

This is the crux of many problems. The need. The solution.

Why?

The depth of that word is limited only by our imagination. Not only why this and not that, but why ask the question? Why frame it with those words? What are we truly looking for?

I remember learning to hunt, learning about camouflage and stalking. The question then: what am I hiding from, and why? To what end?

Idries Shah poses an interesting point: are you asking a question because you want information or because you want entertainment? Want attention from your teacher?

Are you looking for truth or permission?

Are you looking for hope or facts?

Are you trying to change or stay the same?

And are you willing to pay the price? To put in the effort? Because if you want it, want anything, then the path begins to form. The road. We must ask these questions first. To know where we start. To know where we are going. Without that knowledge, without truly exploring those questions we can never hope to navigate this mess. We must be honest. Lies will simply subvert our goals. We would never lie when asking for directions, and sticking feathers up your ass does not make you a chicken. Truth can be hard. Deal with it. Or don't bother asking the question.

I am sitting on a plane, waiting. Thinking. Searching for the right question.