

Stirring the Depths of Hell

The King of Confessions for All Violations, Negative Actions, and Obscurations

I. Opening Supplication and Prostrations

Visualizing in the space in front the entire assembly of gurus, sugatas, and peaceful and wrathful deities on sun-moon-lotus seats—their faces vivid, as if perceived directly—yogins should emanate bodies as countless as atoms, recite the words of confession, mentally feel remorse, and so make confession for all three times in their presence. After that, visualizing with the view and maintaining strict samaya will swiftly accomplish the siddhis.

All the vidyādhara gurus and all the hosts of victorious peaceful and wrathful maṇḍala deities are present in the sky. VAJRA SAMĀJA!

E MA HO

Lords of ten directions and four times,
Gurus, peaceful, wrathful conquerors,
Come and rest on sun-moon-lotus seats,
Purify all hells and broken vows,
Please accept, we offer and prostrate.

Prostrations to the Five Kāyas

Gurus with their glorious qualities, we bow.
Dharmakāya, bare and free of thought, we bow.
To Sambhogakāya, full of bliss, we bow.
To Nirmāṇakāya, guiding beings, we bow
Vajrakāya, changeless natural state, we bow.
Kāya of complete awakening, we bow.

Prostrations to the Eight Herukas

Peaceful devas, soothing afflictions, we bow,
Wrathful devas, severing wrong views, we bow,
Mañju body, lord of means and life, we bow,
Padma speech, resounding, free of flaw, we bow,
Vajra mind, with true meaning endowed, we bow,

Clearing five poisons, Amṛta Cure, we bow,
Vajrakīla, crushing prideful ones, we bow,
Hosts of māmos, elemental queens, we bow,
Vidyādhara, grounds and paths achieved, we bow,
Oath bound guardians of the buddha's words, we bow,
Taming foes and demons, mantra lords, we bow.

Prostrations to the Peaceful and Wrathful Deities

HŪM

Self aware, self knowing, unconfused,
Wisdom dawns within equality,
To Samantabhadra in union,
We **bow** to purify dharmas of mind.

Knowing, undivided from non-thought,
Radiant lights of the five wisdoms shine,
Sugatas of the five families,
We **bow** to purify our afflictions.

From within the dharmatā arise
Five consorts of wisdom: cause of birth,
Five great mothers of the vast expanse,
We **bow** to purify the elements.

Hosts of emanated wisdom forms,
Self-arising, benefiting beings,
To eight bodhisattvas, all of them,
We **bow** to purify our consciousness.

Within wisdom, qualities complete,
All desired siddhis fall like rain,
To the eight devīs of offering,
We **bow** to purify places and time.

Forms of vīras, taming vicious ones,
Free of any fault of self-clinging,
To the watchmen of the four gateways,
We **bow** to purify every wrong view.

Benefitting beings with your love,
Compassion, joy, equanimity,

To four wrathful lady gatekeepers,
We **bow** to purify the two extremes.

From six kinds of thought, six realms arise,
These emerge through ignorance's power,
Six sages tame these with compassion,
We **bow** to purify our confusion.

HŪṂ
Play of Rigpa, Samantabhadra,
To Mahottara, we bow.

Freeing poisons without rejection,
To the Herukas, we bow.

Born from space, union of wisdom-means,
To wrathful consorts, we bow.

Secret ladies, mind-manifested,
Eight wrathful ladies, we bow.

Winged messengers with feasting fangs,
To the eight tramens, we bow.

Those who summon, draw in, bind and charm,
Four **ladies** of the gates, we bow.

Ladies appearing in worldly guise,
To the Īśvarīs, we bow.

HŪṂ
Yamāntaka, slayer of Lord Death,
With your proud and fearsome retinue,
To Mañjuśrī body we prostrate.

HŪṂ
Hayagrīva, all-enthraling king,
With fierce magnetizing retinue,
To the speech of padma we prostrate.

HŪṂ
Great and glorious Vajra Heruka,
With your radiance as retinue,
To Viśuddha mind we now prostrate.

HŪṂ

Mighty Mahottara Heruka,
With your peaceful-wrathful retinue,
Qualities abundant, we prostrate.

HŪṂ

Youthful Vajra, action embodied,
With your blazing wrathful retinue,
To enlightened actions, we prostrate.

HŪṂ

Heruka, Truly Perfected King,
With five elements as retinue,
To the hosts of māmos, we prostrate.

HŪṂ

Vidyādhara Dorje Drakpo Tsal,
With your retinue on grounds and paths,
To the Vidyādharas, we prostrate.

HŪṂ

Lord of Secrets, all arrayed in blue,
With your haughty worldly retinue,
Guardian of the teachings, we prostrate.

HŪṂ

Mighty Black One, full of strength and power,
Wrathful Mantra Lords as retinue,
Subduing obstructions, we prostrate.

Whoever can hear these names and bow,
To the peaceful and the wrathful ones,
Their samayas will be purified,
And will clear the heinous five actions,
Stirring up the very depths of hell,
They'll be famed in Vidyādhara realms.

All our defects ripened by karma,
We confess and mentally release.
Purified by cries of deep remorse,

With devotion, palms joined at our hearts,
We prostrate with faith upon the ground.

Calling all the peaceful-wrathful names,
Sitting in a well-aligned posture,
Vajrasattva sitting on the crown,
Meditating in this way, recite
The essence mantra stirring depths of hell.

Vajrasattva Mantra

OM VAJRASATTVASAMAYA MANUPĀLAYA VAJRASATTVATVENOPA TIṢṬHADṚḌHO
MEBHAVA SUTOṢYO ME BHAVA SUPOṢYO ME BHAVA ANURAKTO MEBHAVA SARVA
SIDDHIṀ ME PRAYACCHA SARVA KARMASUCAME CITTAṀ ŚREYAḤ KURU HŪṀ
HAHA HA HA HOḤ BHAGAVĀN SARVA TATHĀGATA VAJRA MĀ ME MUṆCA
VAJRĪBHAVA MAHĀ SAMAYASATTVĀ ĀḤ

If you properly chant these syllables 108 times in a single session without distraction, you will be born as a child of the victorious ones of the three times.

Samayas of Body, Speech, and Mind

HOḤ

Heed us, countless peaceful-wrathful ones,
We've ignored the Buddha's words and strayed,
And mistaken the guru's advice.

We've disparaged and have held wrong views
Towards the kindhearted vajra master.

Harsh words, ill-will, passion, aggression,
Towards the consort and vajra siblings,
Even injuring and striking them.

These body samaya breakages,
Peaceful, wrathful ones, we now confess.

Deities unclearly visualized,
Recitations, disrupted and flawed,
All our speech samaya breakages,
We confess to the five families.

Ten secrets that we've promised to keep,
We've proclaimed, displayed sacred objects,

All our mind samaya breakages,
Peaceful, wrathful victors, we confess.

Twenty-Five Secondary Samayas

Five samayas to be recognized,
As five families, we've failed to see.

Five samayas we should not reject,
Un**know**ing, into five poisons, we fall.

Five samayas to be accepted,
Seen as clean and foul, we act rashly.

Five samayas to be accomplished,
Not knowing they are within, we stray.

Five samayas to be acted out,
Undiscerning, we've acted in fault.

All these branch samaya breakages,
Yidam devas, we confess to you.

Approach and accomplishment, ignored,
Not offering at the proper times,
Lazy, distracted, and dulled by sleep,
Stingily holding back offerings,

Devouring the feast before its blessed,
First portions defiled, remainders kept,
Disrespectful, impulsive actions,
We confess known and unconscious breaks,
To Ḍākinīs and Samaya-bound.

Confession of the View

Breaches of the samaya of mind,
We confess all of them through the View.

Within ālaya-bodhicitta,
View realized without affirmation,
Meditating without negation,
Realize conduct free of “is” and “not.”

Bodhicitta, free from hope and fear,
Root and branch samaya breakages,
Are unborn and never arisen,
The confessor and confession freed,
Liberation, non-duality.

Dharmadhātu itself is simplicity.
So exhausting thinking things exist or don't,
So depressing grasping objects, qualities,
We confess within the space of simple bliss.

Samantabhadra is free from good or bad.
So exhausting seeing this as clean or not,
So depressing clinging to good and to bad,
We confess in Samantabhadra's expanse.

Equanimity is free from large or small.
So exhausting seeing things as self or not,
So depressing grasping them as large and small,
We confess within the space of equal bliss.

Bodhicitta, free from birth and free from death,
So exhausting splitting this life and the next,
So depressing how we cling to birth and death,
We confess in deathless, everlasting space.

The great bindu, free from corners and from sides,
So exhausting taking it to have a form,
So depressing clinging to sides, corners, shapes,
We confess in the space of the perfect sphere.

From within the state of three times, unchanging,
So exhausting viewing beginning and end,
So depressing clinging to movement and change,
We confess in space beyond the change of time.

Self-born wisdom, where there's nothing to achieve,
So exhausting seeing it as cause and fruit,
So depressing grasping to effort and gain,
We confess within the effortless expanse.

Rigpa-wisdom, free from eternal or void,
So exhausting, subject, object, viewed as two,

So depressing grasping eternal or void,
We confess in rigpa-wisdom's vast expanse.

Pure dharmatā is free from complexity,
So exhausting, this pain of duality,
So depressing, clinging to center and fringe,
We confess in the space of pure dharmatā.

Here within the palace free of scale and size,
So exhausting, viewing outside or inside,
So depressing, grasping onto measurement,
We confess in space free of all dimensions.

The space of the consort, free from high and low,
So exhausting, seeing above and below,
So depressing clinging to the high and low,
We confess within the boundless bhaga's space.

Dharmakāya is free from duality,
So exhausting, seeing outer and inner,
So depressing clinging to the world and beings,
We confess in changeless dharmakāya space.

For the ignorant, deluded beings, how sad,
Clinging to the formless as concrete and real,
So mistaken, everyone's deluded minds,
Seeing unborn dharmas as an "I" and self.

Not knowing appearance is a magic play,
They become attached to wealth and worldly things,
Not knowing samsara lacks intrinsic ground,
Grasp deluded fellow beings as permanent.

So mistaken are ignorant beings' minds,
Spurning what is true, behaving harmfully,
Spurning Buddha's words, misled by distractions,
Minds engaged in meaningless activities.

What a shame, the way they lead such pointless lives,
Here in space without distinctions, we confess.

That is the confession of the view.

Fulfillment

*For a feast or group practice,
Here is the fulfillment through amṛita, rakta, tormā,
And the bright light of lamps.*

*First, the kapāla of amṛita:
Hold it up in the manner of offering.
Say these words and make a fulfilling offering:*

HŪṂ

Self-arising substance, uncontrived,
Free of clean and stain, primordially pure,
Eight root, thousand branch ingredients,
Which accomplish the five families,

With samaya healing medicine,
May the self-born buddhas who abide
There in Akaniṣṭha's vast expanse
Be fulfilled by fivefold wisdom light,
And Samantabhadra offering clouds.

May their heart's intention be fulfilled,
Taking forms to free the six-fold realms,
May the primal Buddha, Changeless Light,
Samantabhadra, now be fulfilled.

Forms arising from inner wisdom,
Peaceful-wrathful devas be fulfilled.
Displays of compassion, serving beings,
Emanating from Vajradhara,
By these gifts of forms and buddha fields,
May all guides of beings be fulfilled.
May their hearts' intentions be fulfilled.

We confess our damaged samayas.

Then, holding up the rakta:

HŪṂ

Wisdom water, dharmatā moisture,
Colored red with compassion-desire,

Blood, the generating cause of birth,
Padma rakta, self-arisen blood.

Life-force blood from tenfold fields released,
Blood, red nectar of the elements.
Magnetizing substance when it's pure,
Left impure, the cause of all three realms.

By the wisdom mind of Heruka,
All the habits of three realms are freed.
Consecrated as an offering
To great mother, Samantabhadrī,
Offered so that wisdom may arise.

Fierce Heruka hosts, to you we bring
Compassion-invoking offerings.
Māmos, ḍākinīs, to you we bring
Substances restoring samaya.

Dharmapālas, guards, we give to you
So that you perform enlightened acts.
Heal samaya, and bestow siddhi.

Then, holding up the feast offerings and tormas, offer it to the deities, saying this:

HŪṂ

Food sustaining all the threefold realms,
Grains and fruit, and foods of six flavors.
Heaps of flesh of the ten fields released,
Distilled grain, liquor of warriors.

Feasts and sense-delights of every kind,
Offering with minds of devotion,
To the dharmadhātu, offering.
Graceful offerings to peaceful ones,

Splendid offerings to wrathful ones,
Offerings, pleasing all the gurus,
Offerings, delighting ḍākinīs,
Offerings to satisfy the guards,
Offerings amending samaya.

Then, holding up the lamp offering:

HŪṂ

In a hundred of the finest lamps,
Set within a hundred spotless wicks,
Filled with elemental essence, ghee,
Lighting now a hundred brilliant lamps,
To restore our damaged samaya,
Victors, we devotedly offer.

From Akaniṣṭha dharmadhātu,
Dazzling lights of the five wisdoms shine,
Peaceful, wrathful hosts, be satisfied.

In the dharma palace at the heart,
Vivid wisdom seed, the bindu, shines,
Self-born peaceful ones, be satisfied.

In the palace of the brain and skull,
Light rays blaze with warmth of self-display,
Self-born wrathful ones, be satisfied.

In the light of devotion and faith,
Unblocked, self-arisen rigpa shines,
May the Vajra Master be fulfilled.

Nāḍī, prāṇa, bindu, when refined,
Self-born knowing rests, distinct and clear.
Māmos and ḍākinīs, be fulfilled.

In the universe's vast expanse,
Star and planet bindus brightly shine,
Outer oath-bound ones, all be fulfilled.
All our broken damaged samayas,
Purified by power of your vow,
Grant the siddhis, common and supreme.

The condensed fulfillment:

HŪṂ

In the wondrous maṇḍala of secret words,
To the gurus and the divine yidam hosts,
In the vessel of self-born dharmadhātu,
Kindling lamps of rigpa wisdom, we offer.

Amṛta of eight and thousand substances,
Offerings of five kāyas, and five wisdoms.
Glorious tormas arranged in a pure vessel,
Offering complete and perfect sense delights.

In pure space free from the realms of samsara,
Pleasing, passionless, red rakta we offer.
Warriors' substance, distilled from a thousand grains,
Liquor, rousing great majesty, we offer,

Ah la la, accept our gifts in great delight.

That is the condensed fulfillment of offerings.

SAMĀYA Sealed Sealed Sealed

The ritual of The Peaceful and Wrathful Fulfillment and Confession That Empties Hell is taken from the terma discovered by Guru Chökyi Wangchuk, The Secret, Complete Fulfillment of the Eight Logos, and the Northern Terma, The Wrathful Self-Arising Self-Dawning of the Eight Logos. May there be virtue!

Lamp Offering Prayer

Entering this unmatched, secret maṇḍala,
Take the essence of enlightenment as path.
May we not fall into samsara's abyss,
Nor be born in gorges of desire and hate,
Nor be thrown into the cauldron of false views,
Nor hear the ferocious roar of ill-willed beasts,
Nor be struck by poison spears of emotion,
But from my excellent spiritual friend,
And my vajra siblings, linked by samaya,
And the third abhiṣeka's wisdom consort,
May we, in this life and all our future lives,
Not be separated, through these profound links,
May we reach the ten bhūmis successfully.
When death comes, and it's time to exchange bodies,
We might fall into samsara's pit again,
Yet the door is opened by pure lamps of light.
Following the vidyādhara's example,
Luminosity, pervading, purifies,
Mahāpadma Bhūmi, instantly attained.

Continuing on the path to the Great Wheel,
May the buddhas of the past then welcome us,
May the yidams sustain us along the path,
May all of the bodhisattvas surround us,

May the goddesses of offering guide us,

May all the hosts of fierce māmos protect us,

When we reach the buddhafield called Willow Leaf,
And dwell at the level of No-Returning,
Having seen your face, oh Wrathful Vajra King,
May we never part from the Vidyādhara,
And attain unsurpassed body, speech and mind.

Aspiration

May all sentient beings, limitless like sky,
Effortlessly realize all the three kāyas,
May our parents, all beings of the six realms,
Reach the state of primordial perfection.

This is a draft verse translation prepared by Harry Einhorn, with extensive input and editing from Christian Bernert and Zack Beer of the Khyentse Vision Project, prepared for group practice in August, 2026. It is based on previous translations by the Vajravairochana Translation Committee and Lotsawa House (Adam Peacy), in reference to another verse translation by Padmaverse, as well as the original Tibetan. This is a provisional draft intended only for use in the program at which it was received, and is not intended for wider distribution. Participants will be notified when a final draft is prepared.

Please be mindful of the proper storage and disposal of dharma texts if you print this document.

Protectors' Offerings

A. Torma Offering to Ekajaṭī, Rāhula and Vajrasādhū

Bless the torma for the protectors with the three syllables and recite:

OM ĀḤ HŪM

A

Wisdom self-arisen from space,
Ekajaṭī with your single lock of hair;
Substanceless body of luminous awareness,
Great all-pervading Rāhula;
Holder of the bindu of the indivisible essence,
Tamer of enemies, mighty Vajrasādhū;
Ones with inconceivable compassionate displays,
All the classes of a hundred-thousand haughty ones:
Come here to this place of charnel ground display.
In accordance with whatever command you took as your oath
From the great assembly of as many as were gathered
Of victorious ones, vidyādhara and mahāsiddha
Of the mind, symbolic and aural transmissions,
And from the herukas who outshine saṃsāra and nirvāṇa,
The three accomplished vidyādhara,
Accept as the great gift of the glorious herukas
The select portion of the pure amṛita of the five natures,
The bali of the refined essence of the five elements,
And the great blood of the liberation of the five poisons.
For those who have entered the path of the supreme yāna,
Repel the temporary obstacles of the four māras;
At the time of separating saṃsāra and nirvāṇa,
Liberate the seed of dualistic confusion;
For the view of primordially pure awareness,
Guard from conceptions of mentally fabricated characteristics;

At the time of the direct vision of displays of awareness,
Suppress into space fleeting movements of prāṇa-mind;
Accomplish activities to realise the ultimate ground of space, the innate expanse,
As the appearances of the ground.

SAMAYA HO¹

B. A Veena for the Lady — A Prayer to Kalidevi

This practice is not intended for those whose minds are wholly constrained either by the irrational or the rational, but for those gifted with the capacity to relish, or at least aspire to relish, the unfathomable display of phenomena.

Homage to the Mother, Sister, Mamo, Devi, Bhagavati.

In times of turmoil and volatility, our intentions and actions become unstable and famine, warfare and pandemics manifest. At such times, to whom should we appeal but the Mother of All. Hers is the only acquaintance that yogis and yoginis need to make.

Motivated solely by a passionate wish to awaken all beings, prepare and arrange all the imagined and tangible offerings you can gather – flowers, incense, food, clothes, colours, shapes and everything that we human beings value. Thus, make your supplication.

O Devi!

You are all that appears,
You are all that exists,
You are the infinity of space,
You are the solidity of the earth,
You are the wetness of water,
You are the movement of the wind,
You are the heat of fire.

¹Extracted from Khyentse Wangpo's *Vima'i Ladrup*. Translated by Khenpo Sonam Phuntsok and Steve Cline.

Mother of all the Tathagatas,
From you spring skywalkers, whirling and dancing.
You are shunyata, neither coming nor going,
Yet you are also compassion.
To satisfy the needs of all beings,
Your manifestations are legion.

To you I prostrate,
To you I make offerings,
To you I expose my wrongdoing.

You are earth, water, fire, wind and sky,
Yet all I see is earth, water, fire, wind and sky;
For this, I beg your forgiveness.
You are all beings,
Yet all I see are ordinary beings – friends, foes and strangers;
For this, I beg your forgiveness.

O Devi!
You are known by many names.
You are Vajravarahi and Krodhikali.
At times, you are Simhamukha,
In certain places, you are Kurukulla.
You are Tara, the sublime goddess,
And Sarasvati, the exquisite beauty.
You are everywhere!
There is not one inch of space where you are not.
You are the queen of the eight cemeteries,
You are the lady of the twenty-four shrines,
You are the sovereign of mantra and dharani.
To you, I bow and make offerings.

I purify all the vows that,
Bewitched by the five emotions, I have so carelessly broken –
Vows of the vinaya, bodhisattvayana and tantrayana.

O Devi! You are beyond this world,
Yet you appear to be worldly.
Since you are compassion,
You will never pass into nirvana;
Since you are wisdom,
You will never be born in samsara

You appear as you,
You appear as your sisters,
Yet you also appear as fourteen retinues,
And one hundred thousand retinues of retinues.
You are the breath of the desire realm.
You are adorned with one hundred titles and honours.
You are graced with one thousand names.
You appear in infinite forms.
You effect countless miracles.

In an instant, you are seen in one thousand realms.
You can harmonize the elements
Or you can disrupt them.
And if you wish, the elements will cease to exist.
You are the four seasons.
You are the quintessence of all healing
You are the author of all plagues.
You roam freely in isolated places.
You stroll where beings gather.
You bless yogis and yoginis,
You punish samaya breakers.
To you, I prostrate and make offerings.
To you, I offer gana chakra,
And to you, I confess my wrongdoing.

You are annoyed by my proud refusal
To be inspired by the Vajra Master.
You are displeased by my egocentric inability
To long for and trust the Vajra Master

Not realizing that it's there
And at the same time, it's not there,
I infuriate you by insisting
That it is either there or not there.

Cause and effect is an illusion,
Yet you are incensed when I violate its laws.
Although I have been empowered as the Deva,
I irritate you by failing to maintain that awareness
and by abusing myself.
Although all beings are devas and devis,
I enrage you by failing to notice my abuse of others.
Although my vajra kin are my family,
I madden you by losing my temper and abusing them.

Your blood boils when I show immature practitioners
the supreme tantric view and action,
Your hackles rise when I distinguish what is to be attained
from what is to be got rid of,
You see red when I denigrate and hold wrong views about women,
the embodiment of wisdom,
You bristle with fury when I see sentient beings as friends or foes
rather than devas and devis.

I displease you when I fail to uphold the fortress of the view.
I aggravate you when I hesitate to wander through meditation's terrain.
I enrage you when I allow thoughts to rob me of my view.
I infuriate you when I am fake and hypocritical.

O Devi, Bhagvati!
Kali's anger is aroused
When sanghas bicker amongst themselves,
When sanghas hold laypeople in contempt,
When viewless tantrikas abuse mantras,
When tantrikas sell tantra as a commodity,
When profanities stream from beings' lips,
When children deceive their parents,
When bhikshus and bhikshunis abandon their vinaya vows,
When thievery, mugging and hunting become professions,
When wars and conflicts are never-ending,
When unwholesome activity is a way of life,
And when families practise incest.
This provokes the black mamos wrath!

I beseech you, do not forget me!
Never forget!
Embrace me with loving kindness.
May this offering of gana chakra and balimta
Fulfil all your wishes.
May the knowledge that I am enslaved by my emotions,
Assuage your wrath.
Shower me with your blessings!

O Devi!
We inflame and provoke you
When we mistreat cats and mongooses,
Fail to give gifts,
Abuse donkeys and mules,
Hunt deer and zebras,
Shoo away blackbirds,
Slander swineherds,
Separate peahens from peacocks and exile both,
And by burning blood and milk.

In essence, as Devi is beyond duality
Our conduct does not affect you,
But it infuriates your retinue of one hundred million dakinis,
Filling them with a vicious, fearsome wrath.
I must therefore confess all my wrongdoing.

I offer myriad gana chakras,
Countless libations,
Infinite radiance,
Innumerable meats,
Seas of blood,
Incalculable breaths,
And the spectres of ghosts and gods.

Fulfil all your wishes,
Restore all my broken vows,
And extinguish the mamō's wrath.
May we be free from environmental calamity,
May we be protected from hail and drought.
May we be shielded from all disease, known and unknown,
May we overcome outer, inner and secret plagues,
May we be protected from physical and mental famine,
May all conflict and warfare evaporate,
May we never experience the barbarity of the ignorance of bodhichitta.
May we be victorious over all our fears,
May we be happy without hope,
And may we genuinely be of benefit to all sentient beings.

C. Abbreviated Supplication to Gesar

HŪṂ HŪṂ

Arise from space; be not idle in compassion, Lord Great Lion.

Embodiment of the three roots, powerful Norbu Dradul,

Along with your dharmapāla, drala, and werma retinue,

Come here by the power of your vow of compassion.

Accept the offering of samaya substance, amṛita and torma.

Truly show the signs and marks of accomplishment.

Please accomplish the results we hope for just as we wish

And bestow the supreme and ordinary siddhis.

OM MAHĀSĪMHA-MANĪRĀJA-SAPARIVĀRA IDAṂ BALIṂ TE KHĀHI

The one named DHĪḤ wrote this. If one persistently offers and supplicates in this way, there is no way that one will not become accomplished. This brings blessings and buddha activity swiftly and abundantly.³

Pacifying the Turmoil of the Māmos

BHYO

At the end of the five-hundred-year dark age,
When the secret mantra has strayed into Pön,
When children do not listen to their parents' words,
An evil time when relatives quarrel,
When people dress sloppily in clothes of rags,
Eating bad cheap food,
When there are family feuds and civil wars:
These provoke the black mamos' wrath.

And various women fill a thousand realms
Sending sickness upon humans and beasts.
The sky is thick with purple clouds of sickness.
They incite cosmic warfare.
They destroy by causing the age of weaponry.
Suddenly, they strike people with fatal ulcerous sores.
Completely daring, they bring down hail and thunderbolts.
Earth lords, nāgas, and nyens are your subjects.
The eight classes of devas and rākṣhasas and so on are your retinue.
There is nothing that you cannot subjugate.

Whatever sickness there is comes from you, mamos;
Whatever plague there is comes from you, mamos;
Whatever blood there is comes from you, mamos:
Please change the course of evil and sickness.
We make this offering so you may be appeased.

By the samaya substance of tormā – amrita –
And the offerings of representations, appeasements and practice substances,
May the turmoil of the mamos be pacified.
Be appeased! SAMAYA!

Through the blessings of appeasing you,
For us yogins and our disciples
May sickness cease and plague be averted.
Erase us from your chart of doom; put away your dice.
Please avert sickness, dōns and obstacles.
Please avert evil prophecies and bad omens.

May the misfortunes of the he-māras be banished to the right;
May the misfortunes of the she-māras be banished to the left;
May the misfortunes of all māras be banished into space.
Now is the time of the great exorcism.
Now is the time - SAMAYA!
Please perform the activities we request of you.

Overcome by ignorance from beginningless time,
Clouded by stupidity due to laziness,
However we have strayed from the path of omniscience
May the hosts of emanation Dākinis forgive us.²

OM SAMAYA / ĀH SAMAYA / HUM SAMAYA / TRAG RAKSHA KHAMUNDRA /
EKAJATI NYINGKHARAGMO BYOH JAH

OM VAJRASATTVA SAMAYAM... and so on, the hundred-syllable mantra of the pith instructions.

And, with the index and ring finger of the right hand bent, and the thumb, middle and little finger extended, make the trident mudrā and recite:

HUM PHAT MĀHADEVI KĀLI DUSHTĀM TAKA HANA DAHA RULU BHANDHA
PACHA RANA HUM PHAT

Thus ill omens are warded off. And with the tips of ten fingers of both hands slightly cupped, the insides rounded, make the amitra vase mudrā with

OM VAJRA DHĀKINI DEVI MĀHAKĀLI REMA TIKĀYA VĀKA CHITTA SARVA SIDDHI
SAMAYA PHALA AVESHAYA ĀH

²*This was written by Raga Asya. May all be auspicious. May all be virtuous. Translated by the Nālandā Translation Committee.*