

With Time (poem)

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With time it is revealed, shown, illuminated. With time I become naturally more awake like rock, stone or hillside whittled away by erosion, weather, eons, into a hollow instrument that whistles love when the wind blows through. I become clear, transparent. I see through myself to the whole. I am the scientist, the microscope. I am the cells, the disease, and the life. I am that screen of awareness upon which figures rise and form. This is the natural process, the evolution, the growth. This is how god works, in mysterious ways. I see the words on the page take shape from story into meaningless marks and back again. The thing that realizes awareness is awareness and realizes itself to be awareness more purely, when all the other identities are shed, divorced from, pulled out at the root, not picked up, when death of everything known is met. The thing that writes you is the thing that reads me. We are all the oneness of a what not a who. And natural knowledge, our birthright, is like the roots of a tree, reaching up, reaching down with many part harmonies, colors, truths, galaxies, formulas, layers of life, multiple strands of reality happening at once, like multiple movies on the same screen, seemingly contradictory. These are all effortlessly known without moving, without thinking. This is Gnosis, when all realities are known simultaneously, in a flash moment, all perspectives are seen in the context of nothingness.