



## 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 neat 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.