

Calling the Guru from Afar

Two Prayers by

His Holiness Dūdjom Rinpoché Jikdral Yeshé Dorjé

*Spontaneous Song of the Indwelling: A Prayer Cried Out from Afar*¹

O Essential Nature, who is ever without change,
fundamental mode of being, free of elaboration,
who dwells within the youthful vase body,
luminous clarity of the very depths,
pure from the very beginning:

Heed my call, O Yeshé Dorjé,
Vajra of Primordial Consciousness,
Dharmakāya Teacher!

And please bless me to achieve
rock-bottom confidence
in the view.

O Manifest Nature—unimpeded—
union of the two, a galaxy of clear light,
who dwells within the dance of spontaneous
actualization, possessed of the five certainties:

Heed my call, O Déchen Dorjé,
Vajra of Great Bliss,
Sambhogakāya Teacher!

And please bless me to perfect
the tremendous creative potential
of meditation.

O Compassion, primordial consciousness—
free of extremes and without ever falling into partiality—
who dwells within the essential nature of
naked pristine awareness and emptiness,
pervading all that is:

¹ Dūdjom Rinpoché Jikdral Yeshé Dorjé (1904-1984), *rgyang 'bod kyi gsol 'debs gnyug ma'i thol glu*, in Vol. 25 (a) of *The Collected Works of Dūdjom Rinpoché (bdud 'joms 'jigs bral ye shes rdo rje'i gsung 'bum dam chos rin chen nor bu'i bang mdzod)*, within the work known as *A Great Cloud of Blessing Nectars: A Collection of Supplication Prayers Arranged in Sequence (gsol 'debs kyi rim pa phyogs gcig tu bsdebs pa byin rlabs bdud rtsi'i sprin chen)*, 1b1-2b5 [34-36]. (Buddhist Digital Resource Center Work W20869.)

Heed my call, O Drodül Lingpa,²
Revealer who tames living beings,
Nirmāṇakāya Teacher!

And please bless me to master
the great enterprise
of conduct.

My own pristine awareness, the primordial ground,
has never moved or changed.

Whatever arises is the creative display of dharmakāya;
in that sense there is no good or bad.

The consciousness of this present moment
exists as the direct manifestation of the Buddha.

Thus I found the Teacher at the center of my heart:
spacious, carefree, and full of joy.

When I realized this indwelling mind
as the manifest nature of the Teacher,

Then, without need for wailing
in contrived prayers all caught up in grasping,

By releasing into the natural rest
of uncontrived pristine awareness,

Indeed I received the blessing
that, without target or point of reference,
whatever arises frees itself.

When you actually do become a buddha,
it will not be because of the things you did.

These meditations done with
a mind of speculative analysis
are an enemy that deceives you.

Now this imprudent madman
who has shattered his mode of apprehension

Spends this human life in a state of
haphazard spontaneity:

² This is one of the names of Dūdjom Lingpa, Dūdjom Rinpoché's previous incarnation.

lying down, naked.

But whatever he does, there is joy!
It is the yoga of the Great Perfection.

Whomever he befriends, all is well!
They are the progeny of Padmasambhava.

His protector is beyond compare:
It is the Great Treasure Teacher.

His Dharma is without match:
The Heart Essence of the Sky Dancers.

His immense stupidity—
the darkness of the heart—
is cleansed right where it was.

And then, as for this one of good fortune,
who shows up
within the corona
of the clear light sun
that never grows dim—

To repay the kindness
of my teacher,
my one father,

Is a task without end or circumference—
So I recall the Teacher to myself,
a natural remembrance that goes on by itself.

~ Now, it is in the face of the honorable speech of the foremost among my vajra disciples—the Tulku Jikmé Chöying Norbu, who is of the class of those who accomplish all that is of meaning and benefit—that I, Jikdral Yeshé Dorjé, have spoken such crazy talk.

~ ~ ~

O Jikdral Yeshé Dorjé—
Fearless Vajra
of Primordial Consciousness—
Glorious Heruka,
All-pervading Lord,

Who is pleased to dwell—
without ever leaving me alone—
there within the opening bloom
of a thousand petals of faith
burgeoning within the
center of my heart,
as all the while you grant me
blessing upon blessing,
over and over again:

Once I have become sure
from the bottom of my heart
that you are the essential nature
of each and every victorious buddha,

were I to pray to you single-pointedly,
with the fervor of my unbearable longing,
then please, I beg you now,
to ripen and then to liberate
this continuum of my mind
with the sweet nectar of
empowerments, blessings,
and attainments.

Yet even should I cry out to you,
calling you from afar,
even as I think of you,
and miss you so very much,
my teacher,

I will never find a teacher
who is anywhere else,
or anyone other,
than this, my own,
primordially
indwelling mind.

If there is no one to whom I should pray
and if there is no one who does the praying

then what use could there ever be
in holding, striving, or contriving
with a state of mind that thinks:
“I pray”?

Naked, empty, pristine awareness,
utterly free of the conceptuality
that does not recognize luminous clarity—
this, just this, is the real teacher,
whom I recognize as Yeshé Dorjé.

O great majesty, who always was, who ever remains,
primordial ground, resting within yourself—
without need to call to you from afar,
without need to seek you from the shore—
within the consummate nature that transcends the intellect
there is not even a mistaken name by which you are known.
So how could you ever pass away into nirvāṇa?

O great expanse of bliss, the very nature of equality—
whatever arises is the dance of dharmakāya!
A ho! What great wonder is this blessing,
which, with no target upon which to land,
plunges into the heart of the yogin!

~ Now a woman of virtuous lineage and fine intelligence, Déchen Chödrön, who has shown sincere faith towards me, urged me again and again that “We need a prayer for calling the guru from afar such as this,” but at first my mind was torn about it. Yet with the enlightened speech of the precious nirmāṇakāya, Tulku Rinpoché, those obstructing spirits lurking nearby were fed and healed, and on that basis, I, Jikdral Yeshé Dorjé, have written this without obstacle. May there be virtue.³

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Translated by Eva Natanya

³ Dūdjom Rinpoché, untitled prayer within the same collection cited above, 11b4-12a6 [54-55].