

Years Without Number

And for many years he wasted his life. Years without number. And he arrived into the land of Nowhere. And the Lord spoke to him, saying, "Take off your shoes from your feet, for the land you are standing on is not for expedition. The land you are standing on is the end of all wandering, and is holy." And he bid the Lord's command and removed his sandals and his sandals walked away. And the Lord said, "Take off your clothing, for the land you are standing on is not for adornments. The land you are standing on is the end of all protection and covering, and is holy." And he bid the Lord's command and removed his outer garments and his outer garments walked away. And the Lord spoke to him further, saying, "You are naked before me, but your trembling shall pass." And his trembling passed. And the Lord said, "Remove your skin and your bones, for the land you are standing on is not for the body. The land you are standing on is the end of earthly craving, and is holy." And he bid the Lord's command and stepped free of his body and his skin and his bones walked away. And he trembled before the Lord, but his trembling passed. And the Lord commanded, "Surrender your heart, for the land you are standing on is not for longing or dreams. The land you are standing on is the end of all hope, and is holy." And he bid the Lord's command, relinquishing his heart, and his heart became water and scattered into mist. And he trembled before the Lord, but his trembling passed. "What more am I to give?" he inquired of the Lord. And the Lord decreed, "Mind. For the land you are standing on does not exist in thought. The land you are standing on is outside knowing and understanding, and is holy." And he bid the Lord's command and unfastened his mind and his mind became a thought and the thought burst like a bubble. And the Lord said to him, "You must not hold back. You must give me your future, for the land you are standing on does not exist tomorrow. The land you are standing on is the end of speculation, and is holy." And he bid the Lord's command and surrendered his future and his future became his past and his past became irrelevant. And the Lord called him by his name and he answered right away. "Here I am," he declared, having no other words. And the Lord said, "Then on this day your name is no longer as you heard it; nor shall you answer to the sound of it again. For the land you are standing on is not for the speech of tongues. The land you are standing on is the end of all information, and is holy." And he bid the Lord's command and his name became a swirl of dust and blew away. And he trembled before the Lord and he wished for hands to clasp in prayer and knees on which to drop and a heart to carry these wishes and a name from which to pronounce them. And he inquired of the Lord, "Am I to do your bidding further?" And the Lord decreed, "Let he who has wasted a life truly waste it, for the pieces not yet wasted are the final hindrances unto Me." And he bid the Lord's command, ceasing to tremble. And the Lord intoned, "Take off your veil and regard me, sweet Angel. I am all that you see."