

All sentient beings are fond of birth, and dislike death;
We celebrate birth, and mourn death.



There's no difference between birth and death! Life moves towards death, death moves towards rebirth. In the long journey of Samsāra, one is born, then dies, and is reborn again. This cycle of life is endless. There is neither a first time to be born, nor a first time to die, so why does one celebrate birth, or shed tears for death? It's merely the latent defilement of ignorance beclouding wisdom that makes one dazed and incapable of seeing the truth about life and death.

What's the purpose of life! —Is it simply to drift, toiling and busy, seeking money, status and fame, which cannot be taken with us when we pass away? Or perhaps such people believe that this fragile fame and fortune can provide them security and satisfy their vanity. When such a person finds his physical body approaching death, he will have many regrets and confusion!

Alas! Although we have understood this plain truth, why do we still struggle for affection or material possessions, and cannot put them down?

There are many agreeable things and persons that we cling to in life. We hate death because death causes separation from our beloved ones and loss of our cherished possessions. The confusion that death brings is also unbearable.

Why not live with the Dhamma, with a mind inwardly at peace and contented.

One who is detached and liberated, who sees through birth and death, remains at ease with the unpredictable and often invisible changing of causes and conditions.

For one who sees no difference between life and death, though experiencing death, forever lives.