

In mountain rock mansions,
In the cool shade of forests,
In small huts of green grass,
Under tents of white cotton,
I, the carefree yogin,
Dwell at will.

Here is a cheerful song
From a mind at peace.

Divine authentic guru,
Your kindness to me
Exceeds that of the Buddha!

Entrusting myself to you,
I understand that all appearances
Are the magical play of the mind;
That the phenomena of samsara and nirvana
Are apparent yet unreal.

I realize that the nature of this mind,
The root of samsara and nirvana,
Is an ineffable luminous void
With nothing to cling to.

I stayed in a solitary place
In the continuum of the natural state.
Like releasing a handful of cotton wool,
I let consciousness relax,
And it returned to its natural shape.

The darkness of ignorance
Having naturally cleared,
There arose the vast sky of the absolute expanse.

As to whether this is the absolute nature,
Not a question, not a hesitation,
Arises in my mind.
Even if all the Buddhas were to appear before me,
I would have no doubts for them to clarify.

Shabkar