

Harness The Wind

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The woman I love is like the wind. She calls me smoke because I give her substance.

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Mysterious, powerful, relaxing, adjectives describing the wind. It's everywhere and nowhere. So perplexing! It's will, no man dare rescind. It refreshes more than sun or seas when it chooses to wear its outer breeze. Just as quickly it dons its wrapping glove, enveloping all with winds of love. It has neither shape nor substance true. But when it chooses to blow on you, refreshment comes as morning dew and dries your brow, brings comfort anew. Should one attempt to harness such a wind that blows with healing touch? There may exist but one who can. The wind is stunned by such a man! The smoke will rise. The wind will calm. As in smoke like guise, he puts the harness on.