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The Wind Gene Zeiger

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Gene Zeiger

THE WIND

Down the early roads the fierce wind scatters dry leaves in packs; they remind me of bugs or mice racing spuriously anywhere-over the metal sap buckets that have blown off the maples, over the edge of the stubbled cornfield.

Something is wrong; it requires a rearrangement of shape, of intent, as when Laurie was dying. She asked, *remember me in the wind*, and I do: her sparest of frames, her eyes burning above the bones.

The wind has knocked out power and phone service; I can only talk to myself now-what has happened to this world? When I look out the big window, I think: *this, this is the silence you have held out for.*