

Song of Cheerfulness

Hoisting the victory banner of the conquerors
I make this proclamation—
That which has no origin can never be destroyed.

Dancing on the corpse of ego
I enjoy the play of phenomena—
That which is originally pure can never be corrupted.

Remaining intoxicated by the amrita of my guru's blessings
I am cheerful for no reason—
Pleasure and pain are one in mahasukha.

Listening to the ravings of my own mind
I am once again reminded of the cosmic joke—
What a precise and jewel-like instruction
The flute-like utterance, "It's up to you."

*Newton, Massachusetts
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