

Praise to the Mahasiddha Shavaripa

By Dolpopa Sherab Gyaltzen
Translated by Thomas Roth

Om Svasti!

In the cloudless pure expanse of space,
In an unconstructed immeasurable tent-like pavilion of rainbow-light,
Is glorious Shavaripa with a ruby face;
I pray increase qualities without fault!

Wearing a garment of the skin of a young deer,
Short and corpulent and adorned with jewels and bone-ornaments,
You revel in aspects of dance in the loosely crosslegged position;
To you with wrathfully smiling face I pray!

Ornamented with a garland of Danukara flowers,
In you right hand you carry the small horn of a bamen deer,
In your left a human thighbone with piercing sound;
Mountain-dwelling yogin, at your feet I supplicate!

The dakas of the three places dance in formation,
Dakinis sing sacred songs with roaring voices,
Proclaiming various dharmas with jingling sound;
Glorious hermit, at your feet I supplicate!

By the strength of praising you - the lord of hermits,
May all the clouds of the two habitual obscurations,
Be completely blown away by the fresh breeze of non-thought,
Making visible the sky-like intrinsic nature!

[While in Choelung, when beholding a vision of the Mahasiddha Shavaripa in the sky among rainbow-lights, the Omniscient Lord of the Dharma smilingly composed these words.]

Source

In *Dpal jo nang ba'i zhal 'don phyogs bsgrigs*, 283-284.