

Dhammapada

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THE DHAMMAPADA

PAIRS

1. Phenomena are preceded by the heart, ruled by the heart, made of the heart. If you speak or act with a corrupted heart, then suffering follows you—as the wheel of the cart, the track of the ox that pulls it.
2. Phenomena are preceded by the heart, ruled by the heart, made of the heart. If you speak or act with a calm, bright heart, then happiness follows you, like a shadow that never leaves.
3. 'He insulted me, hit me, beat me, robbed me'—for those who brood on this, hostility isn't stilled.
4. 'He insulted me, hit me, beat me, robbed me'—for those who don't brood on this, hostility is stilled.
5. Hostilities aren't stilled through hostility, regardless. Hostilities are stilled through non-hostility: this, an unending truth.
6. Unlike those who don't realize that we're here on the verge of perishing, those who do: their quarrels are stilled.
7. One who stays focused on the beautiful, is unrestrained with the senses, knowing no moderation in food, apathetic, unenergetic: Mara overcomes him as the wind, a weak tree.
8. One who stays focused on the foul, is restrained with regard to the senses, knowing moderation in food, full of conviction and energy: Mara does not overcome him as the wind, a mountain of rock.
9. He who, depraved, devoid of truthfulness and self-control, puts on the ochre robe, doesn't deserve the ochre robe.
10. But he who is free of depravity endowed with truthfulness and self-control, well-established in the precepts, truly deserves the ochre robe.
11. Those who regard non-essence as essence and see essence as non-, don't get to the essence, ranging about in wrong resolves.
12. But those who know essence as essence, and non-essence as non-, get to the essence, ranging about in right resolves.
13. As rain seeps into an ill-thatched hut, so passion, the undeveloped mind.
14. As rain doesn't seep into a well-thatched hut, so passion does not, the well-developed mind.
15. Here he grieves he grieves hereafter. In both worlds the wrong-doer grieves. He grieves, he's afflicted, seeing the corruption of his deeds.

16. Here he rejoices he rejoices hereafter. In both worlds the merit-maker rejoices. He rejoices, is jubilant, seeing the purity of his deeds.
17. Here he's tormented he's tormented hereafter. In both worlds the wrong-doer's tormented. He's tormented at the thought, 'I've done wrong.' Having gone to a bad destination, he's tormented all the more.
18. Here he delights he delights hereafter. In both worlds the merit-maker delights. He delights at the thought, 'I've made merit.' Having gone to a good destination, he delights all the more.
19. If he recites many teachings, but—heedless man—doesn't do what they say, like a cowherd counting the cattle of others, he has no share in the contemplative life.
20. If he recites next to nothing but follows the Dhamma in line with the Dhamma; abandoning passion, aversion, delusion; alert, his mind well-released, not clinging either here or hereafter: he has his share in the contemplative life.

HEEDFULNESS

21. Heedfulness: the path to the Deathless. Heedlessness: the path to death. The heedful do not die. The heedless are as if already dead.
22. Knowing this as a true distinction, those wise in heedfulness rejoice in heedfulness, enjoying the range of the noble ones.
23. The enlightened, constantly absorbed in jhana, persevering, firm in their effort: they touch Unbinding, the unexcelled safety from bondage.
24. Those with initiative, mindful, clean in action, acting with due consideration, heedful, restrained, living the Dhamma: their glory grows.
25. Through initiative, heedfulness, restraint, and self-control, the wise would make an island no flood can submerge.
26. They're addicted to heedlessness—dullards, fools—while one who is wise cherishes heedfulness as his highest wealth.
27. Don't give way to heedlessness or to intimacy with sensual delight—for a heedful person, absorbed in jhana, attains an abundance of ease.
28. When the wise person drives out heedlessness with heedfulness, having climbed the high tower of discernment, sorrow-free, he observes the sorrowing crowd—as the enlightened man, having scaled a summit, the fools on the ground below.
29. Heedful among the heedless, wakeful among those asleep, just as a fast horse advances, leaving the weak behind: so the wise.
30. Through heedfulness, Indra won to lordship over the gods. Heedfulness is praised, heedlessness censured—always.
31. The monk delighting in heedfulness, seeing danger in heedlessness,

advances like a fire, burning fetters great and small.

32. The monk delighting in heedfulness, seeing danger in heedlessness—incapable of falling back—stands right on the verge of Unbinding.

THE MIND

33. Quivering, wavering, hard to guard, to hold in check: the mind. The sage makes it straight—like a fletcher, the shaft of an arrow.

34. Like a fish pulled from its home in the water and thrown on land: this mind flips and flaps about to escape Mara's sway.

35. Hard to hold down, nimble, alighting wherever it likes: the mind. Its taming is good. The mind well-tamed brings ease.

36. So hard to see, so very, very subtle, alighting wherever it likes: the mind. The wise should guard it. The mind protected brings ease.

37. Wandering far, going alone, bodiless, lying in a cave: the mind. Those who restrain it: from Mara's bonds they'll be freed.

38. For a person of unsteady mind, not knowing true Dhamma, serenity set adrift: discernment doesn't grow full.

39. For a person of unsoddened mind, unassaulted awareness, abandoning merit and evil, wakeful, there is no danger no fear.

40. Knowing this body is like a clay jar, securing this mind like a fort, attack Mara with the spear of discernment, then guard what's won without settling there, without laying claim.

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

42. Whatever an enemy might do to an enemy, or a foe to a foe, the ill-directed mind can do to you even worse.

43. Whatever a mother, father or other kinsman might do for you, the well-directed mind can do for you even better.

BLOSSOMS

44. Who will penetrate this earth and this realm of death with all its gods? Who will ferret out the well-taught Dhamma-saying, as the skillful flower-arranger the flower?

45. The learner-on-the-path will penetrate this earth and this realm of death with all its gods. The learner-on-the-path will ferret out the well-taught Dhamma-saying, as the skillful flower-arranger the flower.

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.

47. The man immersed in gathering blossoms, his heart distracted: death sweeps

him away—as a great flood, a village asleep.

48. The man immersed in gathering blossoms, his heart distracted, insatiable in sensual pleasures: the End-Maker holds him under his sway.

49. As a bee—without harming the blossom, its color, its fragrance—takes its nectar and flies away: so should the sage go through a village.

50. Focus, not on the rudenesses of others, not on what they've done or left undone, but on what you have and haven't done yourself.

51. Just like a blossom, bright colored but scentless: a well-spoken word is fruitless when not carried out.

52. Just like a blossom, bright colored and full of scent: a well-spoken word is fruitful when well carried out.

53. Just as from a heap of flowers many garland strands can be made, even so one born and mortal should do—with what's born and is mortal—many a skillful thing.

54. No flower's scent goes against the wind—not sandalwood, jasmine, tagara. But the scent of the good does go against the wind. The person of integrity wafts a scent in every direction.

55. Sandalwood, tagara, lotus, and jasmine: Among these scents, the scent of virtue is unsurpassed.

56. Next to nothing, this fragrance—sandalwood, tagara—while the scent of the virtuous wafts to the gods, supreme.

57. Those consummate in virtue, dwelling in heedfulness, released through right knowing: Mara can't follow their tracks.

58-59. As in a pile of rubbish cast by the side of a highway a lotus might grow clean-smelling pleasing the heart, so in the midst of the rubbish-like, people run-of-the-mill and blind, there dazzles with discernment the disciple of the Rightly Self-Awakened One.

FOOLS

60. Long for the wakeful is the night. Long for the weary, a league. For fools unaware of True Dhamma, samsara is long.

61. If, in your course, you don't meet your equal, your better, then continue your course, firmly, alone. There's no fellowship with fools.

62. 'I have sons, I have wealth'—the fool torments himself. When even he himself doesn't belong to himself, how then sons? How wealth?

63. A fool with a sense of his foolishness is—at least to that extent—wise. But a fool who thinks himself wise really deserves to be called a fool.

64. Even if for a lifetime the fool stays with the wise, he knows nothing of

the Dhamma—as the ladle, the taste of the soup.

65. Even if for a moment, the perceptive person stays with the wise, he immediately knows the Dhamma—as the tongue, the taste of the soup.

66. Fools, their wisdom weak, are their own enemies as they go through life, doing evil that bears bitter fruit.

67. It's not good, the doing of the deed that, once it's done, you regret, whose result you reap crying, your face in tears.

68. It's good, the doing of the deed that, once it's done, you don't regret, whose result you reap gratified, happy at heart.

69. As long as evil has yet to ripen, the fool mistakes it for honey. But when that evil ripens, the fool falls into pain.

70. Month after month the fool might eat only a tip-of-grass measure of food, but he wouldn't be worth one sixteenth of those who've fathomed the Dhamma.

71. An evil deed, when done, doesn't—like ready milk—come out right away. It follows the fool, smoldering like a fire hidden in ashes.

72. Only for his ruin does renown come to the fool. It ravages his bright fortune and rips his head apart.

73. He would want unwarranted status, preeminence among monks, authority among monasteries, homage from lay families.

74. 'Let householders and those gone forth both think that this was done by me alone. May I alone determine what's a duty, what's not': the resolve of a fool as they grow—his desire and pride.

75. The path to material gain goes one way, the way to Unbinding, another. Realizing this, the monk, a disciple to the Awakened One, should not relish offerings, should cultivate seclusion instead.

THE WISE

76. Regard him as one who points out treasure, the wise one who seeing your faults rebukes you. Stay with this sort of sage. For the one who stays with a sage of this sort, things get better, not worse.

77. Let him admonish, instruct, deflect you away from poor manners. To the good, he's endearing; to the bad, he's not.

78. Don't associate with bad friends. Don't associate with the low. Associate with admirable friends. Associate with the best.

79. Drinking the Dhamma, refreshed by the Dhamma, one sleeps at ease with clear awareness and calm. In the Dhamma revealed by the noble ones, the wise person always delights.

80. Irrigators guide the water. Fletchers shape the arrow shaft. Carpenters shape the wood. The wise control themselves.

81. As a single slab of rock won't budge in the wind, so the wise are not moved by praise, by blame.
82. Like a deep lake, clear, unruffled, and calm: so the wise become clear, calm, on hearing words of the Dhamma.
83. Everywhere, truly, those of integrity stand apart. They, the good, don't chatter in hopes of favor or gains. When touched now by pleasure, now pain, the wise give no sign of high or low.
84. One who wouldn't—not for his own sake nor that of another—hanker for wealth, a son, a kingdom, his own fulfillment, by unrighteous means: he is righteous, rich in virtue, discernment.
- 85-89. Few are the people who reach the Far Shore. These others simply scurry along this shore. But those who practice Dhamma in line with the well-taught Dhamma, will cross over the realm of Death so hard to transcend.

Forsaking dark practices, the wise person should develop the bright, having gone from home to no-home in seclusion, so hard to enjoy. There he should wish for delight, discarding sensuality—he who has nothing. He should cleanse himself—wise—of what defiles the mind.

Whose minds are well-developed in the factors of self-awakening, who delight in non-clinging, relinquishing grasping—resplendent, their effluents ended: they, in the world, are Unbound.

ARAHANTS

90. In one who has gone the full distance, is free from sorrow, is fully released in all respects, has abandoned all bonds: no fever is found.
91. The mindful keep active, don't delight in settling back. They renounce every home, every home, like swans taking off from a lake.
92. Not hoarding, having understood food, their pasture—emptiness and freedom without sign: their trail, like that of birds through space, can't be traced.
93. Effluents ended, independent of nutriment, their pasture—emptiness and freedom without sign: their trail, like that of birds through space, can't be traced.
94. He whose senses are steadied like stallions well-trained by the charioteer, his conceit abandoned, free of effluent, Such: even devas adore him.
95. Like the earth, he doesn't react—cultured, Such, like Indra's pillar, like a lake free of mud. For him—Such—there's no traveling on.
96. Calm is his mind, calm his speech and his deed: one who's released through right knowing, pacified, Such.
97. The man faithless / beyond conviction ungrateful / knowing the Unmade a

burglar / who has severed connections who's destroyed his chances / conditions
who eats vomit: / has disgorged expectations: the ultimate person.

98. In village or wilds, valley, plateau: that place is delightful where
arahants dwell.

99. Delightful wilds where the crowds don't delight, those free from passion
delight, for they're not searching for sensual pleasures.

THOUSANDS

100. Better than if there were thousands of meaningless words is one
meaningful word that on hearing brings peace.

101. Better than if there were thousands of meaningless verses is one
meaningful verse that on hearing brings peace.

102. And better than chanting hundreds of meaningless verses is one
Dhamma-saying that on hearing brings peace.

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.

106. You could, month by month, at a cost of thousands, conduct sacrifices a
hundred times, or pay a single moment's homage to one person, self-cultivated.
Better than a hundred years of sacrifices would that act of homage be.

107. You could, for a hundred years, live in a forest tending a fire, or pay a
single moment's homage to one person, self-cultivated. Better than a hundred
years of sacrifices would that act of homage be.

108. Everything offered or sacrificed in the world for an entire year by one
seeking merit doesn't come to a fourth. Better to pay respect to those who've
gone the straight way.

109. If you're respectful by habit, constantly honoring the worthy, four
things increase: long life, beauty, happiness, strength.

110-115:

110. Better than a hundred years lived without virtue, uncentered, is one day
lived by a virtuous person absorbed in jhana.

111. And better than a hundred years lived undiscerning, uncentered, is one
day lived by a discerning person absorbed in jhana.

112. And better than a hundred years lived apathetic and unenergetic, is one
day lived energetic and firm.

113. And better than a hundred years lived without seeing arising and passing
away, is one day lived seeing arising and passing away.

114. And better than a hundred years lived without seeing the Deathless state, is one day lived seeing the Deathless state.

115. And better than a hundred years lived without seeing the ultimate Dhamma, is one day lived seeing the ultimate Dhamma.

EVIL

116. Be quick in doing what's admirable. Restrain your mind from what's evil. When you're slow in making merit, evil delights the mind.

117. If a person does evil, he shouldn't do it again and again, shouldn't develop a penchant for it. To accumulate evil brings pain.

118. If a person makes merit, he should do it again and again, should develop a penchant for it. To accumulate merit brings ease.

119. Even the evil meet with good fortune as long as their evil has yet to mature. But when it's matured that's when they meet with evil.

120. Even the good meet with bad fortune as long as their good has yet to mature. But when it's matured that's when they meet with good fortune.

121. Don't be heedless of evil ('It won't come to me'). A water jar fills, even with water falling in drops. With evil—even if bit by bit, habitually—the fool fills himself full.

122. Don't be heedless of merit ('It won't come to me'). A water jar fills, even with water falling in drops. With merit—even if bit by bit, habitually—the enlightened one fills himself full.

123. Like a merchant with a small but well-laden caravan—a dangerous road, like a person who loves life—a poison, one should avoid—evil deeds.

124. If there's no wound on the hand, that hand can hold poison. Poison won't penetrate where there's no wound. There's no evil for those who don't do it.

125. Whoever harasses an innocent man, a man pure, without blemish: the evil comes right back to the fool like fine dust thrown against the wind.

126. Some are born in the human womb, evildoers in hell, those on the good course go to heaven, while those without effort: totally unbound.

127. Not up in the air, nor in the middle of the sea, nor going into a cleft in the mountains—nowhere on earth—is a spot to be found where you could stay and escape your evil deed.

128. Not up in the air, nor in the middle of the sea, nor going into a cleft in the mountains—nowhere on earth—is a spot to be found where you could stay and not succumb to death.

THE ROD

129. All tremble at the rod, all are fearful of death. Drawing the parallel to yourself, neither kill nor get others to kill.

130. All tremble at the rod, all hold their life dear. Drawing the parallel to yourself, neither kill nor get others to kill.

131. Whoever takes a rod to harm living beings desiring ease, when he himself is looking for ease, will meet with no ease after death.

132. Whoever doesn't take a rod to harm living beings desiring ease, when he himself is looking for ease, will meet with ease after death.

133-134. Speak harshly to no one, or the words will be thrown right back at you. Contentious talk is painful, for you get struck by rods in return. If, like a flattened metal pot you don't resound, you've attained an Unbinding; in you there's found no contention.

135. As a cowherd with a rod drives cows to the field, so aging and death drive the life of living beings.

136. When doing evil deeds, the fool is oblivious. The dullard is tormented by his own deeds, as if burned by a fire.

137-140. Whoever, with a rod, harasses an innocent man, unarmed, quickly falls into any of ten things: harsh pains, devastation, a broken body, grave illness, mental derangement, trouble with the government, violent slander, relatives lost, property dissolved, houses burned down. At the break-up of the body this one with no discernment, reappears in hell.

141-142. Neither nakedness nor matted hair nor mud nor the refusal of food nor sleeping on the bare ground nor dust and dirt nor squatting austerities cleanses the mortal who's not gone beyond doubt. If, though adorned, one lives in tune with the chaste life—calmed, tamed, and assured—having put down the rod toward all beings, he's a contemplative a brahmin a monk.

143. Who in the world is a man constrained by conscience, who awakens to censure like a fine stallion to the whip?

144. Like a fine stallion struck with a whip, be ardent and chastened. Through conviction virtue, persistence, concentration, judgment, consummate in knowledge and conduct, mindful, you'll abandon this not-insignificant pain.

145. Irrigators guide the water. Fletchers shape the arrow shaft. Carpenters shape the wood. Those of good practices control themselves.

AGING

146. What laughter, why joy, when constantly aflame? Enveloped in darkness, don't you look for a lamp?

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 and blood, whose hidden treasures are: pride and contempt, aging and 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.

152. This unlistening man matures like an ox. His muscles develop, his discernment not.

153. Through the round of many births I roamed without reward, without rest, seeking the house-builder. Painful is birth again and again.

154. House-builder, you're seen! You will not build a house again. All your rafters broken, the ridge pole destroyed, gone to the Unformed, the mind has come to the end of craving.

155. 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.

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

SELF

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.

158. First he'd settle himself in what is correct, only then teach others. He wouldn't stain his name: he is wise.

159. If you'd mold yourself the way you teach others, then, well-trained, go ahead and tame—for, as they say, what's hard to tame is you yourself.

160. Your own self is your own mainstay, for who else could your mainstay be? With you yourself well-trained you obtain the mainstay hard to obtain.

161. The evil he himself has done—self-born, self-created—grinds down the dullard, as a diamond, a precious stone.

162. When overspread by extreme vice—like a sal tree by a vine—you do to yourself what an enemy would wish.

163. They're easy to do—things of no good and no use to yourself. What's truly useful and good is truly harder than hard to do.

164. The teaching of those who live the Dhamma, worthy ones, noble: whoever maligns it—a dullard, inspired by evil view—bears fruit for his own destruction, like the fruiting of the bamboo.

165. Evil is done by oneself by oneself is one defiled. Evil is left undone by oneself by oneself is one cleansed. Purity and impurity are one's own doing. No

one purifies another. No other purifies one.

166. Don't sacrifice your own welfare for that of another, no matter how great. Realizing your own true welfare, be intent on just that.

AWAKENED

179. Whose conquest can't be undone, whose conquest no one in the world can reach; awakened, his pasture endless, pathless: by what path will you lead him astray?

180. In whom there's no craving—the sticky ensnarer—to lead him anywhere at all; awakened, his pasture endless, pathless: by what path will you lead him astray?

181. They, the enlightened, intent on jhana, delighting in stilling and renunciation, self-awakened and mindful: even the devas view them with envy.

182. Hard the winning of a human birth. Hard the life of mortals. Hard the chance to hear the true Dhamma. Hard the arising of Awakened Ones.

183. The non-doing of any evil, the performance of what's skillful, the cleansing of one's own mind: this is the teaching of the Awakened.

184. Patient endurance: the foremost austerity. Unbinding: the foremost, so say the Awakened. He who injures another is no contemplative. He who mistreats another, no monk.

185. Not disparaging, not injuring, restraint in line with the Patimokkha, moderation in food, dwelling in seclusion, commitment to the heightened mind: this is the teaching of the Awakened.

186-187. Not even if it rained gold coins would we have our fill of sensual pleasures. 'Stressful, they give little enjoyment'—knowing this, the wise one finds no delight even in heavenly sensual pleasures. He is one who delights in the ending of craving, a disciple of the Rightly Self-Awakened One.

188-192. They go to many a refuge, to mountains and forests, to park and tree shrines: people threatened with danger. That's not the secure refuge, not the supreme refuge, that's not the refuge, having gone to which, you gain release from all suffering and stress.

But when, having gone to the Buddha, Dhamma, and Sangha for refuge, you see with right discernment the four noble truths—stress, the cause of stress, the transcending of stress, and the noble eightfold path, the way to the stilling of stress: that's the secure refuge, that, the supreme refuge, that is the refuge, having gone to which, you gain release from all suffering and stress.

193. It's hard to come by a thoroughbred of a man. It's simply not true that he's born everywhere. Wherever he's born, an enlightened one, the family prospers, is happy.

194. A blessing: the arising of Awakened Ones. A blessing: the teaching of true Dhamma. A blessing: the concord of the Sangha. The austerity of those in

concord is a blessing.

195-196. If you worship those worthy of worship,—Awakened Ones or their disciples—who've transcended complications, lamentation, and grief, who are unendangered, fearless, unbound: there's no measure for reckoning that your merit's 'this much.'

HAPPY

197. How very happily we live, free from hostility among those who are hostile. Among hostile people, free from hostility we dwell.

198. How very happily we live, free from misery among those who are miserable. Among miserable people, free from misery we dwell.

199. How very happily we live, free from busyness among those who are busy. Among busy people, free from busyness we dwell.

200. How very happily we live, we who have nothing. We will feed on rapture like the Radiant gods.

201. Winning gives birth to hostility. Losing, one lies down in pain. The calmed lie down with ease, having set winning and losing aside.

202. There's no fire like passion, no loss like anger, no pain like the aggregates, no ease other than peace.

203. Hunger: the foremost illness. Fabrications: the foremost pain. For one knowing this truth as it actually is, Unbinding is the foremost ease.

204. Freedom from illness: the foremost good fortune. Contentment: the foremost wealth. Trust: the foremost kinship. Unbinding: the foremost ease.

205. Drinking the nourishment, the flavor, of seclusion and calm, one is freed from evil, devoid of distress, refreshed with the nourishment of rapture in the Dhamma.

206. It's good to see Noble Ones. Happy their company—always. Through not seeing fools constantly, constantly one would be happy.

207. For, living with a fool, one grieves a long time. Painful is communion with fools, as with an enemy—always. Happy is communion with the enlightened, as with a gathering of kin.

208. So: the enlightened man—discerning, learned, enduring, dutiful, noble, intelligent, a man of integrity: follow him—one of this sort—as the moon, the path of the zodiac stars.

DEAR ONES

209. Having applied himself to what was not his own task, and not having applied himself to what was, having disregarded the goal to grasp at what he held dear, he now envies those who kept after themselves, took themselves to task.

210. Don't ever—regardless—be conjoined with what's dear or undear. It's painful not to see what's dear or to see what's not.
211. So don't make anything dear, for it's dreadful to be far from what's dear. No bonds are found for those for whom there's neither dear nor undear.
212. From what's dear is born grief, from what's dear is born fear. For one freed from what's dear there's no grief—so how fear?
213. From what's loved is born grief, from what's loved is born fear. For one freed from what's loved there's no grief—so how fear?
214. From delight is born grief, from delight is born fear. For one freed from delight there's no grief—so how fear?
215. From sensuality is born grief, from sensuality is born fear. For one freed from sensuality there's no grief—so how fear?
216. From craving is born grief, from craving is born fear. For one freed from craving there's no grief—so how fear?
217. One consummate in virtue and vision, judicious, speaking the truth, doing his own task: the world holds him dear.
218. If your heart has blossomed and given birth to a wish for what can't be expressed, your mind not enmeshed in sensual passions: you're said to be in the up-flowing stream.
219. A man long absent comes home safe from afar. His kin, his friends, his companions, delight in his return.
220. In just the same way, when you've done good and gone from this world to the world beyond, your good deeds receive you—as kin, someone dear come home.

ANGER

221. Abandon anger, be done with conceit, get beyond every fetter. When for name and form you have no attachment—have nothing at all—no sufferings, no stresses, invade.
222. When anger arises, whoever keeps firm control as if with a racing chariot: him I call a master charioteer. Anyone else, a rein-holder—that's all.
223. Conquer anger with lack of anger; bad, with good; stinginess, with generosity; a liar, with truth.
224. By telling the truth; by not growing angry; by giving, when asked, no matter how little you have: by these three things you enter the presence of devas.
225. Gentle sages, constantly restrained in body, go to the unwavering state where, having gone, there's no grief.
226. Those who always stay wakeful, training by day and by night, keen on

Unbinding: their effluents come to an end.

227. This has come down from old, Atula, and not just from today: they find fault with one who sits silent, they find fault with one who speaks a great deal, they find fault with one who measures his words. There's no one unfaulted in the world.

228. There never was, will be, nor at present is found anyone entirely faulted or entirely praised.

229-230. If knowledgeable people praise him, having observed him day after day to be blameless in conduct, intelligent, endowed with discernment and virtue: like an ingot of gold—who's fit to find fault with him? Even devas praise him. Even by Brahmas he's praised.

231-234. Guard against anger erupting in body; in body, be restrained. Having abandoned bodily misconduct, live conducting yourself well in body.

Guard against anger erupting in speech; in speech, be restrained. Having abandoned verbal misconduct, live conducting yourself well in speech.

Guard against anger erupting in mind; in mind, be restrained. Having abandoned mental misconduct, live conducting yourself well in mind. Those restrained in body—the enlightened—restrained in speech and in mind—enlightened—are the ones whose restraint is secure.

IMPURITIES

235. You are now like a yellowed leaf. Already Yama's minions stand near. You stand at the door to departure but have yet to provide for the journey.

236. Make an island for yourself! Work quickly! Be wise! With impurities all blown away, unblemished, you'll reach the divine realm of the noble ones.

237. You are now right at the end of your time. You are headed to Yama's presence, with no place to rest along the way, but have yet to provide for the journey.

238. Make an island for yourself! Work quickly! Be wise! With impurities all blown away, unblemished, you won't again undergo birth and aging.

239. Just as a silver smith step by step, bit by bit, moment to moment, blows away the impurities of molten silver—so the wise man, his own.

240. Just as rust—iron's impurity—eats the very iron from which it is born, so the deeds of one who lives slovenly lead him on to a bad destination.

241. No recitation: the ruinous impurity of chants. No initiative: of a household. Indolence: of beauty. Heedlessness: of a guard.

242. In a woman, misconduct is an impurity. In a donor, stinginess. Evil deeds are the real impurities in this world and the next.

243. More impure than these impurities is the ultimate impurity: ignorance. Having abandoned this impurity, monks, you're impurity-free.

244-245. Life's easy to live for someone unscrupulous, cunning as a crow, corrupt, back-biting, forward, and brash; but for someone who's constantly scrupulous, cautious, observant, sincere, pure in his livelihood, clean in his pursuits, it's hard.

246-248. Whoever kills, lies, steals, goes to someone else's wife, and is addicted to intoxicants, digs himself up by the root right here in this world.

So know, my good man, that bad deeds are reckless. Don't let greed and unrighteousness oppress you with long-term pain.

249. People give in line with their faith, in line with conviction. Whoever gets flustered at food and drink given to others, attains no concentration by day or by night.

250. But one in whom this is cut through up-rooted wiped out—attains concentration by day or by night.

251. There's no fire like passion, no seizure like anger, no snare like delusion, no river like craving.

252. It's easy to see the errors of others, but hard to see your own. You winnow like chaff the errors of others, but conceal your own—like a cheat, an unlucky throw.

253. If you focus on the errors of others, constantly finding fault, your effluents flourish. You're far from their ending.

254. There's no trail in space, no outside contemplative. People are smitten with complications, but devoid of complication are the Tathagatas.

255. There's no trail in space, no outside contemplative, no eternal fabrications, no wavering in the Awakened.

THE JUDGE

256-257. To pass judgment hurriedly doesn't mean you're a judge. The wise one, weighing both the right judgment and wrong, judges others impartially—unhurriedly, in line with the Dhamma, guarding the Dhamma, guarded by Dhamma, intelligent: he's called a judge.

258. Simply talking a lot doesn't mean one is wise. Whoever's secure—no hostility, fear—is said to be wise.

259. Simply talking a lot doesn't maintain the Dhamma. Whoever—although he's heard next to nothing—sees Dhamma through his body, is not heedless of Dhamma: he's one who maintains the Dhamma.

260-261. A head of gray hairs doesn't mean one's an elder. Advanced in years, one's called an old fool. But one in whom there is truth, restraint, rectitude, gentleness, self-control—he's called an elder, his impurities disgorged, enlightened.

262-263. Not by suave conversation or lotus-like coloring does an envious,

miserly cheat become an exemplary man. But one in whom this is cut through up-rooted wiped out—he's called exemplary, his aversion disgorged, intelligent.

264. A shaven head doesn't mean a contemplative. The liar observing no duties, filled with greed and desire: what kind of contemplative's he?

265. But whoever tunes out the dissonance of his evil qualities—large or small—in every way by bringing evil to consonance: he's called a contemplative.

266. Begging from others doesn't mean one's a monk. As long as one follows householders' ways, one is no monk at all.

267. But whoever puts aside both merit and evil and, living the chaste life, judiciously goes through the world: he's called a monk.

268-269. Not by silence does someone confused and unknowing turn into a sage. But whoever—wise, as if holding the scales, taking the excellent—rejects evil deeds: he is a sage, that's how he's a sage. Whoever can weigh both sides of the world: that's how he's called a sage.

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

271-272. Monk, don't on account of your precepts and practices, great erudition, concentration attainments, secluded dwelling, or the thought, 'I touch the renunciate ease that run-of-the-mill people don't know': ever let yourself get complacent when the ending of effluents is still unattained.

THE PATH

273. Of paths, the eightfold is best. Of truths, the four sayings. Of qualities, dispassion. Of two-footed beings, the one with the eyes to see.

274. Just this is the path—there is no other—to purify vision. Follow it, and that will be Mara's bewilderment.

275. Following it, you put an end to suffering and stress. I have taught you this path for knowing the extraction of arrows.

276. It's for you to strive ardently. Tathagatas simply point out the way. Those who practice, absorbed in jhana: from Mara's bonds they'll be freed.

277. When you see with discernment, 'All fabrications are inconstant'—you grow disenchanted with stress. This is the path to purity.

278. When you see with discernment, 'All fabrications are stressful'—you grow disenchanted with stress. This is the path to purity.

279. When you see with discernment, 'All phenomena are not-self'—you grow disenchanted with stress. This is the path to purity.

280. At the time for initiative he takes no initiative. Young, strong, but lethargic, the resolves of his heart exhausted, the lazy, lethargic one loses the path to discernment.

281. Guarded in speech, well-restrained in body and mind, do nothing unskillful. Purify these three courses of action. Bring to fruition the path that seers have proclaimed.

282. From striving comes wisdom; from not, wisdom's end. Knowing these two courses—to development, decline—conduct yourself so that wisdom will grow.

283. Cut down the forest of desire, not the forest of trees. From the forest of desire come danger and fear. Having cut down this forest and its underbrush, monks, be deforested.

284. For as long as the least bit of underbrush of a man for women is not cleared away, the heart is fixated like a suckling calf on its mother.

285. Crush your sense of self-allure like an autumn lily in the hand. Nurture only the path to peace—Unbinding—as taught by the One Well Gone.

286-289. 'Here I'll stay for the rains. Here, for the summer and winter.' So imagines the fool, unaware of obstructions.

That drunk-on-his-sons-and-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.

MISCELLANY

290. If, by forsaking a limited ease, he would see an abundance of ease, the enlightened man would forsake the limited ease for the sake of the abundant.

291. He wants his own ease by giving others disease. Intertwined in the interaction of hostility, from hostility he's not set free.

292. In those who reject what should, and do what shouldn't be done—heedless, insolent—effluents grow.

293. But for those who are well-applied, constantly, to mindfulness immersed in the body; don't indulge in what shouldn't be done and persist in what should—mindful, alert—effluents come to an end.

294. Having killed mother and father, two warrior kings, the kingdom and its dependency—the brahmin, untroubled, travels on.

295. Having killed mother and father, two learned kings, and, fifth, a tiger—the brahmin, untroubled, travels on.

296. They awaken, always wide awake: Gotama's disciples whose mindfulness, both day and night, is constantly immersed in the Buddha.

297. They awaken, always wide awake: Gotama's disciples whose mindfulness, both day and night, is constantly immersed in the Dhamma.

298. They awaken, always wide awake: Gotama's disciples whose mindfulness, both day and night, is constantly immersed in the Sangha.
299. They awaken, always wide awake: Gotama's disciples whose mindfulness, both day and night, is constantly immersed in the body.
300. They awaken, always wide awake: Gotama's disciples whose hearts delight, both day and night, in harmlessness.
301. They awaken, always wide awake: Gotama's disciples whose hearts delight, both day and night, in developing the mind.
302. Hard is the life gone forth, hard to delight in. Hard is the miserable householder's life. It's painful to stay with dissonant people, painful to travel the road. So be neither traveler nor pained.
303. The man of conviction endowed with virtue, glory, and wealth: wherever he goes he is honored.
304. The good shine from afar like the snowy Himalayas. The bad don't appear even when near, like arrows shot into the night.
305. Sitting alone, resting alone, walking alone, untiring. Taming himself, he'd delight alone—alone in the forest.

HELL

306. He goes to hell, the one who asserts what didn't take place, as does the one who, having done, says, 'I didn't.' Both—low-acting people—there become equal: after death, in the world beyond.
307. An ochre robe tied 'round their necks, many with evil qualities—unrestrained, evil—rearise, because of their evil acts, in hell.
308. Better to eat an iron ball—glowing, aflame—than that, unprincipled and unrestrained, you should eat the alms of the country.
309. Four things befall the heedless man who lies down with the wives of others: a wealth of demerit; a lack of good sleep; third, censure; fourth, hell.
310. A wealth of demerit, an evil destination, and the brief delight of a fearful man with a fearful woman, and the king inflicts a harsh punishment. So no man should lie down with the wife of another.
311. Just as sharp-bladed grass, if wrongly held, wounds the very hand that holds it—the contemplative life, if wrongly grasped, drags you down to hell.
312. Any slack act, or defiled observance, or fraudulent life of chastity bears no great fruit.
313. If something's to be done, then work at it firmly, for a slack going-forth kicks up all the more dust.
314. It's better to leave a misdeed undone. A misdeed burns you afterward.

Better that a good deed be done that, after you've done it, won't make you burn.

315. Like a frontier fortress, guarded inside and out, guard yourself. Don't let the moment pass by. Those for whom the moment is past grieve, consigned to hell.

316. Ashamed of what's not shameful, not ashamed of what is, beings adopting wrong views go to a bad destination.

317. Seeing danger where there is none, and no danger where there is, beings adopting wrong views go to a bad destination.

318. Seeing error where there is none, and no error where there is, beings adopting wrong views go to a bad destination.

319. But knowing error as error, and non-error as non-, beings adopting right views go to a good destination.

ELEPHANTS

320. I—like an elephant in battle, enduring an arrow shot from a bow—will endure a false accusation, for the mass of people have no principles.

321. The tamed is the one they take into assemblies. The tamed is the one the king mounts. The tamed who endures a false accusation is, among human beings, the best.

322. Excellent are tamed mules, tamed thoroughbreds, tamed horses from Sindh. Excellent, tamed tuskers, great elephants. But even more excellent are those self-tamed.

323. For not by these mounts could you go to the land unreached, as the tamed one goes by taming, well-taming, himself.

324. The tusker, Dhanapalaka, deep in rut, is hard to control. Bound, he won't eat a morsel: the tusker misses the elephant wood.

325. When torpid and over-fed, a sleepy-head lolling about like a stout hog, fattened on fodder: a dullard enters the womb over and over again.

326. Before, this mind went wandering however it pleased, wherever it wanted, by whatever way that it liked. Today I will hold it aptly in check—as one wielding a goad, an elephant in rut.

327. Delight in heedfulness. Watch over your own mind. Lift yourself up from the hard-going way, like a tusker sunk in the mud.

328. If you gain a mature companion—a fellow traveler, right-living, enlightened—overcoming all dangers go with him, gratified, mindful.

329. If you don't gain a mature companion—a fellow traveler, right-living, enlightened—go alone like a king renouncing his kingdom, like the elephant in the Matanga wilds, his herd.

330. Going alone is better, there's no companionship with a fool. Go alone, doing no evil, at peace, like the elephant in the Matanga wilds.

331-333. A blessing: friends when the need arises. A blessing: contentment with whatever there is. Merit at the ending of life is a blessing. A blessing: the abandoning of all suffering and stress. A blessing in the world: reverence to your mother. A blessing: reverence to your father as well. A blessing in the world: reverence to a contemplative. A blessing: reverence for a brahmin, too. A blessing into old age is virtue. A blessing: conviction established. A blessing: discernment attained. The non-doing of evil things is a blessing.

CRAVING

334. When a person lives heedlessly, his craving grows like a creeping vine. He runs now here and now there, as if looking for fruit: a monkey in the forest.

335. If this sticky, uncouth craving overcomes you in the world, your sorrows grow like wild grass after rain.

336. If, in the world, you overcome this uncouth craving, hard to escape, sorrows roll off you, like water beads off a lotus.

337. To all of you gathered here I say: Good fortune. Dig up craving—as when seeking medicinal roots, wild grass—by the root. Don't let Mara cut you down—as a raging river, a reed—over and over again.

338. If its root remains undamaged and strong, a tree, even if cut, will grow back. So too if latent craving is not rooted out, this suffering returns again and again.

339. He whose 36 streams, flowing to what is appealing, are strong: the currents—resolves based on passion—carry him, of base views, away.

340. They flow every which way, the streams, but the sprouted creeper stays in place. Now, seeing that the creeper's arisen, cut through its root with discernment.

341. Loosened and oiled are the joys of a person. People, bound by enticement, looking for ease: to birth and aging they go.

342. Encircled with craving, people hop round and around like a rabbit caught in a snare. Tied with fetters and bonds they go on to suffering, again and again, for long.

343. Encircled with craving, people hop round and around like a rabbit caught in a snare. So a monk should dispel craving, should aspire to dispassion for himself.

344. Cleared of the underbrush but obsessed with the forest, set free from the forest, right back to the forest he runs. Come, see the person set free who runs right back to the same old chains!

345-347. That's not a strong bond—so say the enlightened—the one made of

iron, of wood, or of grass. To be smitten, enthralled, with jewels and ornaments, longing for children and wives: that's the strong bond,—so say the enlightened—one that's constraining, elastic, hard to untie. But having cut it, they—the enlightened—go forth, free of longing, abandoning sensual ease.

Those smitten with passion fall back into a self-made stream, like a spider snared in its web. But, having cut it, the enlightened set forth, free of longing, abandoning all suffering and stress.

348. Gone to the beyond of becoming, you let go of in front, let go of behind, let go of between. With a heart everywhere let-go, you don't come again to birth and aging.

349-350. For a person forced on by his thinking, fierce in his passion, focused on beauty, craving grows all the more. He's the one who tightens the bond. But one who delights in the stilling of thinking, always mindful cultivating a focus on the foul: He's the one who will make an end, the one who will cut Mara's bond.

351-352. Arrived at the finish, unfrightened, unblemished, free of craving, he has cut away the arrows of becoming. This physical heap is his last. Free from craving, ungrasping, astute in expression, knowing the combination of sounds—which comes first and which after. He's called a last-body greatly discerning great man.

353. All-conquering, all-knowing am I, with regard to all things, unadhering. All-abandoning, released in the ending of craving: having fully known on my own, to whom should I point as my teacher?

354. A gift of Dhamma conquers all gifts; the taste of Dhamma, all tastes; a delight in Dhamma, all delights; the ending of craving, all suffering and stress.

355. Riches ruin the man weak in discernment, but not those who seek the beyond. Through craving for riches the man weak in discernment ruins himself as he would others.

356. Fields are spoiled by weeds; people, by passion. So what's given to those free of passion bears great fruit.

357. Fields are spoiled by weeds; people, by aversion. So what's given to those free of aversion bears great fruit.

358. Fields are spoiled by weeds; people, by delusion. So what's given to those free of delusion bears great fruit.

359. Fields are spoiled by weeds; people, by longing. So what's given to those free of longing bears great fruit.

MONKS

360-361. Restraint with the eye is good, good is restraint with the ear.

Restraint with the nose is good, good is restraint with the tongue. Restraint with the body is good, good is restraint with speech. Restraint with the heart is good, good is restraint everywhere. A monk everywhere restrained is released from all suffering and stress.

362. Hands restrained, feet restrained speech restrained, supremely restrained—delighting in what is inward, content, centered, alone: he's what they call a monk.

363. A monk restrained in his speaking, giving counsel unruffled, declaring the message and meaning: sweet is his speech.

364. Dhamma his dwelling, Dhamma his delight, a monk pondering Dhamma, calling Dhamma to mind, does not fall away from true Dhamma.

365. Gains: don't treat your own with scorn, don't go coveting those of others. A monk who covets those of others attains no concentration.

366. Even if he gets next to nothing, he doesn't treat his gains with scorn. Living purely, untiring: he's the one that the devas praise.

367. For whom, in name and form in every way, there's no sense of mine, and who doesn't grieve for what's not: he's deservedly called a monk.

368. Dwelling in kindness, a monk with faith in the Awakened One's teaching, would attain the good state, the peaceful state: stilling-of-fabrications ease.

369. Monk, bail out this boat. It will take you lightly when bailed. Having cut through passion, aversion, you go from there to Unbinding.

370. Cut through five, let go of five, and develop five above all. A monk gone past five attachments is said to have crossed the flood.

371. Practice jhana, monk, and don't be heedless. Don't take your mind roaming in sensual strands. Don't swallow—heedless—the ball of iron aflame. Don't burn and complain: 'This is pain.'

372. There's no jhana for one with no discernment, no discernment for one with no jhana. But one with both jhana and discernment: he's on the verge of Unbinding.

373. A monk with his mind at peace, going into an empty dwelling, clearly seeing the Dhamma aright: his delight is more than human.

374. However it is, however it is he touches the arising-and-passing of aggregates: he gains rapture and joy: that, for those who know it, is deathless, the Deathless.

375-376. Here the first things for a discerning monk are guarding the senses, contentment, restraint in line with the Patimokkha. He should associate with admirable friends, living purely, untiring, hospitable by habit, skilled in his conduct. Gaining a manifold joy, he will put an end to suffering and stress.

377. Shed passion and aversion, monks—as a jasmine would, its withered

flowers.

378. Calmed in body, calmed in speech, well-centered and calm, having disgorged the baits of the world, a monk is called thoroughly calmed.

379. You yourself should reprove yourself, should examine yourself. As a self-guarded monk with guarded self, mindful, you dwell at ease.

380. Your own self is your own mainstay. Your own self is your own guide. Therefore you should watch over yourself—as a trader, a fine steed.

381. A monk with a manifold joy, with faith in the Awakened One's teaching, would attain the good state, the peaceful state: stilling-of-fabrications ease.

382. A young monk who strives in the Awakened One's teaching, brightens the world like the moon set free from a cloud.

BRAHMINS

383. Having striven, brahmin, cut the stream. Expel sensual passions. Knowing the ending of fabrications, brahmin, you know the Unmade.

384. When the brahmin has gone to the beyond of two things, then all his fetters go to their end—he who knows.

385. One whose beyond or not-beyond or beyond-and-not-beyond can't be found; unshackled, carefree: he's what I call a brahmin.

386. Sitting silent, dustless, absorbed in jhana, his task done, effluents gone, ultimate goal attained: he's what I call a brahmin.

387. By day shines the sun; by night, the moon; in armor, the warrior; in jhana, the brahmin. But all day and all night, every day and every night, the Awakened One shines in splendor.

388. He's called a brahmin for having banished his evil, a contemplative for living in consonance, one gone forth for having forsaken his own impurities.

389. One should not strike a brahmin, nor should the brahmin let loose with his anger. Shame on a brahmin's killer. More shame on the brahmin whose anger's let loose.

390. Nothing's better for the brahmin than when the mind is held back from what is endearing and not. However his harmful-heartedness wears away, that's how stress simply comes to rest.

391. Whoever does no wrong in body, speech, heart, is restrained in these three ways: he's what I call a brahmin.

392. The person from whom you would learn the Dhamma taught by the Rightly Self-Awakened One: you should honor him with respect—as a brahmin, the flame for a sacrifice.

393. Not by matted hair, by clan, or by birth, is one a brahmin. Whoever has truth and rectitude: he is a pure one, he, a brahmin.

394. What's the use of your matted hair, you dullard? What's the use of your deerskin cloak? The tangle's inside you. You comb the outside.
395. Wearing cast-off rags—his body lean and lined with veins—absorbed in jhana, alone in the forest: he's what I call a brahmin.
396. I don't call one a brahmin for being born of a mother or sprung from a womb. He's called a 'bho-sayer' if he has anything at all. But someone with nothing, who clings to no thing: he's what I call a brahmin.
397. Having cut every fetter, he doesn't get ruffled. Beyond attachment, unshackled: he's what I call a brahmin.
398. Having cut the strap and thong, cord and bridle, having thrown off the bar, awakened: he's what I call a brahmin.
399. He endures—unangered—insult, assault, and imprisonment. His army is strength; his strength, forbearance: he's what I call a brahmin.
400. Free from anger, duties observed, principled, with no overbearing pride, trained, a 'last-body': he's what I call a brahmin.
401. Like water on a lotus leaf, a mustard seed on the tip of an awl, he doesn't adhere to sensual pleasures: he's what I call a brahmin.
402. He discerns right here, for himself, on his own, his own ending of stress. Unshackled, his burden laid down: he's what I call a brahmin.
403. Wise, profound in discernment, astute as to what is the path and what's not; his ultimate goal attained: he's what I call a brahmin.
404. Uncontaminated by householders and houseless ones alike; living with no home, with next to no wants: he's what I call a brahmin.
405. Having put aside violence against beings fearful or firm, he neither kills nor gets others to kill: he's what I call a brahmin.
406. Unopposing among opposition, unbound among the armed, unclinging among those who cling: he's what I call a brahmin.
407. His passion, aversion, conceit, and contempt, have fallen away—like a mustard seed from the tip of an awl: he's what I call a brahmin.
408. He would say what's non-grating, instructive, true—abusing no one: he's what I call a brahmin.
409. Here in the world he takes nothing not-given—long, short, large, small, attractive, not: he's what I call a brahmin.
410. His longing for this and for the next world can't be found; free from longing, unshackled: he's what I call a brahmin.
411. His attachments, his homes, can't be found. Through knowing he is unperplexed, has attained the plunge into Deathlessness: he's what I call a brahmin.

412. He has gone beyond attachment here for both merit and evil—sorrowless, dustless, and pure: he's what I call a brahmin.

413. Spotless, pure, like the moon—limpid and calm—his delights, his becomings, totally gone: he's what I call a brahmin.

414. He has made his way past this hard-going path—samsara, delusion—has crossed over, has gone beyond, is free from want, from perplexity, absorbed in jhana, through no-clinging Unbound: he's what I call a brahmin.

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

416. 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.

418. Having left behind delight and displeasure, cooled, with no acquisitions—a hero who has conquered all the world, every world: he's what I call a brahmin.

419. He knows in every way beings' passing away, and their re- arising; unattached, awakened, well-gone: he's what I call a brahmin.

420. He whose course they don't know—devas, gandhabbas, and human beings—his effluents ended, an arahant: he's what I call a brahmin.

421. He who has nothing—in front, behind, in between—the one with nothing who clings to no thing: he's what I call a brahmin.

422. A splendid bull, conqueror, hero, great seer—free from want, awakened, washed: he's what I call a brahmin.

423. He knows his former lives. He sees heavens and states of woe, has attained the ending of birth, is a sage who has mastered full-knowing, his mastery totally mastered: he's what I call a brahmin.