

RECOGNIZING THE MOTHER
(A Song on the Experience of the Middle Way View)
by Changkya Rolpai Dorje

1. Eh Ma Ho!
He who reveals in bare
The wonder of profound dependent nature,
O my Guru, your kindness is indeed boundless.
Kindly reside in my heart
As I titter these extemporaneous words
From the thoughts flashing in my mind.

2. This lunatic child
Who, lost his mother so long ago
Is about to realize coincidentally
That he has not recognized
That she has been with him all along!

3. She is perhaps the one that 'is and is not'
As told to me quietly by my brother.
All dualism is my mother's benign smile,
This cycle of birth and death her deceptive words.

4. O my undeceiving mother you have betrayed me!
So I seek to be saved by my brother.
Yet it is ultimately through your kindness alone, O mother.
That I can hope to be freed.

5. If things are as they seem to be.
Then not even the Buddhas of all three times can save us.
But this diversity in change
Is in reality my unchanging mother's expressions.
Hence there is indeed a way out.

6. The inexpressible mother
Though not established in any way,
Deceptively leans on things back and forth.
This in itself has deep meaning.

7. Not finding the father when sought
Is, in fact, the finding of mother,
And the father is found on mother's lap. That
is how the parents save us, I am told!

8. It seems that my brother's mirror
Reflects ungrasped my mother's face,
Which is neither one nor multiple, Yet
a lunatic like me had no idea of it!

9. Based on the 'instructions sent through wind'
by masters Nagarjuna and Chandrakirti,
I am spared by Manjushrigarbha
The hardships of a long and tiring search,
Hence I hope to see the accompanying mother!

10. There seem to be amongst today's scholars
Those who, being caught in the web of terms,
'Thoroughly withstanding', 'true existence', etc.
Seek only something with horns to be negated
While leaving intact this solid appearance.

11. But on my mother's unveiled face
Such, vivid dualism is not found, I am told!
Through excessive discussions off the mark,
My mother is likely to run away!

12. Things exist, though not in this mode
Of chaos and a disorderly state.
For the inseparable bend of our loving parents
Seems that of harmony and tenderness.

13. Vaibhasika, Sautrantika, Vinjanavadin (Chitamatra)
and the three Eastern masters,
Label this mother elephant, white as limestone
With, names divergent and colourful:
A beaming striped tiger, physical matter,
A brainless lunatic monkey, an intrinsic subject,
A strong and wild bear, the absence of two,
Yet they all lost the old mother.

14. Likewise, many scholars and meditators
Amidst Sakya, Nyimgma, Karma and Drukpa Kagyus,
Pride themselves in diverse terminology;
'Self-awareness of non-subjective Emptiness and Clarity';
'Pristine purity and spontaneity, the true face of Samantabhadra';
'Mahamudra, the unfabricated innate mind';
'Neither existent nor non-existent, a mere absence or any stand';
It is all well if the target is hit
But I wonder what you are all pointing at!

15. As external matter is not dismantled,
Vaibhasikas, worry not and be pleased.
Though without self-cognizant, cognition and cognized is possible,
All Vinjanavadins, O be pleased.

Though without intrinsic nature, dependence starkly remains,
Be pleased too, the three eastern masters.

16. As clarity and emptiness can be held as uncontradictory,
Upholders of pupil-instructions need no insistence. Though pristine pure,
good and bad persist The knowledge-bearers need no clinging at purity.

17. Though meditating through imagination, the innate dawns,
The elderly meditators need no insistence.
As the absence of elaboration of 'existence and non-existence' can be accepted.
The stubborn logicians need not fret.

18. All this evolved perhaps due to
Unfamiliarity with the standard conventions,
By those lacking extensive study.
It is not that I have no respect for you,
Please pardon, if offended!

19. Though I am not an all-knower,
Yet possess the expertise
In the ways of riding
The well-bred horse of my ancestors' works
Through an enduring, enthusiastic exertion
I hope to get over the impossible cliff.

20. No search is required, for the seeker is it,
Never grasped as true, for it is false.
Yet this falsity should not be dispelled, for it is real.
Well deserved is the respite,
The freedom from the extreme of eternalism and nihilism.

21. Though lacking the coveted experience
Of directly seeing the mother,
I feel as though seeing right in front of me
The kind parents lost for so long

22. Great indeed is the kindness
Of Nagarjuna and his disciples.
Great indeed is the kindness of Lobsang Drakpa,
Great indeed is my Guru's kindness.
In return, I revere the mother.

23. By the joyous celebration of all good deeds,
Through the meeting of the young son of awareness
With his inexpressible and unproduced mother,
May all mother beings be led to lasting joy.

24. Ah! I, Rolpai Dorje
Perform here at this joy
A dance of ecstatic joy
To please the Three Jewels

These few deceptive lines describing the recognition of a mother entitled 'The Melodies of an Echo' have been written by Changkya Rolpia Dorjee (someone with deep admiration in the great Middle Way) on the mystical mountain of five peaks