

The Ship to Elysium

A guide to the practice of chod, the immolation of the self, by His Holiness the First Panchen Lama, Lobsang Chukyi Gyeltsen (1570-1662)

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Namo Guru sarva Dakiya.

I bow to my Lama, Every Angel there is.



Herein lie the instructions for *chod*, The immolation of the self, Ship to the Fields of Elysium For those who hope for freedom.

ายุการพูลานารวิรุณาริกาณาการจากดูราญกางารณาเว้ายรายิงารยิรา

He sits alone In swirls of snow On the mountain peak Of the Buddha's teachings; And upon his head, The heavy weight Of a yogi's dreadlocks, Each strand another one Of the ancient classics Of knowledge.

าริ มีร ริกุล หลิ ซิราติม จาร กลาลัการูจิ กลุง จรูร การ

The lion's den Of his mind explodes In a flame of perfect reasoning, To incinerate the brains Of those who drink twice, Of those who teach mistakes.

। नर्देश्वः येन्द्रायदे संक्रेंगश्वायवन्त्रीन क्रेन्द्रिन्द्रन्त्रान्त्र क्रुन्यान क्रुन्श्व्या क्रेन्द्र ये उद्या

He roars in soaring laughter, The song of emptiness, That puts an end to the yips and chatter Of those wandering packs of coyotes Who think that anything Could do something.

าฐาสลิ พิราทิ สู้ สสรายสายงาย รุงายงารรายลิ สูาณ์รายพัฒ

He is a Lion among Teachers, He is Lobsang Drakpa— And to think of him sends

A thrill of devotion Up the bones of my spine.

> May you ever be victorious, Those of you who live your lives In the burial grounds of a place Far from the useless thoughts Of the eight attitudes.

> Dance your dance Of the song of bliss and voidness Joined as one;

Spit forth the sound of *phet*, Dependence that was never born, Split open the skulls Of those who think That things could be themselves.

Practice this single

Profound path, And you will rip out All the armies of demons, Inner and outer, Like a dragon burning A puff of cotton—

This is the practice of *chod*, The immolation of you, A practice which Could never have been Anything else But method and wisdom At its heart.

> And so all you little bumblebees, Disciples of intelligence, Hum yourself a thousand songs of joy; Fly hither to this wondrous teaching With single-pointed thoughts Of drinking in the nectar Which lies beyond all death.

$\diamond \diamond \diamond$

And now just a tiny selection; begin your practice of chod with it.

เดิงเพลาณฑากรุสานามุธณารราวงงานานูณา

Thus then we start with the practice of seven steps, together with the offering of a mandala to our beloved Heart Teacher.

ริ สุจาพิมพาชสายมพาชราณาภิ นิรามกานนิวารรัฐมพาณาฤสุจานนิวรรสุจานริ เยาาลงมาญๆ

Place your mind within equanimity, free of feeling that any living creature is more or less dear to you. Then take yourself through the following train of thought —

The cycle of life The worlds of life Are without beginning.

กรุฑาฑิ<u>พ</u>ิราณษ์สามพิรา

And thus the journeys That I have travelled here Are countless, Back to a beginning Without any beginning.

য়ৣ৾৽ঀ৾৽য়৾৾৾ঽয়৾৽ঀ৾৾৽য়৾য়৾৽য়৾৾৾ড়য়৾৾য়৾৾য়৾য়৾৾য়

I lived, I died; And lived again And died again.

There is no land Where I have not stayed. There is no world Where I have not stayed.

ลิมพาธสาวริวิวิญพามาสูรพายารรา

There is no creature's body That I have not worn.

พิมพาชสาวริพารวิามามาฏพาฏาราสุจิตาญรามิรา

There is not a single living creature In all the planets of endless space Who has not been my own mother.

<u> ธ</u>ุฬานาฐารุฬาฏิฬามาธิ์รา

Been my mother So many times There are no numbers To count it.

५.२८ मार. मु. मु. मार. की मार.

And still to be my mother Many times over.

สูมารูเมราศิลานารสู้มา

I acknowledge you all As my mother.

ริเพรามาสุมาฏณาริมาปีมา

And every time You have been my mother

<u>ਡੇ</u> ਕਿੰਨਿਸ਼ਆ ਵੇ ਸ਼ੂਸ ਤੇ ਰਾਹੀਆ ਸ਼ਸੂਸ ਆ ਸਾਰ ਕਿ ਤਾ

You showered me with kindness, As did my mother In this one life.

Every living being You are, And each of you Wrapped me in the arms Of your kindness.

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Rested me In the warmth Within your womb,

୵ୠୄ୵ୖୄୠୖ୵୵ୖୖୢୄୡୖ୕୵୵ୡୖ୲୵୵ୠୄୢ୷୵୶୲

And from that day Began your deeds Of kindness towards me.

มารราฐ์ฤาณาจองานถิงฐฤาจอุณาฏูราจานงา

You accepted pain That would take your life To give me life,

ุ่กรุณาฐราสราสาวาณามิวิกลัรามาสิงา

Wracked with anguish If the slightest sickness Came to me.

अर्नेम्ब्स्याद्वस्य स्टमी द्विम्व्ये में न्द्रुव

Serving me With every cent That came to you,

শ্বীন্য স্থিনা

Never avoiding Any action, Any pain,

That would serve me.

য়ঢ়য়ৼয়য়৾য়৻য়য়য়য়য়য়

Thinking nothing Of what others might say, Thinking nothing Of giving up Your very own life, For mine.

สาสัรานารราชูสาวอยุณายมพาธราณพารฐาลง

Protecting me From anything That would harm me, Protecting me From the slightest pain.

ଏଣ୍ ସମ୍ଭି ଅଣ୍ଟା ଅମ୍ବର୍ମ୍ୟୁ ମହା ମହା

Doing anything That would help me, Anything That would make me happy.

ริสฺ จิสฺ ๖ ิธิ สูมารู ริส าจงม

I acknowledge the extraordinary kindness That each of you has shown me.

नमः मुर्दे । निः कुरुः

This is only the most simple form of this meditation on kindness; if you wish to learn the details, then avail yourself of the supreme words of the Lord, and his spiritual sons. Continue now with:

दैव उव ग्री य द्वया

But now my mothers, Mothers of pure kindness,

ส์สามักลานนิวฤรัสาฏิสาวสูมสานสา

Are captured By the evil spirits Of negative thoughts—

. विश्वायाद्वत्यान् र्यायावर्श्वायम् रह्ये

And they have gone mad.

સુદ દેં મેં ત્રી દું સ્વેર બેચ માર છે એવા તે વાદે સવા વીચ ન સુવર્શ

Their eyes, their wisdom, Blinded by ignorance; Unable to distinguish Those things they should do From those that they should not.

Crazed by the wish To hurt themselves and others In every moment of the day;

אַדימאדיםיקבין

And so they are lost In the sea of suffering,

<u>ย</u>รานหารสาพัราฑิฑพราพาธิสามีวละิฑพาพูารูราสหาศัภเนาอริตาวอวาสาสุมพา

And take their steps, One after the other, Relentless towards the edge Of the cliffs of terror,

Worlds of terror Beyond the wall Of this life's death.

વડવા વીશ્વ શે સુંવાય સુશ્વ સુંવા

If I do not free them, Who else will?

ม'दर्ने' मुराख'गुट' न्दन्या' वा से' में ' सु' वा मे

If my mothers Cannot place

Their hopes in me, What other hope Will they ever have?

ริพาสาวริาทรัสาณาพัญพานวิาชามาวริาสมพาฏิพา

Before me now Stand the demons, Each one my mother, Each one my father.

ฮ์ตามิราสุฆาราชูลิาสราราชีรารราสุมุญาพณาสราร์ราสุญา

From time beyond time On up to the present moment They have surrendered their own wishes

And cherished me With their whole heart.

ุ่กรุญาฑิญารารรานณากราร์ราสุญา

Now it's my turn; I surrender my own wishes

२२ दिस्राया ग्रिया मन्य विद्यान म्युर्दे

And cherish you all

With my whole heart.

क्षुयान् देवागों नन

I acknowledge That the time has come For me to repay your kindness;

ઐન લેન્ટ માર્ગ સે ન્સુન ને

I acknowledge That I love you— Beloved to me, Children of mine.

ริ สุพาชามาวริ ฑริ สาณาพัญพามาวิ พิมพา อสายมพา อรา

I see you now, All of you, Demon mothers, Demon fathers, And every other living being

রশাম্বরুষ্ণ বৃহ

Bereft of every Happiness which ends

สๆ มีราฏิ าริ าพ หัรพ สูญรรา

And bereft of every Happiness which never ends.

୶ୡ୕ଽ୵୕ଽୄୖୢୄୡ୲ଽଽୖୄୠୢ୲ୠ୩୲୩ୗ୶ୄୢୖଝୣ୶୲୕ଵୄୖଌୣୣୖୖ୶୰୰୶ୡ୶୶୶୶୶

I see how you suffer Just being alive, And I see The thousand pains That life brings to you.

नन्मामी सार्श्वस्य का रेने समय मने न न म सुर भर सुर रेम 1

May each of you Beloved mothers of mine Have every happiness You wish for.

קליקיקריאיזיאיז,רין

How beautiful it would be If each of you Beloved mothers of mine Had every happiness You wish for.

ननेनन्दर:सन्यर:मुर्दे

And I will see to it That you do.

श्रुगान्म्रू दन्त्र व के या रुटा

How beautiful it would be If none of you Beloved mothers of mine Ever felt A single form of pain.

श्रुया नस्य नन्त्र या नन्त् या नन्त्र या 1

May none of you Beloved mothers of mine Ever feel A single form of pain.

And I will see to it That you do not.

ลูมนนิายุการพมารริสาสุมาฏิสิราธิารสิมาม์ไ

I promise you I will find Compassion

Compassion that is strong enough To bring me to the willingness To see it done myself.

र्देन् सुसः सुनानस्यान् न्यूया

Who is there That will free you From all pain?

Who is there That will bring you To every happiness?

I am here, It is me, I will see it done Myself.

Ask me Do I have the power To see it done

ननेन है।

And I shall be forced To speak the truth:

า भ्रु ते ने भ्रु नुवे सुराय के वर्ग

I do not. Not yet.

ริ หารุ่ม สิ. จรุงไ

Swear it.

શુ ભા ને ભૂ મુત્રે સુશ્ર માર્બે ન સ

And who has This power?

શું તેવે સુ સ સુ સ ખેંડ યશ

My Lama, My Lord, My Angel Lord, Who sits even now Within my heart.

นาสามาโลง พาราวารา สาร์สาณาพัญญานนิ พิมพาชสาวาสมพาพิวัสาวา

And so for the sake Of each of these demons, For every living creature there is,

ૡૢૻૢૣૣૣૣૣૣૣૻૣૣૻૻઌ૱ૡૢૻૣૻૻ૱ૻૡઽૻ૱ૻ૱ૻ૱ૻ૽ઌ૽ૼૼૻ૾ૡૡઽ૽૽૾ૼૼૼૼઌૻૡ૱ૡ૽ૢૼૼૡૻૻ૽ૼ

I swear

That I will myself Become my Lama, The Being of Light, And that too quickly, Quick now quickly.

ลูมารุาฏราสูราฏิเพิ่มมารลิโมาม์ไ

And with this I wish For enlightenment.

1 ধম:রুম্ঝা প্রিমা

Those of you Who possess any intelligence at all Must treasure within yourselves This glorious practice Of our saviours: Lord Shantideva, Lord Atisha, Lamas of shining glory.

ਗ਼ੑਫ਼ੑੑਫ਼ੑ੶ੑੑੑੑ੶ੑਫ਼੶Ĕ੶ਜ਼੶ਫ਼ਫ਼੶ਸ਼ਖ਼੶ਸ਼ਗ਼ੑਸ਼ਖ਼੶ਸ਼੶ੑੑੑੑੑੑੑੑੑ੶੶ਸ਼ੑਖ਼ੑਫ਼੶ਸ਼ੑਖ਼ੑਖ਼੶ਸ਼ਫ਼੶ਜ਼ੑੑੑਫ਼੶ਫ਼ੑੑਸ਼੶ਖ਼ਸ਼ਖ਼੶ੑਸ਼ਫ਼੶ਜ਼ੑ੶੶ਗ਼ੑਖ਼੶ਖ਼੶ <u> ৰিঝামাঝুদঝামাম্বমা</u>

Let us not be As Lord Atisha once said:

"Only in Tibet Will you find bodhisattvas

Who never trained themselves In love and compassion."

Let us not be people like this, who are incapable of telling love from compassion from the Wish for enlightenment; people who think they have attained this Wish when they have done no more than uttered once the words, "May I reach enlightenment, for the sake of every living being."

ริ สุฆ ฉริ ซูร รสมสาษิไ

Let now your thoughts Travel on to these thoughts:

नन्नानीस र्वेना सेन करा खुरा हुन्स यदे

For time with no beginning I have lived In countless bodies

ૡૺૻૣ૱ૻૻઌ૱ઌૡૻ૱૱૽ૼૼૼૼૼૼૼૡૢૼૡૻૻૻઌ૱ૻઌ૽ૻ

And if you threw in a pile All those skins And all those skeletons, They would form a mountain Higher than the Himalayas.

Take the blood And the pus Of all these bodies And they would stretch Farther and deeper Than the oceans of this world.

ૡૢૹૻૡૢૢઽૹૻૻ૽ૢઽૡઽ૽ૡઽ૾ૼૡૼ૱ૼૹ૽ૼૡૹૡૻૹૡ૽ૺૼ૾૽ૼૼૼૼૼૼ૱ૢૻૼ૽ૣ૿ૢ૱ૡ૽૱૿ઌ૾૾૱૽ૻૻ૱૱ૢૢૼઽૡઽૣૡ

And yet not one of these bodies Has ever been of any service To these demons, My mothers, my fathers.

And so now, this time, I will offer the flesh Of this body And the blood Of this body

ฉริ⁻ฑรัส⁻ณ⁻พัฑฺพ⁻น⁻น⁻น₋น₋น₋น₋น₋น₋

And they shall eat of it And they shall drink of it Eat their fill, Drink their fill.

୶ଵଽୄୢୣୢଵୣୣୠ୶୶ୠ୶ଡ଼୶୶୶ୠ୵୶୷୶୷୷୶୷ୠ୷ୠୡ୲୲

And in the end My life will be of use To every living being.