

Extinction Consummated

Jody Azzouni

Originally published in
Mythic Delirium 10, 2004
© 2004 Jody Azzouni

The image-dappled mirror
with ghosts that kiss Narcissus
full on the lips. Echo's
stereotyped cries flutter like bats,
her image dead to light.
She watches his body slim to ribbon,
waffle to the end, her expectation
cut down in its very prime:
If only if only.

We reflect on this myth; yield
a name or two of a flower
in memory; wonder if,
in time, her appetite
would have diluted into fetish.

The gods hate in many ways:
Her blood they turned to light
scattered among blinded eyes.
The rest of us they simply crumple.