

Starlight, Starbright

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*What men are poets who can speak of Jupiter if
he were a man, but if he is an immense spinning
sphere of methane or ammonia must be silent?*

—R. Feynman

Nightfall, a friendly ash,
sticks to everything: makes
me think of heaven. The dumb
stars too are hopeless. Only Greeks,
flimsy with evidence, connected the dots;
sketched imaginary companions like children.
Nowadays mad gravity dominates
even the scattered heavens; the black
hole, where spacetime sleeps
crunched like a button, embraces light:
an eye gone stomach.

Do I have to say it? Some people
like this sort of thing. But they too
die, and find themselves nowhere.