



THE WIND

Go away oh wind so cold, your stabbing knives
Of force are not welcome here‘
,Who could create such a vile and unwanted thing?‘
Oxygen, my food, so very near.
Yet, you force my breath as I gulp for life,
,You chase it from me and distract upon my memory, when once upon a time
This man was free‘
Go away that I may think, you thumping,drunken,slapping stink.

I AM THE WIND.

Cry not oh human upon a memory, yet forget the wind
For it held you close and tucked you neath the ancient heavenly stars
It never once asked, if you have ever sinned
It’s thundering words came like showers
Shivering through the fields and rivers, trees and flowers

For I , I am the wind, I hold the memory of yesteryear
And then, and now
Feel my touch of love, feel my warmth chase away and steer
Around your fingers, i wrap and tangle and show you how
The dream of memory is always near,
And yet
I hold also the promises of tomorrow, without your fear.

For I am the wind that started there and here
Though I be turbulent, tumultuous and wild
Also can I be caressingly near
Gentle and innocent
Holding the emptiness and potentiality of any mothers child.

Close your eyes and touch my emptiness
That you may feel my fullness and allow me,
to carry you
My source, my friend, my forever master
Let go and let me sway and swing you homeward,
Now and,
Ever faster.

And a wind not of air but of spirit passed through me
The veil it dropped the clouds they cleared
The road raised up, the forests cheered
It lifted me high so I could see.
Perfect stillness
This man is free.