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Kristen Jordan
Grand Valley State University

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WIND STORIES ON THE WATER

Walking down the dirt hill
gravel catches at my bare feet
between the branches of my toes.
Milkweeds are growing green
butterfly-wing-lit-leaves
as the sun breaks out bold
into an ancient day.

Through the streets of Bluffton
sand scratches across pavement.
I look into the gardens,
I recognize each flower.
I look into the windows,
I know every wallpaper pattern,
front door, mantle and broken step.

Every mailbox, child at a window,
bicycle, dog and porch swing
that is visible is familiar.
The cement knows the soles of my feet
and the old tune I am whistling.
This is a place of growth,
of growing old and of refusal.

Around the curve, the beach
leaps out to welcome any eyes.
There are swingsets, breakwalls,
lighthouses, and many coins and memories
sifted down between years of sand.
There are sea birds flinging in the air.
There are wind stories on the water.

/Kristen Jordan/