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Windfarm

John Bradshaw

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Windfarm

by John Bradshaw

White giants harvest the intangible,
Whirling madly in the gale,
To catch the breath of power.
The force of the invisible
Is greater than you can imagine;
You cannot see it but you hear it howl—
Untouchable, yes, but it is there.
Proof is in the mad arms pinwheeling,
Spinning urgently, reaching out
To the screaming Jet Stream;
You can see the towers tremble
Almost to the point of catastrophe
Still rooted deep enough to transform
Wailing wind into the humming electric.
 All *true* miracles are the work
 Of engineers of the air.

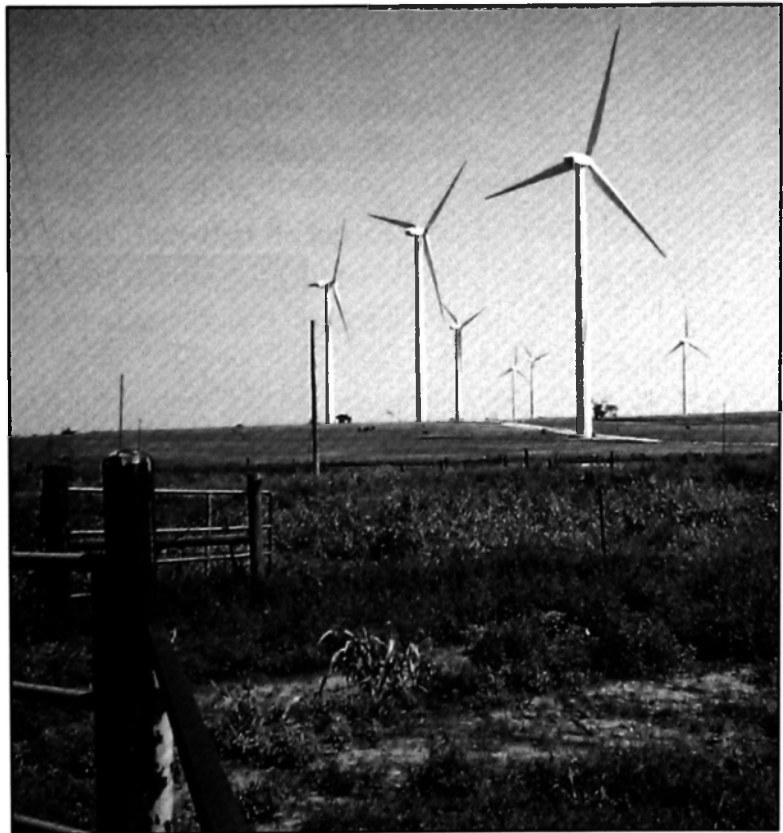


Photo by Kevin Collins

