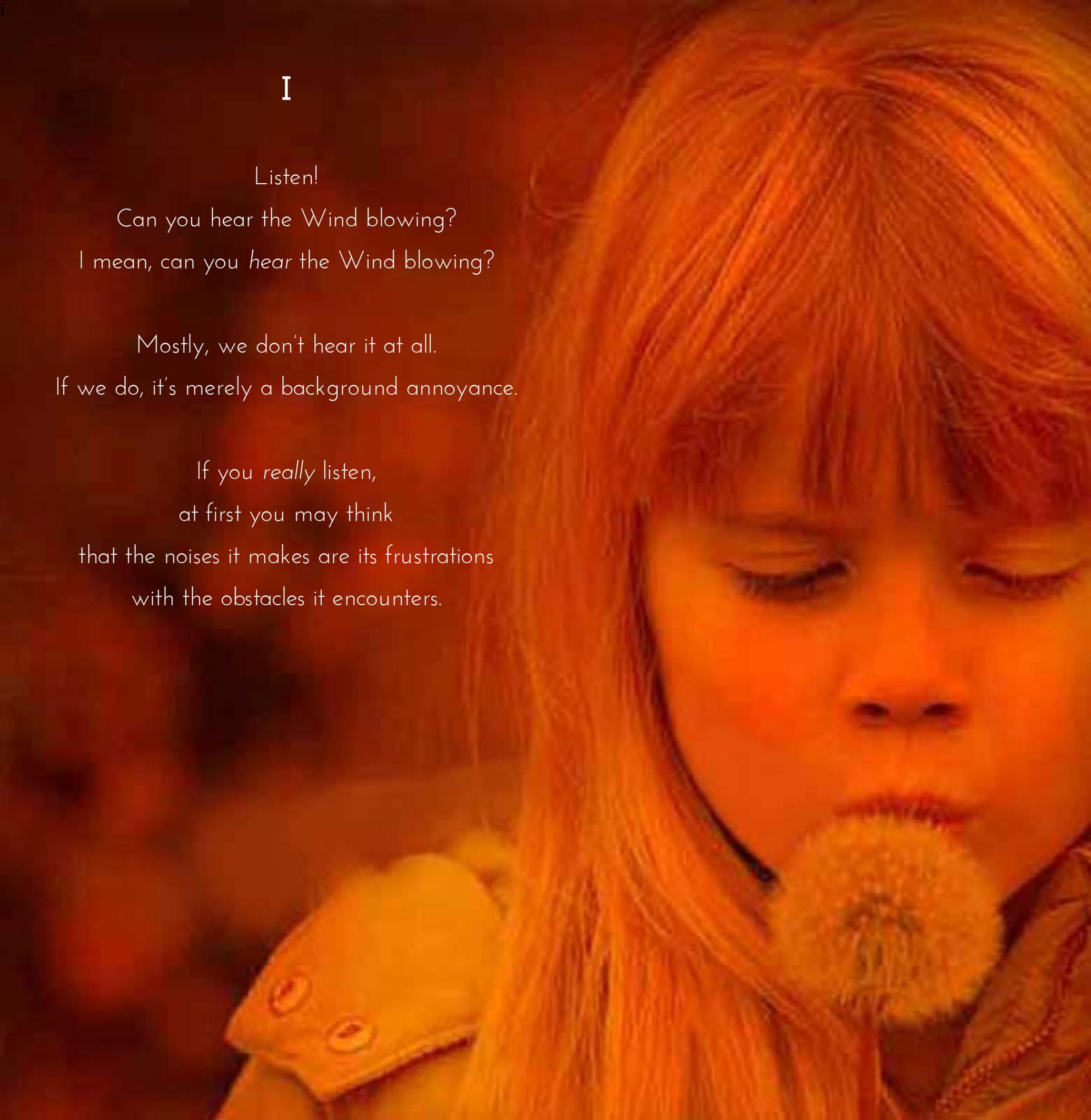


Can You Hear
the Wind Blowing?





I

Listen!

Can you hear the Wind blowing?
I mean, can you *hear* the Wind blowing?

Mostly, we don't hear it at all.
If we do, it's merely a background annoyance.

If you *really* listen,
at first you may think
that the noises it makes are its frustrations
with the obstacles it encounters.

II

But that is not the case,
at all!

What you hear, when you *really* listen,
is the Wind co-opting *everything* it meets
into the orchestra of Life.

The Wind is the ultimate persuader,
turning ordinary looking lampposts
into concert flutes;
turning pieces of loose corrugated iron
into cymbals;
turning reeds and saplings
into harps;
and turning a forgotten downspout
into a Banshee
sorely keening her absent faery kindred.



III

The Wind is more like a conductor
than it is an instrument.

It is God's own conductor,
called *Ruah* by the Hebrews;
Prana by the Hindus;
Pneuma by the Greeks;
and *Pepo* by the Swahili.

IV

The Wind also goes by many aliases:

*Spirit,
Breath,
and
Life Force.*

But, by whatever name you call it,
the Wind is the music-maker supreme.
It is God singing as He takes His Shower.

Namasté,

Seán

Tír na nÓg
October 2015