

A Supplication and Aspirational Training in The Pure Realms of The Three Kayas

by Kunchen Jigme Lingpa

Alas and alack! Vidyadhara Padmasambhava,
Sentient beings like me with bad karma in these degenerate times
wish for happiness, yet seek out suffering.
In whom can those with misdirected ardor trust?
See me with compassion, wise Master of Camara Isle!
Lead me, right this moment, to the Copper-Coloured Mountain of Glory!

Even you, a compassionate Victor,
Left your Tibetan subjects and went to Camara Island.
In which source of refuge may we Red-faced Tibetan children,
the offspring of monkeys, entrust our hopes in this and future lives?
See me with compassion, wise Master of Camara Isle!
Lead me, right this moment, to the Copper-Coloured Mountain of Glory!

Life is precarious, like a chick perched on the edge of a cliff.
I can't even be sure that I won't die tonight.
Making plans as if I will always be here, I have been fooled by Mara.
In whom can I trust when Yamaraja's minions arrive?
See me with compassion, wise Master of Camara Isle!
Lead me, right this moment, to the Copper-Coloured Mountain of Glory!

We sentient beings in samsara are drawn to actions that bring suffering.
Any interest in practicing the sacred Dharma fades like a star at dawn.
Enslaved by trivial distractions, we waste our lives.
In whom can we place our hope when death, the great enemy, arrives?
See me with compassion, wise Master of Camara Isle!
Lead me, right this moment, to the Copper-Coloured Mountain of Glory!

All ordinary people, whose nature is childish,
become increasingly feeble from years of study, reflection and meditation,
their eyes of the six paramitas staring ahead blindly.
Who can we turn to when each of the elements, in turn, dissolves?
See me with compassion, wise Master of Camara Isle!
Lead me, right this moment, to the Copper-Coloured Mountain of Glory!

Even though we take interest, and start along the path of the ten virtues,
when we look more closely, it is insincere, diluted by the eight worldly dharmas.
Our non-virtue ripens, unnoticed, automatically growing, until,
In the bardo, we are fated for the hell-realms. Who can we turn to then?
See me with compassion, wise Master of Camara Isle!
Lead me, right this moment, to the Copper-Coloured Mountain of Glory!

Alas! When the time comes, and my life runs out of propulsion,
my body loses its luster, and I breathe in sharp gasps,
my vital winds flee and my corpse rasps its last,
severing ties to all those dear and close,
may I not suffer intense, mortal agony,
but see the dakinis appear to welcome me.

Alack! Earth, water, fire, air and space;
as each of the elements dissolves in turn,
after the vivid experiences of smoke, mirages,
Sparks and butter lamps, occur the three subtle stages of dissolution:
appearance, increase and attainment—
in this way, as consciousness dissolves into appearance,
Like the sun and moon eclipsed in a cloudless sky,
The red path dawns and the red element retracts back into the heart.

Afterwards, as appearance dissolves into increase,
Like moonbeams slanting through a sky-light,
The white path unfolds, and the white element descends.
Then, as increase dissolves into near-attainment,
in the way darkness gathers at twilight in a cloudless sky,
The black path appears, and I fall unconscious into the ground state.

Once more, when the eight life-supporting energies split apart,
I revive slightly from unconsciousness and the original, primal radiance dawns,

Clear and unobstructed, like the autumn sky.
As I remain in this empty, clear state, unobscured and unveiled—
the present, originally pure, non-conceptual expanse
of ordinary cognizance, wide open and unconfined—
may I become certain about it; and by the force of steadily remaining there,
in the primordial expanse of the ground, the secret precincts of inner clarity,
having six distinctive qualities, the sphere of Samantabhadra's realization,
may I seize that stronghold in that very instant!

If I am not liberated in this first interval,
The experience of the expanse dissolves into spontaneously present luminosity,
and as the eight experiences of the process of dissolution occur—
sounds, lights, rays, mandala groups and the others—
May I recognize them as the natural display of the interval of dharmata,
And be liberated like a child leaping into its mother's lap.

Yet if I fear the sounds, am scared of the rays,
and alarmed by the appearances of deities, and liberation eludes me,
Then by the truth of dharmata and through the Lama's blessings,
just as I awaken from this dream and delusion,
May I be miraculously born within the bud of a lotus
in a natural nirmanakaya realm, my liberation assured!

By virtue of having entered the path of Luminosity Great Perfection,
whose meaning transcends the scale of the nine vehicles,
when the time comes and I enter the primordial womb,
May indications of liberation—sounds, lights, earth tremors,
five types of relics, images of peaceful and wrathful deities, and the rest—
be manifestly produced for everyone to experience.

By the powers of the superb and fully pure intentions of this vidyadhara,
and of the truth of dharmata not really being anything at all,
May sentient beings of the three realms, and especially
all those who have formed some connection with me,
Be joyfully liberated, together in one group,
In the wondrous pure realms of the four kayas!

This supplication and aspiration to train in the pure realms of the three kayas came about when I was alone in retreat in 'The Akanista Vajra Cavern', a retreat place of Padmasambhava/of self-arising Lotus speech. Early one morning, I caught sight of Mount Hépori, which led me to a

reverie about how it was just over there, on that hill-top, that Khenpo Shantarakshita, the master Padma and his heart disciples once left their footprints, tamed gods and demons, and found leisure, as described in so many accounts of their deeds. But now, nothing is left of their passages there, not even their names.

A conviction arose that all composite things, like those events, are impermanent. And so even though I myself had counted on remaining alive for at least a few more years, I had no way at all to be certain that the very next day I would not find myself gone on to the next world. This thought made me sorrowful and strengthened my renunciation beyond measure.

This recollection of Guru Rinpoche and his disciples led me to shed countless tears, and as a result, I, Chatral Khyentse Özer, wrote this aspiration prayer suitable for daily recitation as a way to supplicate them, imploringly drawing out the heart of samaya, and at the same time containing root verses which review the means to be liberated through the experiences that occur in the successive phases of the bardo.

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