

U Space

Through ever longer tubular halls
this ever-deepening vowel falls;
rounding its tunnel through the air,
it plunges through our walls and where
it meets a barrier to flow,
its billowing arches under, go.

So dignified in its descending,
smooth and quiet, ever bending,
moving gracefully and slow
yet rarely touching ground below,
more than any arrow known,
it passes deep within the bone.

Deeper than magnetic scan
whose limits still are those of man,
it moves the subtlest atoms there;
it sounds the bass in every prayer;
it reconfigures with its kin
the space in spaces deep within.

We do not guess what makes us do,
how much our future and our past
rests on a vowel and its vast
significance for me, for you.