

Searching, for everything already there. For every thought already known. For everything that ever was, is, and will be. Struggling. Oh how we struggle. And the more we avoid it, the greater the struggle becomes, until we realize, the struggle is the blessing. Progressing. Changing. Evolving. Growing. From a seed to a tree. From a child to a man/woman. From a man/woman to a spirit to a god fulfilling his plan. Purpose. No words can describe the unnamable. No beginning, no end, just always now. Marveling at the miracle and all of a sudden it all seemed to make sense somehow. Searching, for everything already there. For every thought already known. For everything that ever was, is and will be.