

# Prometheus Distracted

Jody Azzouni

Originally published in  
*Clay Palm Review* 1:2, 2001  
© 2001 Jody Azzouni

The eagle pauses in mid-gulp,  
and Prometheus can take a breath.  
The sky is still blue: he can watch  
a cloud, remember conversation,  
think of a fireplace.

Some meals, though, are like childhood,  
going on long after knife,  
and fork, are exhausted. We  
beg repeatedly for a curtain,  
a toychest, a kiss goodnight,  
a coffee break.