

wind is the flow of gasses on a large scale (wikipedia)
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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:
up wind,
picked, humid, air
darkness of left summer.
greened until long rooms
churned, born rot throws
everyone's nights to one
returns, shorter again.
drinks at nighttime and
on social blocks of
drifted seeds. their
afternoon sown to
past movement of
to want oceans closer
hustled humanity. from
evening observes from
force. a gale so raw it
again. matter greys
cold of arrival against

we create yesterday
in the pockets of a
consciousness
traces. sleep's
drifts to physicality
or asleep? what's
when I was younger
then asks: did all
meanings,
REM is a wind that
all wrong for neuroscience.
dreams make me think

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 balance
time