

Ritual

Jody Azzouni

Originally published in
Portland Review 56:1.
© 2009 Jody Azzouni

Angels wear halos lightly, like dew
(ice cream ball on a cone):
They circle ebony God:
enraptured on string.

Here on earth
the praying mantis makes love
just once, the eyeless amoeba
digests its way to sundering birth
(clouds without a sky).

Each star is a permanent
reflex of light:
out of focus forever.