You, the Sun

You, the sun, will be eclipsed by Rāhu;
I, the lofty heavens, will be veiled by clouds.
Now, at this time when we are together, clear and unobscured,
let us give a feast of light to the beings of the four continents!

You, the guest at the fair, will go back to your own home;
I, the great colourful market, will be left empty.
When, linked by the karma of former lives, we meet for a moment,
let us hold pure perception of each other, casting off deceit and guile!

You, the qualified lama, will depart for Akaniṣṭha;
I, the colourful monastery, will crumble into ruined walls.
At this time, when vessel and contents are unparted and complete,
please turn a wheel of Dharma that makes every connection meaningful!

You, consciousness, will wander alone in the bardo;
I, the heap of flesh and blood, will vanish into ash.
Now, at this time of freedom, when body and mind are not apart,
let us practise the sacred divine Dharma that benefits the next life!

Composed by His Holiness the 70th Je Khenpo Trulku Jigme Choedrak

Formatted by Deki Soh, 2026