

Something  
to keep us company  
while you're away

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I have sat at funerals,  
fidgeting like a leftover,  
thinking of the rocks  
so smugly immortal.  
Amnesia is a poor substitute  
for their grainy serenity; better  
to think of what remains as gifts  
—not the tired flesh  
packed finally into the ground,  
but the orphaned pets, conveniently  
furry for easy contact, or the memories,  
soft guides for the uncritical neurons  
temporarily lost in their network.  
Even the wounds can remind us  
of the humpbacked scab,  
and how its moonskinned love  
sometimes heals us. But best of all  
are the words, if we can find any,  
crushed flat on paper  
but still smelling slightly  
of the sound they once had.