

***A Garland of Bimba Blossoms: An extremely concise Red Tara puja***

HUNG, O-GYEN YÜL-GYI NUB-JANG TSAM  
PÉ-MA GÉ-SAR DONG-PO LA  
YA-TSEN CHO-GI NGÖ-DRUB NYÉ  
PÉ-MA JUNG-NÉ ZHÉ-SU-DRAG  
KHOR-DU KHAN-DRO MANG-PÖ KOR  
KHYÉ-KYI JÉ-SU DAG DRUB KYI  
JIN-GYI-LOB CHIR SHEK-SU-SÖL  
GURU PÉ-MA SIDDHI HUNG

The autumn moon of pure appearance,  
Rising as unsullied nature,  
Manifests compassion's magic,  
As resplendent sublime Tara.

A garland of uncounted treasures,  
Inseparable from the Dharmakaya,  
A beauty beyond any measure  
Adorned by wisdom love's great brilliance.

In noble Tara, joyful savior,  
Mother of victorious ones,  
In wisdom's fullness overflowing,  
I go for refuge until attainment.

Until the morning sun of unstained enlightenment dawns I will never  
waiver from this commitment of refuge. 3x

Deluded beings lost and suffering,  
Unaware of their own nature,  
Wander weary within Samsara,  
Please come quick dispel their turmoil.

For every precious sentient being,  
For those who roam confusion's labyrinth,  
Unaware of Mind as Suchness,  
For these I rouse great bodhicitta.

Until the evening sun of baseless confusion falls below the horizon of  
wisdom I will never forsake precious parent beings. 3x

HO:

Appearing in an orb of light,  
Appearing as a living flame,  
Appearing brilliant emptiness  
Wonderment beyond conceptions.

A maiden flush with youth's resplendence,  
An invitation beyond all cares,  
Purifying mind's desiring,  
Into the aimless great affection.

Her color red, the wine of love,  
Her lips like crimson bimba fruit  
Her face a vision of sweet beauty,  
Sensual, charming, love's adornment.

Birthplace of victorious ones,  
Self luminous, illuminating,  
Pervading bliss and emptiness  
Self liberating all obstructions.

Her hair perfumed with jasmine flowers  
Her ornament the crescent moon.  
Her jewels and silks adorn appearance,  
Playful wisdom's ornament.

You draw all beings like bees to flowers,  
And wander through worlds as purest love,  
You cause conception to swoon in rapture,  
You lay to rest the subtle hindrance.

Her two legs firm in standing posture,  
Her hips enticing and entrancing.  
Her breasts and bhaga swell with passion,  
Great strength and love that liberates.

Tara lovely, all inviting,  
Refuge of those with strong desire,  
Vanquisher of all delusions,  
Sovereign queen of pure appearance.

Her right hand offers flowing nectar,  
Her left holds bow and lotus,  
Her three eyes see the triple kaya,  
And draw all beings into wisdom.

Tara love's own invitation.  
Lord and refuge of our hearts,  
I make prostrations without number,  
And offer cloudbanks of delights.  
I confess the mind's confusions,  
And actions harmful from this source.  
I rejoice with joy enthralling  
In actions of pure love and wisdom.  
I pray you turn the wheel of dharma,  
I pray, remain for precious beings.  
With heartfelt love and pure compassion,  
I dedicate the gathering merit.

Tara who is the blossoming lotus of Dharmakaya, to you I pray.  
Tara who is the shining camphor of Sambhogakaya to you I pray.  
Tara who is Nirmanakaya's impartial love to you I pray.  
Tara who entices the mind with beauty, to you I pray.  
Mother of liberation to you I pray.  
Radiant lotus to you I pray.  
Fullness of love to you I pray.  
Conquering Buddha to you I pray.  
Essence of wisdom to you I pray.

OM TARE TUM SO HA

The outer world a bliss drenched pure realm.  
The inner world the vajra city.  
The secret world unsullied wisdom.  
The triple kayas of a Buddha.

Beyond all notions of appearance,  
Beyond the concept emptiness,  
Beyond the tedium of delusion,  
Bliss and Being and Nothingness.

Through this merit may I attain,  
Precious Red Tara's unequaled state,  
And may all beings barring none,  
Be accomplished in this way.

*Seven Line Prayer to Tara:*

Uncreated Dharmakaya's Luminous beauty manifest,  
Precious Tara joyful victor please deliver me from peril.  
Bliss bestowing, liberating, mother of all sentient beings,  
Precious Tara noble victor, please deliver all from suffering.  
You who never stray or wander, from unwavering basic space,  
Precious Tara, Supreme Mother, please deliver us from folly.  
Refuge of desirous beings you never fail to hear our prayers!  
OM TARE TUTTARE TURE SOHA:

*One day while wandering in the woods of Blazing Jewel Mountain I met a most extraordinary manifestation of great profound affection. She said, "Here, eat this." and offered me a red fruit. Upon eating it my field of experience glowed bright and warm and the words of this sadhana appeared in my mind. May all who encounter it swiftly find unstained great joy and aimless great love.*