

Blessed Unknowing by Rich Norman © 2013

Blessed is our unknowing.

How innocent to feel
The light upon my skin
Flesh as candy
Warmed and pulled
Spilled into warmth and golden shadow
A glove of light and warmth
So is Life...
An innocence, spilling her careless bounty
Upon my soul—
An offering outstretched,
A new question, an offering gladly accepted
Simply for being asked.

I unfold myself before the day
And discover it has dreamt me
Alive and knowing
Seeing and dreaming
A companion to every hollow question
So is the dreamer to his dream:
A spot of treasure to fill the hollow eye
So does Life unfold, around and through us
As a hungry dream,
A craving...
That we might yet remember,
And become real.

*The Day is a poem which unfolds silently into the eye—
Heard only after it is tasted.*