

For My Friend, Susan Suchan

Where the Breeze Begins

On the edge of a hill, under an old cherry tree, I sat and
watched the breeze.

It feathered leaves along great oaks, spread wide against the
sky,

It lifted songs of birds then caught my wisps of hair. It made
me ask,

“Where did it begin?” No sign. No trace. The trees had all
gone still.

I watched the leaves, but not a shudder. I kept my gaze and
waited.

Then, one leaf caught the breeze, flickering off and on.
A few leaves more, then thousands fluttered and shimmered
in the light,

It rippled trees, then brushed my cheek. I closed my eyes
and breathed.

I wet my lips to feel it more; a second more it stayed. And
then,

The first leaf winked again. The breeze came down the line,
Around the hill, and caught me in the chin. I raised my eyes
to look

Back from where it came. But it was gone, and all the trees
were still.

The sun rose high and beat down hard. The air grew thick
and sweet.

My shade was gone. The crows flew low. Still, I waited for a
time.

I turned and saw the flowers, bees, dragonflies buzz by.
The grass was soft; I could stay. Another breeze would
come.

I stretched my arms; how far they reached! Up to a
dandelion

Who asked me where the breeze begins. She'd waited all her
life.

I leaned in close and whispered, "Here. We wait no more."

I wet my lips to gently blow. Seeds flew everywhere.
The breeze begins with me. I said, "The breeze begins with
me."

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In Memory of Susan Suchan (1957-2018)

Where Once There Was a Breeze

Fog hangs cold beneath great oaks where once there was a breeze;
Now I walk the sodden path, slip on rotting bits of leaves,
And sink with every step, as I try to climb the hill and find where it began.
But an amber mud holds firm my shoe; I'm stuck down here on earth.

You were the breeze atop that hill that carried songs, that righted wrongs;
You set me aloft and shared our flights in the burning sun or the darkest
nights.

Now there is no breeze, no song, no light, nothing on the edge of the hill,
Just me. And I can't see or fly or walk; and music is lost in the fog.

Nothing there, no need to try, no place to go, just tears to cry as I begin to
sleep...

Until a pelting rain begins. Then branches start to crack and fly;
They scratch my arms and whip my face. I push them off and brace myself
To heave and lift my muddy shoe in one big move – in vain. I stay.

I try small moves, wiggle my toes, raise my foot to now walk free.
But I'm on another journey, not sure where to go, because I'll miss my
friend

Who taught me where the breeze begins, to brave the thunderstorms,

To accept when the sweetest breeze must end, to learn to live again.

Mary L. Radnofsky ©January 14, 2018
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