Thag 11.1 — Saṅkicca

English translation by Bhikkhu Sujato.
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Text

Verses of the Senior Monks 11.1

The Book of the Elevens

Chapter One

Saṅkicca

“What good does it do you to be in the grove, my dear?

You’re like a little bird in the monsoon!

The city of Verambhā is nice for you—

seclusion is for meditators.”

“Just as the wind in Verambhā

scatters the monsoon clouds as they pour down,

so the city scatters

my perception of seclusion.”

“It’s all black and born of an egg—

the crow whose abode is the charnel ground

rouses my mindfulness,

based on dispassion for the body.”

“He who is not guarded by others,

and who does not guard others,

truly sleeps at ease, mendicant,

unconcerned for sensual pleasures.”

“The water’s clear and the rocks are broad,

monkeys and deer are all around;

festooned with dewy moss,

these rocky crags delight me!
I've stayed in the wilderness,
in caves and caverns
and remote lodgings
frequented by beasts of prey.
'May these beings be killed!
May they be slaughtered! May they suffer!'—
I'm not aware of having any such
ignoble, hateful thoughts.
I've served the Teacher
and fulfilled the Buddha's instructions.
The heavy burden is laid down,
the leash to existence is eradicated.
I've attained the goal
for the sake of which I went forth
from the lay life to homelessness—
the ending of all fetters.
I don't long for death;
I don't long for life;
I await my time,
like a worker waiting for their wages.
I don't long for death;
I don't long for life;
I await my time,
aware and mindful."