

## Oh How to be the Wind

oh how to be the wind  
blustering dust down chimneys  
sailing roofs like paper airplanes  
postponing airplanes in thin air spinning  
the world clean the world crazy the world gone

but here we hang by stems  
in our navels side by side  
here it comes and we wave  
like small anonymous hands

*Linda Sillitoe*

## The Corner Window

A cloud  
cuts off the light against the wall.  
All the way west it is canopied across  
each tree and pane of glass stands  
empty and alone. I wait  
for wind  
to drive the dust  
before the menstrual rain begins  
and in the covered light each thing recedes.  
Along the roadside  
someone walks away. Birds diminish,  
disappear. All travel in this pausing is away from me.  
Across the intersection  
children cry like gulls.

*Stephen Gould*