



This Is It

A Poem by Tenzin Wangyal Rinpoche

*Translation from the original Tibetan by Steven Goodman, Karma Shastri and Polly Turner.
Music by Nyamed Soladep and Gazom Lhamo. Video and editing by Salvador Espinosa.*

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This Is It

This is it. Gaze at it.
Past pains, future hopes
Like clouds in the sky, they come and go.
This is the changeless state of everything.

This is it. Gaze at it.
There is nothing that does not arise from it.
There is nothing that does not abide in it.
There is nothing that is not liberated in it.

This is it. Gaze at it.
Perceptions fade, like cloud mists.
Feelings fade, like rainbows.
This, like the sky, won't change.

This is it. Gaze at it.
Desire won't bring it closer,
Anger won't push it farther away.
It is neither close nor far.

This is it. Gaze at it.
Try to search for it, you won't find it.
Try to leave it, you won't lose it.
It naturally primordially abides.

Go ahead and doubt this,
Still you'll be the lucky one
Because you'll really be closer
And soon enough
The meaning of this will dawn – for sure!

Tenzin Wangyal Rinpoche
January 3, 2016
Albany, California