11. 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*

12. 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

*7 Lingpa Drubchen Pema Osel Ling Water Monkey Year 1992*

13. Five Delicacies: Memorable Menu in Memoriam

I pay homage to the Supreme Bliss 5 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*

14. Siddhi Rain

Union of the 3 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

3 Kayas, 3 Gates, 3 Channels

4 Joys become 8, then 16

The gentle rain of the Great Compassion endlessly fills the

Ocean of Interdependent Origination

EMPTINESS-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*

15. The Yogi of Karchu: Canto I

Once upon a time in an enchanted eastern border land, where Yogis play & 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… Yandak 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 7 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 & 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 Tasahi Naljor saw it all and still recants the tale

when the crazy wisdom Yogi of Karchu

Ensorceled his last spell.

19. 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   
5 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.