

The unknown

The unknown is the inhale before “let there be light.”
It is the unknowable before it reveals itself.

The unknown is the pregnant pause before giving birth.
It is the death before birth can birth itself.

The unknown is the vacant cistern waiting to be filled
And the full cistern waiting to be drunk.
It is the drunken giddiness of unlimited options.

The unknown is the present, waiting to be opened.
It is the present itself.
The now moment before then unfolds.

The unknown is the limitless possibility of what may arise
In this room
On this night
In perhaps the next breath
Or ten
Or a thousand.

It is not the, “what do **I want** to happen?”
But the, “what wants to happen?”
It is the wanting, wanting to fulfill itself.

The embodied unknown is the “what next?”
Without the energy of future orientation.
It is the seed of the future
Deepening its own roots.

The unknown is this moment,
This now.
Surrendered into the world of
All things are possible.