

## Wilderness House Literary Review 8/2

*David Wind*

### **Dirt**

The dirt washes off so quickly  
leaving the skin clear  
and pores open  
to take in all the accessible air  
while it remains available,  
because the influx of oxygen  
will make muscles tingle  
and lead to trips  
into the dusty places which hold  
the most interesting  
and different dirt.

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### Storm

The doors slam  
suddenly,  
as the cool air forces its way in  
through open windows  
leaving the loose pile of mail  
scattered  
and me facing westward  
out the largest of windows  
at the trees  
as they attempt to free themselves,  
and at the day altering line of clouds picking up speed  
as they cross the plains,  
which stumble  
only occasionally in loud cracks  
as they prepare for the day long deluge.  
I do the same,  
closing all the windows but one  
which faces the advancement  
unimpeded and provides a current  
of cool air  
insuring focus.  
But as the mist filters through the screen  
it becomes clear that there is nothing to do  
but sit back  
undercover  
while the rain falls away  
leaving marks on each material  
creating new noises  
in unplanned patterns  
until the whole city is covered.

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### Every Morning

In the morning,  
with the dumpsters still full,  
the city dwindles  
until it is simply etched  
in the blue or orange  
or gray or black of the sky  
and then falls away  
too shallow to see at this distance.