

THE SONG THAT CLARIFIES RECOLLECTION by Lord Jigten Sumgon

Once, when Jigten Sumgon was residing at Drigung Thil, he gathered together about thirty of his students in a meadow behind the monastery and asked them to perform displays of their miracle powers. All but one were able to comply with their guru's request, and this disciple, Rinchen Drak, died suddenly from shame when he could not perform. When the undertakers tried to dismember his corpse to feed it to the vultures, the body resisted the knife. Jigten Sumgon placed his walking stick on the hear-center of the corpse, and sang this song:

I bow at the feet of glorious Phagmo Drupa.

Listen, Rinchen Drak, my son.

Ka! At the time of death
worldly activities are a lie.
The eight worldly dharmas are like the colors of a rainbow-
think, can you put your trust in them?

When you see the separation of gathered friends,
the affection of relatives and friends is a lie.
Heartfelt words are like an echo-
think, can you put your trust in them?

When you see the growth and decline of the four elements of the body,
the illusion of strength and ability is also a lie.
The autumn flower of youth-
think, can you put your trust in it?

When you see the gathering and consumption of wealth,
clinging and painful accumulation are also lies.
Food and wealth are like dew on a blade of grass-
think, can you put your trust in them?

When you see the suffering of birth and death,
the happiness of the assemblies of gods and men is a lie.
The joy and suffering of the wheel of samsara-
think, can you put your trust in it?

To the tree, the father, bodhicitta,
the bias of disciples is a lie.
Non virtuous and misleading friends-
think, can you put your trust in them?

When you understand that all sentient beings are your parents,
attachment to self-cherishing is a lie.
The shravakas' vehicle of self-liberation-
think, can you put your trust in it?

When you become convinced of the cause and result of karma,
the instruction of non-effort is a lie.
Thunder without rain in an empty sky-
think, can you put your trust in it?

For the guru who has the realization of power and blessings,
the obstacle of maras and error is a lie.
Chattering prayers like a parrot-
think, can you put your trust in that?

When you realize the nature of your mind,
the three limitless kalpas are also a lie.
The deceptive vehicle of relative truth-
think, can you put your trust in it?

In the Gathering Relics cemetery,
are you sad, son, at being alone?
Since nothing lasts and all must die,
Rinchen Drak, do not be attached.
If your mind is still attached,
transfer it to your guru's heart.

Rinchen Drak's body was then cut open and found to contain numerous
relics in the form of small, multi-colored pills. There were so many of them
that they had to be swept together with brooms.