

Layout

This work purposely breaks rules. So follow suit, meandering to whatever calls. This will allow for a more natural form of exploration.

Reveal the Tao at the pace of your own life,
rather than the metered speed of written words.

Each section limits itself as a small self-contained topic. While it would be possible to write an entire book on each topic, the goal is simplicity. Long, detailed writings would actually hinder the process of learning, as it introduces too many tangents to the central theme:

Taoism is simply the process of living to one's own nature.

To illustrate the Tao, the text mirrors human nature by becoming a mixture of Poetry, Art, Literature and Spoken Word.

===== Paths =====

The Tao isn't a path; the path is our lives meandered.

In life I have discovered finding my way has at times been a difficult undertaking. The path sections are lessons learned from my own wanderings as a Taoist.

I also contradict myself at times. This is part of the process of understanding ourselves and the Tao. Contradictions are often found when looking at something from a different perspective. Experience is based purely on perspective. Contradictions within a person are an indicator that he or she has traveled several distinct paths within life, incorporating different viewpoints and truths.

A contradiction is the starting point to a more complete understanding.

===== Thoughts =====

To help make this a living book you are encouraged to add feedback. Write down what comes to mind. No self restrictions. All too often while reading, something important comes to mind, only to slip past as we continue to read. Let ideas run freely; mix the moisture of your own inspiration to this work.

Everything here is meant to inspire self expression.

Write, draw, paint, splash out some of your own spirit and release something new onto these pages. This in turn releases you from the bindings of traditional books so that this becomes a more personal learning experience.

Simply put:

Write openly of yourself to be yourself.

Let loose spirit to reveal soul.

Freedom is rooted within sharing expression...

A blank canvas
White page
Devoid of meaning

Could be many things, this page, my life...
I could be obtuse,
 Could list to the side three other things

But let's be direct
My life is blank at times

I could tell all the reasons it isn't so
The Mona Lisa smile of my love
The wait,
no side tracking
no trying to explain... away.

Feeling blank
means being empty.

Face it

Crumble the page
Dirty it up
Write something down
Dash the ink about

The page is mine to do with as I desire

Crumple it, tear it, burn it,
leave it blank, walking away
maybe doodle or
build
origami cranes,
 paper airplanes

or

 simply write the day away

Always a choice on how to

Use the page

Looking back
this time
The choice was to write.