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wind is the flow of gasses on a large scale (wikipedia) by Trynne Delaney

yesterday: wind picked up when the storm blew north from the tropics. humid air, musty quality. summer left in a dark room too long until green lightning throws rot out born from churned ignition. burst of heat leaves us cold. last night: everyone wearing sweaters with their shorts again. return to production and nighttime drinking at home. morning: good playground screaming and loneliness of living a block too far from social grace. sesame bagels leave their seeds drifted to kitchen floor to sow. afternoon: clouds pushy with occurrences of blue. blank currency of want moves past this sinking island, closer to the ocean. wants to be blown to a vacation from humanity, hustled off course from observation. evening: spent picking ears raw so gale forces can whistle through grey matter. night again: hands grate against the new arrival of cold.

yesterday. 'puim dn musty, air humid, tropic blue, picked darkness of left summer. quality: greened until long rooms tight the churned, born rot throws lightning everyone's nights to one last ignition. returns, shorter again. sweaters wearing quuks at nightime and production on social blocks of morning, home drifted seeds. their bagels' haloed grace afternoon sown to floors. Ettchen past movement of clouds is the to want oceans closer to sink islands. hustled humanity. from vacation blown evening observes from the course of force. a gale so raw it picks at ears. again. matter greys through whistling cold of arrival against new hands. night

dreams make me think of remembering all wrong for neuroscience.

REM is a wind that scatters then resubstantiates meaning,
then asks: did all those traumas really happen when I was younger
or asleep? what's imagined drifts to physicality upon waking.

traces. sleep's soundtrack carries over to consciousness
in the pockets of a breath
we create yesterday anew.

wind could be any gas flowing on a large scale it makes me believe in spirits the ancient breeze of intuition always passing through us

weighted on a large scale wind is the distribution of matter a longing for <u>balance</u> time

