

EPISTEMOLOGY

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

Not expecting philosophy in my arms,
you made an uncertain sound, and I replied
against your skin: this is the purest 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 says
what no written language can. Words are clumsy,
threadbare. Now I feel your thoughts as they form.

You tell me you sensed we were talking
before I broke the silence. So much hovers between
slow breaths, beyond what voices trivialize, what tongues
have betrayed, what dictionaries can never define.

Your yes presses closer. Love's lore originates here,
a long languid synapse arising from where we live,
this tranquil time and place
where flesh and being distill truth.

Where we know what needs knowing. We know.

--Glenna Holloway