

Enter the Divine Flow of the Unknowable Life

Sunrise, sunset, midnight...

...where does one begin, and the other end? Where, and when does one turn into the other?

The light itself is constant. *It is the earth that is moving*, creating the illusion that light turns to darkness, and darkness becomes light.

The new hope, an ebbing faith, sorrow over loss...

...a ceaseless parade of new beginnings, and the inevitable storms that march in lock-step only to rain on them. Where, and when does one turn into the other?

The light of awareness is constant. *It is the mind that is moving*, creating an imagined sense of self that—for fear of being carried away by its own wild reactions—then struggles, in vain, to free itself from being imprisoned *by some name* it has given to an unknowable, and un-nameable moment of Divine Life.

— Guy Finley