

Supplication to the Emperor

You are a rock
You are our foundation
You can cause a landslide
You can shake the earth
You are all the elements
You burn
You quench thirst
You sustain
You are the creator of turbulent fresh air
You sit like a mountain
The world is your throne
The world is helpless
You and your Kagyü lineage
Are the only living monarchs on earth.

Inter-cosmopolitan politics
International Ballistic Missile
Internal Revenue Service for rich hippie spiritual shoppers—
In the Age of Darkness
Your multiple all-pervasive macro-precision dharma-insight is so penetrating:
Amidst a flock of black sheep
A flock of black pigeons
A depressed herd of buffaloes
Shaggy polar bears munching vegetables
Black cloud hovering above polluted cities
Aluminum-rim black leather executive chairs
Nouveau-riche articulation getting into the silk and satin world
Ex-Catholics reentering because of the promise of the Mother Church
Sleepy Jews learning to play the Kabbalah puzzle
Hocus-pocus Hindus trying their best in the Armenian evangelical jinglebell
Tea parties' old den of Theosophy filled with chatter of the new Messiah
Oakwood-paneled meeting halls with deadly pamphlets advertising
"That" or "This" trip in their elegant language:
This dungeon of dark tunnels where millions are trapped
Comparing their entrapments as better than others'.

O Dawn of Karmapa
Are you Avalokiteshvara?
If
Are
Are you
You are
So you
You must be

Come forth
The Dawn of Karmapa
The only living monarch on earth
Be kind to us
We wait for your lion's roar
Tiger's claw
Gentle smile
Ostentatious display of your presence.

You did
You will do
You are doing it
So do it
Dawn of Karmapa.