

Distance

Jordan Jones

1.

You, weaving a boat out of reeds
it is heavy with your longing but strangely buoyant.

2.

We give names to the secrets
that separate us like a sword.

3.

If I shove recollections ahead of me like a prow
can I cross these dark seas back to you?
Will I know other women as I began with you
from the myth outward to the skin?