

Wild
is the
Wind



Grahame Baker-Smith

And so the swift waits, sensing the stories
in the air; the fox in the thicket sniffing out
her supper and small furry things –
scenting danger on the wind –
running for tree branch and burrow.



It feels the breeze that stirs the leaves,
urging the seeds of the butterfly trees
to try their nut-brown wings.
But the butterfly trees are not yet ready
to let them go.





The land warms the air making it less dense and lighter.
And being lighter, it rises.

Cooler air above the ocean rushes in
and the wind awakes!

The seeds break free.

Spiders waft skyward on threads of silk.

The tiny bird rises from Cassi's hands and, like a drop of water
thrown into a river, disappears into the fleet-winged flock.



The swifts know the path through the pathless sky.
They sense each twisting upward lift.
To them this is not new.
The wind is an ancient power.
Older even than they are.
And their kind go back to the time of the dinosaurs.



This pale revolving envelope of air, eggshell thin, is their home.
But it also turns our turbines to make our cities bright in the dark.
It has filled centuries of sails with the winds of trade and adventure!