

The Way I Remember The Wind

By Daniel Bridgefarmer

The way I remember the wind
solace drooled
over ponds
while the meat remained in our teeth
and the vulture flew a straight line
and even thereafter, when the robotic
constellations removed the myths from the stars,
and our fathers killed their fathers
and now, do you think me condemned
when I say (and to no one but myself)
when I was a child: I spoke, I thought, and
I walked like a child

even older now, my speech, my thought, my
trembling is deserving of a man.
and the silence in between,
that's the way I remember the wind.