

On the Wind

by Scarlet Crystal

Here follows a poem about strength of another.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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The wind carries your voice back to me
So that you are never truly gone.
Even when I am alone,
Comatose by the side of the road,
I hear on the swift currents
As they break over the horizon
Your voice, singing to me
In gentle, airborne tones.
When I fall, like a phoenix,
I am born again.
My ashes are swept away
By the fierce, cutting wind.
I will never know for certain
How you came by your power
To command the clouds,
And yet I hear your every sigh.
When we began,

My world continued to spin.
Each new day was like every other,
Except for one crucial detail:
You were in it.
From that first moment, you decided
That one day in autumn,
You would master the great wind.
Even in the dark mecca
Of a crowded movie theater,
I feel a draft,
And I know you are not far.
Yet I am unable to determine
The air's temperature as it used to be:
Has it grown warmer or colder
Since I first loved the wind?