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# The Wind

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*Deborah Keenan*

THE WIND

*“What have I thought of love?  
I have said, “It is beauty and sorrow.”  
I have thought that it would bring me lost delights and splendor  
As a wind out of old time . . . .”*

*Louise Bogan, from Betrothed*

And Michael Burkard said, “The wind isn’t loving anyone.” And though I loved the poem, and though *Betrothed* can make me cry (all that terrible Difference between *said* and *thought*) at all those lost from my life

All I really know is the wind (now and then and every day and night My whole life) does love me, a most faithful, constant lover, whom I write for in every book, who, when gone, I long for, who returns

And returns again, loves correctly, some days with rapture, some days Merely methodical, taking down the golden leaves out of duty, but in My lifetime has refused to die for love (I know) of me.