

John C. Morrison

## Wind

My first house was carved  
into a wall of wind. The world  
was wind. Inside we

were wind, the whoosh  
of blood the whoosh  
of red wind, regular and

unforeseen. Our nerves  
belonged to the wind. You hid  
like a mole in a tunnel

or stubborn stayed  
to roughen in the wind.  
At night we slept in

the wind and the scent  
now of distant animals, now  
a forest to the north,

and now the ocean stings  
our lips. The wind flowed  
like light through the fingers  
of a god who didn't

always believe in kindness.  
Touched our ears,  
slapped with an open hand.