

GURU YOGA: LIFE AND DEATH, THE PLAY OF LIGHT

The time of the unimaginable divorce has arrived.
Body and mind have long dwelt together,
The years passing as a flow of countless experiences –
All that I have done and has been done to me

But now mind and body must part
As earth, water, fire and wind
Ease down to their pure potential
And conscious mind fades into space

In this space, the buddha's mind,
The truth of our own mind, the dharmakaya
Is waiting: waiting for us as it has always done
"Come, relax, take your ease – there is nothing more to do"

But the restless wind of our karma
Drives us on in search of something
To identify with, something, someone
We can attach to and seem to be

The peaceful deities arrive with smiling invitation
"Come, join us in the mandala of peace and joy"
"Too bright, too pure, I wouldn't fit in..."
And so we fade as if asleep in a moment,

Only to awaken to the roar of the wrathful ones
The buddhas who destroy all obstacles
Who open the unimpeded path
To the highest space of non-duality

Too scary to be with, I see them as simply Other
And fade unconscious with fear
Only to awaken running in a tunnel
Fleeing from the past rushing towards the unknown

Until a sudden conjunction with a limited appearance
Brings conception and a new life in samsara
Born as someone somewhere, a sentient being
Gradually learning to adopt a temporary identity as if it were real

This is how life and death pass so quickly
When the mind denies its stillness.
Now is the chance to prepare
By truly seeing and avoiding conceptual believing.

Staying and then going brings the sadness of leaving
Yet what has stayed has been merely
The idea of self and other
Imbued with the idea of staying

All ideas are devoid of inherent existence
Yet they birth the delusion of reality
Ideas inherently self-arising and self-liberating
Will lead you astray if you believe in them.

All that is, moves. There are no fixed entities to be found,
Not as 'self', not as 'other'.
The mind itself, primordial purity, is alone in not moving
So if you move, be clear! This is what you lose!

So daily, hourly, now,
Release into A
The emptying empty sound
Of mother calling us home:

In the space before me is the letter A
Within the five-coloured radiance, the potential for all.
Letting the sound of A arise from the space of the heart
All manifestation is free from the glue of concept.

This body, its history, sensations, hopes and fears
Is light, light dissolving like a rainbow and
The radiant A, heart of Samantabhadra,
Dissolves like a rainbow.

Open, empty, uncompounded,
Inherently-present, infinite, inexpressible,
Unlimited by the terms samsara and nirvana –
This is home, this is freedom, this is now.



James Low 26 March 2020