

# When I finally catch my breath

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Shadows, small embryos of night:  
pool around my bedside.

The quiet rustle of commiseration:  
“So sad it had to happen now”: time  
visceral on their hands.

Cast by nothing,  
the dark of the solitary  
doorstep, the unscrolled  
clock. Somewhere

the past pools up  
like a hoard: its root  
deep in equation  
solved by angels.

For now, I exhale.  
Little moments scatter like rain.  
The sullen puddle evaporates.