

Ruminants

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The grace of water vapor,
its choreography of light;
occasionally a charred tree:
This is sky's gift to Earth. We,
we hide in caves, tremble among the bones
of our meal. How clean

the sky, which never eats; how
shorn of stars by its clouds.

We, we bury loved ones in mud, track across
continents, leave fossils, flints, evidence.

Moon ebbs, waxes
without hope, without envy. We tell
its story:

Someone (up there)
cares (is looking out) for us
(even at night).

In some sense, we're right:
our descendents watch our remains
through glass—point at our depictions,
welcome us into their picture books.

This, in its way, is love.