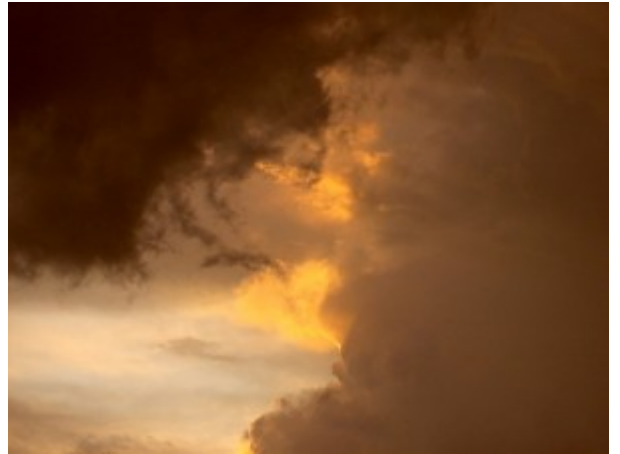


Wind

Sometimes there is a darkness
In the wind that blows each day.
Small diseases of imperfections
Buzzing mozzies of brokenness
Limits, barriers, bumps in the
road.
Drives you crazy.



But also, annoyingly, peace
And promise
And “get up and go”
And “push on regardless”
When faith is a casting of life to the wind.