

RAINCLOUDS OF WISDOM

A supplication to the supreme Vidyadhara, Chökyi Gyatso, the Eleventh Trungpa

From the ungraspable realm of space, the dharmakaya,
The wondrous appearance of translucent joy emerges as the splendid sambhogakaya.
With proclamations of victory the golden rain of compassion, the nirmanakaya,
benefits all beings.

I prostrate to the root of blessings, the king of illusion, the father guru,
Chökyi Gyatso;
May our minds be inseparable like water poured into water.

Pervading all of this visible world
You turned the desert of samsara into the celestial realm.
Making life enjoyable for all is your great teaching.
Never abandoning the pristine awareness of buddha mind,
You wielded the sword of ultimate Ashe.
I prostrate to the nirmanakaya, the warrior of warriors;
May our minds be inseparable like water poured into water.

The treacherous mountain pass is filled with danger;
However, the highest point is the best possible route.
Although for us now it seems monumental and incomprehensible,
Your teaching provides the most accurate description of the way.
I prostrate to the true guide, the kalyanamitra;
May our minds be inseparable like water poured into water.

The tantrikas,
Those who practice virtue,
Meditators who begin at the beginning
And all the devotees of dharma,
The beings of the six realms, high and low,
Those who have and those who are lacking,
The supremely intelligent, the mediocre, and the stupid,
Those who are fortunate and those who are not:
All of these you have taught without exception.
This is the true vajrayana.
I prostrate to the master of dharma, the king of language;
May our minds be inseparable like water poured into water.

The sun in the morning sky,
The billions of stars that form a canopy at night,
The moon of awareness that reflects the true meaning,
All the elements together with space:
This is your kingdom.

For just a moment we meditate on unobstructed, pure dharmata.
This experience is vividly real but truly nonexistent, like waking from a dream.
To the guru of gurus, uninterrupted consciousness without a reference point,
I prostrate.
To mind itself, nothing but your smiling face,
I prostrate again and again.
May our minds be inseparable like water poured into water.

*Written with longing and one-pointed devotion at Shangri-la in Peacham, Vermont, on
the 26th of April, 1987, by a student of the Trungpa Tülku named Ösel Tendzin.
May virtue increase. May all beings attain permanent bliss.*