

June

By Raj Kaur

Work commute blues me like a bruise—
car-trapped and miserable—but then
sun bleaches the blackest sky and
we're all blue and I remember
I am I am I am, and I
can forget worry, sorrow, and
sometimes my dead friends but never
birthdays.

Tomorrow we can take the train;
together, we'll ride window-seat,
stop at June and stir at the sight—
precious bodies split open with
laughter sweet as fleshy cherries,
as date-plums diamonded with sugar
enough to jewel crowns around all
of us small kings, beautiful and
chosen to be.