Sitting in the early morning dark, holding my late mother’s little chrome flashlight. In the cylinder, the batteries shift and roll, like two, double A, winged monkey bombs. I write by her light. When she had gone into her final coma, and I was on the jet to her, flying toward her as if I was a locust swarm, powering my way through the air with my laugh, my *I'll get you Dorothy*, it mattered to me beyond intensely that I get there before she died, that I hold her alive, knowing it would end, knowing she was not, after all, infinite. I don’t think my mother knew what she meant to me, I don’t think I knew. At night, when she was elderly, she would flash me, poor lonely soul, I would sense the slow pink-white meteor of her unclothed body begin to approach me from deep in her room. I wanted to run, there was something hard to take about it, I’d steer her and turn her, as if I was wearing her own, old, soft, rose-colored oven mitts to carry something too hot to touch to a family table. My mother flashed me. I write by her beam. My mother shone with will, she travelled across the small sky above my crib singing, I sing by her song, at dawn she is my lantern, I sing by her light.