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The Wind

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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

Gwendolyn Staszak