

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.

