Wind

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Wind

Wind
If she were an element
she would be the wind
she would always be there
sometimes subtle
sometimes fierce
she would see the dawn of the ages
she would be part of the eternal harmony
the ancient ones started
each generation continues
she would take your breath away
and replace it with
a warm gentle breeze
and she would remain
she would blow across the face of an indian
preparing for battle
in a war structured by religious and moral beliefs
she would sail into a town
and breeze past a woman burying her husband
and she would take the tears and blow them away
she would storm into a field where a man was being killed
for the color of his skin
and she would blow with her the guilt of the ages
and drop it on their backs
and take with her the cries of justice ripped from a dead man’s mouth

April Williams