

The sailing

by [Jean Janzen](#) in the [September 7, 2004](#) issue

My mother lifts her blue-veined
hand, "I'm ready to go."
She stares into the white wall,

which billows into a sail.
Little boat of bones.
In dream she is carried

by a swift river, wearing
a red dress. Clear water,
and I on the bank.

But she doesn't see me.
She has become one with motion.
Even in water she is fire.