

## Mystery Has No Name

Samuel Hazo

It's surfacing from farther down  
but slowly—so slowly that  
it seems no longer rising  
but stalled.

It's like the magic  
of sleep when dreams assemble  
on their own until they're whole.  
Or when a rose becomes  
a rose from bud to blossom  
overnight.

Or how a photograph—  
developing—becomes itself  
in glossy black and white  
before our eyes.

Where are  
the words that say that life's  
what's brought to light not *by*  
but *through* us?

If we  
are praised for that, it's more  
than we deserve.

This may  
explain why Michelangelo signed  
none of his sculptures but  
the *Pieta*.

He did that only  
as an afterthought to show  
that he, not Gobbo Solari  
of Milan, had made it.

*Michel*

*Angelus Bonoratus Florent*  
*Faciebat* appears on the sash  
of the Virgin.

Carved in marble  
from Carrara, that made the *Pieta*  
less tributary to the grief  
of Christ's mother than openly  
the work of no one else  
but Michelangelo!

Of Florence!  
Later he regretted having done it  
and blamed it all on vanity.  
By then it was too late.