

MARGARET AHO
Even my weak eyes

can spot the darkly elevated . . .
something smudged & blurry, there on stilts
among the needled limbs, behind the scrim of trembling yellow
aspen in this dusk: a hutch, a
crib for *chi-*
roptera
 . . . *bat is good medicine, is . . .* [this from the mouth of . . .]

Back up this
era that opts for x's. Sign here. Solve for . . . See how we hang by our
heels, gravid with slapdash
exequies?
 . . . *rebirth* [the budding . . .] & already hard-
wired
for reverb, repeat, solely the sound of our own . . .
 . . . *sole mammal*
capable of . . .
 skin-foil? skin-extension? where then is the limit
of the body, stretched out in . . .
 . . . *flight, true flight*

In this twilight
 [remorph . . . remorse . . .] can you see something
volar
volant: palm & sole pinned?