

Karl Plank

APOPHATIC PRAYER

How shall I call You
Who are Not?

Shall I sing the rest
Between notes

Or the sound of
Sounds ceasing to be?

You are not the breast
My lips kiss

Yet like sweet milk
You taste in my mouth.

You are not the broken bread
But on You I feed.

Not the storm, not the fire
yet desire.

Even wafer-thin silence
--metaphor.

But there let me rest
With You who are

And are Not
My God, My Not-Not.

--published in *ARTS* 28/2 (2017): 62