

## LEARNING TO FLY

Last night  
I met my mother  
in a dream.  
She has been gone  
for more than a year.

I do not know  
where she has been.

All my willingness to  
*let the mystery be,\**  
flamed out when  
someone I love walked  
into the mist beyond  
what I know.

They say the dead  
do not grow older;  
she had instead  
grown younger, shed  
cancer's ashen brittleness.

Unlike anything  
she did in life,  
she broke away  
from me,  
sashayed down the path,  
swung her hips,  
threw her arms wide  
like wings,  
sang, "See?  
I feel fine!  
I've been  
learning  
to fly!"

\* lyrics by Iris DeMent

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