

MARGARET AHO
Eye-shaped, mouth-shaped

slot
between the fifth and sixth
ribs, its scourged
lids/lips
probed
by Caravaggio, up to the first
knuckle, dis-
believing . . . But say you plunge in
two, three, wedge in four
fingers, say
its almond-shape admits
your unopposable
thumb, your
avid
wrist. Say your whole hand, having
entered,
grasps a complex
clapping . . . As if a set
of castanets
were at the heart, here
and improvising
something

→

MARGARET AHO

hot
and catchy, full
of longing . . . Say your own heart
catches on, catches
fire, starts
clapping back: a burning
conversation
heart to heart. Say this
is death, this
in your face
flamen-
co
eye to eye, mouth to mouth. Clap
clap . . . Your heels
begin to stutter. Please
no
words. Put a rose between your
teeth:
this is life.