

# Kurukulle Ritual Sadhana

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## 1. Preliminary

For the sake of all sentient beings,  
We go for refuge to the Buddha.  
For the sake of all sentient beings,  
We go for refuge to the Dharma.  
For the sake of all sentient beings,  
We go for refuge to the Sangha.  
For the sake of all sentient beings,  
We go for refuge to the Lama.  
For the sake of all sentient beings,  
We go for refuge to the Yidam.  
for the sake of all sentient beings,  
We go for refuge to the Dakini.  
for the sake of all sentient beings, HRIH!  
With the Sun at our heart, HRIH!  
Radiating sunlight we invite the Dakini  
O Kurukulle, come.

### Inviting Music



Inseparable from the Refuges, Kurukulle,  
We welcome and take refuge in you.  
We confess our shortcomings.  
And rejoice in the merits of all.  
From now until we attain Buddhahood  
We seek refuge in the BuddhaDharma  
From now until we attain Buddhahood  
We will develop the heart of Bodhicitta.  
We will practice the Bodhisattva activities.  
We will remove the sufferings of sentient  
beings.  
We will realise all things are empty of self  
nature.

**OM SVABHAVA SUDDHAH SARVA DHARMAH  
SVABHAVA SUDDHO 'HAM**

In front, on the Sun  
Red HRIH shines out and blesses all.  
Standing on the sun's disk is Kurukulle.  
The Eight Cemeteries shine at each Direction.  
Dancing, her right foot upraised  
Her left pinning down the demon Rahu.  
Her left hand upholds the flowery Bow.



Her right draws back the lotus-stalk Arrow.  
Below she dangles a flowery Lasso  
And displays a Hook made of flowers at the  
right.  
At her ears, neck, wrists, ankles, & hips  
Are fine ornaments of human bone.  
At her neck is a mala of new human heads  
And her dress is a young tiger-skin.  
Her tawny hair streams tufted and decorated  
And crowned with five skulls for the Jinas.  
She smiles semi-wrathful, revealing small fangs.  
At sixteen, her beauty dazzles like sunshine  
An allure no-one can resist.  
Her nipples stand out proud  
And her three eyes dart, inflamed,  
In a sideways glance at the arrow-tip.  
**OM** at her forehead, White  
**AH** at her throat, Red  
**HUM** at her heart, Blue-Black  
**OM AH HUM.**  
At her heart, on the Sun  
Red HRIH shines out and invites all Buddhas.  
Tathagatas fill out the sky like stars  
And from precious jewelled vases,  
Bestow abhišekha from infinite space.  
Streams of nectar descend to our crown  
Filling our body,  
And we sit purified.

## 2. Tasting the Nectar



Above in our heart, strong and still:  
A white vajra, HUM at its centre.  
Energy from the HUM flashes out  
Around the wind mandala below.  
The two flags flutter, and then with a crackle!  
The fire blazes up.  
Skull-vessel substances melt and boil.  
Steaming nectar swirls up from the stew

### Cooking Music



From the vajra, light rays flow to all Buddhas  
From their hearts stream nectar forms of  
Vajrapani.  
Drawn and absorbed down into the Vajra.  
Then the empowered Vajra descends  
Dissolves into the cooking skull.  
The contents become delicious.

OM AH HUM HA HO HRIH  
OM AH HUM HA HO HRIH  
OM AH HUM HA HO HRIH...

It is dark. All has changed. And all is sunyata.

At the base of our body is  
A blue-green wind mandala,  
with banners at its points.  
A fire mandala laid above it flat,  
Triangular and red as flame.  
A grate thereon of three dry skulls  
Supports a skull vessel  
Of vast dimension.  
At its near side, the east,  
Lies the corpse of a cow.  
To the south is a dog.  
In the west, an elephant.  
In the north a horse.  
At the centre, a human cadaver.

At the south-east, left of the cow,  
is excrement.  
To the south-west is blood.  
At the north-west, semen.  
North-east, there is marrow.  
At the centre: urine.

Dipping in the tip of the left fourth finger—we  
taste the nectar!



### 3. Activity

Instantly, at that moment  
We stand here as Kurukulle  
In the starlight of all Buddhas  
The awesome place of transformation  
The eight cemeteries surrounding,  
Snow mountains high around us

Dancing, dancing, with the flowery Bow.  
Drawing, drawing back the lotus-stalk Arrow.  
Dangling, dangling, the flowery Lasso  
Shaking, shaking, the flowery Hook  
Ears, neck, wrists, ankles, and hips  
Move ecstatically with the dance  
The Tiger skin shifts about  
The tawny hair flies up and out  
She smiles

At our heart, upon the Sun  
Red HRIH shines out  
The ruby letters revolve to the left

**OM KURUKULLE HRIH SVAHA**  
**OM KURUKULLE HRIH SVAHA**  
**OM KURUKULLE HRIH SVAHA**

#### Dance Music



**Offerings to the lineage** can be made at this point and participants may dance.

Then seated:  
From HRIH at my heart  
Nectar rises to my crown  
Circles clockwise, emerges at the right ear.  
Holding the vase breath  
Nectar flow enters the arrow drawn back.

As I release, with flowery tip  
Down the hollow stem it flows and shoots  
Millions of arrows, like sparks or meteors  
Fly to the hearts of all beings in the three  
Lokas.  
AH

Fast, one by one, the arrows all return  
They re-enter the arrow's tip I draw  
To my ear flows the nectar light  
Circling widdershins round my head  
Descending through the Central Channel  
Through Throat, Heart, Navel it flows  
Settling in the Root chakra  
Filling my body with unsurpassed Bliss  
Spreading and filling the entire three lokas.  
AH

In that state of mind, I survey all existence:

*Where there is no beginning, no end, no middle;  
There is neither samsara nor nirvana.  
It is the great and perfect bliss,  
There is neither self nor other.<sup>1</sup>*

I will always liberate all suffering beings into  
Buddhahood.

To seal my activity forever,  
The nectar quickly rises once more from the  
HRIH.  
Out again fly the arrows  
Once more to the hearts of beings.  
All are blessed. I too am blessed.  
All will turn to our favour and all wishes will be  
fulfilled.  
HUM.

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The Vajrasattva mantra can be done at the end if wished, to purify any mistakes. Dissolve the figure into one's thangka or statue if one has one, otherwise the figure departs to her Pure Realm and the samayasattva is absorbed into oneself.

Original sadhana composed by Lupon Lhenchig sKyespe Rolpa (Indian Pandit) and translated by Pandita Tönya Dorje and Bari Lotsawa. Bestowed by Dilgo Khyentse Rinpoche and written down for Venerable Sangharakshita by Tsumpa Konchok Lhundrup. Edited and revised for his own practice and condensed into this ritual version by Dharmachari Kamalashila at Trevince, Devon and Arenig, Wales. The name Kurukulle is particular to this sadhana as given by Dilgo Khyentse. 'Kurukullā' is grammatically correct but the vocative is sometimes used by Tibetans. 'Because the name Kurukullā does not yield to translation, Tibetans often retain the Sanskrit nomen, sometimes modified to Kurukulle' (Miranda Shaw, *Kurukulla the Buddhist Goddess*, [www.kamakotimandali.com/blog/index.php?p=1376&more=1&c=1&tb=1&pb=1](http://www.kamakotimandali.com/blog/index.php?p=1376&more=1&c=1&tb=1&pb=1))

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<sup>1</sup> From the Hevajra Tantra