3. Taking not-self as self.

A Farmer SN 4.19 (Bhikkhu Sujato)

…”The things they call ‘mine’,
and those who say ‘it’s mine’:
if your mind remains there,
you won’t escape me, ascetic!”

“The things they speak of aren’t mine;
I’m not someone who speaks [of mine].
So know this, Wicked One:
you won’t even see the path I take.”

Then Māra … vanished right there.
Jenta Bhikkhu Thag 6.9 (verses 423-428)
Trans: Ven Kiribathgoda Gnānānanda “The Voice of Enlightened Monks”

I was intoxicated by my high-class birth, wealth, and status.
I was intoxicated by the beauty of my body.

I didn’t care about anyone who was equal to me or elder to me.
I was too stubborn. I was foolish to be so arrogant.
I lived lifting high the flag of conceit.

I did not venerate anyone, neither mother nor father
and no others regarded as honorable.
That’s how strong my stubbornness and disrespectfulness were.

But one day, I happened to see the supreme trainer of people to be tamed,
the best teacher for the three worlds, the Buddha.
I was looking at the great teacher who was walking like the blazing sun
surrounded by many other monks.

My mind was pleased with that sight.
I threw away all pride and intoxication.
I knelt down with my head near the sacred feet
of the best of all beings, the Buddha.
I worshipped the Blessed One.

My pride of superiority and inferiority
were eliminated and completely uprooted.
The conceit “I” is cut out.
All forms of conceit were destroyed.
Kimbila Bhikkhu  Thag 1.118

Trans: Ven Kiribathgoda Gnānānanda “The Voice of Enlightened Monks”

This youth will fall down
just as an unbalanced object falls down.
Yes, this form appears to belong
to someone.
I don’t have any desire for this form.
I investigate wisely
the true nature of my life
like looking at something
that belongs to someone else.
In the past, I was extremely beautiful and fit.
I was intoxicated by my appearance, my figure,
my beauty, my fame and my youth.
I was self-absorbed and conceited.
I despised other women.

I adorned this body, so fancy,
cooed over by fools.
I stood at the brothel door,
like a hunter laying a snare.

I stripped for them,
revealing my many hidden treasures.
Creating an intricate illusion,
I laughed, teasing those men.

Today, having wandered for alms,
my head shaven, wearing the outer robe,
I sat at the root of a tree to meditate;
I've gained freedom from thought.

I have cut off all ties that lead to rebirth as a human or a god.
I have wiped out all defilements.
I have become cooled and quenched.
The barber approached
to shave my head.
I picked up a mirror
and examined my body.

My body appeared hollow;
The darkness of ignorance
is abandoned.
The rags of ignorance
have been torn out.
Now there’ll be no more future lives.
Mittākāḷī Bhikkhuni  Thig 5.6  (Ayya Soma)

“I went forth out of faith,  
from the home life into homelessness;  
I wandered here and there,  
longing for gain and honor.

Disregarding the highest aim,  
I pursued an inferior goal.  
Controlled by defilements, I did not understand  
the real purpose of the contemplative life.

While sitting in my hut,  
I was struck with a sense of urgency:  
‘I have entered upon the wrong path,  
I am under the control of craving!’

Decay and sickness  
are trampling my trifling life.  
There is no time to waste  
before this body falls apart.’

In conformity with the truth,  
I observed the rise and fall of the khandhas.  
I stood up with a liberated mind,  
having completed the teaching of the Buddha.”

Puṇṇamāsa Bhikkhu Thag 2.26  
(mixed translation: Bhikkhu Sujato and Bhikkhu Gnānānanda)

I abandoned the five hindrances  
And I picked up the Dhamma as a mirror,  
With the knowledge of insight,  
Only with the intention of realizing Nibbāna.

For knowing and seeing myself.  
I checked over this body  
All of it, inside and out.  
Internally and externally,  
My body looked vacant.
BCBS Residential Retreat April 2-5

- [Webpage](#)
- [Video](#)