

## **I MISS THE KARMAPA**

I miss the Karmapa  
I miss unobstructed confidence  
I miss opening a door without hesitation  
I miss proclaiming dharma without politics.

I miss the Black Crown of Avalokiteshvara  
I miss the shock of realization  
I miss the Cadillac  
I miss the fact of richness.

I miss the best possible world we ever, ever had  
I miss the king of dharmas  
I miss everything that ever was and ever will be.

I miss the gold shoes  
I miss a gold watch  
I miss gold teeth, gold eyes, gold ears, gold smile  
I miss a couple of gold birds  
I miss the fact that nothing happens.

I am a wind sweeper of eyelashes  
I am the last person through the metal detector  
I am saying goodbye to the Karmapa continually  
This goodbye remains as Mahakala in my mind.

The kindness of the Karmapa is awakened mind  
If it is possible to attain enlightenment  
It is only through the grace of the Lord Karmapa  
By chance, a small drop of awakened mind fell  
on my head.

The truth of the matter is  
What cannot be said is not known  
What is said is spontaneously known  
From guru Saraha to the present day  
The mahamudra is expressed as unobstructed, luminous  
mind with little to be said for itself  
There is nothing accumulated  
Whatever goes next is what has happened before.

This spontaneous song, hard to hear, hard to say,  
is open-heart surgery  
Having said this, I retire into what is obviously real  
This is the end of the rambling of a real poet  
No kidding.

*Remembering the Karmapa, who would occasionally grab my  
cheek and say, "Ösel Dorje Gyurme Tendzin," I, his student,  
wrote this with one-pointed devotion. I dedicate this to the  
Practice Lineage, which expands unceasingly through its own  
purity. Written on this 3rd day of December 1987, at the glorious  
palace of the vajra guru known as Bhumiipali Bhavan, at the  
dharma place of the Karma Kagyü, Karmê Chöling.*

