

Mother Rain

S 1:80

vuṭṭhi alasaṃ analasañca
mātā puttāṃ va posati
vuṭṭhibhūtā upajivanti
ye pāṇā pathaviṃ sitā ti

The rain pours down on weak and strong
As a mother nurtures her child.
The spirits of the rain sustain
All creatures who dwell on the earth.

Slipping Away

Heraññakāni Thera
Thag 145

accayanti ahorattā,
jīvitāṃ uparujjhati,
āyu khīyati maccānaṃ
kunnadīnaṃ va odakaṃ.

Days and nights go hurtling by
Till our lifetime comes to an end.
The life of mortals slips away
—Like the water of tiny streams.



Gurgling Loudly

Nāḷaka Sutta
Sn 720

tan nadihi vijānātha
sobbhesu padaresu ca:
saṇantā yanti kussobbhā,
tuṅhī yāti mahodadhi.

Listen to the sound of water
In the clefts and in the gullies:
The tiny streams gurgle loudly
—Mighty waters flow in silence.

Rain Cloud

Aññakoṇḍaṇṇa Thera
Thag 675

rajaṃ upātaṃ vātena
yathā meghe pasāmaye,
evaṃ sammanti saṃkappā
yadā paññāya passati.

Just as a rain-cloud would settle
The dust that's been raised by the wind,
So all conceptions come to rest
—When one sees clearly with wisdom.