

# Mediaeval Vision

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Christ strikes a pose  
(little winged heads  
flank him for contrast).

Depth has no place here: His thick  
blood, now only stained glass,  
drains to a pool, only broad only wide.

And down below, near where the red stain must run out,  
there's wallowing horns, perhaps a bearded face  
(perhaps a tail): certainly  
the succoring sounds of something drowning.

The faithful alone hear the music  
from the flat inside of all this; for me  
it's just an image (I'm deaf). Judgment too

will not make sense of it.