ODE OF DELIGHT UPON RECOGNIZING THE MOTHER

by

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|च्याकॅ:हेब्रावड्डिट:वी:ट्रे:हेब्रायते:ख्य |हि:पर्वेब्रायहेब्राय:३:हेब्रायते:क्षय| |चगव:हेब्रावहेंब्राय:केट्रहेब्रायते:क्षय|

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.

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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!"

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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.

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.

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.

|बॉर्डिया'सेव'यावव'सेव'मी'स'सदे'पवेव'रस| |हेंह्रेंहेव'पडीट'मी'से'स्ट'वट'व| |हेंब'प'सेट्रर्स्य'मी'स्ट्रिंट्'स्ट्रिह्रे| |क्रुंव'प'ट'पट्रेंदेनेहेंन्'स्व्यान् 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.

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.

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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.

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.

ष्णः वास्त्र व सं दे दे हें र व व तर्त्व व

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.

विश्वत्यः स्टिन्यः साम्रे द्वात्मान्यः स्टिन् स्त्रात्मा विश्वत्यः स्त्रात्मा स्त्

Also, even though scholars of the Sakya, Nyingma, Kagyu, and Drugpa traditions

Make proclamations using all manner of terms such as:

"Self-cognition of the non-apprehended clear-emptiness,"

"Samantabhadra's own face of essential purity and spontaneous presence,"

"The innate, uncontrived Mahamudra," and

"Free from assertions of non-existence or existence,"

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!

पिर्ट्यावयान्यां स्वास्त्र स्वस्त्र स्वास्त्र स्वस्त्र स्वास्त्र स्वास्त्र स्वास्त्र स्वास्त्र

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

E MA!

How marvelous!

AH OH!

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

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