

# The Wind

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In our unprofitable fight against gale  
Or hurricane, we build ever more strongly,  
Then either wait shivering out of reach  
Of the blast, praying for safety, or plough  
Through its buffets clutching anchoring points  
And striving for a sheltered destination.  
The lesson of a windmill is to turn  
Towards the wind, open arms embracing  
The power, allowing it to turn stretched sails  
While cogs and gearing extend the effect  
Beyond the thing itself. The risk repaid  
By sheer breathless exhilaration.  
A child's delight would be to lift ones feet,  
Laughing, from the earth and give the wind control.