

The More Words, The Less Meaning

“The fish trap exists because of the fish. Once you’ve gotten the fish you can forget the trap. The rabbit snare exists because of the rabbit. Once you’ve gotten the rabbit, you can forget the snare. Words exist because of meaning. Once you’ve gotten the meaning, you can forget the words. Where can I find a man who has forgotten words so I can talk with him?” — Zhuangzi

There are times I can be quite chatty (and possibly obnoxious and overbearing). But I wonder if maybe the reason that I talk so much is that I am trying vigorously to communicate something for which words do not exist. Something that can only be felt in the deepest part of being. Something that goes beyond words and their usefulness.

Is there such a thing? A truth that cannot be communicated? Wisdom that cannot be spoken? an idea that cannot be uttered? What characteristics would it have? How would we notice it, or think about it; study it, or perceive it? Could we? Would we? In a world of instant access to unlimited information, it seems almost absurd to seek after something that cannot be encoded into language.

This is exactly how Lao Tzu describes The Tao in the *Tao Te Ching*, “The Tao that can be told is not the eternal Tao, The Way that can be named is not the eternal Way.” But how can we have anything but a superficial understanding of this Great Truth when all we can do is speak or read about it? Perhaps it can be reached through meditation. Focusing on your breathing, moving into your body, getting in touch with your surroundings and filling your mind with the present moment. This may get you away from words, but as the story goes, meditating to reach enlightenment is like polishing a brick to make it into a mirror (it ain’t gon’ happen)

[I have tactically chosen to leave the remainder of this post empty, instead of finishing it, in order to leave space for Wordless Truth. Let me know if you see it]