

**MARGARET AHO**

**When he emerged—**

exposing through a bottomless

foxhole the kitchen

carpet carpet glue linoleum linoleum

adhesive ply

wood sub

floor boards

above the cellar ceiling cellar

floor geo

pitch and plates he'd somehow

augered through and

stood there

on his hind legs, drawing on his gloves: chrome

and citron—

I didn't know him. He held a ferule. It was

blue

for music. He was

virgulate

himself, leaning toward me; a rust-red

slash between worlds.