

EPISTEMOLOGY

After you fulfilled all I could wish,
making me think humans were never evicted
from Eden, I told you I believe this moment,
this now, is the essence of epistemology.

Not expecting philosophy in my arms,
you make an uncertain sound, and I reply
in your ear: This is the purest kind of knowledge,
because of how we receive it, where it comes from.

Holding you after hunger is quiet reveals more
than things spoken. Blood cadence at rest tells
what no written language can. Words are worn out
and clumsy, but I feel your feelings as they form.

You nod and tell me you knew we were conversing
before I broke the silence. Did you also hear me
say what tongues have trivialized, what voices
have betrayed, what dictionaries can't define?

You whisper yes and press closer. Love's lore
originates here, coming from where we live,
this tranquil time and place
where flesh and being concentrate truth.

Where we know what needs knowing. We know.