

The Wind Woman

What is the wind? Scientists would say it is air and current. But the dreamers know better. The wind is a woman. A woman with long, black hair, shot through with silver, not gray, but silver, the color of a north wind, the winter wind; it shrieks through the Arctic, stirring up snow, blowing winter iciness through the north. Her skin is a warm, yellow-orange skin, the color of the tropic wind, the south wind; a wind that touches down on the Spice Islands, whirls through the Caribbean, and comes to rest in Polynesia. Fierce, cold, grey eyes are hers, eyes of the east, the wind that blows storms and hurricanes across the Atlantic. Her dress, soft, swirling, green and blue gauze harkens to the west wind, the zephyr, the calm breeze.

Flitting about the earth on wings made of clouds, she doles out her winds as is her pleasure. She carries a bag made of white leather, and on the days when not a breath of air is stirring, know that the wind woman has folded her charges into her white bag, and is taking them elsewhere. She sends little breezes to gambol and frolic through hill and dale; older, sturdier gusts to shake the leaves from the trees; hardy strong gales to blow the sailor off his course, and fierce, violent hurricanes, tornados, tempests, whirlwinds, and typhoons to wreak havoc and disaster. She has no home, but roams the whole earth, scattering her winds, and silently laughing at the proposition of scientists concerning what she is.