

WIND FARM

Clare Kirwan

He farms the wind, he sows the seeds
of many kinds of different breeds
of growing gusts and baby blows,
of little breezes, tends his rows
and ploughs his fields, back and forth
on hillsides where all trees point north.

There was one year his crops all failed
to register on Beaufort scales.
His bankers totted up amounts
and gave him blow by blow accounts.
At least he has someone else there
since Gail forced him to marry her.

It's such a blow to neighbors when
he goes to market day with them.
Adventurous, he isn't daft,
he even sells his wind on draught.
His turbines tick away each hour,
they wave their arms to give him power.

When it is calm he wrings his hands
and dreams of squally whispering lands.
If trees are still, they need improving—
he likes it best when they keep moving.
He still builds walls—it's a mistake
to never give the wind a break.

Yet still he seeks the perfect gust
that chills the bones and churns the dust
and turn the blades that spin the stone
that grinds the corn, all this has blown
like gifts from heaven, we must use it
for we all know that tempest fugit.

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