# Windsong

## Aphrodesia

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 flyWind 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 songWind 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 dayThe 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 freeSo, 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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