

I Do Not Know Its Name

Carrie Newcomer

He leaned and whispered as he turned the page
And he said "Make yourself into a flame"
A crazy old lion with his hair all backlit
Grinnin' like a little boy who has a secret

I do not know its name
Though it's ever intertwining
And I believe it must look like an old man shining

We were eating summer peaches by a roadside stand
Juice running down like laughter on our chin and on our hands
When we were done we looked around and smiled at each other
And you said, 'Come on Carrie, let's have another'

I do not know its name
No matter how I try
But I think it must taste like peaches eaten by the roadside

He drove a rental car shuttle to the airport on Sundays
We chatted that gray morning 'bout the choir he sang with Wedne
sdays
He sang a haunting gospel hymn shameless and clear
With only me a wandering stranger sitting there to hear

I do not know its name
Elusive and subtle
But I believe it must sound like that man singing in the shuttl
e

Standing in the river barefoot in the current
I hear a bird call and try to learn it
The water is a wonder, it's cold and fast and deep
I saw fish go swimming out too far for me to reach

I do not know its name
Swimmer or watcher
But I believe that there is always something
Moving beneath the water

If holy is a sphere that cannot be rendered
There is no middle place because all of it is center

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