**Vimalakirti’s Throne**

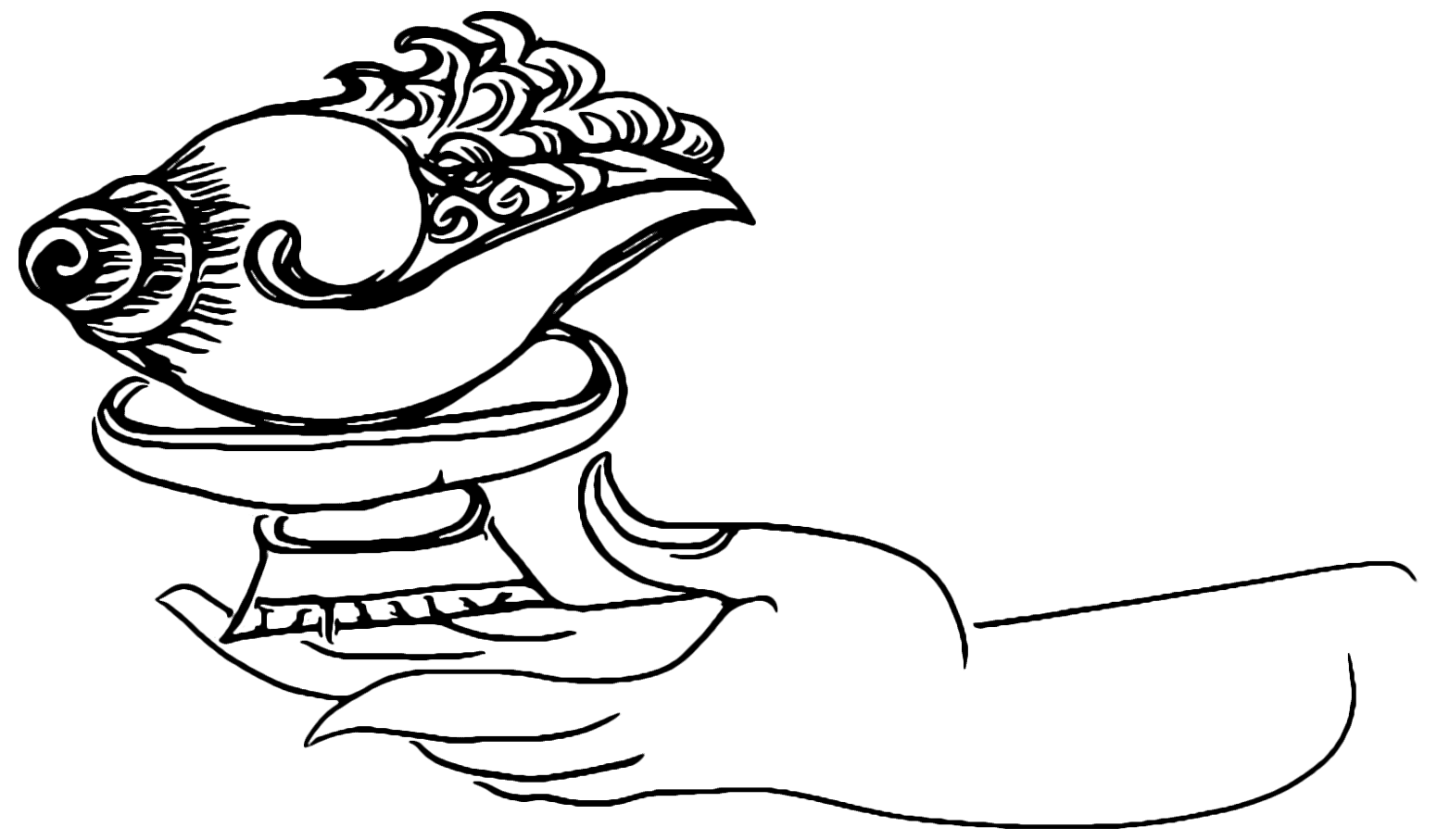
**Spontaneous Long Life Prayers and Yogic Songs   
in English, Tibetan, and Spanish**

***Dr. Ngakchang Karma Yeshe Namgyal Dorje Rinpoche***

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*Introduction, English to Tibetan Translations, and Calligraphies by* ***Lama Anam Thubten Rinpoche***

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**ABOUT THE AUTHOR**

Ngakchang Karma Yeshe Namgyal Dorje Rinpoche incarnated into Jambudvipa on the 26th day of May during the month of Shakyamuni Buddha’s birth in the Tibetan calendar Year of the Wood Monkey (1944), on a ranch in Artesia, California. Rinpoche remembers having visions of Guru Rinpoche and other Buddhist Wisdom Deities beginning at the age of three. On Saga Dawa (Buddha Moon), March of 1975, he received Vajrayana Refuge and was introduced to the Dharmakaya True Nature of the Mind by the Very Venerable 4th Karma Thinley Rinpoche.

Lama Yeshe Rinpoche, as he is known, completed both the Karma Kagyu and Dudjom Tersar ngondros, received teachings, empowerments, practice instructions with over 108 Dharma Masters from the four major schools of Vajrayana Buddhism, and completed extensive retreat practice. His Teachers include: H.H. the 16th Karmapa, H.H. Dilgo Khyentse Rinpoche, H.H. Dungse Thinley Norbu Rinpoche, H.H. Jigme Phuntsok Rinpoche, H.H. Dodrubchen Rinpoche, H.H. Penor Rinpoche, H.H. Sakya Trizin, H.H. the 14th Dalai Lama, H.E. Chagdud Tulku Rinpoche, H.E. Namkhai Drimed Rinpoche, H.E. Gangteng Tulku Rinpoche, H.E. Kalu Rinpoche, H.H. Chetsang Rinpoche, H.H. Tulku Orgyen Rinpoche, the Very Venerable Lama Tharchin Rinpoche, H.E. Ayang Rinpoche, H.H. Kusum Lingpa, Khenpo Karthar Rinpoche, H.E. Nyoshul Khen Rinpoche, Ngakchang Khamtrul Yeshe Dorje Rinpoche, H.E. Bhakha Tulku Rinpoche, Jetsun Kushula, Khenpo Konchog Gyaltsen Rinpoche, the Very Venerable Gyatrul Rinpoche, the Gomchen Lama Ganga, the Very Venerable Thrangu Rinpoche, the Venerable Ani Memso Rinpoche, H.E. Yangthang Tulku Rinpoche, the Venerable Bokar Rinpoche, Khandro Rinpoche, and H.H. Kunzang Dechen Lingpa.

Rinpoche was recognized as a tulku in 1987. He received his ngakpa vows from Ngakchang Yeshe Dorje Rinpoche and was ordained as a ngakpa and given the title “Ngakchang” by the Very Venerable 4th Karma Thinley Rinpoche in March of 1993. Rinpoche has received all of the Nyingma Kama and Terma lungs and wangs. He is a lineage holder for the Dudjom Tersar, Longchen Nyingthig, Palyul, Repkong, Pema Nyingthig, Sakya and Karma Kagyu lineages. Lama Yeshe Rinpoche was given special transmissions and blessings from Ngakchang Yeshe Dorje Rinpoche in the practices of Throma chod, Vajrakilaya, weather control, and dur (exorcism).

Lama Yeshe Rinpoche had a vision in 1995 which included the sadhana of The Ocean Born Vajra, a practice for calming the earthquake activity in Southern California through offerings. Accordingly, Rinpoche performed many pujas and made offerings of tormas and wealth vases prepared by the Very Venerable Lama Tharchin Rinpoche off of Point Dume. When Rinpoche offered a naga torma during the first puja, an orca appeared twenty feet away from the ship and jumped twice into the air. In years since, other yogis and an eminent Nyingma terton have made wealth vase offerings nearby.

Lama Yeshe Rinpoche completed his PhD in Education/Religion at Claremont Graduate University. He taught philosophy and religion courses at various universities and colleges until he retired in 2020. Rinpoche is the spiritual director of Do Ngak Dzong (Castle of Sutra and Mantra) Meditation Center and its retreat center Trekchod Ling. Rinpoche self-published a book on view, meditation, and action for Western practitioners, Lungta Zilgnon: Taming the Windhorse Through Awesome Splendor.

**ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS**

Special thanks to Lama Anam Thubten Rinpoche for his vanguard translations from English to Tibetan. He has laid an invaluable foundation for future works of this nature.

Front cover text from The Vimalakirti Nirdesa Sutra

(Professor Robert Thurman’s translation)

Patrul Rinpoche’s Advice from Me to Myself

(Constance Wilkinson’s translation)

Kalama Sutta

(Thanissaro Bhikkhu’s translation)

**INTRODUCTION**

I am so happy that I had the opportunity to read Ngakchang Karma Yeshe Namgyal Dorje Rinpoche’s book of Long Life prayers and spiritual songs (dohas) entitled, Vimalakirti’s Throne. Lama Yeshe Rinpoche was able to combine the beauty of poetry with his own spiritual feeling, leading the reader to enter the marvelous realm of imagination, insight and intrinsic awareness (rigpa). The creative process of translating English poetic idioms into the Tibetan Dharma language was and is a fascinating journey into cross cultural aesthetics and a living validation of the Dharma’s universal nature of expression.

Generally, poetry has the potential to reflect one’s feelings in a powerful, aesthetic, and dramatic way… But also, it is the voice of one’s soul manifesting the power of one’s psyche into communication. Human consciousness is affected by poetry as much as music, art, and drama… moving our minds with penetration into the depths of our heart. The life of a poem is nourished by the freshest and most open of hearts. A poem is not only words, it is a complete picture of one’s inner world, which is moving and growing with conditional barriers; but with a sense of bravery, intelligence, and clarity of thought. Lama Yeshe Rinpoche wrote these poems of yogic realization with enthusiasm, spontaneity and pure motivation. He has been practicing Buddhism for a number of years. These dohas are the fruits of his practice; an offering of his spiritual insights to us.

Anam Thubten Rinpoche  
  


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**Vimalakirti’s Throne**

**by**

**Ngakchang Karma Yeshe Namgyal Dorje Rinpoche**

*Thereupon, the venerable Shariputra had this thought: "There is not even a single chair in this house. Where are these disciples and bodhisattvas going to sit?"*

*The Licchavi Vimalakirti read the thought of the venerable Shariputra and said, "Reverend Shariputra, did you come here for the sake of the Dharma? Or did you come here for the sake of a chair?"*

*Shariputra replied, "I came for the sake of the Dharma, not for the sake of a chair."*

**VIMALAKIRTI NIRDESA SUTRA**

**Chapter 6 - The Inconceivable Liberation**

*Translation by Robert Thurman*

**Long Life Prayers**

**FOR THE VERY VENERABLE FOURTH KARMA THINLEY RINPOCHE**

Nyima Than Dawa Lama

Radiant Luminosity of the three times and ten directions

Lord of Dharma Samaya pure

Cloudbanks of Merit

Student and Teacher of the Dharmaraj

Master of the Old and New Realization Lineages

Karuna and Upaya

Lion Roaring Bodhisattva in this ending age

Sublime Root Essence

We pray for your excellent health and long life

and may our Mind/Hearts well up tears of joy

everytime we experience your inconceivable presence

Bodhicitta Balm for all the Six Realm suffering ones

then may we be truly called your Dharma Daughters and Sons

**MASTER OF THE DANCE**

**A Song of Praise for His Holiness Thinley Norbu Rinpoche**

Lord of the elemental Dakinis

True Heart Sun of the Omniscient Jnana

Unadorned Dharmakaya

Manifesting Jewel of effulgent radiance

Mahasukha Guru of Pristine Awareness

Magically dances through the six realms

Seeding, cultivating, and harvesting

those difficult to tame

Jambudvipa’s Multicultural Master of the Dance

Whose footsteps are the essence of all Dharmas

Attune to the subtlest three gate rhythms

of his Kali Yuga seekers’ needs

Master choreographer of the three times and ten directions

All at their own pace take heed

The jewel of activity never follows or never leads

Skill in action his only deed

*The old bhusuku.*

*November 31, 1992 Year of the Water Monkey*

*Gangteng Tulku’s Sangha*

*Los Angeles, California*

**FOR HIS EMINENCE CHAGDUD TULKU RINPOCHE**

In the heart cave of the Lama’s Mind  
The mighty Mahasukha river flows  
Trees are kindly bent to ease us  
But water at the roots is the greatest gift of all

*Written on the August Full Moon, 1990 at H.H. Dilgo Khyentse Rinpoche’s Pilgrimage, Urgyen Samye Choling, Dordogne, France.*

**BOW AND ARROW**

**For His Holiness the 16th Karmapa**

Heart drops, white and red   
Blending Black   
Mother/Father union   
wedding two into one   
Openness/Bliss

The arrow maker’s son   
Ksana arises

Black Hat Ruby

The target

Effortless archery

feathers whistle

Wisdom Wind

Neck hairs rise

Earth/Water eyes release

Devotion to the Guru

Shanti Shanti Shanti

*Dedicated to he who wears the Black Hat and Black Cloak and gives the Black Pill, and to the Fourth Karma Thinley Rinpoche, Lord of Yogis and the inner secret activity of all the Karmapas.*

**DRAGON’S PEAK**

**For His Holiness Dilgo Khyentse Rinpoche**

A pithy lair

Two ancient Naga Kings and a Prince in grooming

One whose tongue moves not when he speaks

One who is the Lord of Speech

the Third, Master of the common idiom

Circumambulating clouds of hoary breath

around bejeweled Mount Meru

Sky Maidens swirling offerings

Gandharvas’ reed-like bodies continuously intone

OM AH HUNG OM AH HUNG OM AH HUNG

Dharmapalas chant the Lion’s Roar

Five Budhha Families transmute

Five Poisons into Amrit

Dakinis Dancing Feet

The Mahaguru Comes

the Last of the Great Ones from the Land of Snows

OM AH HUNG OM AH HUNG OM AH HUNG

OM AH HUNG BENZAR GURU PEMA SIDDHI HUNG

Sarvam Mangalam

*Dedicated to the quick return of H.H. Dilgo Khentsye Rinpoche to Jambudvipa. Rigpa Summer Retreat, 1990.*

**FOR THE VERY VENERABLE LAMA THARCHIN RINPOCHE**

Holy Lama of Luminous clarity

Wishfulfilling Jewel of the Nine Yanas

Nirmanakaya of Rigpa’s supreme Bliss

and effortless compassion

We pray to the most Ancient Lineage of

The Vidyadharas

The Five Buddha Families

The Long Life Dakas and Dakinis

The Twenty-One Taras

Lord Amitayus

And our true refuge in this Dark Age

Pema Jungne

To continue raining the wondrous elixirs of

Long Life and vitality

Imbuing every pore of your Three Kaya manifestation

with the

Lion like virya of the Mahasattvas of Yore

Holy Lama,

We whose ocoal like prima ignorance

has been transported through aeonic time on a

Ship of fools

Have endlessly suffered in the dark hold of the

three poisons

Battered by the storms of duality

Ravaged by the five samsaric Demons of

Sudden impediments

Miraculously are transformed by your

All Accomplishing Wisdom

We sparkle with Diamond Awareness

Descending with the View and rising with conduct

Holy Lama,   
We pray you stay the course

Forever our captain, navigator, physician,

Spiritual Friend, and beacon until we reach the Other shore

OM GATE, GATE, PARAGATE, PARASAMGATE, BODHI SWAHA

*With heartfelt gratitude,*

*the old bhusuku.*

*Completed on Dakini Day February 27, 1992 Iron Sheep Year*

**FOR THE VERY VENERABLE GYATRUL RINPOCHE**

Sagely laughter dancing through the wangs

Empty Dharma prankster

Whose heart knows no bounds.

Brings his Western toddlers

Priceless gifts

As he laughs and dances through the Round

*This Doha was spontaneously composed at the request of my kalyanamitra, Lama Anam Thubten Rinpoche, after he had finished translating H.H. Dungse Thinley Norbu Rinpoche and H.E. Chagdud Tulku’s long life prayers into Tibetan at the Dharma Center of Pema Khandro.*

*Los Angeles, California 1994*

**FOR HIS HOLINESS THE 14TH DALAI LAMA**

Down from the Land of Snows

All seeing tears flow

The Bodhisattva roams

A Simple monk

Master of the Mundane and Arcane

Mahasukha Mahasiddha

Dzogchen-Mahamudra-Lam Rim

Amitabha’s Speech and Heart

Aimlessly awake

One crystal bead

All one hundred and eight

For all beings’ sake

No need for haste

One taste

Aimlessly awake

**IN PRAISE OF THE DRIKUNG KAGYU LINEAGE**

**AND A LONG LIFE PRAYER FOR**

**KHENPO KONCHOG GYALSTEN RINPOCHE**

Homage to you, who are the Practice Lineage’s Torch of Certainty in this dark age of disbelief. The blazing sun rays of your loving kindness melt the iron knotted hearts of your fortunate disciples, illuminating the mind streams of even the most degenerate of Yogis in this decadent time,

You are the Mahamudra Refuge in this turbulent Ocean of Samsara, taming the Leviathans of Ignorance, desire, and aversion with the Vajra Song of the Madhyamika View, and the luminous clarity of the Great Seal, and the fearless activity of the Bodhisattva Warrior. Your samaya is the stainless ambrosia, the quintessence of the Golden Rosary of nectar like pristine teachings and transmissions, the unfathomable ocean of Vajradhara’s primordial awareness flowing through vast trichiliocosms into Sri Tilopa’s sea of openness, effortlessly manifesting the great Mahamudra tributaries… Naro, Marpa, Mila, Dakpo Lhaje, He who merged the two streams into one, the Glorious Phagmodru, Lord Jigten Sumgon, the two Illustrious Kybagons, and you, the Lotsawa of Mirror Like Wisdom, your Vajra laughter enchanting and enlightening even the dead-void heretics, who hear only the distant thunder of your Lion’s Roar.

We supplicate all the Buddhas of the three times and ten directions, the unerring Truth of the Teachings, the Sublime Sangha, and the most Holy Root Lama, Dorje Chang, the thousand-armed lineage tree, the All Accomplishing Heruka, Chakrasamvara, Vajra Yogini, the unborn self arising Dakini Queen, and her splendorous retinue, the infinite vast array of Dharmapalas, and to the Maha Guru of the most secret Nyinthig, Pema Jungne. We pray for your long life, radiant health, all accomplishing activity of the sacred Dharma, and restoration of the prolific enlightener of sentient beings, the Jewel Ornament of Liberation, the most noble Drikung Kagyu.

*10th day of the New Moon, Iron Sheep Year*

*With deep affection and sincere appreciation,*

*the lazy old Yogi. Sarvam Mangalam!*

**FOR LAMA ANAM THUBTEN RINPOCHE**

Homage to you, Lotsawa Chenpo

You are the rainbow bridge spanning the Eastern and Western

Samsaric Seas

Majestically astride your Sky Dragon

Golden Hued, Red Pandita hat flapping in the wind

Gently awakening

as you effortlessly soar the Sambhogakaya Realms

Spontaneously revealing the rarest Dharma Jewels

Incanting treasure tomes

Most graciously in English tones

The sublime Madhyamika/Dzogchen view

Ever vigilant Katogpa Kama and Terma Lineage Holder

Heart son of the peerless Dudjom Lingpa

We, your Western disciples, pray for your

long life and radiant health

Supplicating to the Three Jewels, and the Three Roots

of the Three Times and Three Kayas

That you, the Sun of Dharma, continuously rise as the

resplendent Eastern rays of Mirror-like Wisdom,

as the Golden Equanimity dawning in the South,  
as the Red glow of Discriminating Wisdom setting in the West,  
as the All Accomplishing Wisdom rising from the vast Green

Northern Sea,  
Climbing high into the endless Blue Dharmakaya Sky   
Illuminating the Six Realms and Beyond  
Until all realize the luminous openness of Infinity

*Chimé, Nephew  
New Moon, March 1994*

**Dohas**

**MOUNTAIN VIEW**

Sitting like a Mahamudra Mountain. Luminous Maha Ati Panoramic View…

One taste… interdependent commingling.

Alas, smell-eating Lowland monkeys endlessly chattering delusional differences.

The Mountain sits… the patience of the uncreate.

Eagle vision soars… effortlessly with grace…

High thrones, hegemony, nepotism, and wealth the rage…

The Gomchen rests naturally at the spring.

*The Monkey Lama of Los Angeles*

**DHARMA DOG**

Never again to sit a

High throne

Better to be a fat old dog

Rolling in the dirt

Licking himself

In public

Sniffing after the bitches

In heat

Resting in the natural state at his

Kind master’s feet

Dying at a

Ganachakra feast

*Seven Lingpa Drubchen at Pema Osel Ling in the Water Monkey Year, 1992*

**FIVE DELICACIES: MEMORABLE MENU IN MEMORIAM**

I pay homage to the Supreme Bliss five poison offering

E Ma Ho – Rigpa’s quintessential delicacy effulging Yogi’s Large Vase Great Delight

Troma and Machig

Swoon boon

Companions

Chod Feasting

Empowering the natural radiant luminosity

We must dine more often

Reservations recommended but not necessary

Come as you are

RSVP – RIP

*The Peacock Ngakpa of Los Angeles*

*September 12, 1994 Happy Hour – Cafe Figaro*

*P.S. The Persian Drunkard and the Bard of Hibbing always dress for dinner*

**SIDDHI RAIN**

Union of the Three Jewels

I awaken to the gentle rain of the Great Compassion

Opening the Heart/Mind Lotus

Pema Jungne arises

OM AH HUNG BENZAR GURU PEMA SIDDHI HUNG

I awaken to the gentle rain of the Great Compassion

Opening the lotus of Speech

The all seeing one arise

OM MANI PEME HUNG

I awaken to the gentle rain of the Great Compassion

the lotus of the Body opens

The Liberator of the Desire Realm Arises

OM AMI DEWA HRI

Three Kayas, Three Gates, Three Channels

Four Joys become eight, then sixteen

The gentle rain of the Great Compassion endlessly fills the

Ocean of Interdependent Origination

OPENNESS-COMPASSION-BLISS

*Written at dawn, as I arose to the sound of the gentle rain on the first days of the Water Monkey year at PEMA OSEL LING - 1992. Dedicated to the swift return of His Eminence Kalu Rinpoche and the enthronement of H.H. The 17th Gyalwa Karmapa*

**THE YOGI OF KARCHU: CANTO UNO**

Once upon a time in an enchanted eastern border land,

where Yogis play and sport

appears a Dharma hilltop monastery

whether the Yogi of Karchu, holds court

Sacred to the Sunbeam Dancer and the precious Vajra Guru

The Buddha Mind repository… Yangdak the glorious heruk

and the Gompa of the Yogi of Karchu

Many offerings this ngakpa did he make

to the Naga King and retinue, in a nearby scared lake

and they supplied many ahidden treasure troves

of precious jewels and purest gold

and so day and night, night and day

a continual Ganachakra Tsok

Jumbuvipa’s sublimest Dharmarajahs did attend the Yogi host

Buddha’s, Bodhisats, Dakas, Dakinis, Devas, Dharmapalas, it

seemed to never end

Sometimes the Yogi sang and played upon his vina, drum or

flute, or danced upon a sunbeam forever the eternal youth

They all came to the Gompa of the Yogi of Karchu, Their

Holiness’ Karmapa, Dujom Rinpoche, the Dalai Lama, Dodropchen

Too

The Lords of Sakya, Drikung, Mindro, Pema, and Bumthang

Ling, and even a Ganden monk or two.

There they swam and sport with him in the Ocean of Amrit

Where Ka-Nying Kings and Queens held court,

Father Marpa of Lodrak’s Great Seal

the Dakinis still moist whispered breath

The precious Dakpo Kagyu

One taste, with the distilled quintessent nectar of Pema

Jungne and the most sacred Old School

For they all loved their host the crazy Yogi of Karchu

It was the Water Monkey year

The first new moon, the 10th day

The yogi gazed into the crystal mirror’s display

The predictions of the Precious Guru,

of weal and woe

was coming to the land of snows

and to the West across vast oceans the Dharma’s destiny did lay

and a vow was made by the Yogi of Karchu that very day

for did not the Sutras and the Tantras say

that Buddha’s sons must leave home, friends, and family

to travel far and wide o’er the seven seas

one stop, a most savage desire realm display

for is not this the Yogi’s way

and so the Yogi of Karchu did say

“I go this very day

to a land of ignorance and decadence

where no Holy Teachers or the Dharma hold sway

for am I not, a fearless Bodhisat?”

Then he told his attendant and boon companion,

Tashi Naljor,

Today I leave this shell behind

and with Mahamudra he did sign

and Lama Tashi saw his crazy wisdom gaze

and prepared his throne for the transference phase,

only one boon he did crave,

“Oh, Rinchen Norbu! In your next incarnate state

promise to return to Namkhai Ling.

My Samaya is, until that day I wait

while my Master, the crazy wisdom Yogi of Karchu,

in the savage desire realm display

doth sport and play”

and so the pact was made

and the Yogi of Karchu disappeared that very day

all that was left of him was rainbow light,

and hair and nails

and Lama Tashi Naljor saw it all and still recants the tale

when the crazy wisdom Yogi of Karchu

Ensorceled his last spell.

**MERLIN’S CRYSTAL CAVE**

In far off ancient Wales where trees   
of weirding gnarls

and wild berries intertwine with vines   
of grape… nature’s walls.

And herbs of every climb,

in harmony with weed and forest   
flower,

and woodland beasties' errie calls-

crying in the night, thick mists abounding,

speaking the language of a fulfilled moon,

great or small,

besplendered stars, a wizard’s wind tells all.

Forest dwellers, the little people too,

Merlin doth make his magic at the waxing of the moon.

Glowing precious stones a pathway lit,

and diamond staircase   
with ruby rails.

Flecks of Golden Faire dust finer than pollen of the honey  
bee,

is the seeker’s trail

revealing through his steps,

a phosphorescent emerald wishing well.

Cold fire cloned from thrice blessed Hermes' sacred stone.

The Master’s signature in the living arcane tome.

The sands of time and the hoary hand of man.

Alone take into thy grasp   
the Nazarene’s everlasting cup.

Drink deep of living waters,

through thy caduceus the immortal sap ariseth up.

Behold, in the midst of a deep shimmering sapphire lagoon

surrounding a crystal dome of luminous iridescent hue.

Incandescent liquid ores and jewels

through which shines sun and moon,

where only those young of heart sport

with spectral serpents-  
keepers of the runes,

and day is night and night is day.

Tributaries, red and white and blue,

feed this precious pool.

Upon a lotus of five colours sits Merlin’s cave.

Crystalline,   
incanted from rare earth ores and far flung galaxies,

forming supernaturally,

awing even the Fairy Queen

and her resplendent court...

where only she may rule.

Mounted upon four crimson dragonflies,

Their saddles spun gold-  
dyed

and woven by blood of butterflies,

dwarves encrust jeweled tapestries

of multi-coloured spider silk

woven by an elfish art,

that beggars the fabled carpets of Amberdad and Meru.

Vigilantly amount, the elemental retinue

of princesses:

white, yellow green and blue,

while the ruby complexioned Fire Queen, Faroul,

royally postured on her garnet lotus petal throne,

enchantingly intones   
the secret words of Solomon

from the Book of Raziel.

Bullfrogs too croak majestically

and iridescent fishes

circle Merlin’s island home.

And, oh nectar sweet Faroul   
sings on.

The four maidens upon their noble steeds,

converge above her throne.

There manifest horned,

a goblet carved from Unicorn,

bubbling, brimming mead,

the elixir of immortality,

whose aroma deliteth heart, mind, and sensory-

the fabled tincture, Attar of bluish rose

suspended in seven circles of elfish gold

from the ceiling of the dome,

where the Peacock Prince doth roost.

Opel eyed and jade of beak

who transmuteth   
five poisons into Amrit.

Merlin’s formula that above all else doth excel-

deep inside the Mage's well-

thrice cloaked books, seal hermetical-

hidden treasures in the cave,

every piece a story, a never ending tale-

an endless wandering, an infinity of trails.

So come ye fresh of mind and heart, remove perceptions’ veil.

Knoweth ye not even a memory of haze,

once the wizard gives his gaze-

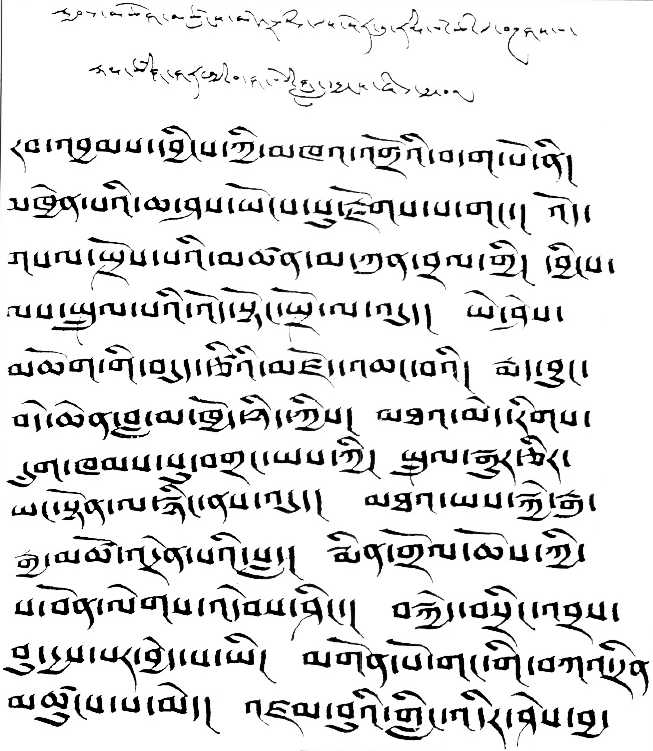
for devotion to the teacher will lead thou through the maze.

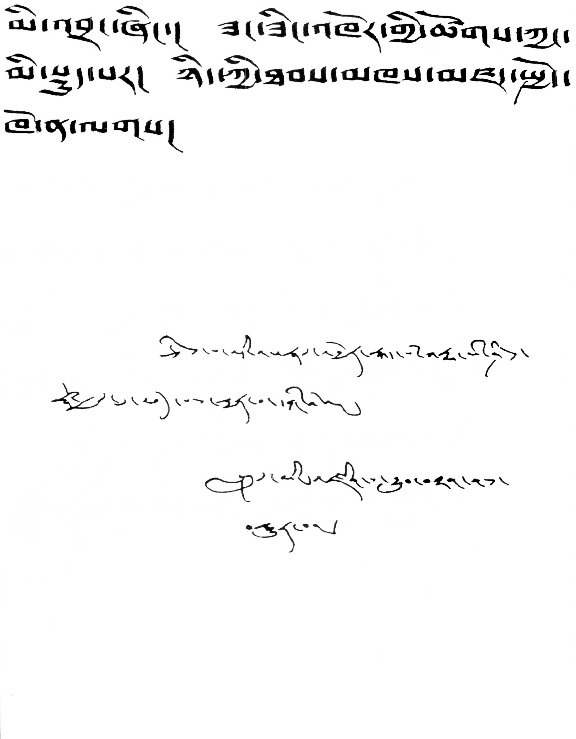
The five elemental queens never cease, to amaze.

For all is naught but Merlin’s crystal cave.

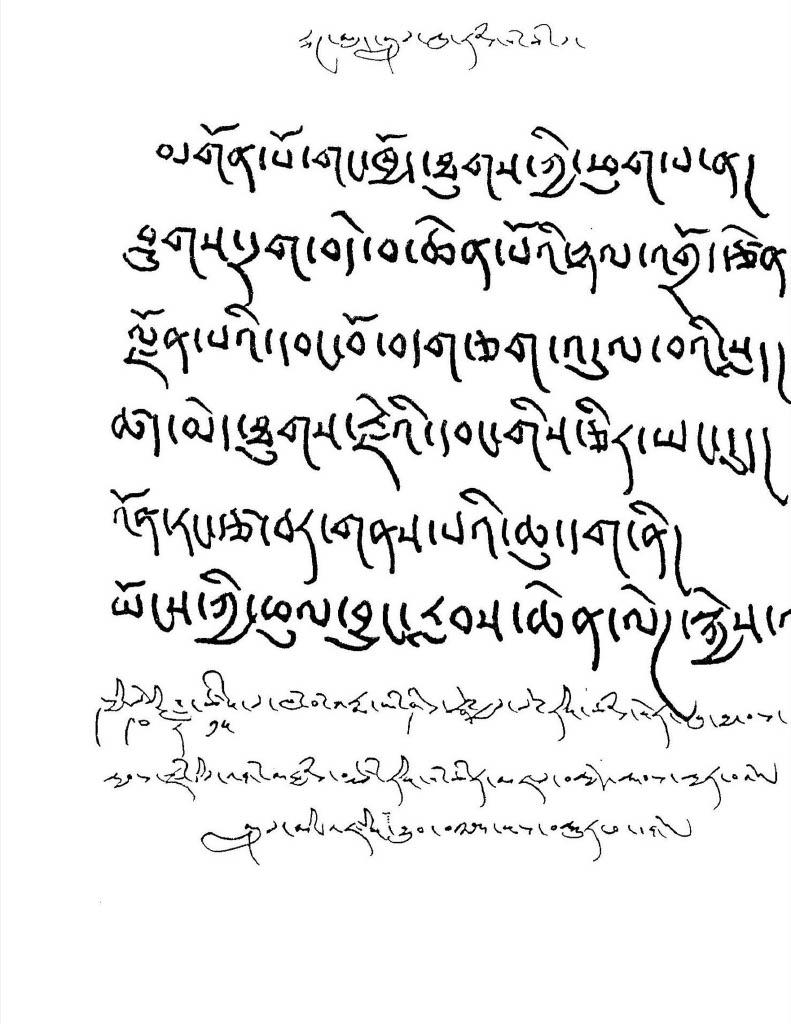
**TIBETAN TRANSLATIONS**

**FOR HIS HOLINESS DUNGSE THINLEY NORBU RINPOCHE**

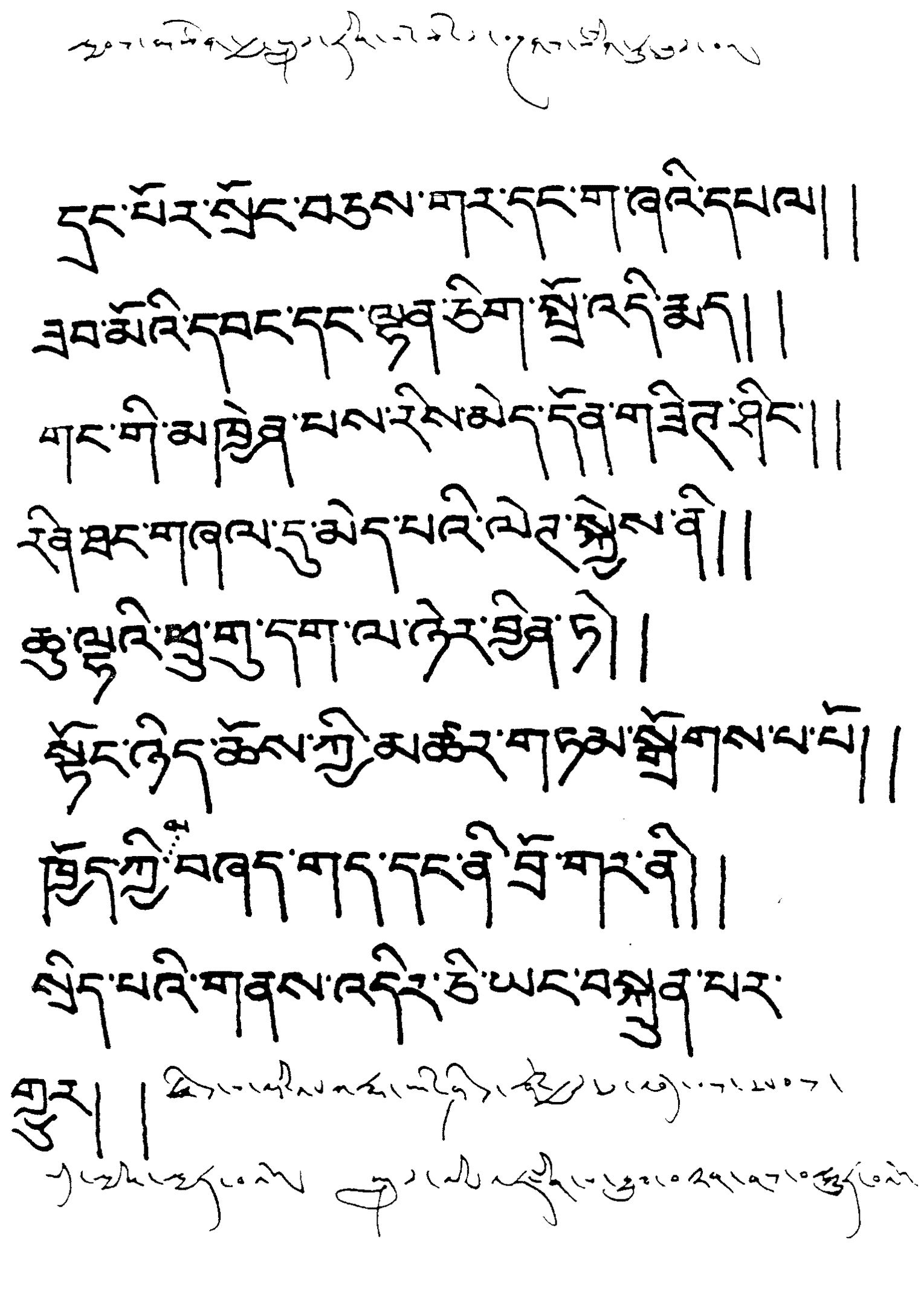
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**FOR HIS EMINENCE CHAGDUD TULKU RINPOCHE**

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**FOR THE VERY VENERABLE GYATRUL RINPOCHE**



**SPANISH TRANSLATIONS**

**FOR THE VERY VENERABLE FOURTH KARMA THINLEY RINPOCHE**

**FOR HIS HOLINESS THE 16TH KARMAPA**

**FOR HIS EMINENCE CHAGDUD TULKU RINPOCHE**

**DZA PATRUL RINPOCHE (1808-1887)**

*“Those who truly intend to benefit others through the holy teaching*

*Do not use elaborate terms and poetry.*

*The pure path is shown with the simple words of the laity.*

*That is the sublime method of the bodhisattvas.”*

**ADVICE FROM ME TO MYSELF**

*Vajrasattva, sole deity, Master,*

*You sit on a full-moon lotus-cushion of white light*

*In the hundred-petalled full bloom of youth.*

*Think of me, Vajrasattva,*

*You who remain unmoved within the manifest display*

*That is Mahamudra, pure bliss-openness.*

Listen up, old bad-karma Patrul,

You dweller-in-distraction.

For ages now you've been

Beguiled, entranced, and fooled by appearances.

Are you aware of that? Are you?

Right this very instant, when you're

Under the spell of mistaken perception

You've got to watch out.

Don't let yourself get carried away by this fake

and empty life.

Your mind is spinning around

About carrying out a lot of useless projects:

It's a waste! Give it up!

Thinking about the hundred plans you want to accomplish,

With never enough time to finish them,

Just weighs down your mind.

You're completely distracted

By all these projects, which never come to an end,

But keep spreading out more, like ripples in water.

Don't be a fool: for once, just sit tight.

Listening to the teachings — you've already

heard hundreds of teachings,

But when you haven't grasped the meaning of even

one teaching,

What's the point of more listening?

Reflecting on the teachings — even though you've listened,

If the teachings aren't coming to mind when needed,

What's the point of more reflection? None.

Meditating according to the teachings —

If your meditation practice still isn't curing

The obscuring states of mind—forget about it!

You've added up just how many mantras you've done —

But you aren't accomplishing the kyerim visualization.

You may get the forms of deities nice and clear —

But you're not putting an end to subject and object.

You may tame what appear to be evil spirits and ghosts,

But you're not training the stream of your own mind.

Your four fine sessions of sadhana practice,

So meticulously arranged —

Forget about them.

When you're in a good mood,

Your practice seems to have lots of clarity —

But you just can't relax into it.

When you're depressed,

Your practice is stable enough

But there's no brilliance to it.

As for awareness,

You try to force yourself into a rigpa-like state,

As if stabbing a stake into a target!

When those yogic positions and gazes keep your mind stable

Only by keeping mind tethered —

Forget about them!

Giving high-sounding lectures

Doesn't do your mind-stream any good.

The path of analytical reasoning is precise and acute —

But it's just more delusion, good for nothing goat-shit.

The oral instructions are very profound

But not if you don't put them into practice.

Reading over and over those dharma texts

That just occupy your mind and make your eyes sore —

Forget about it!

You beat your little damaru drum — ting, ting —

And your audience thinks it's charming to hear.

You're reciting words about offering up your body,

But you still haven't stopped holding it dear.

You're making your little cymbals go cling, cling —

Without keeping the ultimate purpose in mind.

All this dharma-practice equipment

That seems so attractive —

Forget about it!

Right now, those students are all studying so very hard,

But in the end, they can't keep it up.

Today, they seem to get the idea,

But later on, there's not a trace left.

Even if one of them manages to learn a little,

He rarely applies his "learning" to his own conduct.

Those elegant dharma disciplines —

Forget about them!

This year, he really cares about you,

Next year, it's not like that.

At first, he seems modest,

Then he grows exalted and pompous.

The more you nurture and cherish him,

The more distant he grows.

These dear friends

Who show such smiling faces to begin with —

Forget about them!

Her smile seems so full of joy —

But who knows if that's really the case?

One time, it's pure pleasure,

Then it's nine months of mental pain.

It might be fine for a month,

But sooner or later, there's trouble.

People teasing; your mind embroiled —

Your lady-friend —

Forget about her!

These endless rounds of conversation

Are just attachment and aversion —

It's just more goat-shit, good for nothing at all.

At the time it seems marvelously entertaining,

But really, you're just spreading around stories

about other people's mistakes.

Your audience seems to be listening politely,

But then they grow embarrassed for you.

Useless talk that just make you thirsty —

Forget about it!

Giving teachings on meditation texts

Without yourself having

Gained actual experience through practice,

Is like reciting a dance-manual out loud

And thinking that's the same as actually dancing.

People may be listening to you with devotion,

But it just isn't the real thing.

Sooner or later, when your own actions

Contradict the teachings, you'll feel ashamed.

Just mouthing the words,

Giving dharma explanations that sound so eloquent—

Forget about it!

When you don't have a text, you long for it;

Then when you've finally gotten it,

you hardly look at it.

The number of pages seems few enough,

But it's a bit hard to find time to copy them all.

Even if you copied down all the dharma texts on earth,

You wouldn't be satisfied.

Copying down texts is a waste of time

(Unless you get paid) —

So forget about it!

Today, they're happy as clams —

Tomorrow, they're furious.

With all their black moods and white moods,

People are never satisfied.

Or even if they're nice enough,

They may not come through when you really need them,

Disappointing you even more.

All this politeness, keeping up a

Courteous demeanor —

Forget about it!

Worldly and religious work

Is the province of gentlemen.

Patrul, old boy — that's not for you.

Haven't you noticed what always happens?

An old bull, once you've gone to the trouble of

borrowing him for his services,

Seems to have absolutely no desire left in him at all—

(Except to go back to sleep).

Be like that — desireless.

Just sleep, eat, piss, shit.

There's nothing else in life that has to be done.

Don't get involved with other things:

They're not the point.

Keep a low profile,

Sleep.

In the triple universe

When you're lower than your company

You should take the low seat.

Should you happen to be the superior one,

Don't get arrogant.

There's no absolute need to have close friends;

You're better off just keeping to yourself.

When you're without any worldly

or religious obligations,

Don't keep on longing to acquire some!

If you let go of everything —

Everything, everything —

That's the real point!

*This advice was written by the practitioner Trime Lodro (Patrul Rinpoche) for his intimate friend Ahu Shri (Patrul Rinpoche), in order to give advice that is tailored exactly to his capacities.*

*This advice should be put into practice!*

*Even though you don't know how to practice, just let go of everything — that's what I really want to say. Even though you aren't able to succeed in your dharma practice, don't get angry.*

*May it be virtuous.*

*Translation by Constance Wilkinson (Emptiness changed to Openness by Lama Yeshe)*

*Many questions about the text were clarified according to the extremely kind explanations of the Chogyal Namkhai Norbu Rinpoche, during his stay in New York City, and according to the detailed explanations of Khenpo, Rigdzin Dorje of the Nyingmapa Shedra, Bansbari, Kathmandu, Nepal.*

*Thanks to Matthieu Ricard of Shechen Tennyi Dargyeling, and to Anne Burchardi of the Marpa institute of Translation for their advice toward trying to make this translation faithful to both the letter and spirit of the original Tibetan.*

*All errors and misunderstandings are those of the translator. May this poem, despite all shortcomings of its translation, serve to benefit all beings!*

*Sarva Mangalam.*

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**KALAMA SUTTA**

*In the Kalama Sutta, Shakyamuni Buddha gave the following advice to a gathering of householders who queried the Buddha regarding how to experientially evaluate the many religious teachers who promulgate their views in their village of Kalama:*

“Of course you are uncertain, Kalamas. Of course you are in doubt. When there are reasons for doubt, uncertainty is born. So in this case, Kalamas, don’t go by reports, by legends, by traditions, by scripture, by logical conjecture, by inference, by analogies, by agreement through pondering views, by probability, or by the thought, ‘This contemplative is our teacher.’

When you know for yourselves that, ‘These qualities are unskillful; these qualities are blameworthy; these qualities are criticized by the wise; these qualities, when adopted and carried out, lead to harm and to suffering’ – then you should abandon them.

By the same token, when you know for yourselves that, ‘These qualities are skillful; these qualities are blameless; these qualities are praised by the wise; these qualities, when adopted and carried out, lead to welfare and to happiness’ – then you should enter and remain in them.”

*Translation by Thanissaro Bhikkhu*

**KHUNKHYEN LONGCHEN RABJAM, THE OMNISCIENT (1308-1364)**

Revered as one of the greatest scholars and Dzogchen Masters in the Nyingma tradition, he lived the life of a simple recluse.

*“Since knowledge is like countless stars in the sky, the study of ideas is never exhausted. So in this life, it is better to realize the profound Dharma, the essential meaning of Dharmakaya.”*

* Longchenpa

**KARMA CHAGME RAGA ASYA (1613-1678)**

A great Master of both the Nyingma and Kagyu traditions, he wrote the instructions for retreat practice (ri chod) and was the teacher of Terton Mingyur Dorje, who revealed a unique cycle of termas known as the Namcho.

“The sutras, tantras, and philosophical scriptures are extensive and great in number.

However, life is short and intelligence limited, so it is hard to cover them completely.

You may know a lot, but if you don't put it into practice,

It's like dying of thirst on the shore of a great lake.

Likewise, it sometimes happens that a common corpse is found in the bed of a great scholar.”

* Karma Chagme, *Union of Mahamudra and Dzogchen*

**DRUKPA KUNLEY, THE SUBLIME MADMAN (1455-1529)**

**SONG FOR TAKREPA**

*Translated by Keith Dowman (Emptiness changed to Openness by Lama Yeshe)*

Traveling through the district of Lhodrak, he met the Adept Takrepa.   
  
“I would dearly like to sing you a song of praise,” the Adept told him,   
“but I don't know how to begin. Please sing one yourself for me.”

“I have no virtues to extol,” the Lama replied,

“but I'll sing you a song anyway.”

“Dancer in the indestructible stream of magical illusion,

Unifier of the welter of inconsistencies and absurdities,

Power-holder turning the Wheel of Bliss and Openness,

Hero perceiving all things as deception,

Nauseous Recalcitrant disgusted with temporal attachment,

Little Yogin piercing others' illusory projections,

Vagabond selling Samsara short,

Light-traveler making his lodging his home,

Fortunate Wayfarer perceiving his Mind as the Lama,

Champion understanding all appearance as the mind,

Diviner of Relativity knowing unity as multiplicity,

Naljorpa tasting the one flavor of all things-

These are some of the masks I wear!”

**H.H. DUDJOM RINPOCHE, JIGDRAL YESHE DORJE (1904-1987)**

**PRAYER FOR WORLD PEACE**

At this moment, for the people and nations of this Earth,

May not even the names disease, famine, war, and suffering be heard.

May virtuous qualities, merit, and prosperity greatly increase.

And may continuous good fortune and sublime well-being perfectly arise.

*Jñāna*

*Sarwam mangalam*

**DEDICATION**

This book is dedicated to my late Mother, Sarah,

and Father, Joseph Immanuel.

They kindly gave me my precious human birth

and patiently raised a very wild son…

And to the great kindness, skill, and wisdom

of my sublime Dharma teachers.

To-do

1. Find and/or SS original images
2. Befunky them to paintings or whatever
3. Add Spanish translation