

Nothing New

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Each dawn is somber,
not in itself, but by virtue
of repetition, its tight fit
in a temporal band of clones.
You would think it couldn't go on
this way, that everything would
yawn to a stop, but it doesn't—
pink, then yellow, then black and
over and over again like
a factory. Most things
strike me dumb like flowers
and insects, but I yell
each morning when this happens,
coin new words just to show
I'm different. I yell and
yell again before the echo
has a chance to fade. Anything
at all as long as I haven't said
it before.