

Wind
by Tiffany Turbin

Blowing and blustering,
tossing and tumbling.
The wind is coming.
Like voices moving things.
Ripping, it is a knife,
Whistling, it surges past.
Blasting, swirling leaves.
Gusts across the field,
Almost a gale,
Bring with its fury
A tempest,
screaming,
roaring,
howling.
Suddenly a lull,
down to a growl.
Hiding under covers,
a child sighs relief.
Streams turn to rivers.
Sun: all wrath ceases
Wind: feel fresh breezes.

11.04.95
and
02.17.04