

ENDLESS RECOLLECTION

No time to feel tired now
No time to make dreams into memories
No time to hesitate thinking
No time to lazily back off into life
No time to be a lover
No time to pay debts
No time to think about the future
No time to mend the fences of old wounds
 that never happened
No time to be Hamlet
No time to play the great historical figure
No time to be historically, hysterically, precisely mindful
No time to jump carelessly across the endless
 ocean of samsara
No time to think twice
No time to utter sacred mantras under the breath
No time to create sacred space with gestures
No time to forget the past with colorful pictures
Nothing left but this pure dharma in inescapable felicity
Not known by those who cherish bad times.

Opening the umbrella of compassion,
White all around with silver spokes, gold shaft,
 and diamond handle,
The glorious guru shows the mandala as orderly chaos
What is said and done is the beautiful utterance
 of incomprehensible nonthought
The restless beauty of mind folding in upon itself.

Written with the one-pointed consciousness that has no doubt by the dharma holder of the Kagyü, often called Ösel Dorje Gyurme Tendzin by the Buddha Karmapa, at the place called Shangri-la in Peacham, Vermont, this 26th day of April, 1987.