Snp 1.1 — The Serpent

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Text

Anthology of Discourses 1.1

The Serpent

When anger surges, they drive it out,

as with medicine a cobra’s spreading venom.

Such a mendicant sheds the near shore and the far,

as a serpent its old worn-out skin.

They’ve cut off greed entirely,

like a lotus plucked flower and stalk.

Such a mendicant sheds the near shore and the far,

as a serpent its old worn-out skin.

They’ve cut off craving entirely,

drying up that swift-flowing stream.

Such a mendicant sheds the near shore and the far,

as a serpent its old worn-out skin.

They’ve swept away conceit entirely,

as a fragile bridge of reeds by a great flood.

Such a mendicant sheds the near shore and the far,

as a serpent its old worn-out skin.

In future lives they find no worth,

as an inspector of fig trees finds no flower.

Such a mendicant sheds the near shore and the far,

as a serpent its old worn-out skin.

They hide no anger within,

passed beyond any kind of existence.
Such a mendicant sheds the near shore and the far,
as a serpent its old worn-out skin.
Their mental vibrations are cleared away,
internally clipped off entirely.
Such a mendicant sheds the near shore and the far,
as a serpent its old worn-out skin.
They have not run too far nor run back,
but have gone beyond all this proliferation.
Such a mendicant sheds the near shore and the far,
as a serpent its old worn-out skin.
They have not run too far nor run back,
for they know that nothing in the world is what it seems.
Such a mendicant sheds the near shore and the far,
as a serpent its old worn-out skin.
They have not run too far nor run back,
knowing nothing is what it seems, free of greed.
Such a mendicant sheds the near shore and the far,
as a serpent its old worn-out skin.
They have not run too far nor run back,
knowing nothing is what it seems, free of lust.
Such a mendicant sheds the near shore and the far,
as a serpent its old worn-out skin.
They have not run too far nor run back,
knowing nothing is what it seems, free of hate.
Such a mendicant sheds the near shore and the far,
as a serpent its old worn-out skin.
They have not run too far nor run back,
knowing nothing is what it seems, free of delusion.

Such a mendicant sheds the near shore and the far,

as a serpent its old worn-out skin.

They have no underlying tendencies at all,

and are rid of unskillful roots,

Such a mendicant sheds the near shore and the far,

as a serpent its old worn-out skin.

They have nothing born of distress at all

to make them to return to the near shore.

Such a mendicant sheds the near shore and the far,

as a serpent its old worn-out skin.

No snarl grows in them at all,

that would shackle them to a new life.

Such a mendicant sheds the near shore and the far,

as a serpent its old worn-out skin.

They’ve given up the five hindrances,

untroubled, rid of indecision, free of thorns.

Such a mendicant sheds the near shore and the far,

as a serpent its old worn-out skin.