

## From the Glorious Realm of Vajradhatu

From the glorious realm of Vajradhatu  
You, the only father guru,  
Have expressed the ultimate truth  
For the benefit of all sentient beings.

Remembering your kindness to me and others  
I prostrate to the incomparable vajra master,  
Karma Ngawang Chökyi Gyatso Kunga Sangpo,  
None other than Vajradhara himself.

Here in retreat my thoughts seem to dwell on you  
And on the time we have spent together  
Naked and lonely I think about you and try to write  
my true feelings  
Afraid of mistakes, timid and poor, I hesitate, unable  
to speak.

Everywhere there are tears and useless maneuvers  
Being intelligent doesn't make any sense  
My devotion is lacking in substance  
Hiding behind my own confusion I think of you  
And am overwhelmed by the expansiveness of your mind  
Please have compassion toward me and be tolerant  
of my ineptitude.

You asked if I knew that you were my father  
And rightly so!  
What is a father's duty?  
Only a father can teach his son  
Only a father can be worthy of trust  
Only a father can, with extreme care, bring his son  
to maturity.

A son is ignorant  
Has no tongue to speak with, no skill  
He fumbles, trips, cries, feels foolish  
But the father can correct his path and point out the way.

With the wisdom and compassion of a father's touch  
You take my hand, knowing my fears, my frailty  
Because of such tenderness, I see who my father is  
You display the Buddha's courage toward your son  
Of this there is no doubt.

With you there is nothing to say  
Yet because of you I say something  
Through inspiration something comes out  
But no trace is found.

Memories, hopes, and fanciful thoughts  
Have no place to rest  
Looking for myself, I don't find anything  
Who is there to give up the struggle?

The truth is quite plain  
In all experience nothing solid remains  
There is only the legacy, the inheritance that has no name  
My father's house has many doors, but only one key.

*Written with intense love and longing at Karmê Chöling on the  
22<sup>nd</sup> day of September, 1976, by your son, Ösel Tendzin, who  
previously had no name. If anything I have said is not true, I beg  
your indulgence. Please continue to turn the wheel of the dharma  
and to remain with us in your vajra nature.*

