

I should dispel the suffering of others because it is suffering like my own suffering. I should help others too because of their nature as beings, which is like my own being.

Śāntideva

The Bodhicaryavatara. Translated by K. Crosby and A. Skilton. Oxford and New York: Oxford University Press, 1995.

Thinking about the people of this floating world
far into the night –
My sleeve is wet with tears.

Ryokan

Ryokan. *One Robe, One Bowl: The Zen Poetry of Ryokan*. Translated by J. Stevens. New York and Tokyo: Weatherhill, 1977

To give up yourself without regret is the greatest charity.

Bodhidharma

Bodhidharma. *Zen Teaching of Bodhidharma*. Translated by R. Pine. New York: Weatherhill, 1987.

When I think
About the misery
Of those in the world
Their sadness
Becomes mine.

Ryokan

Ryokan. *One Robe, One Bowl: The Zen Poetry of Ryokan*. Translated by J. Stevens. New York and Tokyo: Weatherhill, 1977

May the desires of the Bodhisattvas for the welfare of the world meet with success. May they be happy to the highest degree in the inconceivable bliss of Buddhahood.
As long as space abides and as long as the world abides, so long may I abide, destroying the sufferings of the world.
May the world find happiness through all the pure deeds of the Bodhisattvas.

Śāntideva

The Bodhicaryavatara. Translated by K. Crosby and A. Skilton. Oxford and New York: Oxford University Press, 1995.

At first, one should meditate intently on the equality of oneself and others, as follows: "All equally experience suffering and happiness. I should look after them as I do myself."

Śāntideva

The Bodhicaryavatara. Translated by K. Crosby and A. Skilton. Oxford and New York: Oxford University Press, 1995.

I watch people in the world
Throw away their lives lusting after things,
Never able to satisfy their desires,
Falling into deep despair
And torturing themselves.
Even if they get what they want
How long will they be able to enjoy it?
For one heavenly pleasure
They suffer ten torments of hell,
Binding themselves more firmly to the grindstone.
Such people are like monkeys
Frantically grasping for the moon in the water
And then falling into a whirlpool.
How endlessly those caught up in the floating world suffer.
Despite myself, I fret over them all night
And cannot staunch my flow of tears.

Ryokan

Ryokan. Dewdrops on a Lotus Leaf: Zen Poems of Ryokan. J. Stevens, trans. Boston and London: Shambhala, 2004