

# Poem for Haruko

By June Jordan

I never thought I'd keep a record of my pain  
or happiness  
like candles lighting the entire soft lace  
of the air  
around the full length of your hair/a shower  
organized by God  
in brown and auburn  
undulations luminous like particles  
of flame

But now I do  
retrieve an afternoon of apricots  
and water interspersed with cigarettes  
and sand and rocks  
we walked across:  
                    How easily you held  
my hand  
beside the low tide  
of the world

Now I do  
relive an evening of retreat  
a bridge I left behind  
where all the solid heat  
of lust and tender trembling  
lay as cruel and as kind  
as passion spins its infinite  
tergiversations in between the bitter  
and the sweet

Alone and longing for you  
now I do

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Source: *Directed by Desire* (Copper Canyon Press, 2005)