

The Meaning of Matrix

Fond texts from Monk David

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13.1 - Tale of the man and the sage

A man begins a journey down a road, this road is a series of branching paths that lead to every location in the world. The man doesn't know where to go, nor does he stop to read the signs. At every branch, there waits a sage who knows every destination simply by looking down a path.

The man has become frustrated after walking down random paths and finding nothing, so he stops to ask the sage, "why haven't I found a city, or a castle, or a cliff?" To which the sage says, "Down this road is a city, that one leads to a castle, and if you take your next right, you will find a cliff."

The man begins to walk down the road to the city, but the sage stops him, "So you will end your journey? This city's name is Temptation, it will not be as lavish as you've always dreamed a city to be, you will be disappointed." The man responds, "I do not care, it's a place I can rest, I will be happy."

The sage chuckles, "Perhaps you will be happy, but you will not be satisfied, for you have given up your journey. If I had not told you where you were going, you would have found a city with no known name, it will have been everything you have dreamt it would be, and your journey would have been fulfilling, either way you would be happy."

13.2 - Lost on a Narrow Road

The man continues down his determined path, he seeks not to wander or wonder. The road is still long and tiresome, but he sees an end in sight, so he continues. Every new branch and fork he stops to read the sign, Temptation, he doesn't bother with the others. With each step, his pace hastens. As he passes each branch, the sage questions him.

"Why do you want to reach a city?"

"Do you tire of your journey?"

"Why so quickly do you run?"

"What will you do in the city?"

"Was this your original destination?"

The man ignored the sage, for he must hurry, he has no time to stop for questions. This continued until the sage asked him a particular question.

"Why did you step on that flower?"

The man stopped finally to respond, "What flower?"

The sage pointed in the direction the man came from. "It was a beautiful flower, far more beautiful than anything you have or will ever see. And it never will be beautiful again."

Out of disbelief the man exclaims "Surely I would have seen it."

The sage looks into the eyes of the man, "No, you were too busy looking ahead, you never looked down, or around, or behind, or at the way the road became a soft field of flowers and a stream full of fish and a meadow of sheep. Your haste has made you more slow and your greater focus has made you blind. Your goal has overshadowed your journey and you have become lost in the dark on a narrow road."