

...with this arising, you are a Buddha. And then you start laughing because you come to know that you have been a Buddha from the very beginning; you had just never looked so deep. You were running around and around outside of your being, you had never come home.

The philosopher, Arthur Schopenhauer, was walking down a lonely street. Buried in thought, he accidentally bumped into another pedestrian. Angered by the jolt and apparent unconcern of the philosopher, the pedestrian shouted, "Well! Who do you think you are?" Still lost in thought the philosopher said, "Who am I? How I wish I knew."

Nobody knows.

Knowing this - that I don't know who I am - the journey starts.

The first sutra:

Homage to the perfection of wisdom,
the lovely, the holy!