

Wayward Winds of Winter

The wayward winds of winter began today—suddenly—corresponding neither to equinox nor almanac. And with them, ah, what an onslaught of nostalgic memories and intriguing, willowy thoughts.

Leaves traveling in quiet, stealthy hordes began to rumble on the ground below and flit about in the sky above trailing burnt browns, crisped oranges, and dull, saddened reds for the eye. Occasionally, as happens in desert rains, streams began whispering of long sleeps and dreams too enduring to relate in the quick words of man.

But, alas, it is the winds which tell of the seasons, and their first prophet. They hum and sing of the transitions without and within, and mark the changes that affect all things creaturely and substantial.

From whence do they come?

The ocean perhaps, perhaps beneath, rising up from the abyss to touch and dry things of the Earth.

Some say sun gives rise to the creature, or at least spirits it away along currents which travel over continents and traverse wide, sullen seas.

In their gentle carress, these winds, they portend decay. What rocks and mountains have all but disappeared from this overgentle caress; it is always the soft which conquers for one is never wary of lightness.

And yet, in that ever so slight decay, in that gentle, silky destruction, what life in man will become effusive and powerful. It takes slight inoculation to overcome deadly disease. What tiny pills we swallow when wind passes us by, for in that breath comes the remembrance that life, though short, is always hiding, and waiting, so quietly resting, ready to be wakened to brightly-bloomed, evanescent joy.

When winds embrace, and gather our thoughts around time and reminiscing, what life comes surging within to exert, throb, and pulse in the world again.

REQUIEM

Good eve, my winds;
my winds, good morrow,
what sweetness you bring
with your over-sweet sorrow.

What life you tell of past
and then,
what life you hint of just within.
Your coolness chills and heart must tell
of warmth that comes from heart when well.

I gasp and suffer remembering faint youth;
I an old man, an old asp,
for some but a buffer.

I'm told by these to pass with decorum,
but life;

ill at ease,

I'll pound, I'll thunder, and brighten this forum;
 Thor's hammer,
my heart,
 oh, I just might,
with jubilant cries I'll yell and I'll sleight,
 to pass through this life,
dart,
 even just stammer.

 Winds of winter, you faithfully pass,
my life quite with you,
 my soul but a breath.
 I'll go,
yes,
 and soon come again,
with spring not far off,
 a new heart beats within.

 How creatures they pass,
the winds here they tarry,
 and life come again,
on a whole other ferry.

 And from the seas stretch,
the sky's great expanse,
 the winds speak of change,
and faithful in trance,
 I think and remember,
and whisper right back:

you bring decay,
but I know now, no lack.

Oh winds, come full on,
I dare but not tremble,
for life fears too much,
why, it's just death in a thimble.

What slight passing you bring,
much more you'll require,
to knock down this great oak,
or douse this fast fire.

And yet, I challenge you not,
for you're no nemesis;
a traveler am I and faithfully so,
for with you I'll go,
and cross great expanses,
your sullen seas shall I know,
and they my quick glances,
with peoples so rare I'll meet and share prayer,
my Bible's just opened to first Genesis.

Where to find you,
again there you are,
in Adam's first eve,
you're the shimmering star.

With your first touch,
did his breath first begin
and Eve a sprite still just under his skin.

Oh winds, sometimes wintry,
 other times quite so warm,
with you we begin,
 and pass only after much storm.

Wayward winds of winter,
bestill my heart in my breast,
 I've heard quite enough,
I beg you my rest.

 You're portentous song has been well sung,
of life you shout,
 death do you hum.
 So much you carry
for all ears to hear,
 but inside,
it's my own passing breath I still fear.

 For when shall it stop,
conjoined in your journey,
 never more my own,
but one among many,
 a breath, perhaps,
perhaps it's a warning.

 With it we'll know,
true,
 of the seasons,
but with it we'll know
fair few of the reasons.

 Come anyway,

with whole new chapter,
 neither beginning nor end,
before nor after,
 just one more page,
turned once again,
 and older age,
some flabbier skin.

 And kept from quick end,
for what's its first use,
 this prophet and friend,
neither quick nor obtuse.

 Singer with songs silent and true,
I've heard this song,
 it sings all of you.

 And left in a shuffle,
a dither perhaps,
 wayward winds you caress,
and hither,
 again have you passed.
 Leaving no fear,
nor do you pity our lot,
 you bring still remembrance,
and sweet-saddened thought.
 I thank you for this,
my inspirational host,
 with your quick hiss,

you've told all,
if not, most.

Winds,
wintry and cool,
begin once again,
a sage have you made,
nearly dried his old skin.

There are but few truths,
and if you must know,
all can be found in winter winds,
perhaps...
falling snow.

-John J. McGraw
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