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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.