Thig 6.2 — Vāseṭṭhī

English translation by Bhikkhu Sujato.
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Text

Verses of the Senior Nuns 6.2

The Book of the Sixes

Vāseṭṭhī

Struck down with grief for my son,

deranged, out of my mind,

nude, my hair flying,

I wandered here and there.

I lived on rubbish heaps,

in cemeteries and highways.

For three years I wandered,

stricken by hunger and thirst.

Then I saw the Holy One

back at the city of Mithilā.

Tamer of the untamed,

the Awakened One fears nothing from any quarter.

Regaining my mind,

I paid homage and sat down.

Out of compassion

Gotama taught me the Dhamma.

After hearing his teaching,

I went forth to homelessness.

Applying myself to the Teacher’s words,

I realized the state of grace.

All sorrows are cut off,
given up, they end here.
I’ve fully understood the basis
from which grief comes to be.