

## The Winds of Change

*12 April 2022*

I listen for the winds of change,  
but hear so many sirens blare.  
They tell me it's under control.

Control is such a forceful word,  
so I just stand here unaware.  
I listen for the winds of change,

Which bring me scents of other places  
and, I hope, will take me where  
they tell me it's under control.

But now as children age,  
so too a people ages and grows bare.  
I listen for the winds of change

And see my people, scared.  
I wonder what could make them whole.  
So I just listen to the winds of change,  
and let *them* have control.