

## The Book

by quill *Sunday, Apr 22 2018, 3:12am*

international / poetry / post

scratched, brushed and written on mediums,  
man's signs and symbols  
deliver only the limits of men's  
minds

confined by rudimentary languages --  
they all fail to deliver truth and the meaning intended  
as interpretation is limited to subjective understanding/  
personal experience and by the shallow depths of human minds

yet a book exists that delivers all the  
secrets of infinite existence, TRUTH;  
this book is said to be older than time  
and remains open, freely available for all to see

some have attributed the mystical allusions  
of Hermes the Thrice Greatest to this book  
others refer to the poetic works of mystics  
and the riddles in the Gospel of Thomas;  
they come close but a micron is one measure too far  
as they fail to deliver the immediacy of Truth itself,  
tho they infer and allude

so i embarked on a journey to locate this book  
that opened existence, Creation/God and all else, exposing  
all the lies of men --  
life becomes/is meaningless if one does not apprehend  
the TRUE -- there was no turning back for this entity

forty and three years i searched fruitlessly  
tho the mystical poets inspired and comforted

others tripped unknowingly on this text  
but failed to understand, therefore it remained 'lost'  
to the world of men

i now refer to Fibonacci, Turing and others who understood  
the open mathematics of this book but failed  
to apprehend its meaning, Infinity!

it is known that galaxies, pine cones, flowers and certain sea shells  
express this truth but it evades finite minds trapped in

languages/words,  
signs and symbols that only reproduce themselves

yet the spirals found in galaxies and on earth are repeated  
screaming/whispering, LOOK!

after years of persistence the realisation dawned  
the medium is man, it was/is written in ALL existence  
before the beginning and expresses itself in constant kinetic  
creation,  
it must!

this process bears its own witness and displays itself openly  
for open eyes to see, expressed in the puzzling statement,  
"I AM THAT I AM"

the book once read/understood allows the most obscure texts of  
men  
to be easily decoded; The Emerald Tablet of Hermes  
and other obscure mystical writings/texts open like flowers  
according to the rhythm of the Sequence as do living  
galaxies, the cosmos ... that all throb to the pulse of LIFE

nothing could express the ineffable joy of this discovery as  
truth/infinity  
is its own reward

understand that there are no secrets, what blinds men  
is ignorance, self and superimposed, they see the open book daily  
(they are it)  
but do not understand, they ruminate but do not apprehend,  
they do not live or die as they have never really existed --  
without Truth there is absolutely Nothing

so what would you, Truth, all Knowledge, Bliss and Harmony  
or the nothing world of discord and deluded, ignorant men?

(the book of Life must necessarily be Alive)