

EIGHTEEN KINDS OF YOGIC JOY

In Praise of Yolmo Gangra, a Song on Wakening the Heart

I bow at the feet
of the genuine guru
Because of merit gathered
I've met this lord
The guru with his prophecy
is what has brought me here
My comfortable castle
this wooded mountain range
This is a meadowland
so beautiful in bloom
The trees are dancing
in the midst of all the trees

This is a place of play
where the monkeys and the langurs play
A place where birds speak
in bird-like tongues
A land of flying bees
on gentle wings
Where day runs into night
and rainbow paintings shine
Summer runs into winter
a light drizzle falls
Autumn runs into springtime
the mist comes rolling in

In a solitary place like this
I, the yogi Milarepa
Am feeling very clear light well
meditating on emptiness mind
When I get a lot of stuff coming up
I feel extremely well
When the highs roll into lows
feels even better still
Feels so good to be a human being
without the karmic deeds
When confusion gets complicated
I feel extremely well

Fearsome visions getting worse and worse
feels even better still
Kleshas, birth and death, and freedom from those
is a good way to feel

With the bullies getting worse and worse
I feel extremely well
When there's not a painful illness in sight
feels even better still
The suffering being bliss
feels so good that feeling bad feels good
Since the trulkhor comes from what I am
it feels extremely good

To leap and run about is dance
feels even better still
To be a king of speech
with a treasury of song feels good
That the words are like the buzzing of bees
feels extremely good
That the sound it makes is merit collecting
feels even better still
The bliss is good in the expanse
of the confidence of strength of mind
What develops on its own by its own force
feels extremely good

What comes out looking like a hodgepodge
feels even better still
This happy experience song
by a yogi carefree
Is for you who believe in
what you're doing here
To take along with you
when you go