

## *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.