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
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.