

Wind

it's true sometimes I cannot
stop myself from spilling
the recycling

unpetalling apple blossoms raiding
a picnic
making off with napkins I'm nothing
until I happen
flipping an umbrella outside-in
throwing its owner
into a fumble
pelting the avenue with sleet or dust

at times downtown
riding over galleries of air
so full of high excitement howling
I borrow an old woman's hat
and fling it into the road

arriving with news of the larkspur
and the bumblebee
at times embracing you so lightly
in ways you don't even register
as touch

Credit:

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About this Poem:

"I wrote this poem in Ameliasburgh, Ontario, while staying in the A-frame that the Canadian poet Al Purdy and his wife Eurithe built, mostly out of salvaged lumber, on the edge of Roblin Lake. The lake itself isn't very deep—Purdy called it 'a backwater puddle'—but some days the wind was strong enough to create waves that splashed and broke against the stones at the water's edge. At night, hearing wind gust over the A-frame's roof, I could imagine the weather as a kind of invisible companion."

—*James Arthur*

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