

FOUR-ARMED MAHĀKĀLA







VETĀLĪ











EKAJAṬĪ

BHYO

The suchness of penetrating, primordial insight
Arises as the all-pervading essence of everything.
You, the mother, the great consort Ekajaṭī,
Creator of saṃsāra and nirvāṇa, please arise from space.
SAMAYA JAḤ

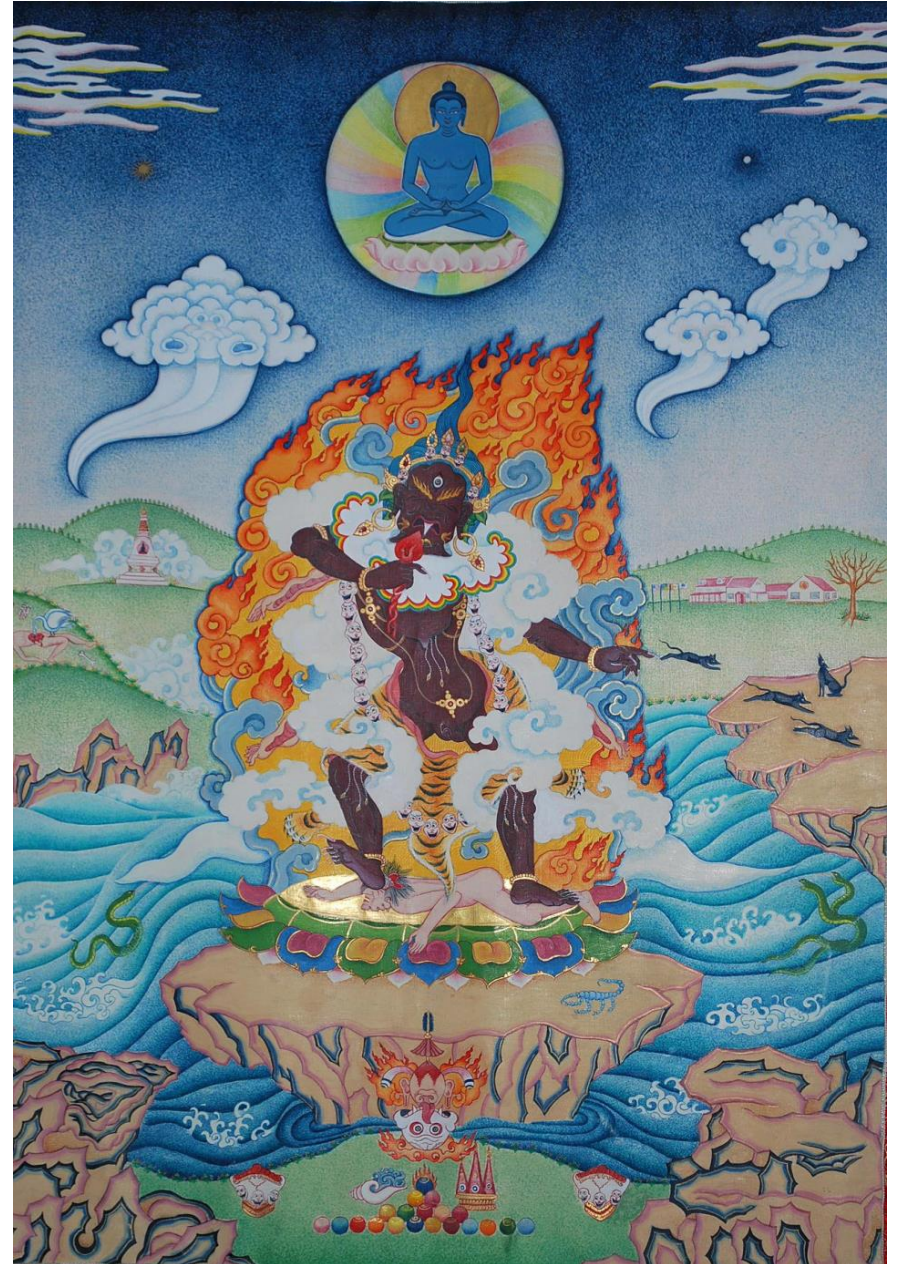
BHYO

Before the first kalpa
The great lord and his consort
United in mind without meeting.
On her forehead there arose an iron mole.
From that, Samantabhadrī, protector of mantra,
Was born with one turquoise lock of hair.
Then the Lord of Secret
Appointed her the protector of the seventeen tantras.

In the castle of cosmic miracles
Dwells the mother Ekajaṭī,
Surrounded by a retinue of a hundred thousand mamos.
Both peaceful and wrathful, she is quick to act.
She is the queen who rules the three worlds.

ĀḤ BHYO

You wear a white cloud as raiment.
In your right hand is the red heart of the transgressor of samaya.
From your left hand you emanate in all directions
A hundred iron wolves as aides.
The single eye of dharmakāya manifests on your forehead.
Your single fang pierces the heart of Māra.
Your single breast nurtures supreme practitioners as your children.
You are naked but for a tiger skin round your waist.
When the practitioner is tormented by sloth
Be an arrow of awareness.
When the practitioner has lost the way
Be a torch of meditation.



When the practitioner is confused by doubt
Sound the great trumpet of confidence.
When the practitioner is attacked by enemies
Be the wrathful, wild protector.
Protect the teachings of Buddha.
Cause the domain of the three jewels to prosper.
Nurture the three saṅghas as your children.

Those who profess the tantras to all,
Those who display arrogance as dharma,
Those who have perverted views:
By the miracles of the wrathful mamo,
Fiercely seize their hearts with venomous anguish;
Kill them and lead them to dharmadhātu.

VAM

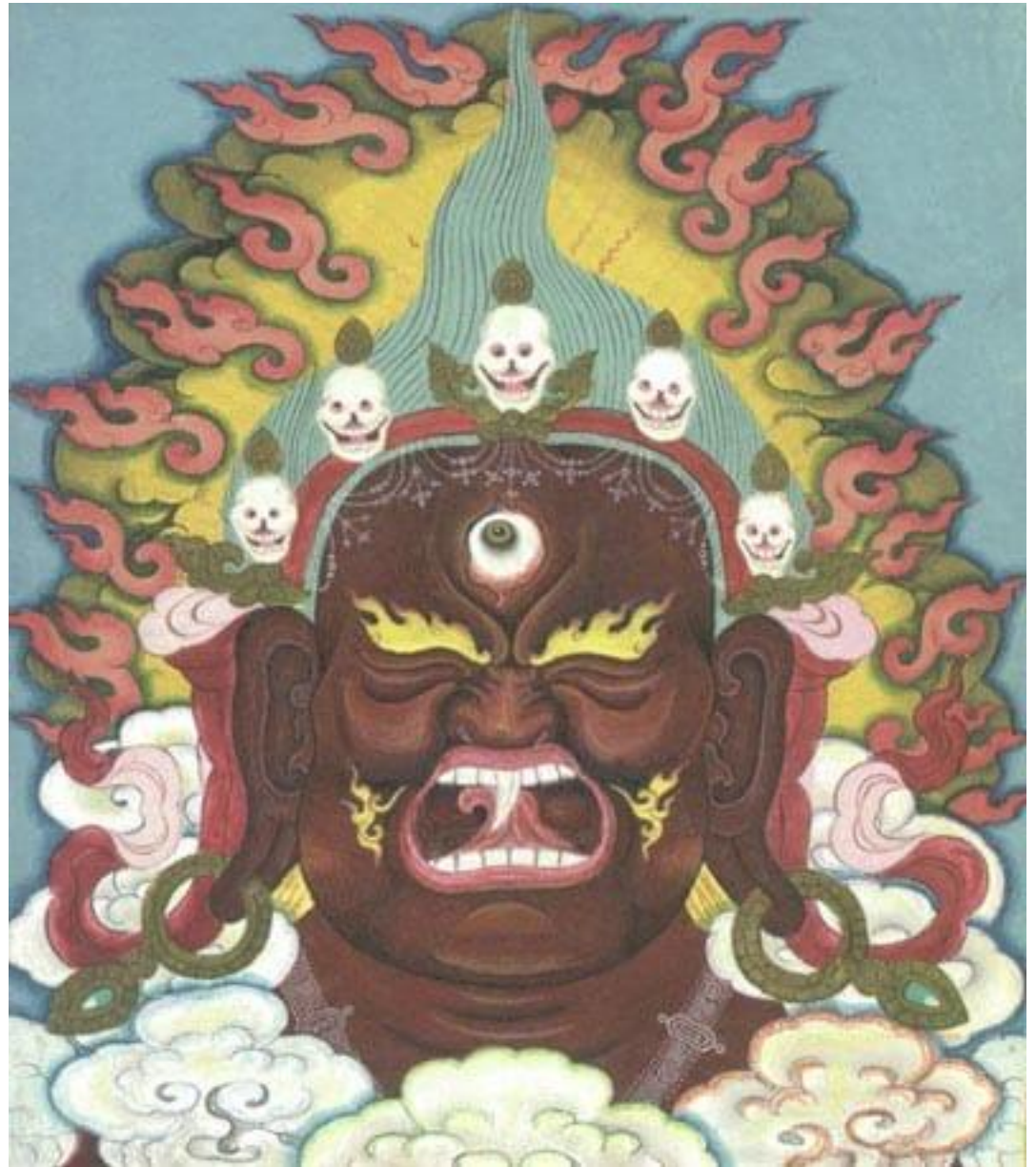
In the dharmakāya you are self-liberated luminosity.
In the sambhogakāya you are Vajrayoginī.
In the nirmāṇakāya you are the mother of all.
To you, the energy of insight arising from space,
I make the outer, inner, and secret offerings.
From the simplicity of bliss and emptiness,
Into the suchness of the fourth abhiṣheka,
Lady of mantra, receive and lead us.

SAMAYA HOḤ

OM MAMA RULU RULU HŪṂ BHYO HŪṂ
MAHĀ-AMṚITA-RAKTA-BALIṂ TE PŪJĀ HOḤ
DHARMADHĀTU EVAM

This was written by Chökyi Gyatso, the Eleventh Trungpa.

Translated by the Nālandā Translation Committee.







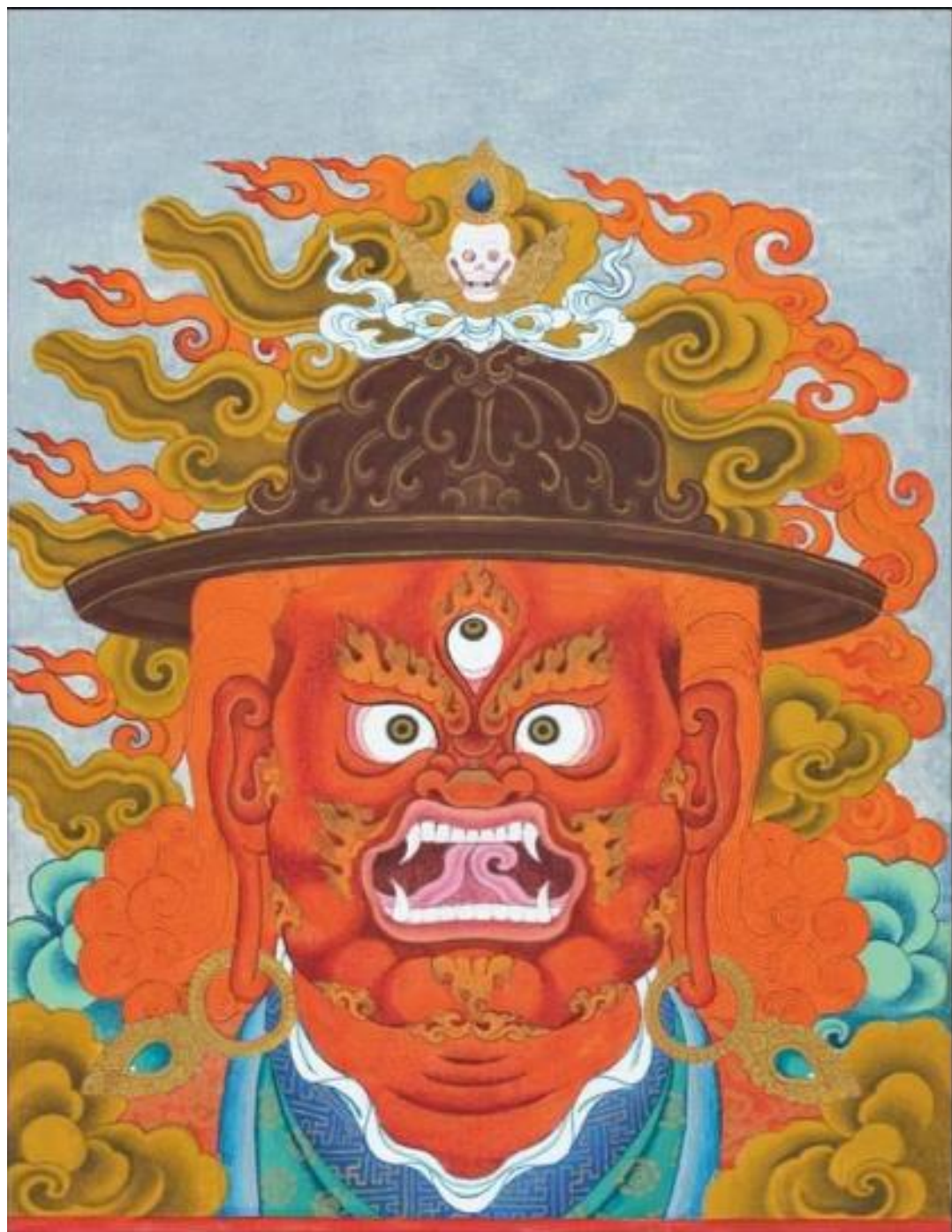
CONDENSED OFFERING TO
EKAJAṬĪ, RĀHULA AND VAJRASĀDHU





VAJRASĀDHU



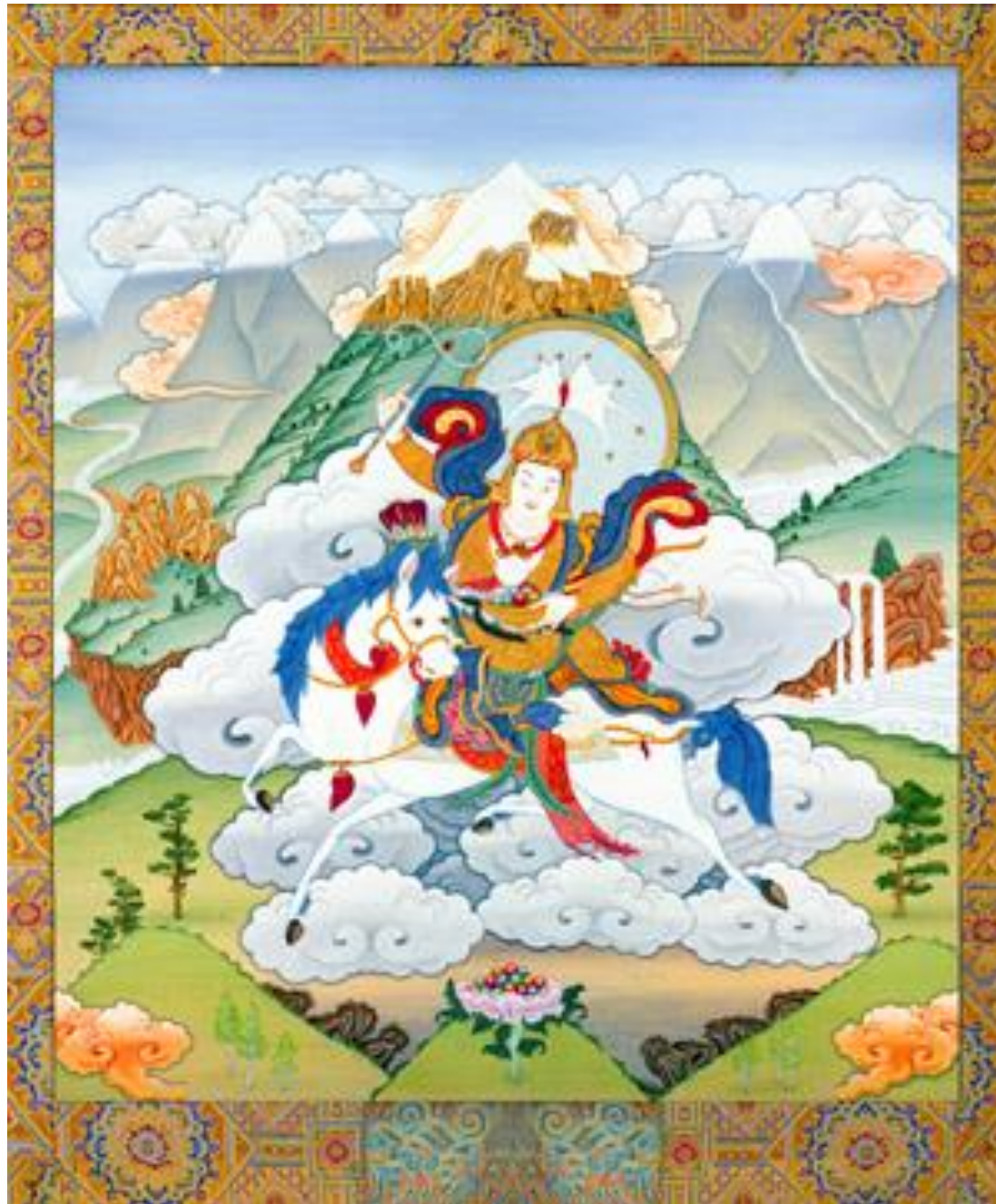








THE SILVER BANNER OF THE GOLDEN DRINK OF POMRA



ABBREVIATED OFFERING TO GESAR

HŪṂ HŪṂ

Arise from space; be not idle in compassion, Lord Great Lion.
Embodiment of the three roots, powerful Norbu Dradül,
Along with your dharmapāla, drala, and werma retinue,
Come here by the power of your vow of compassion.
Accept the offering of samaya substance—amṛita and torma.
Truly show the signs and marks of accomplishment.
Please accomplish the results we hope for just as we wish
And bestow the supreme and ordinary siddhis.

OM MAHĀSĪMHA-MANĪRĀJA-SAPARIVĀRA IDAṂ BALIṂ TE KHĀHI









