

To Sara (From DQ)
James Croal Jackson

Wouldn't call myself wild. Wouldn't last a day—
before you, another home I thought'd be forever.

Some call my eyes crystal but I couldn't predict
a future outside the shelter. I was scared yet still

nomadic to a fault—too eager to attach, I now
purr from afar—me, on a pillow on the carpet,

you, sipping coffee on the couch—just to say
I see you, I want to go there, just not yet.

I will never detail my past, its unimaginable
happenings that make me want to spill Cabernet

glasses, scatter shards of red on tile. I'm learning
to be comfortable in my surroundings, to love

and welcome love by others in this space. I leap
atop the cabinets to walk into your world, observe.

And at night I wait for you to lay in bed when,
at last, I can rest on your chest, close my eyes,

and be.

James Croal Jackson (he/him/his) is a Filipino-American poet. He has a chapbook, *The Frayed Edge of Memory* (Writing Knights Press, 2017), and recent poems in *DASH*, *Sampsonia Way*, and *Jam & Sand*. He edits *The Mantle Poetry* (themantlepoetry.com). Currently, he works in film production in Pittsburgh, PA. (jamescroaljackson.com)