

To Bring the Question Alive

When I was a child, in school,
the question, Its meaning,
was to present the correct answer.

Was the question my friend ? No
Instead, it was something to overcome
or all together, something to avoid.

To be surrounded by established answers
It leaves us very little room to experience and discover
And then instead of a living question
It becomes about adhering to the right answer
Or in other words, a question about how we can best conform.

It's a wonderful thing to bring questions back to life
which is really more about the process of discovery, and less about the answer we
present.

For me "Who am I?" was the gift that provided no clear answer
And it helped me wake up something that since childhood, was dormant and asleep.

Today, and perhaps not surprising, I find myself more curious that ever.
How to wake up the world in front of me, that is so outwardly looking and internally so
very much asleep.

But since it's about the question and since there is no presumed correct answer
Then all we have left is a dialogue between us, and a path we walk on, that we lay
together, brick by brick.