

Joannie Stangeland

## Even an Ill Wind

Gusts thrust, a cold  
spear, clear scream  
through your bones  
and grief's marrow,  
the weather's teeth  
against your throat,  
snarl under your ribs.  
The cage door opens.  
The voice clicks loose  
like the lid of a jar  
stuck shut. Pressing  
gale to belly,  
cyclones in your ears,  
the eye a brief, blue gasp  
before the roiling  
returns. That shudder.  
Feel it to the ends  
of your fingers,  
blood blown clean.

