

When we dead awaken

Jody Azzouni

Originally published in
Salonika 1:8, 1997
© 1997, 2001 Jody Azzouni

Now it is quiet:
The still rabbit
is easily swallowed; the fiery leaves
are bagged; the mortician
plies her trade
in peace.

Optimists say: leaves fall
every autumn; every day
there are new mayflies; each spring
there are daffodils.