

## Physical/Material Domain

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. Retrieved September 1999, from

<http://www.accesstoinsight.org/tipitaka/kn/dhp/dhp.intro.than.html>

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