

The Oval

Volume 2 | Issue 1

Article 32

2009

The Wind

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Recommended Citation

Sugiri, Alexandra (2009) "The Wind," *The Oval*: Vol. 2 : Iss. 1 , Article 32.

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The Wind

dragged blues and silvers into your hair;
Pushing along low-hanging clouds.
Chasing us.
I dropped indications of childish fears
Into your palms --
droplets of golden frost.



But honestly,
It was nothing she couldn't have devoured.
Nothing she wouldn't have torn apart.
She took us by our coats
And tore at our hearts:
Pouring us into cold landscapes,
Seeping into our souls.

We stood in subtle ecstasy;
Unable to call these gray mountains
Home.
But nonetheless,
feeling contempt
with the wind swallowing us whole,
with our souls being ripped to pieces.

Today the wind showed no mercy.

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