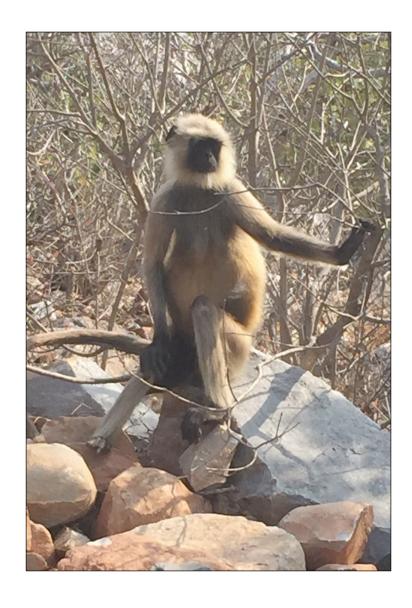
A Monkey's Tale Retold

And so it is said the Wise One he did take sad leave of his brotherhood halved in witless claims fought so to stake out and again his own private peace down the deepening wood.

Where came unto him the old primal king carrying combs of honey this second time free of any unborn and still yet to be so the Sweet Sage drank deep not knowing his smile's might pierce the monkey king's heart.

Till here until now this last verse first unspoken – That the death of the monkey did the Wise Man's eyes open to the plight of his brothers dharma's difficult call to mend men's rifts to restore the All.



It is said that In the ninth year of the Buddha's ministry a quarrel arose between two parties of monks. One party consisted of experts in the disciplinary code, or the Vinyasa rules; the others were experts in the Dharma, or the teachings. The Buddha tried to settle the quarrel peacefully, but finally, when his efforts failed, he left them without a word, taking only his bowl and robes, and retired to the Paileyyaka Forest. During his time in the forest, a monkey king, ministering to the needs of the Buddha, brought him honeycomb as an offering. The Buddha first refused the gift, for living larvae were in the comb. So the monkey king brought fresh comb of which the Buddha gratefully ate. The monkey was so overcome with joy when the Buddha accepted his gift, that it broke the his heart. The Monkey King died but was rewarded for his generosity by being granted a place in heaven.