

Pacifying the Turmoil of the Mamos

BHYOḤ

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 torma—amṛita—
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 ḍākinīs forgive us. ¹

¹ This was written by Karma Chagme (1613-1678). The last stanza is a traditional verse of requesting forgiveness. Translated by the Vajravairochana Translation Committee.

OM SAMAYA / ĀḤ SAMAYA / HŪM SAMAYA / TRAG RAKṢHA KHAMUNTRA / EKAJAṬĪ
NYINGKCHARAGMO BHYO JAḤ

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

OM VAJRASATTVA SAMAYAM ANUPĀLAYA / VAJRASATTVA-
TVENOPATIṢṬHA / DṚḌHO ME BHAVA / SUTOṢHYO ME BHAVA / SUPOṢHYO
ME BHAVA / ANURAKTO ME BHAVA / SARVA-SIDDHIṢ ME PRAYACCHA /
SARVA-KARMASU CHA ME / CHITTAṢ SHREYAḤ KURU HŪM HA HA HA HA
HOḤ / BHAGAVAN SARVA-TATHĀGATA-VAJRA / MĀ ME MUṆCHA / VAJRĪ
BHAVA MAHĀSAMAYASATTVA ĀḤ

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:

HŪM PHAṬ MAHĀDEVI KĀLI DUṢHDĀM TAKA HANA DAHA RULU BHANDHA PACHA
RAṆA HŪM PHAṬ

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

OM VAJRA DHĀKINI DEVI MAHĀKĀLI REMATI KĀYA VĀKA CHITTA SARVA SIDDHI
SAMAYA PHALA AVESHAYA ĀḤ

This was written by Raga Asya. May all be auspicious. May all be virtuous.