

# Session

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She was often angry, especially at Christmas.  
No wonder I imagine trees screaming;  
write stories of them, after shock of axe,  
slowly awakening. They die slowly too,  
gaily ornamented, roots gone, stumps  
soaking in buckets.

But this is later: the writer funning,  
transcribing dream into image: music  
from a sack of phones, a drugged  
Barbi, shadows stunted by high noon.  
I can laugh now, giggle over the ways  
my mind works. For the child

it's different. Untangling wired lightbulbs  
can be a game or puzzle, fun anyhow,  
the prize a tame rainbow born  
out of an outlet, draped on Pine Tree.  
For me, it was prelude  
to seizure, a mom exaggerated  
like weather, sending something heavy  
out the window: later a visit from cops  
and a man with his head bandaged filing a complaint.

Omen? Who knows? I tell the therapist  
about the music. The carols still sound  
beautiful, I claim. Then, our foreshortened hour  
almost over, I describe a dream: Merlin  
casting shadows no one can see. I  
play wordgames with the wizard, mention phrases  
that matter to me: 'the dark tattle', 'the fist,  
in her cement cradle'. Merlin frowns,  
shows me real magic: wakes me up.