BRIGHTER THAN CRYSTAL Rigdzin Jigme Lingpa's Sung-Gur

Homage to the Guru. Gazing upward, to the space of luminosity pure from the start,

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I see perfect presence, the massing of sun and moon, brighter than crystal,

the indispensable adornment of view, meditation, and conduct:

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Oh, this boy's fallen in love with the high blue sky!

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Gazing downward, to the cities of the round of rebirth's three realms,

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I see my venerable mothers, beings of six kinds, racked with varied woes.

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Witnessing this, my heart can't help but shudder:

Oh, this boy's fallen in love with the holy teachings!

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Gazing around, on this peak of a high rocky mountain

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smothered in the caresses of rain, fog, and wind,

I see my little slate hut, a fine mansion I'm neither fond of nor cling to:

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Oh, this boy's fallen in love with retreat on a mountain pass!

My mind harbors no liking for the busyness of monasteries

where enemies are hated and friends prized as a matter of course.

Don't give me your advice, tales told to trick infants-do you get that?

Oh, this boy's fallen in love with whatever appears easily close at hand!

These vultures love meat, sinful food, but they don't kill.

Alight in fearless conduct on the steely tips of their wings of wind,

they forcefully span the space of view and meditation:

Oh, this boy's fallen in love with white vultures!

These birds were born as thoughtless beasts but have positive minds:

No food that involves others' harm passes their beaks.

Such feathered creatures live on grass and reeds, and sing sweetly:

Oh, this boy's fallen in love with heavenly snowcock birds!

Deer that frolic on the grasslands due to their past karma-

Flee, flee from your attackers, the shameless hunters.

You eat what you find among the very best of foods, grass and water:

Oh, this boy's fallen in love with small brown deer!

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Yesterday, I saw those remains of a human corpse scattered for birds

and realized that this youthful illusory body is as solid as my breath in the cold air.

Though my body and mind will part ways, I won't feel any anguish:

Oh, this boy's fallen in love with the luminous true body of wisdom!

I've got no confidence I won't die, even tonight.

Plans and projects make me a rock in the abyss of the round of rebirth's wretched depths,

while continual lack of activity is sufficient to traverse all paths and stages of awakening:

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Oh, this boy's fallen in love with unfeigned relaxation!

I've got no time to wait for three immeasurable eons to elapse until enlightenment.

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The three levels of vows' essence is complete within intrinsic awareness,

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and present knowing awareness is enlightenment fully exposed:

Oh, this boy's fallen in love with luminous great perfection!

<u>न्त्रेव भवे में में बाका वामका या झेवु थी झाँवेना</u>

In this stone-house retreat on an isolated mountain side,

I sit within strict boundaries, hemmed in by rain and mist.

In the midst of blurry experience, bittersweet,

I, an adept of magical illusion, Khyentsé Özer, sing.

This blessed song by the omniscient master Jigme Lingpa has been taken from "The Cycle of Activity," chapter three of his autobiography, A Harvest that Gathers Every Good Act.

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