

Making Dew

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Originally published in
Artful Dodge 32/33, 1998
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I preach each day in the subways.
They sit stone-faced, tame as bricks.
I tell them the bad news:
that dirt pulls like nothing else
—that they act like they'll live forever,
although we know the flesh is pooled inside
is waiting for a leak. I warn them
about a God's rage: the suffering chicken parts,
the stuff that nestles quietly among the blisters,
bread mold. "The atheist can avert his eyes
when apparitions pass," I say,
"but His fingers will still touch his wrists
like handcuffs."

They don't react.
I pull at the hairy shadow on my face
and try again. "He leaves hints of another way,"
I cry. "Your hands melt snow transparent,
there is light everywhere, and the inevitable rain,
clean for a moment." But they are deaf,
their ears are ornaments, strange jewelry
I am not tempted to steal.

I sit in the park alone,
my shopping bags cuddled around me.
There is moonlight, of course,
white pebbles, running water.
And at dawn, at miraculous dawn,
I can see the tears of God,
small pearls that dot the grass,
and, gloriously, the baptized insects
that are Christian for a moment.