

# Dead and Gone

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I hold the seashell in my hand  
and practice nostalgia. What better  
object to tell secrets to: "I  
loved her," I tell it. Then  
I cup it to my ear, and  
like a bat, listen for an echo.  
Narcissism breeds disappointment  
in this context at least.  
The thing is bone-dry, and yet  
the ghost of an evaporated sea  
yells my way. Tonight, alone  
in my bed, I will dream  
that I spread my black wings  
like an insect while the dawn  
cracks open the ebony egg of night  
neatly along the horizon.