

# Ghost of a Chance

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Glass screams when it dies,  
slivering out its teeth in search of flesh.  
I have looked for a softer route,  
practiced the twilight walk to the cemetery  
pipe in hand for warmth.

Later, safe at home,  
I can watch the smoke  
curl out of the warm bowl  
almost alive,  
and remember the ghosts  
their brains still spongy with plans  
but dead on their feet nevertheless.

I *never* see angels  
(I guess that's not an option)  
and each night  
(after I've hung up the garlic and crosses)  
I pray I can settle for the simple charm  
poltergeists have:  
the easy rapport  
with children  
and toys.

Heaven knows I try to think  
of other things: clouds, puddles, childhood.  
But when I visit my old haunts  
I can't help wondering how long I could keep it up.  
And when I see a puddle,  
I search for the inchoate faces  
that sometimes lurk there  
and doubt there is much of a future  
in any of this.