Snp 1.1 — Uraga Sutta: The Snake

English translation by Thanissaro Bhikkhu.

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Changes: Presentation only: original HTML markup reflowed into plain text; wording, numbering and source repetitions retained. No repetitions expanded.

Completeness: ABBREVIATED. Every source-unit character is preserved, including introductions, notes and verse structure. Thanissaro's collection-level note explicitly states that repetitions were cut: https://www.dhammatalks.org/suttas/about.html. This is evidence about the translation method, not an assertion that every individual unit contains an omission; no repetitions reconstructed.

Text

Translator's note: A comparative study among the records of various early Buddhist schools suggests that the verses here, like those in I.3, were originally separate poems, spoken on separate occasions, and that they have been gathered together because they share the same refrain.

The monk who subdues his arisen anger as, with herbs, snake-venom once it has spread, sloughs off the near shore & far — as a snake, its decrepit old skin. The monk who has cut off passion without leaving a trace, as he would plunging into a lake, a lotus, sloughs off the near shore & far — as a snake, its decrepit old skin. The monk who has cut off craving without leaving a trace, as if he had dried up a swift-flowing stream, sloughs off the near shore & far — as a snake, its decrepit old skin. The monk who has demolished conceit without leaving a trace, as a great flood, a very weak bridge made of reeds, sloughs off the near shore & far — as a snake, its decrepit old skin. The monk seeing in states of becoming no essence, as he would, when surveying a fig tree, no flowers, sloughs off the near shore & far — as a snake, its decrepit old skin. The monk with no inner anger, who has thus gone beyond becoming & not-, sloughs off the near shore & far — as a snake, its decrepit old skin. The monk whose discursive thoughts are dispersed, well-dealt with inside without leaving a trace, sloughs off the near shore & far — as a snake, its decrepit old skin. The monk who hasn't slipped past or turned back, transcending all this objectification, sloughs

off the near shore & far — as a snake, its decrepit old skin. The monk who hasn't slipped past or turned back, knowing with regard to the world that "All this is unreal," sloughs off the near shore & far — as a snake, its decrepit old skin. The monk who hasn't slipped past or turned back, without greed, as "All this is unreal," sloughs off the near shore & far — as a snake, its decrepit old skin. The monk who hasn't slipped past or turned back, without aversion, as "All this is unreal," sloughs off the near shore & far — as a snake, its decrepit old skin. The monk who hasn't slipped past or turned back, without delusion, as "All this is unreal," sloughs off the near shore & far — as a snake, its decrepit old skin. The monk in whom there are no obsessions — the roots of unskillfulness totally destroyed — sloughs off the near shore & far — as a snake, its decrepit old skin. The monk in whom there's nothing born of distress that would lead him back to this shore, sloughs off the near shore & far — as a snake, its decrepit old skin. The monk in whom there's nothing born of desire that would keep him bound to becoming, sloughs off the near shore & far — as a snake, its decrepit old skin. The monk who's abandoned five hindrances, who, untroubled, unwounded, has crossed over doubt, sloughs off the near shore & far — as a snake, its decrepit old skin.