2002

Light Wind

Floyd Skloot

Follow this and additional works at: https://ir.uiowa.edu/iowareview

Part of the Creative Writing Commons

Recommended Citation
Available at: https://doi.org/10.17077/0021-065X.5609
Light Wind

The wind is light and smells of summer rain. He lies beneath his years, adrift in light, cooled by wind. The morphine taken for pain has left him in a pillowed daze. Where night is caught by day, where light and shadow catch as wind ruffles cedar and sugar pine, he thinks he hears rain. In a tear-drop patch of light across his chest he can count nine faces he remembers. Then it turns dark and the faces catch like tufts of cotton on the ragged fence of his toes. They mark his body’s end. Now he has forgotten everything but the smell of summer rain mingled with cedar and sugar pine. Light it seems can be borne on wind the way pain can be borne on breath, or a trace of night on noon’s brilliant shimmer. The wind is light. The wind is summer rain, the breath of years, a face transformed to memory. The night has come at last to wash away his tears.

Gone now, leaving only light. Gone, as pain is gone, and time, and then the sound of rain.