

THREE

The Mind

The restless, agitated mind,
Hard to protect, hard to control,
The sage makes straight,
As a fletcher the shaft of an arrow. (33)

Like a fish out of water,
Thrown on dry ground,
This mind thrashes about,
Trying to escape Māra's command. (34)

The mind, hard to control,
Flighty—alighting where it wishes—
One does well to tame.
The disciplined mind brings happiness. (35)

The mind, hard to see,
 Subtle—alighting where it wishes—
The sage protects.
 The watched mind brings happiness. (36)

Far-ranging, solitary,
 Incorporeal and hidden
Is the mind.
 Those who restrain it
Will be freed from Māra's bonds. (37)*

For those who are unsteady of mind,
 Who do not know true Dharma,
And whose serenity wavers,
 Wisdom does not mature. (38)

For one who is awake,
 Whose mind isn't overflowing,
 Whose heart isn't afflicted
And who has abandoned both merit and demerit,
Fear does not exist. (39)*

Knowing this body to be like a clay pot,
 Establishing this mind like a fortress,
One should battle Māra with the sword of insight,
 Protecting what has been won,
 Clinging to nothing. (40)*

All too soon this body
 Will lie on the ground,
Cast aside, deprived of consciousness,
 Like a useless scrap of wood. (41)

Whatever an enemy may do to an enemy,
 Or haters, one to another,
Far worse is the harm
 From one's own wrongly directed mind. (42)*

Neither mother nor father,
 Nor any other relative can do
One as much good
 As one's own well-directed mind. (43)

The
Dhammapada

A NEW TRANSLATION
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WITH ANNOTATIONS



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