

## The Unknown

I am the unknown. My eyes are pools of water. From my tears I created the oceans. From my breath I created the wind.

A sailor lost at sea, tossed about by the waves, sits silently in his boat. He is clothed as I am clothed, in the gray of the storm and black of the waters.

Floating adrift, he marvels at me: at my expanse, at my emptiness. I am she who fills all things, each niche, each crevice. I am omnipresent. That is why I am a boredom to all who encounter me.

I watched him set out to conquer continents in his tiny, frail bark, only to weep when he discovered that the oceans have no end.

I am a boredom to myself as well. I am vain. I want to dance in the blue of the sky and the white of the clouds. In my eyes are mirrored many wonders. The moon is reflected in them. Stars twinkle in the rippling water.

This alone have I learned: there are no longer any horizons.

The people say, "If only we could understand, we would be safe. Nothing more could harm us."

But experience teaches me otherwise. Of the unknown they know nothing. So it is me, the unknown, which they fear.