



War Cry

A Prayer from Jetsunma Ahkön Lhamo

Buddhas and Bodhisattvas, please listen to me!
From the depth of my heart I beg you to remain!
I offer all virtue I have accumulated in the three times.
Please accept for the sake of sentient beings.
I request you to remain in the world for the sake of the lost.
I request you to give instruction for the sake of the deluded.
Grant blessings for the sake of the poor and hungry.
Increase the strength of Dharma until none can resist!
Suppress with your splendor the horrors of hatred, greed and ignorance.
Do not abandon us!

This pitiful practitioner, this humble servant of the Three Precious Jewels, this poor steward of lost beings begs you to hear these verses.
Please accept them as my timeless vow.
Please remind me in every future time of these words.
Please let me perform this duty in order to benefit beings, and so that in some small way I can repay the kindness of my Teachers.

To Guru Rinpoche, I pray.
Lord of my Three Doors do not abandon me.
I, your humble servant am concerned for sentient beings.
Here I am, to promise you I have not forgotten my vows
Spoken before your Holy Face.
Again I lay them at your feet -- For their sake.
As you have taught me.

Bitch,
I have seen you.
I have heard your voice.
I have smelt your smell.
I have lived and died with you.
I know your name . . .
Samsara.

Bitch, whore,
Whatever garment you wear I will know you.
Your smile is no seduction to me.
I know you.

You will appear in lovely forms,
Seductive, caressing, singing songs filled with promises

It is then I will appear far more beautiful than you
Adorned with garments of pure aspiration
Resplendent with gold and gems of pure bliss.
From my mouth will come the ambrosia of Dharma
And from your grasping arms I will steal my children away,
Like a thief in the night . . .
And lead them to Paradise.

Bitch
You will be known as mother
And from your teats my babies will suckle vomit and death.
You will cradle them in arms of deception and sorrow.
Saying "trust in me" and "I am your mother".

Then I will appear -- vast as the sky
With arms that reach around the world.
From pure white breasts I will offer the milk of Bodhicitta.
My arms will reach into hell itself, to every place.
Joyfully I will hold my children
Saying, "You, my darlings are sons and daughters
of the Buddhas and Bodhisattvas"
Singing, "You are the child of luminosity --
the Holy Display of the Sphere of Truth"
And then, offering sweets succulent and filled with Love
They will follow me and I will lead them to Paradise.

Whore.
You will appear as the demon.
Death, fear, hatred, selfishness, greed, ignorance . . .
These will be your unholy teachings.
Ugly and terrifying, you will manipulate my children.
Like the helpless and blind,
They will follow any sound without distinction.

Then I will come -- I will be uglier than you
My yellow fangs will be terrible to see
From my mouth will come an unbearable howl.
Fierce and dominating my voice will be heard above yours.
My feet will walk all the worlds -- all the realms.

My arms, with terrifying claws will reach into every corner.
I will clasp my children -- every one.
With great cries of suppression, I will tear them from you -- Hell-Bitch
And carry them to Paradise.

Be warned, Whore-mother of suffering
I am coming.
I am relentless!
Not one of my children will I abandon to you.
I will meet you on every hill and mountain.
In every ocean, in every country.
In the sky, in the six realms,
In form and formless lands,
No hell or heaven will hide you from me.
I will never stop.
Like a tigress I will come
Mouth dripping with blood, claws extended.

I will come and slay you,
I alone will defeat you.
I will rip you apart
Cut up, shredded, sliced and diced
No one will know which part to call Samsara.
I will finish you.
You will not enslave my children.

Then I will shed tears to heal you.
I will scoop you up in my arms
Tenderly I will hold your head.
My eyes will shine wisdom and compassion upon you

My body will be your home.
My speech will sing lullabies of pure virtue.
Then you will remember you are my child, too.
Samsara.
Yes, you too.

Then, beloved child who is never separate from me,
We will depart together.
We will be in Paradise.

-- Jetsunma Ahkön Lhamo

Colophon:

Written by Jetsunma Ahkön Norbu Lhamo on February 16, 1996 when two of her beloved students were caught in terrible ignorance and delusion and could not see the face of the Guru. In an extreme and powerful display of wrathful compassion, she wrote this war cry to benefit all beings who are lost in samsara, with intention to offer these verses to Guru Rinpoche at Maritika Cave in Nepal during pilgrimage in March, 1996. After writing these verses, in her purity and compassion, she apologized to us, her powerless students, for not being more beautiful, or more fierce and ugly, in order that she would lead us out of suffering.

