

the scent of her dream passed by me
as she passed me.
the fragrance invited me
not to follow
but invited me
not to forget her
and her mother
and all their mothers
choosing a woman
 for me to love.
 even though
 i had been
 trained to hunt...
 mothers
 always have the last word
 it is their forest.

the scent of her dream.
wf.h.
2026