

The Funny Man

A light breeze whispered at first
murmuring softly across rooftops.

It was only a practice session.

The Funny Man was yet to be born.

Courage collected, the wind ran about battering windows.
Invigorated and feeling its strength, the current leaped

up into the skies, faster and faster,
gathering a train of heavy gray clouds.

Bridges, buildings, airports grew obscure.
Ocean and bay disappeared,
gobbled by the thick, dark foaming.

The Funny Man we called him,
the wind that rattles the house suddenly
on a quiet evening. A young child was afraid
until a zigzagging story made the battering
a fairy tale of a gentle giant with a desire
to make us all laugh but who didn't know his own strength.

The wind pressed and pushed and pulled and dragged the fog.
Its whine grew into a loud lament, then a shout
of surprised and hurt sadness.

The wind was transforming into the cries of a woman and baby
giving birth to each other.

liquid, humid, pink
flesh rolling out of flesh
sweat and mucus and blood
a purple creature comes out
a human tomato

Nurses wash off the dirt with which it comes into the world,
dirt to be washed off forevermore
until soil and water reclaim all that will have been
invested into this creature.

“He’s going to be strong,” the nurse said.
“Already he’s fighting me.”

The mother lifts herself up to see better.

The umbilical tie is cut, and baby’s mouth suckles for the wind,
drawing into once waterlogged tubes something alien but needed.
Once more, breath has snatched from the soil and water a creature.

The infant’s deep purple color dissolves.
Blood retreats into the deep recesses of its body.
Rosy pink fades in.
The fire within has started,
a low flame still, a pilot light,
waiting and ready.