

## 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 30<sup>th</sup> of  
May, 1980. May all beings be happy and prosperous.*

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