

POEM BY HIS HOLINESS THE 17th KARMAPA
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Here is a poem by His Holiness the 17th Gyalwang Karmapa, Ogyen Trinley Dorje, who is like His Holiness the Dalai Lama, but the head of a different lineage, the Karma Kagyu Lineage.

I was fortunate enough to travel with my family to meet the Karmapa in Tibet at Tsurphu Monastery, his ancestral home, and spend three days there. I also met His Holiness again when he first came to the U.S. in 2008. I was part of a video team that worked with him, and got to see him up close.

This link is a poem he wrote about the 900 years that the Karmapa has reincarnated. It really is a wonderful poem, so those of you interested will want to actually read it for yourselves.

Here is the poem.

ANNIVERSARY POEM

Composed by His Holiness the Seventeenth Karmapa, Ogyen Trinley Dorje

like nectar flowing from a spring on a snowy mountain face,
from some highest of realms high above,
with effortless vigor and a deep, unprompted longing,
drop after divine drop, each pristine and pure,
you crossed the mountains and plains of hundreds of months and years,
to come cascading down, down into the land of our hopes.
coursing through deep aspirations you held, held through the stream of many lives,
from some place completely obscured to us,
you gave gentle warmth and nourished us.
since then, the tender young sprouts of virtuous minds
have blossomed with leaves and fruit,
and land once scorched with drought burst into life turquoise-green.
when a snow lion roars on a white mountain peak
the sound at once sends the crisp flakes swirling in a flurry.
when you arrived in the year eleven-ten
the lion's roar of your majestic name blazed forth,
spreading its unchanging splendor and unequalled blessings.
day and night, for nine hundred years,
it has set trembling the hearts of those with faith,
scared away the sleep of our ignorance
and stilled the waves of thought that trouble the ocean of our minds.
with the fearful crash of its sound, the haughty become hushed and still.
because you are here, we dare to face the angry countenance of the samsaric sea.
because you are here, we know that there is an end to this suffering.
the world, its voice raised in cries of birth and death, falls silent.
your deeds blend completely with a sky as deep blue as your brilliant crown.
your great heart, like a splendid mandala of wind,
keeps this world ever moved.

O Karmapa, you who act,
I am all that you have. and you are all that I have.

The poem can also be viewed here:
http://www.karmapa900.org/anniversary_poem.html

