

DYLAN WRIGHT

A Mother to Her Child

He left one day,
placed his feet to the tracks
and left us behind
for where the earth and sky collide.

He told me he would think of you,
that the salt from the sea and the hiss
of the spray cast by the vessel colliding
with waves alike to mountains
would always remind him of you.

He never made mention of me.

He is too romantic.
I've fitted my feet to his footsteps
and hiked through forests to find him,
but the trees are dead, and high up
on the boulders that form mountain tops,
I saw that the sea is made of mud;

the only vibrancy was the echo
of my breath off tree stumps.

And I called to him,
from those great heights
in hopes that the message
would travel over the dust
and find him:

You told me how we need to find
paradise before we die;
I thought the home we had defined
the peace you had implied.

The words might be caught in the mud.