

# Windsong

## Black Merda

Wind is the whisper of our mother the earth

Wind is the hand of our father the sky

Wind watches over our struggles and pleasures

The wind is the goddess who first learned to fly Wind is the bearer of bad and good tidings

Weaver of darkness, bringer of dawn

Wind gives the rain, then builds us a rainbow

The wind is the singer who sang the first song Wind is a twister of anger and warning

The wind brings the fragrance of freshly mown hay

The wind is a racer and wild stallion running

And the sweet taste of love on a slow summers day The wind knows the songs of cities and canyons

Thunder of mountains, roar of the sea

Wind is the taker and giver of mornings

The wind is the symbol of all that is free So, welcome the wind and the wisdom she offers

Follow her summons when she calls again

In your heart and your spirit, let the breezes surround you

Lift up your voice then and sing with the wind

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