

# Extreme Unction

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Efficacy comes in guises:  
prayer, the beating of hearts.  
Symbiosis is a sin  
(in some settings) and yet,  
we all look up when it rains.

I too like God in small doses,  
the drip drip drip  
of the morphine drip, the priest  
with eyes rolling white.

But how will we invoke heaven  
after they cure cancer,  
when no one turns ugly  
(when cosmetics finally work)?

I tell you, we should never arrive:  
asymptosis is our only salvation,  
the long crawl up the tiered waterfall,

the swift movement  
beyond insect ways:  
our yearning to ropetrick  
our way to heaven;

without it, we are only  
daft squirrels in winter,  
our small hoards small museums  
kept by addled descendents, worshipped  
by labels, the occasional  
postcard (shot into space)  
for aliens.