

Ode to the Wind

You rise
across the sea,
drift
to the shore
across oceans
of legend.
The white
sails of gods
move to
your will.
You are
the creator,
the first,
the invisible current
of spirits.

I pull you
in as the mighty
hands of old.
Who am I to use you?
And you, to move me
across the bay?
I am
unworthy
of your power.
You, wind,
have been
here from
the beginning,
the language of all,
the ever-moving grace.