

ADELA NAJARRO

On Writing

A poem may contain
a cliff over a sea,

a sea that sharpens a granite edge raw,
exhales brisk breezes,
maroons seaweed on beaches,

breaks shells to cut our feet.
The same sea may slide in softly,
leave white foam on sand.

The warm sand. The day
hot enough.

Once I sat in a restaurant without words, and Jorge said
to go outside. Feel the heat. It was necessary

to burn my heavy bones into clear sky.

I had to break free from fog,

that fog that rises
after a hot day turns
water into air.

I walked along the shoreline,
the hard sand,
the cool water,

then rested in a wilted garden.

In this garden, it is always morning.
A hydrangea moist and blue.

The leaf of a lemon tree rests, still and waxy,

next to a sturdy white bud,
a flower yet to come.

Here, when a bee stings, the pain collapses

into pleasure. Because it is over.
Because I have not become numb.

Adela Najarro is the author of three poetry collections: *Split Geography*, *Twice Told Over*, and *My Childrens*, a chapbook that includes teaching resources. With *My Childrens*, she hopes to bring Latinx poetry into the classroom so that students can explore poetry, identity, and what it means to be Latinx in U.S. society. Every spring semester, she teaches a Poetry for the People workshop at Cabrillo College where students explore personal voice and social justice through poetry and spoken word. More information about Najarro can be found at her website: www.adelanajarro.com.

JIMIN LEE

Last Time Over, 2013
Photogravure, Spit bite, Pigment on Kozo,
Chine collé, 28 x 18 in



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