

Look closely, my heart. See how all things arise and pass away—even that which is turning the shapes on this page into the sounds and thoughts you are right now silently speaking to yourself. When you no longer need to read the signs to find your way, you'll know for yourself that books and maps can only get you so far. There is a direct path.

*Dhira*

Source: The First Free Women: Poems of the Early Buddhist nuns, by Matty Weingast