

Advice to Myself Exposing Hidden Flaws

by Jamyang Khyentse Chökyi Lodrö

Father, noble guru, embodiment of all sources of refuge, care for me!

I've won an exceptional human form with the freedoms and advantages,
But, on account of my bad karma, I'm attached to the experiences of this life,
My character is wicked, inferior, mischievous and inflexible,
And my mind is stricken as if by some chronic disease.

Nowadays, I have little opportunity to meet directly
The authentic guru, who is my only true father,
And although I've beheld a mass of dharma instructions,
I've failed to apply them to my mind, like a dog presented with grass.

Even though this child has set his sights high on liberation,
He's caught in the noose of afflictions such as desire,
And his head is brought low as if he's been anchored to the hells—
Such is the price for having borne anger and resentment.

Although the authentic noble guru has partially revealed
The child-like wisdom of pure awareness, mind's true nature,
As I've not made it familiar to the point that it's instinctive,¹
It's like a ray of sunshine in thick cloud—such a pity!

As the demon, the lord of death, holds me in his angry stare
And the black noose of evil karma tightens around my neck
It's almost time for his weapon, the axe, to cut my vital artery—
Three more steps and the lord of death will have me in his grasp.

When I leave behind the lifeless corpse of the four elements
And continue on my way, companionless and alone,
I'll have no other guardian or defender but you,
Compassionate guru, unrivalled protector to whom I pray.

As I follow in the wake of my positive and negative deeds,
I'll have amassed no more than a few wholesome actions,
But I'll have gathered a vast mountain of misdeeds,
And, try as I might, there'll be no way to leave them all behind.

When the results of these actions ripen directly,
There'll not be a single moment of respite,
No other option but to reap the fruits of my own deeds.
At that time, as I cry out in anguish—*Kyehü! Kyehü!*—
My future mind will surely feel great remorse.

Exert yourself in the Dharma, therefore, Lodrö,
Before you must bear the burden of your misdeeds.
Don't squander this freedom while you have the chance,
O child, but apply your mind to the cultivation of virtue.

I passed on these words of advice to myself on the second day of the Miracles Month during the Snake year, when my feelings alternated between joy and sadness.

| Translated by Adam Pearcey with the generous support of the Khyentse Foundation and Tertön Sogyal Trust, 2021.

Bibliography

Tibetan Edition

'Jam dbyangs chos kyi blo gros. "rang la gros gdab mtshangs 'don gyi mgur glu/" in *'Jam dbyangs chos kyi blo gros kyi gsung 'bum* 12 vols. Bir: Khyentse Labrang, 2012. W1KG12986. Vol. 8: 421–422

Version: 1.0-20210804

1. Reading 'gris as 'dris ↔



This work is licensed under a [Creative Commons Attribution-NonCommercial 3.0 Unported License](https://creativecommons.org/licenses/by-nc/3.0/).

PDF document automatically generated on Fri Aug 6 02:22:44 2021 GMT from
<https://www.lotsawahouse.org/tibetan-masters/jamyang-khyentse-chokyi-lodro/advice-to-self-song>



LOTSAWA HOUSE

DHARMA. ON THE HOUSE.