

# Kai (excerpt)

*by* Deborah Marie Poe

*Kai,*?

?Oh the mathematics of solitude. I wish your father there. I read your wanting subtracted between the lines. He is almost gone. Hallucinates, not awake even though eyes are open. Yesterday he saw the baby brother you never met. I light four ultramarine candles—for your brother, your father, for you, for me.?

*Mother?*

*Kai,*?

?I tell him you are destined for something big. Remember this. The unbelieving professor said I could not break the riddle of the egg. But I knew the answer was hard boiled and cracked it on the desk, experimenting and making it stand. I knit the cerulean yarn now. Count the stitches. Knowing when we let him go, he'll leave a multiplying path of blue. ?

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*Mother*

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