

# The Fallen Angel

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*Existence is a perfection. —Descartes*

Being has had its way with me  
and I am thick with the flesh of it.  
I have packed away God-ish things  
for they are not the case.

Like everything else  
I am trapped by tautology:  
I am here now.  
Even so,  
light has other aspirations:  
no one can put a finger on it  
and yet it seems to illuminate everything.  
I see how every eye  
is greedy for hallucination  
and it pains me,  
for once upon a time  
I too was a joy to behold.

Museums are anathema to me,  
for I am hopeless about perspective.  
Smugly flat, the fat Rubens have it all.  
By contrast, I am thingy in my rage:  
I am jealous of holograms,  
avoid mirrors, and scoff  
at water's impoverished transparency.

Nonexistence is a state of grace.  
Without it, my nostalgia cannot violate logic.  
Nonetheless  
I am substantial in my reservations.