

**DWAYNE THORPE**

**Mother Time**

His hand clamped inside her claw,  
the boy runs to keep up with the black skirt,  
too breathless to cry, "Slow down, Mommy."  
Sliced by winter wind, she has forgotten him  
and his short legs. So she must not be  
time. Time must be the wind—yes?  
And what is that red shopping bag  
flopping along in his right hand?  
Why does he clutch and not let go?