

I imagine my mother's dream 2008

Green is the jade that her tree grows
It won't shine, not for show
Shadow of this heave stone
A warm-up pose shall well uphold
Lapping ridges float
Shrunken lawns flow
She has a vision of a gentle coast
Hatching a vapor with a distant gloom
Hand, she let the wind blow
Soul, through the tides she dove
She goes,
Sailing rains pave her road