

MAIN FILE

HEART IN THE WIND

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The wind beat against my heart tonight-

tossed it back and forth
like an autumn leaf,
forgotten by its branch.

Nothing to cling to.
No arms in which to rest.

It drove it against the rocks,
dragged it out across the sea,
pressed salt into every wound-

and still,
it said nothing.

It only kept beating.

Weary.
Wounded.
Stubbornly alive.

Until it understood:

the wind that hurt it
was the very wind
that could carry it away.

And so,
it let go.

Across open seas it wandered,
through thyme-scented air
and rain-soaked earth,

past shores it had never known,

leaving behind

all that once
had kept it bound.

Perhaps hearts
were never meant to remain safe.

Perhaps they were made
to lose their way,
to break,
to remember-

and, one day,
to learn how to fly.

And if you find it
somewhere upon the open sea,

do not try to hold it.

Sing softly to it.

Softly enough
for your voice to become a whisper
between the wind
and the waves.

And if, through all that roaring,
it hears you-

if your whisper reaches
the place
where the salt still stings-

perhaps
it will turn toward you.

Perhaps, for a moment,
the wind will fall silent.

And perhaps,
after so long a journey,

the heart will find

a shore-

and finally,

rest.