

## Capture and Pursuit

In the night, my mother moans  
in the body of a small animal  
caught in a metal trap.

It is my duty to enter the body odor  
of her room and shift her.  
Then she can escape the dream  
in which she can't even bend a finger  
without external force.

Now I will never awake her.  
And she never did come to me  
when, again and again, I ran  
from armed and violent men.

Theresa McCourt