**Wind**

David William Paley

Oh, wind of parted lovers!

Awake from tropic sleep

In timorous ocean waters

And whirlpools of the deep.

The trackless waste now warms

So spend no more those drowsy days

Locked in stupor where you laze.

Rise and sweep the heavens

And grow from wispy breeze

To gain the strength of storms

That cross a thousand leagues.

Fill the sails with urgent air;

Whip the billows and ride the crests;

Gallop over coursing tides

To race across tumultuous seas.

Stir the waves to faster flow

Surging past the harbour quays

Across the cliffs and over hills

To thrust through field and briar

Raging past the whirling mills

To batter at the castle walls

Demanding entrance to the halls.

Descend from mountain peaks

To drive the forest fire

And fan my flaming cheeks

With the breath of all desire.

Take upon your soaring wings

The vows that I confide

And play on solemn strings,

To the sound of angel choirs,

The anguish of my soul

That throbs to singing lyres

And to her above aspires.

Carry those enchantments

To stir my truelove’s hair.

Let her love in dreams arise

To cry aloud with heartfelt sighs

From high above in distant skies

Where she no longer has the power

To find again that happy hour

We spent within our woodland bower.

Caress her, therefore, in her slumbers

And soothe those anxious cries

As you stroke her dark and sightless eyes.

I shall remember this, your task,

Performed at my behest

And forgive your arctic blast

But no repeat need I request.

It was love that bade me call you

To which you have responded.

Through you, she has replied

And from beyond the great divide

Her heart to me has tendered.

So take her gift as your reward

And spread the news to all the world.

Fly to all the compass points

And pour it on the earth below

So that all whom it anoints

Will share what everyone shall know:

You may ripple over lakes

Or move among the reeds

And be as fleeting as a thought;

Shake the fragrant blossoms

And wave the flower bells;

But, in that gentle air,

Lies the strength to solve despair.

If you must be raging,

Thrust all obstacles aside

To scatter whirling debris

From recesses in our minds.

Drive misunderstandings

Into heaps of autumn leaves;

Then, tug upon our sleeves

To murmur in the trees

The speech to you assigned

Before returning to the nymphs

Beneath the seas confined.

As you breathe upon the night

The words with which you were entrusted,

Confirm that they, to our delight,

Have, now, to all been whispered.

Remember, when you rise again,

That those who, now, are parted

Will, like lovers in the moonlight,

Know that they are still united.

For, apart from driving cloud and rain,

You are a wind of constant change

That stoops to lift a fallen leaf

As well as souls from depths of grief.