

# The not knowing holds the answer, Dear.

words for when you find yourself  
in the unknown



MANON HUNTJENS



Dear reader,

I've written a collection of poems and personal stories titled "The Messy Middle."

About the messy, uncertain middle of a broken heart.

But sometimes, our whole life feels like a messy middle. What has been is no more. What will be is not yet clear. It's the empty space we sometimes fear, but it's also where we can find a deeper part of our being.

It's where life is found, and magic can appear.

So let's dare to be in the empty together.

Wherever you are, don't try to make sense of it.

We are not supposed to 'get it' until we reach the end. And we won't know we've reached the end until we get it.

And sometimes we don't even notice the old story ended and the new beginning began.

It just did. Without telling us.

Meet you in the middle of it.

Much love,

Manon

**For when you don't have the answer yet.**

stop searching for the answer  
it will come and show itself  
in an unexpected corner of your being  
your heart will whisper with gentle power  
what your mind needs to hear  
when it's ready to receive

maybe within the blink of an eye  
maybe in a day or a week  
maybe longer than you wish  
but always

perfectly on time

.

trust that if you do not have the answer yet,  
it is still on its way to you



if you can feel it in your heart  
you will one day see it with your eyes

a power larger than yourself  
will show up for you

let all fall into place  
but always

**in unexpected ways**

I'm fine with being in the unknown.  
If I know what's coming.  
And how.  
Preferably also when.

**For when you are trying to move forward  
while holding on to the old.**

we carry the past  
like we carry heavy bags  
filled with things  
we will never need

if only we would dare  
to put them down

we could look around  
without something  
pulling us away  
from the path we are on

we could move forward  
without something  
holding us back  
from the path ahead

don't let the life  
that was  
stand in the way  
of the life that is

don't let the life  
that could have been  
stand in the way  
of the life that awaits



Maybe  
you are trying  
to hold yourself together.

.  
Maybe  
you are meant  
to fall apart,

because **magic**  
you will build  
from the pieces.

## **Roots**

she is her own season  
she grew roots so deep  
for nobody to see  
but when she is ready  
ready to bloom  
she will kiss the sky, the sun,  
and the moon

fear showed up to tell her  
she would never break free  
from the cage  
she kept herself in  
that she would always know  
she had wings  
but would never fly

**she listened**

fear was not trying  
to keep her from flying.  
it was just trying  
to keep her from dying

**she said**

“thank you fear  
now,  
let me take you  
under my wings”



"Does the process know we are trusting  
the process?"

Who is in control of the process?"

**and don't forget...**

without this chapter  
your book wouldn't be  
the beautiful novel it is

without this chapter  
all the other ones  
wouldn't be written

without this chapter  
all the other ones  
wouldn't make any sense

and maybe this life  
is just one book

in a sequence of many

P.S. There is ~~often~~ always a new story waiting for  
you. More beautiful than you can now imagine.

You can think all  
the thoughts you want  
just do not believe them



**For when you still have to let something go**

What hurts more than letting go  
is a grip  
holding onto something  
that is meant to roam free.  
Something meant for us  
can never leave us.  
It will come back on its own,  
stronger and freer than ever before.

So when your tender heart whispers  
“let go,”  
let go like a tree letting go of its leaves when  
winter comes,  
not shaking loose leaves that are not ready to  
go,  
not trying to hold onto something that was  
never meant to stay anyway.  
The tree is not afraid to stand naked in the cold  
for a while.

**We have our own seasons.  
Sometimes winter lasts longer,  
but spring always comes.  
Don't rush to yours.**

## The letting go

She said she had to let it go, but she did not know how.

“Dear one,” her heart whispered,

“Having holds a doing, having holds a must. Letting go holds no doing, letting go won’t be forced nor pushed. You can decide to let it go, yet you can’t make it happen. When you are ready, it will go on its own. Maybe it will leave without a single word, be out of the door in an instant. Maybe it will happen gradually, slowly losing its grip on you. Until one day you wake up and you notice something is not holding you so tightly anymore. You will feel a lightness in your bones without realising it.”

She listened and released a sigh,  
and felt a grip loosen lightly.

**She let go**

And just like that,  
she let go.  
She didn't shout it to the skies.  
She didn't whisper it to the waters and  
she didn't even tell the trees.  
She didn't need anyone else to hear.  
She didn't even say it in silence to herself.  
She let go in a way that didn't need deeds or  
words.

So just like that,  
she let go.



Dear,

It's not that you trust and let go  
it's that you let go,  
and in the letting go trust awaits you.

x

## Well

sometimes it seems  
life dug you a well  
you could never get out of  
until you did  
with dust in your bones  
and fire in you heart  
you understood  
it was just there  
to make you grow taller  
than you thought you were

For when you have to get up again

I don't care  
how many times you fell.  
I don't care  
how hard you fell  
and how much it hurt.

All that matters  
is that you stood up,  
that you weren't afraid  
to fall down.

Or maybe you were scared  
and you dared anyway,  
or maybe you didn't dare  
but still did.

All that matters  
is that you weren't afraid  
of what others would say  
if you would fall.

Or maybe you were scared  
and you dared anyway,  
or maybe you didn't dare  
but still did.

All that matters  
is that you fell  
and got up again,  
again and again,

with open arms

and an open heart.

even the eagle  
born with wings  
had to learn to fly

if you let go of the need to arrive  
you never feel the need to rush  
because when you have nowhere to arrive  
you are never running late

and one day you will wake up  
and notice  
the excitement of what will be  
outgrew the pain of what was  
and the fear of not knowing  
is taken over by the trust  
that does not need to know

**more will be different  
than ever was the same**

There is only an ever unfolding path.  
Trust that the current of life  
takes you where you need to be.  
Patiently step into it powerfully  
and follow the gentle current of your soul.

**And remember...**

You have to go through it on your own.  
But you're not alone.  
You're never alone.  
Nobody ever is.

**We are in this together.**

And don't forget...

You are brilliant.  
All the way.

[www.manonhuntjens.com](http://www.manonhuntjens.com)

**to stay connected**



**P.S.**

There is no such thing as dreaming too big.  
There is only thinking too small.  
Do not make it logical; make it magical.

*Manon*



