

Bourne
toWrite...
creative writing
workshops

June

by Fran Duffield

Was there ever a June
as glorious as that one?
the one when you disappeared,
just a shimmer of heat-haze
left in your place?

In the hills, I wrote your name
in the flowing water, knowing
without being told
that you were gone, the cracked spine
of Keats still falling open
at the verse you loved,
in the darkened empty room

The other Junes I press slowly
in its pages, the Junes
of summer gloves, you in your gingham dress,
hanging twin ripe cherries over my ear
and smiling, tilting your head
as you used to do,
a little bird grasping midsummer
with each fluttering heartbeat