

# Wind Sleeps, I Never Knew

by: Amanda Chiado

The wind chose me. Sometimes, she is a breeze at my heels as I enter the rosin scented ballet studio. Then a gust to my gut leaving the abortion clinic. Circular and whirring when I heard my daughters first exuberant cry. Guardian angels come in various embodiments. She rushes through my hair like a bore's-hair brush, rustles between my palm and fingers as I write this poem for you. Thank you for being home. This is my body's anemochory. My wind leaves me alone when she knows I'm safe, and she instead dances with the trees, making sunlight flicker through my window onto my notebook pages, little premonitions. Wind sleeps. I never knew. Protection is exhausting work. I listen closely when she snores, a distant train-trumpet moving simultaneously away and toward a permanent destination.



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