

Dependent Origination

(No One is Born, No One Dies,
No One in Nirvana,
Nirvana is the Characteristic of Peace)

(Volume 1)



Dependent Origination (No One is Born, No One Dies, No One in Nirvana, Nirvana is the
Characteristic of Peace) Volume 1
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Abbreviation

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Dependent Origination (Volume 1)

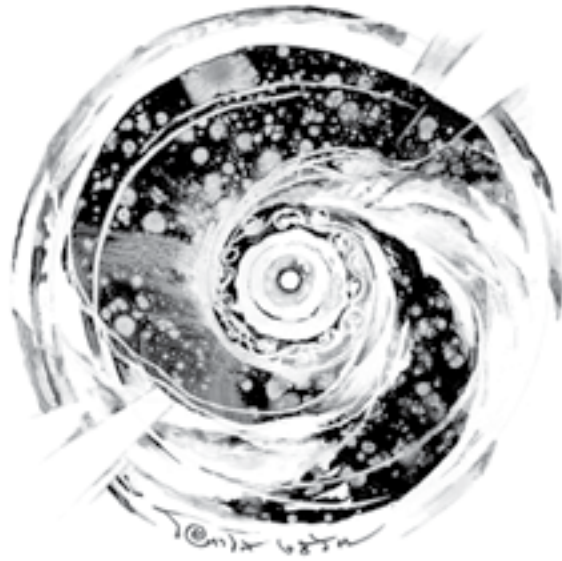
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Dependent Origination (Volume 2)



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Body and feelings



Chapter 1 : Where the Body, There the Feeling

Dust motes arise and fade away,
countless within the cosmic play.
Starbursts shimmer, then are gone,
endless cycles moving on.
Pollen drifts with season's grace,
appears, then vanishes without a trace.
Nectar warmed by the morning sun
becomes a cloud when day is done—
not tears of sorrow, as some may say,
but rain that brings new life each day.

When all began, no form, no face—
no joy, no pain, no time, no place.
The body rose from earth and flame,
then passed away, not ours to claim.
The mind perceived, then made a claim,
called passing joy and fleeting pain.
And ignorance, through pleasure, pain,
keeps shaping thoughts that rise and wane

A flower drifts from cliffs so high,
no pain is felt, no self to cry.
But should the body strike the ground,
with knowing mind, pain will be found.
A star falls silent through the skies,
no ache is there, no self that dies.
Both flesh and feeling fade and fly,
impermanence in all things lie.

Nectar kissed by morning light
feels no joy, no sweet delight.
But on the tongue, its sweetness lies,
and pleasure stirs, then fades and flies.
With mindful gaze, we plainly see—
the body gives rise to joy and plea.
No self is found within this play,
just causes joined, then fall away.

Without this body, none would find
the sixfold gates of sense and mind.
No eye to see, no ear to hear,
no nose to scent, no taste appear.
No touch is felt, no thought can be—
without these gates, there's none to see.
No feelings rise, no joy, no cry,
without a cause, they can't arise.
With mindful strength and wisdom's light,
we guard these gates from craving's bite.
And freed from grasping, hate, and lies,
no sorrow comes, no self that cries.

One flows with Dhamma, self no more,
just causes rising—nothing at the core.
A silent witness, calm and bright,
with wisdom's flame, dispelling night.
No lust remains when one can see
how body, joy, and pain must be.
Conditioned all—no self to blame,
so hate is gone, and none inflame.

This body holds both joy and pain,
the ground where feelings wax and wane.
Through wisdom deep, delusion dies—
no clinging thought in mind or eyes.
We see the body as it is,
not self, not soul, not his nor his.
No craving comes, no anger near,
they're born from cause—not always here.
With mindfulness, we clearly see—
no self within the felt can be

Through all the countless lives we've known,
this body never was our own.
No one lives within this frame—
just form and change, without a name.
So doubt is gone, the clinging ends—
no self is found in form or sense.
The Buddha said, in words so clear:
peace can arise while form is here.



Chapter 2 : Understanding Body and Feeling—The Path to Arahantship

Clouds dance, drawn by the Four Elements,
weaving waves of form and mind in their currents.
In the river of change, they merge and unfold,
giving rise to a realm alive and whole.

Cells take form in wild geese and waterfowl,
fleeing the cold, seeking warmth in the sunny glow.
Dew-kissed fields cradle their little fowl,
sheltered, nourished, and growing whole.

Suppose we are but a gosling wise, seeing no "self" in form or guise.
Like humans shaped by energy's tide, no "I" to claim, no pride to prize.
This fleeting form, a gathered stream of Four Elements, no self, no scheme.
No anger stirs, no false decree, for form itself is not truly "me."

Because there is a body, there are eyes, ears, nose, tongue, touch, and mind,
meeting sights, sounds, scents, tastes, and thoughts—not truly yours nor
mine.

Sweetness touches, joy arises, yet no true "I" remains.
Sorrow stirs, suffering comes, yet it fades, ever changed

Even neutral feelings, born of cause, are fleeting, shifting—nature's laws.

This body, nourished, kept with care, must one day crumble and fall. Though health is prized, life won't remain, for in the end, all fades the same.

Weary of this body's decline, no more craving to be, to claim.

Even joy and sorrow, which pass through life, arise through the body, yet never abide.

Born of causes, conditions—no self inside, not "my" form, nor "my" feeling, in saṃsāra's tide.

Seeing truth as it truly is, desire fades, no clinging persists.

Accepting nature's way, its flow, arising, passing as it goes.

Only form and mind remain, woven as energy, vast, untamed.

No "me" in form and feeling to claim, free from all binds, fully unchained.

Śāriputta heard of body and feeling— impermanent, suffering, empty of being.

With wisdom clear, he cast aside all grasping, all clinging, all sense of "I."

Freed from taints, no ties remain, released at once from sorrow and stain.

Words may serve, but none confine—unbound at last, Nirvana attained.



Chapter 3 : The Body's Formation as a Foundation for Feeling

In the universe's first dawn, void of heavens and hells in Samsara's sprawl,
Empty of all beings, no "self" exists within this cyclic thrall.
The four elements entwined, giving rise to cells that swim and sway,
Cells, hungry for sustenance, spin the cosmic balance on its way.

Cellular instincts stir, in mothers' wombs, of birds, tigers, foxes' den,
Of squirrels, rabbits, mice, all nurturing their young again.
Seeking food for survival, their offspring eagerly await,
Cells, matured, then venture forth, to seek pleasure and suffering abate.

Every life on Earth begins, with cells forming in the "body's" frame,
Samsara's cycle turns, Kilesa-Vatta, Kamma-Vatta, Vipaka-Vatta¹, driven by
craving's flame. The Buddha thus declared, "Karma is intention, the root of
feeling's rise,"
Old intentions, repeated, seek to address feeling's endless guise.

Beginning wrongly, 'the body is self,' thus solving with mental formations, from
craving's hold,
Arising from feeling, touched by ignorance, spinning in cycles, countless eons

¹ The triple round of Dependent Origination consists of

Kilesa-Vatta: The round of defilements (ignorance, craving, clinging)

Kamma-Vatta: The round of action (karma-formations, kamma-process)

Vipaka-Vatta: The round of results (consciousness, mind and body, the six sense bases, contact, feeling)

old.

From emptiness, thoughts construct heavens and hells, 'beings'
endlessly revolve and roam,
Not knowing the source of bodily joy and pain, conditioning spins
elaborate good and evil from ignorance's dome.

From emptiness, if good thoughts arise, happiness profits, a gain so
bright,

From emptiness, if evil forms, in hell's deep loss, suffering's heavy
blight.

For the heart's true nature, "void of self-fabrication," is inherently
Sunyata's (absence of self's) light,

The body, void of self, born of four elements, "empty of selfhood," in
whose sight?

Within life's stream, only currents of cause and condition flow,
converging on feeling's array,

Desiring pleasant feeling, escaping painful feeling, endlessly crafting
karma's sway. Spinning from false fabrications, "self" and "other" in
body and mind's display,

Revolving in endless cycle, driven by craving's force, desiring
feeling's play.

Mental formations are the fabrications, "self and being exist in the
five aggregates' hold," Born of craving, with feeling obscured by
ignorance, in stories tightly told.

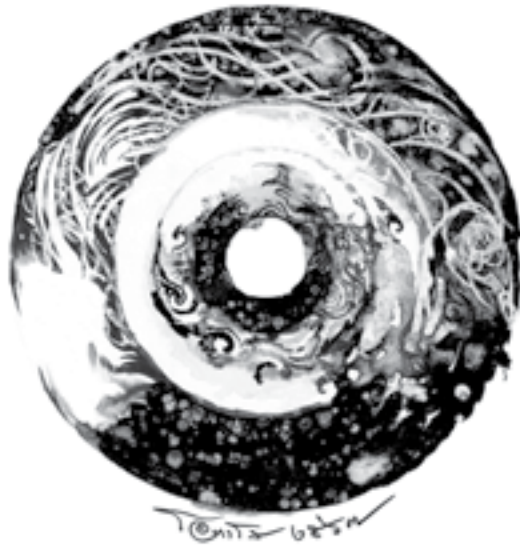
Seeing mental formations impermanent, craving impermanent,
feeling impermanent, as the instable nature and no-self unfold,

With wisdom, escaping ignorance, only impermanence from
conditions' hold.

The Buddha declared, "This body is neither ours nor another's own,"
Awakened, enlightened, in the law of dependent origination known,
seeing what is mutually shown.

Not constructing false tales, all things are other, not as they're firmly
thrown,

No self exists within the endless cycle's moan, seeing Nibbana,
unfabricated, as truth alone.



Chapter 4 : The Fool and the Wise Feel the Same Pain and Pleasure

A child's bright world, so rich, so wide,
with dreams that dance and colors glide.
Where joy bursts forth like blooming light,
and music lifts the heart in flight.
Yet all delights, however high,
are shaped to please the ear and eye.
No matter how the forms may shine—
they rise and fall for felt design.

Life is a film of joy and ache,
each scene designed for feeling's sake.
We chase delight, resist the sting—
and thus, the wheel keeps turning ring.
We act again, yet fail to see—
that feeling fades, but drives the plea.
Not knowing pain and joy won't last,
we cling to echoes of the past.

From Ignorance, Kamma-Formations rise,
From Kamma-Formations, Consciousness flies.
From Consciousness come Mind and Matter,
And from them, Six Sense-Bases form thereafter.

From Six Sense-Bases, Contact is born,
From Contact, Feeling will be worn.
From Feeling, Craving takes its place,
And Clinging follows, close in pace.

From Clinging, there comes Becoming's stage,
And from Becoming, Birth takes its place.
With Birth, Five Aggregates arise—
All not-self, though grasped as "I."

Conditioned all, they come and go,
No self within, no core below.
This wheel rolls on by cause alone—
No lasting self, no thing to own.

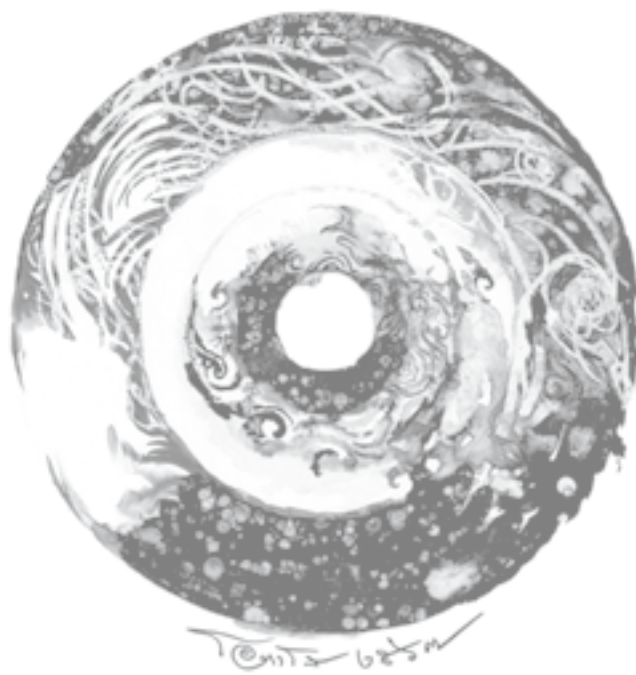
The wise man and the fool alike,
are caught within this turning life.
Each birth begins the same old way—
formations rise, then fade away.
From feeling flows the grasping chain,
desire repeats through joy and pain.
All caught in feeling's woven net,
still veiled from truths we've never met.

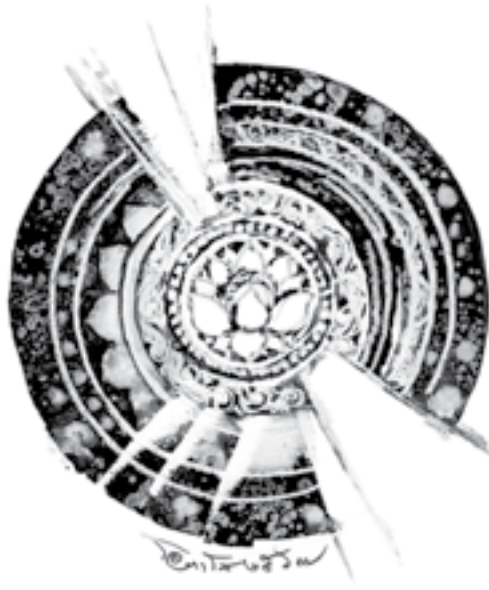
The fool delights in pleasure's taste,
then clings to pain he cannot face.
Each joy becomes a thirst to stay,
afraid to let it slip away.
He acts on what is not his own,
believing dream is flesh and bone.
When death arrives, he seeks once more—
a body born to feel like before.

The wheel turns on in patterned thread,
with joy and pain still daily fed.
Desire remains, though forms may shift—
from childish dreams to adult gifts.
We long to be, to have, to hold,
as time moves on, the same unfolds.
And craving weaves its subtle plan—
to bind the mind through clinging's hand.

He clings, and so a life is cast—
a future formed from actions past.
And with that arising, the form appears,
then age and death, and falling tears.
He mourns each loss, laments each pain,
yet never sees the binding chain.
He does not know what moves the tide:
just causes flow—no self or mine.

The wise, too, feels both joy and ache,
but knows they rise for causes' sake.
Like blossoms bright, then blown away,
they come and go—they cannot stay.
He sees all craving fade and die,
no self to grasp, no need to try.
He knows no self in form or frame,
and finds the peace beyond all name





Chapter 5 : Happiness and suffering arise from the mind's fabrication

A child sits smiling, lost in thought, as if with friends the dream had brought.
Drifting through the silent cosmos, where fancies form, by thought allotted.
If the mind must weave its plot, let it be joy, rather than hot.
Why give rise to angry knots, for friends imagined—never in spot?

Standing, walking, sitting, lying, no acts and “I” intertwined.
No self remains to stir or bind, no voice to shake heart or mind.
As if within the cosmic wide, where no fixed self or one abides,
Why weave a self to fall or fly, to underworld or heaven's heights?

Be mindful, see the mind in peace—no need to forge a hell-bound flame.
Don't shape Sankhara with hateful aim, nor from imagined blame.
Heaven or hell, first known by no name, from emptiness both rose the same.
Just sitting in a selfless world, untouched by thirty-one realms we frame.

Be mindful—see the mind's own play, its nature shaped in subtle sway.
Trace the inner voice that strays, like madness humming through day.
Spinning a self that is one nay, joy and grievous created away.
From ignorance, it shapes the way— our speech, our acts, our thoughts at play.

With memory and will's entanglement, they created splendid equipment.
A play unfolds, with form invent, and words and thoughts in wide different.
It stirs others or is stirred in recurrent, creating scenes outward and inherent
Unaware or aware of causes relevant, still bound by ignorance extent

Fail to see the memory and will's express, they carve boundaries in the
mind's space,

In fact, the six: sight, sound, smell, and taste, touch and thought, as they
drift in their pace.

Then good or bad crafted in place, with bodily, verbal, and mental
intention's brace.

Feelings arise, pain or happiness, but it's not "we" or "he/she," who did the
case.

When ignorance fades, the intent ceases, the tools of formation dissolve in
pieces.

To the state of bounds released, It's the feeling where limits cease.

Leave external objects out of the mind's feat, no rise of joy or pain, none to
greet.

Ignorance ends, no intention's precedes, and thus the falsehoods, shattered
in pieces.

No self exists to craft the good, or mold the bad, or quell the moods.

Without ignorance as shaping root, no tools remain, no ground to brood.

When nothing's shaped or crafted – it could, no clinging forms, as nothing
should.

Nirvana seen as a pure truth, free from the self that's shape or stood.



Chapter 6 : Happiness and Suffering: Fabricated Yet Without a Fabricator

Viewing the world through beauty's lens, with kindness feeding birds that soar on branches high,
Knowing safety, the birds draw near, in close and friendly dance, with joyful cry.
Carrying food to beloved young with hearts entwined, sharing compassion's tie,
Their songs blend in harmony, like celestial gardens in the sky.

nameless birds, never asking of fame or rank's decree,
For devoid of assumed selfhood they were from the start, in Samsara's sea.
When cells of the four elements arose, seeking to fulfill with instinct's plea,
A process of drawing cosmic energy began, to weave into a balanced harmony.

Within the bird's belly, energy seeds reside, with wings to journey and life spread wide,
Where'er a seed may fall, a new energy sprout will bloom, making the cycle turn nigh.
Cause and condition intertwined, where reason and result align, understood in balance's tie,
Thus spins the turning of Samsara's wheel, giving rise to life that multiplies.

Birth in heavens or hells did not exist in the universe's first dawn,
Arising when ignorance shaped mental formations, and clinging then held on.
Then wholesome and unwholesome karma took hold, its fruit the five aggregates to

show, Conventionally seen as thirty-one realms of becoming, where varied
intents grow,
But all from cause and condition flow, dependent arising, no inherent self to
know.

Even if the Buddha had not arisen, the law of nature would still stand,
Only energy exists, a natural phenomenon, as cause and effect planned.
The energy of the four elements in fruit sustains all beings, yet devoid of
self's command,
The four elements in hair, body hair, nails, teeth, bones, all alike, no
inherent self can expand.

With wisdom, dissecting cause and condition's gleam, in the stream of
dependent origination's art,
Devoid of self, for all things interdependently teem, revolving in Samsara's
turning heart.
This being the condition for that to rise and start, like waves colliding, a
gong's resounding start,
The entire cosmos, but waves of energy impart, even "ignorance" holds no
inherent self apart.

Cessation of ignorance is seeing the six inner sense bases, the six outer
sense bases, all as other than what's held,
The six consciousnesses are other, the six contacts are other, the six
feelings are other than what's compelled.
When ignorance ceases, mental formations cease, no inherent self to form
them, only the stream of cause and condition impelled.
Craving and clinging thus cease, seeing only what arises dependently,
hence devoid of self, dispelled.

"Birth" holds no inherent self of person or beast, within the five aggregates
that rise and cease, thus no inherent self that has deceased.
No one makes karma, no one receives its due, only karmic becoming the
cause, birth its release.
When ignorance fades, truth's clarity: no actor here, no cherished "me," the
illusion of person, finally free.
The ultimate peace, where karmas cease: no self takes birth, no self finds
death's release; Nibbana's peace, where only self's release remains.¹

¹ "The ultimate peace, where karmas cease: no self takes birth, no self finds death's release; Nibbana's peace, the
Unfabricated's pure release."



Chapter 7 : From ignorance come formations — yet none are found in the wheel.

The mother turtle leaves the shore,
her eggs lie deep—she asks no more.
A thousand shells begin to break,
each life must fight its own to wake.
They pierce the dark with fragile claws,
then crawl through sand past teeth and jaws.
Past foxes near and eagles high,
they reach the sea beneath the sky.

The hatchlings fall to ocean wide,
a depth no fin or thought can guide.
Like stars flung high across the sky,
they scatter low, they cannot fly.
In Saṃsāra's tide, they flicker small,
far more than stars the night can call.
Each moment, consciousness appears—
and mind and matter reassemble here.

Like tossing wood into the sky—
we never know where it will lie.
Will head or tail or middle land,

or what part hits the earth unplanned.
Like throwing life to sky or tree,
to risk and loss, unceasingly.
Some fall to hell, while some are spared—
when Dhamma’s light is rightly shared.

When ignorance veils and craving binds,
beings are trapped in birth and dies.
But one who knows the Noble Truths
sees Birth is caused by Becoming’s truth.
Becoming flows from Clinging’s hold,
no self inside, no one to mold.
All things arise by cause alone—
no “I” within, no mine, no own.

If one perceives Dependent Origination,
no self is found in birth or cessation.
No being falls to hell or flame,
no soul ascends in heaven’s name.
No person lives in form or breath,
no self is born, no one meets death.
Just causes linked in endless play—
arising, ceasing, day by day.

There is no one who bears the pain,
just volitional forms that rise, then wane.
All things that come will surely show
three marks of dukkha as they go—
impermanence, conditioned way,
oppressive change that cannot stay.
Sound, too, is seen by wisdom’s eye—
it comes and goes, but is not mine.

There is intention, acts are done,
yet no true self, no doer, none.
From grasping, actions rise and spread,
and shape the forms where life is led.
The forms arise, then fade and flow,
from choices shaped by clinging’s glow.
But wisdom sees the stream run through—
no one is born, no one is due.

There is a state, uncaused, unmade,
Unconditioned: no birth, no death.
Nirvana is real, serene and true—
but none attain, and none pass through.
When wisdom sees rise and decay
of all five aggregates, day by day,
No one is born, no one has ceased;
no self within Nirvana's peace.



Chapter 8 : Unbound by Senses, Winning the War of the Cycle.

A frog beneath a shell held tight, knows not the stars nor heaven's height.
Blind to time's eternal flight, it stirs in tales of self-made fright.
No cursed prince from the tales cite, it never looks beyond its plight.
Just squabbles trapped in endless fight, beneath a shell that veils the light.

Most are burned by sense and strain, inflamed by wounds they can't contain.
Bruised by ruins left in vain, where hopes were crushed by past domain.
Bound by craving—love and bane, the heart is chained by loss and gain.
Like frogs confined within a chain, they crouch beneath their world of pain.

They know not mind's wide open spread, no edge, no end, no walls to tread.
Joy and sorrow cloud its thread, unaware it spans where stars have fled.
Thus the heart, as sages said, is like a frog in a narrow shed.
Contacts shroud the truth instead, grasping self where senses led.

To see not-self is wisdom rare, a noble light beyond compare.
The worldling, lost, untrained, unaware, still clings to forms and calls them fair.
By contact veiled, the senses snare, and self is shaped from fleeting care.
Thus trapped in joy and sorrow's snare, they miss the path to freedom's air.

None can flee the sixsense tide.
But wisdom sees and steps aside, seeing senses are not alright.
With mindfulness comprehended all sights, no names are fixed, no self in
slight.
And thus one moves in freedom's light, no longer bounded by senses'
might.

The lessons yet unlearned, the mind in ache, no exit found, as the cycle's
pace.
Lacking mindfulness when senses awake, Feelings arise, and cravings
chase.
Desires for things to be happiness, one mind fixed, with intentions unfaded.
Thus, clinging forms the five aggregates, lead to actions, and realms to
face.

1. The realm of desire, bound by cravings tight, Guiding life's course with
desired flight.
2. The form realm's mind, trapped by sights that bind, Focused on forms,
leaving truth behind.
3. The formless realm, with its mind held still, Trapped in the void, seeking
but no thrill.

Actions shaped by desires, ensnared within, As long as grasping clings, the
cycle spins.

All realms impermanent, born from causes fold, Thus selfless, they can't be
controlled.
Craving ends, yearnings grow cold, Within the wheel, release unfolds.
When desire dissolves, clinging in the five aggregates no longer hold.
Nirvana dawns, beyond senses' hold, A timeless peace, a truth be



Chapter 9 :



Chapter 10 :



Chapter 11 : The Cycle Converges in Feeling

Life flows along the stream of samsaric rhyme,
Where joy and sorrow bloom, then fall, like petals through all time.
Within each breath, each fleeting sigh, Feeling gathers, passing by.
And every aim we chase or try, Leads back to joy, to pain, or neutrality nigh.

1. Joyful feeling springs from vision bright, That sees the world in truthful light.
2. But when the world is seen not right, It plants the seeds of grief and plight.
3. Right thought — untied by lust or spite, No harm to others, joy takes flight.
4. Yet pain is born from thoughts too light, That wish to harm, and end in plight.

5. Joy is born when kind words flow, With thoughts of goodwill, warm and low.
6. But harsh speech strikes a heavy blow, It carves the heart with grief and woe.
7. Right deeds let peace and gladness grow, In body calm and mind aglow.
8. Yet harmful acts, like seeds we sow, Return as pain, their bitter show.

9. Right work that's done with heart and brain, Brings gentle joy, like soft spring rain.
10. But crooked toil for selfish gain, Leaves seeds of sorrow, sharp with pain.
11. In virtuous acts we plant the grain, That yields a harvest free from stain.
12. Yet pain will rise, a harsh domain, When greed and hate and self remain.

13. With mindfulness, the truth is clear, and happiness draws ever near.
14. Suffering comes when the mind's unclear, lost in thoughts, where self appears.
15. Joy arises when the mind is here, steady, calm, no self to steer.
16. Pain comes when thoughts off veer, a restless mind, unclear, severe.
17. Delight gives rise to joy or dismay, Or calm equanimity that may stay.
18. When feelings arise in a mindful way—Like breath observed—they brighten the day.
19. Feelings bloom from memories' play, Of moments kind or cruel display.
20. When joyful thoughts and restless memories play, they stir the mind in subtle way, and give rise to feeling's sway.
21. When joyful thought with peaceful pasts does stay, still waters stir in their own way, and feeling too will rise and play.
22. Feeling may rise when striving to stay, in search of truth, yet trapped in samsaric play.
23. But when the goal is met, and craving melts away, no grasping left—just peace holds sway.
24. A mind awakened, freed from worldly clay, a supramundane truth, unbound by what they say.

Everything converges upon the feeling,
The Eightfold Path — both right and misleading.
Born from causes, not self-containing, Let go of clinging — no self-remaining.
No clinging to feelings — no heedless turning, Nirvana found through mindful awakening.



Chapter 12 :



Chapter 13 :

The end volume 1