

God is Unknowable

I have, over and over again, time and time again questioned the final conclusion of God, if there truly is such a thing, and if it is beneficial to reach a conclusion on the matter. Over the past few weeks I have been contemplating the concept of theosis (communion with God), and an interesting dialectic of it which we could refer to as negative theosis (communion with emptiness). If God is like an infinite sea, then religion is like a large ship, contained with ornaments and a certain sense of safety, and the ultimate ability of sailing across the dark waters.

If this is true, then we have to consider that the truth we cannot conceive is that God is unknowable. He is greater than the simplicity of the God given by the books which we treasure, he is greater than the rejection of him by the academic class, and even still greater than the complex creations of him from rare subsets of philosophy. The pathway is the Lord, the sea is the Lord, everything within the mystery of the question “Does God exist?” is also the Lord. It would be better to accept this, that the greatest illusion of God is still not nearly as great as the truth truly is. The unfolding of questions and answers, this is the touch of the divine. The spiral of psychosis, infinite questioning, and sailing across endless waters.

The concept of theosis, the purification of the self in attempt of communion with God, is still only one very interesting variable of the gateway to God. In the attempt of communicating god and containing pure divinity in some earthbound form, we create a lesser version of the divine which is considerably more digestible- and even less accurate. It could be true that the general direction in which we search is pointed in the right position, yet the death of the inquiry ultimately castrates the original purity, the uncertainty from which we asked the question “What is God?”.

There is an architecture which builds itself from the mystery of unknowing, from the very idea of God existence. This invisible temple transforms upon itself, again and again as we sail across this blackness, this beautiful aporia. It is irrelevant to the divine if we decide on the existence or non-existence of its being. This decision can only line the interiors of our ships and alter, for better or worse, the relative perception of the material world, ethics and reason.

If we allow ourselves to keep our compass alive and changing, flickering North, always in the direction of illumination, it is possible to receive greatness without naming it. To conceive divinity as an experience which is wholly inconceivable to the conscious, waking mind.

The beauty of everything appears to us in intricate detail, in the hazy gray fog which covers the waters, the small shine of light that flickers through the window, and the ultimate understanding that all is passing.

*“..once again in all that vastness now dark,
now light again, the single thing I am,
one final face now confronting what can never be appeased”*

- *Alone*, Rainer Maria Rilke

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