

## Windmill

by aden *Thursday, Sep 20 2012, 1:38pm*

international / poetry / post



wind hisses  
through the grass  
solitary night

standing like a windmill  
overlooking the black churning;  
immobile but for rotating blades  
that turn in the wind

i remember how you walked out  
and the horrid pain  
and tug on my entrails  
as u left  
for the love of everything  
i couldn't bear ur leaving  
such exquisite pain  
emotionally disembowelled  
hollowed out from the inside

u turned ur head as u walked  
whipping ur hair back  
emotionless  
one last look at your  
handiwork

a body emptied  
hollowed out  
entrails devoured by ghouls  
and demons

wind buffets the blades  
creating a shudder

gears continue to turn  
without stalling

the sea, wind and mill  
churning together  
create an unholy groan  
a tortured sound  
but no ear is here  
to hear

i reflect on the pain and joy  
agonies and ecstasies  
each opposing pole  
married to the other,  
ill-matched but forever  
joined

ur face appears with the others  
a haunting carousel of  
bitter-sweet memories

no-one is on the plain  
tonight  
only the solitary mill  
wind and memories  
reviving the long dead

i recall the warmth of spring  
the touch of ur skin  
the smell of ur hair  
the tender moments  
smiles and unrestrained laughter  
spontaneous embraces  
bodies entwined

these recollections resist  
the cold and howling night

u returned asking to stay over  
i declined ur badly disguised offer --  
after failing in ur bid  
u return  
did u somehow forget my character  
and principles  
or the last words i spoke,  
*'go now and you  
go forever'*

words are my craft  
i do not use them lightly  
or weaken their intent

u dearly wished to stay  
but ur surgery was far too  
accomplished to restore  
the emptiness u left behind

it is not spite or revenge  
that i decline  
experience once passed  
is gone forever,  
on what basis  
do u now hope to build  
upon what foundation  
do u wish to construct?

it is all gone

wind subsides  
shuddering ceases  
dawn approaches  
from the far side  
of a new horizon

<http://jungledrum.hopto.org/news/story-128.html>

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Underground Oz Poetry. <http://ozpoetry.lingama.net/news/poem-264.html>