

## Release from the Known

Where did we meet?  
Where before have I seen  
your steadfast resilience?  
In the snow on a mountain?  
Have I seen your eyes  
in churning blues of seawater?  
Has your voice laughed  
in the rain on some porch roof?  
My knowing fails.

Being with you  
is so far beyond and above  
knowing  
that I gasp at the depth,  
as if I were to emerge  
out of a challenging forest  
and stand surprised  
at the brink  
of some Grand Canyon,  
the fragrance of familiar evergreens  
pouring over the edge  
into this optical impossibility.

In school we learned hard and long,  
hoping to know our way into a future,  
but now an approaching endlessness  
is vaporizing  
every drop of knowing  
we ever gleaned  
and sweeping us away  
in the singing wind.

However unknowing,  
we can do,  
we can feel,  
we can think,  
we can be,  
and we can  
(most yes of all)  
love.

A being is fullest of can  
when emptiest of know.  
Witness the majestic power of weather  
around our deeply unknowing globe,  
or feel within all your organs  
the fathomless tides fluctuating  
under lunar and solar urgings.

Breathe, breathe with me,  
my sweet companion,  
as we sally confidently  
into a smiling unknown.