

Master,

I've walked many paths since we last sat beneath the fig tree. Some steady. Some slippery. Some full of light, others shadow. But I keep walking. And somewhere along the way, I stopped expecting the road to feel a certain way. I no longer chase silence. I simply return to it.

You once said wisdom is not something to carry like a stone in your pocket. I didn't understand that then. I kept checking my pockets, afraid I'd dropped something important. Now I see. Wisdom isn't carried. It's remembered.

And sometimes, I forget. Sometimes I still react, still grasp, still spin in old loops. But even in that forgetting... something softer remains. A breath. A pause. A space that wasn't there before.

You taught me not how to escape the storm, but how to stop mistaking myself for the clouds.

I used to want to arrive. Now I just want to stay awake while walking. If this is the dance, then yes... it's clumsy. But it's mine. And it's enough.

Thank you for pointing me back to myself without ever making it about you. Thank you for the stillness, the laughter, the tea. Thank you for never rushing my becoming.

I don't need your answers anymore. But I still carry your presence like a warm breeze at my back.

With love,

Your Monkey

(who no longer wanders, but still dances)