

## Wind

*For David Wagoner*

I stand still  
I am surrounded by people  
who are walking in every direction  
beside me in the busy streets.  
Everyone around you knows  
where they are going.

They are not lost, you are.  
You are standing there  
wondering if you will ever make it home.  
The wind is whisking through the air to the west,  
so you start walking toward the wind  
and you follow it till you reach your destination.

As you continue walking  
the wind starts to whisk faster and faster  
into the direction you are walking.  
And you know the wind knows where you are going.