

It floats around like a ethereal packet of air, For the wind can be gentle or fierce some or fair. I'm fascinated by these people who go with the flow,

Or to follow the wind as in freedom will blow.

The wind seems to whistle right past my ear,

It sometimes causes trouble and sometimes much fear.

Now I must pass it and I imagine from where it came,

Because it travels like a spirit at a speed with no name.

I must be disheartened to write without care,

Like the wind is subjected to death and to dare,

Much is concerned with the wind and the soul,

Like an angel from heaven might give you a God's goal.

You see I like a breeze and to watch the trees away,

But the win has a way of going its own way.

Ill end it all now for my pen has run out

And my mind and my heart are just left with doubt.