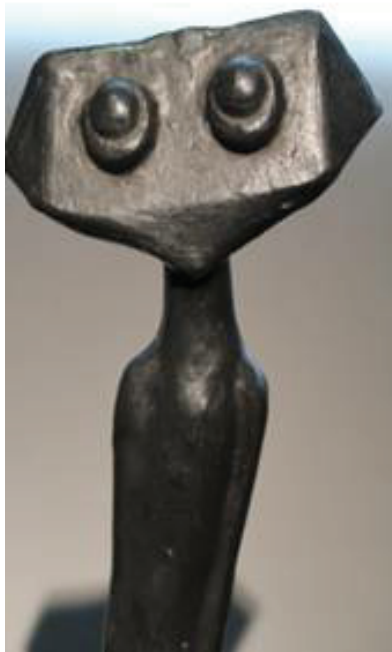
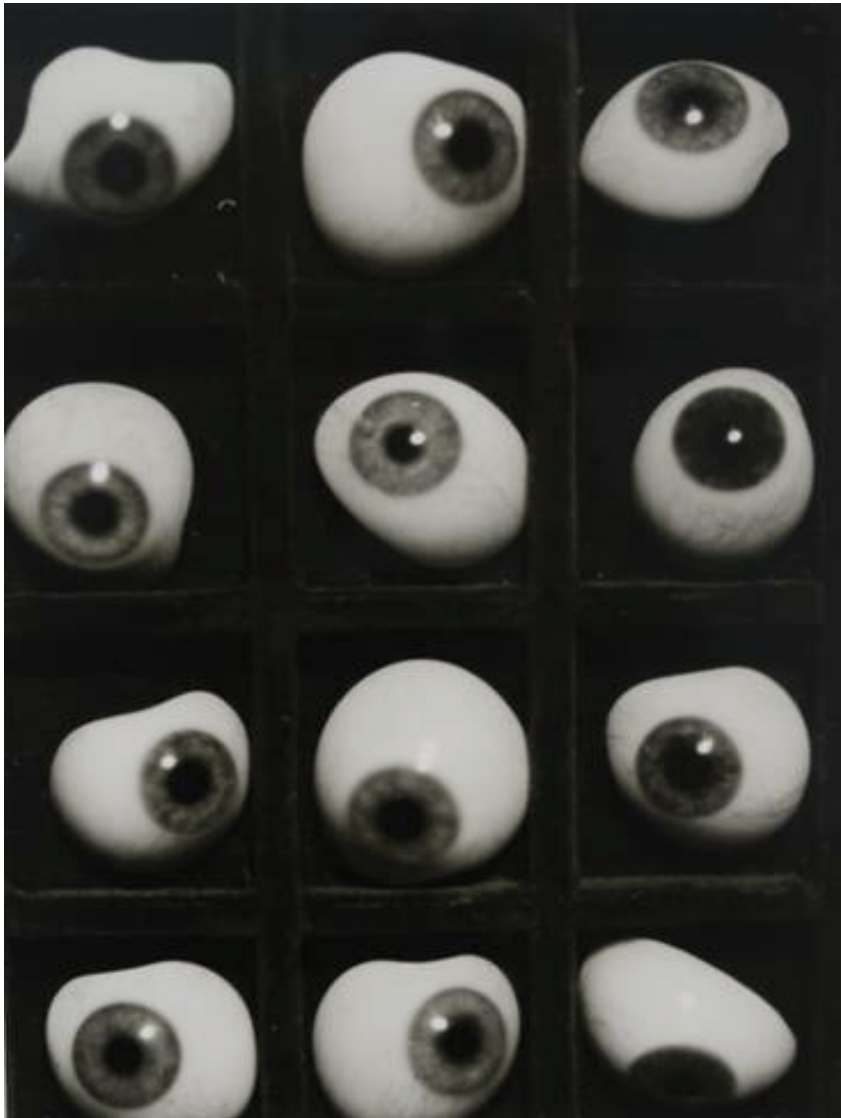


The Life Unknown –  
*Mystery*



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Am | truly who | know, see and or do?

Who am I, the 'I' itself  
in all its invariable mysteriousness?

Am I truly who I know, see and or do?  
Or am I more and if so how can I become sure  
of this other supposedly self as me too?

God is said as a mysterious form  
some do worship and or adore.  
But what is it as a concrete form?  
What does it achieve or reach to where –  
some other so-called outer reality or sphere?

God is said as some experience, like a breeze  
or seed inside us, this form physical and real.  
But what then, if so, are we to be, do  
and have in a form so as to become aware?

What is on offer

when one does begin to know,  
from experience,  
we are more than what is said  
or so-called to be known to date?

What are we

if a mind inside ourself dictates,  
contemplates, decides and or undertakes?

Are we of a total being ...



or being fed by a consciousness stream?

Thoughts and ideas to what is being lived out,  
or by thoughts to discover, develop and undergo;

Thoughts to which, no idea  
who they are from inside the unknown mystery  
of man as woman's mind's storehouse to survive.

But what is a mystery,  
we are and have, mind-like supplied?

Are we even fully appreciative  
of this life not being known  
but supplies our mind with ideas  
enormously favourable as too despicable?

Do we actually decide what is appropriate  
and in how to become more fully aware,  
awake and alive to that unknown life mystery?

Do we even care  
about the life on earth  
and what it does mean  
to live an earthly existence?

Do we ever feel unusual  
about those types of unknown happenings?  
Or is this life one large series of unusual events  
happening without even aware or questioning?



The whole notion of an enterprise  
as is a consciousness, as is the unknown mind,  
terrifies to think in life,  
we are not even clear of 'who I am',  
the 'I' in all its various characteristic forms.

Love surpasses all it is said,  
but what of a love,  
no words to clearly express?

How is it possible then to know  
what is love and in how it does feel,  
where it arises and in its length to last  
or even how it came by then  
and who or what invented that  
in a human being to begin?

Those feelings of an emotional depth  
have little concrete evidence as does our breath.

But there it is,  
this 'I' inside the mind, our head,  
mystery given  
but unless understood, well led.

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The whole understanding of one human being  
is not fully appreciated  
without being on our own quietly to assess  
through our behaviour seems the best –  
in how we daily do in our actions and words get expressed.

The 'whole' is what here is a difficulty  
because we apparently only operate on half  
of who is this being having an earthly life experience.

And that being said,  
where does this word 'human being' come from  
when it comes to us in our head?

Are we just a physical representation  
of another form inside  
like those organs, cells and vessels that keep us alive?

Or are we one but two forms interacting  
all the time individual quite incomplete  
but as a unit come to bear who we are  
as a mysterious form of what can only be described as  
human as physical and being as an unknown or mystery.

The whole as always a human being,  
but who has the time to even stop and or care  
as to who inside has the ropes or changes those gears?

## What is or what is not?

How can you know each day what will be the end result,  
outcome or happening, success or not, happy and content,  
or led fearful, irresponsible or in disarray, how possible?

Well, some part unknown life inside  
does actually know as if to in our day to day guide.

No one has a total plan or guide  
life is in all sense, an unknown mystery –  
but then who is who when it does come down to you?

## Love is the only clue.

For in that space of loving care,  
loving embrace, trust and fair  
we can have a clear window  
to know, appreciate and value  
our worth as life on earth.

Someone inside  
loves us enough  
to have arrived and live an earthly life  
to engage, experience and supply  
a variant of happenings until we die.

The 'whole'

is what we are and have available,  
consciousness as quantum, a mystery in each,  
that we all belong.

So mystery and life unknown  
but there to engage when time alone.

Thoughts to question and think a while;  
Thought to engage and ask of and about;  
Thoughts that scare and question why and or how;  
Thoughts of love and life to do or be;  
Thoughts to consider daily.

Love you see is the life to appreciate  
for here one is open to the greater aspects -

love of an earthly experience;  
love of person, self and other;  
love of our human frame  
and its phenomenal workings to live a life;  
love of every animal, insect, bird and tree;  
love of sea, rivers and streams;  
love of the planet and all it does do and provide,  
especially the hard working, little beloved,  
germinating of life's survival, bee.





Love is not a mystery

when in time alone  
one can deal more appropriately  
with any difficulty,  
to see half only is of those punishing times  
we were able to then see ...

And now alone to ponder

so the whole of all  
is able to become more clear  
and us as acceptable to know ...

love as life is all about you and learning  
and in how yourself is in fact the inspiration  
to what is of a most mysterious event.

Life as love is what we are

when time out to count the stars,  
let the mind have a breath  
to stop the persecution of work over rest.

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## *Bibliography:*

Pamphlet Series:

### **Awaken to Truth**

- Burdensome People - Burdensome Past
- Courage to go on
- Death in the Detail
- The Bastardisation of Truth
- Satellite tonight
- Homeless-ness of Heart - Compassion at the core
- Abandoned
- Costly exercise Death
- You are it. I am it. What of it
- Cost of living on the rise
- Silence is Golden if Peace is involved
- Brutalism on our Shores
- Betrayal
- Hidden
- Value-less Plight
- Time Out
- The Bread of Life
- Forgiveness
- The Factory Doors are shut
- Adrift in Retirement
- The Other Half of Midnight
- The Ancient Mariner
- Reflections of a downward spiralling trend
- Hello Mister Bee

## *Continued...*

- Standing Apart
- The Aloneness of Standing Apart
- What is War About
- Smoke Screen
- Who is He
- Eternal but a physical being earthly and real
- Blinded by Mechanical Toys
- Destruction on the rise – no place to hide
- Shrugged Shoulders
- Can we Forgive
- He knew he was gone
- Shattered Splattered ... what's the matter?
- Soft Target
- Conscience Calling
- The Song of Love beyond our face
- Structure Divine
- Fortnite
- The Mystical Way
- The Mystic within us all
- Here we are again
- Frozen in the sand of time
- Conscious but Dead they Speak
- The Edge of Humanity – the Poor
- The Source
- Loss of Who I Am
- Art as Agency
- The Brave Unknown

## *Continued...*

- I Am Love – What of it
- The World Undetected ... the Dead
- They Drift to Where and Nowhere
- To Become Me
- The Sound of Silence in Speechlessness
- When Someone Dies
- Parting in a Death
- Surrender All Lies
- No one talks about it ... Death and Dying
- Sacrificial Lamb
- Where did they go but Home
- Aloneness
- To Become Him
- To Become One
- The Devil's Handyman ... America
- Jungle Fever – Tread with Caution
- The Current Phenomena – Nuclear War
- Across Borders
- Across the Waters
- Surveillance
- Suffering
- Fast, Furious and Fantastical
- Toward Loving Oneself ... the grief part
- The Grip of Humanity ... Who has it and what for
- Walking with (a) God by my side
- Dance the Dance of Humanity
- Keeping trace for where you are at

## *Continued...*

- The Bible Incomplete
- The Breath of an Angel's Wing
- Beauty – The Best of our Self Inside
- Departing
- He Electrifies Me
- Incomplete Pictures
- Never Again ... Release the Pain
- The Milk of Human Kindness
- The Mystic within us all
- Trusting the God within
- Holy Grave
- The Wind in Time
- Scholastic Genius
- Trusting the God Within
- Cosmic Reality
- Forth Turning
- The Carriage to Nowhere Land
- The Orchard Grove

Who am I,  
but the soul within,  
the mysteriousness  
that can and become?

But what is it I want,  
in a life shortish,  
but to be of worth  
and in love and loved  
as part of the all  
of consciousness?

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Notes: