

Wind's Dark Poem

Mount Eerie

voice of wind
(the air in the branches)
sounded like words
whispering a spell on me
until I heard
now I see shapes in the low light
the earth quakes in the twilight
I see flames in my calm life
I hear the wind's dark poem:
(wind speaks:)
you can see from above, the rocks sticking out of
the yard behind the house make stone constellations,
half-buried in the dusk, the unformed stories
coming to life while I sleep.
the breath moves branches saying words that I
don't know, a new poem. a song I sang in a dream,
the lights of town faint,
something is exhaling in the sound of traffic, far
away. something's happening.
wind's dark poem describes,
calligraphy of branches writes,
stone constellation alive
the house is built on a boulder
soil returns to the wind
bones will blow in pink light
the distant sound is saying my name
the wind is taking pieces.
wind's dark poem is about the constantly roaring
decay, the destruction of every day,
and every morning's waking.
but:
even as spring is bringing
blossoms back among leaves
the cold wind blows when night falls
and the bare branches bend
Other Mount Eerie songs