

I Do Not Know Its Name

Carrie Newcomer

He leaned in 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 And I do not know its name
Though it's ever entwining
And I believe it must look
Like an old man shining We were eatin' 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" And I do not know its name
No matter how I try
But I believe that it must taste
Like peaches eaten by the roadside He drove a rental car shuttle
To the airports on Sundays
We chatted that gray morning
'Bout the choir he sang with, Wednesdays He sang a haunting gospel hymn
Shameless and clear
With only me, a wandering stranger
Sitting there to hear And I do not know its name
Elusive and subtle
But I believe it must sound
Like that man singing in the shuttle Standing in the river, barefoot in the current
I hear the sound of a bird call and I try to learn it
The water is a wonder, it's cold and fast and deep
I saw the fish go swimming out too far for me to reach And 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 I do not know its name
I do not know its name
I do not know its name

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