

Wind Songs
Third Place Poetry 2005

I look out to see the rain, and there is only darkness.
Short winter days.
Dawn is yet to come,
And the wind plays the house like an organ.

Wind chimes clang.
Water pounds against the glass.
Alone, I pull my sweater around me.
Then my son's voice warms the room,
And the wind plays the house like an organ.

Outside the office window the treetops move softly
Back and forth, waving their branches in a beckoning hail.
Come out. Feel the wind on your face. Let your hair blow.
Swing your branches. Feel the sun on your back.
I turn back to the charts on my desk.
The wind must wait.
My roots are bound in this place for now.

A cloud of fine snow rises in the air and vanishes,
Leaving fine swirls on the cold asphalt.
The wind pushes me as though I, too, should rise up
And swirl like the snow.
But I am weighted down with duties and I press on.
A bitter cold permeates my lungs and nose as I finally reach the door,
And turn before entering the heavy warmth inside.
To watch the hide and seek of wind and snow
Gently swaddling the bushes.

The wind is howling in the hospital corridor.
Someone didn't latch a window.
A crack. An opening;
The outside threatens to come in
With mighty force
And consume the rank closeness of the wards
Like a lion roaring before eating an injured lamb,
A jackal, when it finds a corpse.
We want to close the door
And stop this invasion of fresh air.
Stop the memories of crisp fall days and walking upright
On the outside.

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