

# Tseyang Gyatso<sup>1</sup>: My King

poem by medon (me sgron / meizhuo)

translation from Chinese to English by Yangdon Dhondup

In the foothills of the Himalayas,  
in Tawang<sup>2</sup>,  
amid the hardships of three hundred years ago  
a child was born to bear the holy spirit  
It was you!

It is you  
the ocean of compassion and wisdom, precious and of buddhist lore<sup>3</sup>.  
When you embraced the holy spirits  
you held your people's faith  
you embodied hope but you could not fulfill our hopes  
you could not avoid the calamities of desire.

My King, it is you!

The undeserved disaster which befell you  
after twenty-four years of winter,  
on a day without snow  
when the holy spirit left and floated away  
At last you had your fortunate escape  
At last you could rest in sleep.

Ceaselessly, we rock your grave  
but there is no one who can receive your precious fallen ashes.  
The sentiments which Lacanghan<sup>4</sup> could not destroy  
rise slowly above the horizon  
The magnificent stars lingering in the sky refuse not to vanish

Let us prostrate ourselves  
We are sincere and faithful  
Like you, we touch our foreheads to the ground with true admiration  
day and night, we pray to you.

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<sup>1</sup> *Tshangs dbyangs rgya mtsho* (1683-1706?) who at the age of fourteen was enthroned as the sixth Dalai Lama.

<sup>2</sup> Birthplace of the sixth Dalai Lama. Presently, Tamang (south-west Tibet) is under Indian jurisdiction.

<sup>3</sup> The full name of Tseyang Gyatso is Lobsang Rinchen Tseyang Gyatso (blo bzang rin chen tshangs dbyangs rgya mtsho). In Tibetan, Gyatso means ocean, Lobsang can be understood as wisdom, Rinchen means precious and Tseyang is derived from the sound of the guitar by the deity Tsang (tshangs).

<sup>4</sup> Lhazang Khan (lha bzang han), elder brother of Gushri Khan, was the chief of the Qosot Mongols. He came to power in 1697 and invaded Tibet in 1706. The sixth Dalai Lama was deposed of his title and fled into exile.

Thus, my King,  
year by year you floated in the wild land of Tawang  
You drifted above the gleaming wheat  
You floated in far away places.

Thus, my King, on a winter day without snow, after three hundred years  
without my noticing you floated to my place  
I stretch out my hand  
and feel the eternal pain you suffered when you fell