

Celebrating Toast

In our lineage
We can get blood from a stone
We melt fire with ice
We rest on peaceful clouds when riding the wind.

From the snow crest of the highest mountain
We see the world of anguish
And rain tears of sadness
Enriching the fertile soil.

If you are to wear the warrior's armor
And protect and defend the glorious banner
Forge the indestructible metal of true confidence
By recognizing your own intrinsic dignity.

The three jewels and the precious one—
What more good fortune can appear?
Pull up your socks and tighten your belt
Look forward with unconcerned naiveté.

With a gentle wounded heart and mind of no thought
Join in the vajra company
And trample the dense jungle of obstacles
By yourself.

*Charlemont, Massachusetts
16 November 1978*