

My Name

Never have I learned my name,
the sound of it, surely,
the call of it, often;
not the meaning or depth though.
How mysterious is the name.
How many ways has it been used
by how many people,
in anger, delight, surprise, birthdays,
formally, childishly.
No one knows my name, but I should know;
but I don't.
When I pray my name before God my Father,
I feel my name's truth
like no other time.
"Father, this is Bill,
you know me,
you know all about me."
Suddenly the real person emerges
for there is no hiding from Him.
How tangled it sounds sometimes,
like the earplug wires I sleep with at night.
I hear it from a sister's love and respect;
I hear it from another sister's delight,
a father's infantile version, a mother's speaking
to her baby boy.
I listen to learn who I really am,
never sure, never certain;
but I become more muddled.
I'd like to cure this name.
The truth is, this name feels
sick,
hurt,
wounded,
sad.
But I must live my truth,
the truth of my own
experience.