

The Wind

I have been told by many, that is my strangest piece of work. ♦ This maybe true, because it is a bit mystical and it's not the easiest poem in the world to understand; and yes it is long, but many seem to like it

<p>Watch as it starts to grow Forming from out of the earth From every crack and pore it flows From out of the ocean So wide and blue From out of the heavens So cloudy and wild From every rock and tree Out flows the essence</p> <p style="text-align: center;">See as it shapes into the wind, Sense the awareness building inside it Feel it begin to move Gaining speed and strength From all it touches Its own power is driving It onward Over oceans and seas It will find its way</p> <p style="text-align: right;">♦</p> <p style="text-align: right;">Fishermen cross themselves as it draws near They pray it will pass And it does Leaving their boats rocking In a strange shadow And gratefully they give collective sighs of relief ♦ And thank their different gods</p>	<p>Through the land it blows Flowers and trees bow their fruits Paying homage To what only they can understand Animals prick their ears ♦ And smell the air Recognizing the power That passes over them It is seeking something It searches among the fields and hills</p>
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Amidst the towns and cities of
man
Its destiny to
fulfill

Here is a vision of nature

Ancient as the planet itself
Stranger then mortal man could imagine
Unable to reason
But aware of its purpose
Hush now people
Feel the planet vibrate
Feed on the energy it radiates
Know something that understands
Neither evil nor good
Then let it enter

nd touch you

Alone standing on the sea-wall
There waits a man
Watching silver waves
Kissing the shore
Not knowing why he waits
Or what has driven him to embrace the sea
In all its glory
And onward blows the wind
Sensing that what it seeks is near
Its purpose to be fulfilled
Once more

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A man in his youth
And foolish pride
A man with possessions, wealth and
charm
And gifts of material
life
But there's a burning
question
Within his
mind
What are
we?
And who am
I?

Now the wind will answer
As it rolls over the seawall
It blows about him
Our hero turns to face it
And embrace it.
Then it strikes
him
o the bone
A wondrous warm sensual
- A Breadth of life -

He is filled with visions
Of distant shores

Trees blowing lightly in
A tropical breeze
And water so blue like
- a summer sky -
Caressing the shimmering sands,
Causing their crystals to
resonate
In musical
harmony

◆

<p>His mind becomes a rushing sea His blood a flowing river And his soul is washed away - Into the deep - Swimming with countless waves of multi-coloured life Bursting through into the sky An eagle soaring high Touching a heaven We all seek to find</p>

Then the heat now turns
to cold,
Of artic gales and
glaziers high
Where sheets of ice
go floating by
And the wind
leaves him
Once more a man
w
ho stands alone
Lost and lonely upon the shore
But now he knows what
- He came here for -