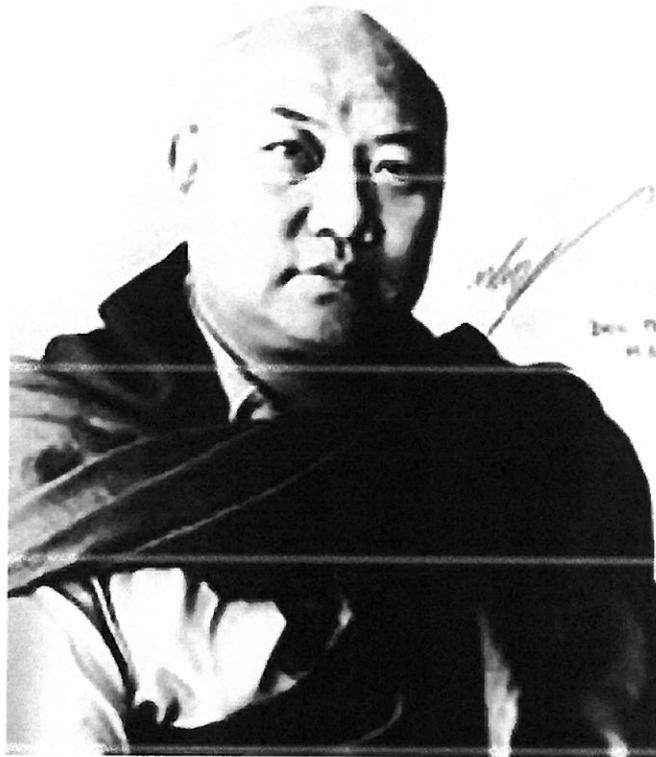


Aspiration



May the victory banner of dharma, never waning, fly in the ten directions.

May the fruition of dharma, cool peace in the world,
Evolve into the final ground of dharma, the attainment of nirvana.
May the tireless victory banner of dharma be planted.

Representing the abundant prosperity and richness of Jambudvīpa, the southern continent.
May the white parasol of the sun and the moon, peace and existence, be raised in a hundred
directions.

Underneath a honey rainfall of the victors teachings,
May the swiftness of the chariot deliver all difficult to tame beings to the great bhūmis.
May this be the great feast that we enjoy this year.

All the different kinds of suffering wandering being undergo,
Are like an illusory wheel.
From the moment they appear they shine as a pure mandala.
The suchness for a hundred families emanates into an ocean of
Pure realms.
This is the great play of variety, bliss-emptiness.

Now, with in changeless, spontaneous transparency,
I shall bestow upon you students the inspiration of the heart of
uncontaminated wisdom,
The breath which mixes mother and child as one taste.

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Kye ho! Listen, O children of noble family.
Having made the bodhicittas of aspiration and application your ground,
Remain within self-illuminating self-awareness, beyond thought and inexpressible.
The fruition is made the path, the great equal taste of bliss-emptiness.
If you can perform this conduct without fixation or effort,
You will experience self-liberation on the spot, the very ground of the
fruition, mahamudra.

~ His Holiness the 16th Karmapa

Spoken during the year of the Wood Horse, 1954.

http://www.theroaringlions.com/karmapas_poetry.html