

Aletheia

First I saw your face,
Then your whole body lying still
Hands jutting, eyelids shut

Twin nostrils flare, sheer
Efflorescence when memory cannot speak,
A horde of body parts glistening.

Your were feet at an angle
Stuck in a moving stream,
And under your ankles the spectre of a horse.

Its chestnut mane lopped off,
An ordinary creature in a time of war,
Hooves blown, trying to make do.

Meena Alexander

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Note: Composed after seeing the performance Lethe Room ® by the Monika Weiss. December 13, 2005. New York City, Lehman College Art Gallery.

About the author:

Meena Alexander author of *Raw Silk* (TriQuarterly Books/ Northwestern University Press, 2004) was a Distinguished Professor of English at Hunter College and the Graduate Center, City University of New York.

<https://www.nytimes.com/2018/11/26/obituaries/meena-alexander-dead.html>