

Perhaps as many as thirty

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Dumb as a nail, I look out the window,
watching the dead snow gather in piles.
They point flashlights into his living-room
floor; the broken parquet slumps around
a vulnerable hole, the dark a shadow
blanketing its kill. "Paydirt,"
one says. I see an arm
in a plastic bag, other bags
beneath it.

They take me out of the building. One
holds my hands, a small gift of flesh,
and tells me I'm safe. I gaze at his badge
and like a lamp it fills with light.

There is a box in my future now
and I'll be there
if I ever shut my eyes again.