

# Amateur Theology

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Sometimes,  
the sky looks like the inside of a skull;  
its clouds the puffy white brains  
of a retarded God.  
On such days, I think skyscrapers  
are acupuncture needles:  
too weak a cure for too grave an illness.  
Other times, its clouds look like white frilly silks  
against the blue thigh of a vain God  
too silly to think of us.  
Some days, clouds resemble the white mist  
a small boy-God blows over his blue hands  
on a cold day: the sun  
reminds me of a small fire barely enough  
to warm him after a romp  
through the empty cosmos.  
But there are those days, like today,  
when clouds look like the discarded napkins  
of a vampire-God gorging himself  
on the day's dead.  
The sunset is especially beautiful.