

Odin gets to see it all

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Hungry for control, the dangfool god
gouges his own eye out
and drops it in the seedy well.

Then he gulps down the thick stew
Mimir has ladled out for him: pond scum,
decomposing bird ... not pure by a long shot
but the usual for neglected wells.

“I don’t think I’m any smarter,” Odin says,
the throbbing in his esophagus finally subsiding.
Mimir shrugs and counsels patience.
Sure enough, at dawn some days later,
there is dew for the first time.

Those awake at such an hour wonder
what large thing has spent the night crying.
And some centuries hence, Christians
will suspect dewdrops are angel-eggs.
But for Odin they are new eyes,
and he sees the dawn
from everywhere at once.