

Poetry Series

Detong Choyin
- poems -

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Detong Choyin(1950)

See for teachings on the path to enlightenment by Detong.

Cultivation Of The Field

Only in the field of the perfections
Is the fruit of one's labor unlimited.

Detong Choyin

Death: The Only Reality Of Life

The only thing we know for sure of life is that it will surely end in death,
and yet we weave our tangled webs of captivating intrigue
and spin endless streams of futile fantasy
to bind our happiness to life.

Stuck upon the sticky gossamer
- the unimportant work of one obsessed -
Too quickly the heavy hand of ignorance from out of nowhere
destroys the whole with morbid certainty.

Detong Choyin

In The Field Of The Perfections

Neither a religion nor a philosophy,
it is this practice based in the thought for others
that will free one from the dream.

By transcending worldly concepts of selflessness,
and eliminating the duality of self and object through this practice
of the cultivation of insight into how it all exists,
one disciplines one's own mind
in order to not give harm to any living being.

Having thus established one's practice as genuine,
like a sport one enjoys even more than food or sleep,
one methodically gives up attachment to every cause of suffering,
not stopping until the very end.

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Life Is Just A Dream

Life is just a dream, but in this dream
the dreamers have forgotten they are sleeping.
Silent, steady, slow, sure they slipped -
like stones released beneath the drakened surface of the sea -
far beyond awareness of the truth of their enchanting fantasy.
When will they even think to free themselves?

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Nothing But Suffering

When the self of the dream grasps at the objects/others of the dream to secure happiness and freedom from suffering, believing the two to be 'real' and separate from the mind's action, there is nothing but suffering.

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Tantra: The Unification Of The Mind With Its Object

To not give harm to any living being,
To practice only perfect virtue,
To subdue one's own mind,
This is the teaching of the Buddha.

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Who Will Waken From This Dream?

Who will waken from this endless dream of suffering
if the one trapped within its tightly woven web of sense-related images
does not exist beyond imaginary boundaries?

What is there to keep the one attached
and looking for the cause of happiness within the dream,
except the heavy shroud of ignorance that obscures them
while they sleep.

Cloaked within the misery of their brilliant happiness,
Ignorant of the nature of their shifting fortunes,
What will ever be the cause of their awakening
when there is still no thought to rise?

When will they ever grow aware of the illusion
and, one straining finger at a time,
give up their frightened hold, and go beyond?
Who will rise from their weary dreaming
when you finally waken from the dream?

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