

# Wings come in pairs

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Snow whispers promises  
as it melts. A mouth, too,  
breeds its own kind of ghost:  
the red stain on the cheek, the noise  
of lips on the move, the short-lived  
kiss, its tiny belly swollen with tongue.

I no longer remember what I told you  
about your face, love, butterflies,  
autumn leaves. But now  
butterflies look like wings in a rush—  
the spinal cord still dangling  
between them. I rake up  
the dead, pick through the remains,  
take home whatever gold I can find.