Thig 5.2 — Vimalā, the Former Courtesan

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Text

Verses of the Senior Nuns 5.2

The Book of the Fives

Vimalā, the Former Courtesan

Intoxicated by my appearance,

my figure, my beauty, my fame,

and owing to my youth,

I looked down on others.

I adorned this body

all pretty, lamented by fools,

and stood at the brothel door,

like a hunter setting a snare.

I stripped for them,

revealing my many hidden treasures.

Creating an intricate illusion,

I laughed, teasing those men.

Today, having wandered for alms,

my head shaven, wearing the outer robe,

I sat at the root of a tree to meditate;

I've gained freedom from thought.

All yokes are severed,

both human and heavenly.

Having wiped out all defilements,

I have become cooled and quenched.