

I can't say it so I'll let the wind
Come wind, destroyer of worlds
Speak to me, show me shapes in swirling dust
Come wind, sayer of names
Speak to me, make me listen into the night
Come wind, the fog from my eyes
Come revealer, the town lights from the night skies
Come destroyer, pound on my window
Scream through my house, tear the old land from itself
Come wind, in the mouth of the sky
Speak for me, show the hills' insides
Show me the river roaring through the house
There was a break in the clouds
and the house was bright for a little while
I was in your favor, but then it closed
Now the wind speaks in the branches
Now the wind speaks, saying:
"Hold on to something, and watch it go.
Everything you love will end up on the breeze.
The roots that held the tree down left a deep hole,
full of water, reflecting sky."