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Holy Wind

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The Navajo say that wind enters us at birth, and when we die it spirals up and out through the tops of our heads, the whorls of fingers and toes.

Each spring, wind brings its shadows and troubles, slitting wide the sky, whipping topsoil into clouds of dust, corkscrews of red grit.

In summer, wind storms down canyons, veers off rocks, shears snow from the face of mountains shaking fire from the sky.

Wind nudges unfurled leaves and discourages sparrows who perch tenacious amid tossing branches. Rattling windows at night, wind

flutes through cracks and under sills while stars whirl through the dark depths, heedless and distant. When sunrise shimmers

at the edge of the mesa, we wake to roads swept hard, raked to a stony surface, and breathe a common breath. Wind is relative to each of us –

animals, insects, earth, you and me. It seems we are nothing but a vibrant residence sheltering that cadenced force, that vast sigh.