



The Wind

What is the wind? Why does it blow?
How does it blow? How do we know?
Is it similar to water? Does it really flow?
I know it is real - it come and it go.

The wind is the air – a physical thing,
An artifact of atmosphere, the Earth's ring
That covers the planet and keeps us alive,
Without that air here we couldn't thrive.

But you can't have the Earth spinning around,
And the sunlight hitting different parts of the ground,
And water bodies heating differently than land
Without the atmosphere having to expand.

But it doesn't expand at all times and all places
In exactly the same way, filling the same spaces,
Instead there are differences that are profound
And thus wind is formed as the air moves around.

But such an explanation lacks poetry,
It fails to capture the wind's imagery,
For the wind caresses the hair of the child,
And also creates the storm most wild.

The wind is a being, a part of Gaia,
That blows on Earth from here to Malaya,
She has form and function, she keeps us alive,
And on a hot day her breath lets us thrive.

The wind can be soft like the touch of a cat
She can blow like hell and hit like a bat
The cold front arrives with a blast from the north
“Winter’s here” – an Arctic message from Earth.

The bottom line is I love the wind
Here on the coast, our summer friend
A part of the church known as the Earth
And I cherish it today – I know its worth.

So welcome to Earth church,
Pull yourself up a pew,
Here we sing to the wind
May she comfort you.