

Bright wind

by [Nora Kirkham](#) in the [June 5, 2019](#) issue

I recognized you when you spoke my name
in dawn's light patterned within window frames.

You brightened every pine bough in high summer,
and arrived again in moments—as if you were ever away—

returning with a fierceness that stung my jaw
when I opened my mouth to the sea and breathed.

And you spoke with a force that wills everything,
sweeping stiff clothes white, alive to living.

Your bright wind flickered as new branches grew.
Even when I am blind—*darkness is not dark to you.*