
СОФИЯ ВЕРДИ



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Аннотация

The poem "The Eye of Shiva" is a philosophical lyrical narrative inspired by ancient myths but addressing the eternal questions of modern times. The plot centers on the fate of the God Shiva, who suffers the tragic loss of his beloved Sati. His grief plunges the world into darkness and chaos, and only a new love—the devoted Parvati—can awaken the ascetic and restore hope.

However, the poem goes far beyond its mythological plot. It is a parable about the choice between good and evil, the suffering of the Earth, tired of human cruelty, and the great power of prayer. Through dialogues between Shiva and the Moon, the Earth, and a simple shepherd, the author, Sofia Verdi, guides the reader along a path from despair to purification. Picturesque scenes (the dance of swans, the conversation of trees, a night spent by the fire) are intertwined with intense spiritual quests, reminding us that light is always possible if love and faith dwell in the heart.

София Верди Око Шивы

Sophia Verdi

The book "The Eye of Shiva" is dedicated to two brothers, Sammy Kotwani and Andy Kotwani, whose love for their homeland, its culture, and their faith in God inspired the writing of this poem.

The Eye of Shiva

Why embrace the darkness when there is light?

Abstract

The poem "The Eye of Shiva" is a philosophical lyrical narrative inspired by ancient myths but addressing the eternal questions of modern times. The plot centers on the fate of the God Shiva, who suffers the tragic loss of his beloved Sati. His grief plunges the world into darkness and chaos, and only a new love—the devoted Parvati—can awaken the ascetic and restore hope.

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Shiva is life! Shiva is breath!

Shiva is hope and love!

Shiva is faith in all that is beautiful!

Shiva is all that shall begin anew!!!

Chapter 1

I will tell of Shiva's fate,

How in life he loved but one—

His radiant wife, his cherished spouse.

The gods desired to live in harmony.

She was a faithful, loving wife,

With beauty not of earthly life.

How tenderly she cared for him,

Obeying Shiva in all things.
In Sati Shiva found his soul's delight;

Their home was filled with happiness and peace.

With tenderness he loved his Sati fair,

And gave her only fondness, gentle care.
And holding her within his arms,

He met each beautiful sunrise.

The meadow flowers smiled at them,

So they lived for many years.
But one day sorrow came to them,

Shiva's tears flowed into the sea.

With Sati held forever in his heart,

The melody of life dissolved in memory.
The story will unfold like this:

A grand festival once took its place,

Sati's father marked the joyful day,
While a reciter spoke in rhythmic grace.
Shiva was not dear to the father,

And he did not invite him there.
This deeply wounded daughter's heart,

And patience from her did depart.
Sati knew her husband's pride,

And all the power he held inside.

One should not offend great Shiva so—

From that affront all sorrows grew.

Yet Sati's father would not heed,

Resolved to slight him by the deed.

Through thoughtless action he had sought

To strip him of the respect he ought.
Sati wept through all the night,

And her husband could not calm her.

In the morning, full of sorrow,

She left her home and went away.

Sati saved her husband's honor,

And cast herself into the blaze,

So her husband would be honored

In the world as God be worshipped.

A darkened veil spread far and wide,

And all His friends in sorrow cried.

With aching soul Lord Shiva said:

“Where now is she with whom I wed?”

In proud and solemn solitude

He chanted sacred mantras slow,

And in His visions, deep and vast,

He formed Sati's image, soft and whole.
Shiva meditated through eternity,

Afraid to ever let her go;

And through the passing of millennia,

Shiva must be awakened now.
The tale that follows now shall be

Of Shiva's second spouse.

Let us softly chant the mantra,

And step into another fate.

CHAPTER 2

For Shiva, family is the main thing,

The only value of all life.

He withdrew deep within himself,

And could not bear to watch the dawns.

Evil seized the world in that time,

All people lived in fear on Earth.

No seed was left in any place,

All burned in darkness, suffering and pain.

Life itself seemed to be dying,

The sun no longer warmed anyone.

Only the sky poured down above,

So that life might be reborn and grow.

Neither the sun nor heaven's might

Could withstand when evil walked in light.

Then Brahma came with Vishnu near—

“How'll we bring back goodness here?

We must awaken Shiva's might,

And life return to earth and light.

We must unite Him once again,

And strike His heart with love's sweet flame.
Let us call Kama to appear,

So Shiva may rediscover love;

A son must be born to Shiva's line,

To fight the darkness from above.

And Shiva had a faithful mate,

Who loved him through the years of fate.

But he did not respond to her call—

For Shiva was an ascetic all.

Yet still she dreamed and still she stayed,

Her love for Him more strongly swayed.

To prove her heart and love so true,

She clothed herself in forest's hue.

Parvati was her given name,

She longed to bear Shiva's son of fame.

No trials could ever make her flee—

They tempered her with strength to be.
All the time Parvati was praying,

And asking Shiva: “Be with me.”

In dreams the Moon to her was saying:

“Soon Shiva shall come and meet.”

“I am ready ever praying,

All trials ready I to bear,

Only let Shiva wake from slumber,

And come to me, his presence share.”

And Brahma with Vishnu awoke Him,

And sent the arrow of love to Shiva.

His peace was broken in that moment,

And He became enraged with Kama.

Shiva grew terribly angry,

And the alarm was not in vain.

From Shiva's eye there burst out fire—

And Kama perished in its ire.

And Parvati was loudly praying,

As though she called Him ever more.

Shiva, awakened, heard her praying,

And chose to wait and come down to her.

And Parvati did not yet know it,

All day in silence she would stay;

Her heart was light, she could not show it—

Then came a knock upon the window.

She quickly stepped outside the door,

A beggar stood there, blind and helpless.

Exhausted, hungry, weak and worn,

He whispered: "I came a long way to you.

Could you give me a cup of water?

You have so much of kindness here.

Why are you sad, so noble-hearted,

And standing all alone in tears?"

She gave him then a jug of water:

"Here is some food, take it with you.

Can I assist you in some other matter?"

"I must be going—night is due."

"Where is it that your path is leading?

You ought to gather strength anew."

"My road is strange, its sense still fleeting—

The meaning of this life I seek anew."

He gently took her hand within his own,

And asked her: "Whom are you waiting for?

With him you surely find no love, no home!"

And trembling, she cried out: “You lie!

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.

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