

## The Wind People

Wind people, like the buffalo,  
are indigenous to our plains and demand the same fate,  
  
the same reprisals. Burial after burial,  
incremental, so that often we are too late to attend them.

But the sound of grief breaks.  
The whimpering begins. The build-up, the acceleration.

Every known culture has taken upon itself  
naming of the soul, usually in words for smoke or wind.

It slows us down the road in its direction.  
Tourists return from the famous battlefield, chastened.

Where do the ghosts go, are they shouldering these gusts,  
or, slipping our senses, do they bunker

floor-length, stooped over us but lost from our thoughts?  
Who is it that manages the heavy lifting.

To lament, honor, feel shame. The composer  
asks if there is a word that includes both apology and praise.

Confession perhaps, a plea for absolution. An open screen.  
The shape of our violence somehow heard by us.