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Seasonic Winds

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Seasonic Winds

D. A. Fay

Abstract

If I could but record the Mystification of the Wind Mingled with the promptings of The disturbed heart, Then I could truly say...

Seasonic Winds

If I could but record the
Mystification of the Wind
Mingled with the promptings of
The disturbed heart,
Then I could truly say
I've written as poets write
Mid storm and calm —
Peace within their hearts.

There is within us that one desire
To drift when the coming of the Wind
Entices us to seek what each one fears,
Yet does not know.

Cold and bitter wind tempt not,
For I am not to be tempted.
Strange I have felt life but once,
When up against the Wind
Which comes in March — wild and free,
Contemptuous of man and all that lives;
Nor will I ever know true life
Until I turn and walk
Abreast the wind — as vagrants do.

Kill not this desire within me
For it has nurtured in my heart
Since birth, and shall remain
Till death, unless it is released —
Is given life itself as I once was.

This is the Wind the poet knows.
This is the Wind which embraces the Sea.
This is the Wind that continually grows
Tumultous and hot inside of me.

— *D. A. Fay, S. So.*