

2023

## The Wind

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### Recommended Citation

Staszak, Jenna (2023) "The Wind," *The Laureate*: Vol. 21, Article 39.

Available at: <https://scholarworks.wmich.edu/laureate/vol21/iss1/39>

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I could just sit here, on the bus  
With my heavy head on the icy, hard window  
And forget the world.  
Leave this place.

I could just allow the wind to seep into my  
body; Teasing and picking at my skin  
Until it cracks and breaks open,  
And all the evil pieces of me will fly  
Out the window,  
And into the air.

They will become trapped and snatched, by the  
helpful arms of nearby evergreens. They will steal  
the pieces of me and lock them away where they  
could never catch me.

And the rest of me,  
Would soar.  
Until the wind runs out of breath,  
And the pieces of me  
Fall to the ground  
Like leaves.

JENNA STASZAK

# The wind

*Gumawee*

*Staszak*