

Vimala

Therigatha, *trans. Charles Hallisey*

Intoxicated by my good looks,
by my body, my beauty, and my reputation,
haughty because of my youth, I looked down on other
women.

I decorated this body, decked out it made fools mutter,
a prostitute at the door, like a hunter spreading out the
snare.

I flashed my ornaments as if I was showing my hidden
parts,
I created illusions for people, all the while sneering at
them.

Today I collected alms,
head shaved, covered with the outer robe,
now seated at the foot of the tree,
what I get has nothing to do with schemes.

All ties are cut, whether divine or human,
I have thrown away all that fouls the heart,
I have become cool, free.