

## Knowing and Meaning

Where does knowing come from?  
How does one cross the river of confusion  
To the shore of understanding?

The question begins to clarify itself  
And things that were unseen before  
Seem to arise from nowhere.

Maybe the body delivers it to the mind. Maybe  
The story writes itself. Maybe it was always there,  
Just occluded by the dance of doing.

I discovered that I create meaning in my life  
By paying attention to what calls my attention,  
Within or without.

If I am the only one aware of my experience,  
Then I am the only one who can deliver it  
In service to the whole.

Each of us sees from a unique perspective  
And each of us is needed to reveal at times  
This particular portal to the puzzle—

Or perhaps all we need is a clear question  
And an open ear. Maybe any answer is available to anyone  
Completely willing to have the experience one is having.

Maybe it's that simple.

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