

# What in the wind

Poetry in the [April 20, 2010](#) issue

This was a gale that formed a fist,  
a punch turning into a full kick that almost  
sent me flying downhill. The Greek word  
translates as “a movement of air.” But this  
was karate; I loved the force of it, its full  
release and enthusiasm.

In my tedium, I wish I might  
keel over when that other spirit blows, or that  
that fierce, holy breath would fill me to  
almost-bursting, a red balloon  
buoyant with air, pressure inside and out,  
and no strings attached.