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If you were to gather a group of mathematicians, each could contribute an infinite number of unsolved problems. The mathematician's primary job is not to solve these problems arbitrarily, but to a) develop an aesthetic sense of which of those problems are interesting and worth solving, and b) imagine internally consistent, elegant solutions.

Speaking of open questions: is Math an invention or a discovery? Kurt Gödel's incompleteness theorem posits that math and any formal system includes inconsistencies. For that reason, Math appears to reflect our own contradictory selves more than it could possibly model our consistent universe. In other words, any passing resemblance it bears to our world is only because we and our consciousness are also a product of our world. In that way, math is like any other art.

The difference is that math requires ample training and machinery to understand or write at all. Fine art, poetry, prose offer a slightly more forgiving path to beginners, although ultimately, they find their way to the same place: both have exciting, beautiful truths that can be understood with little background, and offer even more intrigue if one has the necessary context to understand them on that deeper level.

My mandalas make those connections visible. They are mind maps, and like math or art, any resemblance they bear to our world is only because I am a product of it. Just as monks practice regiments of prayer and mandala-making, so do I. Buddhist mandalas are made in sand; mine in chalk. I build them up slowly, only to wipe them clean and begin again; they represent a spiritual commune– but with which spirits? Most monks appear to attain greater peace through their process, while troubled artists and insane mathematicians are so common to have become cliché. 20th century logicians like Godel, Russel, and Hilton –whose work most inspires me– all went crazy in their discovery that math does not represent truth, only internal consistency, and in fact cannot even maintain that!

I sway between mathematicians' and priests' affects in that way– the delicately balanced lamp which illuminates my mandals is designed to hurt. It casts light on beautiful ideas, but to look too closely is painful. While math itself is aggravatingly close to consistency, Gödel showed that any system of sufficient descriptive power can contradict itself. Only lower dimensional renditions, (read: shadows) written in a less-strict language can avoid those contradictions and maintain their hazy consistency.

So I present both: the sun and shadow; pain and solace; clear inconsistency and ambiguous truth; losing oneself and finding something else.

TL;DR: Paradoxically, meaning lies in contradictions.