

My Friend, The Wind

You, who have often run your fingers through my hair
And laid against my cheek a cool palm,
Moist with dawn mists -
My friend, the wind,
Come here.

For you have slipped your feet among the forest paths,
And sped along the cloudy corridors.
And you have washed the lips of countless dawns,
And gaily spanked the waters of a thousand lakes;
Cheek to cheek with singing rains your dances swing.
You have done your minuets with sifting snow-sylphs
Your waltzs with the milk-weed blossom fey,
Whirling amidst bleak, surly mountain heights,
Or down the sullen city street.

And who can know your strength,
Or tenderness?
At once you hold my eager craft aloft
And gently chuck the chins of timid violets,
At once you wrench from ancient roots a stubborn oak
And tousle up the golden hair of meadow dandelions.

How often have we heard Aeolus sing!
To what exotic minor mode your scale is tuned!
Your themes cavort in contrapuntal glee
Voicing your lucid flutes
And pedalling the dark and glorious bass
Open diapason.

Douglas Feaver

Written one wash-out day for flying at the R.C.A.F. Station,
Hagersville, Ontario, during World War #2