

Cries Without Sounds

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Darling,

You would not talk to me yesterday,
so now my crippled tongue is swollen
with the thoughts I wanted to express.

This letter too is crippled.
If you pull it out of its stamped glove,
it will reach out to you
like a fingerless palm.

How will you keep from laughing?
It is not warm, it has no grip,
no pulsing wrist, no blood,
but instead only the blue markings
of something sucked dry of sound.
You would not listen before.
Why should you hear anything now?

Eyes are cold creatures
safely gazing from their buckets.
If they have ears, it is as turtles do.
If they are touched,
it is only by their own moisture.

I can hope for this much at least:
Should my pen's dark tears reach your eyes,
perhaps the soft orbs will echo
after their fashion, soak my image free
from your optic nerves,
stain the pages with it.