

Final Thoughts

Jody Azzouni

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This evening
the sky falls softly
so as not to alarm.
The blue ceiling darkens
and scatters.
The blue crumble twilights
your ways home.

And now what?
A light supper
accompanied by tiny pixels,
all surface and flash;
your ear detects
a word or two
in the gentle patter of accent.

Meditation is no solace
for ghost reproduces like tumbleweed,
scattering its eggs
only after it has died. So too
is memory: a larva
that eats out the heart of the present.

Soon your moment is over.
You clear your throat in vain.