

The Human Route

Coming empty handed, going empty handed—that is human

When you are born, where do you come from?

When you die, where do you go?

Life is like a floating cloud which appears.

Death is like a floating cloud which disappears.

The floating cloud itself originally does not exist.

Life and death, coming and going, are also like this.

But there is one thing which always remains clear.

It is pure and clear, not depending on life and death

What, then, is the one pure and clear thing?