

INVOCATION OF AKSHOBYA

Turning to the east,
In the time before dawn,
I bow to the deep blue light
That is the Buddha Akshobya.

Master of the depths,
You sit on a pale blue lotus,
Touching the earth
With the fingers of your right hand.
Balanced in your left hand, perfectly upright,
Is the golden vajra.

You sit deep in meditation,
Your lips glowing red,
Your eyes drawn inward.
Around you a nimbus of red light
And a wisdom aura of green
Surrounds your head.

You are the guardian of my depths.
Your knowledge is deeper
Than a thousand oceans.
You are a universe unto yourself.

In your heart, on a pale blue lotus,
Is the mystic seed syllable
Hum.

All deeds, all the past, all depth
Is contained within you.
You are immutable, unshakeable;
You cannot be fathomed.
However deep I am,
You are always deeper.

There is a universe within your heart.

You are the potential
Of the yet-to-be-born-day,
Of the time before dawn,

Of light gathering below the horizon,
Waiting to emerge.
You are gathering energy within you,
Like acorns waiting to grow,
Taking root.

You are the water element
that nourishes life.
You are the wisdom of the great mirror
Reflecting back all things
Clearly and undistorted.

You are the truth,
The strange mysterious truth
of the depths,
A truth which grows within us,
Slowly,
Like the gradual dawning of a new day.

There is a universe within your heart.
Stepping into it,
Hands folded to my own heart,
I enter the eastern pure land of Abhirati,
The realm of complete joy.

In this land,
Protected by you,
No vows can be broken,
No depths distorted,
No falsehood spoken.

It is a land of harmony with ourselves,
Of true and deep contact
With what we really are.

Once connected like this
We reside in a deep sense of well-being,
Of living in harmony with reality,
Rooted, unshakeable, fulfilled,
Whole.

O Vajra Akshobya,
You protect this,

You guarantee our depths
Now and always.

Written by Dharmachari Saccanama, Feb 1999.

INVOCATION OF RATNASAMBHAVA

Turning to the south,
In the bright midday sun,
I bow to the golden yellow light
That is the Buddha Ratnasambhava.

Lord of Riches,
You sit on a golden-yellow lotus,
Right hand open in the gesture of supreme giving.
Cradled in the palm of your left hand
Is the scintillating wish-fulfilling jewel.

Your body is the colour of golden sunshine,
Your robes a richly embroidered orange.
Around you an aura of blue light
And the green light of wisdom surrounds your head.

Your abundance knows no limits.
There is no self to restrict your giving,
No thoughts of me and mine.
Everything flows through you
And out to others,
The free flow of your generosity
Bestowed on all.
And each receives your golden abundance
In equal measure.

The whole world is in a grain of sand,
Each thing reflects all others,
And you see this basic sameness of all things..
You identify with everything as though it were yourself.

You are the earth element
With all its profusion of growth,
The riches returning each year
In the warmth of spring and summer.
The harvests ripen in the light of your sun
All things growing in your presence,
Reaching up from earth to sky.

You are beauty too,
The beauty of a landscape in its fullness,
Alive with birdsong
Full of the wonders of nature.
And the beauty of human activity in the arts,
Great paintings of many colours,
Temples of sandstone and marble
Where poets and musicians sing your praises.
All this creativity you ripen and mature
With your sun-like energy
Falling on all alike.

Everyone takes their part
In co-operating to build your pure land,
A pure land of harmony and warmth,
Of mutual love and generosity,
A truly healthy human realm
Free of pride and conceit.

O Ratnasambhava
Help us to be free of our poverty,
Our meanness.
Help us to free our restricted energy,
To overcome our pride,
To see others as like ourselves.
Help us to become truly human,
To make something beautiful of our lives.

O Ratnasambhava,
Lord of Riches,
The Jewel-born Buddha of the South,
We praise you again and again.

Written by Dharmachari Saccanama, Dec 1999.

INVOCATION OF AMITABHA

Turning to the West,
And the rays of the setting sun,
I bow to the ruby red light
Of the Buddha Amitabha.

Lover of light,
You sit on a rich red lotus,
Adrift on the ocean of existence.
Your hands touch together in your lap,
A soft red lotus growing between them.

You are deep in meditation,
Completely at peace with yourself.
Rich red light emanates
From every pore of your skin.
Your red robes are embroidered with gold.
Soft red light and a rainbow surround you,
The wisdom aura of green encircles your head.

You are the rich red light of the setting sun
Sinking into the ocean of existence,
Your rays extending across the sea to meet us.

With your light comes your love,
A warm and passionate love for all that lives,
Suffusing all things,
Nourishing and healing,
Bringing back to life the hurt and wounded.
The red light washes over us,
Melting the ice of our hearts.

Yet always you are deep in meditation,
Your energy drawn inwards,
Moving from the senses
To the riches of your inner world.
From this wholeness and containment,
Your love shines out.

And the lotus growing in your hands,
Each red petal slowly opening

And emanating light,
This lotus echoes the growth in us
Of our own inner life,
Our own aspirations,
The gentle warming and unfolding of our own hearts.

Lover of light,
Your discriminating vision
Sees each person exactly as they are,
Loves each one according to their need.
You perceive clearly the nature of all things,
Seeing with the eye of reality
Beneath the form to the thing itself.

O Amitabha
You are the fire element,
The spark of life,
The warmth and heat that is life itself.
Let the fires of your love burn brightly for all to see.

O Amitabha,
Help us to come alive to a world beyond the senses.
Help us to experience the joy of meditation,
The ever-renewing energies of our own minds.
Help us to enter Sukhavati
The blissful land of your light,
The blissful land of your love.

Written by Dharmachari Saccanama, Dec 1999.

INVOCATION OF AMOGHASIDDHI

Turning to the north,
At the midnight hour,
I bow to the dark green light
Of the Buddha Amoghasiddhi.

Master of the Universe,
You appear from a mighty crystal visvavajra,
The basic pattern of reality.
You sit on a pale green lotus,
Clad in scarlet robes.
Your body is made of mysterious green light.
In your left hand
Sits a golden visvavajra.
Your right hand is raised,
Palm outwards,
In a gesture of supreme courage.

Master of the Universe,
Your great love and fearless action
Transform the sufferings of the Titans
And overcomes the poison of envy.

You fear nothing
And so are free to act spontaneously
For the benefit of all,
Accomplishing all good works.

Your courage releases the energy
Caught in the oppositions
Of light and dark,
Self and other,
Life and death.

You are as free as the air element
Blowing through the forests
And around the mountain heights
Of your northern realm.

Master of the Universe,
Help me to face my own fear,

To look into the darkness of my own mind
And transform the demons within.

O Amoghasiddhi,
Help me to be free of restriction,
Free of fear,
Free of duality,
And release in me
The energy of my untamed mind.

Written by Dharmachari Saccanama, Dec 1999.

INVOCATION OF VAIROCANA

Leaving behind the directions of space
And times of day,
I bow to the brilliant white light
At the heart of reality
Which is the Buddha Vairocana.

King of Infinite Space,
Your light shines throughout the universe,
Illuminating all things,
Bringing light into the darkness of our minds
Like a candle entering a dark room.

Your presence is announced by the roar of lions
Who bear your lotus throne.
You are made of white light
Brighter than the midday sun.
You smile with great compassion
Upon all beings
And at your heart,
You turn the golden wheel of the Dharma.

O Vairocana,
When death comes to me
And I have to leave behind my body,
My friends,
And all that is familiar,
Please help me to overcome my fear
And find the right path,
The blessed light path of your compassion.
Help me to find my way
Towards the light,
The bright white light at the heart of reality.
O Blessed Vairocana,
Look out for me at the time of my death.

King of the Dharma,
Let me receive the light rays
Of your wisdom,
Show me the true meaning of life
So that I do not waste

This precious human birth.

King of Infinite Space,
Help me to understand the Dharma,
Reveal to me its full significance,
Illumine my wrong views,
My limited understanding,
And help me to see things clearly.

O Vairocana,
Please witness in me
My attempts to grow,
My practise of the Dharma.
Grant me your blessing
And shine upon me
The pure white light of your own heart.

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