

INFANT SONG OF A SON OF THE KAGYÜ GURU

From the first I felt some kind of longing
For as long as I can remember, I've had a broken heart.
Thinking of you now, I realize that nothing is wasted.
I bow down with clumsy gesture to the ultimately real:
 the fruition, the path, and the origin.

You, the essence of my heart,
You cause the sun to rise.
You cause the seasons to progress
And the elements to show their power and their beauty.
When I think of you, I tremble and feel like an insect,
So fragile that in a moment my life might be snuffed out.

You are the key to heaven, the one who lights the lamp of nondual
 wisdom
You are the constant star that lights the way of the traveler
You are the Ocean of Dharma, the ultimate amrita that dispels all
 sickness and disease
You are the bliss in the mind of the practitioner
You are the essence of dharmadhatu, full and empty.

In reality you are Vajradhara, beyond thought, beyond evidence.
Simply thinking of you, mind merges with the ultimately real.
To you, the essence of the buddhas of the three times,
I will prostrate eternally.

When I look at my mind, a question arises.
When I look at the question, mind arises.
When I look at mind, there is a churning.
When I look at that activity, I cannot find a starting point.

When I let it be that way
My mind becomes one with space, just as smoke rises to
the ceiling.
When my mind becomes one with space
There is unspeakable, ungraspable experience.
When I look at that experience
There is nothing but luminosity.

When light and experience combine
There is the simultaneous birth of the trikaya.
When there is simultaneous birth
There is unshakeable conviction.
From unshakeable conviction which has no name
The phantom frightens itself and disguises itself as mind. This
disguise is the mother of all the buddhas.

Although I cannot speak with any real sophistication
Just a simple taste of my guru's table wine
Makes me so intoxicated that I say silly things.
My real wish is that all sentient beings achieve release from
suffering.
Beyond that there is nothing to wish for.

*This verse was written at the Kalapa Court on the 30th of May, 1980. May
all beings be happy and prosperous. SARVA MANGALAM.*

