

Dedication from *The Way of the Bodhisattva*

by Shantideva

By the merit of my having written
The Way of the Bodhisattva,
May every wandering being enter
The bodhisattvas' ways.

May everyone in all directions
Who's anguished or diseased
In body or mind gain, through my merit,
An ocean of happiness.

As long as they are in samsara,
May their happiness never wane.
May beings continuously obtain
The bodhisattvas' joy.

May all the beings in the hells,
As many as there are
In every universe, delight
In the joys of the Blissful Realm.

May all those stricken by cold find warmth;
Those stricken by heat be cooled
By boundless oceans of waters born
From great clouds of bodhisattvas.

May sword-leaf forests become for them
Thick groves of sandalwood.
May the trunks of shalmali trees grow
Into wish-fulfilling trees.

May the regions of the hells become delightful
With lakes of aromatic lotuses
Made beautiful by grey geese, ducks, ruddy geese,
White swans, and so forth, calling pleasantly.

May the heaps of embers become mounds of jewels;
The burning ground become a crystal floor.
May the crushing mountains also become temples
Of worship that are filled with sugatas.

From today onward, may the rains of lava,
Embers, and armaments be a rain of flowers.
May those who strike each other with their weapons
From now on playfully toss flowers instead.

May those sunk in the Unfordable River—whose water is like fire—
Their flesh all fallen off, their bones as white as jasmine flowers,
By the power of my virtue achieve the body of a god
And dwell in goddesses' company by the Mandakini.

“What frightens so the terrible henchmen of the Lord of Death, the crows, and vultures?
Whose might,” they wonder, “this fine power dispelling the gloom all round and bringing us joy?”

Looking up, may they see Vajrapani blazing in the center of the sky.
Freed of misdeeds by the power of utter joy, may they consort with him.

Seeing a rain of blossoms mixed with scented water
Drench and extinguish the infernal conflagrations,
May the beings in hell be sated with a sudden pleasure,
And wondering why that is, behold there Padmapani.

“Friends, cast away your fear and hurry here! Who could this be, now come to us
Relieving all our suffering, exuding the energy of joy,
Protecting beings from all, the bodhisattva who has roused compassion,
The youth with hair in a topknot who dispels our every fear?

“Behold! See how a hundred gods revere his lotus feet with their tiaras.
His eyes are moist with compassion; a shower of many flowers falls upon his head.
Look at this lovely palace where a thousand goddesses praise him in song!”
May the denizens of hell let forth such a clamor when they behold Manjughosha.

Then through my virtue, may the beings in the hells,
Seeing a cloud of bodhisattvas free of obscurations
Led by Samantabhadra shower down on them
A comforting, cool, fragrant rain, take true delight.

May animals’ fear of being eaten
By one another vanish.
Like humans in Unpleasant Sound,
May hungry ghosts be happy.

May streams of milk flowing from the hands
Of noble Lokeshvara
Ever satiate, bathe, and refresh
The preta hungry ghosts.

May everyone who's blind now see,
And may the deaf always hear.
May the pregnant give birth without pain,
Just like Queen Mayadevi.

May those who are naked obtain clothing;
The hungry acquire food.
May those who are thirsty procure water
And delicious beverages.

May beggars gain prosperity;
Those wracked with grief gain joy.
May the despondent be relieved
And have great stability.

May every being who is sick
Be swiftly cured of illness.
May none of wanderers' maladies
Ever occur again.

May those who are frightened have no fears;
May all in bonds be freed.
May the powerless be powerful
And friendly with each other.

May all directions be propitious

For every traveler.

May they accomplish without effort

The aims for which they travel.

May those embarked on boats and ships

Accomplish their intentions,

And may they safely reach the shore

To rejoice with their families.

May those astray on desolate paths

Meet travelers and journey

Unafraid of bandits, tigers, and such,

May the young and old without protection
In wretched, roadless wilds—
Asleep, inebriated, or mad—
Be guarded by the gods.

Freed of all lack of leisure, may they
Have faith, compassion, and prajna.
May they, with perfect food and conduct,
Recall their past lives always.

May all have wealth as endless as
The treasury of the sky,
Enjoying it as they wish without
Any quarreling or threats.

May beings with little vitality

Be vigorous and robust.

May those ascetics with bad physiques

Have the most sublime bodies.

May all the women in the world

Gain favorable positions.

May those who are lowly gain high status

And also vanquish pride.

May every being without exception,

Through this merit of mine,

Abandon all misdeeds and then

Act virtuously always.

Never parted from bodhichitta, may they
Engage in enlightened conduct.
May they be accepted by the buddhas
And give up the acts of maras.

May every sentient being have
Immeasurably long life.
May all live happily forever.
May the word death be unheard.

May pleasure groves of wishing trees
Filled with dharma proclaimed
By buddhas and the buddhas' offspring
Abound in all directions.

Everywhere may the ground be free
Of gravel, and so forth,
As even as a palm, as smooth
As vaidurya in nature.

May great assemblies of bodhisattvas
Be seated all around,
And may they beautify the earth
With their magnificence.

May all corporeal beings hear
The unceasing sound of dharma
From every bird, tree, and light ray,
And even from the sky.

May they perpetually encounter
The buddhas and their children
And with boundless clouds of offerings,
Revere the teacher of beings.

May the gods make the rains fall in season.
May crops be excellent.
May monarchs act according to dharma,

May medicines be efficacious
And mantras be accomplished.
May dakinis and rakshasas
And such, be compassionate.

May no sentient being be miserable,
None wicked, none diseased.
May none be fearful or despised.
Let no one be unhappy.

Thriving with reading and recitation,
May temples be well established.
May the sangha—always harmonious—
Accomplish its purposes.

May bhikshus with the wish to train
Find solitary places,
Give up all distraction, and meditate
With minds that are workable.

May the bhikshunis be supported
And give up quarrels and harm.
May everyone who has gone forth
Have unbroken discipline.

May those who've broken vows repent,
And always giving up wrong,
Be born in the higher realms, and keep
Their vows inviolate.

May panditas be venerated
And also receive alms.
Their mind streams pure, may they be known
In every direction.

Without enduring the lower realms' pains
Or undergoing hardship,
With a body better than a god's,
May beings soon become buddhas.

May every being frequently make
Offerings to all buddhas.
May they be happy always with
The buddhas' infinite bliss.

The bodhisattvas' wishes for
The sake of beings fulfilled,
May sentient beings easily gain
What the protectors intend.

Likewise may the pratyekabuddhas
And shravakas be happy.

Until through Manjughosha's kindness,
I achieve the level Joyous,
Always may I recall my lives,
Go forth, and be ordained.

Even with meager fare, may I
Live with vitality.
In all my lives, may I find places
Of perfect solitude.

Whenever I have the wish to see him
Or ask of him a question,
May I see without impediment
Manjushri, the protector.

Just as Manjushri acts to achieve
The benefit of all beings
To the ends of space in the ten directions,
May my deeds be the same.

For as long as space endures,
As long as there are beings,
I will remain to eliminate
The sufferings of beings.

Whatever the sufferings of wanderers,
May they all ripen on me.
May the sangha of bodhisattvas bring
Beings to happiness.

Sole cure for beings' suffering,
Source of all happiness,
May the teachings remain for a long time,
Supported and respected.

I bow to Manjushri, through whose kindness
A virtuous mind arose.
I also bow to the spiritual friends
Whose kindness made me thrive.