Ultimate Meditation

Selections from The Devil Debates an Angel, an explanation of Mahamudra, the True Nature of the Mind, by His Holiness the First Panchen Lama, Lobsang Chukyi Gyeltsen (1570-1662). In the first few verses, we hear our Tendency to Misunderstand Everything concluding one of his arguments. Then the Lady of Wisdom responds, with an explanation about the highest way of meditating.

|दर्जे:कुन:यदे:क्षेट:श्रे:धेन| |ब्रिंन:ने:क्षें:तुर:वेश:र्र्जःधे| |पर्जे:न्हेंन:यदे:क्षेट:श्रे:धेन|

49

I am the unwavering confidente Staying in the depths of the heart, While you are the occasional flash Of some small understanding. If one of us then were forced to leave, I should think it would be yourself.

ૹૢ૽ૺ૱ૹ૾ૢૢૺ૱૱ઌ૽૽૱ૡ૱૱ૡ૱ ૹ૽ૢ૾૱ૹ૾ૢૢ૱૱ઌ૽૽ૹ૱૱૱૱૱

50

All this talk about your younger brother Being a devil with horns on his head And fighting to drive him from the warmth

Of this the hearth of our mind Is simply ludicrous.

विश्वः वः श्वेष्वाश्वः त्याः त्याः त्याः त्याः व्याः विश्वः व्याः त्याः त्याः त्याः त्याः व्याः विश्वः व्याः व । त्याः त्याः व्याः व । त्याः त्याः व्याः व्यः व्याः व

The reason that I am living here,
The inborn companion of the mind,
Is that Karma put me here;
It was Karma that gave me birth.
How then could anything drive me away?

Not even the might and power
Of every Buddha of all of time—
Not all the miracles that they can perform—
Could ever overcome Karma;
If that could be, then the mind would be
Something outside of Karma itself.

विश्वःस्यःग्रीशःदेःत्वदःश्रूषःय।

52 And Wisdom said back,

वित्तिः क्षेत्रः स्थान्यः स्थान्यः वित्तः स्थान्यः वित्तः स्थान्यः स्थान्यः स्थान्यः स्थान्यः स्थान्यः स्थान्य वित्तः स्थान्यः स्यान्यः स्थान्यः स्थानः स्थान्यः स्थ

53
You're riding out on the donkey
To look for the donkey you think you lost!

The very fact that you have popped up Here within the mind Is what makes it impossible For you to stay, for the way That you and I see things Is completely incompatible.

The way of all things
Lies here within people;
It has lived there part and parcel
With their minds since minds began—
And this is the one primordial Buddha
That each of them already is;
It's just that this Buddha is veiled
By impurities that are not all
Innate parts of the mind.

। कें न्ययः क्क्षेत्रः सुंद्रः सुंद्र सुंद्रः सुंद्र सुंद्रः सुंद्रः सुंद्रः सुंद्रः सुंद्रः सुंद्रः सुंद्रः सुंद्रः सुंद्र सुंद्रः सुंद्रः सुंद्रः सुंद्रः सुंद्रः सुंद्रः सुंद्रः स

If anyone is ruining our happy home,
It's you!
If anyone has made
The younger brother a devil with horns,
It's you!
As long as I live here in the mind
You will have to be homeless—
How can you make your headquarters here?
How can you strike your home dagger here?

वित्राम्य वित्र के से त्र चे त्र का वित्र का की का कि त्र के त

56
But if you still insist on remaining,
Then I shall perform
The following lines of reasoning;
And I rather believe that by the time
I finish with them you will have torn
Your own house down by yourself.

सिट.सुपु.कूचीयाक्षीय व्हिट्रशुप्र खुट्री विश्वी.सूप्र कुष्य कुष्य विश्वास

57

You can search the entire length
Of yourself from the top of your head
Down to the soles of your feet;
But you will find that neither
The sum of the parts to yourself,
Nor the stream of yourself,
Is you.

58

You are not all of your parts put together, Nor are you any one of your parts.

None of these is who you are.

You could also look into all of this
With the line of reasoning
Which says that everything there is
Depends on something else.

59

You could go further and check

Whether it goes both ways: The sum of all your parts is not you, Nor is any one part you, Nor are you either of these.

60

The successive moments of your mind Are not you, nor are you them.
You are neither one moment nor the next,
Nor the start or end of any one moment,
Nor even the start or end of that time
Which is the shortest moment of all;
None of these moments is you,
Nor are you any of them.

निः प्यतः श्रुः से त्यत्यः याप्यवाशः हो। श्रिम् सः स्ट्रीसः से त्यादः द्वादः स्वादः स

61

You can go to a single hair on your head And split it into a million strands
But you'll never come to some point
Where you find some quality of the mind
Which exists in and of itself—
Now everyone can see
The game that you've been playing.

दियायीः क्रूटः मृज्यीजायः सुरी विश्वभागीः क्रुटः मृज्यीजायः सुरी विश्वभागीः क्रुटः मृज्यीजायः सुरी

The illusion now is torn
The root of the mind is ripped
The poison tree is felled.

वित्रक्षेत्रस्यात् स्त्रीत्रस्य देवा वित्रस्य द्वार्त्यस्य स्त्री वित्रक्षेत्रस्य स्त्रुवास्त्री स्वास्त्र

63
The king of every negativity
That exists within a person
Is laid to rest now in his grave;
The very root of every evil
Has finally been severed.

वित्रस्य स्थान्य स्था

64
None of our negative emotions—
And nothing else, in fact—
Has ever even begun.
Now we see the way
That all things really are:
They were never there at all,
They have been, forever, never.

|यद्यायुवायाः चर्याः चयाः क्रेषः व्यायाः व्यायाः व्यायाः व्यायाः व्यायाः व्यायाः व्यायाः व्यायाः व्यायाः व्याय

65

We have seen now the real nature That the mind really has: For it has never possessed a single quality Of its own since time began. This is the mighty nature of things Which no thing can ever stop.

ाञ्च क्येत्रपते स्वाप्त स्वाप्ते वा

|श्चींत्रक्षाः स्वीतः स्वीतः

66

This is the viewpoint that no one can view; This is the sight that no one could see; This is the meditation that no one could do, And a thing which words cannot express: A thing beyond all speaking, A thing beyond all thinking.

|यावन भे हिन्याम ह्या ययस य न्या |यावन भे हिन्याम सम्मित्र |यावन हेर्या प्येन यो न्या स्था |त्रा क्रिका प्येन यो न्या स्था |ने क्रिका स्थान स्थापिता

This is the master
That no one can describe;
This is the antidote
Which fixes itself;
And the way we imagine things to be
Is forever put to rest.
All of these are different ways
Of saying the very same thing.

|इैवायकासहस्रहेरकेर दें पेता

|5:स्रार्भः व्यक्षित्रः व्यक्षित्रः |विविद्यः व्यक्षः प्रद्येतः स्त्रेतः स्त्रेत्रः व्यक्षित्रः |5:स्रस्थः प्रेतः व्यःसहस्राध्यस्य व्यक्ष

68

To sum, this is the single way
In which all things are equal;
It is the single song
Of all the many things there are.
This is what makes the cycle of pain
And the act of going beyond it

Inseparable one from the other. And then we sink into deep meditation

Upon what these things are.

69
To the state of mind in this meditation,
There is no Buddha—
Even less than you,
My Tendency to Think that Things are Themselves.

To this state of mind
There is no teaching, no community,
No spiritual paths or levels,
No reaching any goal at all,
No truth nor lie
And no ultimate body of a Buddha.

How then could You exist, Sitting there thinking that things are themselves! How could there be there anything Which wasn't as it appeared to be?

निर्देश्यः स्ट्रिंग्यश्यः स्ट्रिश्यः स्ट्रिशः स्ट्रिशः स्ट्रिंग्यश्यः स्ट्रिशः स्ट्

And in the aftermath,
After a person comes out of this meditation,
The reflection of all those things
Which aren't what they appear to be
Appears once more within the mirror
Of this emptiness, of the mind as it is.

Apart from their appearance,
They don't exist at all—
There is no land there where the Tendency
To Think that Things are Themselves
Could ever make his home.

श्चिम्बेद्द्वाक्ष्यः स्ट्रीत् स्ट्रीतः स्ट्रीतः

71

All this world is but an appearance Which forms when all the necessary Causes and conditions have met—
It is only apparent, not what it seems, A world where things occur
Because they depend upon others,
A reflection appearing in the mirror
Of emptiness, the mind as it is.

If we ask no questions, things are there; When we start to ask them, things disappear.

|सूर:वार्त्ते[तुर:श्रेर:वहवाश:उद्दा |रुधुर:श्रेर:र्ड्य:व्यक्तुंव्यक्तरहेंवा

72

The way we think that certain things Can act as causes for other things Exists only in an apparent world; In a world of names that come and go; In a world we never question.

|ने⁻धेशक्रेंग्रस्य स्यामुस्त्र|

|नर्यः नदे कें न नहें न कें न

73

But if we are not satisfied
With leaving the world like this,
And instead begin to investigate
How one thing can cause another,
In the end we come up with nothing.

वि:वितःक्तितःयःवर्द्धेशःवित्तेतःत्। विदेतःयमःब्रेटःवःषःमेःसळ्त। विदेतःयमःवितःयःदेःवशःसळम्। सळ्माःषमःवितःयशःषःवरःकत्।

74

If you think about it it's passingly strange That the workings of things can appear to us As if all of them were real, Even as they must still depend Upon their conditions to happen.

The fact that we then believe they are real Is something even more strange; Strange but also sad, In the way this belief exhausts us.

विशासम्बद्धाः स्त्रीत्त्वाः स्त्रीत्तः विश्वाः स्त्रीतः स्त्राः स्त्राः स्त्राः स्त्राः स्त्राः स्त्राः स्त्रा विश्वाः स्त्राः स्त्राः स्त्राः स्त्राः स्त्राः स्त्राः । विश्वाः स्त्राः स्त्रा

75

An old man is a boy grown old; But a boy who was old in actual fact From the moment he was born; And yet it seems to us That he grows old gradually.

The way we believe now the world is real Is exactly the same as how we believe That the boy is how he appears to be.

वि:मुन्यं स्वाप्त्राम्यः विस्त्राम्यः विस्त्राम्यः विस्त्राम्यः विस्त्राम्यः विस्त्राम्यः विस्त्राम्यः विस्त्र विस्तुः स्वायः स्वाप्त्राम्यः विस्त्राम्यः विस्त्रामः विस्त्रामः विस्त्रामः विस्त्रामः विस्त्रामः विस्त्रामः विस्त्रामः विस्त्रामः विस्ति वि

76
The clouds of the body, the illusion,
Gather in the sky
Of emptiness, the mind as it is.
Inspired by our many imaginings,
The rain of the entire way
That things around us work descends.

| चैंट.लट.येश.भोयउ.स्ट.जय.चैंट.। | रेनेट.य.क्स.झैंय.गुश्च.श्चेट.योशेश| | चैंट.यस.बी.लुश.श.श्चेट.योशेश| | गुश्चश.टट.झॅंट.यदु.कैं.भुंय.जश|

विसायदात्रसामायः मदाया

77

Who could fail to see that they come From the mind, and from all the various Causes and conditions That make them appear to us?

When you look into it you realize
That although these three different things—
The rain, the clouds, and the mind itself—
All occur, they occur but from the sky,
And when they disappear
They vanish into the sky itself.

मियमास्य मित्राम्य स्थान

78

The reflection of the body of the dream Appears in the mirror of emptiness, The mind as it really is.

क्रिट.क्ष.ट्रे.चीय.क्रीय.सहट.। क्रि.दर्यश.लूट्य.क्री.ची.त्यश.स्याया ।क्रि.दर्यश.लूट्य.क्री.ची.त्यश.स्यायाक्रीया ।क्रि.क्ष.क्षट्रे.च्री.स्या.स्यायाक्रीया ।क्रि.क्ष.क्ष.त्यंत्रात्याक्षेट.ट्ट.यू।

79

The sleep here is all the ways that things

Cause other things—how each and every thing Depends upon another.

And then due to the seed within our mind Planted by the time we've already spent Getting used to these ideas, We become a master in understanding The entire workings of causation.

Everyone comes then to see How things are only apparent.

80
When we examine things—
That is, when we awake—
Then we see that nothing exists
In and of itself.

Things do happen, but we understand That they happen from the mind itself. Things do fade away, but we know That they fade from the mind itself.

विश्वास्याञ्चात्रेत्वाञ्चन्यस्य । विश्वासान्त्रेत्वेत्यायः स्वतः स्वतः स्वतः । विश्वासान्त्रेतः स्वतः स्वतः स्वतः स्वतः । विश्वास्य स्वतः स्वतः स्वतः स्वतः स्वतः ।

१८,८४,४४,८४,४०,८५

81

We can say that our actions
Do produce consequences,
But only apparently.
The reflection of the moon of wisdom
Appears in the still water of emptiness,
The mind as it really is,
And its brightness dispels the darkness
Of all the different mistaken ways
In which we see all things.

|श्रेस्यःश्रेत्रःश्रेदःयते । |श्रेस्यःश्रेत्रःश्रेदःयते । |श्रेसःयःश्रेत्रःश्रेदःयते । |श्रेसःयः र्वंसःयः श्रेदःयते । |श्रेसःयः र्वंसःयः श्रेदःयते ।

82

Certain events are set in motion When the moon of wisdom appears upon The still waters of emptiness, The mind as it really is.

Everyone then comes to see, Everyone realizes, The way things really are.

Nominally speaking then We can say that all things do exist, If only in an apparent way.

I don't see how the object
That we are checking to find
Could ever really exist;
Things do happen, but they happen
From the mind;
Things do fade away,
But they fade into the emptiness,
Fade into the mind itself.

विचा ३५ सेट. ट्रेंचा पा ५५। विचा ३५ सेचा असे ५५ विचा ५५। विचा ४५ सेचा असे ५५ विचा ५५। विचा ३५ सेट. सेचा विचा ५५।

The mind perceives the exalted sound,
The words of these very teachings,
Within the canyons of emptiness;
But these words themselves, sounds that correct
Our habit of overestimating how things really are,
Are actually just an echo
Sounding back to us.

म्ब्रेंट पदे केंगा मी सुके न दर।

।स.म्याःसेयःस्यःस्ट्रेयःस्ट्रेयःस्यः ।क्रुःक्रेयःत्यशःस्ट्रेयःस्ट्रेयः ।स्याःस्वरःस्याःस्ट्रेयःस्याः

85

The mighty roar of the words of emptiness Fly to meet the vast canyon walls Of the mind of emptiness; And then because the causes and conditions Are complete, the sound of emptiness Is born and sounded back.

| चूद:प:र्डस:दुःर्घस:प्यस्य सर्हित्। | दुद:प्यद:सेसस:हेद:स्ट:प्यस:दुद:। | चूद:प्यद:सेसस:हेद:स्ट:प्यस:दुद:। | चूद:प्यद:सेसस:हेद:स्ट:प्य:चैस|

86

We learn, and we study,
But only apparently;
I don't see that there is anything there
If one pauses to examine them.

Things do happen, but we understand That they happen from the mind itself. Things do fade away, but we know That they fade from the mind itself.

।नेश्वार्डिन नम्म मानेश्वा

ট্রিই-২২-৫য়ুঁ-বত্ত-মাধ্য-অ-শ্রীম জিব-প্রমা-র্কুই-নত্ত-মাধ্য-স-স-সম্বর্গা বিহুষ-র্জিনপ্র-ইপ্রমাধ্য-স-স্থা

87
Thus the way that you and I
See things is completely incompatible;
There is no one place in the universe
Where both of us could reside.

And so it is you who must leave, And go wherever you mght.