

## JOURNEY THROUGH A PRACTITIONER'S MIND

Incomprehensible the object of veneration,  
The seed of the tathagatas,  
The one who shows the naked mind as dharmakaya.  
When we recognize your true face,  
The brilliance of the sun is still dark.

To you, the one without equal,  
Again, with curled lips and stuttering speech I make this supplication.  
Although you must be very tired of me, I still cannot speak in any other way.  
Please protect me and guide me through this passage.  
Without you the phantom of hope will be our constant companion.

People in this world are concerned with reputation:  
    they always puff themselves up.  
People in this world are concerned with bread and butter:  
    they always cheat.  
People in this world are concerned with how they feel:  
    they always avoid pain.  
People in this world are concerned with how to get out of this world:  
    they always scheme.  
When they come to their deathbed they shriek and scream to themselves,  
    "Who can help me?"

People who hear the buddhadharma begin to wonder.  
People who hear the buddhadharma begin to hesitate.  
People who hear the buddhadharma begin to question.  
They think, "Could this be so? Will I die like this?"  
They think, "There must be some other way."  
People who hear the buddhadharma look for protection  
    against the bitter winds of passion and aggression.  
People who hear the buddhadharma begin to wonder.

If we are fortunate we have a body which is healthy.  
If we are fortunate we are born in a place where virtue is esteemed.  
If we are fortunate we are born in a time  
    when a buddha speaks the true dharma.

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Realizing our good fortune, we feel so dumb  
that we cannot even speak.  
For such a long time we have been deaf and dumb.

Because of the auspicious imposition of the precious dharma  
At this point we are like so many young blue jays:  
Unafraid of the unsuspected danger  
We fly haphazardly into a meditation hut  
And squawk with youthful vigor.

Having landed in a foreign place,  
Unable to retrieve our memory of birth,  
We struggle and flap.  
Beating the wings of conceptualization  
We create the wind of realization.  
This is a fortunate accident which only comes from a proper birth.

Even as a young bird is trapped in a cage  
So we ourselves are trapped in a world of illusion.  
As we exhaust ourselves in our desire to escape  
So this world is transformed from a cage into a palace.

From the very beginning the question of birth is nonconceptual.  
Realizing this, I become as one little blue jay.  
If the wind of karma does not produce a favorable existence for me  
Then still I am thankful to have such an opportunity to flap my wings.

Bird's nest produces the fledgling of awakened mind.  
If nobody brings the food then there is no blame.

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