

The Fire Sermon

(Adittapariyaya Sutta, Samyutta Nikaya XXXV, 28)

I have heard that on one occasion the Blessed One was staying at Varanasi in Gaya, at Gaya Head, with 1,000 monks. There he addressed the monks:

'Monks, the All is aflame. What All is aflame? The eye is aflame. Forms are aflame. Visual consciousness is aflame. Visual contact is aflame. And whatever there is that arises in dependence on visual contact, experienced as pleasure, pain or neither-pleasure-nor-pain, that too is aflame. Aflame with what? Aflame with the fire of passion, the fire of aversion, the fire of delusion. Aflame, I say, with birth, ageing & death, with sorrows, lamentations, pains, griefs & despairs.

'The ear is aflame. Sounds are aflame...

'The nose is aflame. Odors are aflame...

'The tongue is aflame. Flavors are aflame...

'The body is aflame. Tactile sensations are aflame...

'The intellect is aflame. Ideas are aflame. Mental consciousness is aflame. Mental contact is aflame. And whatever there is that arises in dependence on mental contact, experienced as pleasure, pain or neither-pleasure-nor-pain, that too is aflame. Aflame with what? Aflame with the fire of passion, the fire of aversion, the fire of delusion. Aflame, I say, with birth, ageing & death, with sorrows, lamentations, pains, griefs & despairs.

'Seeing thus, the instructed Noble disciple grows disenchanted with the eye, disenchanted with forms, disenchanted with visual consciousness, disenchanted with visual contact. And whatever there is that arises in dependence on visual contact, experienced as

pleasure, pain or neither-pleasure-nor-pain: He grows
disenchanted with that too.

'He grows disenchanted with the ear...

'He grows disenchanted with the nose...

'He grows disenchanted with the tongue...

'He grows disenchanted with the body...

'He grows disenchanted with the intellect, disenchanted with ideas,
disenchanted with mental consciousness, disenchanted with mental
contact. And whatever there is that arises in dependence on mental
contact, experienced as pleasure, pain or neither-pleasure-nor-pain:
He grows disenchanted with that too. Disenchanted, he becomes
dispassionate. Through dispassion, he is released. With release,
there is the knowledge, "Released." He discerns that, "Birth is
depleted, the holy life fulfilled, the task done. There is nothing
further for this world."'

That is what the Blessed One said. Glad at heart, the monks delighted
at his words. And while this explanation was being given, the hearts
of the 1,000 monks, through no clinging (not being sustained), were
released from the mental effluents