

Wind- 1976*John M. Bennett*

The wind my mind is it
the sky is blue and
white its buds ex
PLOding eyeballs is a
distance cross the river WOOLCO
sign is bending under
wind is roar my sight a
coughing joy bursts out is blown
my brain its branches bare and
light and tossing whipped
around the air thrust in
my lungs cracks out a breaks these
damp and bandaged ribs my tongue