A Koan for a Koan

Who Am I?

I am the sound of one hand clapping
I am the one hand
and the other that is presumed missing
I am the clap and
the space between the clap
the moment before, during, and after
I am the I am, the you are, the they are, the we are
I am the clapped silence
I am the question and the answer
and the stillness that makes question and answer
entirely meaningless.

I am I am I am
nothing more than sounds placed next to each other
a construct built on the ungraspability of nothing
that points to the something
too full to be named by
the limitation of sound.
And that
non that
is what I am.