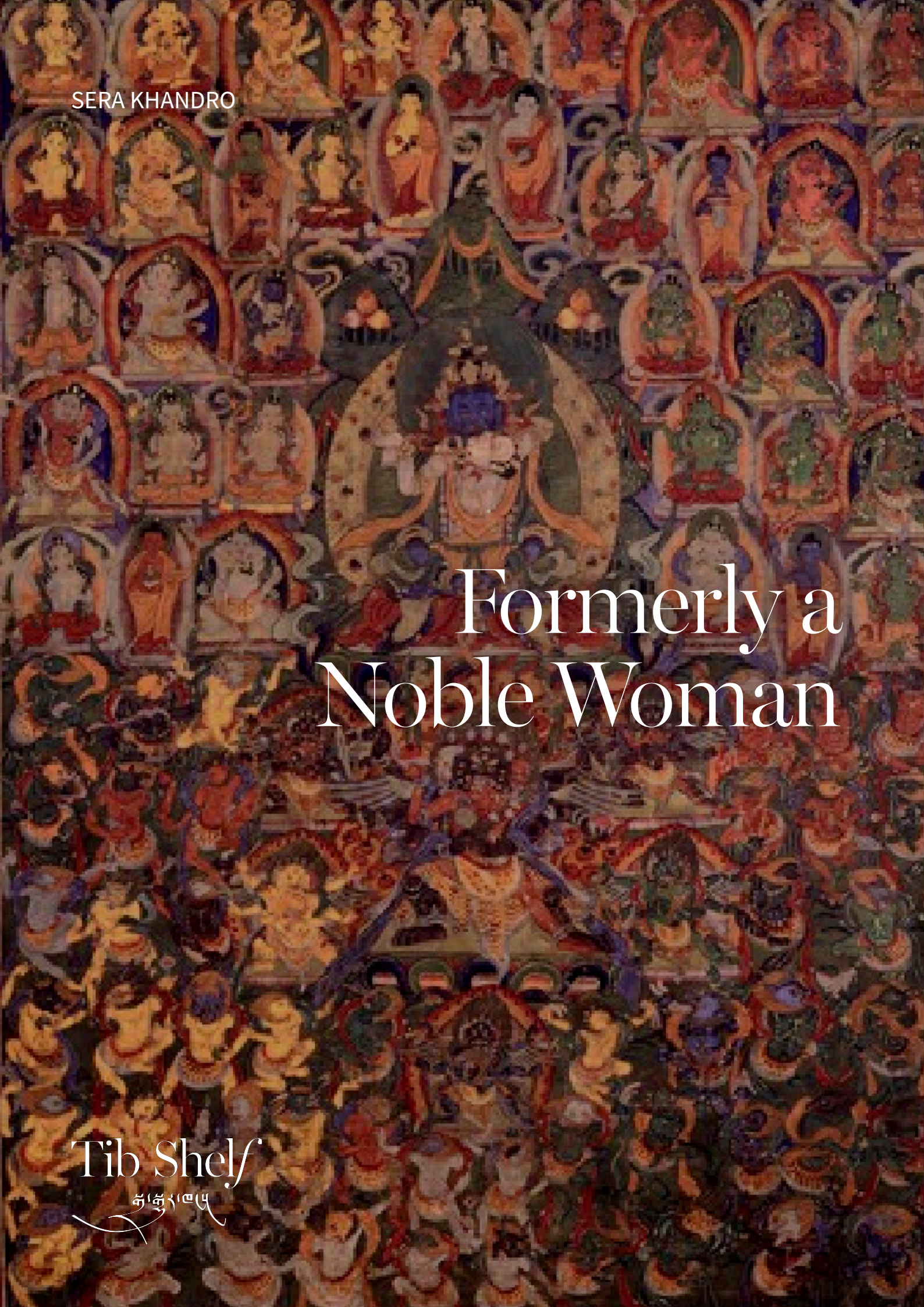




SERA KHANDRO

Formerly a Noble Woman

Tib Shelf
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Published September 2026 by

TIB SHELF

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ISSN 2754–1495

Formerly a Noblewoman

By Sera Khandro

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Alas, the conditioned phenomena of samsara!
How disheartening these state of affairs are!

Once, I was a woman of noble birth;
Now everyone sees me as someone to be shunned.

Promises once made were like knots tied in silk;
Now they are but beautiful apparitions in the sky.

All the pleasures once arrayed before me
Now only further my suffering.

The companions in sacred vows
With whom I was once close—
Helplessly parting from them is a cause of sorrow.

The local people and retinue I once knew
Now resemble a two-faced damaru.

Seeing that all deeds and activities
Are by nature subject to change,
Who could bear such suffering as mine,
A girl who has become an object of pity?

Alas, alas, O Three Jewels!
I have no hope or reliance for this life or the next.

Friendless and alone, how wretched I am!
Homeless, I am cast out like a dog to the ends of the earth.
With no one to stand by me, I am scorned and reviled by all.

Though my intentions were good
And my conduct in harmony with the Dharma,
Adverse circumstances contrary to the Dharma
Arose with full force.

My protector, my most kind Lama,
Has passed into the pure realm.



My only son has been led away
By the grim Lord of Death.

We, a helpless mother and child,
Have been banished to a foreign land.

Those endowed with merit gather together,
Their splendour and happiness are like the higher gods.
Yet my own lot is the ground of every suffering.

Everything I had once gathered
Now reveals itself as a teacher of impermanence.

The mountain behind is impermanent;
Its grass and trees wither away.

The valley is impermanent;
It becomes a pika's burrow.

Houses are impermanent;
They crumble into ruins.

Disciples are impermanent;
They journey to other lands.

Families are impermanent;
They part and scatter from one another.

Faced with such displays of impermanence,
The depths of my heart are crushed by sorrow.

Alas, alas, conditioned things!

Whatever I reflect is without essence.
Whatever I ponder is like a magical illusion.
Endless activities are like patterns traced with incense smoke.

If I abandon the eight worldly concerns,
Samsara's iron shackle,
And practise the sacred Dharma,
I will find great meaning in this very life.

By this, the Lama's kindness is repaid.
By this, the wishes of retinues and disciples are fulfilled.
By this, the twofold benefit of self and others is accomplished.
Therefore, with body, speech, and mind, I strive in the Dharma.



Though I have no worldly affairs,
My mind is at ease.

Though cast out from the ranks,
I have achieved my own purpose.

Though despised by everyone,
I triumph over all.

Though banished to the borderlands,
My mind has come to certainty.

I behold the true face of the unchanging natural state.
I realise self-awareness as inseparable from the Lama.
In compassion, no distinction remains between near and far.
Blessings will fill the vessel of the three doors.

What doubt is there that I will swiftly arrive
At the royal seat of Dharmakaya Samantabhadra?

Saying this, I stayed there, healing my own mind. At that time, we went to the previous hermitage where Dorje Sung was, as he had said, "You, mother and son, come here." When we arrived, all the displays of past occurrences and the many future possibilities that arose in my mind, I rested in equanimity.



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