**Aubade for Wind**

Cheryl Slover-Linett

Wind again arrives in waves from the west,

giving lift to the red-tail that circles

swaying ponderosas. My ears attune

to the current’s song, how it sweeps

through octaves. When wind reaches me

it dances my hair, licks my teeth. I lie down

on duff to dodge its muscle as it has its way

with aspen leaves’ flat stems, twirls them

like a ‘50s swing partner. It froths Pecos River

riffles, tangles the lines of fishermen, gusts

summer grass in need of fire. All night wind screeches

through cracks in these cabin walls, screams

trapped, taste left on my lips of chalky dust

from the window jambs. By dawn

wind quiets, leaves me breathless,

worn from its attention, wanting more still.