

## Wind

The wind whispers, gathering zest  
As it passes by with renewed vigor  
To its undisclosed destination  
Charming me with the fragrance of spring flowers  
Perfuming the air and enticing me  
Leaves gathering speed  
Thrown about wildly  
Settling leisurely on the ground  
Serving as cushions along my path.  
The brook gurgles ferociously  
Meeting his match  
All nature is bowing to the wind  
Knowing who is the master  
By his triumphant strength.

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