

aleph

in throat, in throat opening  
assign sound, for the vowel it bears

how to echo-locate  
emit the more primordial

how poor in brushed poverty  
acoustic ways to find all morning we kill

for a little letter privilege  
fervent inceptions we strain to hear  
by divine name this aleph so long to sage  
recall in all its plexus in all its cursing

renaissance within the hour

we hear inscriptions  
the absence of the letter terms of vulgarity  
rhetoric shakedown too tired to throw out alpha  
to console the glyph  
too absent to notice  
how truth forms like air, crushes with its overlap

**Dorothy Lehane**