

The Magical Play of the Original State: A Song and Dance of Sublime Aspiration

How amazing!

In the sacred place, Blissful Pure Land (Dewachen),
Abides the dharmakaya master, Buddha Amitabha, Limitless
Light.

Think of me, your child who prays to you, with compassion:
Grant me your blessings and supreme empowerment.

My awareness, empty clarity, beyond center or boundary—
Lord, isn't this your wisdom mind?
My abiding nature, ever without transition or change—
Buddha Amitabha, Unchanging Light, isn't this you?

I have never been apart from this, even for an instant;
Never apart, yet I was unaware of it.
Now that I recognize it,
Buddha Amitabha, Limitless Light, vanishes;
Blissful Pure Land disappears.

Unobstructed within the unborn space of the nature of mind,
I exult within awareness, the play of empty exaltation.
When all experience arises as the pervasive manifestation of
dharmakaya,
Clinging to pure lands is misleading;

The label “Buddha,” the narrow path of attachment.
There is no Buddha Amitabha outside me: I look within.
I have discovered the dharmakaya within myself. How
exhilarating!

This is never-ending happiness. How amazing!
This is the kindness of my holy Lama
And the blessing of the Lama’s profound instructions.
I sing this joyous, exalted song
And dance upon reaching the summit of my aspirations.

How amazing!

In the sacred place, Potala Mountain’s Pure Land,
Abides the sambhogakaya master, Bodhisattva Chenrezi,
Great Compassion.
Think of me, your child who prays to you, with compassion:
Grant me your blessings and supreme empowerment.
My awareness, naturally clear, without covering veils—
Lord, isn’t this your wisdom mind?
The display of my awareness, the spontaneous wisdom of
love and supreme knowledge—
Chenrezi, Lord of Compassion, isn’t this you?

I have never been apart from this, even for an instant;
Never apart, yet I was unaware of it.

Now that I recognize it,
Bodhisattva Great Compassion vanishes;
Potala Mountain disappears.

Unobstructed within the unborn space of the nature of mind,
I exult within awareness, the play of empty exaltation.
When all radiance has the nature of the sambhogakaya,
Clinging to pure lands is misleading;
The label “sacred Dharma,” the narrow path of attachment.
There is no Bodhisattva Great Compassion outside me: I look
within.
I have discovered the sambhogakaya within myself. How
exhilarating!

This is never-ending happiness. How amazing!
This is the kindness of my holy Lama
And the blessing of the Lama’s profound instructions.
I sing this joyous, exalted song
And dance upon reaching the summit of my aspirations. The
Celebration of Fortunate Ones

How amazing!

In the sacred place of Tail-Fan, Glorious Copper-Colored
Mountain’s palace,
Abides the nirmanakaya master, Lotus-Born from Oddiyana.

Think of me, your child who prays to you, with compassion:
Grant me your blessings and supreme empowerment.

My awareness, unceasing self-liberation—
Lord, isn't this your wisdom mind?
My mind's nature, source of kayas and wisdoms—
Lotus-Born, isn't this you?

I have never been apart from this, even for an instant;
Never apart, yet I was unaware of it.
Now that I recognize it,
Lotus-Born vanishes;
Tail-Fan's Copper-Colored Mountain disappears.

Unobstructed within the unborn space of the nature of mind,
I exult within awareness, the play of empty exaltation.
When any appearance of the energy of awareness is
nirmanakaya's display,
Clinging to pure lands is misleading;
The label "bodhisattva," the narrow path of attachment.
There is no Lotus-Born outside me: I look within.
I have discovered the nirmanakaya within myself. How
exhilarating!

This is never-ending happiness. How amazing!
This is the kindness of my holy Lama

And the blessing of the Lama's profound instructions.
I sing this joyous, exalted song
And dance upon reaching the summit of my aspirations.

How amazing!

In the sacred place, the energy center of great exaltation at
the crown of my head,
Abides the peerless lord-protector, my root Lama .
Think of me, your child who prays to you, with compassion:
Grant me your blessings and supreme empowerment.

My present awareness, the fourth aspect beyond the three
times—
Lord, isn't this your wisdom mind?
My awareness, the foundation of all phenomena—
Root Lama, isn't this you?

I have never been apart from this, even for an instant;
Never apart, yet I was unaware of it.
Now that I recognize it,
My root Lama vanishes;
Designated pure lands disappear.

Unobstructed within the unborn space of the nature of mind,
I exult within awareness, the play of empty exaltation.

When all experience arises as the Lama's nature,
Clinging to pure lands is misleading;
The label "rupakaya," the narrow path of attachment.
There is no Lama outside me: I look within.
I have discovered enlightenment within myself. How
exhilarating!

This is never-ending happiness. How amazing!
This is the kindness of my holy Lama
And the blessing of the Lama's profound instructions.
I sing this joyous, exalted song
And dance upon reaching the summit of my aspirations. The
Celebration of Fortunate Ones

How amazing!

In the sacred place, Blazing Fire Mountain Pure Realm,
Abides the chief wisdom deity, great Héruka.
Think of me, your child who prays to you, with compassion:
Grant me your blessings and supreme attainment.

My own awareness, splendor of all existence and
enlightenment—
Wisdom deity, isn't this your essential nature?
My realization's incisive knowledge of selflessness, a brave
warrior—

Vajra Kumara, isn't this you?

I have never been apart from this, even for an instant;
Never apart, yet I was unaware of it.
Now that I recognize it,
The host of wisdom deities vanishes;
Blazing Fire Mountain disappears.

Unobstructed within the unborn space of the nature of mind,
I exult within awareness, the play of empty exaltation.
Phenomenal existence's purity is the wisdom deities' nature;
Clinging to pure lands as separate places is misleading;
The label "wisdom deity's body" as substantial, the narrow
path of attachment.
There is no wisdom deity outside me: I look within.
I have discovered the supreme deity within myself. How
exhilarating!

This is never-ending happiness. How amazing!
This is the kindness of my holy Lama
And the blessing of the Lama's profound instructions.
I sing this joyous, exalted song
And dance upon reaching the summit of my aspirations.

How amazing!

In the sacred place, the pure celestial land,
Abides the chief of all dakinis, Vajra Varahi.
Think of me, your child who prays to you, with compassion:
Grant me your blessings and remove obstacles.

My original basic nature, the vast uncontrived expanse—
Companion, isn't this your stainless space?
This wisdom of empty exaltation without coming together or
separating—
Wisdom dakini, isn't this you?

I have never been apart from this, even for an instant;
Never apart, yet I was unaware of it.
Now that I recognize it,
Vajra Varahi vanishes;
The celestial pure land disappears.

Unobstructed within the unborn space of the nature of mind,
I exult in awareness, the play of empty exaltation.
When appearances, sounds, and incisive knowledge have the
female Buddha's nature,
Clinging to pure lands is misleading;
The label "sublime mother," the narrow path of attachment.
There is no dakini outside me: I look within.
I have discovered the mother of the Victorious Ones within
myself. How exhilarating!

This is never-ending happiness. How amazing!
This is the kindness of my holy Lama
And the blessings of the Lama's profound instructions.
I sing this joyous, exalted song;
I dance upon reaching the summit of my aspirations.
The Celebration of Fortunate Ones

How amazing!

In unfixed locations, pure realms of charnel grounds,
Dwell seas of Dharma protectors, the oath-bound guardians.
Think of me, your child who prays to you, with compassion:
Grant me your blessings and accomplish my activity.
My awareness, in which all acts are primordially and
effortlessly accomplished—
Seas of oath-bound ones, isn't this your life-essence?
This protection from the dualistic perceptions of existence
and enlightenment—
Ultimate guardian, isn't this you?

I have never been apart from this, even for an instant;
Never apart, yet I was unaware of it.
Now that I recognize it,
The protectors and guardians vanish;
The charnel grounds and sacred places disappear.

Unobstructed within the unborn space of the nature of mind,
I exult within awareness, the play of empty exaltation.
In the protector's display, natural liberation of the mass of
my thoughts,
Clinging to designated sacred places is misleading;
The label "guardians" as separate entities, the narrow path
of attachment.
There is no guardian outside me: I look within.
I have discovered oath-bound protectors within myself. How
exhilarating!

This is never-ending happiness. How amazing!
This is the kindness of my holy Lama
And the blessings of the Lama's profound instructions.
I sing this joyous, exalted song;
I dance upon reaching the summit of my aspirations.

- Dudjom Rinpoche, Jigdral Yeshé Dorjé - Wisdom Nectar -
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