

IV With all your mind by Malcolm Guite

With all my mind? With all my open questions?

My restless questing after hidden truth?

With all my science, all my suppositions?

My search for certainty, my lust for proof?

With all my mind? its logic and obsession,

Its wordless reveries, its language games,

Its reason and its deep imagination

Its mysteries, its riddles and its dreams?

*With all your mind, with every gift I gave you,*

*For every drop of truth is drawn from me.*

*Not that your mind itself will ever save you,*

*But that it lives within my mystery.*

*Ask and be answered, seek and you will find*

*I am the life of every loving mind.*