

The Wind

The edges of the wind are like a kiss
Along the neck, as if impermanence
Were holy, as if you could wear such breath.
You can't. My dying grandmother knows this,
With oxygen in a tank, the consequence
Of strangled lungs. She's waiting for her death,
Her life now having dropped away like reels
Of old film. When time stops there, she listens
To the rumbling of the wind making mischief,
Whispering through the surfaces of fields,
What if?

—Kim Bridgford