

Idle Thoughts
Voices of the Breeze

GENTLE friend 'neath sun-baked trees.
Skittish playmate, playing games,
Violent tyrant, whipping seas —
Your moods can change to suit your names.

Zephyr, breeze or lusty gale,
Whatever guise may be your choice,
What's certain is, you must not fail
To find a friend who gives you voice.

You're otherwise a silent power:
Do you think you could have roared,
As you swept through some fragile bower,
Had you not a sounding-board?

Your ceaseless hiss of sibilance
Inside receptive trees is yet
But one so-pleasant turbulence
Where breeze and sounding-board have met.

You hum in wires, creak in signs;
You hollow-clop along a lane,
As swirling crisp-dried leaf aligns
Itself to lend the voice you gain.

You box my ears with gentle roar,
You whistle through a broken fence,
You scream unseemly through a door:
Your fishwife shriek brooks no defence.

You're going . . . where? And where've you been?
You've allies everywhere around,
To help a face that no one's seen
To make a panoply of sound.

Idle Thoughts

But no one knows, as I'll be bound,
From where you start: where is the spot
Where windswept, hat-snatch square of ground
Stands alongside where you're not?
