



### **Mose's Exit Sutta \***

] consider the dignities of kings and lords...

Stop this world.

Let me off.

There's just too many pigs in the  
same trough.

...as a particle of dust that floats in the sunbeam.

There's too many buzzards sitting  
on the fence.

Stop this world, it's not  
making sense.

] consider the treasure of precious metals and stones...

Stop this show.

Hold the phone.

Better days this  
lad has known;

...as bricks and pebbles

better days so

long ago.

Hold the phone, won't you  
stop this show.

] consider the gaudy dress of silk and brocades...

Well, it seems my little playhouse has  
fallen down.

I think my little ship has  
run aground.

...as a worn-out rag.

I feel like I'm in the  
wrong place.

My state of mind is a  
disgrace.

] consider this universe...

So, won't you  
stop this game.

Deal me out.

I know too well what it's  
all about.

...as small as the holila fruit.

I know too well that it  
had to be.

Stop this game, you know it's  
ruining me.

] consider the lake of Anavatapa...

Well, I got too smart for my  
own good.

I just don't do the things I  
know I should.

...as a drop of oil which one smears the feet.

There's bound to be some better way.

I just got one thing more to say; and that is:

] consider Nirvana as awakening from a day dream

or nightmare.

« Collage » by @Pascual Delgado, June 3<sup>rd</sup> 2022

\* All words in Arial font are from the song "Stop this World", by Mose Allison (1963). All words in Papyrus font are from Sayings of the Buddha by monks Kashyapa Matanga & Gobharana, translated from the Chinese (c. 75 A.D.)