

TODAY

Though the shadows of yesterday follow from behind,
though it comes to meet the brightness of tomorrow,
today is an orphan, all alone.

Though we wait, it does not come.
Though we want it, we do not get it.
Today is like a hindrance.

Though we swallow it inside, it comes to an end.
Though we weep within, our voice is in mourning.
Today is like tears.

Though we knock back strong wine,
though we thrive in it and amuse ourselves,
today is like a separation.

Though the candle goes out,
though the summer sun returns,
today is like a meeting.

We gather flowers, the clouds move on,
the rain abates and, though thought flees away,
today continues, uneternally.

Today, right now I bid you
farewell upon your final path.
Since we'll meet again tomorrow,
I'll hurl stones at the depths of oblivion.

15 viii 00
7 xi 01

SKETCH I

1 RAIN

S P I T
S P O T
S P I T
S P O T
S P I T

2 DESERT

a single grain of sand burns like the sun

3 SNOW

skygrass withering...

1 RAIN AGAIN

a lark sneaks into the dog's bed

2 DESERT AGAIN

we run along the lizard's train into the depths of the sand

3 SNOW AGAIN

white up to the raven's shoulders

1 AND RAIN ONCE AGAIN

grandmother's thinking how, if two rainbows appear, the rain will fall again

2 AND DESERT ONCE AGAIN

sucked the cold, cold snow

3 AND SNOW ONCE AGAIN

skyless clouds, cloudless skies

January 2004

FOR THE GIRLS

Girls, I'll brag about my love for you.
Because I acted babyish and soft when I was in love,
I did not get drunk on strong wine.
Because I am a sot, befuddled, when I'm enamored,
I don't get sozzled on the best of wines.
The most lovely beauty is the most fragile.
The most valuable dress is first to fade.
The most beautiful of girls is the most exhausted.
The most lovely words are lies indeed.
The song of life is melancholy.
The taste of love is bitterness.
In the space twixt song and melancholy,
the path of love is mapped across eternity.
Girls, I'll sing of how I'm enamored of you.
The scent of spring flowers is sweet and aromatic,
it leads us into love, it brings us joy.
The drizzling rain of autumn is pure and gentle.
This meeting in the sun is moving and simple.
Girls, I'll brag about my love for you.

9/9/99
for my dear friend N Baasanjav

In the morning, with its ancient melodies of wind,
I gaze upon the world from a high mountain peak.
Under the old skygods whom they've befriended,
the songbirds sing across archaic distance.

From beyond a thousand ancient years, for sure,
in the pleasure of the stars, the color of emeralds,
at the command of wise men, a rain of verse is falling
on the silver earth, beneath the feet of Yangchen Lhamo.

The peaceful emptiness of the ten directions and the three times
is gentle, like the shelduck's gentle song.
And oh, upon your ears its poetry sounds,
and birds with golden wings are loosed from my mind.

The goddess Melody smiles with joy
meanwhile, softens like a mortal.
She elegantly dances many steps.
Across the precious world, the verse begins.

In the morning, with its ancient melodies of wind,
I gaze upon the world from a high mountain peak.
Under the old skygods whom they've befriended,
the songbirds – you - sing out across archaic distance.

LOVE'S AUTUMN

aripple ripple aripple
love's autumn meets with us, and
in song song in song
you come to us with memory's recollection

yearning yearning yearning
I send you love poems flying in on silver leaves, and
over and over and over
we share together our pale memories

joyful joyfully joyful
you come my love to me, and
loving lovingly loving
to you I dedicate our love

*the two swans remaining
are song's autumn,
the gentle love they've found
the autumn of recollection*

DESIRE

I want to live life as it should be lived.
Even serpents live their own lives through.
They think very little, they breed and multiply,
they recycle the soil, they eat young fry,
they gnaw on thyme leaves and, abandoning these three,
their handbroad form curls away their life, secretly.
I want to live life as it should be lived.
Even the grasses grow their own lives through and wither.
Burnt by winter's cold, yellowed in the summer sun, pounded by the rains of
autumn
and crushed by many feet, still they struggle skywards and,
though eaten by cows, again they grow, and we are amazed.
For the sake of others,
I want to live life as it should be lived.
A hundred years more is nothing to them.
In every moment, I
want to live life as it should be lived,
yes, even for a thousand years.
If I loved a beautiful woman, I would openly call her my wife.
So, as I wander aimlessly through twenty years,
lighting candles in the darkness, doing good for men and beasts,
seeking my desires, unhampered by anyone or anything,
I want to live with the form of Heaven, of fire or of wind.
Mother, I'll immortalise these clear and golden moments in the world.
Eschewing power, revealing what my heart of manhood desires,
loving my motherland, speaking words for the sake of simple people,
I want to live life as it should be lived.

SHILIIN BOGD

Shiliin Bogd, where fire is concealed in featherlight rocks.
Shiliin Bogd, folding its wings like the garuda as it ages.
Shiliin Bogd, who snares with fire the proud blue Heaven,
Shiliin Bogd, whose voice is of rocks colliding with the stars.
Shiliin Bogd, who melts the hoarfrost cold of winter.
Shiliin Bogd, rising blue beyond the saltmarsh steppe.
Shiliin Bogd, whose fiddle melody softened the swan's song.
Shiliin Bogd has flowed out, over the horse's backs.
Shiliin Bogd, of the windhorse's promise.
Shiliin Bogd, the eternal guard, looking out across the frontier.
Shiliin Bogd, revered and honored by another's child.
Shiliin Bogd comes to life, a princess
washes her feet and face, among the grasses, gazing at the skies.
Shiliin Bogd, the fifteenth day moon placed above its peak.
Shiliin Bogd, a girl of eighteen, happy beneath her skirts.
Shiliin Bogd, and stories from many aeons.
Shiliin Bogd, a new ornament for the whole world.

A SPRING NIGHT

The color fled
from the cold moon,
and with my hands
I covered my face.
And my hands were cold.

April 2000

MY MAN'S BODY

I seek for myself in myself.
I seek for the Buddha in myself.
I seek for Heaven in myself.
I seek for others in myself.

Here and there in my little body,
truth and lies range side by side.
Darkly draped in hatred and in grudging jealousy,
I seek for myself in myself.

In my dear body's honored life,
kindness, honor, sacrifice and mercy combine.
In the glistening magic of purity and enlightenment,
for the benefit of all, I seek for the Buddha in myself.

From my shadowy body's soul flows
the melody of mantra, the blessing of the sutra.
The whinnying of the spirit's white horse is heard, and
I seek for Heaven in myself.

From my dewy body's heart is heard
the life of the revered Buddha.
My soul comes to life, poetry's servant, and
I seek for others in myself.

The mind in this body of mine
gathers the amazement of the world,
an extraordinary temple.
And, in this extraordinary temple, the cosmic wheel turns.

29 xii 00
The Wheel Group

SKETCH II

LEAVES 1

Leaves fall to Earth, waving to the sky.
Leaves float in the waters of the sea, waving to the stars.
Leaves flutter into life, waving to me.
Leaves fly away for winter, waving to the butterfly.

LEAVES - 2

Leaves turn into colors of the Earth.
Leaves aflame in the color of blood.
Leaves absorb the colors of the sun.
Leaves grow to the shape of heart - a simple life.

LEAVES – 3

Leaves look like the hearts of the dead, hung on every branch.
Leaves look like tears of love and resentment, welling on every branch
before reaching earth.
Leaves look like couples, linked with their hearts on every branch.
Leaves look like wishes of the sky, hung upon every branch, every one a part
of human life, eroding time itself.

LEAVES – 4

Leaves - like Mother Earth.
Leaves' veins - like rivers.
Leaves' shadows - like daytime beetles.
Leaves' rustling - like gossips.

LEAVES – 5

To tread on fallen leaves is like wading through the rising sun.
To pull off growing leaves is like making one's beloved cry.
To cry over withered leaves is a lie.
Waiting with a broom for the leaves to fall is the truth.

LEAVES – 6

The palms of our hands look like leaves.
Our lover's eyes look like leaves.
The shapes of our lips look like leaves.
Leaves that are not yet grown are dreams.

LEAVES – 7

A single leaf endures four seasons – wonderful.
A single leaf foretells disasters – fearsome.
A single leaf symbolizes life – genius.
A single leaf bends, begging for mercy – humble.

LEAVES – 8

A spring leaf is fate.
A summer leaf is happiness.
An autumn leaf is bereavement.

A winter leaf is sorrow.

LEAVES – 9

A green leaf - it's you.

A withered leaf – it's me.

A love leaf – it's you.

A dry leaf – it's me.

A leaf is life.

LEAVES – 10

A leaf is a wind in the shape of a heart,

a colored picture of dreams,

a shooting star,

a memory about to be forgotten.

LEAVES – 11

Leaves

struggle through the autumn,

to make me understand the language of the wind.

When we don't understand each other, the wind and I,

we mock each other for having no common language.

Somebody seemed to whisper: "My brother, you are deaf!"

I looked around and saw

a last leaf fluttering down, behind a tree.

A BLACK SCARF

Your black scarf,
against the winter's snow.
Your loving mind
embraces ancient riches.
Like an elegant, fanshaped butterfly,
flying into every flame,
this lovely young girl of mine
is taken in by flattering words.
Do not put on your black scarf,
like dreams of deep wine.
Get away from loving minds,
don't look so sweet in that black wrap!

27 xi 99

TIME AND ME...

“A person before death
is like a candle in the wind.”
from the Buddha's teaching

1

I take the pen I've made of time, I write down words.
I embrace time like a woman, I gaze into her face.
I make a monument of time, I place flowers at its feet.
I bring to life the Buddha of time, I make his eyes white with light.

2

Time is like a snowstorm, like a fall of rain,
lashing out at me and you, unfriendly as it
kneels us on the execution block, we're
waiting to hear its teaching on death.

3

A characteristic

Death is a characteristic of someone's life.

A paradox

My death is the continuation of my eternity.

A lamp

The death of others – I suck a line of verse in my mouth, it dissolves into my mind.

A thought

Death –

leaves fall and bud, the place where they have fallen turns to yellow.
Tears flow and dry up, and the place where they have dried turns dirty.
My smiling son weeps, and when he weeps, I feel pity.
The snow packs together and melts, and where it melts turns to black.
The buttons rip from a shirt and I feel sorry that they've been ripped away.

*“You grow up and you die, but you are dead in your cradle.
You grow old and you die, but you are dead in your youth.”
Dalai Lama V*

Sinfulness

To scream *I'm dying* is an act of foolishness, to think *I am dying* when I am indeed dying is realisation. To think *I am dying* is an act of mourning. To think *there is no death* is a mistake, to think *I want to die* is craziness, to hear *you've died* is to live eternally.

A Deterrent

To die in your dreams is a fright.

A beginning

The one who comes bearing light goes off carrying sinfulness.

A continuation

The gods send a messenger to humanity. This messenger is our leader on the homeward road.

Death is silent, and so it is forgotten.

The journey

From the beginning, a person is crawling, walking, running towards their death and, in the end, they reach it leaning on a stick.

We live to greet people and farewell them as they head off into the distance, dissolve into a bright white light and return from far away. Life-Death=Life.

EVERY MOMENT

*Taking my three inch bamboo pen,
the nonsense I write
is better than wearing my shoes away,
chasing fame and fortune.*

Guliransa

With words and meaning I weave a knot of fortune,
with speech I meld the strings of tale and story.
I restore the pearlescent power of beautiful true mind,
and, pleasing the fishes of silver and gold eternally and now,
I am living.

I invoke the magic of wise Dharma,
I invoke the genius of our perfect ancestors,
I think about the ways of the world which will not come back again,
and, casting light upon the peaceful faces which will not come back again,
I am singing.

For a value which is never lost, but not to make a living,
for a pure and shining mind, but not to get silver and gold,
for a life of freedom and not for scant praise,
I am writing poetry.

1999-2000

SKETCH III

When I thought about the world,
an unusual image came to mind.
As I took my brush to paint it,
things were without shape...

When I thought about the universe,
a colorful melody appeared.
As I took my pen to write it down,
its whispers were wordless and its ink colorless.

22 ix 00

THE WOMEN OF TSETSEN KHAN

The women of Tsetsen Han,
their golden lineage,
in the season of ornamental flowers,
are elegant and lovely.

The women of the Ganga,
their swanwhite shining,
in the season of ornamental thyme,
are beautiful and proud.

The women of the homeland steppe
are pampered and proud. Oh,
how I would watch them forever,
walking their paths with laughter.

VERSES ON AN OFFERING SCARF
for my honored teacher Z Dorj

1.

A poet's verse,
whispered to autumn birds, is the teaching of God,
is the song of returning,
is the fate of being left behind.

A poet's song,
offered to the winter moon, is a burning love,
is the wisdom of struggle,
is an echo from the mountains watching over us.

A poet's feelings,
caressing a spring flower, the tears of beauty,
are an undimmed sadness.
are a credulous desire.

A poet's character,
brimming over the summer skies, is a flash of stars,
is the sound of the universe,
is the garden of space.

A poet's verse,
offered to humanity, is a song of freedom,
is the wind moving a pennant,
is a point to lean upon, a body to wear away.

A poet's words,
famous throughout Mongolia, are the laws of the state,
are a decree of the state
are an oath to the state

2.

A poet is a glimmering of the universe.

A poet is a magnificent flash of light.

A poet is the whip of the sky.

A poet is the messenger of God.

MY BEAUTIFUL LOVE,
JUST YESTERDAY I HELD HER

1

Our life will not proceed
so smoothly as it does today.
The horses which travel to tomorrow
are neighing in wait at my door.
The too fine things of yesterday have been taken and,
the world being unroofed, I don't know where they have gone.

2

My beautiful love, just yesterday I held her,
she is today become a man's ornament.
The winter's snows have packed
together into the mind's orphaned space,
these bright eyes, which remained in the quiet of evening,
pass before me, distanced and melancholy, and
so whom shall I befriend
in this deaf and dumb world?

3

Our life will not proceed
so smoothly as it does today.
The horses which strive for the future
are neighing at your door.
They do not know to stand,
please take the reins.

23 | 00

The "Wheel" Group

LIKE AN AUTUMN CLOUD...

like an autumn cloud
yellowish

like an autumn cloud
brisk

like an autumn cloud
forward moving

the age's cloud
moves against...

like an autumn cloud
with water pail

like an autumn cloud
with tasteful dance

like an autumn cloud
red colored

the age's affairs
move away

March 1993

SHARGIN GOVI
for L Mönhtör

The moon and sun track across broad Shargin Govi,
and we head out across, urging our milkwhite horses.
We cross ravines among vermillion mountains,
we mistake the whole world for Shambala.

We cross, causing the white gazelles to stretch their sinews-
We cross rashly at the ford of the colored horses of Orloi.
We cross at evening, following the sun from the sky.
We are happy, watching and watching the loveliness of the turning earth.

Quickly we aim for the ridge of Aj Bogd.
In a flash we reach the white peaks of Altai.
We come to offer sacrifice to the white mountain of Ail.
We sit cooling ourselves on the banks of the bright lake.

We cross the track, a line in white, softly, softly.
We cross, and the branches of the young saxaul tree are undisturbed.
We cross the road, accompanied by our many friends,
We cross through Dzambuling, failing to understand its perfect beauty.

We track across the southern skyblue desert.
The mountains reveal their colored beauty.
We see the snows of winter, we head into the autumn wind.
We follow in the matchless beauty of this earth.

We cross along the track with wonder.
We cross, looking out at the red mountains of Zürkh.
We pass by, mistakenly believing the mountains to be a single color.
We stay a while on the lowlying paths of Zöölön Bogd.

We cross the warmth of deserts, like a mother's mind.
We cross a desert of stories, whispering ancient tales.
We head out across, on our powerful horses.
We love the Mongolian desert, a rainbow of colored jewels.

29-30 xi 00
Shargin Govi, Govi-Altai

AN EVENING POEM

White jade are the mists of autumn.
Birch is the color of the mind.
Tulips grow among the nettles and the wormwood.
The most lovely of all women is weeping.

The gleaming snow is white upon the mountain peak.
Swanpale is the covering of the wondrous world.
The old homeland feels warm.
The fiddle's strings sound out their melody.

We move in song, our lives continue.
We dry our eyes, we travel down the road.
Pain and pleasure take turns eternally.
We kick up flakes of gold, unresting.

Clear vision lights a loving mind.
Silvery wings soar into the lonely mountains.
When one star explodes in the huge sky, it will be mine.
And when a new star shines, it will be yours.

AS THE EARTH, SO THE WORLD

We think tomorrow comes, not through our own power, but through the power
of our deeds.

We understand that sadness comes, not through the power of our deeds, but
through our own will.

We err, not because of what the elders say, but because of our enemies'
tricks.

And so the earth corrects itself,
not along the truthful path, but with a foxbrush.

We grow a little, not over the course of time but because we're fussy.
We show ourselves, not because our minds are pure, but because we're
shameless.

We damage our reputation, not by desire's seduction, but by the greed of
others.

And thus the earth brings life to heel,
not with the ways of humanity, but with the tendencies of creatures.

We consider the future, not through the power of dreams, but through omens.
We observe the mistakes of others, not through the eye of a needle, but
across the boundless measure of the sky.

We hobble our desires, not against people's happiness, but against the weight
of coins.

And, as the earth senses death, so does the world,
not by the power of suffering, but by the deliberate behavior of morons.

A BIRD FLEW TOWARDS YOU

I fly my gaze towards you
like a hawk.
I do not know where this simple bird will land,
it will play with your cheeks and lips.
But your gaze, flying about,
like a lark chased by the hawk,
has come to rest,
folding its wings around my warm palm.
And the gaze is mine.
I fly my heart towards you,
and it becomes a flock of white swans.
These white swans flap about, glistening
down onto the pool of your dreams,
carrying with them an honest smile.
And the heart is mine.
I fly my joy towards you
like a golden nightingale.
Amid the melodies which this golden nightingale sings,
all the gilded beauty of this living world
shines like rainbows,
and on the leaves of hellebore is silver dew.
And this is you, my love, and you are mine.

THE BEAUTIFUL MOON

The beautiful moon
looks lovely.
The beautiful moon
looks lovely.
A pretty girl
is jealous.
An elegant man
holds out his hand.
The beautiful moon
is dozing.
The beautiful moon
is dreaming.
From time to time,
a curtain of clouds descends,
they are crushed amid the happiness of stories.
Now and again,
a curtain of embroidered silk descends,
they are swimming in inexhaustible pleasures.
The beautiful moon
looks lovely.
The beautiful moon
looks lovely.
A pretty girl
is envious.
An elegant man
watches the doors .
Silently, silently,
a curtain of braid descends,
their minds are happy.
Gently, gently,
a curtain of gold descends,
they are dizzy with life's pleasures.
The beautiful moon
looks lovely, and
a pretty girl
grows old, and
an elegant man
ages, and
the beautiful moon
looks lovely, and...

INTO TIME

A scream is heard
from the traces of a shooting star,
and the world holds its ears.

A whistling wind comes
from where the moon is setting,
and hunts down the final light.

A leaf grows
from where the sun is rising,
and goes hunting for my life.

Into the season colored by the sun,
into the world speckled by the moon,
my mind sways, it sways.

15 viii 00

THE GODS HAVE SEEN SUFFERING

One by one, the hundred million stars flicker out,
the undying bodies of the sun and moon are eclipsed.
Praying for the sake of others, I swim in sadness,
The elders, growing old, speak the truth, I have seen that they don't return.
The poor gods have seen suffering, they have watched
the great Haans, from age to age, kneeling before their loyal servants,
their queens drinking poison, crumpling into the arms of others.
They have heard the lovely dakinis withering, collapsing into time,
and have mocked them, recalling their own youth among the folds of antiquity.
The poor gods have seen suffering, they have watched
cities fall and crumble into ruins, an ornament for the eyes,
a lineage perish amid hatred and barely-concealed derision,
a nation wiped through treachery from history's stage,
how tears and blood erode the shores of happiness.
The poor gods have seen suffering, have felt pity when
the Haan's bracelet and the queen's earrings have rusted, when love has
become bitter enmity,
when an infant's organs have failed them out of life, when thinking is
overwhelmed,
when orphans grow poorer, without protection through the seasons,
when people grow lost and confused, though they clearly see the path of the
Four Truths.

The poor gods have seen suffering, they have watched
the all-conquering hero fade, how his bite has grown toothless,
how the games of dirty little scamps crumble by the day.
And they have been amazed by how robbers bring forth trash, like plants,
how plotters and cheats take the seals of state and strangle the people's
desires.

The poor gods have seen suffering and,
though the golden world be full of gold and jewels, we exchange our life for it,
and, though our breasts are full of joy, we take it greedily from the hands of
others.

In this life, we perform the ten black deeds without a break,
and watching our wish to go to pure Shambala, our empty worship, the mind
grows sick.

The poor gods have seen suffering and
they absorb the bitter black smoke, all that is bad in the world.
And, though they send for us the snow and rain, and rainbows, from beyond
the planets,
though they show with astrology what happens in the world,
in the tales of the stars, the forms of clouds, the appearance of the sky, still
we cannot solve it and grow desperate.

The poor gods have seen suffering.

MY MIND

My mind is Buddha, continually I make obeisance to my teacher.
My mind is a demon, continually I curse it.
My mind is aspiration, continually I worship it.
My mind is mistaken, continually I rebuke it.

My mind is a woman, I shall give its beauty to the world.
My mind is an enemy, there are more hostile to me than do me honor.
My mind is heavenly, I shall now gaze upon it.
My mind is greedy, it thinks of profit beyond the stars.

My mind is gilded jewels, people make pains to search me out.
My mind is a maggot, people tread on me as they pass by.
My mind is grace, and people kneel to me.
My mind is soul and spirit, and people raise me up eternally.

My mind is a flower, beautiful women are happy when they look at me.
My mind is a bright light, the moon at night envies me.
My mind is a river, my torrents roar, I purify the earth.
My mind is a melody, earth's chaos hears me and is soothed.

THE DOORS OF THE CELESTIAL TEMPLE

My proud and honorable mind,
which pacifies many things,
I offer to the Buddha Vajrapani.
My bright and peaceful faith,
which illuminates and saves us,
I offer to the Buddha Ariyabala.
The wild wolves are always hungry,
and people and animals are always suffering.
Everything that is upon this grey earth
is a volume of secrets, and
all the stars are an astrological text,
and so, journeying to the temple of the sky,
we offer a sacrifice to most high Vajrapani.

My old and gentle faith
I add to my merit.
That it pleases other people
I dedicate to the Buddha, to you.
My one and only worship,
the continual and eternal rays
whose brilliance protects the many,
I dedicate to my Buddha of perfect kindness.
The candle flames blaze continually,
purifying all who have grieved
upon this ancient earth,
and so, journeying to the celestial temple,
we offer a sacrifice to you, most high Buddha Vajrapani.

PRAYERFUL WISHES

Oh my skies, which blow in flurries,
and oh my Holy Bogd, dwelling in my mind,
and oh my mother, aging and grey,
and oh my Buddha, giver of riches:
grant that the veins of rounded leaves accompany me,
the potent seed of wheat, and
grant that the sutra of undying love spread out,
and lead me into peaceful paradise.

Oh my pouring rains,
and oh my desires, appearing in my dreams,
and oh my future lineage,
and oh my companion in destiny:
lead me, in my innocent search for knowledge,
to the threshold of the Jetsundampa's world of lofty brilliance.

Oh my rising savior sun,
and oh my shining and beneficent moon,
and oh my ten million stars,
and oh my companion with a loving mind,
place me, a seeker after purity,
upon the peaceful lion-throne
in the land of the pure Buddha.

A SONG TO ENCOURAGE *MANI* RECITATION

For the benefit of all beings,
I shall sing the words of the powerful *mani*.
Spreading good fortune across the earth,
may our future shine.

Om mani padme hum
Om mani padme hum
Om mani padme hum
Om mani padme hum

I shall continually recite
the saving words of the *mani*.
The rain of joy teems down,
may all that is imagined come to pass.

I shall whisper
the magical words of the *mani*.
I have good fortune, am happy in my mind,
may the Dharma of wise scholars spread.

I shall exert myself and read
the alchemical words of the *mani*.
The pure, yellow sun shines upon all creatures,
may the sky of Shambala shine eternally.

I shall sing, throughout this life,
the precious words of the *mani*.
The gentle winds of love billow in all directions,
may peace be present in all the four seasons.

MAY WE LIVE FOR THE SAKE OF OTHERS
for my dear friend Hulgaan

The four truths of the Holy Ones, the protection of the Three Jewels,
the ten good merits, the pure teachings,
the words of the khubilgaan , the faith of the community,
the path of a joyful life, the heart mantra of Ariyabala,
the instruction of the Nobles, shining in the sky of truth,
and the pure waters of mind: may they be granted continually to all.
May all in every birth rise up, may all receive the seed of betterment,
and may they eternally be the Buddha of perfect discrimination.
The way to enlightenment, the prayer of great compassion,
the form of the bright teacher, crosslegged upon the lotus flower,
is clear like the soul's ocean amid worship's white rain,
the words of wise teaching rising up like the vast mountains.

A prayer for our journey, the love of peace and ease,
the buddha of powerful love, Chenrezig,
the texts of ten wisdoms and the mantras, the might of Vajrapani,
the protector Bogd Lama, the golden bell's sound, the noise of the great drum:
may the pleasure and instructions of the ocean of scholars spread throughout
Mongolia,

may we all bow in worship to the beauty of Mother Tara,
may we receive the good fortune of the Öndör Gegeen's stability,
and, shining with light, may we live for the sake of others.
The way to enlightenment, the prayer of great compassion,
the form of the bright teacher, crosslegged upon the lotus flower,
is clear like the soul's ocean amid worship's white rain,
the words of wise teaching rising up like the vast mountains.

SPREADING A HUNDRED MILLION MANI

Beneath a hundred hundred million stars
a hundred million *mani* spreading.
Beneath a hundred hundred million heavenly bodies
we create a hundred million riches.
Out of a hundred hundred million sorrows,
in vain I lower my gaze,
shall I worship the Triple Jewel?

Namo Dharmaya
Namo Buddhaya
Namo Sanghaya

Beneath a million million stars
I read a million million prayers.
In the minds of a million million people
a million million lamps are burning.
Watching a million million sins,
pretty fast I lower my eyes,
shall I pray to my teacher, the Buddha?

I make obeisance to the Dharma of the Noble Ones
I make obeisance to the shining Teacher of the Noble Ones
I make obeisance to the monks who protect us

Beneath a thousand million stars,
I recite a thousand million *mani*.
For a thousand million people
I create a thousand million Buddhas.
From a thousand million evils
I'll pretty soon distance my mind, and
shall I make obeisance to perfect Manjushri?

MIND/SKETCHES

We discover peace of mind amid jealousy, gossip, banditry and lies. It's like *searching for the flesh of a termite fallen from a tree.*

Early spring, and I am ingratiating myself with the sky, waiting for the first rainfall. But I didn't wait for the first snowfall. One morning, though, I smelt the cool, fresh air, the earth was gleaming white. And, at this most beautiful of experiences, even my mind turned white like the first snowfall.

The mind – looking at oneself with closed eyes.

The mountains fall to pieces in the depths of the mind.

THE SERVANT OF THE BUDDHA,
THE BRINGER OF RICHES

I am the servant of the Buddha,
milling the pain of the world,
blowing in the wind of method and wisdom.
I am the slave of Hurmast,
thinning the sins of humanity,
creating a paradise of desire.
I am the bringer of riches,
casting away wickedness,
chasing after false opinions.
I am the fire of truth,
burning a thousand sins,
blowing ash into the sky.
I am the seamstress of the good,
I brush away defilements
and travel in cosmic emptiness.
I am the relation of Dharma,
I have a gentle mind,
and travel the noble eightfold path.
I am the servant of the Buddha, the bringer of riches,
I am the fire of truth, the seamstress of the good.
In this human life, I befriend the Dharma of the noble ones,
I scatter through the world the seeds of a loving mind.

THE DESIRE FOR SUFFERING,
OF THE FOURFOLD TRUTH OF THE HOLY ONES

What is called suffering is the source of joy.
What is found through suffering is the way of the world.
Suffering is the door to understanding.
What is known through suffering is the law of the universe.

The fine horse which crosses the earth
is the fourfold truth of the Holy Ones.
It symbolises our experience in lives to come
and we pray to meet the fourfold truth of the Holy Ones.

What is called suffering is a healing medicine.
It is the truth that we improve through suffering.
Suffering is the root of discrimination.
It is an earthly law that we get stronger through suffering.

The fine horse which crosses the earth
is the fourfold truth of the Holy Ones.
It symbolises our experience in lives to come
and we pray to meet the fourfold truth of the Holy Ones.

Suffering is the threshold of education.
Reaching Nirvana through suffering is an ability of Dharma.
Suffering is an everlasting holiness.
What is always recalled through suffering is the cosmic cause.

The fine horse which crosses the earth
is the fourfold truth of the Holy Ones.
It symbolises our experience in lives to come
and we pray to meet the fourfold truth of the Holy Ones.

THE COSMOS HAS DISAPPEARED

My family, my relatives and my dear friends have left me
and, more and more alone, I am thinking about how causes have effects.
Though I think to wipe away a person's weeping,
this sad world is pretentious and coy.

This life of mine is limited,
my years are numbered like legal threads.
My unremarkable body is fragile like autumn grasses
and, this being so, we are eager to do good deeds.

My love, we have met through fine intent and, though you are beautiful,
you are chilled by the cold winds from a million years before.
And, though we peacefully live in the light of sun and moon and stars,
we sadly look on, as all good things grow old.

Time's needle races against the beating of the heart, and
stops me dead amid the rain and snow.
I would live slowly, I would learn to be tired, in the dusts of so many
I am becoming grey, I am going downhill, I can hardly rouse myself.

When the fragrant scent of incense purifies my body,
and the fresh clarity of spring water in my mouth awakens my mind,
what use is there making demands, once the cosmos has disappeared?
What use is there in quietly praying to the moon, risen in the far distance?

THE SERVANTS ARE KNEELING

I am deceitful, you are deceitful, we are all deceitful.
That we live and love is deceitful.
Its lie is gentle forgiveness,
its lie is sadness and weeping.
With the blade of skillful means I shall crush deceit and lies,
at every moment I shall act for goodness and with merit.

dMigs med Chenrezig
Demid chen po dbang po 'Jam dpal dbyangs
bDud ben ma lus jam dzod sanbaidag
Gangs can khaibii zugs lcan Tsong kha pa
bLo bzang dag ba'l zhabs la gsol ba 'debs

The cosmos is not eternal.
The lords of goodness are not eternal.
All that is divine and powerful is not eternal.
Beneath the round moon nothing is eternal.

Chenrezig, the great repository of unbiased love.
Jamyang, the heavenly lord of the lost.
Sandag, who crushes the demons's realm.
Tsong kha pa, ornament of the scholars' snowy peaks.
Let us be in accord before such excellent reputations!

FOR MY AZAA

an ancient darkness
night
in the darkness of night
an ancient waiting
I am excited to meet with her
tonight
and until morning
I shall struggle to please you
among the stars in the sky
waiting this evening
for her
the round moon is smiling
though I stop in the shadows
across the road
it is hard that people accuse me
it is hard that I am waiting for you
the stars scatter and the sky feels pain
and we rush here and there and we feel pain
fast runs the time of the turning world
and hurried is the warp and weft of life
slicing an ancient darkness
a winter darkness
a deep darkness
the venerable darkness
you my young darling
draw light rays
and your coming brings happiness
your warm and slender hands
grant a shy comfort, they bring love
and I await you
held fast by the power of thought
into the hollow of your gaze
sink lips
sinks the upright body
sinking into my experience
sinking...

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FLOWER/SKETCHES

Flowers are the eyes of women.

Flowers are the scent of the wind.

Flowers are butterflies, unseen, in flight.

All people are the Buddha's love, grown from seed, they are the flowers of affection.

MESOSTICH ON A NAME

the he**A**ven of my love
is alone in d**Z**ambuling
my **Z**one of destiny
is in my p**A**lm
whispering a stor**Y** of love
my **A**zzaya

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DESIRES ARE THE RICHES OF THE MIND

Near and far, the distant blue mountains are rising up.
My dear little boy puts out a hand to sound the bell.
A confounding mirage glimmers far off.
My sweet child is mending his scarf.
Oh, the joy which my dear son brings, yes,
desires are the riches of the mind.

The clouds' patterns float upon the white saltmarsh.
My bright-eyed darling is seen in a mirror.
The cranes and the blue wind play amid the flowers.
You wake up dreaming, dreaming of your childhood play.
Oh, the joy which my dear son brings, yes,
desires are the riches of the mind.

The sun stirs the flowers' perfume from surrounding hills.
The burden of my youth brings forth tears.
My mind is spent from two days of feasting.
The memory of precious love illuminates the days to come.
Oh, the joy which my dear son brings, yes
desires are the riches of the mind.

HYMN OF PRAISE TO THE WHITE SPIRIT

Through the protection of the heavens and the earth
then have discovered the alchemy of utter being.
In the brief cycle of a thousand years
they have mastered the power of completeness,
and to these great protecting spirits I shall make my prayer.
In the bright light of sun and moon,
they have whitened the wide world like milk.
They have flourished forth mind
like the ocean, blue as lapis lazuli,
and to all these protecting spirits I shall sing my wishes.
Towering overhead like Mount Sumeru's peak,
sloping like the majestic Hangai ridge,
eternally dwelling like the Haan, the sky
shining peaceful like the world his queen,
and to these holy protecting spirits I shall bend the knee.
The empire is established and flourishing,
like a brave soldier, it has continued apace.
It has shone for centuries since the time of the ancestors
and even now its splendor and might is wondrous,
and to the spirit on its glorious banner I shall offer sacrifice.
It has fluttered in the mane and tail of a galloping steed,
the heroic soldier has laid it straight upon his shoulders,
it has been the wish-fulfilling jewel of the oceanic great state
and has everywhere established the power of the Mongol nation,
and to the spirit come from the light I shall pray.
It is the gift of the great state, with its precious swastika seal,
it is the great banner in the vanguard of the masses,
it has swept away the pride of foreign enemies,
and has taken for the people the superiority of inexhaustible pleasure,
and I shall worship with offering scarves the great spirit of the Haan.
Famous in the world from the time of Temüjin Chingis Haan,
it has passed over a thousand hardships, through the folds of the ages.
Famous in the eight directions, from the time of heroes,
the spirit has absorbed the soul of the great scholars of the world,
and before its white banner I shall kneel in prayer.
The pennant of the new state, born from Hünnü Sünnü,
the courageous splendor of powerful and virile heroes,
the honored place of this world, this human paradise,
the golden praise of blue Mongolia,
and I shall worship the holy white spirit.
The banner in the east has revealed its majesty,
has purified the people's hearts and minds.
This icon of the world's one lineage throughout the generations
shows its form in all four directions, in all eight compass-points,
and upon the white banner come down from the ancestors I shall sprinkle
milk.

The heartfelt oath of the heroes who dwell in the world
whispered to us an extraordinary magic.

To the white protecting spirits of blue Mongolia, who increase blessings,
I, a man, have raised up my mind,
and to the white spirit I shall dedicate prayers.
Tearing through with the mane and tail of the leader of the geldings
and promising with the spiritual power of the scholars, leaders of the people,
ornamenting with thin silk, the best of commodities,
and blessing with gold and silver, the best of jewels,
I shall bow to the spirit, the noblest of all the nobles.
Vigor is guarded by the mature and by the powerful,
our great lords' ancient and eternal inheritance
is secure in its protection for future centuries,
it is a shining gift of trust and hope,
and to the highest spirit I shall offer worship.
With the horse pennant upon the winds of heaven,
with the tip of a candle flame, blessed by the Buddha,
with ancient and eternal gifts, the bounty of the world,
and with the power to stand tall with the Bogd Haan's blessing,
I shall offer protection to the peaceful white banner.
It has awoken Mongolia's vistas in the pacing of every sharga,
in the glory of every hero it has brought their talents to life,
there has been blessing and holiness in the worship of many men,
and I shall bow to every white banner, the world's highest icon.
It has absorbed the warm life of generations of our people,
it has shone like the stars at the heart of the chaotic world,
it has created the wonder of the nation's ongoing history
it has been like the stories and tales of ancient Dzambuling,
and I shall kneel to the white spirit of truth, upon every banner.
It has burnt through the ages in the proud will of the noble warriors,
it has preserved forever the history which has not been folded away,
it has given the milk-blessed purity of action,
and it has fluttered to the heights, untouched as snowy mountain peaks,
and I shall lie down before you, white spirit, and I shall pray.
More famous than Modun Shaniyu, who made the Hün-nü shine,
with the piety of Chingis, Haan of the powerful Mongolia,
with a ritual of strong intention, an ornament of every mountain,
you have been set, like white clouds, in every foreign land,
and I shall offer, with everyone, my loyalty to you, my royal spirit.
It is the warriors, the elegance of Ögödei Haan, the power of Güyü Haan,
the unblunted nobility of Mönh Haan, the heroic sons of Bat Haan,
the laws of Hubilai Haan, the regret of Togoontömör Haan,
the great reign of Batmönh Dayan Haan, the dreams of Tsogt Hun Taiji,
the downfall of Ligden Hutagt Haan, the teachings of Öndör Gegeen,
and I shall dedicate my piety towards these icons of the ancestors, to the
great banner.

The spirit of the great nation occupying the steppes of the world
is the piety of the people who worship the Dharma of the nobles.
It whitens the ancient mornings with the color of the feltwalled ger,
the standard which has given a future to great Mongolia,
and I shall pray to every white banner, to that greatest of all great icons.
Its form in all four directions, in all eight compass-points,

its relics enshrined in the four seasons and the three times,
it has rested in the protection of the ninety heavens of goodness,
and is the dam of the seven heavens which blocks out wickedness,
and I shall bow down before the great oceanic spirit.
Beneath Hurmast, which has absorbed the high registers of the long songs,
above the golden earth, which holds all victory,
in the honored place of my Mongolian homeland, where the people are happy,
the fine scholars and powerful warriors are brought to birth,
and at the doors of my home,
I shall bow in greeting to the great spirit which has flourished since time
immemorial.

My great white banner, revolving with the sun,
my great and ancient icon of the entire Mongol state,
my saint of everlasting life, my eternal white spirit,
my standard, which reaches out of the eight directions into now,
forever I shall offer up a sacrifice to you.
With the jade white rays of the Great Bear,
gifted with the neighing in stories of the swift horses,
with the endless birds upon the eastern steppe,
and, with the noisy rush of the fierce great rivers,
it has eternally been protected by the nomads of Mongolia.
With the brightness of Orion and the Pleiades,
it has made all things in every grain of sand on the thirty-three deserts,
it has purified our inheritance, our bodies, with the waters of the three rivers,
it has dwelt peacefully amid the four mountains,
and I shall worship the divine spirit which leaps up the skies.
It has collected the good fortune of my homeland,
it has absorbed the faithful minds of my people,
it has been the golden icon of the golden lineage,
it has been the bright sky of happiness,
and everywhere I shall pray to the white banner.
Hurray, hurray, hurray!
It watches over the dreams of foxes in the child's cradle,
it imagines the youthful splendor of the old,
it protects the sinews of fine horses,
it helps the banner-glory of powerful wrestlers,
and it increases the success of skillful, powerful archers,
and, with many people, I shall bow to the precious, golden spirits.
Hurray, hurray, hurray!
May the great state of the Haan blaze in glory!
May we all be joyful!
May the great lordly state eternally remain!
May my white spirit stand firm and protected!
Hurray, hurray, hurray!

I'M THINKING HOW NOTHING IS ETERNAL

1

Beneath the sky, gazing intently, I
am meanwhile contemplating the world,
because of my great and constant wickedness,
and is there any merit in my prayerfulness?
Beneath the sky, into the shimmering I
am thinking, thinking how nothing is eternal,
because of my great wickedness stored up,
and have I stored up any peacefulness in a thousand aeons?
Beneath the sky, with wide eyes, gaping
because of my own great wickedness sown, and
in my simple and my superficial life,
have I created the cause of purity and brightness?
Beneath the sky, looking out beyond, I
take an oath through the force of my actions,
because of my continued great wickedness,
and shall I dedicate my joy to others?

2

Who knows if the birds which went away this autumn
will return again next spring?
Certainly, our mistakes in this life
will lead us on the road to Hell.
The flowers which drink in the morning will wither in the daytime,
are the chill winds of winter.
My own merit
is a joy for others.
The friends I argued with yesterday
are on my mind today.
The melting snow of winter
is a custom of the world, and
feeling the cold, I yearn for summer.
But I grow used to this situation, and
growing used to it, I weep.
What man behaves like this?
Feeling the heat, I desire a cool breeze.
How might my mind be as the spring wind?
Enveloped as I leave as though by clouds,
where shall I flee?

3

Though my body is hard as rock, it disappears like a mirage, it wears away
like silk.
Though my mind is eroded like the shore, it stretches away like the sky, it
lives its way through life.
I join my hands in prayer, I bend my head and kneel down,
and though my body seems to act, it is my mind.

With every day that passes, time's lasso loops with not the slightest regret
around my crown, such is the result of my actions.
At first sight it is fleeting, and though I swagger,
my very elasticity
is not of this life,
but is because of my past lives.
We are living on this broad earth as though alone, as though all together, and
this is our destiny, granted by the noble Buddha.

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TSARAMATO

Like a flower, foresaken,
Tsaramato, you are mine in body.
As a swan, enjoying the waters,
Tsaramato, you are mine in beauty.
The name of you, absorbed into my heart, is mine.
The form of you, clear in my dreams, is mine.
This smile of yours, so lovely, is mine,
Tsaramato, and this your yearning is mine.
You have not escaped my loving mind, you have grown flexible,
Tsaramato, and, in this world of good fortune, I am yours.

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A SONG OF SACRIFICE

My fair and spirited mind,
which soothes many things,
I offer to the Buddha Vajrapani.
My fair and peaceful mind,
which is beneficent and protective,
I offer to the golden Buddha.
The wild wolf is always hungry.
Humans are always suffering.
Upon the great earth, tinged with blue,
everything which turns is a secret text,
and every star an astrological treatise.
I move through the temple of Heaven, and
I offer them in sacrifice to you, great Vajrapani.
My old and gentle faith,
which pleases everyone,
I dedicate to you all.
My belief in truth alone,
which upholds many things,
I offer to the perfect and compassionate Buddha.
The antelope on the steppe is always darting about.
The flames in the fire are always burning.
Sweeping away all sorrows
of the age-old earth,
I move through the temple of the earth, and
I offer them in sacrifice to you, great Vajrapani.
When the thousand Buddhas pass through,
will what I have written be clearly seen?
When, as is certain, our acts bear fruit,
will what I have written be elegantly heard?
When, tomorrow, the signs of meeting and farewell appear,
will what I have written be perceived as magical?
When are dreams are sleeping beneath the emerald sun,
will what I have written blaze like a lotus?
When our piety declines into the foggy years,
will what I have written become clear?
When shapes in the distant mists grow unclear,
will what I have written be perceived as alchemy?

ME/SKETCHES

Now there is no point in anyone messing with me in any way at all. Neither impetuous praise nor nasty words, neither rebukes nor flirtatious glances have any effect. I am in the world, and of it.

I talk only with myself. But, since it feels as though someone directly behind me is talking to me, if I turn around to look, it seems as though someone is staring straight at me. In this way, I am seeking for someone like me.

I think I'll make fun of the people I'm with, but in fact I cannot do so.

I try never to be annoyed with anyone. It exhausts my mind when I get annoyed, which means that I destroy with my own hands the fortress of trust, even of living.