

Jesus Sakura

Sarah Page

It's only after *hanami*,
Season of cherry blossom-viewing,
That I meet Christ in Fukuoka
As all the petals are leaving,
He startles me in every spent sakura—

Castaway pink and star-flushed
Flowers spiraling freely faraway,
Frail slants trodden into cement
Puddled, soiled and rainless
Tears luminous without count.

These tossed leaps of hue grace drab
Ditch, grate, and trash-banked canal
With transient jewels whose after-image
Still glows behind my corneas
Long after remnant form has gone.

My Savior, my Sakura—
I would learn to let you
Grace me, too.