

Woven Hand

"A Glass Can Only Spill What It Contains"

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A cat came drifting onto my porch from the outside
cold
And with eyes closed, drinking warm milk from my
bowl,
Thought:

"nobody hears me!(nobody hears me)
As I crept in so soft!
And nobody sees me!(nobody sees me)
As I watched six steps off."

Like the peacocks wandering the walkways of the zoo
Who have twice the autonomy the giraffes and the
tigers do,
Saying:

"no one can stop me,(no one can stop me)
No one clips my claws!
Now everyone watch me(everyone watch me)
Scale these outside walls!"
You took the puous and profane,
Turned around the praise and blame,
Said "a glass can only spill what it contains"
To the perpetually plain and the incurably inane
A glass can only spill what it contains

What new mystery is this?
What blessed backwardness??
The Immeasurable One is held and does not resist!
Struck by wicked words and foolish fists of senseless
men
The Almighty One does not defend!

I was halfway listening to what she thinks she knows
We're like children dressing in our parents' clothes,
saying:

"Nobody knows me,(nobody knows me)
No one knows my name,
No, nobody knows me,(nobody knows me)
Nobody knows me..."

I half-heartedly explained
But gave up peacefully ashamed
As a glass can only spill what it contains
We went to Portugal and Spain
And in her mind the entire time it rained!
A glass can only spill what it contains

What new mystery is this? in overflowing emptiness
The Invisible is seen among the shadows and the mist,
Before my doubting eyes the Infinite appears in time-
The Unquestionable is questioned but makes no reply!

What new mystery is this(x5)?!
"my Rabbi!"
My lips betray with a kiss

What new mystery is this?

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