

## release

i dreamt of mother and me  
going to catch a flight in her white Tercel.  
we came to a light frozen red;  
we would miss the journey home.

mother has cancer

an old man interprets dreams —  
the flight is my mother's death;  
her journey is stalled  
she awaits release:  
i agree to let her go.

that weekend i held her so tight she flinched;  
the world swam backward from view.  
i was piling into her white car to go home;  
but arms rivetted, bodies clasped,  
holding me fast against her.  
i would not let go.

since then the white car has broken down.  
(it needs new parts)  
and mother spends her time sleeping.

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