

THE PRECIPICE OF RATIONALITY

I had walked to the precipice of rationality.

With courage and a degree of arrogance I took this path.

I believed whole heartedly that truth could be found this way.

I believed even that it was the path of God!

I wanted to find faith and spirit at the end of the path of rationality;

instead I found a precipice...

Questions and Answers.

They form a chain.

And it is this chain,

I grasped along the path.

Reason took me to amazing places.

Deep into the psyche of the human mind.

To the furthest reaches of the galaxy – even the cosmos!

Penetrating deep into workings of cells and atomic particles.

I could explain why a bird chirped,

why a mountain changed its shape,

how a bee stored its honey,

and the migratory routes of birds.

Reasons, reasons, reasons – I knew them all.

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However, the end product was a fear, a terror.

It was the unfathomable drop into the void.

How could my journey end here?

How is void the end product of the rational pathway?

The thought became a terrifying emotion.

I could feel it well up in me like an unleashed demon.

Existence makes no sense – why should it be here?

And yet how can nothingness be possible, for I am here thinking?

A rational loop, I became stuck upon it;

staring into the void – from the precipice.

How could it be here? How could it not be here?

Each loop completed with the bite of a fierce snake!

Sick and tormented,

I staggered at the edge.

I was pure mind

staring into the abyss.

Of course there was but one choice;

a leap of faith into the darkness before me,

leaving behind the path of rationality.

For as it ends, it begins.

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At this point emotions welled within me,
in defence of my precious rational life.
Feelings of loyalty, of elation,
even of certainty!

I bathed in the warmth of these assuring emotions.
But they soon passed
And before long
I was staring back into the void.

Time and time again,
these emotions welled up.
I could momentarily forget the void,
and be filled with personal satisfaction.
'What folly to stare into the void' I could think,
Look behind at the beautiful journey undertaken.
Or even better still,
build a wall and grand house with its back to the void!!!

At one point I even started.
Puffed with pride I laid one brick upon another.
Building a powerful fortress
to symbolise all that I had become and discovered.
But with each brick laid,
the task became more tiresome and seemed more pointless.

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The presence of the hidden void just seemed to grow in intensity,
until with a fevered madness I would kick down any structure I had built!

In the end, as these feelings came and went,
as buildings grew and fell,
I was in the same place
staring into the terror of the void.

There was no choice, but to jump.

There was no choice but to take a leap of faith.

There was no choice but to gather up the terror in my arms
and jump screaming from the precipice where I had stood for so long.

And I did. The darkness ensconced me.

No ground beneath my feet, no directions shown.

No warm whispers from my deluded emotions,
no hope of return...

Soon it became clear there was no bottom, nor any up.

The concept of falling soon became ridiculous.

The notion of nothingness became riotous.

The thought of darkness became absolute nonsense!

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In fact, I was being cradled by a vast warmth.

Regardless of where I threw my limbs,
rolled my body or screamed my thoughts.

I was being *held* by the void.

In time I realised that I had absolutely nothing to fear.

The void would hold me dearly and tightly for all eternity;
no matter what obscenity I screamed upon it,
or what thought I used to deny its existence.

I learned to close my eyes, and snuggle like a child.

I learned to trust that the void would hold me.

I realised no harm would come to me.

To be embraced by the void was to find peace.

The moment this realisation occurred to me,
a light appeared.

Slowly, shards grew from a distant place.

I was being delivered towards it.

As my eyes reached the light, familiar shapes began to form.

Scents aroused my nostrils, and breezes caressed my skin.

The faint sound of human voices soothed my ears.

Home was becoming clear.

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I was being delivered by the void, back into life.

I was refreshed, reborn, I was whole.

I cried many tears, I fell to my knees in praise of the void.

and I honoured my Reason for delivering me there.

I picked myself up.

I wandered off into the ever distant, gasping at the eternal beauties.

I offered my new found love to all who crossed my path.

I was home again!