

## 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.