

the unchangeable is unknowable  
because it is stopped  
in what it has been  
or never started to be.  
it is beyond  
what we measure  
or know because of the way  
nothingness  
or emptiness  
or the absence of reference  
can measure.  
it is not exhausted by death  
or enclosed in a sacred dimension  
waiting for offerings and worship.  
we do build our change  
around it  
like it is a dimension  
in an extreme horizon  
giving it the eyes of sight  
stretched so thin  
it snapped  
before there was light.  
no amount of cursing works  
on the incomprehensible  
and its lack of imagination  
in a spiritual entombment  
with some stones  
working as barriers  
and some stones working as artifacts  
of the lost and never found  
and some stones waiting to stone  
the sinful congregation  
of miracle seekers  
with their terms and conditions.  
the unchangeable is unknowable...  
it is nothing brushing against the window  
that you can hear with a sound  
like a spider staring at the moon  
clinging to its web of living skin in its own darkness.

the unchangeable is unknowable.  
wf.h.  
2025