

4

The Tao is an empty vessel; it is used,
but never filled.
Oh, unfathomable source of ten
thousand things!
Blunt the sharpness,
Untangle the knot,
Soften the glare,
Merge with dust.
Oh, hidden deep but ever present!
I do not know from whence it
comes.
It is the forefather of the gods.

5

Heaven and Earth are impartial;
They see the ten thousand things as
straw dogs.
The wise are impartial;
They see the people as straw dogs.

The space between heaven and Earth
is like a bellows.
The shape changes but not the form;
The more it moves, the more it
yields.
More words count less.
Hold fast to the center.

4

The Tao is like a well:
used but never used up.
It is like the eternal void:
filled with infinite possibilities.

It is hidden but always present.
I don't know who gave birth to it.
It is older than God.

5

The Tao doesn't take sides;
it gives birth to both good and evil.
The Master doesn't take sides;
she welcomes both saints and
sinners.

The Tao is like a bellows:
it is empty yet infinitely capable.
The more you use it, the more it
produces;
the more you talk of it, the less you
understand.

Hold on to the center.

4

Tao is empty- its use never
exhausted.
Bottomless - the origin of all things.
It blunts sharp edges, Unties knots,
Softens glare, Becomes one with the
dusty world.
Deeply subsistent -
I don't know whose child it is. It is
older than the Ancestor.

5

Heaven and Earth are not kind: The
ten thousand things are straw dogs
to them.
The Sage is not kind: People are
straw dogs to him.
Yet Heaven and Earth And all the
space between Are like a bellows:
Empty but inexhaustible, Always
producing more.
Longwinded speech is exhausting.
Better to stay centered.

4

The Tao is empty
Utilize it, it is not filled up
So deep! It seems to be the source of
all things
It blunts the sharpness
Unravels the knots
Dims the glare
Mixes the dusts
So indistinct! It seems to exist
I do not know whose offspring it is
Its image is the predecessor of God

5

Heaven and Earth are without bias
And regard myriad things as straw
dogs
The sage is without bias
And regards people as straw dogs
The space between Heaven and
Earth
Is it not like a bellows?
Empty, and yet never exhausted
It moves, and produces more
Too many words hasten failure
Cannot compare to keeping quiet

4

The Tao is like an empty container:
it can never be emptied and can
never be filled.
Infinitely deep, it is the source of all
things.
It dulls the sharp, unties the
knotted,
shades the lighted, and unites all of
creation with dust.

It is hidden but always present.
I don't know who gave birth to it.
It is older than the concept of God.

5

Heaven and Earth are impartial;
they treat all of creation as straw
dogs.
The Master doesn't take sides;
she treats everyone like a straw dog.

The space between Heaven and
Earth is like a bellows;
it is empty, yet has not lost its
power.
The more it is used, the more it
produces;
the more you talk of it, the less you
comprehend.

It is better not to speak of things you
do not understand.