**All the Color, All the Wind**

Nicholas Trandahl

All the color

of the riven earth.

She looks down

a mile deep

into the world.

Vibrant abyss of time.

Slabs of chronology

layered like pages,

one upon the other—

compendium

of turbulent epochs,

ages of quietude

and calamity.

All the wind

of the riven earth.

Red cactus blossoms

quiver in hot sunlit air.

Ponderosa pines

whisper like worshippers.

Wind rushes up,

roars with bombastic purity—

archaic composition.

Goddess of gales

perches on the precipice,

laughs into clear desert air.

Crows ride her loving arms—

outspread.