0.0.1 Suciloma

1. At one time the Auspicious One was dwelling at Gaya in the Tankitamanca, the dwelling place of the yakkha Suciloma. At that time, the yakkha Khara and the yakkha Suciloma were passing over near the Auspicious One.

2. Then the yakkha Khara said this to the yakkha Suciloma: “This is a samana.”

3. This is not a samana. This is a counterfeit samana. I will find out to what extent this is a samana or rather a counterfeit samana. So then, the yakkha Suciloma approached the Auspicious One. Having approached, he bent his body towards the Auspicious One.

4. Then the Auspicious One bent away his body.

5. Then the yakkha Suciloma said this to the Auspicious One: “Are you afraid of me samana?”

6. It is not that I am afraid of you, O friend. But rather, contact with your [body] is harmful.

7. “I will ask you a question, O samana. If you, O samana, will not answer me, I will derange your mind, or split open your heart or having grabbed you by the foot, I will throw you to the other side of the Ganges.”

8. “Of the deva world with Mara and Brahma, together with the population of samanas and brahmanas, devas and humans, I do not see, O friend, anyone who can derange my mind, or split open my heart or having grabbed me by the foot, can throw me to the other side of the Ganges. But all the same, O friend, ask whatever questions you desire.”

9. So then the yakkha Suciloma addressed the Auspicious One in verse:

> “From where is the source of lust and hate?
> Discontent, delight, dread, from where are
> they born?
> From where do thoughts spring up in the mind,
>
> like children leaving their mother’s lap?”
>
> “From this is the source of lust and hate,
> Discontent, delight, dread, are born from this.
> From this do thoughts spring up in the mind,
> like children leaving their mother’s lap.”
>
> Affection borne, self-begotten,
> just like the banyan’s trunk-born shoots;
> entangled in various sensual pleasures,
> like the maluva creepers entwining the forest.
>
> Those who wisely understand the source from

which [they spring],
they dispel it, listen O Yakkha;
they cross this flood so hard to cross,
Never crossed before, for non-renewal of be-
ing.”