

Wind Speaks

Mount Eerie

When wind speaks it says:

"I am the river."

"I am the torrent of tearing flame."

"I remove bodies."

And "I hold void. I have no shape."

And I heard this

Standing on the street looking south to the hill

Where clouds were rising

Echoing my body, being emptied and filled

"Wind's Poem by Mount Eerie"

Recited by tongues made of wood

In no language

Reverently misunderstood

By me, and then passed on in the dream world

Deluded and proud, form greeting form

Wind screaming

By Mount Eerie, among the cliffs by the hillside, among the clouds that never lift

Saying:

"I am the river."

"I am the ocean of changing shape."

"I bring bodies."

And "in the void you heard my name

And you are like me

You are nothing but a place

Where dust is dancing."

And then a gust that made me shake:

So fleeting and young

With mythologies pulled from lack

I wake up repeatedly

And belong to the black

Meanwhile the moon in my mind

Shines brightly