SN 4.13 — A Splinter

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Text

Linked Discourses 4.13

2. Rule

A Splinter

So I have heard. At one time the Buddha was staying near Rājagaha in the Maddakucchi deer park.

Now at that time the Buddha's foot had been cut by a wooden splinter. The Buddha was stricken by harrowing pains; physical feelings that were painful, sharp, severe, acute, unpleasant, and disagreeable. But he endured unbothered, with mindfulness and situational awareness. And then he spread out his outer robe folded in four and laid down in the lion's posture—on the right side, placing one foot on top of the other—mindful and aware.

Then Māra the Wicked went up to the Buddha and addressed him in verse:

"Are you feeble that you lie down? Or are you drunk on poetry?

Are your goals not amply satisfied?

Alone in a secluded lodging,

why this sleeping, sleepyhead?"

"I'm not feeble that I lie down, nor am I drunk on poetry.

Having reached the goal, I'm rid of sorrow.

Alone in a secluded lodging,

I lie down full of sympathy for all living creatures.

Even those with a dart stuck in the breast,

piercing the heart moment by moment,

are able to get some sleep.

So why not I, whose dart is drawn out?

I don't lie awake tense, nor do I fear to sleep.

The days and nights don't disturb me,

as I see no decline for myself in the world.

That’s why I lie down full of sympathy for all living creatures.”

Then Māra the Wicked, thinking, “The Buddha knows me! The Holy One knows me!” miserable and sad, vanished right there.