We Bend (a little)

Peter Proul*
We Bend
(a little)

by Peter Proul

Here
we stand,
our smiles,
fears, hair
distorted by the wind.
And we bend (reluctantly)
just a little with the wind
but not enough to snap.
Our hands tight,
our bodies rigid,
we face the wind.

But the wind is strong,
heavy
and somehow songless.
We bend (a little)
— but not snap
with the wind.

Anyway we smile
(a thing distorted
by the wind)
and pretend
that we are
ever so
strong.

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