

# Medusa Variations

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1. Hair is dead—  
but we worship it anyway.  
You wear it high,  
the secretive brain  
reduced to the stuffing in a throne.  
You turn everyone's head  
one last time.
2. No snake dangles from the camera  
as it hangs off my neck like a pet,  
but it flattens beauty on paper  
the way no monster ever could.  
Quick as flashes, photons  
collide against the camera's retina,  
die like butterflies—  
their blood staining their final resting places.
3. In the museum  
everything is laid out neatly.  
The jealously guarded boxes of color  
are as orderly as tiles.  
Once I watched the stigmata of rainbow  
spread across the sky like the slap  
of a god's hand. But here splayed light  
plays quietly against the tattooed wall.
4. Dead on arrival,  
the leaves gather in my backyard like art.  
As usual, I touch nothing.