ODE OF DELIGHT UPON RECOGNIZING THE MOTHER

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by

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O Lama, how to repay your kindness for showing me The naked reality of emptiness clothed in profound dependent origination! How marvelous that is! Please stay unceasingly in the center of my heart.

I shall sing a few verses about what has suddenly inspired my mind.

It seems that, like a small crazed child who's lost
His darling mother for so long,
I'm about to know that ancient one
– lost through lack of recognition only—
Who was kindly with me all the while.
Since Sir Dependent Origination reveals her in a hidden manner,
I'm prone to think, "That's she! That's she!
Yet upon closer examination I wonder, "Is that really she at all!"

म्सिट्ट स्ट्रिस्ट स्ट्र स्ट्र स्ट्रिस्ट स्ट्र स

All that apprehends and is apprehended are the mere vicissitudes of Mother's smiling face;

Birth, death, and transmigration, false terms apparent in her description. Infallible Mother, while you elude me deluded, I'll put all hope of refuge in Sir Dependent Origination.

[र्यः यश्चित्रः क्रीयः प्रकारणाम् अस्ति व्याः व्यः व्याः व्यः व्याः व्याः व्याः व्याः व्याः व्यः व्यः व्यः व्यः व्यः व्यः व्यः

Truly, dear old Mother, my hope of liberation lies only
In the kindness of your being singular in aspect,
For, if apprehended and apprehender were really dual as they appear,
Indeed, even the status of the Buddhas of the three times would be
powerless to protect me.

However, since these diverse dependent changes are merely manifestations of my changeless mother, For sure one can become liberated.

सि.श.ट्रेच.क्च.म्री.सी.ट.भ्रींच्या.सीटी शि.श्यपु.ताट.चया.चु.सी.सी.पट्या.सूच शि.सच्य.त्व्या.त्या.चु.श्री.पट्या.सू शि.सच्य.त्व्या.त्या.चु.श्री.पट्या.सू शि.सच्य.त्व्या.त्या.चु.श्री.पट्या.सू शि.सच्य.त्व्या.त्या.चु.श्री.पट्या.सू शि.सप्त.त्या.सूच.त्या.सूच शि.सप्त.त्या.सूच.सूच्या.सूच शि.सप्त.स्या.सूच्या.सूच्या.सूच्या.सूच्या शि.सप्त.स्य.सूच्या.सूच्या.सूच्या.सूच्या.सूच्या

My mother's ineffable and ultimately nowhere fixed, She's everywhere in disguise as "over here" and "over there" reliant. In fact, this is all that is to be understood. When searching for my old Father he's not to be found, For instead of finding him I find my old Mother. Why? Because one only finds old Father in Mother's lap. Thus, it's said that I'm the protected child of these kind parents.

श्चित्रं त्रात्मात्रं त्रात्मे त्रात्म

In the mirror of Sir Dependent Origination Mother's face is neither identical nor distinct, As if she existed there without ultimate apprehension. Crazy as I am, though, I never analyzed this in detail.

The legacy of Nagarjuna and Chandrakirti, strewn upon the winds, Was retrieved in full through the deeds of Tsong Khapa-Mañjushrigarbha. Thus, the difficult task of prolonged search has been curtailed And new hopes stirred of seeing the face of my old Mother who was right here with me all along.

|ट्योवाःक्कीःमः क्ष्यः खेवाः पक्क्तः तमः क्षेटः क्षे| |क्ष्यायः चितः यट्ये न्यायः स्वायः प्यायः विवायः विवायः विवायः विवायः विवायः विवायः विवायः विवायः विवायः विवायः

There are some bright-minded ones among us nowadays who,
Being attached to terms such as "steadfast abidance" and "true establishment,"
Yet leave vibrant appearance right where it is.
Hence, it seems they're looking for the horn of a hornless beast
as the object of refutation.

|क्ष.अ.मेब.ब्र.ट्र.स्वाय.त्यंवाय.तट्वा.स् |वायट.तवावा.अ.स्वाय.तप्त.तचट.यचट.अट.शट.ग |जट.जट.पुट.पुट.द्यंवाय.तप्त.चचट.वा |श्चित्र.चत्र.क्ष.व्यंवाय.तप्त्यंवाय. Though giving endless explanations, in short,
They fail to unravel the salient points
And make no mention of vibrant appearance
on Mother's unobstructed face.
I fear that old Mother meanwhile is likely to make her escape.

पिट्यापट्याभुन्भिन्विग्धिन्विग्धिन्याम्या

Although things do indeed exist, it's not in this Thorny incongruous way that they now appear, For it seems our parents' inseparable relationship Is far more intimate and quite compatible for sure.

Though scholars of Vaibashika, Sautantrika, and Chittamatra, and the three learned ones of the Svatantrika,

Ascribe all manner of terms to the object of negation – let's see:

"It has a form like that of a white elephant";

"It is matter with the grin of a lustrous tigress";

"It's a crazy brainless monkey";

"It's a full-grown bear steadfast in its non-duality," and the like,

- Yet our old Mother evades them all.

विद्याक्ष्यः स्वाप्ताक्ष्यः स्वाप्ताक्ष्यः स्वाप्ताक्षः स्वाप्ताक्षः स्वाप्ताक्षः स्वाप्ताक्षः स्वाप्ताक्षः स्वाप्ताक्षः स्वाप्ताः स्वापताः स्वापत

Also, even though scholars of the Sakya, Nyingma, Kagyu, and Drugpa traditions Make proclamations using all manner of terms such as:

That's all very well and good if these terms are aptly applied.

However, I wonder whether they're not just putting a finger in their own nose!

क्षित्रं वे अत्यान् विषय् क्ष्यं त्रक्ष्यं व्यक्ष्यं विष्यं व्यक्ष्यं विष्यं व्यक्ष्यं विष्यं व्यक्ष्यं विष्यं विषयं विषय

There's no need to get flustered, Vaibashikas and Sautrantikas,

You who propound the substantial existence of external objects,

Be happy and take delight!

All you Chittamatrins, though there's no apperception,

Be happy and take delight, for there's still a correct way to measure and validly ascertain reality.

Eastern Svatantrika scholars, although things are not established by their own characteristics,

You can relax and take delight in the variegated nature of dependent arisings.

You who hold the instructions of the Lineage, no need to have the slightest worry

For clarity of mind and emptiness are not a contradiction but still supreme.

No need to cling to the good, you mystic Nyingma yogis,

For, though primordially pure, both good and bad still conventionally apply.

You old sages weighted with realizations, no need to get excited,

For, through contrived meditation still the innate appears.

You rigid Kagyu Drukpa logicians, don't get so nervous,

It's still best to assert existence and non-existence free of elaborations.

[&]quot;Self-cognition of the non-apprehended clear-emptiness,"

[&]quot;Samantabhadra's own face of essential purity and spontaneous presence,"

[&]quot;The innate, uncontrived Mahamudra," and

[&]quot;Free from assertions of non-existence or existence,"

र्त्त्वा विवा चिट्ट व स्ट्रेन्ट स्ट्रिय विच्ने स्ट्रिन्ट स्ट्रिय स्ट्

Well then, those of you who are little trained in the scriptural system, It's not that I don't have respect for you,
But maybe you just don't know how to apply conventional terms.
Anyway, please forgive me if I've caused you any aggravation.

विद्याः मुन्नवायः तस्य स्थान्यः स्थानः स्थान्यः स्थान्यः स्थान्यः स्थान्यः स्थान्यः स्थान्यः स्थानः स्थानः स्थान्यः स्थानः स्थान्यः स्थान्यः स्थानः स्थानः स्थानः स्थानः स्थानः स्थानः स्यानः स्थानः स

Though I'm no youth endowed with omniscience,
Still I'm devoted and constant in my scholarly endeavors
And quite skilled at navigating the intricate waters of our forefathers' scriptural system.

Just so do I hope to liberate others from all peril.

किट्र अव म्ना अव त्या हो त्य क्ष्या अवव स्टर्धिय विद्वार अव क्ष्या के त्या हो त्या क्ष्या क्या क्ष्या क्ष

There's no need to search outside, for the searcher himself is what is sought. Do not grasp at true nature, for it is a lie.

And don't refute what is taken for false for that is still conventionally true. It's best to rest in what is neither extreme – of nihilism or eternalism.

|याव,व,परीया,त्राच्युव,पस्ट,त्र्य,या |त्राच,व,परीया,त्राच्य,प्रम्या |त्राच,व,परीया,त्राच्य,प्रम्या

Though I've no direct experience of seeing my Mother, Through just the mere mention of her name It's as if I were meeting right here before me My kind parents whom I'd lost for so long.

|त्राःक्क्ष्यःयनःश्वरःदेतःकेर्दे| |द्वरः क्वः व्वः व्यः वः त्रायः देवः केर्दे| |द्वरः क्वः व्वः व्यः वः व्यायः देवः केर्दे| |प्यायः देवः प्वचं व्यवसः सुः सः सः सक्रेटः दे

How extraordinary is the kindness of Arya Nagarjuna and his spiritual sons! How magnificent is the kindness of Je Tsong Khapa Losang Drakpa! Dearest thoughtful Lama, I have nothing but gratitude for your immense kindness! Let me make an offering then of my meditation to the Mother as a way to repay you.

Through the great feast of all these noble deeds
Gathered by this child of meager wisdom in the encounter with
His ultimately unborn and inexpressible dear old Mother,
May she lead all migrators to the state of eternal bliss.

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E MA!

How marvelous!

AH OH!

I, Rölpe Dorje, dance out of sheer delight!Hurray! Now let me beat the drum right hereAs a display of my joy and offering of gratitude to those Most Precious Jewels.

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