

Recollections in Twilight

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Barely remembering
our dirt past,
when we were knotted like seed,
pineconing in groups,
when we looked forward to sprouting,
when plenty was everywhere,
and we sang our friendships together,
bricked one another into haven.

Long ago, we tamed fire,
and we have fed it everything,
we have darkened our safety.

Now buildings fall in unison,
now they collapse brown and green,
like moments passing,
each one furious to die.

And we are homeless again,
hungry again,
sitting moment by moment on intolerant benches,
wandering each day into whatever we've found.

We worship the evergreens,
young and unchanging,
we find old tales of happiness, of love,
discover them engraved on rocks,
on vases, in the eternal sand.

There is happiness out there in those hills:
it hides in puddles, it evaporates if we get close.

We wait for the passing of strange,
only half born for years,
twilight a hopeless dawn,
a memory of dew, of how we once pearled together,

like pendants for grass,
how, long ago, when there was snow,
it drifted down, turned landscapes
white and holy.