

## Without Knowing It

By **Ed Higgins**

“We are full of paradise without knowing it.”  
Thomas Merton

If this isn't Paradise, what is?  
Your own eyes wide with  
the imagination, the knowing,  
the not-knowing of it all.

As the sometimes porcelain  
of summer clouds, or  
their crow's-wing black  
of threatening, then actual rain.

Or as in your vegetable garden,  
tomatoes so near to ripe  
you can't wait to pick them.  
But must, knowing the  
ripe taste worth the mid-July wait.

And then there is garden corn,  
almost Heaven itself (even if  
not a worshipper of Centeoti,  
the Aztec maize god) slathered  
with butter, salt, and pepper.

Everything alive or dead, or  
whatever's in between, as  
most things are. As our rapt  
or frightened attention  
to contingency demands.

Or else just to prove you're  
able to stand it all sometimes.  
Then you can at least pretend  
it's all meaningful. And maybe it is.



**Ed Higgins**

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