Thag 8.3 — Mahāpanthaka

English translation by Bhikkhu Sujato.
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Text

Verses of the Senior Monks 8.3

The Book of the Eights

Chapter One

Mahāpanthaka

When I first saw the Teacher

who fears nothing from any quarter,

I was struck with a sense of urgency,

seeing the supreme among men.

Anyone who, having found such a Teacher,

would lose them again,

is like one who, when approached by Lady Luck,

would ward her off with their hands and feet.

Then I left behind my children and wives,

my riches and my grain;

I had my hair and beard cut off,

and went forth to homelessness.

Endowed with the monastic training and livelihood,

my sense faculties well-restrained,

paying homage to the Buddha,

I meditated undefeated.

Then a wish occurred to me,

my heart’s truest wish:

I wouldn’t sit down, not even for a short while,

until the dart of craving was plucked.

As I meditate like this,

see my energy and vigor!

I’ve attained the three knowledges,

and fulfilled the Buddha’s instructions.

I know my past lives,

my clairvoyance is clarified;

I’m perfected, worthy of offerings,

liberated, free of attachments.

Then, at the end of the night,

as the rising of the sun drew near,

all craving was dried up,

so I sat down cross-legged.