

# Wintertime

Jody Azzouni

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*The best metaphorical representative for  
Humanity is a bear. He is tall, dignified, and  
doesn't live in the jungle.*

—P.H. Flannery

This, folks, is an epic poem:

## I. The Background

The bear leaves his cave come spring.

Spring is made totally of images.

Nothing exists but images.

There is no vacuum, no space between images.

### A. The View from Inside:

Each image seen is stored in  
duplicate in our eyes.  
(Have you ever squashed an eye  
and watched images spurt out  
like oil on water?)

### B. The View from Outside:

Everywhere only images  
exist. They are palpable.  
They deteriorate on contact  
with View (Breathing has  
no function in this myth.)

The upshot: Spring is seen only once

A. The View from Inside  
(cont’):

His eyeballs fill up.  
Instead of storing new images  
he sees old ones already in  
his eyes. They age and crumble  
with use into white particles.

This brings on Winter.

It will be Winter forevermore.

B. The View from Outside  
(cont’):

The Bear looks and  
shatters images  
into snow. After a  
lifetime snow is  
everywhere.

**II. The Bear dies (Winter Comes).**

In winter everything has  
a fabulous memory.  
Snow is broken memories—  
but also underneath the  
snow which is shards of  
images, are images never  
seen, and never to be seen.  
We would have to turn the  
blood-dyed snow upside down  
with bloodied (from snow)  
hands to find Spring  
which would only be lost in our  
icy gaze moments later.

This is to be a bloody journey  
*Instead of you reading between  
for snow is ground-up glass.  
the lines, let me write between  
Some think it’s cloud-droppings.  
them: as the blood flows out  
The Bear begins to suspect  
in front of the bear, he sees  
something is wrong as he dyes  
how it layers itself through  
the snow a pretty color.  
the snow. It is flowing out  
He feels an affinity with the  
on many levels at once. This is  
snails used by Kings.  
how memory works, the Bear  
Purple is close to red and  
thinks.  
the bear soon crawls.*

### III. Exegesis

*Snow is opaque.* What did the now dead bear suspect?  
He suspected that Transparency (Innocence)  
is hard to achieve. He was right.

*A mirror* It is *a* complicated procedure.  
A window is a bleached *mirror*.  
I will go into the structure of a mirror  
*mourns* shortly, but we must *mourn* for the Bear  
*myth:* first by offering a romantic *myth*:  
True love makes eyes sweat.

*A window* This, when gathered and frozen  
is *a window*.

*shreds* Now back to Reality. To inspire us,  
let us remember the Bear on his last legs  
(or *shreds* of legs actually).  
A bleached mirror is a lobotomy  
(Remember?—by asking that I am  
bitterly sarcastic)  
and a mirror, I have discovered,  
*eyes.* is frozen *eyes*.  
They are mixed together, homogenized,  
poured in a tray  
and chilled in a refrigerator.  
A mirror is flat yet it holds countless images.  
That is why it is brittle and can shatter  
explosively, cutting everyone around it.

A photograph is an happy idiot  
by comparison.  
Only one image:  
it can be bent or stupidly  
peered into without  
fear.

## Appendix

Recipe for Jewelry (Winter fun!): Jewelry can only be made in Winter, for jewels melt on Spring days. Luckily, after childhood, Spring is over. Just scoop up a handful of snow, melt in nearby furnace, and pour into mold. Often bits and pieces of senile memories can be seen in it after it hardens. Jewels are hoarded in Wintertime. They can be used again and again instead of real images without deteriorating into snow. The fact of their total artificiality is usually forgotten by the time they are supposed to be used.