

Moment Musicaux

Pelin Ariner

A gust
of wind has meaning
as an apple has weight.

The trees know it. Nothing here
but the wind rustling past
like an impresario through a crowd,
nothing happens but this.

Pine needles twitch on spider webs.
The cicadas' lassoing cry.
My man has gone, they sing.
I raise my voice in tune,
my man
my man.

A young girl's voice approaches,
melodious. I'm faintly amazed
to understand her.