When the Wind Was Really a Goose (Skidrow Penthouse)

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WHEN THE WIND WAS REALLY A GOOSE

In the beginning the wind was really a goose emerging from a dark hall into a cluttered room where a lot of work was going on. Someone looked up from what they were doing and exclaimed, where’d that goose come from? Those within earshot meant to see for themselves but not before dotting their i’s and crossing their t’s, for this was a diligent bunch. By the time they looked up the goose had turned into a stiff breeze raising the hair off their foreheads as curtains reached and papers flew out the windows which made them feel things could change the way they were or into something else altogether, even sorrow and sanctimony could the stillness lift suddenly enough.

Those early days of the first winds were marked by the wanderings of a crazy man. Rumor had it he quit his job to look for some kind of strange duck he could be heard calling above the most howling gale.

Sometimes he’d jab an accusing finger at the slightest wafting as if to say, I knew you when you were a goose.

He tried to teach children how the wind was shaped like a goose, perhaps more than one, for he imagined whole hosts of them interlocking Escher-like over farms and fields though all the while it was just the wind and often cold or damp with a history no one knew but him.