

Crossing Borders

Jody Azzouni

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Each skylaid prayer
hopes to extinction. We
wait to bury ("he's only
seven," she says again).

Each rock, severe
in its borders; I (by contrast)
must watch (his chest still
moving slowly; his empty
sneaker in its mouth, the dog
slowly putting itself to sleep).

Rocks expand only slightly
(in sunlight), contract
only slightly (in winter); we
blister and burn, chill to frostbitten
meat. No climate
befriends us (no child
lasts forever).

Soon I will think clearly
again (the mourning
will be over); I will
watch boulders with
indifference (how only they
flatten belongingly
against the landscape).