

**MARGARET AHO**  
**The Will Loses Its Object**

. . . and now  
removes redoubts around the tented  
I-don't-know: the  
circumflexed [dear] unpronounceable [valuable]  
behind the breastbone. Still,  
it comes round: the will—  
not numb: nummular, circular. . . . I dream  
I'm fingering the sternum: hers, my mother's. As if it held,  
hid there, something crimped, something finely-folded.  
A small fan, perhaps. Black. With mackled  
markings. With sleek ribs. In full  
splay. Making the case for concealment, effacement, the mew  
need, the new moon.  
*And its rattailed-handle?* A dark root: glänzend, glossy . . .  
hard to grasp.  
*Ceremonial, then: a formal flabellum.* High German?  
I don't know. Here, feel this: see? It has missing & snapped  
brins. So frangible. Such a small  
gust of wind. And breathless now. No beat, beat, beat. No  
flutter. As if to **be** this hide-bound-brokenness  
is her bequeathment.  
No fanfare. Death. Such a round living thing. I mean it rays  
out. *You mean in the dream?* I mean here.  
Right now. Shy &  
careful & . . . . *Zartgefühl?* Yes, that. That  
tact-of-the-heart, that taut  
delicacy: hers. It rays out, unspoken.  
Something breatheable.