

I do not know

I do not know music, but my eyes shed tears when hair meets gut.
I do not know dance, but my hips join in.

I do not know mercy, but my eyes shut when sun departs.
I do not know peace by dream's end.

I do not know purity, but my feet accept washing.
I do not know submission, but my knees take the fall.

I do not know prayer, but my lips are moving.
I do not even know I know nothing at all.

I do not know light, but my eyes remain open.
I do not know remembrance, but my feet take me home.

I do not know love, but my skin shivers
at the smell of your garment, your whereabouts unknown.

I do not know except by You who breathes into clay.
O Michael, when will you leave knowing behind?

Perhaps start by tossing away this name you give your body,
then follow the Friends and melt from inside.