

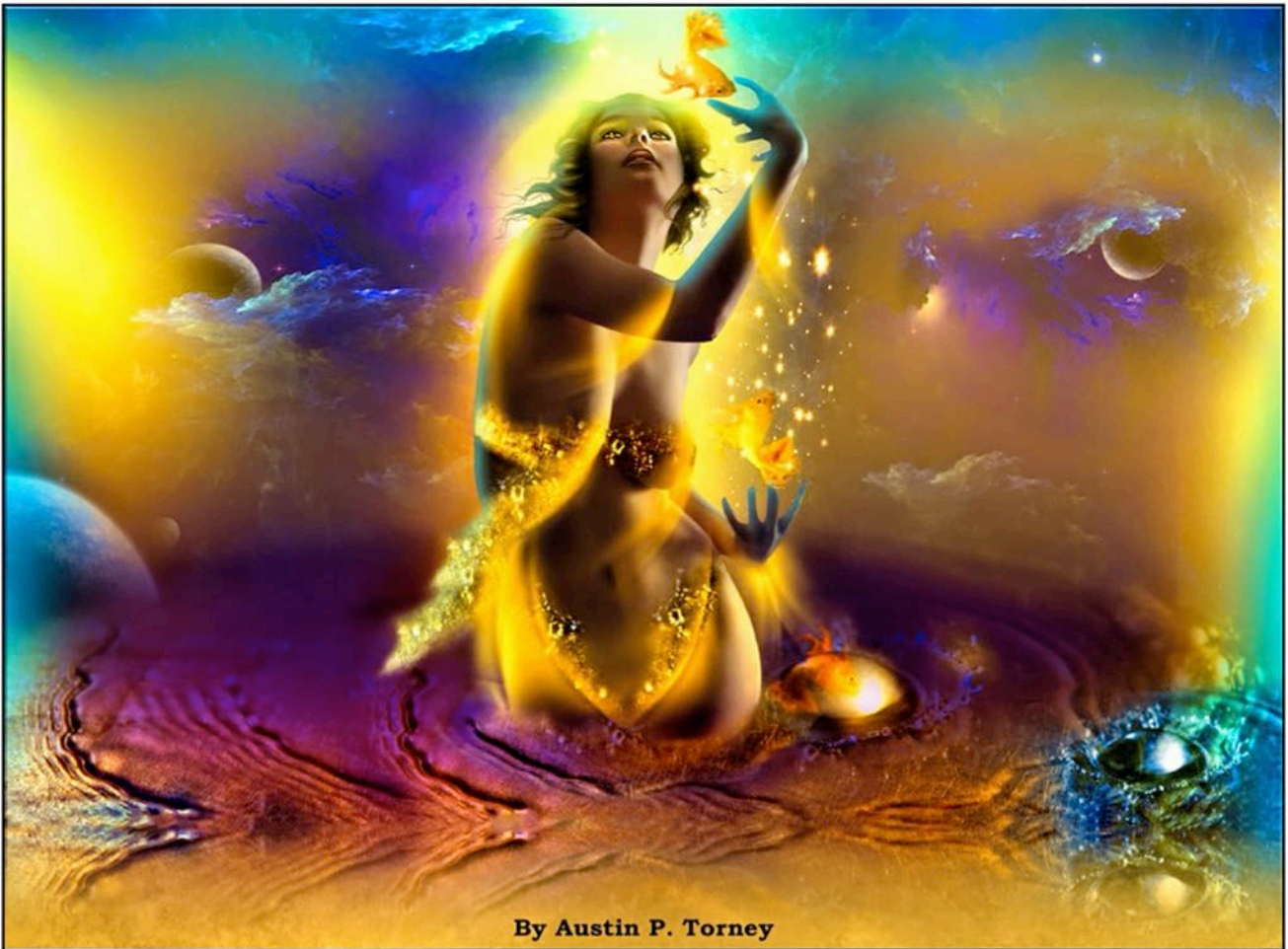
# The Knowing

Whither flowing free,  
All from Not Knowing

Of hitherto, I know not,  
but am whither going,  
Willy-nilly, whence  
all there is to knowing...  
Hence thither I went on  
hither flowing to find  
That I was truly free  
to be in body and mind.

Austin D. Torney

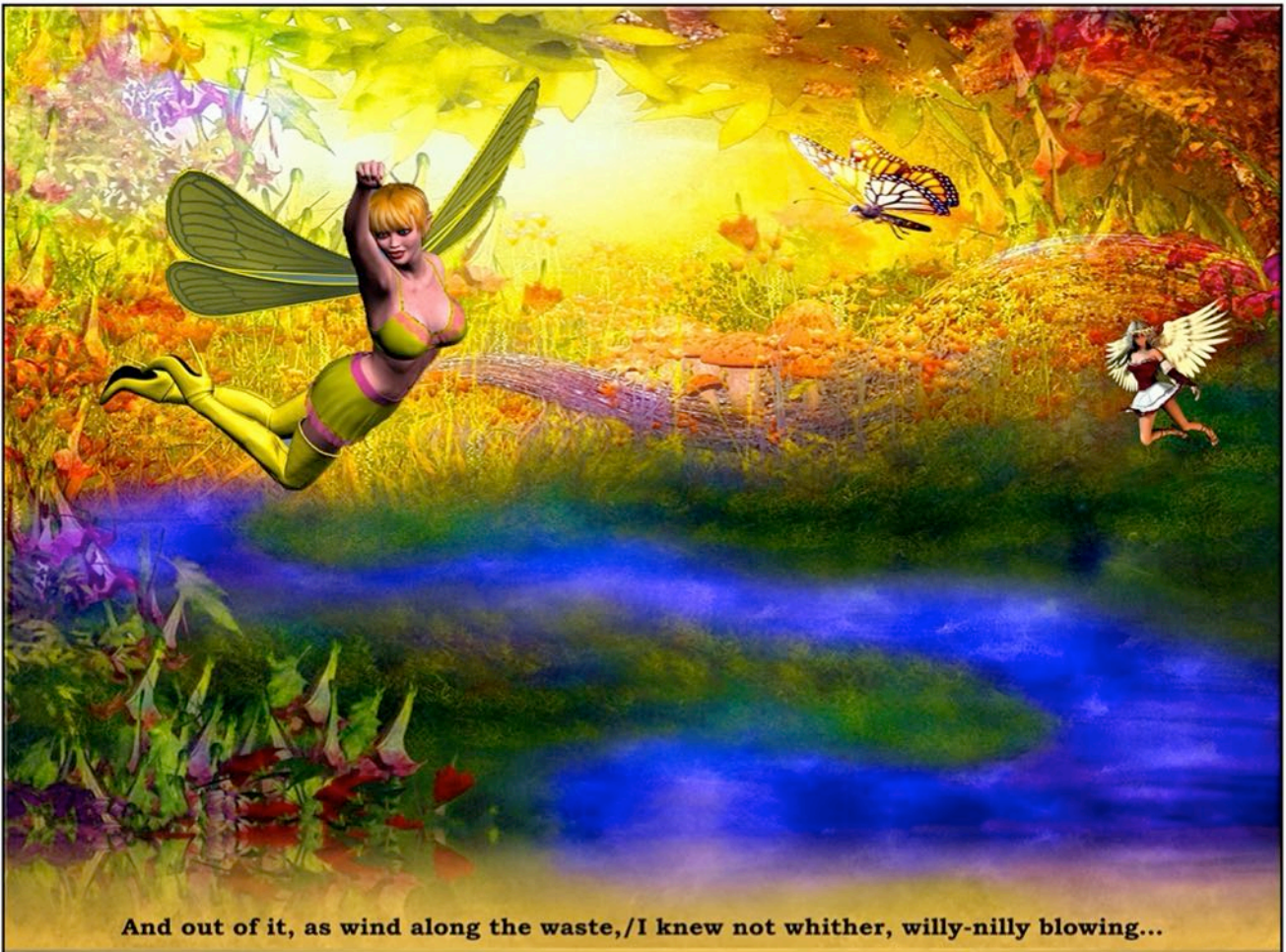




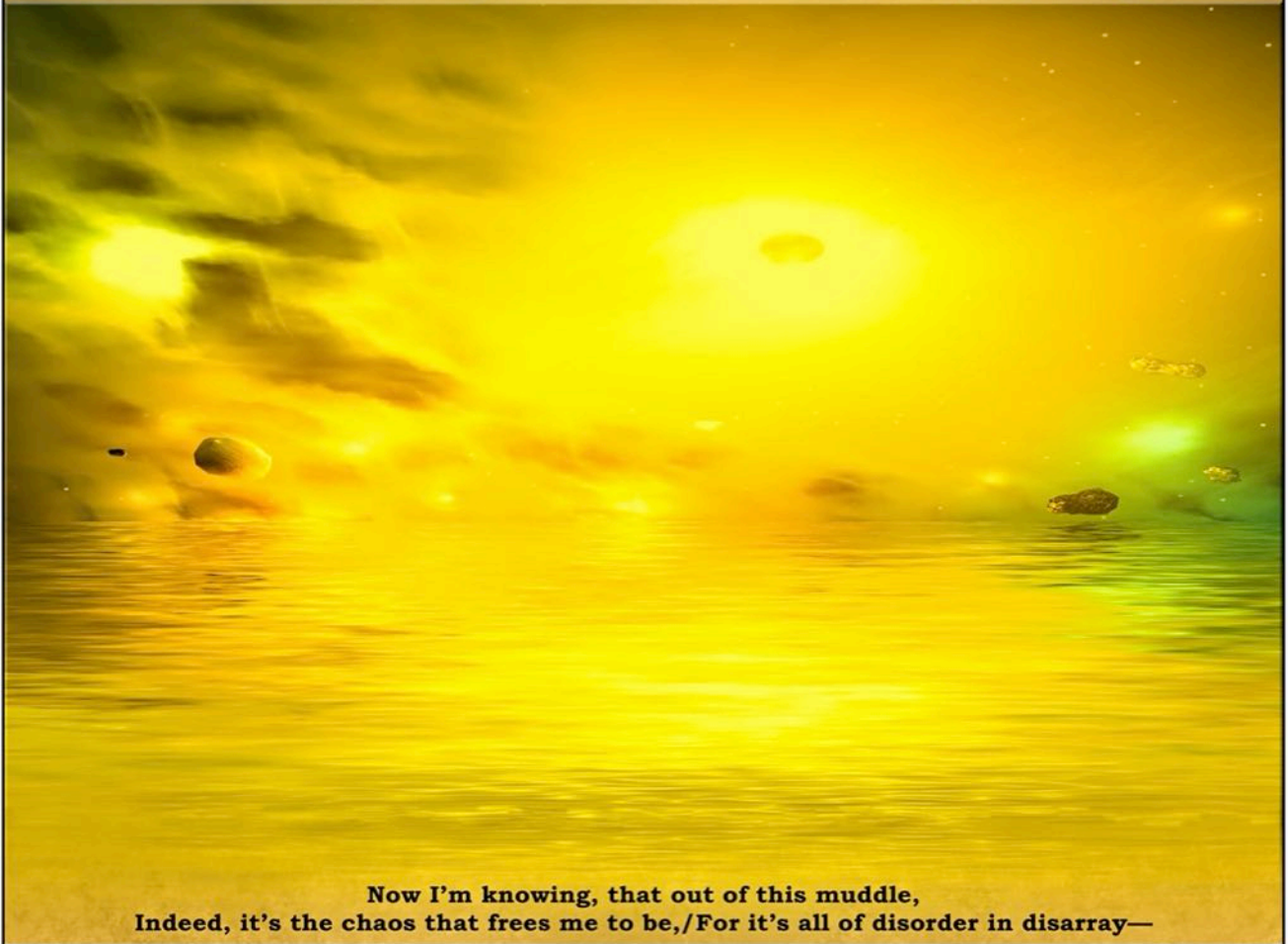
By Austin P. Torney



Into this Universe, and why, not knowing, / Nor whence, like water willy-nilly flowing:



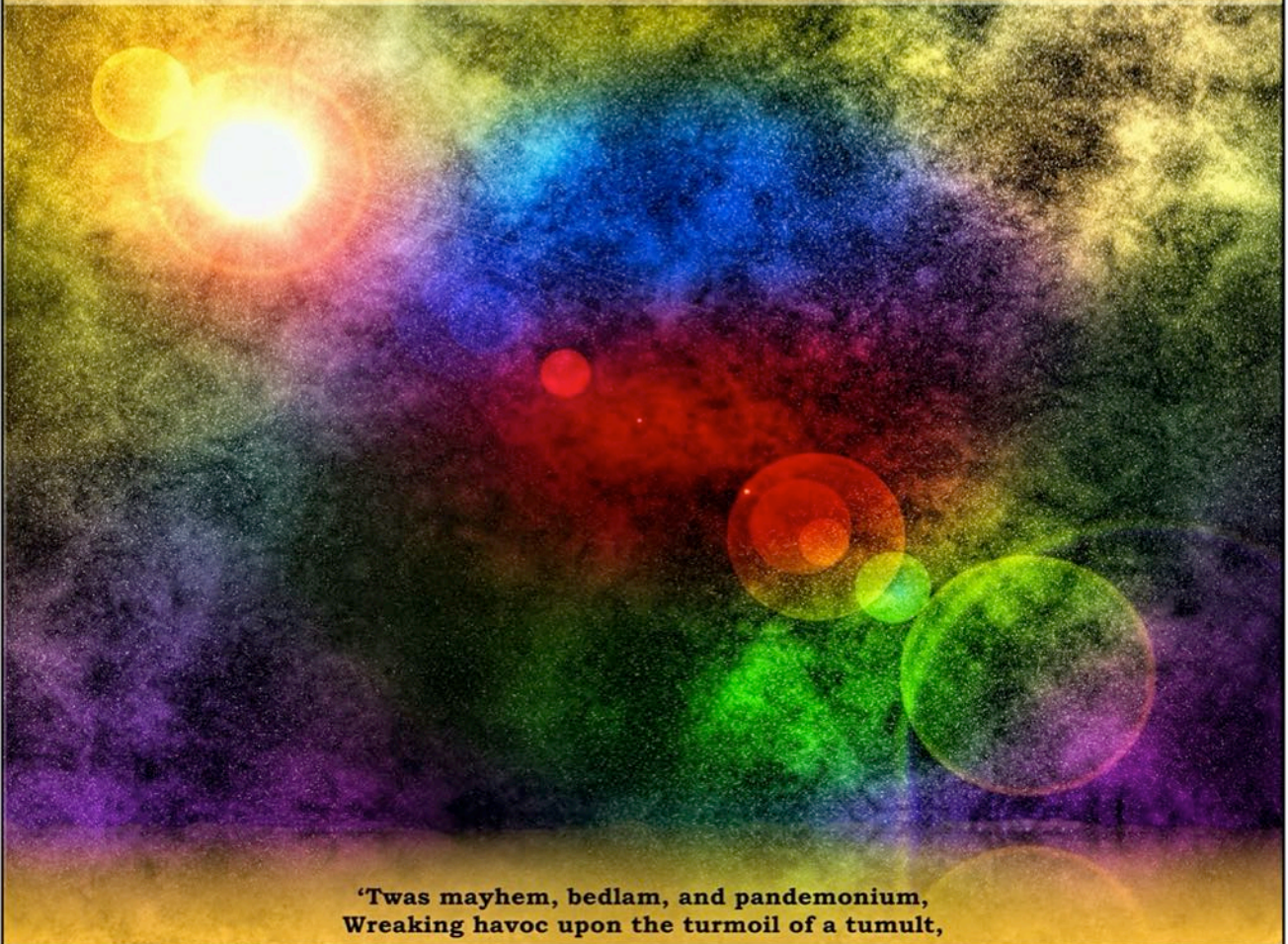
**And out of it, as wind along the waste,/I knew not whither, willy-nilly blowing...**



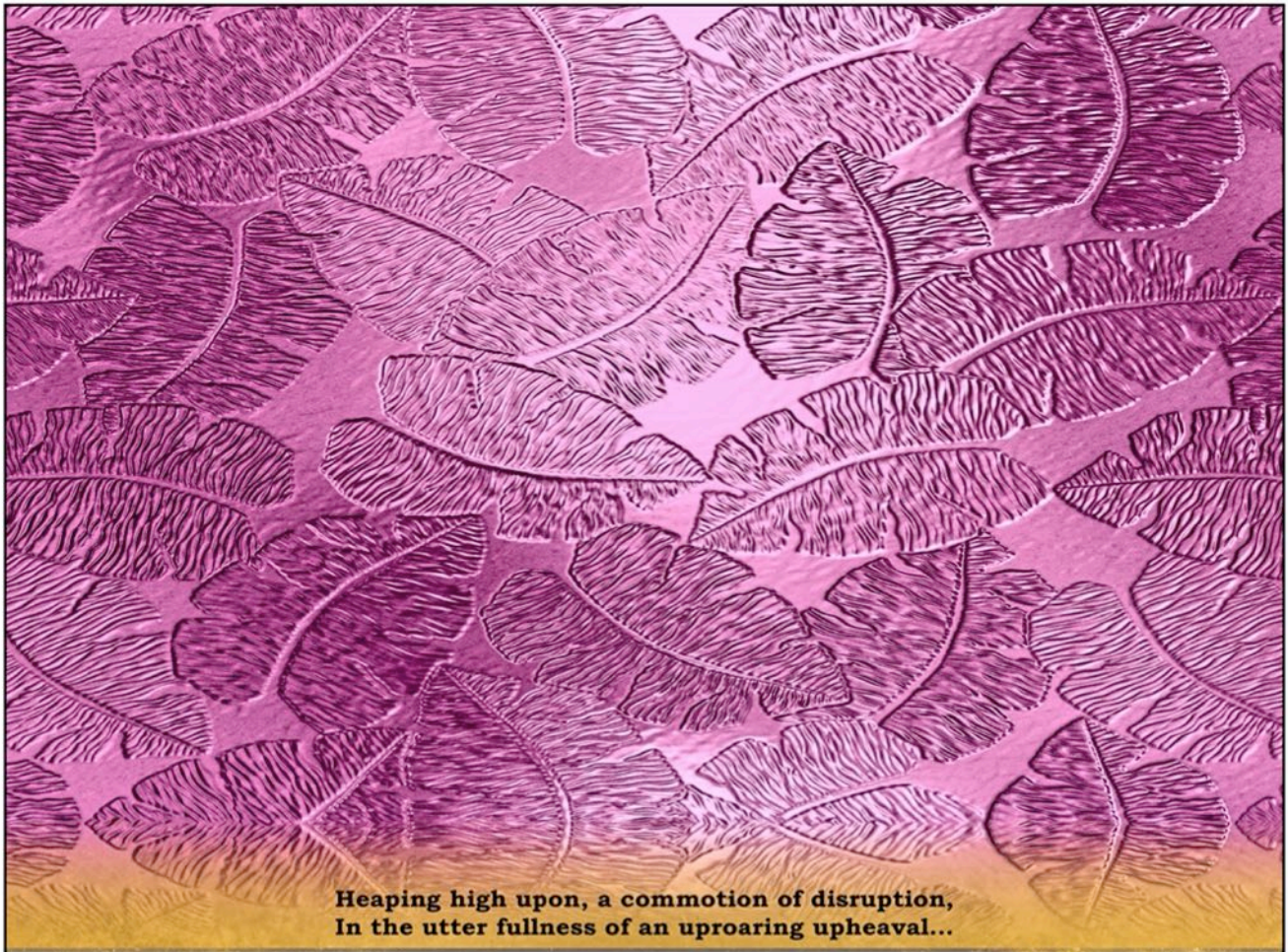
**Now I'm knowing, that out of this muddle,  
Indeed, it's the chaos that frees me to be,/For it's all of disorder in disarray—**



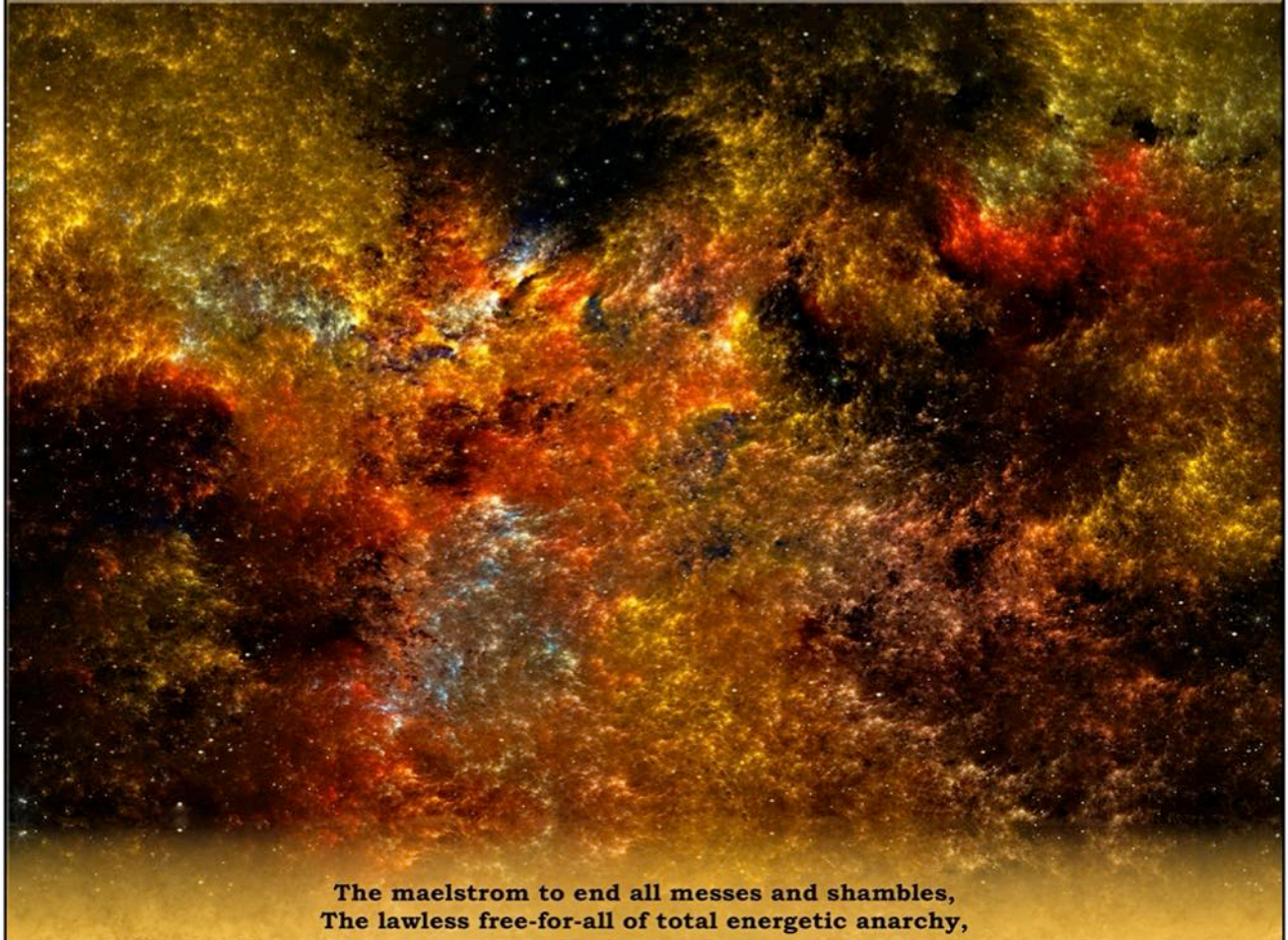
**An ultimate disorganized confusion,  
Whence all sprung, banged, and exploded, /With no hint or trace of order, law, or plan;**



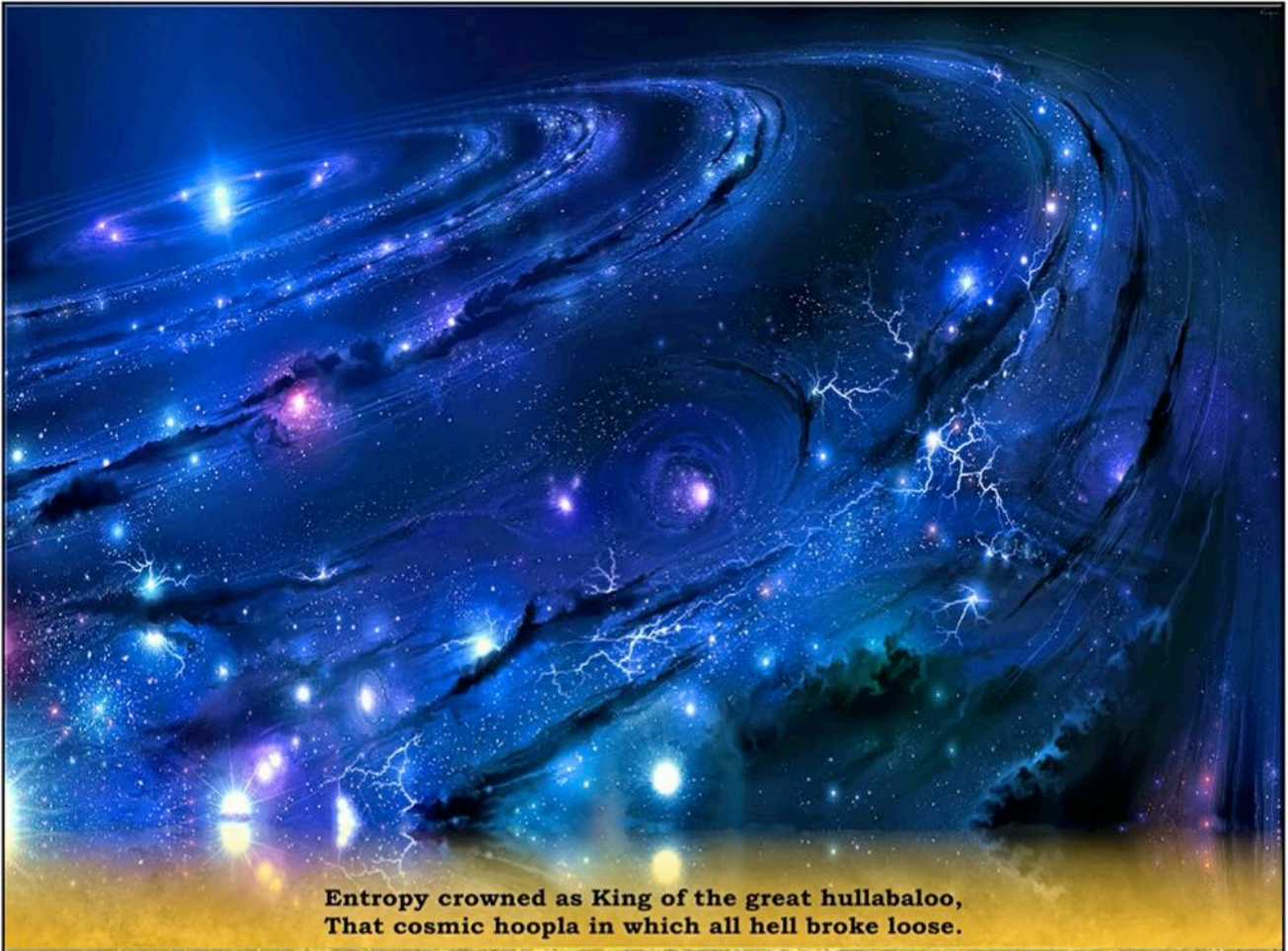
**'Twas mayhem, bedlam, and pandemonium,  
Wreaking havoc upon the turmoil of a tumult,**



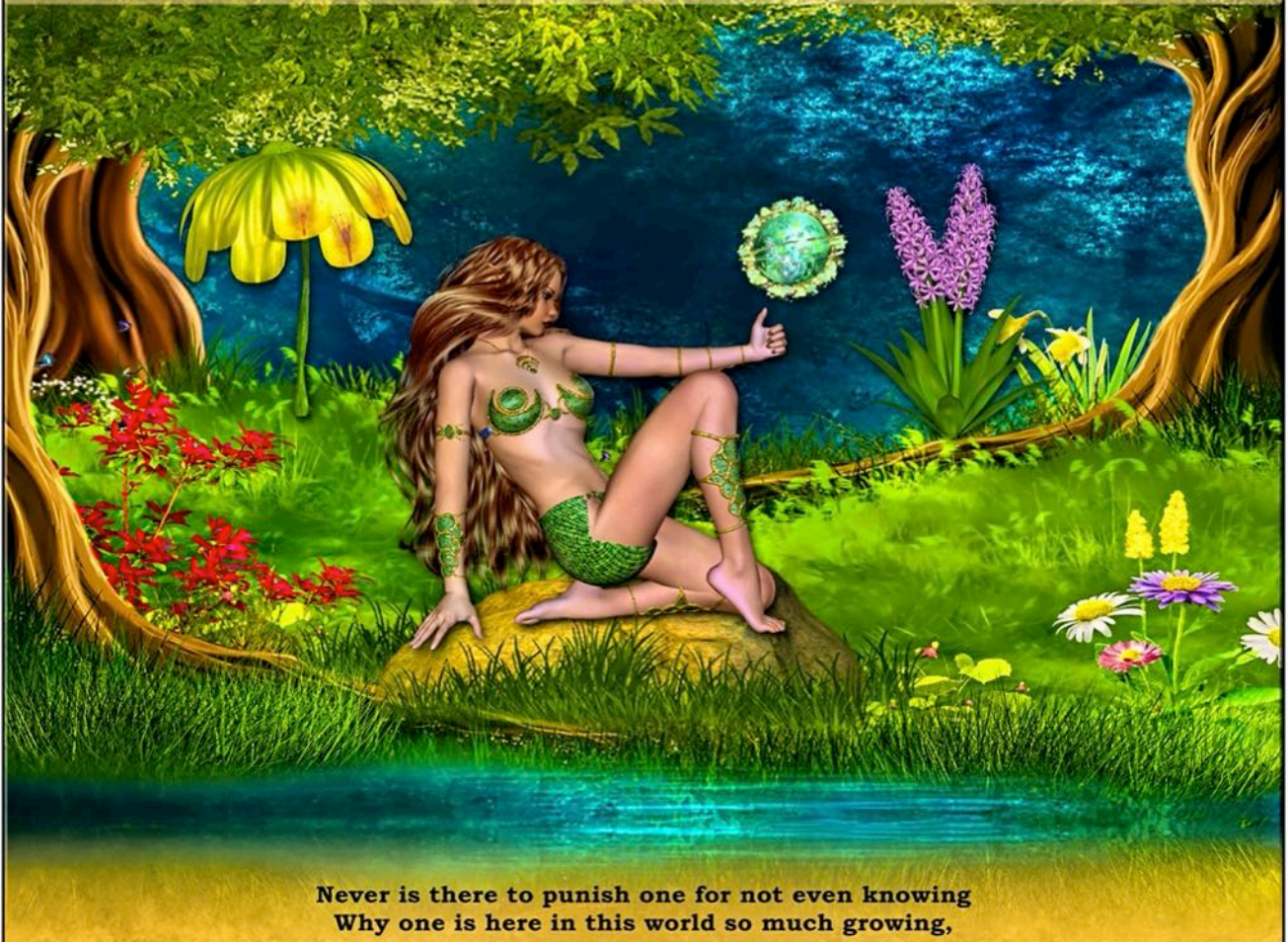
**Heaping high upon, a commotion of disruption,  
In the utter fullness of an uproaring upheaval...**



**The maelstrom to end all messes and shambles,  
The lawless free-for-all of total energetic anarchy,**



**Entropy crowned as King of the great hullabaloo,  
That cosmic hoopla in which all hell broke loose.**



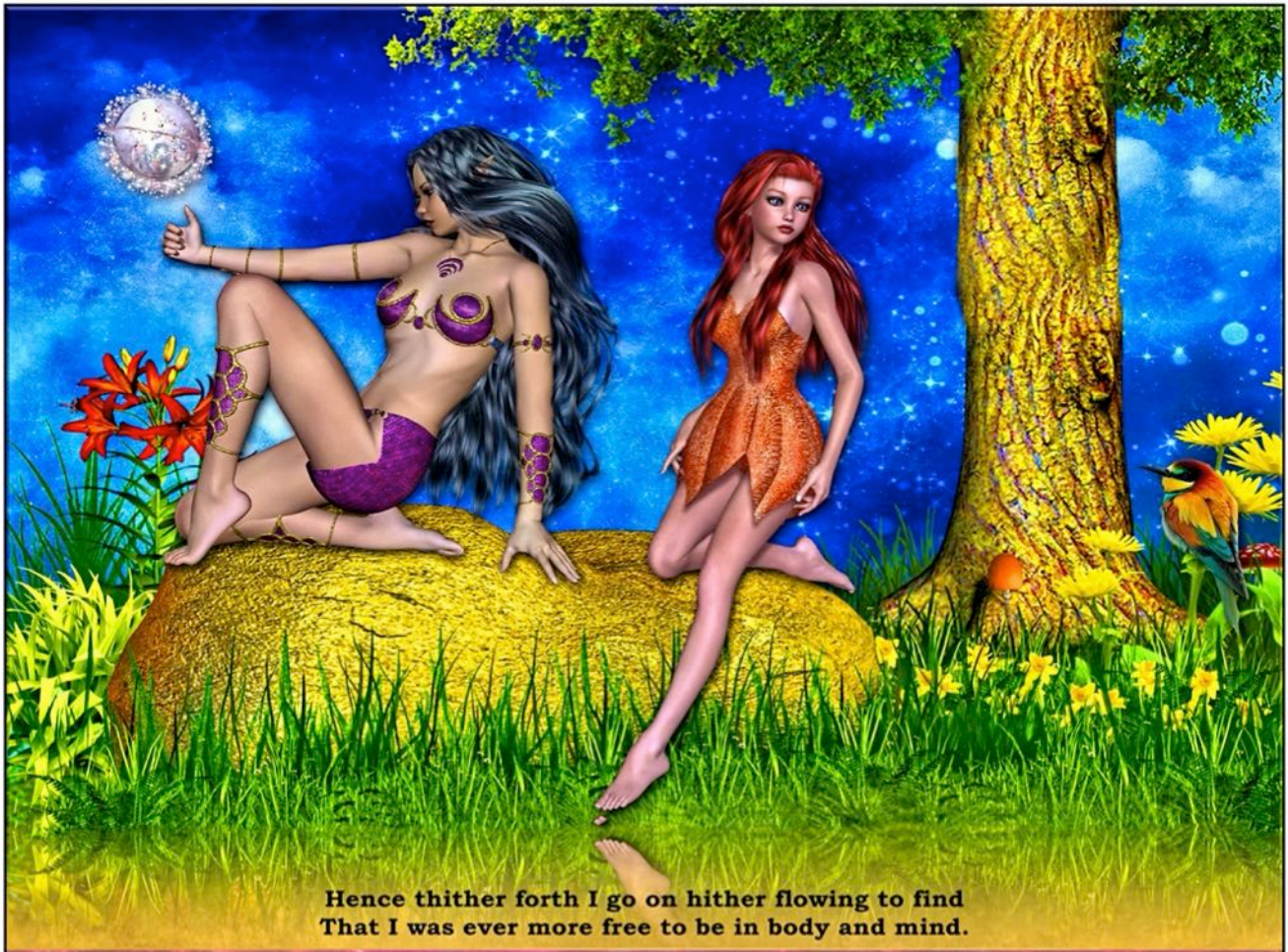
**Never is there to punish one for not even knowing  
Why one is here in this world so much growing,**



**That here became all so willy-nilly going.  
So, as life's rose, outspread your fragrance blowing!**



**Whither flowing free whether knowing, or not,  
Hitherto I know not whence but am whither going,  
Willy-nilly, hence that's all there is to knowing;**

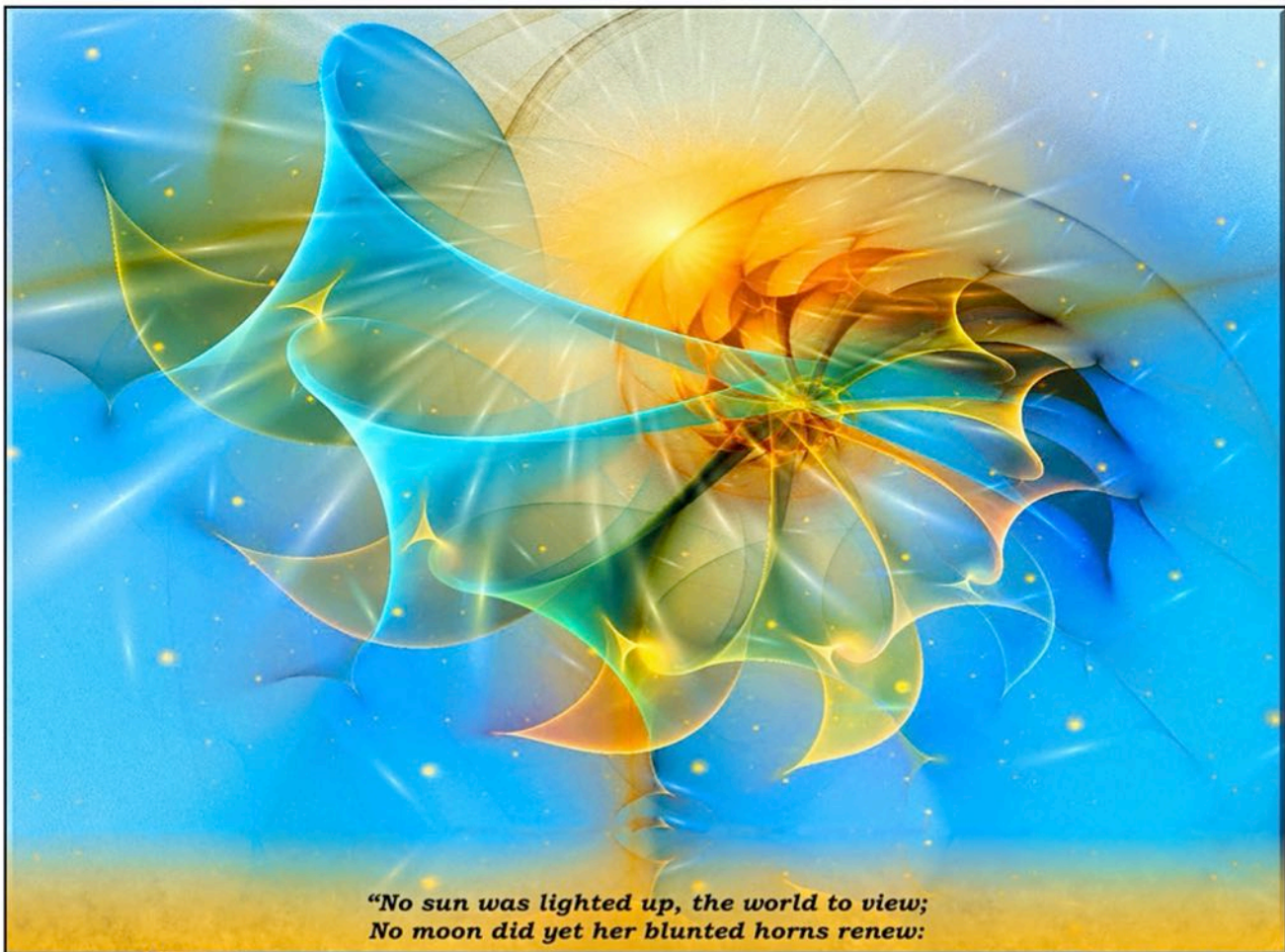


Hence thither forth I go on hither flowing to find  
That I was ever more free to be in body and mind.

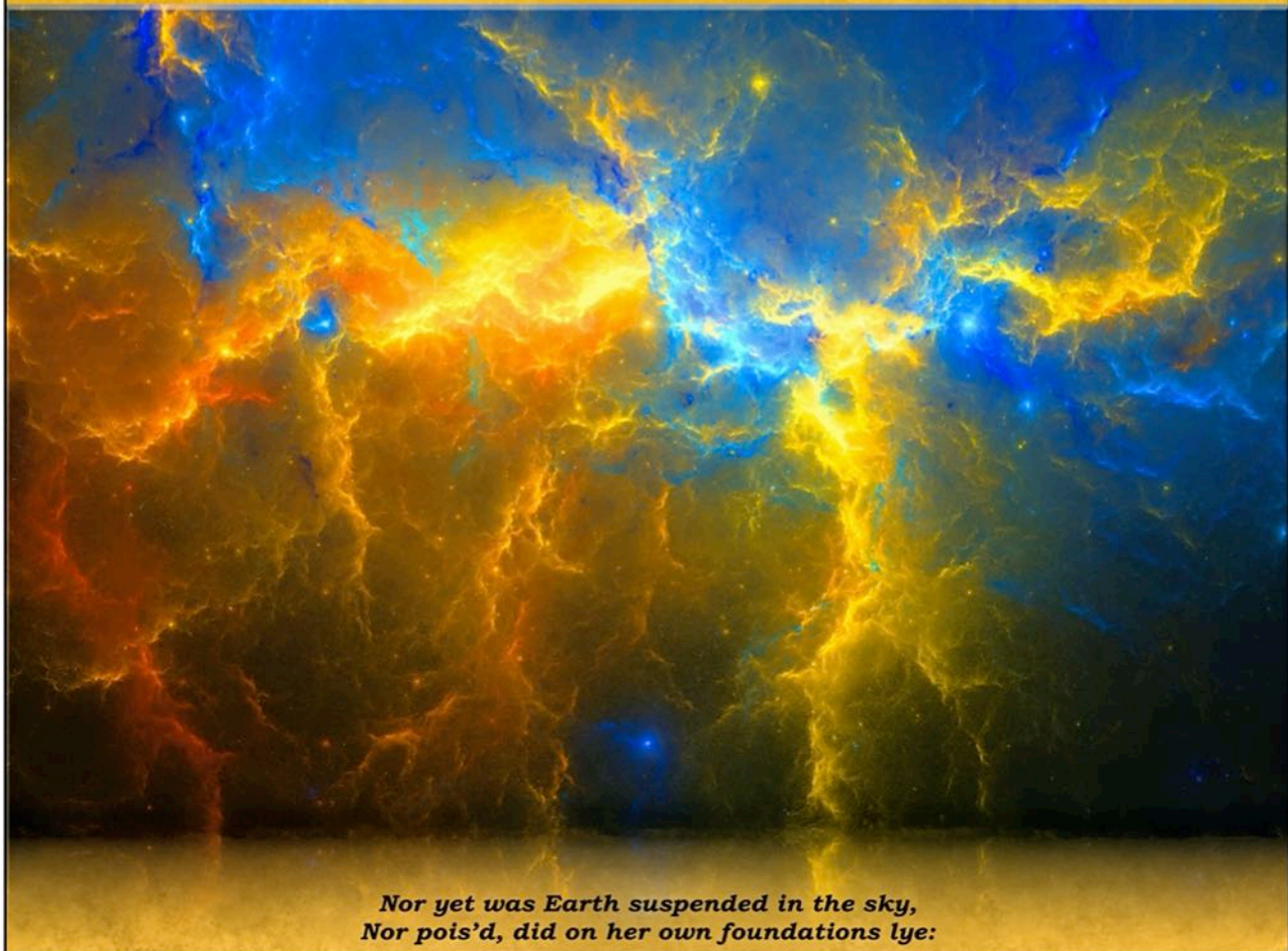


It is of Ovid's "rude and indigested mass:  
The lifeless lump, unfashion'd, and unfram'd,/Of jarring seeds; and justly Chaos nam'd.





***"No sun was lighted up, the world to view;  
No moon did yet her blunted horns renew:***



***Nor yet was Earth suspended in the sky,  
Nor pois'd, did on her own foundations lye:***



*"Nor seas about the shores their arms had thrown;  
But earth, and air, and water, were in one.*



*Thus air was void of light, and Earth unstable,  
And water's dark abyss unnavigable."*



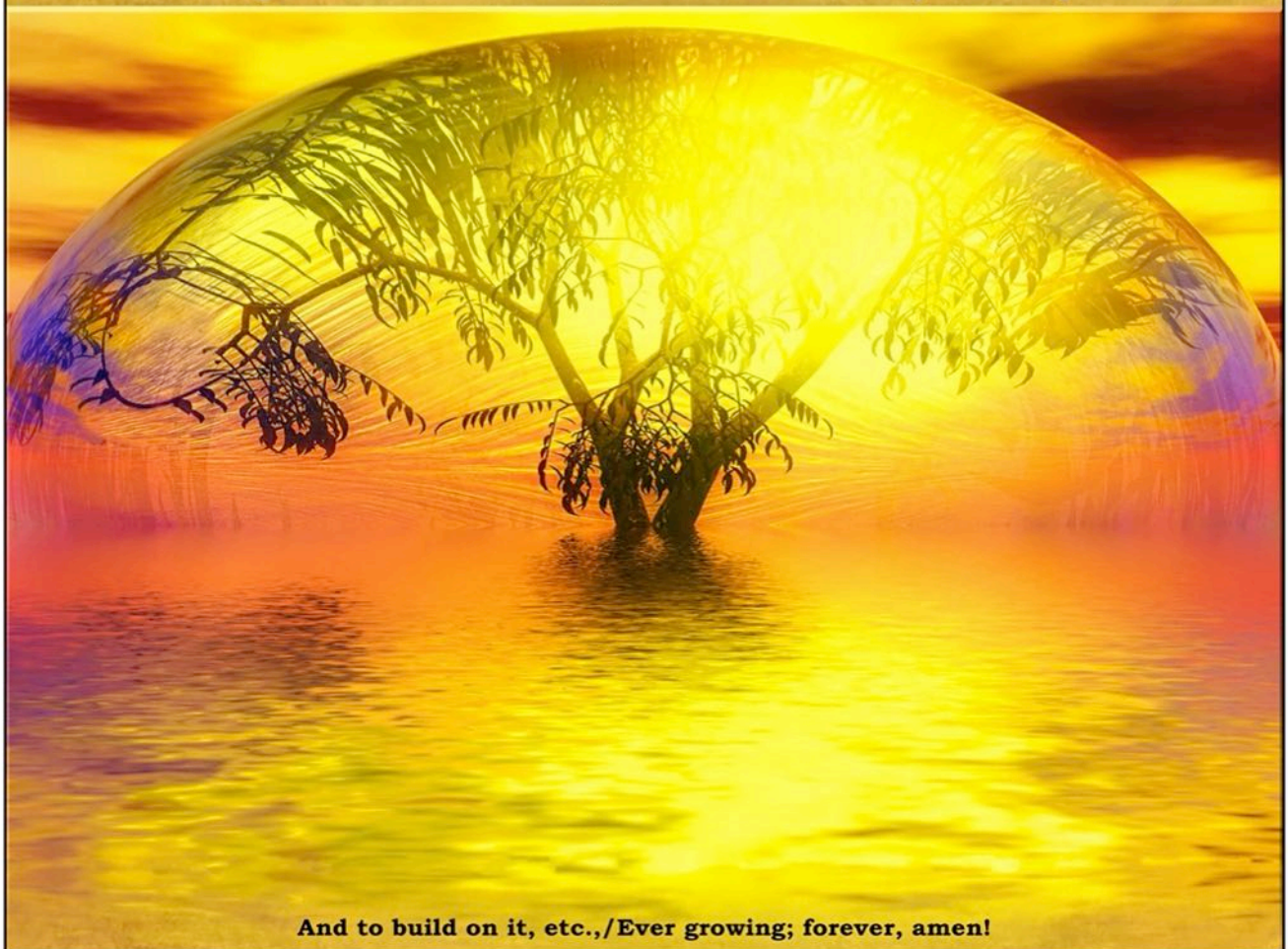
**So it is that we the living might hereby agree,  
To live a being that is much more intense, / To leap toward higher orders of actuality,**



**To revel in the glories of this conscious life,  
To attain each minute a more euphoric joy...**



**And to bring this radiance forth to all,/The increased intensity of free experience,**



**And to build on it, etc.,/Ever growing; forever, amen!**

**EVERYTHING AND NOTHING FOREVER MORE**

**Another leaf falls, then the branches,  
As the trunk rots away its chances,  
Then sinks and mixes into the soil,  
Within which the molecules toil  
As they of atoms formed the mortal coil—**

**Which of stars and electrons and protons became  
From the quantum vacuum fluctuations names  
For the positive & negative balances of nonexistence,  
That penultimate compositioning of our persistence.**

**Something ever is and must be, for nothing cannot.  
Energy restrained by time paces its way a lot,  
This lot neither frozen nor totally reactive to be,  
Forming all and any that is possible, eventually.**

**Here we are in this parentheses of eternity,  
That of nothing's paternity and maternity.**

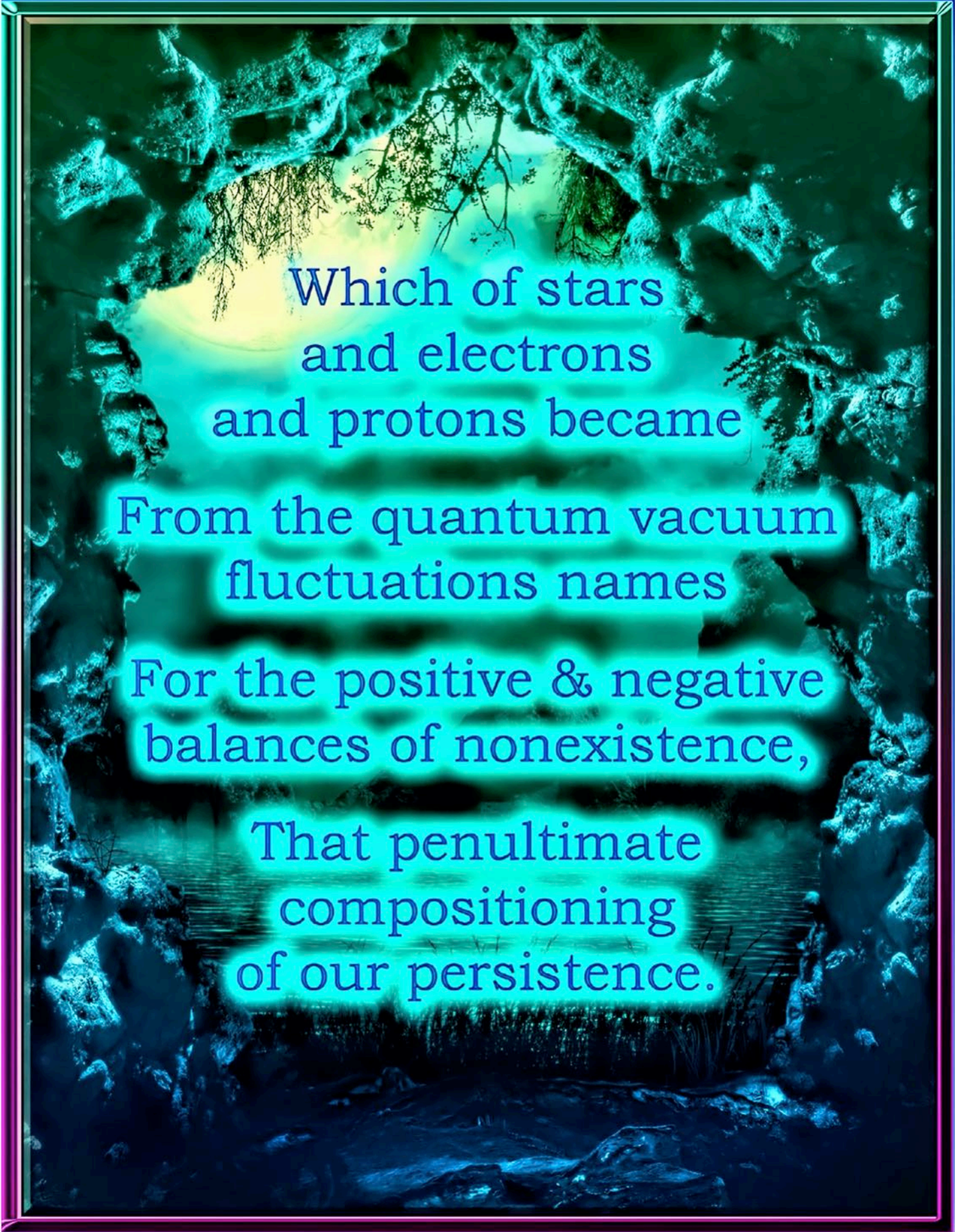






EVERYTHING AND NOTHING  
FOREVER MORE

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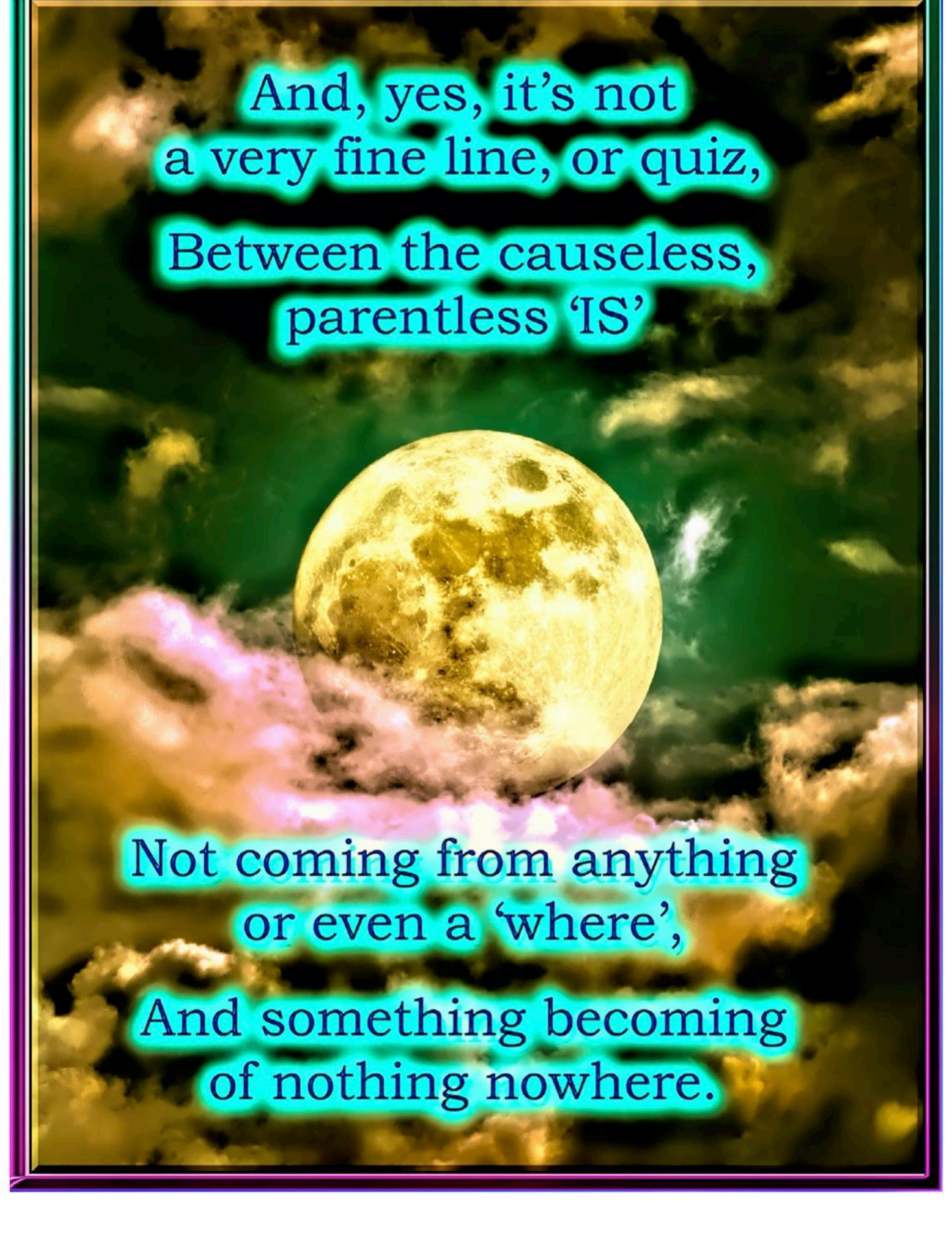
Energy restrained by time  
paces its way a lot,

This lot neither frozen  
nor totally reactive to be,

Forming all and any  
that is possible, eventually.



Nothing  
Could  
Not Be;  
So,  
Something  
Is.

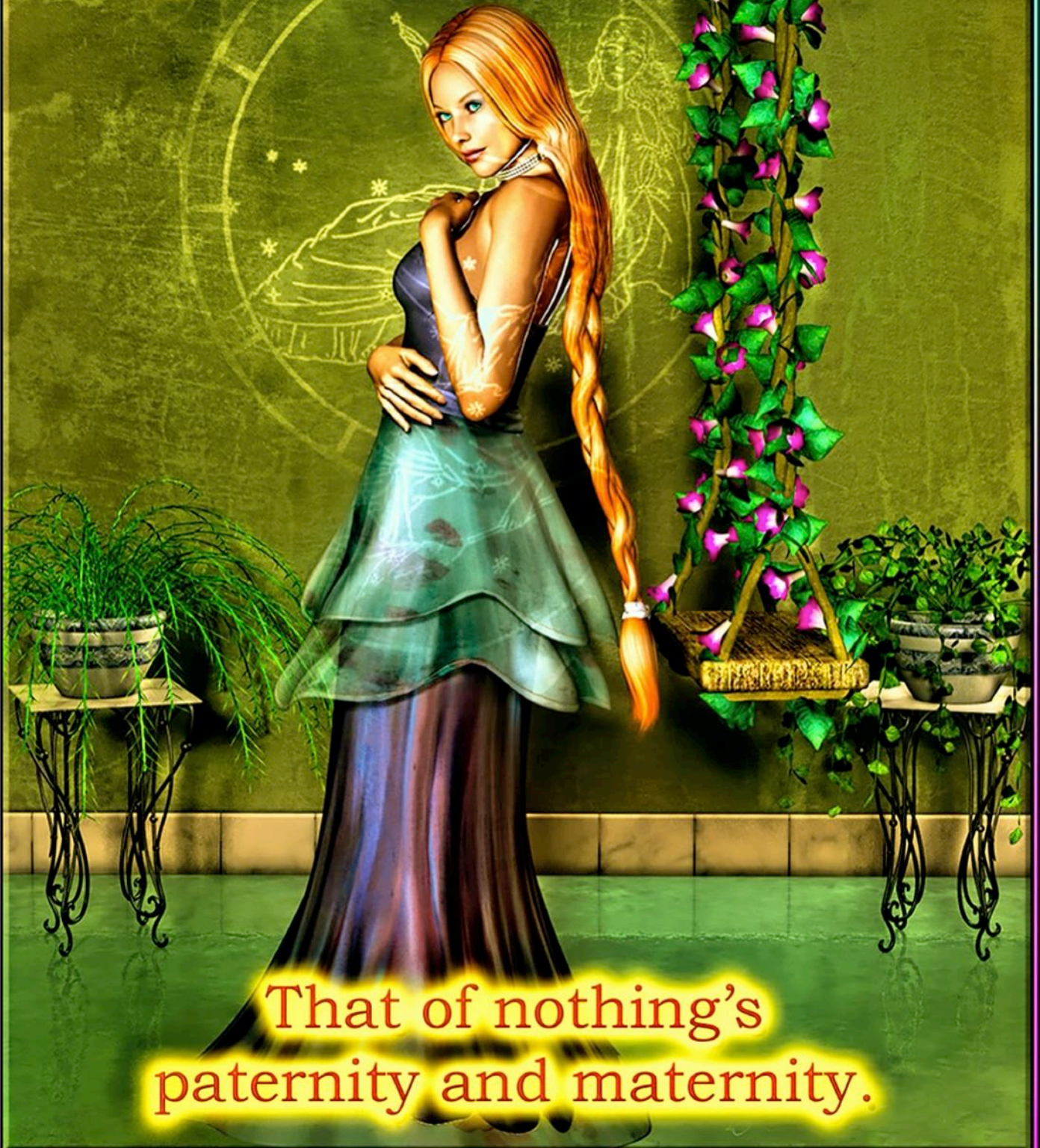
A full moon is the central focus, appearing bright and detailed with visible craters. It is positioned above a thick layer of soft, pink and white clouds. The background is a dark, textured green sky with some lighter green patches, suggesting a night or twilight scene. The entire image is framed by a thin, multi-colored border.

And, yes, it's not  
a very fine line, or quiz,  
Between the causeless,  
parentless 'IS'

Not coming from anything  
or even a 'where',  
And something becoming  
of nothing nowhere.



Here we are in this  
parentheses of eternity,



That of nothing's  
paternity and maternity.



