

## Wind's Dark Poem

Mount Eerie

voice of wind  
(the air in the branches)  
sounded like words  
whispering a spell on me  
until I heard  
now I see shapes in the low light  
the earth quakes in the twilight  
I see flames in my calm life  
I hear the wind's dark poem:  
(wind speaks:)  
you can see from above, the rocks sticking out of  
the yard behind the house make stone constellations,  
half-buried in the dusk, the unformed stories  
coming to life while I sleep.  
the breath moves branches saying words that I  
don't know, a new poem. a song I sang in a dream,  
the lights of town faint,  
something is exhaling in the sound of traffic, far  
away. something's happening.  
wind's dark poem describes,  
calligraphy of branches writes,  
stone constellation alive  
the house is built on a boulder  
soil returns to the wind  
bones will blow in pink light  
the distant sound is saying my name  
the wind is taking pieces.  
wind's dark poem is about the constantly roaring  
decay, the destruction of every day,  
and every morning's waking.  
but:  
even as spring is bringing  
blossoms back among leaves  
the cold wind blows when night falls  
and the bare branches bend  
Other Mount Eerie songs