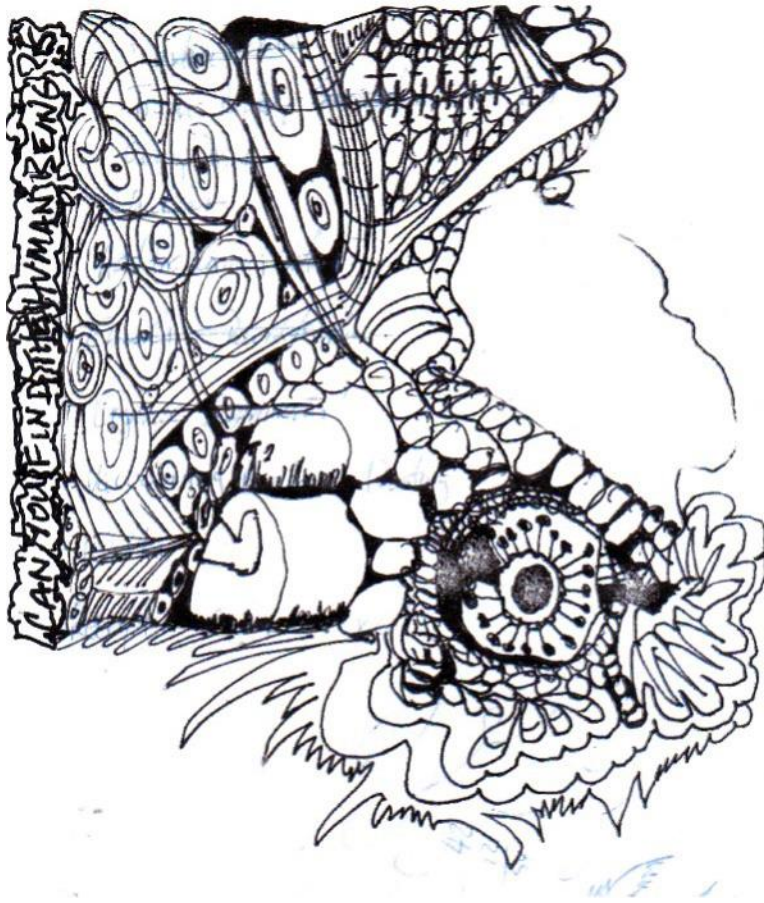


A Person of the Way Fundamentally Does Not Dwell Anywhere

Falling Off the World



A cold morning below a shimmering gray-cloud illusion above. To the East, the illusion splits apart letting the pink and blue colors shimmer and peek out. The earth rolled moving out of sight of the moon. The water for the birds and squirrels changed to ice. The dogs hunt for the chipmunk under the deck. All the trees have lost their leaves. The Truth uncovered and uncovered and uncovered. But we do not see it. We see the things in the world and think they are real. We could come up with a new slogan; ***Worldly Things Matter***. We need another word. We need to add *fundamentally* with a question.

Do worldly things fundamentally matter?

White clouds gather in formation as time swiftly passes by while blue light magic conceals the vacant sky.

Who is the one that fundamentally sees into not dwelling anywhere?

Drop concern for your *selfish self* that dwells in worry and fear. Do not ask unwise questions.

- • What will I say?
- • How will I look?
- • Where will I live?
- • What will I wear?
- • What can I get?
- • Will I have fun?
- • How will I sound?
- • Where will I sleep?
- • What will I eat?
- • Who will look after me?
- • How will I manage?
- • What will I do?

This is where we begin. Power up concentration and study the self. Ask yourself:

Who am I? What am I?

