

Meditation

Jody Azzouni

Originally published in
No Exit 4:3, 1997
© 1997, 2001 Jody Azzouni

Sex, the helpful grope, the lust for blueprints
exchanged in the heat of the moment.
Then a cigarette, leg dangling over the edge,
something new deep inside
whispering *divide and conquer*.

Fertility has its moments, it's true.
Once we thought it necessary to cut
someone's throat in a field,
leave the carcass for gods to eat.
No more such crude solutions: if
worse comes to worst, cloning is in,
the cell, sparked unnaturally,
the small litany of commands:
You be liver, you brain, drawing straws.
Admittedly, regardless of how
it gets started, they sometimes get it
wrong: a two-headed child, thoughtless to boot;

anyway, modesty forbids the yell of triumph ;
better, the unexpected gargle of shock,
the small realization that one
is being passed over while
simultaneously
there's the dawn of oneself
inherited again from space
and time, reincarnated as
blend of image and pattern,
oneself there as river
in ocean, all of it flesh,
with its movement serene through time.