

The Story of Death

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Originally published in
Albatross 23
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Imagine how (after millions of years)
the heavier energy of the sun
bursts free. Such things travel in spheres:
they communicate globally.

I'm telling you the story of light
and darkness. (Any description has
both, and only both.) Here is

the other half:
The hope of darkness in the hint of shade
(there is still life in the back of the closet).
The small child
trapped in the dark of dreams
—this is no metaphor—
screams her way into light.
Her parents bring peace with a switch
on the wall.

Over and over again
there is this contrast,
staccato like texture.
We lose sight of it
in the galaxy of color (the
rampaging rainbow, with its promise
of organization).

Shape is deep,
when it reflects itself in color.
The fragment of sculpture: it
aspires to motion by decay.
Here too (all so sadly) there is the lesson.

You know how the story ends:
the twilight that brings.