

THE RAIN OF WISDOM - Session 2 Readings
THE SONGS OF MIKYÖ DORJE

1

Yang-ye!

When I think and examine, I realise I have obtained the precious human body.
When I inquire and investigate, I realise I have met the authentic jetsün.
If I can practice diligently and abandon evil deeds,
Then there is no concern other than the holy dharma.

Now, the kindness of the refuge object has arisen again.
Now, I again supplicate the supreme refuge,
Karmapa, Lord Tüsum Khyenpa.
Bless me with the wisdom of your mind of nonthought.

In the lower part of Nyemo valley,
Everyone, whether layman or monk,
Is tormented by the constant toil of cultivating hard fields
And constructing earthen houses and buildings.

In the foothills in front of the Lady of Glaciers,
All the laymen and monks who live in highland tents,
Impoverished and frenzied, herding their calves and sheep.
Suffer from the constant fear of losing their means of livelihood.

In the middle region live shaven-headed men
Wearing yellow-colored square robes.
Looking for where they might find food and livelihood,
The ultimate and permanent goal does not occur to them.
Heedless, they wander in an empty valley.

Seeing such circumstances, overwhelming compassion arose in me.
When this powerful compassion arose,
I thought of the old mothers, without refuge and protector,
Who suffer, being impoverished and uncared for,
And overwhelming anguish arose in my mind.

At that time, the lord who possesses great kindness,
The father, the three jewels, I remembered with longing.
Remembering him, I tirelessly made supplication.
Having made such intense supplication,
I was concerned that I might make too much of this experience.
Therefore, I desire with all my heart to remain in an empty unpeopled valley.

All this retinue, this assembly of ten thousand disciples,
Take sides in factions, set up their own bureaucracy,
And so perpetually increase the ten evil deeds.
As these spread, the happiness of the old mothers is destroyed.
Overwhelmed, I cut myself off from the attachment of followers and servants.

Without followers, servants, and disciples,
There is only my body, speech, and mind.
Like the happiness of a garuda soaring
In the midst of the vast, blue, lofty sky,
I feel from my heart the joy of great happiness.

2

Those who amass wealth and goods
Are never content, but steal, rob, and quarrel.
Other than the three lower realms,
They have nowhere else to go.
Seemingly indispensable and necessary wealth,
One should not cling to, saying, "This is mine."
Even if precious wish-fulfilling gems
As high as excellent Mount Meru
Were piled up before one,
If one does not cling dearly to these,
How could the avarice of great desire arise?
One should cast out and abandon everything altogether.

The vacillating person who does not pay attention to himself
And runs after others' fancies
Is like a thoughtless child running
After a fluttering butterfly
On the brink of a rocky precipice.
He does not gain abundant happiness,
But just the loss of his life.
At the slightest pretty figure or face,
He loses control of his senses.
At pleasant or unpleasant words,
Intense passion or aggression arises.
People are so small-minded that in dangerous situations,
If these madmen can find some enjoyment,
They do not even care about their own lives.
I fear for what will happen to them.
Present experience is joyless, and in the future

They must experience constant suffering without liberation.
Therefore, overwhelming renunciation truly arises in me.
As this has arisen, the actions of those gullible people
Do not enslave my body, speech, and mind.
These three gates become workable and the roots of virtue increase.
As these increase, the kindness of the three jewels is obtained.
Now for the rest of my life, however short it may be,
I shall not waste my time in futile laziness.
The time has come to take responsibility for myself.
Even very great fame
Does not last a hundred years.
I do not hang on to mere titles for even an instant,
As in my depths, I am certain of their futility.

3

In this realm of samsara, from the pinnacle of existence
Down to the lowest Avici hell, All experience suffering,
And I see nothing excellent in them.
Myself and others, superior, average, and low,
For all these in this lowest state, I feel compassion.

With secretive, concealed, and artificial behavior,
Taking pride as if performing important deeds,
Human life does not rest in leisure.
Even though one applies oneself earnestly to these,
It is like the play of a thoughtless child.
How can one think that these will bear fruit?

Having great success in the gathering of incorrigible disciples,
The permanent goal of both self and others
Is utterly destroyed.
How can one confuse this with something valid?

Hoping for happiness from another
Through requesting favors, flattering, and so forth
Is the cause of burning anguish.
Making one's way to a high rank
Is a great distraction which is of no virtue.

If one dwells alone in retreat,
Evil deeds naturally cease.
Therefore, all the companions whom one likes to talk to
And attachment to the desire to be close to them—

This longing and desire must be left far behind.
In this way, life is led with a peaceful mind.

One does not have to give thanks for alms,
And hear other people say,
"You are practicing this holy dharma so purely."
In a land where no people are seen,
Like a small bird on top of a bare rock
One has neither servants nor permanent home.

One should abandon activities with all one's heart.
Abandoning these, one receives the blessings of the Kagyü.
If one supplicates tirelessly,
This is no different than siddhi.

Whatever strength of devotion I have
Is all concentrated into a single force.
In the three realms of samsara,
Conventional view goes according
To health, wealth, followers, and fame.
Please put an end to this view in the being of myself and others.

Thus, I supplicated.