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Winds Curse

Robert Pavel

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Winds Curse

Robert Pavel

I see the tree trunks Pushing upward From the ground,

And I know my freedom.

The river coursing Through its channel Down to the waiting sea,

and I know my freedom.

The sixty-foot Vertical rise Of brick and glass Surrounded by A parking lot Clawing the Earth To submission,

And I know my freedom.

And then the wind Gently brushed my eyes And I knew That I would never Be that free, It comes and goes, Starts and stops, And you only know Where it's been And never know Where it's going,

And now I truly know My FREEDOM.

9/17/2118 Royal Tibetan Date

Robert Pavel is a member of the Portland (Maine) Coalition for the Psychiatrically Disabled. His poem first appeared in Pile of Papers; Stack of Karma, a collection of poetry published by the Portland Coalition Press. Reprinted with permission.