# Snp 3.8 — Salla Sutta: The Arrow

English translation by Thanissaro Bhikkhu.

Source: https://www.accesstoinsight.org/tipitaka/kn/snp/snp.3.08.than.html

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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

Without sign, unknown — the life here of mortals — difficult, short, tied up with pain. For there's no way by which those who are born will not die. Beings are subject to death even when they attain old age. Like ripe fruits whose downfall, whose danger is falling, so for mortals, once born, the constant danger is death. As a potter's clay vessels large & small fired & unfired all end up broken, so too life heads to death. Young & old wise & foolish rich & poor: all come under the sway of death, all have death as their end. For those overcome by death, gone to the other world, father cannot shelter son, nor relatives a relative. See: even while relatives are looking on, wailing heavily, mortals are one by one led away like cows to the slaughter. In this way is the world afflicted with aging & death, and so the enlightened don't grieve, knowing the way of the world. "You don't know the path of his coming or going: seeing neither end, you lament in vain." If, by lamenting, — confused, harming yourself — any use could be gained the prudent would do it as well. But not by weeping & grief do you gain peace of awareness. Pain arises all the more. Your body is harmed. You grow thin, pale, harming yourself by yourself. Not in that way are the dead protected. Lamentation's in vain. Not abandoning grief, a person suffers all the more pain. Bewailing one whose time is done, you fall under the sway of grief. Look at others going along, people arriving in line with their actions: falling under the sway of death, beings simply shivering here. For however they imagine it, it always turns out other than that. That's the type of (their) separation. See the way of the world. Even if a person lives a

century — or more — he's parted from his community of relatives, he abandons his life right here. So, having heard the arahant, subduing lamentation, seeing the dead one whose time is done, [think,] "I can't fetch him back." [1] Just as one would put out a burning refuge with water, so does the enlightened one — discerning, skillful, & wise — blow away any arisen grief, like the wind, a bit of cotton fluff. Seeking your own happiness, you should pull out your own arrow: your own lamentation, longing, & sorrow. [2] With arrow pulled out, independent, attaining peace of awareness, all grief transcended, griefless you are unbound.

Notes

1.

These lines can also be translated as follows:

So, having heard the arahant, subdue lamentation, seeing the dead one whose time is done, [and thinking,] "I can't fetch him back."

2.

These lines can also be translated as follows:

Just as one would put out a burning refuge with water, so does the enlightened one — discerning, skillful, & wise — blow away any arisen grief, his own lamentation, longing, & sorrow, like the wind, a bit of cotton fluff. Seeking your own happiness, you should pull out your own arrow.