

# The madness that they say is love

Jody Azzouni

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Your gestures are flesh,  
and you are beautiful  
(richer than any language that I've ever heard).

And yet, when you actually talk,  
you believe things that I can't believe in.  
(Are we really meant to be together?)

I wander into churches now  
(because you do),  
not like a demon  
(because there are no such things)  
but like something from outer space.

(In church I always have at least three arms.)

When others bow their heads,  
when you bow yours,  
I pray nothing happens,  
and nothing does.

Except for an organ  
and a lot of murmuring.

The stone makes things cool,  
the glass makes things dark,  
and I try to see what you see,  
be what you are.

A loose sadness in the air;  
because there are things now that are gone.

You wonder if I liked the service,  
and I take your hands,  
squeeze them.  
Hope that they move while you are silent.