

Dry Wind

Pure
magic
whistling around
The puddles, parting
Their waters,
Leaping out of the treetops,
Creaking the loose floorboards
in my attic,
Howling around the
broken,
Run-down, abandoned
Boat in my neighbor's backyard,
Shutting down all
Electricity, hiding
Under children's beds,
Wiping away all
Possibilities of sleeping
From the night,
Oh that dry wind,
Will it ever stop?

ari Gerard