

## The Wind Would Laugh

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April 2011

There was a time, not long ago,  
When the wind would laugh as he did blow.  
He loved to sweep through a forest of trees,  
He loved to glide over the rolling seas.

The wind was big, and the wind was bold,  
Blowing hot, and blowing cold,  
Blowing strong, and blowing soft,  
Laughing as he lifted a kite aloft.

He loved to rattle the maples and rustle the oaks.  
(He flaps a flag, then down a chimney he pokes.  
Becoming a breeze, a puddle he ripples.  
Becoming a gust, he suddenly triples

In strength, somersaulting through the summer grasses,  
Sniffing flowers as vetch and daisy and wild rose he passes.  
On poor hapless butterflies he plays his jokes,  
Then he shakes more acorns down from the oaks.

A little girl's ponytail he likes to rustle,  
A little boy's bangs he likes to tussle.  
He'll *snatch* from a table your latest love letter,  
So keep it in your pocket, you'd better.)

But then, but then . . . the wind became sad.  
For the wind began to smell something very bad.  
Black smoke rose as tendrils of stench  
From fires that no rains could quench.

Something new was burning on Earth,  
Something new, burning for the first time since the long ago Birth.  
Some black rock from caves those folks below were burning.  
Some black blood from hidden veins those folks below were turning

Into smoke, black smoke . . . that caught a ride on the breeze.  
But the breeze! He choked and he gasped and he coughed and he wheezed.  
All that smoke mixed with the wind's wild and crystalline air,

Smudging gusts with poisons never before there.

And now the smoke is more and more,  
More and more than ever before,  
So that the stars and the moon and even the sun  
Begin to dim behind what has been done

To the home of the wind, to the home of the rain,  
To the home of the clouds that water the grain,  
To the home of the air in every living breath,  
To the home of the snow that covers with white the momentary death

Of spring's triumph and summer's bloom and autumn's abundant fruit.  
Just what is the nature of our pursuit?  
Shall children in a meadow fly their kites?  
Shall children in a classroom learn their rights?

These questions do I ask, for you to ponder,  
Before any further from a healthy home do we wander.  
For the world shall be given to a beautiful child,  
A child that was born of the clean and the wild.

\* \* \*

And then, and then . . . the wind became glad.  
For though a lingering stench still made him sad,  
A new kind of flower had started to sprout,  
Tall, and white, with blades spinning about.

Wind turbines, those folks below were now building,  
Yes, they were building and building and *building* and **building**  
Gardens of turbines across the green land,  
Over the mountains, and deserts of sand.

Oh, the wind loved to sweep through those spinning white blades.  
They tickled his fancy as he whitened by shades,  
For the turbines were cleaning the air in his home,  
The turbines were ending a long filthy chapter that had become a tome

Of lessons slowly learned  
About the stuff we once burned.  
Finally, we said, "Enough."  
No more poison shall we puff.

Pleased was the wind with these folks down below,  
For finally, *finally*, did they begin to show  
A bit of civility in the neighborhood,  
A bit of agility, and unprecedented ability, for the common good.

Then came the day, when the wind o'er an ocean was sweeping,  
(A sharp eye for flying fish, was he keeping),  
When he spotted ahead . . . what could it be? . . .  
A garden of white turbines standing in the sea!

Ooooooooooh! And didn't the wind then grin!  
For all those wind turbines would he now make spin.  
He puffed up his chest and reached his arms wide,  
His belly on the rolling waves did glide,

As through the great garden of turbines he blew,  
Spinning the blades as if he knew,  
And had *always* known, just what to do.  
If somebody would only ask him to.

So now the wind, and his brothers bold,  
Blowing hot and blowing cold,  
Blow through gardens more and more,  
Gardens never here before.

Gardens that slowly cleanse the rain and snow,  
Gardens that help the jungles to grow.  
Gardens that keep the ice where the polar bears roam,  
Gardens that keep the ice in its mountaintop home.

Gardens of wind turbines in the silvery sea,  
Let there be . . . Let there be . . .  
Where the waves shall rise, where the storms most savage  
Shall flood and batter and entirely ravage

The homes of folks along the coast,  
Let us build what we need most:  
Gardens of wind turbines in the rolling blue,  
Spinning for me and spinning for you.

Aye, there was a time, not long ago,  
When the wind would laugh as he did blow.  
He loved to sweep through a forest of trees,  
He loved to glide over the rolling seas.

Then came a time when the wind was sad,  
For the air was fouled, and even springtime smelled bad.  
Those folks below, they burned and they burned.  
It was a long dreadful time before they finally learned.

But once they did! Do you know:  
The wind began to laugh again as he did blow  
Over healthy trees and healthy corn,  
And healthy towns where kids are born.

The wind did laugh, as he spun each turbine,  
Making power for kids both rural and urban,  
Kids who have the right of a real tomorrow:  
A future from which no one should borrow

One smidgeon of health, and hope, for every child.  
For such was the promise, when upon Earth . . . life smiled.  
Therefore let us plant more gardens to please the wind,  
For he once laughed and he once grinned,

And now would grin and laugh once more,  
As he blows, the wind, the entire world o'er,  
Sweeping clean across the land, and clean across the sea,  
Spinning turbines, don't you see, for you and for me.

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