

Cry to the Compassionate One

Composed by Lochen Ratnabhadra

Translated by Cyrus Stearns

With glorious, peerless kindness,
from the vast expanse of your
pure awareness of wisdom and love,
you satisfied my mind with profound Dharma.
Compassionate one, see me, your son!

Afflicted by a brutal plague
of the three poisons within,
I've no chance to resort to
the sublime medicine of Dharma.
Compassionate one, see me,
your son tortured by intense, demonic clinging!

Lacking eyes to see the truth
of the way things really are,
and without the cane
of profound method and knowledge,
I fell into the abyss
of conceptualizing and analyzing.
Compassionate one, see me, your son!

Lacking the fine wealth
of the seven noble gems,
and without the fine friends
of mindfulness and alertness,

I strayed from the path
of the fine support of the two stages.
Compassionate one, see me, your son!

Without disenchantment and renunciation
that transform the mind,
and lacking faith in the refuges
of master and deity,
I'm bereft of the profound path
of compassionate emptiness.
Compassionate one, see me, your son!

Without confidence in the divine nature
of the objects of apparent existence,
and lacking awareness of the illusory nature
of empty appearances as the path,
I've taken the sky of profound space to be a thing.
Compassionate one, see me, your son!

Abandoning compassion for all
sentient beings, who have been our mothers,
and not cherishing the three trainings of Dharma,
I lack the essential points of the profound
path of the four initiations.
Compassionate one, see me, your son!

All Dharma has become
just something to do or study,
all benefit solely to benefit myself,
and all the path surrendered
to the enemy of distraction.
Compassionate one, see me, your son!

If my past aspirations
have been such as this,
from now on may they
also be just like this.
By the blessing of
splendid Mahākaruṇika,
may I instantly be led to bliss!

On the twenty-first day of the new year,
remembering Dharma lord Urgyan Dzong,
who was a second Buddha,
Ratnabhadra cries our intensely.
It's right that you see me
with quick, great compassion!

If you don't see me
with your great compassion,
where will another refuge
be found for me?
You must care for me
just like a careful nanny,
for a bad and thoughtless child!