

An awful Tempest mashed the air—
The clouds were gaunt, and few—
A Black— as of a Spectre's Cloak
Hid Heaven and Earth from view.

The creatures chuckled on the Roofs—
And whistled in the air—
And shook their fists—
And gnashed their teeth—
And swung their frenzied hair.

The morning lit— the Birds arose—
The Monster's faded eyes
Turned slowly to his native coast—
And peace— was Paradise!

The Wind didn't come from the Orchard— today—
Further than that—
Nor stop to play with the Hay—
Nor joggle a Hat—
He's a transitive fellow— very—
Rely on that—

If He leave a Bur at the door
We know He has climbed a Fir—
But the Fir is Where— Declare—
Were you ever there?

If He brings Odors of Clovers—
And that is His business— not Ours—
Then He has been with the Mowers—
Whetting away the Hours
To sweet pauses of Hay—
His Way— of a June Day—

If He fling Sand, and Pebble—
Little Boys' Hats— and Stubble—
With an occasional Steeple—
And a hoarse "Get out of the way, I say,"
Who'd be the fool to stay?
Would you— Say—
Would you be the fool to stay?

It struck me- every Day-
The Lightning was as new
As if the Cloud that instant slit
And let the Fire through-

It burned Me- in the Night-
It Blistered to My Dream-
It sickened fresh upon my sight-
With every Morn that came-

I thought that Storm- was brief-
The Maddest- quickest by-
But Nature lost the Date of This-
And left it- in the Sky-

The Wind begun to knead the Grass—
 As Women do a Dough—
 He Hung a Hand full at the Plain—
 A Hand full at the Sky—
 The Leaves unhooked themselves from Trees—
 And started all abroad—
 The Dust did scoop itself like Hands—
 And throwaway the Road—
 The Wagons quickened on the Street—
 The Thunder gossiped low—
 The Lightning showed a Yellow Head—
 And then a livid Toe—
 The Birds put up the Bars to Nests—
 The Cattle flung to Barns—
 Then came one drop of Giant Rain—
 And then, as If the Hands
 That held the Dams— had parted hold—
 The Waters Wrecked the Sky—
 But overlooked my Father's House—
 Just Quartering a Tree—

Version I

The Wind begun to rock the Grass
 With threatening Tunes and low—
 He threw a Menace at the Earth—
 A Menace at the Sky.

The Leaves unhooked themselves from Trees—
 And started all abroad
 The Dust did scoop itself like Hands
 And threw away the Road.

The Wagons quickened on the Streets
 The Thunder hurried slow—
 The Lightning showed a Yellow Beak
 And then a livid Claw.

The Birds put up the Bars to Nests—
 The Cattle fled to Barns—
 There came one drop of Giant Rain
 And then as if the Hands

That held the Dams had parted hold
The Waters Wrecked the Sky,
But overlooked my Father's House—
Just quartering a Tree—

Version II

A Cloud withdrew from the Sky—
Superior Glory be—
But that Cloud and its Auxiliaries—
Are forever lost to me—

Had I but further scanned—
Had I secured the Glow—
In an Hermetic Memory—
It had availed me now—

Never to pass the Angel—
With a glance and a Bow—
Till I am firm in Heaven—
Is my intention now—

1137

The duties of the Wind are few,
To cast the ships at Sea,
Establish March, the Floods escort,
And usher Liberty.

The pleasures of the Wind are broad,
To dwell Extent among,
Remain, or wander,
Speculate, or Forests entertain.

The kinsmen of the Wind are Peaks
Azof- the Equinox,
Also with Bird and Asteroid
A bowing intercourse.

The limitations of the Wind
Do they exist, or die,
Too Wise he seems for Wakelessness,
However, know not I.

1235

Like Rain it sounded till It curved—
And then I knew 'twas Wind—
It walked as wet as any Wave
But swept as dry as sand—

When it had pushed itself away
To some remotest Plain—
A coming as of Hosts was heard—
That was indeed the Rain—

It filled the Wells, it pleased the Pools—
It warbled in the Road—
It pulled the spigot from the Hills—
And let the Floods abroad—

It loosened acres, lifted seas—
The sites of Centres stirred—
Then like Elijah rode away—
Upon a Wheel of Cloud.