

# Nostalgia at Dusk

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The lightbulb holds off  
the creep of shadows. I doze  
in the splendor of its warm thought  
knowing full well that sleeping alone poses risks.  
This time it is your hungry memory  
pretending to be the stuff dreams are made of.  
Your face reminds me how, even on sunny days,  
shadows played over my sleeping hands  
like suntanned ghosts. You remove your sunglasses,  
twin pools of twilight,  
and show me you have no eyes. I awaken  
my sweat cold, the lamp dead  
the flutter of the air-conditioner  
like wings in a box.