

Dragonflies

by Felix Jung

It's Thursday evening when my mother calls
and she's exhausted, up before the dawn,
back home well after dusk. We talk around

her day: the trays and drinks, sore feet that need
a salted water rub. Like any son
I think my mother works too hard for me
(but I am young, and childless). *When I*

*was young, she says, in China we would tie
a length of string to dragonflies, to see
them buzz and spark about. The smallest ones
would tug our hands until we set them free.*

Her voice against my ear is soft, the sound
made weary from its traveling along
a twisting line, that finds its way through walls.



This work is licensed under the Creative Commons Attribution-Noncommercial-Share Alike 3.0 United States License. To view a

copy of this license, visit <http://creativecommons.org/licenses/by-nc-sa/3.0/us/> or send a letter to Creative Commons, 171 Second Street, Suite 300, San Francisco, California, 94105, USA.