

# 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.