

## Ruptured Song

This universal declaration is compounded by the face of reality.  
I have no stick to unearth the treasure source.  
Still with one-pointed mind  
I supplicate the unoriginated unborn dharmakaya.

Causing people to weep brings a flood of compassion  
Which irrigates the field of bodhi.  
You with four faces  
Stir up confusion in the dharmadhatu.  
Your only concern is the union of breath and stone.  
If mind exists then we should prostrate.  
If mind does not exist, then we should meditate.  
If mind both exists and doesn't, then we should proclaim.  
If mind neither exists nor doesn't exist then we should realize.

The self-existing illusion of reality  
Is a bird with no wings.  
Which flies underground  
And therefore creates the sky all at once.  
This pure perception has not been mentioned by anyone.  
Just like a candle when lit  
Is bound to go out eventually  
So therefore this understanding is bound to diminish.  
Only a fool hides a candle in the dark.  
If by chance the coincidence arises  
That fire meets earth  
That word meets mind  
That body meets its own existence  
Then this verse makes sense.

With a moan that hoots  
I proclaim the inexhaustible essence  
Given to me on a silver platter.  
I am still a beggar who delights  
in the freshness of a cloudy day.

VROT  
RMDC  
6/1/80: