

Marvelous to Hear Awareness

Mantra is the union of mind aware of innate mind,
The glow of naked awareness,
Awakeness of humming of an open universe,
Just as the light of the sun is fused into the appearance of a full moon's
glow.
The meditation deity is the innate mind—also naked awareness,
Just as waves bounce and play upon the immensity of a vast ocean.

This is not poetic fun, but all life and non-life is permeated by sound and
vibration,
Like a grand orchestra of life and death.
Mantra if done with depth and sustained interest will open one to this
amazing symphony.
If done with a heart of conviction—each mantra is a declaration of
freedom—
A sounding,
Free of mental confusion, greed and hatred, if even for a brief moment!
Begin to string these brief moments together,
Like beads on a rosary,
There is no doubt,
There will be such happiness at a sustained declaration with your body, voice
and mind,
Bathed in a glorious movement of freedom and love.

Sometimes mantra is the burning and blowing of the wind through clogged
pipes,
At times uncomfortable, at times boring, and at times exhilarating.
That burning and blowing out of the years of endless wandering thoughts,
Brings life, a renewed life to one's veins, so the mind will feel bright,
Like a thousand lit candles, or a burning bush--the flames of the deity,
And the intense wisdom light in the heart.

If one loses sight of the vision of mantra yoga,
It is a listless tracking through a parched desert.
But if one has the grand vision of mantra yoga,
It is like seeing each grain of sand vibrating,
Each grain full of interesting richness, colour, form, texture and delight.

That is drinking from the ambrosial cup,
The renewal of life's joy,
Basking in the magnificence of the universe of mysteries,
A whale shark, moving slowly, grazing billions of plankton,
In the spectral deep, scintillating light.

If one gives up expectation and worry,
Of the outcomes and experiences "one will get" by doing mantras,
And have confidence that the simple act of declaring liberation,
The name mantra of the deity, over and over again will restructure,
nerves, tissues, flesh and bone,
Just as if we visited the gym of the Deity for a good workout, everyday, for
hours,
This is pouring sweet honey and vitamins into a tired-out brain.

Oh so bright!

By visualizing the immaculate form of the Yidam unified with sounding
awakeness,
As one does in blowing and emitting the 100 sounds of God through a ram's
horn,
A new being is born, crafted and nurtured bit by bit.

Mantra is birth and passing away,
The sound of presence.
Mantra is the awareness of Buddha Mind behind each person's utterance,
No matter how good or bad they act.
Mantra is Bodhi, the heart for liberation for all manifestations of
intelligence,
Mantra is utter peace, the open quiet of saying nothing and doing nothing.
Mantra is sipping tea with the bliss of mindfulness,
Honed to a facet edge of cut diamond.

Why mutter your life away?
Why gossip your life away?
Why fantasize your life away?
Why day-dream your life away?
Why have idle stray thoughts and watch your life bleed away?!

Life is far too precious and fleeting for basking in maudlin, squishy, mushy thoughts and activities.

Much wiser to refine and pronounce the sounds of liberation and love,
Until they crackle and pop and gurgle and burst, foam and spill,
Through all the pores of the mind, this hollow body of light,
Ejecting the declaration of millions of moments of freedom,
For all beings in all directions!

Now, is that not marvelous to hear awareness!

Lama Yongdu, Queenstown, New Zealand, June 3, 2007