁ na vā śakyate
 svānandāmṛtapūrapūritaparabrahmāmbudhervai bhavam,
 ambhorāśiviśiṛṇavārṣikaśilābhāvaṁ bhajanme mano
 yasyāṁśāṁśalave vilīnamadhunā''nandātmanā nirvṛtam. (483)*

483. Impossible for speech to express, impossible for the mind to conceive is the splendour of the ocean of the supreme Brahman, replete with the swell of the nectarine bliss of the Self. In an infinitesimal part of It my mind merged like a hailstone in the ocean, is now content with the essence of that Bliss.

A change of metre is adopted here to suit the song of ecstasy.

It is impossible to express in words the experience of Infinitude. It is not possible to think of that experience with the mind. It is the glory of the ocean of the supreme Self which is immortal joy. This glory is the unending infinite Bliss of my own real nature:

Overflowing bliss, eternal and immortal, is the ocean of the infinite Self, whose glory can neither be expressed nor thought of. When I go there, 'I' cannot exist; when I come back, 'I' cannot explain.

‘What happens to you at that time?’

‘ambhorāśi-viśiṛṇavārṣikaśilābhāvaṁ bhajanme mano.’

‘My mind becomes exactly like the hailstone fallen in the ocean.’¹

¹ Here one remembers Śrī Ramakrishna’s parable of the salt doll entering the ocean to measure its depth and becoming the ocean itself being essentially of the nature of the ocean.