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Wind: An Agescape

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WIND; AN AGESCAPE

It's not a deluge of truth
Or it is a deluge of deception
that will sweep the earth
with corruption and falsehood

It's just the wind
that sometimes turns the heads of children,
causes them to cry

In its youth
it drifts where it chooses,
carries with it
the drone of cowbell windchimes
from porches of isolated dustbowl homes
The shadow beside the creaking rocker
dances in its teasing presence
from a lantern left lit
through the years
Quietly it leaves
to see the world
through old drafty outskirt houses.
thresholds of village barber shops,
a minor nuisance
in the freshly cut and styled hair
of fine gentlemen
Down rolling hills and out
towards the coast across the land.
a belligerent approach to
gray cities with an air
of dignity and freshness
New kid on the block
that blows coats wide open.
makes the wearer look like
some angel descended to the sidewalk
It loses that playful spontaneity
unable to go where it wishes
The new life it leads
routinized, influenced through cities
along streets and alleys
to places it never imagined
as a child breezing
across pastures and farmers' fields

A young man started out
to set the world on fire
in a rage of hope
aged in the promise of over indulgence
Cool summer breeze
becomes city heat
which beats down on city walkers
like the exhaust of a bus
like a burst of steam
Passing it evaporates
It isn't missed
until once again it breaks down
and falls like rain
on indifferent dreary avenues

Stephan Michener