

What in the wind

Poetry in the [April 20, 2010](#) issue

This was a gale that formed a fist,
a punch turning into a full kick that almost
sent me flying downhill. The Greek word
translates as “a movement of air.” But this
was karate; I loved the force of it, its full
release and enthusiasm.

In my tedium, I wish I might
keel over when that other spirit blows, or that
that fierce, holy breath would fill me to
almost-bursting, a red balloon
buoyant with air, pressure inside and out,
and no strings attached.