

Physical

41:

All too soon, this body
will lie on the ground
cast off,
bereft of consciousness,
like a useless scrap
of wood.

46:

Knowing this body
is like foam,
realizing its nature
-- a mirage --
cutting out
the blossoms of Mara,
you go where the King of Death
can't see.

103-105:

Greater in battle
than the man who would conquer
a thousand-thousand men,
is he who would conquer
just one --
himself.

Better to conquer yourself
than others.
When you've trained yourself,
living in constant self-control,
neither a deva nor gandhabba,
nor a Mara banded with Brahmas,
could turn that triumph
back into defeat.

147:

Look at the beautified image,
a heap of festering wounds, shored up:

ill, but the object
of many resolves,
where there is nothing
lasting or sure.

148:

Worn out is this body,
a nest of diseases, dissolving.
This putrid conglomeration
is bound to break up,
for life is hemmed in with death.

149:

On seeing these bones
discarded
like gourds in the fall,
pigeon-gray:
what delight?

150:

A city made of bones,
plastered over with flesh & blood,
whose hidden treasures are:
pride & contempt,
aging & death.

151:

Even royal chariots
well-embellished
get run down,
and so does the body
succumb to old age.
But the Dhamma of the good
doesn't succumb to old age:
the good let the civilized know.

155-156:

Neither living the chaste life
nor gaining wealth in their youth,
they waste away like old herons
in a dried-up lake
depleted of fish.

Neither living the chaste life
nor gaining wealth in their youth,
they lie around,
misfired from the bow,
sighing over old times.

157:

If you hold yourself dear
then guard, guard yourself well.
The wise person would stay awake
nursing himself
in any of the three watches of the night,
the three stages of life.

270:

Not by harming life
does one become noble.
One is termed noble
for being gentle
to all living things.

286-289:

'Here I'll stay for the rains.
Here, for the summer & winter.'
So imagines the fool,
unaware of obstructions.

That drunk-on-his-sons-&-cattle man,
all tangled up in the mind:
death sweeps him away --
as a great flood,

a village asleep.
There are no sons
to give shelter,
no father,
no family
for one seized by the Ender,
no shelter among kin.

Conscious
of this compelling reason,
the wise man, restrained by virtue,
should make the path pure
-- right away --
that goes all the way to Unbinding.

415-416:

Whoever, abandoning sensual passions
here,
would go forth from home --
his sensual passions, becomings,
totally gone:
he's what I call
a brahmin.

Whoever, abandoning craving here,
would go forth from home --
his cravings, becomings,
totally gone:
he's what I call
a brahmin.

417:

Having left behind
the human bond,
having made his way past
the divine,
from all bonds unshackled:
he's what I call
a brahmin.

Compiled by: B. Matthews, September 1999

Source: Bhikkhu, T. (1997). Dhammapada: A translation. Barre, MA: Dhamma Dana Publications. Available online:

[<http://www.accesstoinsight.org/canon/khuddaka/dhp/index.html>].

URL: <http://chiron.valdosta.edu/whuitt/religion/brilstar/>