

Gardinnia—Wind (10)

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Wind,
 at the motel window,
 hovers,
 looks in through the slit in the curtains,
 sees the back of a man,
 Max,
 crumpled in a bed,
 turned away from Light.

Wind
 knows the darkness of his heart,
 knows the risk that is his life.

Wind wants in,
 into the room
 and into the man,
 draws back,
 gusts against the window,
 thuds an air fist against the solid wall of glass.

Max spins up, looks towards the window.
He is afraid.

This has only frightened him.

But, again, a life at risk,
 Wind draws back,
 prepares,
 propels,
 an air fist,
 another forceful gust,
 another fisting hit,
 but it does not break the wall.

It has only caused another trembling thud.

Max
 turns
 huddles down,
 covers himself.

Wind knows about hearts.
This is not the way.
The room has a wall of glass.

It is a solid pane.
Max has a wall of fear.
It is a deep-held pain.
His wall is like the window.
It is a wall of fear that will not let Wind in.
Forceful fisting is not the way to enter this dark heart.
Forceful fisting is not the way in.
This dark heart needs another plan.

Wind knows another way.

Wind

swirls up, planning
swirls down, to be sure
swirls near to the window, looks in,
swirls up again, reviews the plan...
...yes, this could work
Yes, this is a way in,
this way may enter this man's heart.

Wind

swirls down,
once more,
looks in the window,
with compassion,
and then sweeps high,
jets above the clouds.

Wind

flies,
with hope
over miles of mountains,
80 miles of hills
and trees
and homes
searching for the small one
who is near the highest mountain,
searching for its peak,
the tallest peak,
Mt. Almega.

Soon.

It is not far.

Ah.

There it is.

Mt. Almega,
nearest to the stars,
sentinel of Truth.

Mt. Almega knows.

Wind
preparing for this other heart,
a different heart,
slows now
floats now.

In this other heart,
there is no wall of glass,
to stop a rescue,
there is no wall of fear
to stop compassion...
...or direction.

Floating down,
out of the clouds,
Wind
searches for the home.

Quickly found.
Ah.
There it is.

Wind
calms,
becomes Breeze.

Wind, now Breeze,
at the home
comes to another window.
This window is open.

Breeze
hovers at the opening,
looks into the room,
all is well,
gentles carefully through the window,
must not disturb,
lifts two curtains, forest green,
darker drapes, but translucent,
billowing them in long waves.

Breeze

sees the bed.

Now,

like a kitten,

tiptoes forward,

to the bed

careful

curious

fearless

but anticipating,

must not disturb,

ready to spring away,

from the small mound

that is an afghan hill

a woven miniature mountain

of browns and yellows and some orange,

that is over the small one,

who is on its side,

sleeping.

This small one has a receptive heart.

This small one can love, will love, a dark heart.

Breeze tiptoes near,

its kitten back arched,

moves carefully close

to the ear.

Whiskers whisper.

The small mound erupts

Breeze, the kitten, jumps away.

The small one grabs the tickled ear.

Breeze springs out through the window,
and is gone.

The message has been given.

The small one groans and shudders,
perturbed,
stretches out,
onto its back...