

Behold Awareness!

Homage to the Guru,
Who has an un-crooked finger!

Cross through the peels of the still mind,
Like cutting through the entrancing rind of a succulent orange,
Allowing each faint or strong clinging to fade away,
Like a dye running out of clothes in warm water,
Peeling open layer upon layer with lovingly precise insight,
Beyond any concept of a meditator or a meditation,
Beyond the object of meditation and anything to be achieved,
The limpid, pellucid expanse of mind—free—dawns or bursts forth.
It is always there—look!
It never fades nor goes—look!,
It does not matter how busy or settled is the mind—look!
No solidity, substance or reference can be found—look!

Do not get distracted with all these questions and states of mind,
It is not complicated or complex,
It does not require a deep intellect,
But leave no holes or sloppiness in the mandala,
Not for an instant allowing mindfulness to slip,
Have strength, patience and discipline,
Just like a well organized spider's web,
Then, a better chance to catch a glimpse,
One can't leave this quest to chance!

Remain in the essence of simplicity and naturalness,
Fused with the urge of the depth,
To be free and open,
With a razor's sharpness, look beyond the fixation,
That it is anything other,
Than awareness.

Brightness without support merges with the heart of compassion,
And wisdom is revealed—the consort awareness is beheld,
Love in all it's majesty,

The womb of freedom,
A great bliss of naturalness.

Making sure that one does not grasp onto phenomena as objects,
Not even the subtle notion of a non-conceptual mind, or
The rind of bliss, or clarity,
But dwelling in the expanse of space and luminosity of the mind objects,
Not a breath of difference between external and internal,
The true quality of bright open space.
Not clinging to the object, the space or luminosity of the object,
Let everything cease,
As it will,
With an eagle's gaze, relinquish every drop of holding, posturing, creating or
fabrication.

Thus the kernel, the very nature emerges!
Clarity, water bright, transparent nature of the innate mind,
Becomes so apparent, peer fearlessly into the heart of the sun,
This fundamental nature is completely free!
The mind poisons vanish like dense fog in sunlight!

Certainty now that there is no need to stumble about,
Letting cease the millions of moments of self referencing,
Laughing at the hallucination that self has any substantiality,
No longer believing that the images in the mirror-mind are real,
Not grasping with clenched talons to anything but the essential point,
And out pours a giant river of compassion and joy!

Abiding in awareness, unshakable confidence emerges,
That this unspeakable inner dwelling,
Is the actual Bodhi-mind.
Confidence that this natural awareness is Buddha Mind,
That opening, this door,
Investigating, probing, questioning, contemplating,
Is the great study,
Gaining overwhelming confidence through being immersed with vivid
awareness,
Day after day, night after night,
Honing the craft to excellence!

Deep in the continuum-river of innate awareness,
The most precious gift in the universe.
To be shared with all,
Samaya.

Freedom from mental stories, pain and frustration,
And the power to help others realize this nature,
Samaya.

This secret teaching, awareness,
Is hidden by mountains of chatter and stories,
This secret is all you really have!
What else is there? Take a look!
From waking until sleep, there is only a vast stream of experiences,
Even dreaming—only experiences,
All you have!
And even these we can't grasp!
Like an endless parade of phantoms appearing and vanishing in a mirror,
Or bewildered by the brilliance and clarity,
Of the light play of the polished mirror,
The delusional glints and hints that there may be more spiritual treasures,
Other than naked awareness.

After a while, who cares what flavours the experiences are, what they are
called!
Outer, inner appearances—same thing—the mind.
Delve deeper into the heart of the matter!
For all these experiences are in essence jiggles of the mind,
How many do you want to collect!
Like the stuffed trophies of dead creatures.
Or like notches of the dead, in the belt of a wild-west gunslinger!

Search for the essential point—primordial awareness!

Awareness—this is actually taking refuge in the Guru Mind,
Where all Gurus, past, present and future are seen as one glorious essence,
Like vast billowing clouds of blessings,
With not a gram of substance to them!
But, HA, the wondrous attributes of Buddha Nature,

The Universe, just as it is,
Oh Great Perfection!
A vast totality of interfused threads of mind,
Enjoying the inconceivable play of phenomena,
Exploring the extraordinary possibilities,
Having great joy and interest in the ordinary,
Knowing that THE meditation is awareness,
Mind in its natural state,
Identical to the innate wisdom of all beings.
And the Word, is revealed.

Walking along the path by the forest with a bundle of kindling.
Igniting hearts to the word, the vision,
Unrelenting in the View,
A show,
Sometimes with pomp and circumstance,
With big hats, bells, drums and whistles,
And sometimes so utterly natural and naked,
The Emperor with no clothes,
A self arisen child,
Pointing to what is the meditation:
Behold awareness!

Lama Yongdu, Makarora, New Zealand, May 3, 2007