

## LAMA'S CELESTIAL ODYSSEY

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*Lama Doboomb Tulku*

*Lama Doboomb Tulku embarks on a cosmic journey, losing himself in the celestial dance of the moon and the serene depths of the ocean, only to resurface in a world where AI reigns supreme. He shares his insights...*

One day, I saw a full moon, resplendent and brilliant. Looking below I saw the ocean, full but calm. That was all I saw. There was nothing else. There was not even me. I was imagining myself as the moon. I was imagining myself as the ocean. Sometimes the light of the moon decreased day after day. Sometimes the waters of the ocean decreased day after day. Sometimes they all increased and I was there, witnessing it and yet there was no 'me', no individual.

Days passed. The light of the moon grew longer and stronger and I could see more than the waters and the moon. I saw crows crowing, I saw them flying in the air. Then I looked down and further down. I saw the earth. There were rocks on the earth. There was even a cave. They appeared as though they would be easy to climb. I moved further and saw children. Wearing the simplest of body coverings, they were skiing on the snowy mountain slopes. I paused to enjoy the sight but soon I beheld another equally beautiful sight. They were children again, this time they were playing in the sand... sand gliding...along the sides of the sandy stretch lay more rocks. Somebody told me they were called Yamaraj rocks. Yamraj does not mean some frightful creature. Yamraj is nothing but time. Time is most powerful. Nobody can stop time.

I climb up these rocks and come to grassy pastures. As I walk on these meadows, I start seeing human beings. I can see them moving about, their houses, dwellings, in different shapes and sizes. Soon enough I see some of them riding horses. I start following them. I cover long distances.

Then I come to a fantastic place where machines were running the world. Here human beings travel by airplanes, so did I. At the destination I found there were machines that help human beings think, turn on the lights, plan their day, even design their menu. The machines are referred to as AI. Everything is done by them, from booking my ticket to suggesting I move with the times. “All decisions are taken by us,” said my host robot. “You want enlightenment? Please wear the simulated reality glasses and press the kind of enlightenment you want...you could choose through the route of pleasure or pain...”

I was not listening to the robot any more. Where was I? I had been airlifted by time itself. I was not ‘moving with the times’. I had let time carry me away. There was merit in the man-made human look-alike robot, but something had been missed...the powerful inner winds had not been harnessed.

While material progress had been made, no human being had found satisfaction in his or her life. They were reduced to puppets, and machines without inner fire were ruling the world.

What we need is the practice of inner fire. That is when you learn to make proper use of time, which means using time purposefully, to your end.

Inner fire is the first subject in the set of tantric practices. It is fundamental to the realizations of the illusory body. According to Buddhist tantric practices, the air flowing through the central channel alone is pure. When all the inner air enters, stabilizes and gets absorbed or dissolves into the central channel, great bliss or enlightenment follows. Not as my robot told me, by using a simulator.

This enlightenment is great bliss because when it combines with wisdom, it brings the understanding of emptiness, of the full moon and the full ocean, the nothingness and the existence within.