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Even the Wind

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Even the wind *by Annamaria Weldon*

There is a grief in things
whose names are forgotten
even the wind.

Island born, I was taught
that air, too, has places
full of contours

the invisible mapped
with our breath, given sound
restored by words

remembered. Now I'm here
seeking an old language
for this landscape

beginning with the winds
of these coastal ridges
which crosshatch sands

have formed old, layered dunes
stipple lake surfaces
basket-weave reeds.

Surely there were once names
for winds that sift sandhills
or carry shells?

Rainshadow winds, drainage
winds, the fall winds like
mistral, bora and

katabatikos, but
not Greek; speak this country
Binjareb winds!

Not Foehn, Chinook, Berwind.
Japan's Oroshi but
Yalgorup tongue.

There is a grief in things
whose names are forgotten
even the wind.