

Losing My Marbles

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Traditionally their shape impresses,
but I didn't notice it.

Nor did the opaque ones interest me
despite the press mystery gets.

Instead I loved the sterile flowers,
the clouds never spent in precipitation,
and the cat's eyes that no animal ever used
to see prey.

I don't know what I was thinking of
When I threw one against the concrete.
The stickyfingered autopsy revealed
only broken glass, some of it colored.

The magic isn't in the form but the substance.
I knew this only after I saw a prism splinter
dull light, my face trapped in glass
behind a mirror, and Christmas tree lights
twinkling like neurons chatting.

I haven't entirely lost touch
with the miniature worlds.
For example, I always watch the eyes
when I'm bargaining. I play pool, visit
fortunetellers regularly, guard the family jewels,
and yes, play the occasional game of Jacks
with the kids.
Keep everything in perspective, I always say.

But then again, there are those mornings
when I look in the mirror and my face splinters
as if Picasso is God. Then I think of statues,

and the hard tears they sometimes shed.