

Praise to Amitabha
Gateway to the Highest Buddha Realm

Homage to Guru Manjughosha!

Glorious conqueror, lord of Sukhavati,
pure realm exalted by every buddha,
Protector Amitayus, teacher of men and gods,
grant with the power of the victorious Buddha
the nectar of immortality to every living being.

Like the moon on a cloudless night reflected
in the clear waters of a million different receptacles,
great teacher, you appear simultaneously in differing manifestations
to untold numbers of fortunate beings.
Such is your form.

In an instant you dispel entangled webs of doubt
from the minds of countless disciples,
and in unceasing discourse and exposition
you open wisdom eyes to the truth.
Such is your speech.
Perfect wisdom reaching out to every phenomenon,
swayed by compassion for beings of the five realms,
protecting them with love, wisdom, and power
from fears of samsara and nirvana
and yet unstirred by any sign of effort.
Such is your mind.

Like the sun streaming across the open sky,
millions upon millions of realms are filled
with the limitless light of your dazzling form,
a joyous treat for my fortunate eyes.

As dragon-like thunder is music to the peacock's ears,
so to hear your voice is to engender great bliss,
as its Brahma-like melody adorned by five qualities
falls upon my ears like nectar.

Like clouds disappearing into the sky,
cognition absorbs into emptiness' sphere

and your highest of minds stilled of all fabrication
stills all concept-driven projections of my mind.

Your qualities, their limits hard to find,
even if buddhas spoke of them for eons beyond measure,
are well beyond my powers of description.

You remain, therefore, an unending treasure of qualities,
every root of every fault forever destroyed,
no other teacher compares with you,
sole refuge for all living things.

I pray my protector, when this life fades,
to be reborn in that highest of realms,
formed from your billion prayers,
famed and renowned as Sukhavati, realm of bliss,
where even names of sufferings remain unheard,
there to take birth within the celestial lotus flower,
arising unhindered among its thousand petals,
to behold your form, to be sated by your words,
and having heard from you, protector, the sounds of the Mahayana,
may I do as Avalokiteshvara and Vajrapani have done,
and free those sunk in swamps of existence.

Colophon:

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