

The Tale of Drolchok's Mind

Composed by Kunga Drolchok

Translated by Cyrus Stearns

Namo Guru

I cry to the master from my heart.
Bestow blessings on my mind!

There's no hope elsewhere.
Think well of me with compassion!

In this evil time and degenerate age
there appear to be many causes of death,
but it counts to die for Dharma,
so I'll go search for an isolated spot.

Thieves, robbers, and bandits
roam the pale northern steppes,
but discarding body and life,
I'll give up this life for Dharma.

This life may go for Dharma,
but I won't have any regrets,
because I'm following the example
of conquerors who appeared in the past.

If it's certain that death will come
no matter what I've done,
there can't be regret if this life goes
for the sake of the next one.

Seated in the hut of my saddened mind,
Teacher Impermanence spoke just
about the way things really are,
drawing forth certainty from my heart.

Unattached to anything,
I roam the mountain ranges freely.

No matter who may ridicule,
there's no regret in my mind.

May I quickly fulfill
this admirable talk
about giving up this life
and seizing the path of the next!

By the virtue of placing
These few words in writing,
this melancholy tale of Drolchok's mind,
may renunciation also arise in everyone,
as it has in me!

May this benefit the mind!

So he spoke.

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