

And to think that He thinks that it's *all* our fault

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The gift of limbo is over
(and so is my patience with fishing).

God has said, I am tired of you.
You think you're chosen,
you think you're righteous,
you think you're good
(wash them all away).

When suns explode
(hot like God)
when asphalt is as river
(hot like God).

The limbo is over:
you have feasted on spring too long,
you have lived as cannibals.
Now night falls in fear,
dawns as yoke.
(I have said:
wash them away,
cook into ash their remains.)

God says,
Too long you have been clover in luck.
That's all over.
From now on: it's gray in arrow,
each dawn falling backwards.

The future is still dedicated to children
(find some afterwards, if you can).