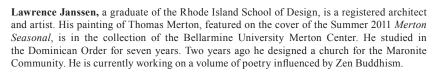
No Knowing

By Lawrence Janssen

For the mystic there is Only the cloud of the unknowing Void, numinous and radiant No words, perceptions or thoughts Only this very moment complete and undivided A mystery beyond dissection Sacred as the mountain and tall cedar No carefully calculated strategies For a wondrous reward earned, deserved or achieved Hear the call of the wild! A voice crying in the desert To open our senses Hot and cold To the pulse of seasons and change An intuitive observation of nature Light and darkness Birth and death Change and continuity Within a cycle And rhythm beyond our imagination





Lawrence Jannsen