

Let Wind

TIMOTHY CLUTTER

Let wind be the day-old toy
of a thoughtless god who can't
recall where he left it.

Let wind be the nose hair
for smells that traveled too far
—of sweaty laundry-women,
of wet nests on copper rooves
and broken brown eggs below,
of sun-baked camel dung
and corpses in the rain.

Let wind be the bridal veil
of women who cried aborting fatherless children,
and young girls maimed in bicycle accidents
who eat ice cream alone.

Let wind be the eyelid for things that clouds
aren't sure they want to see—
limping dogs on landfills,
and lovers' jiggling buttocks,
and sockless dudes hugging streetlamps
behind shimmery breaths.

Let wind be amnesia for sounds
the earth is eager to forget—
for lies caked on commentators' teeth,
for lethal secrets murmured
through dark rococo grilles,
and dyspeptic men muttering
"36 fucking years"
as they load a Ruger semi-.

Let me impress proud sea birds
who seem to own wind and wave
to condescend to let me join them,
and I'll let You at last alone.