

There is something I don't know
that I am supposed to know.
I don't know *what* it is I don't know,
and yet I am supposed to know,
and I feel I look stupid
if I seem both not to know it
and not know *what* it is I don't know.
Therefore, I pretend I know it.
This is nerve-racking
since I don't know what I must pretend to know.
Therefore, I pretend I know everything.
I feel you know what I am supposed to know
but you can't tell me what it is
because you don't know that I don't know what it is.
You may know what I don't know, but not
that I don't know it,
and I can't tell you. So you will have to tell me everything.

Laing, R. D., (1971) *Knots*. Ringwood, Victoria: Penguin.