

TOSSED BY THE HAND OF THE WIND

GWENDOLEN MERRIN

Pawn of the mad north wind, I come,
Shining and white, an ephemeral star.
Clinging to golden rod that is grey,
I dream, and dreaming I trace my way
Through many an age and avatar.

Fire and blood and falling dew,
In all of these I have lived and died:
Building the spark to companion man,
Dwelling in blood that blazing ran
Because of a love, a hate, a pride.

Tossed by the hand of the wind, I fell,
A mote, unleashing the rain and the thunder;
Buried within the earth, my frame,
Freighted with power, released the flame
That forged the hills and hurled them asunder.

Down from the heat of crashing worlds,
Through rock and river and beating wing,
Through rustle of wheat and raging sea
I come, in snow—till the sun shall free
My journeying dust at break of spring.