Thag 6.9 — Jenta, the Royal Chaplain's Son

English translation by Thanissaro Bhikkhu.

Source: https://www.accesstoinsight.org/tipitaka/kn/thag/thag.06.09.than.html

Source revision: sha256:7c411108530c04aafcca0ac43267ed12227cbb2653320e8ae0bb686e566bb783

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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

I was drunk with the intoxication of my birth, wealth, & sovereignty. Drunk with the intoxication of my body's build, coloring, & form, I wandered about, regarding no one as my equal or better, foolish, arrogant, haughty, my banner held high. I — disrespectful, arrogant, proud — bowed down to no one, not even mother, father, or those commonly held in respect. Then — seeing the ultimate leader, supreme, foremost of charioteers, like a blazing sun, arrayed with a squadron of monks — casting away pride & intoxication through an awareness serene & clear, I bowed down my head to him, supreme among all living beings. Haughtiness & contempt have been abandoned — rooted out — the conceit "I am" is extracted, all forms of pride, destroyed.