

Dhammapada

Dhammapada

A Translation

by

Thanissaro Bhikkhu
(Geoffrey DeGraff)

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This version of the book is a shortened version of the Dhammapada translation by Thanissaro Bhikkhu. The Preface, Introduction, Notes, Glossary, Bibliography and the verse numbers have been omitted from this version for brevity. Typesetting, printing and binding for this version were done by Lumo.

The complete original translation is available online at dhammatalks.org:
<https://www.dhammatalks.org/suttas/KN/Dhp/>

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I : Pairs

Phenomena are

preceded by the heart,
ruled by the heart,
made of the heart.

If you speak or act
with a corrupted heart,
then suffering follows you –
as the wheel of the cart,
the track of the ox
that pulls it.

Phenomena are

preceded by the heart,
ruled by the heart,
made of the heart.

If you speak or act
with a calm, bright heart,
then happiness follows you,
like a shadow
that never leaves.

‘He insulted me,
hit me,
beat me,
robbed me’
–for those who brood on this,
hostility isn’t stilled.

‘He insulted me,
hit me,
beat me,
robbed me’ –
for those who don’t brood on this,
hostility is stilled.

Hostilities aren't stilled
 through hostility,
 regardless.

Hostilities are stilled
 through non-hostility:
 this, an unending truth.

Unlike those who don't realize
 that we're here on the verge
 of perishing,
 those who do:
 their quarrels are stilled.

One who stays focused on the beautiful,
 is unrestrained with the senses,
 knowing no moderation in food,
 apathetic, unenergetic:
 Mara overcomes him
 as the wind, a weak tree.

One who stays focused on the foul,
 is restrained with regard to the senses,
 knowing moderation in food,
 full of conviction & energy:
 Mara does not overcome him
 as the wind, a mountain of rock.

He who,
 depraved,
 devoid
 of truthfulness
 & self-control,
 puts on the ochre robe,
 doesn't deserve the ochre robe.

But he who is free
 of depravity
 endowed
 with truthfulness
 & self-control,
 well-established
 in the precepts,
 truly deserves the ochre robe.

Those who regard
 non-essence as essence
 and see essence as non-,
 don't get to the essence,
 ranging about in wrong resolves.

But those who know
 essence as essence,
 and non-essence as non-,
 get to the essence,
 ranging about in right resolves.

As rain seeps into
 an ill-thatched hut,
 so passion,
 the undeveloped mind.

As rain doesn't seep into
 a well-thatched hut,
 so passion does not,
 the well-developed mind.

Here
 he grieves
 he grieves
 hereafter.

In both worlds
 the wrong-doer grieves.
 He grieves, he's afflicted,
 seeing the corruption
 of his deeds.

Here
 he rejoices
 he rejoices
 hereafter.

In both worlds
 the merit-maker rejoices.
 He rejoices, is jubilant,
 seeing the purity
 of his deeds.

Here
 he's tormented
 he's tormented
 hereafter.

In both worlds
 the wrong-doer's tormented.
 He's tormented at the thought,
 'I've done wrong.'
 Having gone to a bad destination,
 he's tormented
 all the more.

Here
 he delights
 he delights
 hereafter.

In both worlds
 the merit-maker delights.
 He delights at the thought,
 'I've made merit.'
 Having gone to a good destination,
 he delights
 all the more.

If he recites many teachings, but
 –heedless man–
doesn't do what they say,
like a cowherd counting the cattle of
 others,
he has no share in the contemplative life.

If he recites next to nothing
but follows the Dhamma
in line with the Dhamma;
 abandoning passion,
 aversion, delusion;
 alert,
 his mind well released,
 not clinging
 either here or hereafter:
he has his share in the contemplative life.

II : Heedfulness

Heedfulness:

the path to the Deathless.

Heedlessness:

the path to death.

The heedful do not die.

The heedless are as if
already dead.

Knowing this as a true distinction,
those wise

in heedfulness

rejoice

in heedfulness,

enjoying the range of the noble ones.

The enlightened, constantly

absorbed in jhana,

persevering,

firm in their effort:

they touch Unbinding,

the unexcelled rest

from the yoke.

Those with initiative,

mindful,

clean in action,

acting with due consideration,

heedful, restrained,

living the Dhamma:

their glory

grows.

Through initiative, heedfulness,
 restraint, & self-control,
 the wise would make
 an island
 no flood
 can submerge.

They're addicted to heedlessness
 –dullards, fools–
 while one who is wise
 cherishes heedfulness
 as his highest wealth.

Don't give way to heedlessness
 or to intimacy
 with sensual delight–
 for a heedful person,
 absorbed in jhana,
 attains an abundance of ease.

When the wise person drives out
 heedlessness
 with heedfulness,
 having climbed the high tower
 of discernment,
 sorrow-free,
 he observes the sorrowing crowd–
 as the enlightened man,
 having scaled
 a summit,
 the fools on the ground below.

Heedful among the heedless,
 wakeful among those asleep,
 just as a fast horse advances,
 leaving the weak behind:
 so the wise.

Through heedfulness, Indra won
to lordship over the devas.
Heedfulness is praised,
heedlessness censured–
always.

The monk delighting in heedfulness,
seeing danger in heedlessness,
advances like a fire,
burning fetters
great & small.

The monk delighting in heedfulness,
seeing danger in heedlessness
–incapable of falling back–
stands right on the verge
of Unbinding.

III : The Mind

Quivering, wavering,
hard to guard,
to hold in check:
 the mind.

The sage makes it straight—
like a fletcher,
the shaft of an arrow.

Like a fish
pulled from its home in the water
& thrown on land:
this mind flips & flaps about
 to escape Mara's sway.

Hard to hold down,
 nimble,
alighting wherever it likes:
 the mind.
Its taming is good.
The mind well-tamed
 brings ease.

So hard to see,
so very, very subtle,
alighting wherever it likes:
 the mind.
The wise should guard it.
The mind protected
 brings ease.

Wandering far,
going alone,
bodiless,
lying in a cave:
 the mind.

Those who restrain it:
 from Mara's bonds
 they'll be freed.

For a person of unsteady mind,
 not knowing true Dhamma,
 serenity
 set adrift:
 discernment doesn't grow full.

For a person of unsoddened mind,
 unassaulted awareness,
 abandoning merit & evil,
 wakeful,
 there is
 no danger
 no fear.

Knowing this body
 is like a clay jar,
 securing this mind
 like a fort,
 attack Mara
 with the spear of discernment,
 then guard what's won
 without settling there,
 without laying claim.

All too soon, this body
 will lie on the ground
 cast off,
 bereft of consciousness,
 like a useless scrap
 of wood.

Whatever an enemy might do
 to an enemy,
 or a foe to a foe,

the ill-directed mind
can do to you
even worse.

Whatever a mother, father
or other kinsman
might do for you,
the well-directed mind
can do for you
even better.

IV : Blossoms

Who will penetrate this earth
 & this realm of death
 with all its gods?
 Who will ferret out
 the well-taught Dhamma-saying,
 as the skillful flower-arranger
 the flower?

The learner-on-the-path
 will penetrate this earth
 & this realm of death
 with all its gods.
 The learner-on-the-path
 will ferret out
 the well-taught Dhamma-saying,
 as the skillful flower-arranger
 the flower.

Knowing this body
 is like foam,
 realizing its nature
 —a mirage—
 cutting out
 the blossoms of Mara,
 you go where the King of Death
 can't see.

The man immersed in
 gathering blossoms,
 his heart distracted:
 death sweeps him away—
 as a great flood,
 a village asleep.

The man immersed in
 gathering blossoms,
 his heart distracted,
 insatiable in sensual pleasures:
 the End-Maker holds him
 under his sway.

As a bee—without harming
 the blossom,
 its color,
 its fragrance—
 takes its nectar & flies away:
 so should the sage
 go through a village.

Focus,
 not on the rudenesses of others,
 not on what they've done
 or left undone,
 but on what you
 have & haven't done
 yourself.

Just like a blossom,
 bright colored
 but scentless:
 a well-spoken word
 is fruitless
 when not carried out.

Just like a blossom,
 bright colored
 & full of scent:
 a well-spoken word
 is fruitful
 when well carried out.

Just as from a heap of flowers
 many garland strands can be made,
 even so
 one born & mortal
 should do
 –with what’s born & is mortal–
 many a skillful thing.

No flower’s scent
 goes against the wind–
 not sandalwood,
 jasmine,
 tagara.

But the scent of the good
 does go against the wind.
 The person of integrity
 wafts a scent
 in every direction.

Sandalwood, tagara,
 lotus, & jasmine:
 among these scents,
 the scent of virtue
 is unsurpassed.

Next to nothing, this scent
 –sandalwood, tagara–
 while the scent of virtuous conduct
 wafts to the devas,
 supreme.

Those consummate in virtue,
 dwelling
 in heedfulness,
 released
 through right knowing:
 Mara can’t follow their tracks.

As in a pile of rubbish
cast by the side of a highway
 a lotus might grow
 clean-smelling
 pleasing the heart,
so in the midst of the rubbish-like,
people run-of-the-mill & blind,
 there dazzles with discernment
 the disciple of the Rightly
 Self-Awakened One.

V: Fools

Long for the wakeful is the night.
Long for the weary, a league.
For fools
unaware of True Dhamma,
samsara
is long.

If, in your course, you don't meet
your equal, your better,
then continue your course,
firmly,
alone.
There's no fellowship with fools.

‘I have sons, I have wealth’—
the fool torments himself.
When even he himself
doesn’t belong to himself,
how then sons?
How wealth?

A fool with a sense of his foolishness
is—at least to that extent—wise.
But a fool who thinks himself wise
really deserves to be called
a fool.

Even if for a lifetime
the fool stays with the wise,
he knows nothing of the Dhamma—
as the ladle,
the taste of the soup.

Even if for a moment,
 the perceptive person stays with the wise,
 he immediately knows the Dhamma—
 as the tongue,
 the taste of the soup.

Fools, their wisdom weak,
 are their own enemies
 as they go through life,
 doing evil
 that bears
 bitter fruit.

It's not good,
 the doing of the deed
 that, once it's done,
 you regret,
 whose result you reap crying,
 your face in tears.

It's good,
 the doing of the deed
 that, once it's done,
 you don't regret,
 whose result you reap gratified,
 happy at heart.

As long as evil has yet to ripen,
 the fool mistakes it for honey.
 But when that evil ripens,
 the fool falls into
 pain.

Month after month
 the fool might eat
 only a tip-of-grass measure of food,
 but he wouldn't be worth
 one sixteenth
 of those who've fathomed
 the Dhamma.

An evil deed, when done,
 doesn't—like ready milk—
 come out right away.
 It follows the fool,
 smoldering
 like a fire
 hidden in ashes.

Only for his ruin
 does renown come to the fool.
 It ravages his bright fortune
 & rips his head apart.

He would want unwarranted status,
 preeminence among monks,
 authority
 among monasteries,
 homage
 from lay families.

'Let householders & those gone forth
 both think that this
 was done by me alone.
 May I alone determine
 what's a duty, what's not':
 the resolve of a fool
 as they grow—
 his desire & pride.

The path to material gain
 goes one way,
 the way to Unbinding,
 another.
 Realizing this, the monk,
 a disciple to the Awakened One,
 shouldn't relish offerings,
 should cultivate seclusion
 instead.

VI : The Wise

Regard him as one who
 points out
 treasure,
 the wise one who
 seeing your faults
 rebukes you.
 Stay with this sort of sage.
 For the one who stays
 with a sage of this sort,
 things get better,
 not worse.

Let him admonish, instruct,
 deflect you
 away from poor manners.
 To the good, he's endearing;
 to the bad, he's not.

Don't associate with bad friends.
 Don't associate with the low.
 Associate with admirable friends.
 Associate with the best.

Drinking the Dhamma,
 refreshed by the Dhamma,
 one sleeps at ease
 with clear awareness & calm.
 In the Dhamma revealed
 by the noble ones,
 the wise person
 always delights.

Irrigators guide
 the water.
 Fletchers shape
 the arrow shaft.
 Carpenters shape
 the wood.
 The wise control
 themselves.

As a single slab of rock
 won't budge in the wind,
 so the wise are not moved
 by praise,
 by blame.

Like a deep lake,
 clear, unruffled, & calm:
 so the wise become clear,
 calm,
 on hearing words of the Dhamma.

Everywhere, truly,
 those of integrity
 stand apart.
 They, the good,
 don't chatter in hopes
 of favor or gains.
 When touched
 now by pleasure,
 now pain,
 the wise give no sign
 of high
 or low.

One who wouldn't-
 not for his own sake
 nor that of another-
 hanker for
 wealth,

a son,
 a kingdom,
 his own fulfillment,
 by unrighteous means:
 he is
 righteous, rich
 in virtue,
 discernment.

Few are the people
 who reach the Far Shore.
 These others
 simply scurry along
 this shore.

But those who practice Dhamma
 in line with the well-taught Dhamma,
 will cross over the realm of Death
 so hard to transcend.

Forsaking dark practices,
 the wise person
 should develop the bright,
 having gone from home
 to no-home
 in seclusion, so hard to enjoy.

There he should wish for delight,
 discarding sensuality—
 he who has nothing.
 He should cleanse himself—wise—
 of what defiles the mind.

Whose minds are well-developed
 in the factors for self-awakening,
 who delight in non-clinging,
 relinquishing grasping—
 resplendent,
 their effluents ended:
 they, in the world,
 are Unbound.

VII : Arahants

In one who
 has gone the full distance,
 is free from sorrow,
 is everywhere
 fully released,
 has abandoned all bonds:
 no fever is found.

The mindful keep active,
 don't delight in settling back.
 They renounce every home,
 every home,
 like swans taking off from a lake.

Not hoarding,
 having comprehended food,
 their pasture—emptiness
 & freedom without sign:
 their course,
 like that of birds through space,
 can't be traced.

Effluents ended,
 independent of nutriment,
 their pasture—emptiness
 & freedom without sign:
 their trail,
 like that of birds through space,
 can't be traced.

He whose senses are steadied
 like stallions
 well-trained by the charioteer,
 his conceit abandoned,

free of effluent,
Such:
even devas adore him.

Like the earth, he doesn't react—
cultured,
Such,
like Indra's pillar,
like a lake free of mud.
For him
—Such—
there's no traveling on.

Calm is his mind,
calm his speech
& his deed:
one who's released through right knowing,
pacified,
Such.

The man
faithless / beyond conviction
ungrateful / knowing the Unmade
a burglar / who has severed connections
who's destroyed
his chances / conditions
who eats vomit: / has disgorged expectations:
the ultimate person.

In village or wilds,
valley, plateau:
that place is delightful
where arahants dwell.

Delightful wilds
where the crowds don't delight,
those free from passion
delight,
for they're not searching
for sensual pleasures.

VIII : Thousands

Better
 than if there were thousands
 of meaningless words is
 one
 meaningful
 word
 that on hearing
 brings peace.

Better
 than if there were thousands
 of meaningless verses is
 one
 meaningful
 line of verse
 that on hearing
 brings peace.

And better than chanting hundreds
 of meaningless verses is
 one
 Dhamma-saying
 that on hearing
 brings peace.

Greater in battle
 than the man who would conquer
 a thousand-thousand men,
 is he who would conquer
 just one—
 himself.

Better to conquer yourself
 than others.

When you've trained yourself,
 living in constant self-control,
 neither a deva nor gandhabba,
 nor a Mara banded with Brahmas,
 could turn that triumph
 back into defeat.

You could, month by month,
 at a cost of thousands,
 conduct sacrifices
 a hundred times,
 or
 pay a single moment's homage
 to one person,
 self-cultivated.
 Better than a hundred years of sacrifices
 would that act of homage be.

You could, for a hundred years,
 live in a forest
 tending a fire,
 or
 pay a single moment's homage
 to one person,
 self-cultivated.
 Better than a hundred years of sacrifices
 would that act of homage be.

Everything offered
 or sacrificed in the world
 for an entire year by one seeking merit
 doesn't come to a fourth.
 Better to pay respect
 to those who've gone
 the straight way.

If you're respectful by habit,
 constantly honoring the worthy,
 four things increase:
 long life, beauty,
 happiness, strength.

Better than a hundred years
 lived without virtue, uncentered, is
 one day
 lived by a virtuous person
 absorbed in jhana.

And better than a hundred years
 lived undiscerning, uncentered, is
 one day
 lived by a discerning person
 absorbed in jhana.

And better than a hundred years
 lived apathetic & unenergetic, is
 one day
 lived energetic & firm.

And better than a hundred years
 lived without seeing
 arising & passing away, is
 one day
 lived seeing
 arising & passing away.

And better than a hundred years
 lived without seeing
 the Deathless state, is
 one day
 lived seeing
 the Deathless state.

And better than a hundred years
 lived without seeing
 the ultimate Dhamma, is
 one day
 lived seeing
 the ultimate Dhamma.

IX : Evil

Be quick in doing
 what's admirable.
 Restrain your mind
 from what's evil.
 When you're slow
 in making merit,
 evil delights the mind.

If a person does evil,
 he shouldn't do it again & again,
 shouldn't develop a penchant for it.
 To accumulate evil
 brings pain.

If a person makes merit,
 he should do it again & again,
 should develop a penchant for it.
 To accumulate merit
 brings ease.

Even the evil
 meet with good fortune
 as long as their evil
 has yet to mature.
 But when it's matured
 that's when they meet
 with evil.

Even the good
 meet with bad fortune
 as long as their good
 has yet to mature.
 But when it's matured
 that's when they meet
 with good fortune.

Don't underestimate evil
 ('It won't amount to much').

A water jar fills,
 even with water
 falling in drops.

With evil—even if
 bit
 by
 bit,
 habitually—
 the fool fills himself full.

Don't underestimate merit
 ('It won't amount to much').

A water jar fills,
 even with water
 falling in drops.

With merit—even if
 bit
 by
 bit,
 habitually—
 the enlightened one fills himself full.

Like a merchant with a small
 but well-laden caravan
 —a dangerous road,
 like a person who loves life
 —a poison,
 one should avoid
 —evil deeds.

If there's no wound on the hand,
 that hand can hold poison.
 Poison won't penetrate
 where there's no wound.
 There's no evil
 for those who don't do it.

Whoever harasses
 an innocent man,
 a man pure, without blemish:
 the evil comes right back to the fool
 like fine dust
 thrown against the wind.

Some are born
 in the human womb,
 evildoers
 in hell,
 those on the good course go
 to heaven,
 while those without effluent:
 totally unbound.

Not up in the air,
 nor in the middle of the sea,
 nor going into a cleft in the mountains
 –nowhere on earth–
 is a spot to be found
 where you could stay & escape
 your evil deed.

Not up in the air,
 nor in the middle of the sea,
 nor going into a cleft in the mountains
 –nowhere on earth–
 is a spot to be found
 where you could stay & not succumb
 to death.

X : The Rod

All
tremble at the rod,
all
are fearful of death.
Drawing the parallel to
yourself,
neither kill nor get others to kill.

All
tremble at the rod,
all
hold their life dear.
Drawing the parallel to
yourself,
neither kill nor get others to kill.

Whoever takes a rod
to harm living beings desiring ease,
when he himself is looking for ease,
meets with no ease after death.

Whoever doesn't take a rod
to harm living beings desiring ease,
when he himself is looking for ease,
meets with ease after death.

Speak harshly to no one,
or the words will be thrown
right back at you.
Contentious talk is painful,
for you get struck by rods in return.

If, like a flattened metal pot
 you don't resound,
 you've attained an Unbinding;
 in you there's found
 no contention.

As a cowherd with a rod
 drives cows to the field,
 so aging & death
 drive the life
 of living beings.

When doing evil deeds,
 the fool is oblivious.
 The dullard
 is tormented
 by his own deeds,
 as if burned by a fire.

Whoever, with a rod,
 harasses an innocent man, unarmed,
 quickly falls into any of ten things:

harsh pains, devastation, a broken body, grave illness,
 mental derangement, trouble with the government,
 violent slander, relatives lost, property dissolved, houses
 burned down.

At the break-up of the body
 this one with no discernment,
 reappears in
 hell.

Neither nakedness nor matted hair
 nor mud nor the refusal of food
 nor sleeping on the bare ground
 nor dust & dirt nor squatting austerities
 cleanses the mortal
 who's not gone beyond doubt.

If, though adorned, one lives in tune
 with the chaste life
 –calmed, tamed, & assured–
 having put down the rod toward all beings,
 he’s a contemplative
 a brahman
 a monk.

Who in the world
 is a man constrained by conscience,
 who awakens to censure
 like a fine stallion to the whip?

Like a fine stallion
 struck with a whip,
 be ardent & chastened.
 Through conviction
 virtue, persistence,
 concentration, judgment,
 consummate in knowledge & conduct,
 mindful,
 you’ll abandon this not-insignificant pain.

Irrigators guide
 the water.
 Fletchers shape
 the arrow shaft.
 Carpenters shape
 the wood.
 Those of good practices control
 themselves.

XI : Aging

What laughter, why joy,
when constantly aflame?
 Enveloped in darkness,
don't you look for a lamp?

Look at the beautified image,
a heap of festering wounds, shored up:
ill, but the object
 of many resolves,
where there is nothing
 lasting or sure.

Worn out is this body,
a nest of diseases, dissolving.
This putrid conglomeration
is bound to break up,
for life is hemmed in with death.

On seeing these bones
 discarded
like gourds in the fall,
 pigeon-gray:
 what delight?

A city made of bones,
plastered over with flesh & blood,
whose hidden treasures are:
 pride & contempt,
 aging & death.

Even royal chariots
well-embellished
get run down,

and so does the body
 succumb to old age.
 But the Dhamma of the good
 doesn't succumb to old age:
 the good let the civilized know.

This unlistening man
 matures like an ox.
 His muscles develop,
 his discernment not.

Through the round of many births I roamed
 without reward,
 without rest,
 seeking the house-builder.
 Painful is birth again
 & again.

House-builder, you're seen!
 You will not build a house again.
 All your rafters broken,
 the ridge pole dismantled,
 immersed in dismantling, the mind
 has attained to the end of craving.

Neither living the chaste life
 nor gaining wealth in their youth,
 they waste away like old herons
 in a dried-up lake
 depleted of fish.

Neither living the chaste life
 nor gaining wealth in their youth,
 they lie around,
 misfired from the bow,
 sighing over old times.

XII : Self

If you hold yourself dear
 then guard, guard yourself well.
 The wise person would stay awake
 nursing himself
 in any of the three watches of the night,
 the three stages of life.

First
 he'd settle himself
 in what is correct,
 only then
 teach others.
 He wouldn't stain his name
 : he is wise.

If you'd mold yourself
 the way you teach others,
 then, well-trained,
 go ahead & tame—
 for, as they say,
 what's hard to tame is you
 yourself.

Your own self is
 your own mainstay,
 for who else could your mainstay be?
 With you yourself well-trained
 you obtain the mainstay
 hard to obtain.

The evil he himself has done
 —self-born, self-created—
 grinds down the dullard,
 as a diamond, a precious stone.

When overspread by extreme vice–
 like a sal tree by a vine–
 you do to yourself
 what an enemy would wish.

They're easy to do–
 things of no good
 & no use to yourself.
 What's truly useful & good
 is truly harder than hard to do.

The teaching of those who live the Dhamma,
 worthy ones, noble:
 whoever maligns it
 –a dullard,
 inspired by evil view–
 bears fruit for his own destruction,
 like the fruiting of the bamboo.

Evil is done
 by oneself,
 by oneself is one defiled.
 Evil is left undone
 by oneself,
 by oneself is one cleansed.
 Purity & impurity are one's own doing.
 No one purifies another.
 No other purifies one.

Don't sacrifice your own welfare
 for that of another,
 no matter how great.
 Realizing your own true welfare,
 be intent on just that.

XIII : Worlds

Don't associate with lowly qualities.
 Don't consort with heedlessness.
 Don't associate with wrong views.
 Don't busy yourself with the world.

Get up! Don't be heedless.
 Live the Dhamma well.
 One who lives the Dhamma
 sleeps with ease
 in this world & the next.

Live the Dhamma well.
 Don't live it badly.
 One who lives the Dhamma
 sleeps with ease
 in this world & the next.

See it as a bubble,
 see it as a mirage:
 one who regards the world this way
 the King of Death doesn't see.

Come look at this world
 all decked out
 like a royal chariot,
 where fools plunge in,
 while those who know
 don't cling.

Who once was heedless,
 but later is not,
 brightens the world
 like the moon set free from a cloud.

His evil-done deed
 is replaced with skillfulness:
 he brightens the world
 like the moon set free from a cloud.

Blinded this world—
 how few here see clearly!
 Just as birds who've escaped
 from a net are
 few, few
 are the people
 who make it to heaven.

Swans fly the path of the sun;
 those with the power fly through space;
 the enlightened flee from the world,
 having defeated the armies of Mara.

The person who tells a lie,
 who transgresses in this one thing,
 transcending concern for the world beyond:
 there's no evil
 he might not do.

No misers go
 to the world of the devas.
 Those who don't praise giving
 are fools.
 The enlightened
 express their approval for giving
 and so find ease
 in the world beyond.

Sole dominion over the earth,
 going to heaven,
 lordship over all worlds:
 the fruit of stream entry
 excels them.

XIV : Awakened

Whose conquest can't be undone,
 whose conquest no one in the world
 can reach;
 awakened, his pasture endless,
 pathless:
 by what path will you lead him astray?

In whom there's no craving
 –the sticky ensnarer–
 to lead him anywherever at all;
 awakened, his pasture endless,
 pathless:
 by what path will you lead him astray?

They, the enlightened, intent on jhana,
 delighting in stilling
 & renunciation,
 self-awakened & mindful:
 even the devas
 view them with envy.

Hard the winning of a human birth.
 Hard the life of mortals.
 Hard the chance to hear the true Dhamma.
 Hard the arising of Awakened Ones.

The non-doing
 of any evil,
 the performance
 of what's skillful,
 the cleansing
 of one's own mind:
 this is the teaching
 of the Awakened.

Patient endurance:
 the foremost austerity.

Unbinding:
 the foremost,
 so say the Awakened.

He who injures another
 is no contemplative.
 He who mistreats another,
 no monk.

Not disparaging, not injuring,
 restraint
 in line with the Patimokkha,
 moderation
 in food,
 dwelling in seclusion,
 commitment to the heightened mind:
 this is the teaching
 of the Awakened.

Not even if it rained gold coins
 would we have our fill
 of sensual pleasures.
 ‘Stressful,
 they give little enjoyment’ –
 knowing this, the wise one
 finds no delight
 even in heavenly sensual pleasures.

He is
 one who delights
 in the ending of craving,
 a disciple of the Rightly
 Self-Awakened One.

They go to many a refuge,
 to mountains & forests,
 to park & tree shrines:
 people threatened with danger.
 That’s not the secure refuge,
 not the supreme refuge,

that's not the refuge,
 having gone to which,
 you gain release
 from all suffering & stress.

But when, having gone
 to the Buddha, Dhamma,
 & Sangha for refuge,
 you see with right discernment
 the four noble truths—

 stress,
 the cause of stress,
 the transcending of stress,
 & the noble eightfold path,
 the way to the stilling of stress:
 that's the secure refuge,
 that, the supreme refuge,
 that is the refuge,
 having gone to which,
 you gain release
 from all suffering & stress.

It's hard to come by
 a thoroughbred of a man.
 It's simply not true
 that he's born everywhere.
 Wherever he's born, an enlightened one,
 the family prospers,
 is happy.

A blessing: the arising of Awakened Ones.
 A blessing: the teaching of true Dhamma.
 A blessing: the concord of the Sangha.
 The austerity of those in concord
 is a blessing.

If you worship those worthy of worship,
–Awakened Ones or their disciples–
who’ve transcended
 objectification,
crossed over
 lamentation
 & grief,
who are unendangered,
 fearless,
 unbound:
there’s no measure for reckoning
that your merit’s ‘this much.’

XV : Happy

How very happily we live,
 free from hostility
 among those who are hostile.
 Among hostile people,
 free from hostility we dwell.

How very happily we live,
 free from misery
 among those who are miserable.
 Among miserable people,
 free from misery we dwell.

How very happily we live,
 free from busyness
 among those who are busy.
 Among busy people,
 free from busyness we dwell.

How very happily we live,
 we who have nothing.
 We will feed on rapture
 like the Radiant gods.

Winning gives birth to hostility.
 Losing, one lies down in pain.
 The calmed lie down with ease,
 having set
 winning & losing
 aside.

There's no fire like passion,
 no loss like anger,
 no pain like the aggregates,
 no ease other than peace.

Hunger: the foremost illness.
 Fabrications: the foremost pain.
 For one knowing this truth
 as it has come to be,
 Unbinding
 is the foremost ease.

Freedom from illness: the foremost good fortune.
 Contentment: the foremost wealth.
 Trust: the foremost kinship.
 Unbinding: the foremost ease.

Drinking the nourishment,
 the flavor,
 of seclusion & calm,
 one is freed from evil, devoid
 of distress,
 refreshed with the nourishment
 of rapture in the Dhamma.

It's good to see Noble Ones.
 Happy their company—always.
 Through not seeing fools
 constantly, constantly
 one would be happy.

For, living with a fool,
 one grieves a long time.
 Painful is communion with fools,
 as with an enemy—
 always.
 Happy is communion
 with the enlightened,
 as with a gathering of kin.

So:
the enlightened man—
discerning, learned,
enduring, dutiful, noble,
intelligent, a man of integrity:
follow him
—one of this sort—
as the moon, the path
of the zodiac stars.

XVI : Dear Ones

Having applied himself
 to what was not his own task,
 and not having applied himself
 to what was,
 having disregarded the goal
 to grasp at what he held dear,
 he now envies those
 who
 kept after themselves,
 took themselves
 to task.

Don't ever—regardless—
 be conjoined with what's dear
 or undear.

It's painful
 not to see what's dear
 or to see what's not.

So don't make anything dear,
 for it's dreadful to be far
 from what's dear.

No bonds are found
 for those for whom
 there's neither dear
 nor undear.

From what's dear is born grief,
 from what's dear is born fear.
 For one freed from what's dear
 there's no grief
 —so how fear?

From what's loved is born grief,
 from what's loved is born fear.
 For one freed from what's loved
 there's no grief
 –so how fear?

From delight is born grief,
 from delight is born fear.
 For one freed from delight
 there's no grief
 –so how fear?

From sensuality is born grief,
 from sensuality is born fear.
 For one freed from sensuality
 there's no grief
 –so how fear?

From craving is born grief,
 from craving is born fear.
 For one freed from craving
 there's no grief
 –so how fear?

One consummate in virtue & vision,
 judicious,
 speaking the truth,
 doing his own task:
 the world holds him dear.

If
 you've given birth to a wish
 for what can't be expressed,
 are suffused with heart,
 your mind not enmeshed
 in sensual passions:
 you're said to be
 in the up-flowing stream.

A man long absent
comes home safe from afar.
His kin, his friends, his companions,
delight in his return.

In just the same way,
when you've done good
& gone from this world
to the world beyond,
your good deeds receive you—
as kin, someone dear
come home.

XVII : Anger

Abandon anger,
 be done with conceit,
 get beyond every fetter.
 When for name & form
 you have no attachment
 –have nothing at all–
 no sufferings, no stresses, invade.

When anger arises,
 whoever keeps firm control
 as if with a racing chariot:
 him
 I call a master charioteer.
 Anyone else,
 a rein-holder–
 that's all.

Conquer anger
 with lack of anger;
 bad with good;
 stinginess with a gift;
 a liar with truth.

By telling the truth;
 by not growing angry;
 by giving, when asked,
 no matter how little you have:
 by these three things
 you enter the presence of devas.

Gentle sages,
 constantly restrained in body,
 go to the unwavering state
 where, having gone,
 there's no grief.

Those who always stay wakeful,
 training by day & by night,
 keen on Unbinding:
 their effluents come to an end.

This has come down from old, Atula,
 & not just from today:
 they find fault with one
 who sits silent,
 they find fault with one
 who speaks a great deal,
 they find fault with one
 who measures his words.
 There's no one unfaulted in the world.

There never was,
 will be,
 nor at present is found
 anyone entirely faulted
 or entirely praised.

If knowledgeable people praise him,
 having observed him
 day after day
 to be blameless in conduct, intelligent,
 endowed with discernment & virtue:
 like an ingot of gold—
 who's fit to find fault with him?
 Even devas praise him.
 Even by Brahma he's praised.

Guard against anger
 erupting in body;
 in body, be restrained.
 Having abandoned bodily misconduct,
 live conducting yourself well
 in body.

Guard against anger
 erupting in speech;
 in speech, be restrained.
 Having abandoned verbal misconduct,
 live conducting yourself well
 in speech.

Guard against anger
 erupting in mind;
 in mind, be restrained.
 Having abandoned mental misconduct,
 live conducting yourself well
 in mind.

Those restrained in body
 –the enlightened–
 restrained in speech & in mind
 –enlightened–
 are the ones whose restraint is secure.

XVIII : Impurities

You are now
like a yellowed leaf.

Already
Yama's minions stand near.
You stand at the door to departure
but have yet to provide
for the journey.

Make an island for yourself!
Work quickly! Be wise!
With impurities all blown away,
unblemished,
you'll reach the divine realm
of the noble ones.

You are now
right at the end of your time.

You are headed
to Yama's presence,
with no place to rest along the way,
but have yet to provide
for the journey.

Make an island for yourself!
Work quickly! Be wise!
With impurities all blown away,
unblemished,
you won't again undergo birth
& aging.

Just as a silver smith
 step by
 step,
 bit by
 bit,
 moment to
 moment,
 blows away the impurities
 of molten silver—
 so the wise man, his own.

Just as rust
 —iron's impurity—
 eats the very iron
 from which it is born,
 so the deeds
 of one who lives slovenly
 lead him on
 to a bad destination.

No recitation: the ruinous impurity
 of chants.

No initiative: of a household.

Indolence: of beauty.

Heedlessness: of a guard.

In a woman, misconduct is an impurity.

In a donor, stinginess.

Evil deeds are the real impurities
 in this world & the next.

More impure than these impurities
 is the ultimate impurity:
 ignorance.

Having abandoned this impurity,
 monks, you're impurity-free.

Life's easy to live
 for someone unscrupulous,
 cunning as a crow,
 corrupt, back-biting,
 forward, & brash;
 but for someone who's constantly
 scrupulous, cautious,
 observant, sincere,
 pure in his livelihood,
 clean in his pursuits,
 it's hard.

Whoever kills, lies, steals,
 goes to someone else's wife,
 & is addicted to intoxicants,
 digs himself up
 by the root
 right here in this world.

So know, my good man,
 that bad deeds are reckless.
 Don't let greed & unrighteousness
 oppress you with long-term pain.

People give
 in line with their faith,
 in line with conviction.
 Whoever gets flustered
 at food & drink given to others,
 attains no concentration
 by day or by night.

But one in whom this is
 cut through
 up-rooted
 wiped out—
 attains concentration
 by day or by night.

There's no fire like passion,
no seizure like anger,
no snare like delusion,
no river like craving.

It's easy to see
the errors of others,
but hard to see
your own.
You winnow like chaff
the errors of others,
but conceal your own—
like a cheat, an unlucky throw.

If you focus on the errors of others,
constantly finding fault,
your effluents flourish.
You're far from their ending.

There's no trail in space,
no outside contemplative.
People are smitten
with objectification,
but devoid of objectification are
the Tathagatas.

There's no trail in space,
no outside contemplative,
no eternal fabrications,
no wavering in the Awakened.

XIX : The Judge

To pass judgment hurriedly
 doesn't mean you're a judge.
 The wise one, weighing both
 the right judgment & wrong,
 judges others impartially—
 unhurriedly, in line with the Dhamma,
 guarding the Dhamma,
 guarded by Dhamma,
 intelligent:
 he's called a judge.

Simply talking a lot
 doesn't mean one is wise.
 Whoever's secure—
 no
 hostility,
 fear—
 is said to be wise.

Simply talking a lot
 doesn't maintain the Dhamma.
 Whoever
 —although he's heard next to nothing—
 sees Dhamma through his body,
 is not heedless of Dhamma:
he's one who maintains the Dhamma.

A head of gray hairs
 doesn't mean one's an elder.
 Advanced in years,
 one's called an old fool.

But one in whom there is
 truth, restraint,
 rectitude, gentleness,
 self-control—
he's called an elder,
 his impurities disgorged,
 enlightened.

Not by suave conversation
 or lotus-like coloring
 does an envious, miserly cheat
 become an exemplary man.

But one in whom this is
 cut through
 up-rooted
 wiped out—
 he's called exemplary,
 his aversion disgorged,
 intelligent.

A shaven head
 doesn't mean a contemplative.
 The liar observing no duties,
 filled with greed & desire:
 what kind of contemplative's he?

But whoever tunes out
 the dissonance
 of his evil qualities
 —large or small—
 in every way
 by bringing evil to consonance:
 he's called a contemplative.

Begging from others
 doesn't mean one's a monk.
 As long as one follows
 householders' ways,
 one is no monk at all.

But whoever puts aside
 both merit & evil and,
 living the chaste life,
 judiciously
 goes through the world:
 he's called a monk.

Not by silence
 does someone confused
 & unknowing
 turn into a sage.

But whoever-wise,
 as if holding the scales,
 taking the excellent-
 rejects evil deeds:
 he is a sage,
 that's how he's a sage.
 Whoever can weigh
 both sides of the world:
 that's how he's called
 a sage.

Not by harming life
 does one become noble.
 One is termed
 noble
 for being
 gentle
 to all living things.

Monk,
don't
on account of
 your habits & practices,
 great erudition,
 concentration attainments,
 secluded dwelling,
 or the thought, 'I touch
 the renunciate ease
 that run-of-the-mill people
 don't know':
ever let yourself get complacent
 when the ending of effluents
 is still unattained.

XX : The Path

Of paths, the eightfold is best.
 Of truths, the four sayings.
 Of qualities, dispassion.
 Of two-footed beings,
 the one with the eyes
 to see.

Just this
 is the path
 –there is no other–
 to purify vision.
 Follow it,
 and that will be Mara’s
 bewilderment.

Following it,
 you put an end
 to suffering & stress.
 I have taught you this path
 having known
 –for your knowing–
 the extraction of arrows.

It’s for you to strive
 ardently.
 Tathagatas simply
 point out the way.
 Those who practice,
 absorbed in jhana:
 from Mara’s bonds
 they’ll be freed.

When you see with discernment,
'All fabrications are inconstant' –
 you grow disenchanted with stress.
 This is the path
 to purity.

When you see with discernment,
'All fabrications are stressful' –
 you grow disenchanted with stress.
 This is the path
 to purity.

When you see with discernment,
'All phenomena are not-self' –
 you grow disenchanted with stress.
 This is the path
 to purity.

At the time for initiative
 he takes no initiative.
 Young, strong, but lethargic,
 the resolves of his heart
 exhausted,
 the lazy, lethargic one
 loses the path
 to discernment.

Guarded
 in speech,
 well-restrained
 in mind,
 you should do nothing unskillful
 in body.

Purify
 these three courses of action.
 Bring to fruition
 the path that seers have proclaimed.

From striving comes wisdom;
 from not, wisdom's end.
 Knowing these two courses
 –to
 development,
 decline–
 conduct yourself
 so that wisdom will grow.

Cut down
 the forest of desire,
 not the forest of trees.
 From the forest of desire
 come danger & fear.
 Having cut down this forest
 & its underbrush, monks,
 be deforested.

For as long as the least
 bit of underbrush
 of a man for women
 is not cleared away,
 the heart is fixated
 like a suckling calf
 on its mother.

Crush
 your sense of self-allure
 like an autumn lily
 in the hand.
 Nurture only the path to peace
 –Unbinding–
 as taught by the One Well Gone.

‘Here I’ll stay for the rains.
 Here, for the summer & winter.’
 So imagines the fool,
 unaware of obstructions.

That drunk-on-his-sons-&-cattle man,
all tangled up in the mind:
death sweeps him away—
 as a great flood,
 a village asleep.

There are
 no sons
to give shelter,
 no father,
 no family
for one seized by the Ender,
 no shelter among kin.

Realizing
this force of reasoning,
the wise man, restrained by virtue,
should make the path pure
 —right away—
that goes all the way to Unbinding.

XXI : Miscellany

If, by forsaking
a limited ease,
he would see
an abundance of ease,
the enlightened man
would forsake
the limited ease
for the sake
of the abundant.

He wants his own ease
by giving others dis-ease.
Intertwined in the inter-
action of hostility,
from hostility
he's not set free.

In those who
reject what should,
& do what shouldn't be done
–heedless, insolent–
effluents grow.

But for those who
are well-applied, constantly,
to mindfulness immersed in the body;
don't indulge
in what shouldn't be done;
& persist
in what should
–mindful, alert–
effluents come to an end.

Having killed mother & father,
two warrior kings,
the kingdom & its dependency–
the brahman, untroubled, travels on.

Having killed mother & father,
two learned kings,
&, fifth, a tiger–
the brahman, untroubled, travels on.

They awaken, always wide awake:
Gotama's disciples
whose mindfulness, both day & night,
is constantly immersed
in the Buddha.

They awaken, always wide awake:
Gotama's disciples
whose mindfulness, both day & night,
is constantly immersed
in the Dhamma.

They awaken, always wide awake:
Gotama's disciples
whose mindfulness, both day & night,
is constantly immersed
in the Sangha.

They awaken, always wide awake:
Gotama's disciples
whose mindfulness, both day & night,
is constantly immersed
in the body.

They awaken, always wide awake:
Gotama's disciples
whose hearts delight, both day & night,
in harmlessness.

They awaken, always wide awake:
Gotama's disciples
whose hearts delight, both day & night,
in developing the mind.

Hard
 is the life gone forth,
 hard to delight in.

Hard
 is the miserable
 householder's life.

It's painful
 to stay with dissonant people,
 painful to travel the road.

So be
 neither traveler
 nor pained.

The man of conviction
 endowed with virtue,
 glory, & wealth:
 wherever he goes
 he is honored.

The good shine from afar
 like the snowy Himalayas.
 The bad don't appear
 even when near,
 like arrows shot into the night.

Sitting alone,
 resting alone,
 walking alone,
 untiring.
 Taming himself,
 he'd delight alone—
 alone in the forest.

XXII : Hell

He goes to hell,
 the one who asserts
 what didn't take place,
 as does the one
 who, having done,
 says, 'I didn't.'
 Both—low-acting people—
 there become equal:
 after death, in the world beyond.

An ochre robe tied 'round their necks,
 many with evil qualities
 —unrestrained, evil—
 rearise, because of their evil acts,
 in hell.

Better to eat an iron ball
 —glowing, aflame—
 than that, unprincipled &
 unrestrained,
 you should eat the alms of the country.

Four things befall the heedless man
 who lies down with the wife of another:
 a wealth of demerit;
 a lack of good sleep;
 third, censure;
 fourth, hell.

A wealth of demerit, an evil destination,
 & the brief delight of a
 fearful man with a
 fearful woman,
 & the king inflicts a harsh punishment.

So
no man should lie down
with the wife of another.

Just as sharp-bladed grass,
if wrongly held,
wounds the very hand that holds it—
the contemplative life, if wrongly grasped,
drags you down to hell.

Any slack act,
or defiled observance,
or fraudulent life of chastity
bears no great fruit.

If something's to be done,
then work at it firmly,
for a slack going-forth
kicks up all the more dust.

It's better to leave a misdeed
undone.

A misdeed burns you afterward.
Better that a good deed be done
that, after you've done it,
won't make you burn.

Like a frontier fortress,
guarded inside & out,
guard yourself.
Don't let the moment pass by.
Those for whom the moment is past
grieve, consigned to hell.

Ashamed of what's not shameful,
not ashamed of what is,
beings adopting wrong views
go to a bad destination.

Seeing danger where there is none,
& no danger where there is,
beings adopting wrong views
go to a bad destination.

Imagining error where there is none,
and no error where there is,
beings adopting wrong views
go to a bad destination.

But knowing error as error,
and non-error as non-,
beings adopting right views
go to a good
destination.

XXIII : Elephants

I-like an elephant in battle,
 enduring an arrow shot from a bow-
 will endure a false accusation,
 for the mass of people
 have no principles.

The tamed is the one
 they take into assemblies.
 The tamed is the one
 the king mounts.
 The tamed who endures
 a false accusation
 is, among human beings,
 the best.

Excellent are tamed mules,
 tamed thoroughbreds,
 tamed horses from Sindh.
 Excellent, tamed tuskers,
 great elephants.
 But even more excellent
 are those self-tamed.

For not by these mounts could you go
 to the land unreached,
 as the tamed one goes
 by taming, well-taming, himself.

The tusker, Dhanapalaka,
 deep in rut, is hard to control.
 Bound, he won't eat a morsel:
 the tusker misses
 the elephant wood.

When torpid & over-fed,
 a sleepy-head lolling about
 like a stout hog, fattened on fodder:
 a dullard enters the womb
 over &
 over again.

Before, this mind went wandering
 however it pleased,
 wherever it wanted,
 by whatever way that it liked.
 Today I will hold it aptly in check—
 as one wielding a goad, an elephant in rut.

Delight in heedfulness.
 Watch over your own mind.
 Lift yourself up
 from the hard-going way,
 like a tusker sunk in the mud.

If you gain a mature companion—
 a fellow traveler, right-living, enlightened—
 overcoming all dangers
 go with him, gratified,
 mindful.

If you don't gain a mature companion—
 a fellow traveler, right-living, enlightened—
 go alone
 like a king renouncing his kingdom,
 like the elephant in the Matanga wilds,
 his herd.

Going alone is better.
 There's no companionship with a fool.
 Go alone,
 doing no evil, at peace,
 like the elephant in the Matanga wilds.

A blessing: friends when the need arises.

A blessing: contentment with whatever there is.

Merit at the ending of life is a blessing.

A blessing: the abandoning of all suffering
& stress.

A blessing in the world: reverence to your mother.

A blessing: reverence to your father as well.

A blessing in the world: reverence to a contemplative.

A blessing: reverence for a brahman, too.

A blessing into old age is virtue.

A blessing: conviction established.

A blessing: discernment attained.

The non-doing of evil things is
a blessing.

XXIV : Craving

When a person lives heedlessly,
 his craving grows like a creeping vine.
 He runs now here
 & now there,
 as if looking for fruit:
 a monkey in the forest.

If this sticky, uncouth craving
 overcomes you in the world,
 your sorrows grow like wild grass
 after rain.

If, in the world, you overcome
 this uncouth craving, hard to escape,
 sorrows roll off you,
 like water beads off
 a lotus.

To all of you gathered here
 I say: Good fortune.
 Dig up craving
 –as when seeking medicinal roots, wild grass–
 by the root.
 Don't let Mara cut you down
 –as a raging river, a reed–
 over & over again.

If its root remains
 undamaged & strong,
 a tree, even if cut,
 will grow back.
 So too if craving-obsession
 is not rooted out,
 this suffering returns
 again
 &
 again.

He whose 36 streams,
 flowing to what is appealing, are strong:
 the currents-resolves based on passion-
 carry him, of base views, away.

They flow every which way, the streams,
 but the sprouted creeper stays
 in place.

Now, seeing that the creeper's arisen,
 cut through its root
 with discernment.

Loosened & oiled
 are the joys of a person.
 People, bound by enticement,
 looking for ease:
 to birth & aging they go.

Encircled with craving,
 people hop round & around
 like a rabbit caught in a snare.
 Tied with fetters & bonds
 they go on to suffering,
 again & again, for long.

Encircled with craving,
 people hop round & around
 like a rabbit caught in a snare.

So a monk
 should dispel craving,
 should aspire to dispassion
 for himself.

Cleared of the underbrush
 but obsessed with the forest,
 set free from the forest,
 right back to the forest he runs.
 Come, see the person set free
 who runs right back to the same old chains!

That's not a strong bond
 –so say the enlightened–
 the one made of iron, of wood, or of grass.
 To be smitten, enthralled,
 with jewels & ornaments,
 longing for children & wives:
 that's the strong bond,
 –so say the enlightened–
 one that's constraining,
 elastic,
 hard to untie.

But having cut it, they
 –the enlightened–go forth,
 free of longing, abandoning
 sensual ease.

Those smitten with passion
 fall back
 into a self-made stream,
 like a spider snared in its web.
 But, having cut it, the enlightened set forth,
 free of longing, abandoning
 all suffering & stress.

Gone to the beyond of becoming,
 you let go of *in front*,
 let go of *behind*,
 let go of *between*.
 With a heart everywhere released,
 you don't come again to birth
 & aging.

For a person
 forced on by his thinking,
 fierce in his passion,
 focused on beauty,
 craving grows all the more.
 He's the one
 who tightens the bond.

But one who delights
 in the stilling of thinking,
 always
 mindful
 cultivating
 a focus on the foul:
 He's the one
 who will make an end,
 the one who will cut Mara's bond.

Arrived at the finish,
 unfrightened, unblemished, free
 of craving, he has cut away
 the arrows of becoming.
 This physical heap is his last.

Free from craving,
 ungrasping,
 astute in expression,
 knowing the combination of sounds—
 which comes first & which after.
 He's called a
 last-body
 greatly discerning
 great man.

All-conquering,
 all-knowing am I,
 with regard to all things,
 unadhering.
 All-abandoning,
 released in the ending of craving:
 having fully known on my own,
 to whom should I point as my teacher?

A gift of Dhamma conquers
 all gifts;
 the taste of Dhamma,
 all tastes;
 a delight in Dhamma,
 all delights;
 the ending of craving,
 all suffering
 & stress.

Riches ruin the man
 weak in discernment,
 but not those who seek
 the beyond.
 Through craving for riches
 the man weak in discernment
 ruins himself
 as he would others.

Fields are spoiled by weeds;
people, by passion.
So what's given to those
free of passion
 bears great fruit.

Fields are spoiled by weeds;
people, by aversion.
So what's given to those
free of aversion
 bears great fruit.

Fields are spoiled by weeds;
people, by delusion.
So what's given to those
free of delusion
 bears great fruit.

Fields are spoiled by weeds;
people, by longing.
So what's given to those
free of longing
 bears great fruit.

XXV : *Monks*

Restraint with the eye is good,
 good is restraint with the ear.
 Restraint with the nose is good,
 good is restraint with the tongue.
 Restraint with the body is good,
 good is restraint with speech.
 Restraint with the heart is good,
 good is restraint everywhere.
 A monk everywhere restrained
 is released from all suffering & stress.

Hands restrained,
 feet restrained
 speech restrained,
 supremely restrained—
 delighting in what is inward,
 content, centered, alone:
 he's what they call
 a monk.

A monk restrained in his speaking,
 giving counsel unruffled,
 declaring the message & meaning:
 sweet is his speech.

Dhamma his dwelling,
 Dhamma his delight,
 a monk pondering Dhamma,
 calling Dhamma to mind,
 does not fall away
 from true Dhamma.

Gains:

don't treat your own with scorn,
 don't go coveting those of others.
 A monk who covets those of others
 attains
 no concentration.

Even if he gets next to nothing,
 he doesn't treat his gains with scorn.
 Living purely, untiring:
 he's the one
 that the devas praise.

For whom, in name & form
 in every way,
 there's no sense of mine,
 & who doesn't grieve
 for what's not:
 he's deservedly called
 a monk.

Dwelling in goodwill, a monk
 with faith in the Awakened One's teaching,
 would attain the good state,
 the peaceful state:
 stilling-of-fabrications ease.

Monk, bail out this boat.
 It will take you lightly when bailed.
 Having cut through passion, aversion,
 you go from there to Unbinding.

Cut through five,
 let go of five,
 & develop five above all.
 A monk gone past five attachments
 is said to have crossed the flood.

Practice jhana, monk,
 and don't be heedless.
 Don't take your mind roaming
 in sensual strands.
 Don't swallow-heedless-
 the ball of iron aflame.
 Don't burn & complain: 'This is pain.'

There's
 no jhana
 for one with
 no discernment,
 no discernment
 for one with
 no jhana.
 But one with
 both jhana
 & discernment:
 he's on the verge
 of Unbinding.

A monk with his mind at peace,
 going into an empty dwelling,
 clearly seeing the Dhamma aright:
 his delight is more
 than human.

However it is,
 however it is he touches
 the arising-&-passing of aggregates:
 he gains rapture & joy:
 that, for those who know it,
 is deathless,
 the Deathless.

Here the first things
 for a discerning monk
 are
 guarding the senses,
 contentment,
 restraint in line with the Patimokkha.
 He should associate with admirable friends.

Living purely, untiring,
 hospitable by habit,
 skilled in his conduct,
 gaining a manifold joy,
 he will put an end
 to suffering & stress.

Shed passion
 & aversion, monks—
 as a jasmine would,
 its withered flowers.

Calmed in body,
 calmed in speech,
 well-centered & calm,
 having disgorged the baits of the world,
 a monk is called
 thoroughly
 calmed.

You yourself
 should reprove yourself,
 should examine yourself.
 As a self-guarded monk
 with guarded self,
 mindful, you dwell at ease.

Your own self is
 your own mainstay.
 Your own self is
 your own guide.

Therefore you should
watch over yourself–
as a trader, a fine steed.

A monk with a manifold joy,
with faith in the Awakened One's teaching,
would attain the good state,
 the peaceful state:
stilling-of-fabrications ease.

A young monk who strives
in the Awakened One's teaching,
 brightens the world
like the moon set free from a cloud.

XXVI : *Brahmans*

Having striven, brahman,
 cut the stream.
 Expel sensual passions.
 Knowing the ending of fabrications,
 brahman,
 you know the Unmade.

When the brahman has gone
 to the beyond of two things,
 then all his fetters
 go to their end—
 he who knows.

One whose *beyond* or
not-beyond or
beyond-~~or~~-not-beyond
 can't be found;
 unshackled, carefree:
 he's what I call
 a brahman.

Sitting silent, dustless,
 absorbed in jhana,
 his task done, effluents gone,
 ultimate goal attained:
 he's what I call
 a brahman.

By day shines the sun;
 by night, the moon;
 in armor, the warrior;
 in jhana, the brahman.
 But all day & all night,
 every day & every night,
 the Awakened One shines
 in splendor.

He's called a brahman
 for having banished his evil,
 a contemplative
 for living in consonance,
 one gone forth
 for having forsaken
 his own impurities.

One should not strike a brahman,
 nor should the brahman
 let loose with his anger.
 Shame on a brahman's killer.
 More shame on the brahman
 whose anger's let loose.

Nothing's better for the brahman
 than when the mind is held back
 from what is endearing & not.
 However his harmful-heartedness
 wears away,
 that's how stress
 simply comes to rest.

Whoever does no wrong
 in body,
 speech,
 heart,
 is restrained in these three ways:
 he's what I call
 a brahman.

The person from whom
 you would learn the Dhamma
 taught by the Rightly
 Self-Awakened One:
 you should honor him with respect—
 as a brahman, the flame for a sacrifice.

Not by matted hair,
 by clan, or by birth,
 is one a brahman.
 Whoever has truth
 & rectitude:
 he is a pure one,
 he, a brahman.

What's the use of your matted hair,
 you dullard?
 What's the use of your deerskin cloak?
 The tangle's inside you.
 You comb the outside.

Wearing cast-off rags
 —his body lean & lined with veins—
 absorbed in jhana,
 alone in the forest:
 he's what I call
 a brahman.

I don't call one a brahman
 for being born of a mother
 or sprung from a womb.
 He's called a 'bho-sayer'
 if he has anything at all.
 But someone with nothing,
 who clings to no thing:
 he's what I call
 a brahman.

Having cut every fetter,
 he doesn't get ruffled.
 Beyond attachment,
 unshackled:

he's what I call
 a brahman.

Having cut the strap & thong,
 cord & bridle,
 having thrown off the bar,
 awakened:
 he's what I call
 a brahman.

He endures—unangered—
 insult, assault, & imprisonment.
 His army is strength;
 his strength, forbearance:
 he's what I call
 a brahman.

Free from anger,
 duties observed,
 principled, with no overbearing pride,
 trained, a 'last-body':
 he's what I call
 a brahman.

Like water on a lotus leaf,
 a mustard seed on the tip of an awl,
 he doesn't adhere to sensual pleasures:
 he's what I call
 a brahman.

He discerns right here,
 for himself,
 on his own,
 his own
 ending of stress.

Unshackled, his burden laid down:
 he's what I call
 a brahman.

Wise, profound
 in discernment, astute
 as to what is the path
 & what's not;
 his ultimate goal attained:
 he's what I call
 a brahman.

Uncontaminated
 by householders
 & houseless ones alike;
 living with no home,
 with next to no wants:
 he's what I call
 a brahman.

Having put aside violence
 against beings fearful or firm,
 he neither kills nor
 gets others to kill:
 he's what I call
 a brahman.

Unopposing among opposition,
 unbound
 among the armed,
 unclinging
 among those who cling:
 he's what I call
 a brahman.

His passion, aversion,
 conceit, & contempt,
 have fallen away—
 like a mustard seed
 from the tip of an awl:
 he's what I call
 a brahman.

He would say
 what's non-grating,
 instructive,
 true—
 abusing no one:
 he's what I call
 a brahman.

Here in the world
 he takes nothing not-given
 —long, short,
 large, small,
 attractive, not:
 he's what I call
 a brahman.

His longing for this
 & for the next world
 can't be found;
 free from longing, unshackled:
 he's what I call
 a brahman.

His attachments,
 his homes,
 can't be found.
 He, through knowing,
 is unperplexed,
 has gained a footing

in the Deathless:
 he's what I call
 a brahman.

He has gone
 beyond attachment here
 for both merit & evil–
 sorrowless, dustless, & pure:
 he's what I call
 a brahman.

Spotless, pure, like the moon
 –limpid & calm–
 his delights, his becomings,
 totally gone:
 he's what I call
 a brahman.

He has made his way past
 this hard-going path
 –samsara, delusion–
 has crossed over,
 has gone beyond,
 is free from want,
 from perplexity,
 absorbed in jhana,
 through no-clinging
 Unbound:
 he's what I call
 a brahman.

Whoever, abandoning sensual passions here,
 would go forth from home–
 his sensual passions, becomings,
 totally gone:
 he's what I call
 a brahman.

Whoever, abandoning craving here,
 would go forth from home—
 his cravings, becomings,
 totally gone:
 he's what I call
 a brahman.

Having left behind
 the human bond,
 having made his way past
 the divine,
 from all bonds unshackled:
 he's what I call
 a brahman.

Having left behind
 delight & displeasure,
 cooled, with no acquisitions—
 a hero who has conquered
 all the world,
 every world:
 he's what I call
 a brahman.

He knows in every way
 beings' passing away,
 and their re-
 arising;
 unattached, awakened,
 well-gone:
 he's what I call
 a brahman.

He whose course they don't know
 —devas, gandhabbas, & human beings—
 his effluents ended, an arahant:
 he's what I call
 a brahman.

He who has nothing
 –in front, behind, in between–
 the one with nothing
 who clings to no thing:
 he's what I call
 a brahman.

A splendid bull, conqueror,
 hero, great seer–
 free from want,
 awakened, washed:
 he's what I call
 a brahman.

He knows
 his former lives.
 He sees
 heavens & states of woe,
 has attained
 the ending of birth,
 is a sage
 who has mastered full-knowing,
 his mastery totally mastered:
 he's what I call
 a brahman.