Town-roaming
Chod Practitioners

By
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THE PROFOUND ESSENTIAL POINTS OF DAILY VISUALIZATION PRACTICE FOR SOME TOWN-ROAMING CHOD PRACTITIONERS

DZA PATRUL RINPOCHE

For chod practitioners to perform the body offering, first, sound the thighbone trumpet three times, playing the call “tread through cold ashes.” Beat the damaru drum with each step.

PHOT! PHOT! PHOT! Three times. Food PHOT! Drink PHOT! Grasping PHOT!

Overpowering:

I bring the old men of the upper village under my power!

I bring the old women of the lower village under my power!

I bring all their sons and daughters under my power!

Tea and tsampa, fall like rain!

PHOT! Three times.
Subjugating:

I, the Realized One, who has abandoned his own country,

Turn up at others’ doors with no thought of summer or winter.

Without staying stable in a single month’s retreat,

I shamelessly subjugate!

PHOT! PHOT! PHOT! Three times.

Going for Refuge:

To the rich city dwellers who have never thought of the Three Precious Rare and Supreme Ones,
I go for refuge until death!

PHOT! PHOT! PHOT!  *Three times.*

Generating Bodhicitta:

Any food and clothes others may hope for

All comes my way, and

Though whatever I want and need is given to me,

I give rise to the thought of more acquirement!

The Yoga:

Now I’ve filled my belly with meat and beer,

May I be blessed to increase hair-raising lust

For all the beautiful males and females gathered here!
The Actual Body Offering:

With a staring gaze, an intense glare,

Forgetting to be mindful of disturbing thoughts,

Or whether things like spirits exist or not,

May I be protected by getting whatever I need!

In the summertime, every available container filled with overflowing milk, yogurt and butter -

May yummy, sweet food be subdued by my healthy appetite!    PHOT!

Although this body of mine is unable to stand even a thorn,
This big mouth who devours sentient beings' flesh and blood boasts: "There's no one greater than me!"

**PHOT! PHOT! PHOT! Three times.**

Yummy meat scoffed, I smack my lips.

I'm stuffed with sucked sausages.

I won't drink the blood- I'm in strict retreat!

May I be warm wearing the skin!

**The Dedication:**

Today's ceremony for the virtuous roots of the deceased and for the health of all you patrons,

And the offered wealth not destroyed by my awful recitation, I dedicate to myself! PHOT!

**The Auspicious Wishes:**
PHOT! All of you go back home for now.

I, the Realized One, am off on my travels.

If I’m needed, I’ll latch on. Good luck with creating hopes and fears!

Thus, at the request of a few old Chod practitioners, this profound, easily understood visualization was dashed off by a “Realized One” lost in deluded fixation. May virtue increase!

Translated by Karen Liljenberg and Eric Forgeng in August 2017 (Revised from an original translation by Eric Forgeng)