

CINTIA SANTANA

ODE TO THE *J*

Hey Jude, hey Judas, hey jumper on the bridge:
thirty pieces of silver buys you nothing
but a field of blood. And yet. How exquisite
it is to betray with a kiss. No sin is
original. No jail, a break. Blind, the river
and blind the curve. Justice. Just north of July.
Silver-green June grass and bug right
beside you. See, Jacob was my brother,
and Jack, in the box that was my heart, but not
now. Blossoming reed, sprouting seed, a scoop
in the hand, a jujube tree. Jump shot
in a jumpsuit. A jingle and a jangle. Jungle
into gym into jumble, so tumble. We did
and we do. Jewel is to joule as jazz
is to truth. Oh, oh, the density of joy
on a January jukebox. Stem no such flow.

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[F]

First there was the sound
of a serpent in the ear.

Of falling. An angel
with a flaming sword.

A fist. The use
of force.

Fjord and flood. Fog
and foghorn. Flamingo,
flamenco, Flaubert.

Frankenstein. Then Frisch.

Fission, then Fermi. Fascism.

Anne Frank.

Flash, then fallout. The pamphlet
from the Office of Defense:

*To escape temporary blindness,
bury your face in your arms.*

*To lessen your chances of injury by blast,
fall flat on your face.*

Little Boy.

Fat Man.

Flesh

of my flesh.

Sound of fat

hitting fire.

Paper lanterns,

floating.

Fault and faultline.

Fissure. Fences. Fray.

A fishbone

in the throat.

Also, a butterfly,

slow-flapping. Fidelity,

high. The number of f-stops

in the human eye

Fizz and fantail. Fraud

and fracking. The fracture

of a fact; a farm

foreclosed. Your face—

why forbidden?

Grace, fastened
to an empty frame.

Not forgotten; forgiven.

Fade as fate. Fat. Fa.

Fados in the rain.

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