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Wind Shards

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Wind Shards

In Love With Wind

Ruminative

freely

In love with wind I held a noun in my hand to admire the layers of its feathers the gold ring of its eye

I spoke to it hoping it heard

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tossed it up onto a shelf of air where it opened

and rolled into flight upstroke down-stroke it left me

freely

Now I listen for the one that will circle the one that even in the dark will
will place its deli-cate claws on the shingles as though someone in the house lies a-

wake to hear the small im pos si ble sounds that mean home home
Wind Tore at Her House

Wind tore at my grandmother's
house
at the screen-door she held open

Wind whipped her hair
whipped her words
her flowered apron snapping like a flag

to-day I look at my hands

slicing tomatoes or going along on the
page
my pen nodding up and down in my grand-mother's

hand, her old loose skin my old loose skin

Melodramatic

Tempo

reject her

round
Grand - mo-ther like a
wind have me hair and all come wind old grand mo-ther

come

(8ψ)
There are no ponies in the long strands of grass in the road-side. It is the wind there galloping bucking but for a moment the manes tossing over their backs I almost believed.
The Night Wind

Veiled

The night wind stirs beneath the rocks.

The night wind gathers and flows into the corn rows.

filling the tire treads shifts the stones
ri - ses gent - ly lifts the
dry leaves on the stalks si - lent - ly drops them
a calf stands mo - tion-less a sunken ship a sifting of snow on his red-fur back his
white breath borne moo ward on the black air
A Woman Listens to Wind

A woman listens to wind
will not light a candle

but sits in the dark kitchen
wrapped in a blanket

before the oven

Talking to herself in the night
the clock ticking
the wind blowing
an old voice in the ear not so familiar
wind blowing as if to ripple the ice on the pond
under the reds and near-reds of an old quilt
the woman dreams a dream

all night the wind

a man locked out

throws himself again and again at the door of the house